

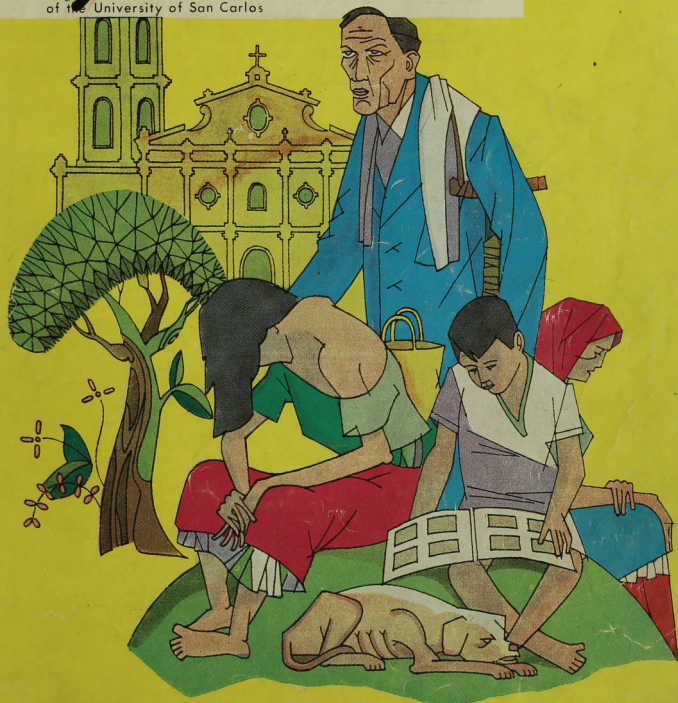
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SOCIAL PROBLEMS



BY JUNNE CAÑIZARES

Dear Friend,

Shony September is here, and the moon is like a huge moonstone, eluding the graspings of picturesque clouds; the sea overleaps; bananas grow larger leaves; colossal films appear; Ben Hur, Hamlet—all these charming bignesses of almost every vision lead us to think of another thing of equal if not greater magnitude, LIFE, yours and mine. (Excuse me. Hey, who's stolen my bond papers?) Khrushchev, Eisenhower, MacMillan, de Gaulle: it is not they alone who stride on earth; it is not they alone who are recipients of the graces of peace, or ugliness of war. They breathe; we breathe. In many ways, we are all the same, poor or rich, invalid or whole, tall or short... Our adjectives do not make us different from each other; they are mere modifiers that often vaguely modify, for we are chiefly similar. He who draws a dividing line between himself and us, let him have it as a sign of self-deception.

There is a need, whether one acknowledges it or not, a love for each other, even for driftwoods and faded rainbows. According to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "He prayeth best, who loveth best Both man and bird and beast". That is why we feel sad to see a nest of dying featherless creatures in the furrow that was blown down from the tree-top last night by a reckless wind. That is why we are social-conscious. We feel empty to see an empty ground that yesterday bore houses, and men and women and children and babies. We view the black remnants of a devastating fire, and ask, "Where are they now?" What a heavy question it is also to you and me who have a friend, or two, or more in some far away places. (Manning, who'll do the illustration now? Amor, we sure miss you, Sublime Magalang, send us a letter. Rudy, where's—? George, will you stop singing Summer Love? Don't make me cry! Give me my A Nostalgia For Pine Trees. Goodness, I want to revise it!) What a heavy question it is also to them who have us here. Each of us says, "It were better if we had not met at all", but does not really mean it. How could we ever mean it? We live in a social state. We have to take care of each other. That is why we look at the sanitary condition of our city; we visit the districts of the

lowly; we consider our stray brothers and sisters, and ponder on means to rectify them. Somewhere in this paper are special reports on these "problems", of ours. They have their respective titles, biting and journalistic. Perhaps, they will sound tender if changed to: How Are You Now? How Can I Help You Now? Where Are You Now? Come Home, Come Home Now!

In this issue are also poems, short stories, and essays which we believe will delight you as much as they did us when finally we were able to pass them through the typewriters. (Did Nelly finish her "A Classroom Romance", Balt? What a crazy pair of innocent eyes you have!) Of course, they troubled us first for weeks, especially when our minds in response to their beckonings reached for them, now as flames, then as scented handkerchiefs, now as waving coconut palms, then as blades of talahib grass—hopelessly, hopelessly, hopefully... We were cheered to remember Fr. Baumgartner's address that ours is a labor of love. (But we used to like to sigh when we imagined the several cups of hot coffee at X's, and how lovely hard up little Thomas Hardys we were!) Stephen Crane too consoled us. "It seems a pity that art should be a child of pain, and yet I think it is. Of course, we have fine writers who are prosperous and contented, but in my opinion their work would be greater if this were not so. It lacks the sting it would have if written under the spur of a great need." And then there were you outside, waiting.

Now we have completely forgotten all the tiredness and thirst. What are the hills and rivers and bushy cliffs when we have shot down our games? (The British Accent and Glenn Ford are now swapping jokes, and laughing. Frank, the Cigarette Giver, is now distributing cigarettes.)

I know that you are already very eager to go to the next pages. Please, let me not detain you a minute longer. Go ahead, friend.

Affectionately yours,

Junne Cañizares

P.S.—Your comments are always welcome. Please, revise your column. **Anything You Say!** So long.

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The CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students
of the University of San Carlos
Cebu City, Philippines

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Editorial

A CALL FOR A REVOLUTION

THIS is a shabby and miserable country that we live in. On the governmental level, we are burdened with a morally bankrupt public service and a dilapidated economy, and as a consequence, plagued with health, educational, and law-enforcement problems. On the popular level, we are confronted with so much poverty among the majority of our people, and poverty breeds its consequential problems of crime and delinquency.

The prospect that things will improve is not too bright, it is even nil. If things continue the way they are, it is not too pessimistic to predict that conditions will remain in their *status quo*, or even slide downwards, in this generation and in the generations immediately succeeding. For it is plain to all that virtually, no honest efforts are being made towards the goal of betterment. There is so much hypocrisy and so much pretence: governmental purges for publicity's sake, foundations for the poor to evade taxes, and machinations of similar notoriety. There is so much sound and fury signifying nothing.

Some substantial change is needed if we are to pull ourselves out of the morass that we are in. Some great revolution must echo throughout the length and breadth of our nation. But it will be a peaceful revolution, involving most of all, a change of outlooks and values among our people, especially among the responsible segments of our youth, despite the bad examples that they are subjected to from day to day.

We feel that Carolinian students should be a part of that great revolution. That is why we have endeavored, in this issue, to present the social problems: Our reports should go a long way towards helping our fellow Carolinians make their resolves to change this world.

—M. S. G.

● It is the collective belief of the Carolinian staff that the time has come when we can no longer ignore the social forces that are persistently pressing upon us from all sides. That time is now past in which we could retreat into our academic ivory towers and feign indifference to those social forces, at least insofar as our scholarly undertakings are concerned.

With this issue, therefore, we are taking our initial, but we hope, substantial, steps into that great jungle called "real" life.

On the next few pages, you will read our reports on the most arresting aspects—at least, they appear thus to us—of that jungle. More frequently, you will find them shabby and miserable aspects. But that is how things are — this is a shabby and miserable world, the dogmatizing of optimistic Panglosses to the contrary notwithstanding.

But we do not here present these facts for their own sake. We only wish to call your attention to them, lest you have taken them for granted in their everydayness, and with our presentation raise a cry of protest to all those who have been responsible for the present state of things.

You will notice that we have omitted some aspects that in a truly comprehensive report should appear,—prostitution, for instance,—but considerations of administrative policy have restrained us from touching on them. But we hope nevertheless that with the bulk that is left to us, we shall still have achieved a substantial presentation. — Ed.

POVERTY . . .

A Challenge

WHO IS POOR?

A man is said to be poor in contrast to his neighbor who is rich; economists describe this condition as economic inequality. A man is poor in the eyes of the State when he is the recipient of government relief or social welfare services; technically speaking, this is economic dependence. A man is poor in the sense that he is inadequately clothed, fed, and sheltered; to the economist this is a condition of economic insufficiency.

To an ordinary and practical person, however, the first two classes of "poor" people are poor only in name. In reality, the third class is the object of the popular notion of the word "poor."

After a recent conflagration that ravaged almost one whole commercial block of Cebu City, we witnessed the enactment of the triumphant forces that govern human life: the rich rendered their roles in the "survival of the fittest," and rehabilitated their establishments with their business insurances; the majority of the victims "struggled for existence," and became beneficiaries of various government relieves; some had recourse to their relatives and friends; a considerable number were the direct objects of the "elimination of the unfit." Unfit—yes, in a sense, for whatever little possession they had had been destroyed by fire, and now many of them could only wish to eliminate themselves from the constant war with want. This third group are the poor people. Even to this day, we can see them living wretchedly under their improvised shacks made of burned wares in that downtown fire scene.

Everyday and everywhere in this city we meet poor people. We see children shabbily clad or unclad, thin and emaciated from a perennial menace of lack of food or no food, cheerless and pale. At night time we see many of them sleeping on sidewalks and corners; others, less ashamed at this time than during the day, scan waste boxes for usable or edible articles. We come across men and women who push wooden carts containing waste paper which they pick up from trash cans and the streets, and which could be sold at a pitifully low price.

by PETE C. MONTERO



Their appearance reveals the long years that they have spent in the same old way—laboring and suffering day and night yet barely able to acquire even the minimum of their physical needs. We also see people sitting idly on their stairs, their chin resting on their hands, giving the dull look of worry and utter discouragement; worry, perhaps, about what to eat at the next meal, discouragement, perhaps, over their perpetual misery.

These are the poor people, worthy of our kind thoughts and helping hands. They struggle for existence, against continual calamity, and impending threats. Never did they experience the benefits of modern progress in material comfort, and spiritual inspiration because their bodies are undernourished and weak, their minds overstrained by worries, their minds deadened by bitter struggle with want. Even for their physical existence they scarcely have enough, how much more difficult is it for them to attain a decent and wholesome life! It seems that they are "vowed" to extreme pauperism.

In order to understand the meaning of poverty, one must know its real nature and its effects. For how often do we give alms without the true desire? We give money simply and exclusively for our own spiritual benefit, but the welfare of the sufferer is not known to us. Most of us are indifferent to and loath beggars and degenerates. Others confuse poverty with vice and criminality, and refuse to extend a helping hand because they think that poverty is just a penalty for their moral obliquity. This opinion, of course, is not only rude but unjust and unfounded.

A saying goes: Food keeps body and soul together. The evil of poverty continually impairs their healthy union. The pauper is always in constant fear that he may fail to provide for even his bare necessities. He is mainly concerned with the here-and-now, and to provide against mishap and calamity is out of his mind. Indeed, how could he ever think of the future when even his present situation is getting him off his mind! In the overcrowded, unhappy, and filthy slums, life always means hardship. Even the air that they inhale is polluted and sickening. Insufficient diets, inadequate housing and clothing, mental and emotional tensions, illnesses, shabbiness and malnutrition, inability to learn—all these are evils of poverty. Worst of all the effects are crime, immorality, and delinquency where persons deceive themselves by the erroneous principle that the end justifies the

(Continued on page 23)



A MAN willing to work and unable to find work is perhaps "the saddest sight that fortune's inequalities exhibit under the sun." This is Thomas Carlyle's remarks on one of our national problems today—unemployment.

Every commencement time the graduate is faced with the problem of how to get a decent job. After several years of tedious training in a particular field of endeavor, and after acquiring the skill and dexterity for a specific work, he is now perplexed with the problem of landing a job. Or, everyday we come across able-bodied and able-minded people who find the day consisting of more than twenty-four hours. These people need jobs. To employ them means to give them a chance to realize that "life is (after all) worth living."

In speaking about unemployment, only the person who is able to work and desirous to work and yet unable to find work, is the subject. We, therefore, exclude the physically or mentally unfit to work, or the so-called unemployables.

To some Filipinos, idleness is voluntary, but to many others it is compulsory. From the standpoint of Ethics, the former is imputable, the latter is not; but from the economic viewpoint, both are evil. That no one works while there is work is as bad a condition as that when one desires to work but finds no work. Camilo Osias, one of our great statesmen and educators, has spoken extensively on this topic in his article, "Immeasurable Loss Through Unemployment." He says: "Unemployment entails loss of money, loss of opportunity, waste of time, waste of life... There's great social wastage due to unemployment." According to him, unemployment begets want, breeds insecurity, hatred and fear.

Undoubtedly, these effects are manifested enough among many men and women, who "stand idle all day." A man is born to work as a bird is to fly. We occasionally hear this proverb. The truly human person finds it harder to have no work than to work on a difficult task. Unemployment, to a considerable extent, is responsible for the poverty of the common masses. When the breadwinner in the family suffers from loss or reduction of income, he is placed in a disgusting position where he is blamed for any unhappiness that besets the family. Then women and children are compelled to find themselves a place in the labor market in order to alleviate the insufficiency of the savings of the head of the family. Glen Miller, a professor of economics spoke of the evils of unemployment thus: "The real problem of unemployment is the various hardships which come with the drying up of income. Living habits must change. Long periods of idleness bring personal and

(Turn to next page)

The Problem Of UNEMPLOYMENT

by PETE C. MONTERO

• SOCIAL REPORT

The Problem Of . . .

(Continued from page 3)

family suffering and the germ of widespread idleness." He speaks of the loss of productive work time, and loss of skills and dexterity, of the narrowing of markets for goods and services, of the lowering of the standards of living.

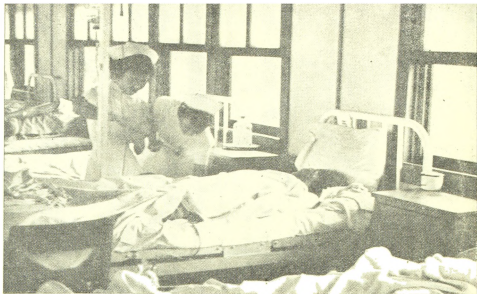
The economist's words are carefully chosen, no doubt; yet whether the true nature of the individual suffering from unemployment is known to him or not is not even implied. He seems to fail to consider that unemployment has caused disruptions of family ties, resulting in wretched and miserable conditions, health and moral deterioration, and pauperism, which have caused many persons to engage in criminal and immoral ways of satisfying their physical needs.

In religion, we refer to idleness as the workshop of the devil. Truly, how much "work" can the devil do in a man who, by reason of unemployment, is forced to be idle! Man, by nature always endeavors to attain perfection and finds satisfaction in rendering service as well as accumulating some decent income. There is no reason to be idle at all; rest is not idleness, neither is it work. Unemployment, therefore, should not be the excuse for idleness.

Lack of training and education is not the cause of unemployment. Our country is mainly agricultural and our economy has greatly progressed through the labor of people who have never gone to school. Our farmers, for instance, whose work under the scorching sun and sufferings are not well known to us are people who have not been trained in school. Others engage in handicraft, and this is employment in a sense.

However, our problem is not only in the acquiring of work but in the obtaining of income as well—an income which affords the individual a decent and wholesome life. When a pharmacist becomes a salesgirl, (as happens occasionally) this is a case of underemployment and there is a waste of time and professional labor. It is usually in the field of professional jobs that unemployment has brought about the loss of respectability and dignity of persons. As Ford, a political economist says, "To be able and eager to work, and to be unable to secure a job, to rear a family in respectability and to see comfort, self-support, and even decency slip away through

(Continued on page 23)



WHEN Dante was asked, "Where didst thou see hell?", he replied, "In the city around me." Now, just as there are always two sides to a question, there are also two ways of looking at a thing. One may view an object from its bright side or from the shadows.

We cannot say with certainty whether Dante is right. We are trying to find out.

How much of a hell is Cebu City?

Hell can mean a lot of things. In religion, for instance, we are told that it is the place of everlasting fire where all you hear is the wailing and gnashing of teeth of the damned and the triumphant cries of the devils. In common language, it signifies suffering—any form of suffering—from whatever cause, be it of human creation such as poverty or poor health conditions.

How much of a hell is Cebu City?

We took a look about and tried to find ugly stones as the sunlight danced around. In our desire to give an accurate answer to the question, we went to the City Health Department.

We had our first taste of hell there. Barely had we entered the office when a man behind a southwest-corner-table, with gray hair, white shirt and a tie, boomed to a khaki-clad employee in a tone that was just the opposite of the cordial: ask them who they are! We stopped short in our tracks in bewilderment. In our tour of the other offices of the city government, we had found a most cordial atmosphere; here, it was different.

The khaki-clad employee approached us, and we identified ourselves, and told him our purpose. The message was relayed to the man behind the table who boomed once more: send them to Segura. He meant his assistant whom we found to be his exact antithesis.

While we were enjoying the friendly atmosphere of Dr. Segura's office, His Excellency, Dr. Alejandro C. Baltazar (that was the name of the man behind the table), butted in on our discussion of the city health problems to inquire whether we had the written authorization of the Rector. We were convinced then that something was wrong.

We cannot say that Dr. Baltazar was arrogant. We know that arrogance is not, or rather should not be a part of a public official's nature. Neither can we say that he was just duty conscious in asking for a written authorization from the Rector, because we also know that there is no law which requires a taxpayer to have somebody's written authorization before he can enter a public office or avail himself of the services of a public official, particularly as regards the health department and its officials. What we can say is that Dr. Baltazar was being far from charitable. But again for reasons of charity, we are ready to let the past bury its dead. To err is human. . .

Dr. Manuel Segura, Assistant Chief of the City Health Department, a very likable man indeed, showed us bird's-eye view of the city health condition from 1953 to 1958.

The ten top diseases that have plagued the city consistently year after year are: broncho-pneumonia, diarrhea, pulmonary tuberculosis, bronchitis, congenital debility, circulatory diseases, beriberi, prematurity,

senility and cancer. These diseases reached alarming proportions in 1957 with the advent of influenza. While they have not at any time in the past reached the epidemic stage, yet, they have caused considerable casualties among the city populace and a lot of worry to the health department.

Dr. Segura lists down several health problems or sanitation deficiencies, as he calls them, which have been at the root of all these diseases:

1.—**Inadequate water supply.** While the city population is steadily increasing, our water supply is deteriorating. Several artesian wells, have dried up. The water level at the Buhisan dam is ebbing. We were told that the Camaña Water-works System is exploring the pos-

rential rain in this city brings, without fail, certain of our streets under one foot of water, sometimes deeper. There is much to be done on this point, but it seems there are just no funds for it.

4.—**Deficiency in garbage collection.** We need more garbage trucks and garbage collectors. If garbage cans at street corners could speak, they'd shout, "Suffocation!" They're always filled to twice, sometimes thrice their capacity.

Certain segments of our society have recently tried to extend a helping hand to garbage collection. Thus, we often see children and adults poking their heads into our garbage receptacles, collecting every bit of paper. The irony however, is that while they're helping to solve one health problem, they're

and other public places. Spitting is the most efficient means of spreading tuberculosis.

Food vendors have a queer idea of sanitation. They use for wrappers old imported newspapers which, for all we know, might have passed thru the hands of inmates of leper colonies and TB pavilions. Our restaurants too, have taken on a "dirty look". Ill-clad beggars are tolerated to pester customers. Do you get a commission, Mr. Proprietor?

The above health deficiencies concern environmental sanitation. But that is only one side of the problem of health. Administrative problems, that is, problems confronting the health agency, are sometimes far more serious than sanitation

HELL OF A HEALTH CONDITION

by FILEMON L. FERNANDEZ

sibility of tapping another water source in the mountains of Lusaran. For the sake of our "thirsty" city population, we hope they do trap it—and soon!

2.—**Congestion in the squatter's area.** Disease germs find the squatters' area a haven for breeding—poor drainage, unsanitary toilets, dirty homes and improper waste disposal contribute to this in a large measure. The most congested areas in the city and therefore, centers of health hazards are the Duljo and Pasil districts. One factor that has given rise to congestion is the erection of houses and buildings without the necessary permit from the City Engineer's office.

Squatter areas also constitute veritable fire hazards. Most, if not all, houses are built of light, highly inflammable materials. And because of congestion, when one burns, almost every other house burns.

3.—**The lack of good city drainage** may yet teach us a lesson as costly as it did Manila where a strong flood took the lives of hundreds, and caused millions of pesos of damage to property. Every tor-

creating another—and we think—a more serious one, too.

5.—**Lack of Sewage Disposal System.** Our present means of waste and sewage disposal system are the pit and flush toilets. We don't have a centralized waste and sewage disposal system. And it would be useless to hope for one. The project would cost millions while the old refrain is still NO FUNDS!

To Dr. Segura's list we wish to add the following obvious facts:

1.—**Unhealthy streets.** There is still a good number of our city streets that are unpaved. On rainy days, they're all mud; on sunny days, they're all dust.

Horse manure is here again, too. Sometime ago, we remember, every driver was required to provide a waste receptacle. We breathed some air that time. Now it's all horse manure.

An anti-littering ordinance was passed by the municipal board sometime last May. But it seems it is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

2.—**Unhealthy practices.** There seems to be no compunction on the part of our population about spitting in the streets, movie houses

tion deficiencies. They may even be the cause of the latter.

Our City Health Department is beset with administrative problems, too. It needs more personnel: doctors, nurses and sanitary inspectors. An ideal health set-up calls for one sanitary inspector for every 5,000 people. Having a population of 200,000, Cebu City requires 40 inspectors. At present, our health department has only 22 and not all are in the field.

There are 19 health centers in the city today. These are poorly staffed. Our city health department is falling back on the aid of interns of our medical schools and student nurses from the various schools of nursing in the city.

The City Health Department in conjunction with the City Engineer's Office and other related departments of the city government is doing its level best to minimize health hazards in the city. It can do no better than that unless it is provided with adequate funds to carry to its fullest consumption its various projects.

The people's health is the nation's wealth. Economically, we are poor. Must we be so also in point of health?

THERE is nothing—absolutely nothing—wrong with our educational system.

Education survey teams have found no fault with it. Various educators have not decried defects in it. School examinations have not brought to light sub-standard schools infesting it. President Sincro of the UP found no illiterates among its graduates. And every school year has failed to bring about a crisis.

What's wrong with our educational system? Simple. Except the answer, that is.

The number one monster that raided our educational system and which has been primarily responsible for the series of complications that cropped up later, was the Philippine Education Act of 1940.

Designed to remedy the problem of acute school building shortage, insufficiency of funds and the lack of trained teachers, the Act provided for the adoption by the government of the "dubious expedient" of the double single-session, cutting down the time devoted to learning by 50% in the primary grades and 30% in the intermediate grades. It also abolished the seventh grade and gave 75 minutes of English more than to the National Language.

This seriously affected the "substance and quality of education." "There is no doubt", says UE President Francisco Dalupan, "that the lessened contact between pupil and teacher in the double single-session plan means lesser education for the pupil." The inclusion of the National Language in the curriculum placed an added obstacle to an adequate mastery of the medium of instruction and official language—English—which was vital to the attainment of the international aspirations of the Filipino people to become a free and independent State.

Then came World War II which wrought more havoc to our educational field. School libraries were looted and destroyed, school buildings were burned down or blown up. Teachers were killed. The education of the young had to stop.

The situation was grave when schools reopened in 1946. Classes were overcrowded, swamped by a tremendous backlog of pupils accumulated during the years of war. Of the 56,000 public school teachers, half were either not professionally trained at all or had little or no teaching experience. Philippine education declined from bad to worse.

What's Wrong Educational

THE SCHOOL CRISIS

Since then, the perennial problem of accommodating all children of school age seeking admission to our schools has always come up with consistent regularity at the opening of every school year. Every June presents a headache of providing adequate rooms and facilities for at least 125,000 new school children.

This year, even a week before our schools opened their doors to knowledge seekers, our newspapers already shouted "School Crisis!" Education officials and educators pooled their resources together to avert the calamity. Even politicians threw in their two cents worth of educational know-how. Appropriations were readied for extension classes; regulations were promulgated by the Department of Education to minimize if not completely lick the crisis.

It is interesting to note that here in the city and province of Cebu, the school crisis bombshell this year turned out to be a dud. When enrollment closed last June 17th after a week's extension, there was a noticeable decrease in enrollment. In city districts which used to have an enrollment of 130 in its first grade, only thirty enrolled this year. The same thing was happening in the towns and—there are good reasons to believe—in other parts of the Philippines.

Division Superintendent for Cebu Pedro Pascasio advanced the following probable reasons for the decrease in enrollment:

1. The requirement of the presentation of a Residence Tax Certificate of either parent upon enrollment. People became indifferent to paying their residence taxes. They suspected the requirement to be politically-inspired, designed to create a fund for election purposes in 1961.
2. The requirement of the payment of P2 matriculation fee and book rentals by intermediate students right on the date of enrollment, not later. Poverty-stricken parents found this requirement too harsh for them.
3. The rigid enforcement of the 7 year-11st rule. As per bureau regulation, if a child lacks one day only to complete his seventh year on June 6th, the day when classes started, he has to be turned down.
4. Migration to Mindanao.
5. The existence of private schools. "One of the most noticeable phenomena of the educational system of post-liberation Philippines," says



With Our System?

Dr. Jesus E. Perpiñan, Director of Private Schools, is the meteoric growth of the private school. And one of its peculiarities is its unique organization. Private Schools do not depend on government subsidy. And because they are free and stable, they are more effective.

FINANCING

Unlike the private schools, our public schools depend entirely on government handouts for their existence. And it is a fact borne out by records that our public school system has always been handicapped by lack of adequate financial support. Reported the Joint Congressional Committee on Education to Congress in 1951: "The shortage of funds responsible for the so-called school crisis has been of yearly occurrence"

On the importance of a well-balanced financing, Dr. Benigno Aldana, Director of Public Schools, has the following to say: "The public school system is beset with a multitude of problems, among them... to provide our school children with the needed textbooks and readers; to supply our classrooms with sufficient school desks and other essential equipment; to build decent school buildings and otherwise replace those already in a dilapidated state; to provide a better schedule of teachers' salaries so that we can draw into the profession young men and women of decided talents. We have to resolve all these problems if we are to elevate instructional standards. For education, we know well enough, is not a static activity, but an undertaking that must constantly be improved. But how can we go about it—how can anyone go about it—unless the necessary funds are available?"

Emphasizing the close relation between quality of education and an adequate program of school financing, the 1960 Educational Survey Team headed by Dr. Chester Swanson and Dr. Vitaliano Bernardino stressed: "... satisfactory quality in education is possible only when public schools are so organized, administered, and operated that each child and future citizen is developed, in so far as practicable, to the maximum of his potential through education, and when every aspect of the social and governmental organization cooperates and contributes effectively to that end... this necessitates an adequate program of financial support for schools..."

The Philippine public educational system decidedly requires a definite source of support. As it is, except for a negligible percentage of the real estate tax and a small internal revenue share, all school support is derived from uncertain transfers from general funds, appropriations, contributions or fees. As a result, long range planning to improve the system of education is impracticable.

It really appears funny, that in every budget measure passed by Congress, the Department of National Defense, which cannot really defend the Philippines in case of war, always gets top billing while our Department of Education ranks a poor second or third.

Moreover, the present system of financing schools thru local or provincial transfers from the general fund and from appropriations by Congress designating the amount for schools, affords a strong temptation for politics to show its hairy hand and play its dirty fingers in the education pie. School needs are constantly subject to political considerations. To obtain a required appropriation, everybody may have to subscribe to an

by **Filemon L. Fernandez**

oath of allegiance to powerful politicians. This is downright calamitous, to say the least.

CURRICULUM

Another aspect of educational problem is curriculum development.

"A program of education", says Dr. Venancio Trinidad, former Director of Public Schools, "depends for its strength and vitality upon the constituent courses in the curriculum".

Our secondary schools at present are implementing the bureau-brain-child 2-2 plan. Under this curriculum, in the first two years in school, all students take the same subjects. In the last two years, students branch out into two groups—one taking up college preparation, the other, vocational training.

Only private secondary schools are implementing the 2-2 plan, public secondary schools are not. Act 3377 authorizes the government to subsidize only vocational schools. Locally financed public secondary schools are adopting a general curriculum.

The 2-2 plan bore recently the brunt of attack by one of the leading educators of the Philippines—Dr. Jose Ma. Hernandez, Executive Vice President of the Capitol City College. Said Dr. Hernandez: "... the 2-2 plan is a palliative and not a cure. Students who finish vocational training at the end of their last two years in high school will receive a diploma which is utterly meaningless, because these graduates are obviously not prepared to carry on college studies; nor are they prepared adequately to be employed in a gainful occupation. At all events they are not ready to do this because they are only about 15 to 16 years of age and therefore, cannot be employed."

Dr. Hernandez suggests a 2-3 plan, making the high school a five-year ordeal. Elaborating, he went on to say: "The first two years should be devoted to thorough and comprehensive vocational education for the hand-minded. This means that upon graduation, a boy or girl will be ready for a gainful occupation. On the other hand, for those who are academically inclined the three years should be a thorough dedication to the humanities, social studies, science and mathematics. For this reason, we can reasonably expect the graduates of this course to be better college students."

Dr. Hernandez may have a good point there. But can we—can the majority of us—afford to stay that long in high school?

For the past two decades, there has been quite a conspicuous lack of stability in curriculum implementa-

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by FILEMON L. FERNANDEZ

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A STUDENT of a local university was walking home from a late movie one night last summer, when just opposite Avenue theatre at Jones Avenue, he was accosted by two teenagers. Without the slightest warning, the two flashed their knives at him, fatally slashing his mid-section. A passing patrol car a few seconds later, saw the bleeding victim and brought him to the Southern Islands Hospital for proper medical assistance. But he was beyond help. He expired a while after—another victim of the now widely known and popularly dreaded, capricious "paregla".

This and many other crimes are daily committed in the "Queen City of the South". Everyday, the Cebu Police Department is treated without fail to a liberal supply of theft, stabbing and vagrancy cases.

Police records shows that an average of 18 assorted crimes occur everyday in different parts of this city. A minimum of 4 thefts, 3 stabbing incidents, 2 city ordinance violations, and one vagrancy case confront the police daily. Other crimes of more or less consistent frequency are robbery, damage to property, gambling, malicious mischief, and other minor crimes.

The city averages a total of five hundred and forty crimes per month. Theft, physical injuries, violations of city ordinances, damage to property and vagrancy occupy in that order the top-most positions in the "honor roll" of crime.

Since January of this year till the end of May, the breakdown of criminal frequency by the month is as follows:

There were all in all 568 crimes brought to the attention of the Police Department in January. Of this number, 161 were thefts, 101 involved physical injuries, 52 were city ordinance violations and 29 were vagrancy cases.

The record for February was a faithful reproduction of that of January.

In March, of the 543 cases handled by the police, 124 were theft cases, 101 involved physical injuries, 74 were city ordinance violations, and 27 involved damage to property;

502 cases were brought to police attention in April. There were 115 cases of theft, 77 of physical injuries, 76 of city ordinance violation, 23 instances of vagrancy, and 20 of damage to property;

As of May 31st, a total of 533 crimes were registered in the police blotters for that month. Theft cases numbered 134 while physical injuries, city ordinance violations, and physical injuries thru reckless imprudence each respectively registered 96, 56 and 28.

A comparative criminality graph at the police station reveals that in 1959, criminality started with a record 525 in January, rose to a dizzying height of 636 in May, gradually descended to 530 in August and reached its lowest ebb of 480 in December. Then in January 1960 it rose to 568, and has since then maintained an over-500 mark till May. And there are strong grounds to give substance to the belief that it will maintain its high rate for the entire year 1960.

These facts show one thing: there's too much criminality on this side of heaven for our comfort—so much indeed that we are constrained to wonder whether this generation is heading down the gutter.

For every effect there is always a cause. For every crime there must be a reason or reasons behind it.

The Cebu Police Department attributes this meteoric rise of criminality to the expanding population of the city. Increased population creates friction. By the same token, the struggle for survival becomes a high-tension rat race.

THEFT

As may be gleaned from the police records, theft has been the consistent topper in the "honor roll" of criminal frequency. This would not be hard to believe even if it were not borne out by a record as authentic as the police's. "Beware-of-Pickpockets" signs have already attained a certain degree of discomforting ubiquity. In fact, there was a time during enrolment days when even the pillars at our main lobby screamed with the warning.

Thieves and pickpockets are thickest in the busiest centers of human activity like the waterfront and the Carbon market. Embarking and disembarking passengers at the piers fall easy prey to the

trade of these scavengers of society. At the Carbon market, most of the pickpockets still have in their mouths their mothers' milk.

One does not have to search far and wide for the root of this malady. As a matter of fact we talk of it, curse it, complain about it day in and day out. But that's just what makes it tragic—we stop there. We don't do anything to remedy our nation-wide, abject poverty which is taking on hideous proportions.

Every year brings added thousands to the long caravan of the unemployed. Statistics reveal that unemployment in our country is increasing at a rate of 250,000 annually. There is dire need for money in the Philippines. Our government has none to employ the jobless and to rehabilitate the poor. But strangely enough, our newspapers almost daily expose government rackets involving millions upon millions of pesos. Isn't that just funny?

Unless poverty is eliminated or at least minimized, thievery and pickpocketing will continue to plague our society. It is the poor's almost only alternative to prostitution for a living,—lucrative and easy, too!

PHYSICAL INJURIES

Most of the cases of physical injuries brought to the attention of the police are a result of teenage hooliganism.

It is somewhat consoling to note, however, that the so-called *paregla*



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which we dread most and believe to be the most rampantly committed crime, plays only second fiddle to the lesser crime of theft.

Three factors contribute to the delinquency of a child, to wit:

1.—**The home.** Parental neglect, more often than not, is the main cause of juvenile delinquency. A child in his formative years needs all the love and guidance that parents could muster. His actions and aspirations must be channeled towards wholesome goals. Without this love and guidance, the child tends to go wayward. Man is innately a corruptible being.

Neglected and broken homes generate in the child an antipathy to social institutions. Having no one to turn to in times of personal distress because the father is at the office or the mother is at the mah-jongg joint, he develops a feeling of individualism; that after all, he needs nobody but himself. He becomes practically an island unto his own.

2.—**The School.** An understanding mentor can make an otherwise law-abiding child a most notorious delinquent. Constant antagonism and harassment in his school work will crystallize a feeling of hate towards the teacher. The child is bound to take him as representative of all forms of authority, and his resentment attains a monstrous generalization. An obligatory psychology course for teachers can greatly help remedy this situation.

Political meddling too, in our educational system makes the school a veritable spawning ground for teenage hooliganism. A child with political hacking can philosophize: If a congressman can make a department secretary lick his boots, there's no reason why he can't knock the lights out of a small-time mentor. Who's afraid of teachers, therefore?

3.—**The Neighborhood.** A child born in the midst of delinquency will almost always end up being a delinquent. His mind can easily be perverted, pliable as it is. An adult delinquent can always tell him that rudeness is manliness and he'll believe it. To prove manliness one has to take to wine like a duck takes to water. To transgress the law is to be free. He'll swallow all these and more, hook, line and sinker. And while dwelling on the thought that he's being hard-boiled, he never realizes he's only being half-baked.

The squatters' area, for instance, has provided the city with most of the delinquents now roaming its streets. And not only delinquents but future communists as well, what with poverty harassing them at every move and communism promising heaven. Man always tends to follow the force of least resistance.

"The only way to bring back delinquents to the right path", says Lt. Cipriano Babao, Chief of the CPD Juvenile Section, "is to instill into their hearts and minds the fear of God." This explains the fact that

every week, Lt. Babao rounds up all delinquents roaming the city streets, and gathers them at the Patina for religious enlightenment. And we have noted, success seems to be crowning his efforts.

VAGRANCY

A good number of those smart, innocent-eyed, decent-looking women that frequent the church are either good-timers, call-girls or professional prostitutes, a police officer bluntly told us during our visit to the police station. Many of them are students—and of leading universities in the city at that. Judging by their appearance alone, one can never tell them from the rest. A certain guy we know got the biggest surprise in his life when he met his seatmate at a bawdy house.

Many a girl whose finances are not sufficient to keep them "in pace with the times", augment their income by resorting to the base but nevertheless lucrative and delightful occupation of selling their flesh.

The police is trying its best to wipe out prostitution in the City. But the irony is that the law itself which punishes prostitution poses the very stumbling block to its effective enforcement with a technicality. To successfully prosecute prostitution, the police has to prove habituality among other things. That is next to impossible, more often than not, for one prostitute never gets caught everyday or even less often. She's too wise for that. And it would be even harder to try getting evidence from the different customers. Not many are gullible. The most therefore, that the police can do is prosecute these prostitutes for vagrancy. Hence, one scarcely finds prostitution listed on police blotters.

THE POLICE FORCE

The Cebu Police Department, "Cebu's Finest", despite its many handicaps, has been keeping the city's peace and order well enough. It is doing everything in its power to check the rapid rise of criminality. With its updated standards and methods of training, it has attained a remarkable efficiency in the solution of cases.

By solution of cases, we mean the apprehension of the perpetrators of a crime, their successful prosecution before the courts of justice, and the preparation of the injustice done to the offended party.

For the year 1959, the CPD rated an average of 89% in the solution of crimes. For the current year, it expects to achieve a 95% average. This expectation is based on the monthly solution average from Jan-

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PROBLEM child? No, sir!" Lt. Cipriano Babao, who heads the Juvenile Division of the Cebu Police Department, almost took the words from our mouth when we interviewed him at his office that morning of Corpus Christi.

"There's no such thing as a problem child. Problem parents—that's the word!" the lieutenant who has a respectable number of years of active service behind him blurted out.

We were somewhat stunned upon hearing his words. We had not thought of the parents' serious involvement in the juvenile delinquency problem. The neglect of their duties to their children might be a minor cause, so we believed. We were convinced that no parents would ever teach their offspring the bad life, but would want them to be God-fearing, law-abiding, desirable citizens in the future. Skeptical, we asked him to elaborate.

"I am very positive that parental delinquency is the cause of juvenile delinquency," Lt. Babao asserted, this time in graver tones. "Parental delinquency may appear in the form of broken homes, indolent fathers, discordant husband and wife. Broken homes are not too uncommon in our country. They are the mother of juvenile crimes, theft, larceny, robbery, assault and homicide."

To illustrate: When a child comes home from school and finds his mother out at a mahjongg session or loafing around the neighborhood, and his father in a cockfight or drinking spree, he will feel neglected.

Let's take an expert Child Study Clinician's word for it. Mrs. Tecla Espiritu of the Cebu Normal School in a radio talk during the regular J.D. program conducted by the J.D. Division of the CPD said:

"While it is true that the child needs good food, clothing, and shelter for the satisfaction of his physical needs, yet of equal magnitude, if not more, is his need for love, belongingness, and security in a most sympathetic environment. I am prone to think that the latter is much more significant in relation to our problem than the former."

Lt. Babao's is not an isolated opinion. Fr. Richard Arens, S.V.D. former Director of the Boys' High School, bewails parental neglect of four fundamental elements of training: Instruction, Vigilance, Training, and Discipline.

Understanding the nature of any problem is always the first step towards its solution; but as far as

j. d. is concerned understanding the problem is not enough. The solution demands painstaking efforts on the part of the parents. Here most of them fall short of the mark. Bishop Fulton Sheen of "Peace of Soul" and "Life is Worth Living" gives an invaluable lesson in parenthood. In his article, "The Three D's of Parenthood" (June 1955), he asserts that the "principal causes of juvenile delinquency, in the final analysis, is the delinquent parents in the home. Bad behaviour is due less to environmental factors than to the temper and quality of the household where the child lives. The great D of delinquency has its root cause in the three D's describing three types of parents."

Doting parents who give in to everything the child wants, submitting to his caprices. They advance the argument "just as wild-flowers of the forest grow up without any

fact of physical needs were the only cause for the commission of stealing, we wouldn't see any reason for the presence of these children in the rank and file of j. d.'s. In homes where dishonesty, stealing, and taking advantage of the weakness of others are tolerated, one can only expect that children raised there will have no scruples at all. Even St. Augustine, a profligate in his youth, attests to this fact. c) **Irresponsibility** — Parents who pamper their children lead them to enter life without a sense of mission. They make them believe that the world owes them a living.

Drinking parents constantly expose their children to the worst in human nature; they often go without meals and without love. This results in two delinquents: a) **Destruction of Property** — Seeing every property right in his own home

Leading authorities on the subject trace the basic causes of juvenile delinquency to the home where the fear of the law and the first seeds of morality are inculcated and planted in the mind and heart of the child; lay blame on parents for child's conduct.

by NELSON FEGI LAROSA

Juvenile Delinquency

frustration, so their child must never be crossed in his desires and instincts." Result: Their advice doesn't make sense to the child anymore. He becomes an egotist and they predispose him toward three types of delinquency: a) **"The New Thrill"**: This may be alcohol, marijuana, even murder, so long as they gratify the youth's bloated ego. One of the nastiest crimes ever committed in the U.S. was that of four youths killing a man for the fun of it. b) **Larceny and Robbery**: The ego of the child never taught discipline, becomes more imperative in demanding "not what it needs but what it wants." So he resorts to stealing and robbery. Not only poor youths commit these crimes but also those coming from well-to-do families. If deprivation of the satis-

disregarded by his parents, he avenges himself on other people's property, smashing school desks, breaking dishware or furniture in restaurants, entering and damaging strange homes. b) **Assaulting of Persons**—Wanting of parental love, he grows up feeling that love must be seized by main force, as he saw it seized in his home. He resolves to find victims because he is a victim of distorted love himself. "Here is one explanation of the 'meek little people' who sometimes reveal themselves to be cruel and tragic in the unspeakable sex crimes."

Discordant parents who bicker and quarrel most of the time cause the home to be completely broken. There is faithlessness on the part of the father or mother. They predis-



Illustrated by:
Joe Malacoff

AND THE HOME

pose their child to three types of delinquency: a) Such a child grows up cynical about people and God. Because his parents in whom he sees God fail him, he will join the future persecutors of the faith. b) Seeing the basic law of home life flouted, he grows up contemptuous of all law. c) The effects the discord of parents has on their child may even go as far as making him throw over his allegiance to his country for another, or from democracy to communism.

These conclusions are not fanciful. Statistical studies show that delinquency starts in the homes described.

Loving the child too little will neither do him good. As he grows up he wonders what this world is

made of; he has to learn. But he gets mischievous, disturbing the peace of the home. "He begins to experience prohibitions and gets a no, don't, and beware talks and some kind of corporal punishment. He takes these denials as a withdrawal of parental love. He doubts the sincerity of their love for him."

ASIDE FROM parental delinquency which constitutes the major cause of this "new social cancer", however, there are others having equal effects on the morality of youth. Two of the most influential are the press (pornographic literature) and the motion picture industry. Today to hear of young people swoon over the latest hit of a top-recording star, "the horror movie in town, the recent murder scandal, a certain movie star's fourth divorce, and

so on," is not infrequent. This is not to say that we should condemn the cinema and the press altogether. This would be unfair. He condemns only those that are degenerate and pander to our baser instincts, that "cater to the lower passions through the sensationalism of sex, crime and life of fabulous wealth and luxurious ease."

Heroifying the juvenile delinquent seems to be the rule rather than the exception. "He has been glamorized, sympathized with, and made attractive by our movies, abetted by newspapers and magazines. This idolatry is epitomized in the James Dean cult, in which non-conformity, irresponsibility, recklessness, and dramatic outbursts have been made to symbolize greatness and individuality." Even in modern creative writing, the Angry Young Man and the neurotics are the order. The sale of Sagan's sensational novels stands proof to this contention.

Fr. John Vogelgesang, S.V.D. is of the same opinion. "If the relation between the two—books and juvenile delinquency—is not immediately discernible, a moment's reflection, I think, will show that books may be, at least in part, either the cause or the cure of J.D.," he said.

"Books that glorify gangsterism, that depict in attractive form loose and sensual living, that portray with obvious approval the empty and insipid lives of the so-called heroes and heroines of screen fame can only have a baneful influence upon the lives of the young." They are the more dangerous in that their poison is so often unsuspected.

There may be differences in the causes of juvenile delinquency in other countries but basically they are the same. For instance, an issue of the *Manila Times* carried the news about gangs being blamed for the skyrocketing of the juvenile crime rate in the U.S. Social agencies are partly to blame. The toughest the gang, the less attention it gets from social agencies.

SOLUTIONS

It is not our purpose just to criticize anything and everything about this social ill that plagues our society, but to lift a finger to better the situation. We fall back on the solutions proposed by the same authorities.

Prevention might be the most effective way of handling the situation. Mrs. Espiritu believes. She

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CASE 1.—John B., a 36-year-old married white male was in the emergency room of a hospital. He was known to be an alcoholic for twenty years. Prior to his being in the hospital, he had been gulping a fifth of whiskey everyday. "At the time of his examination he was acutely intoxicated and disturbed and was suffering from auditory and visual hallucinations. He complained that airplanes were in the room swooping down at him, and he was continually attempting to avoid them. Thrashing about on the examination table, he had to be forcibly restrained. He occasionally screamed loudly and ducked as if to avoid the airplanes swooping at him."

After the necessary medical treatment was given to John B., he recovered and asked, "What happened to the airplanes?"

CASE 2.—Fred J., a 39-year-old married white male had been suffering from acute alcoholic hallucinations. He had been an alcoholic and prior to his medical examination had consumed large amounts of whiskey. "He also complained of seeing animals in the room in the form of spiders, snakes and rats. He appeared acutely ill, was dehydrated, had a rapid pulse rate, and

And it can happen here. The potential "little brush fire" is in every obscure tuba stand; in grimy, dingy drinking counters; in plushy air-conditioned bars and even in harmless looking party socials which are always dull without the usual drink or two.

Alcoholics are a class by themselves. A mere pier handler maybe earning only four pesos a day. A prosperous looking business executive may be earning up to "four figures" monthly. The two however, are unfortunately confirmed alcoholics. Knowingly or unknowingly, they belong to another society aside from their own class where they are now. And dumped with them are the dope addicts which are the worst members of their society. They are all sick. The alcoholic is sick with a "symptom that has reached disease proportion. He is an ill person, physiologically in the acute stage, and psychologically in the chronic phase."

To be an alcoholic, one must be a "confirmed drinker." Not all "confirmed drinkers" however, are alcoholics. But all alcoholics are "confirmed drinkers." No, in order not to get stuck in this mishmash of seemingly confusing semantics, let's hear what the authorities say. One

all aspects of life—job, parental family, marriage, neighborhood and friendship associations, most activities and attitudes; (e) (not always present) accompanying disease or damage; these are usually only related to the physiological action of alcohol in indirect fashion, but are directly related to the behavior and psychological state of the chronic nebricate, e.g. inadequate diet, irregular and insufficient sleep, accidents, psychological tension, remorse and anxiety." However, Ruth Fox of Alcoholics Treatment Center, New York in publication no. 47 of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, embodied in the same book by Dr. Harold Himwich, has her own simple working definition. She says, "If a patient is unable to stop drinking after two or three drinks, he is almost certainly an alcoholic. It is this 'all or none law' which applies. The alcoholic can abstain totally for varying periods of time and have no craving for alcohol, but he is unable to drink moderately. For him, one drink is usually the beginning of a spree."

Most foreign medical authorities which have made intensive and exhaustive studies and researches on alcoholism are agreed on that it is

"Alcoholics Anonymous"

a wild look in his eye."

After again given necessary emergency treatment, he was sent home.

The cases above are actual and took place in a well known hospital in the United States. They are not just products of the pigment of imagination of this writer. They have been cases studied in a clinical investigation by R. C. Proctor of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, Winston-Salem, North Carolina reported in a book, *Alcoholism*, by Dr. Harold Himwich, which is a publication by the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

These cases are vivid illustrations of how alcoholism can affect a man's mental and sensory perception. And not only that. Like an innocent little brush fire it will spark and ignite an uncontrollable forest fire which would leave in its wake—"the waste of human values, the torment of broken homes, and the dulling of fine minds and the warping of lovable personalities" (Yahraes, 1946).

of the best descriptive definitions, is that of Seldon Bacon (1947), a sociologist in charge of the Yale School of Alcohol Studies in New Haven, Connecticut. He says:

"Alcoholism is a condition appearing in adult individuals which may be labeled a disease. It is characterized by: a) the developing an eventually chronic, compulsion to drink alcohol, the need for it being based on the individual's increasing inability to meet ordinary life problems without this prop; b) a series of responses while drinking, and concomitant with drinking, which are not experienced or rarely experienced by non-alcoholics, e.g. blackouts, sneaking drinks, specific guilt reactions, solitary drinking, benders, tremors, and so forth; c) a psychological state of pain (often concealed) and insecurity, in addition to a wide range of socially undesirable reaction patterns briefly described as immature and egocentric; d) obvious to all, increasing social maladjustments in

more of a disease than a symptom. A group of doctors, members of the Genesee Country Medical Society of Flint, Michigan who have carefully studied alcoholism, have more or less concluded that it is a disease.

In a little pamphlet released for circulation, they observed:

"You cannot persuade an alcoholic not to want alcohol, nor can he persuade himself not to want for it, any more than a tubercular could persuade himself not to cough. The desire to drink will remain with him until an inner change takes place. This change may take place early or late in the disease. It has more chance of occurring when all conditions make the desire for sobriety outweigh the need for intoxication." And this disease unfortunately like other physiological diseases is not a respecter of race, creed or society. In an article by John Barbour published in a local magazine, in Eastview, New York, specifically in Manhattan's



upper east side is a hospital which handles mostly alcoholic cases. In the same report it said that "many of East View Hospital's patients come from the ranks of the well-to-do or highly successful or those in the public eye." A steel executive, a research scientist, a woman dress designer and a well known actor have been at one time or another unknown patients in the hospital.

Ordinarily, "joining" this society of "diseased men" i.e., alcoholics, is by no means easy. It takes a long, slow and sometimes quite an enjoyable decline with plenty of "kicks" on the way. You can never tell when you are slowly drifting into this classless society. It is only when you are in the middle of the road and there is no turning back that you begin to realize the fix that you are in. And to go back when you are already there—you have to trudge back through a maze of frustration and embarrassment, ridicule and chastisement by the exclusive society to which you formerly belonged. But those who have already a "strike against them" in life are the easy prey of the "call of the bottle."

Ruth E. Fox, a noted authority on alcoholism of the Alcoholics Treatment Center, New York, classifies alcoholics and some underlying causes why they turn to the "bottle". They are the following:

1) **Situational drinkers** are those who, due to some overwhelming catastrophe turn to alcoholic drinking for a solace for a short time. Some, but not all, may be able to resume controlled, social drinking after a time. This type of drinker has long been exploited in most motion pictures shown in our locality. A spurned lover be he a man or a woman who suddenly finds out that the world comes to an end looks for no better solace than in drinking to drown out his sorrows. And there are those who take their

movies seriously!

2) **Secondary addicts** are those persons, not obviously neurotic in their early life, who have slipped in later life into pathological drinking through some kind of habituation process.

They are often persons of great talent and ability who have for years been heavy social drinkers. To their dismay, they find they have lost control. Having once stepped over the boundary line into alcoholic drinking, they find it hard to resume drinking in a controlled fashion.

3) **Primary addicts** are those per-

by RODOLFO JUSTINIANI

sons who have been emotionally maladjusted since childhood. Children of broken homes caused by divorce in countries allowing divorces, who may have suffered intense emotional excitements beyond their tender years and children who may have some congenital defects which brought them untold ridicule—all these suffer, to a certain extent, emotional maladjustments. Carrying these childhood maladjustments through the years and upon reaching maturity, these persons cannot cope with obstacles which they encounter in their adult life. They find alcohol a "godsend helping to solve temporarily their basic and psychological problems."

The "Alcoholics Anonymous" which is a byword on the lips of every alcoholic and prospective alcoholic in the United States is still "Greek" as far as our own local alcoholics are concerned. If you ask any of them in their rare sober moments, what the initials A.A. mean, ten to one, they will readily answer "Associate in Arts." You can't blame them. They are still "asso-

ciates" in the art of curing their inebriety. This unknown association was established way back in 1934, one year after the prohibition era in the United States ended. A.A. as it is fondly known, fought almost single-handedly the menace of alcoholism through the years. It started with one "A." in 1934, a Mr. "Bill," they called him, and in the span of twenty-six years has risen to two hundred fifty thousand "A.A.s" today. The recovery rate of those belonging to this unique and novel "association" who sincerely try its treatment is comparatively high. Nine drunkards out of twelve usually sobered up after going through the drying mills of A.A. Their treatment is simple. A sincere belief in God and an urgent desire to quit is all that they start with. Paul de Kruif in his condensation of an article in *Today's Health* published in the *Reader's Digest*, from which this particular information on Alcoholics Anonymous is taken, says "to gain enough humility to stay alive, the A.A.s have had to give up what have been characteristics common to most of them—excessive ambition and pride—and quit their crazy contest for personal prestige. An associate of the philanthropist Rockefeller has said, 'Why, A.A. is first century Christianity'."

In the Philippines an "A.A." is still to be heard of. Here in Cebu an "A.A." is still one for Ripley. It is about time we have them in the Philippines. Our alcoholics are not as numerous as in the United States, but we have definitely a good number of inebriates who are known and unknown, mostly unknown. Here in our own city of Cebu, no statistics are available as to how many city residents take their drinking "by heart". The Cebu City Police department revealed that there had been occasional drunken brawls in the city and suburbs, but they were mostly settled amicably when the protagonists sobered up and realized their misdeeds. Drunkenness is still not alcoholism in the strict scientific connotation of the term. But it is a seed of social maladjustment which when not "nipped in the bud" will develop into a state of moral degeneration and delinquency that is hard to crush. Yet one does not have to dig deep into cold and bare statistics to prove that drunkenness which may turn

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NOTES ON PHILIPPINE POETRY

by GREGG G. VILLAR



NICOMEDES JOAQUIN, who also writes under the by-line Quejano de Manila, is popularly known in the local literary world as Nick Joaquin. He was a fledgling poet when the war broke out and it took the war years and the rambunctious period of the early liberation era to mature him into possibly the best Filipino writer in English belonging to the younger generation. The *Free Press* calls him the flowering of Philippine literature in English in the same way as Don Claro M. Recto is the flowering of Spanish literature in the country.

Joaquin's prose works deal mostly with the nostalgic past. No one can equal him in the recreation of the "dead" Spanish era. Through the power of his pen, Old Manila lives again with its viceroys and archbishops, mystics and merchants, pagan sorcerers and Christian martyrs, nuns and harlots and elegant doñas and señoritas, and foreign swains and gallant Hispanized gentlemen. In poetry, however, he deals not with the ghosts of the past but the living and tumultuous present. His social awareness makes him a crusader and carries his themes forward in the manner of an enraged preacher.

Nick Joaquin is considered by many critics as the best writer in the Philippines today. He was easily selected as the most outstanding young man in literature in 1955 out of a field which boasted such literary luminaries as Edith L. Tiempo, Carmen Guerrero Nakpil, Jim Austria, and Leon Ma. Guerrero. On the selection of Nick Joaquin, N.V.M. Gonzalez was heard to comment thus: "Certainly it can be no other than Nick Joaquin. No man who knows literature in this country can overlook so important a writer."¹

Arcellona calls Nick Joaquin as the only Filipino writer who "consciously and deliberately set out to make an account of the Philippine experience in the historical scene."² Agcaoili, on the other hand, admits that Joaquin is "one of the very few genuine poets in the Philippines."³ Locsin of the *Free Press* considers him as "the first literary artist of the country."⁴ On Joaquin's style, he writes:

... They are so different from Jose Garcia Villa's in matter and mood that comparison is only confusing. If Joaquin is not capable of the lyric simplicity and purity of Villa's "I can no more hear love's voice..." Villa cannot do, either, Joaquin's "... the frail blue doves of Aphrodite." In his poems Joaquin scourges the silly, beautiful, monstrous world with eloquence."⁵

Other critics who speak up their minds on Joaquin's capacity as a writer and poet were Armando Manalo, Manuel A. Viray, and the Great Expatriate, himself, Jose Garcia Villa. Manalo says:

While it may be premature to hail Joaquin as a genius of an international order (as one or two critics have already done),

the time is just ripe for Filipinos to recognize that he is the first-rate writer to come out of this country since the Americans introduced their language here.⁶

Villa, on the other hand, is most lavish in his praise of the man. Considering his penchant for I's and his high regard for himself, his accolade for Nick Joaquin becomes all the more flattering and gratifying. Without reservation, he concludes that "Nick Joaquin is the only Filipino writer who possesses real imagination—that imagination of power and depth and great metaphysical seeing—which knows how to express itself."⁷

It would not be amiss to say here, however, that Joaquin's poetical output possesses the same intensity as his prose works. His poems published after liberation, together with his translation of Rizal's "My Last Farewell" during the occupation, have elicited many comments from several quarters in the local literary scene. One writer confesses to the effect which Joaquin's poetry had made on him after reading them.

There is the shock of recognition, the shock of revelation, and the shock of mere dissonance or discord. The true poet brings words together that have not previously been brought into relationship, and out of the new combination comes a truth. If familiar, there is recognition. If strange, there is revelation. The world is seen afresh. There is an accompanying shock. Then there is the shock of mere discord when a pseudo-poet brings words together that do not belong together, creating no new harmony, no new truth, no new vision, but mere shock... The shock from Nick Joaquin's poetry comes from recognition and revelation; the words do not come together in mere dull contract but explode.⁸

Ricaredo D. Demetillo, formerly of Silliman University and now of the University of the Philippines, has a different view of Joaquin's poetry. He refuses to be "shocked" by the impact of Joaquin's words. The "words" of Joaquin refuse to explode before him. Thus, he voices dissent amidst the chorus of acclaim. He sees in Joaquin's poetry an "awkwardness... that is notoriously irritating at times." "How unEnglish and unmodern," he continues, "for instance, are the inversions of The Comment Ungallant!" The inversions become artistic fractures in these lines:

... and we
there sat us down to play love⁹

Demetillo believes that the spondee effect of **there sat us down** is most grating and is unjustified in the context of the line, for as far as the poet is concerned, this discovery of the Medusa-quality of the lady comes only after this episode of down to play love. For this matter, Demetillo voices a warning to all critics in Philippine letters. He sounds the alarm for the danger of too much indiscriminate praise and acclaim and he considers this act as "aesthetic blasphemy." It is true, that he finds lines of explosive force in Joaquin's poetry, but they are found at rare intervals and "are often mired in the lurid mud of delectively and tritely expressed ideas."¹⁰

The arguments shown above represent the two critical thoughts prevailing in Philippine letters today. While one will not question the merits they will give to the writer as well as the audience, yet, too much stress

In nostalgic monotone, he says in "This Year."¹⁴

This year, last year, the year before and last; next year and yesterday, and the days before and after; tomorrow will dim into distance; instance now: to hear: they will be mist and mystery. . . .

only to continue "colloquially to confuse yesterday with the days before and after, tomorrow." The mystery mixed "with the news of war, of new wars, the plight, the fright, the flight of mortals in a small star selling sugar and shoes."

Joaquin's constant repetition of "year" gives the mocking-taunting effect which helps heighten his theme: that time can never change man's thirst for greed and power unless that effort to change comes from within. It must always be so. The word "year" suggests the image of an all-knowing Finger always pointing to the one guilty of greed and lust wherever he goes and

The Poetry of Nick Joaquin

on the concepts of literary laws and dogmas will certainly muddle the minds of the ordinary reading public.

This writer is of the opinion that Joaquin's poetry like that of Villa is quite hard to understand. Like the former, he also indulges in occasional obscurantism both in contents and design, as in his "Verde Yo te Quiero Verde."¹¹ Like Villa, he has an ample supply of myths and the allusive phrases as in his "The Innocence of Solomon"¹² and "O Death Be Proud."¹³ But unlike the experience, his allusions are not so far-fetched as to accuse him of lacking or failing in communication which is the primary objective of art. Unlike Villa, he does not wage an intermittent combat with his God. On the whole his poems bear the sombre note of a man used to the ways of meditation and contemplation, aroused, like the prophets of antiquity, by the rampant evil and devilry around him. His voice is not that of the confused soul but that of the man who has seen the gathering clouds—the warning of dire things to come if rampant venalities will go on unchecked.

This mad scramble for wealth and power was to Joaquin very "harassing." He had foreseen as early as 1945 that there would be no end to this greed. The years of enemy occupation had drained from most of our people their moral and spiritual strength. After the first ecstasy over the liberation had faded, the people found themselves not in a sweeter and nobler world but in an evil, corrupt, and decaying one. While the physical reconstruction was going on at a fast clip, the moral rehabilitation moved forward on exceedingly slow wheels.

The cities teemed with questionable night clubs, burlesque shows, and houses of dubious reputation. All kinds of rackets came into existence. It was to this climate of ill-will, violence, greed and disillusionment, that Nick Joaquin was exposed. True to the Emersonian concept, that every age requires a new confession, Joaquin composes his "confessions" amidst this enveloping atmosphere of chaos and confusion.

whatever he does. It is the voice of conscience. And to Joaquin that voice must be heeded to avoid another catastrophe.

He bewails the attitude of the calloused man towards the ideals for which the youth of the land have fought and died in another successful poem which he calls "Poem."¹⁵ Here, Joaquin's diction is at his artistic best. He calls the idealism of youth "peacocks perched upon opes and pigs" that have feasted upon the bountiful spoils of war. His flair for the denotative and associational elements—the use of the "inevitable word"—not to mention his clever handling of alliterative sounds as in the line above, is exhibited again in the following stanza:

*War is the Minotaur
and we are the waters
bearing for him to devour;
but young and the beautiful
our sons and daughters—
the tax we pay to the Bull.*

In "Sonnet,"¹⁶ (O Death Be Proud) he gives vent to his satirical temper by utilizing the old, old idea of death as the great equalizer—shades of Donne and the metaphysicals. But unlike Donne, he diverts from the sombre and melancholy attitude and indulges in playfulness and fun. The casualness of his diction, aided by his wit and irony, makes the satire all the more subtle and full of subdued sarcasm. The quatrain of the sonnets runs:

*O Death: thou art the edible apparatus
we eat, and that shall eat us by and by:
we lie down Alexanders and we rise
tomatoes;
we step in Ur, we wake up in a pie.*

The late poet and professor, Cornelio Faigou, made a very interesting interpretation of this sonnet. Be-

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Over a Glass of Milk

IN THESE TIMES when the Big Powers are considering the possibilities of peace and nearly all of us have the jitters, it is well to lend our attention to what the poets say of war. Poets are absolutely not alarmists, and if ever they alarm it is only to prompt us to do the best of what we honestly believe is true and of value. Now I do not imply that the Big Powers are alarmists. As a matter of fact, I give faith to their sincerity in their attempt to reach an understanding among men. But while they move along the channel of diplomacy which is quite beyond the knowledge of the simple man, the poets walk along the easier, lovelly avenue through which Keats had "wandered to eternal truth."

If there is any one who says he hates war and means it, he is a poet, if not by profession, then at least by heart. The poet can only love "a thing of beauty". And what is beautiful about the destruction of trees and houses; the wasting of human lives; the burning of books, etc? The poet does accept the legality of war. But what is legal may not always be desirable.

I find no more succinct expression of this feeling than the following lines of Herman Melville taken from his "The March Into Virginia":

*All wars are boyish, and are fought by boys,
The champions and enthusiasts of the state:
Turbid ardours and vain joys . . .*

That is an invitation to a quiet life. That is seconded by Matthew Arnold. From the tranquil "Dover Beach" we hear his soft voice, crying:

*Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.*

One who is not so familiar with the poet's basic sentiment may ask, why is it that this or that poet enjoys war? Fairness demands that that particular poet should be reread. Well, it is like this. In creating a story that has war as its moving factor, the writer may countenance a character or two, mostly a hero or heroine. This indeed is all right, and must not be mistaken for extolling the idea of bloodshed.

To illustrate the point, let us examine the "Three American Women And A German Bayonet", a poem written by Winfield Townley Scott. It treats of the reactions of the three women towards a bayonet which a soldier has brought home from the battlefield. The second stanza of the poem partly says:

*And while Mary his mother says 'I do not like it.
Put it down'
Mary the young sister, her eyes gleaming and round,
Giddily giggles as, the awkward toy in her left hand,
She makes impertinent pushes toward his wife who stands
Tolerant of child's play, waiting for her to be done.*



His mother says 'I wish he had not got it. It is wicked-looking. I tell you: Put it down!'
His wife says 'All right, Mary: let me have it — it is mine.'

That the mother dislikes the bayonet because it reminds her of war we do not question. . . . As for the sister, we have only to remember what Melville has said, she is young. In fact the author uses the words "toy" and "child's play" for purposes of emphasis. We can readily forgive her; she knows not what she does. Now let us take the case of the wife. Why does she claim the "hard tool of death"? Does she in one way or another show a personal liking for war? Certainly not! She does not even look at it as a "hard tool of death". To her the bayonet is the symbol of her living husband, and nothing else.

Let us proceed collecting snatches of poetry on the tempest from one literary mind to another. Of course, it is expected that these writings unfold varied emotions, ranging from guilt to desperation, from pity to lonely love, etc.

Rainer Maria Rilke's "The Shako" tells us of the:

*Night, and its muffled creakings, as the wheels
 Of Blücher's caissons circle with the clock;
 He lifts his eyes and drums until he feels
 The clavier shudder and allows the rock
 And Scylla of her eyes to fix his face:
 It is as though he looks into a glass*

*Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
 Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.*

While Allen Tate begins his "Ode To The Confederate Dead" with the following tender verses:

*Row after row with strict impunity
 The headstones yield their names to the element,
 The wind whirrs without recollection. . .*

And in Northern France and Belgium John McCrae stands "In Flanders Field", and informs the world that:

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

On this grim death and desolation of war Walt Whitman in his "I Sit And Look Out" gives the following indignant, terse statement:

*I see the workings of battle, pestilence, tyranny,
 I see martyrs and prisoners. . . .*

Dylan Thomas looks at the youth and turns his back, to show "A Refusal To Mourn The Death, By Fire, Of A Child In London". He promises:

WAR Poems • by JUNNE CAÑIZARES •

*Reflecting on this guilty breathing-space
 His terror and the salvos of the brass
 From Brandenburg. . . .*

The "The Second Coming" by William Butler Yeats describes the confusion of the world. It sounds Biblical. Listen:

*Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;

 The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
 The ceremony of innocence is drowned;

 Surely some revelation is at hand.*

In his "Brotherhood Of Men" Richard Eberhart tries to chop logic:

*. . . never gave in to the enemy,
 Never surrendered, the enemy was myself.
 Monthly made him think I loved him,
 In some strange manner I loved my captor,
 I belonged to mankind, all were responsible,
 In his place would I not have done the same?
 My bayonet would not have pierced the plucky,
 We were only soldiers doing our duty,
 All imprisoned in primal curses,
 All commanded by evil in man's nature.*

In the same tone W. H. Auden speaks of the simple citizen who can never say No if summoned to war. Let us pull some lines from his "The Unknown Citizen":

*When there was peace, he was for peace; when
 there was war, he went.*

*I shall not murder
 The manking of her going with a grave truth
 Nor blaspheme down the stations of the breath
 With any further
 Elegy of innocence and youth.*

One of the most widely known poems from the World War "I Have A Rendezvous With Death" is gracefully written by Alan Seeger right in the trenches. Thomas Beer pointed out somewhere that the poem was suggested by the tenth chapter of Stephen Crane's masterpiece "The Red Badge Of Courage". This was not without strong objections. But let us not involve ourselves in the quarrel. The author has studied the two works and found out that truly they do have some similarity. Let us discuss this some other time.

The first stanza of the poem is this:

*I have a rendezvous with Death
 At some disputed barricade,
 When Spring comes back with rustling shade
 And apple-blossoms fill the air —
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 When Spring brings back blue days and fair.*

I cannot recite this poem without weeping, not because of the hint of Death, but because of the mention of Spring, apple-blossoms, and blue days and fair. What sorrow will it be to miss such grandeur.

I could very well go on with this culling of excerpts, but that would no longer be over a glass of milk only. However, any thirst for poetry dealing with the present topic may be satisfied by the libraries that are at everybody's disposal.



At some time or other a man will meet a girl for whom he will be disposed to renounce his single blessedness. To seek the reason why such a man should find himself in that direction, we usually go to the description of her. Such a girl can be . . .

N E N A

• • • by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

Short Story

1.

IF YOU LIKE to get quickly into the social circle of the younger set here, just make acquaintance with Nena. How to approach her is no trigonometry problem, for, although people turn their heads around as she passes by to stare at her cultivated beauty, she never raises an ivory tower. Instead she sensibly practices her gifts of sympathy and goodwill.

Those old students here who have not heard of her are either deaf, or TOO domestic.

2.

Under no circumstances can the title "Party Girl" be given to her, for that in the present understanding implies a somewhat unhappy idea. But the fact is, that in any event of the social seasons (summer, semestral and Christmas vacations) she is the ubiquitous darling; it is always she who opens the door to lots of fun. Now don't charge me of being partial to her. My intention is to put the limelight on her for a certain time, not to disregard the rest around the circle who also have their own shares of winsomeness, and together help keep the group from whatever form of juvenile delinquency.

3.

Now I'll give you the admission of the other fellows, for, if I go on defining her in my own point of view, you might fancy that I am entertaining the notion of having her as my rightful possession, which I am sorry to say, and undoubtedly you'll be glad to know that, I am not entertaining. All right, let us pay attention to the two gentlemen walking on their way home from the induction ball; like me they had been formally introduced to her that evening. "Amigo, when we drifted together to that tango, clouds were at our feet. Oh she's the gracefulest dancer of all the señoritas there. She is the breeze; she is the tulip," one was saying. "And I could sit there and enjoy her smiles the whole night through. She is very agreeable and lively," the other said. "But, ah! to think that she is a Roman Catholic and I am a Protestant." The former hummed a song, and danced with an imaginary partner around the street so that a car had to slow down and blow its horn to wake him up from his trance.

4.

How much does she realize of the handsome impression she makes on her intimates is not for me to express, but, as I am one of her well-wishers, I believe that on her being a darling to us there can be no two opinions. She has such playfulness, such gay manners as can be expected from one whose preoccupation is to look for and appreciate the finer things in life. She is an engaging conversationalist, and she can dwell on any topic from here to eternity with a pretty display of taste and common sense. She can criticize famous sex-fiction writers of our generation, and sometimes attempts evaluating some gems of poetry; she can trace down the story of the box-office hit movie in town; she can sing, although her voice is somewhat shaky; she can be a good listener, etc. She can also

let her fingers do some dance-steps on your knees to the accompaniment of an off-beat or cha-cha music; or clap hands with you with the rhythm of the *fimiling*. These and the many nice qualities she has explain why she is always a success at any gathering, whether book reading or talking or what-not is the rule.

5.

All the times that I had spent with her and the gang were so cheerful that I expected more of such occasions at least during the course of my schooling. I retain the memory of the picnic we had late in May. It was held on the beach. In consequence of an agreement among us, we had a swimming contest in which I spiritedly participated, and lost. I waded into the sand and, since I did not feel like taking a dip in the sea again, I put on my slacks and shirt, and lied down beneath the arching frond of a pigmy coconut tree. I was content watching the game through the field glasses that I brought. Then she came ashore and paced towards me in her natural, yet attractive gait. She was breathing heavily. She knelt beside me and dried her hair with the towel. "You gave up in the third bout," she said. "Let me see that binocle." "Here," I said. "I'm not much of a swimmer. I'm a land animal." "They're funny," she said. "You are unattached, aren't you?" Her tone surprised me; it was very serious. "Of course, I am unattached," I replied. I chided myself for uttering of course; it was not necessary. "Why can't other people be like us, free and easy?" she sighed. "Whom are you alluding to?" I said. "Those Big People. If they cannot come to terms, they are apt to destroy the whole earth," she said. "No war can totally destroy the earth," I said. "Not all people are that bad to destroy everything. The earth is lovely to look at. A greater part of it will remain unscathed; a greater number of the people will live to look at it. Thinking of this, I am happy; I am not afraid. Because I think of this sincerely. Because I honestly believe what I think." She stole a kiss from me and ran into the water before I could phrase my astonishment at what she had done.

6.

Her birth-stone color is the color of her eyes, blue. There is something delightful in the shade of tint of her eyes; it often places me in a state of ecstasy, especially when we talk of any elevated topic, in that it reminds me of the blueness of the sea at low tide, early in the morning and the sky in summer. Somehow it is an inducement to reflect on things belonging to the forever warm, forever fragrant, forever sunny side of life. Somehow it stirs in me a feeling of freshness, or even deathlessness.

She prefers to wear a pink or light yellow dress, though, because it suits her fairly white skin. It gives her an effect of elegant simplicity. It always interests me to see her descend the staircase at 7:45 after the Holy Mass every Sunday. There she comes down in a pose that shows her Grecian profile, her long hair flowing down her back, pretty as a picture. We say hello to each other, and sometimes a thing or two, about a book for instance, her newest acquisition which she is fain to lend me if I desire to read it. Then she goes away, because she knows that I have yet to hear the 8:00 o'clock Mass, and I send her to the street with my eyes to rejoice more in such delicate loveliness.

7.

It was a dark afternoon. It was clangorous in the sky as if a giant was beating some big empty oil-

barrels up there. The rain poured in vats on the wide cemented street, when I was half on my way to the hospital. My first impulse was to tell the driver to retrace our route, but something held me; so I sat still and allowed myself to be a prey to confusing emotions. The taxi pulled up, I paid the driver, got out hurriedly, passed by the information desk and walked along the corridor, glancing at the numbers of the rooms. I paused before the door A-17. A charming nurse came out and I asked her if she was not asleep, and she answered that she was not.

"Please, tell her that she has a visitor," I begged. The nurse eyed me to find out what I was being special for, and came in. I was only prudent. The nurse appeared on the door again and nodded. I thanked her and entered the room.

Almost everything inside was spotlessly white: the ceiling, the walls, the furniture, the bed, the blanket. I was for a moment drowned in the whiteness, even as I was drowned in the drabness outside. She smiled sweetly as soon as she saw me.

"How are you?" I said heartily.

"Grand!" she said with music in her voice. "It is very kind of you to come here. Please, sit by my side."

I sat down slowly on the bed.

"I pray thee, do not make me laugh," she said. "It is yet painful for me to laugh." She touched her side where she was operated on for appendicitis.

"What's funny about me?" I said, puzzled.

"Your face. Oh, my dear!" She handed me a mirror. She laughed softly.

I beheld myself in the mirror. I looked awfully sad, almost like a clown. I gazed at her blue searching eyes, and immediately I felt like taking the liberty of laughing aloud. But I put my hand on my mouth, and shook my head. At that particular moment I did not know who was comforting whom, who of us was sick. But if ever I was ill I was right then tended by her, by the sea-blue, summer-sky-blue of her eyes.

"I get stuck up on my thesis. Next week is the deadline," I said, looking at her well-shaped nose, then at her bow-curved lips.

"You certainly shall finish it on time. Relax," she said. She pushed my chin up with her finger so that I would stop gazing at her.

I chuckled. "You inspire me. By the way, you're graduating. What shall you do afterwards? Settle?"

"No, no, no! I'll tour first, around the world! Papa has promised me that. I'll see Hongkong, Paris, Granada, and San Francisco." Her whole face shone with great expectations. "You know, I love travel!"

I smiled broadly. What a gulf of difference was between what she imagined and what I dreamed. Mine was to build a little cottage by the seashore and surround it with a stone garden. Then— It was very ridiculous.

"Don't tell me that I carried you to reverie. You are grinning," she said.

"Yes, you did!" I said. She was too innocent of my design to hurt me. I checked myself before I did anything foolish that would afflict me all my days. Perhaps, nothing better could happen, than my discovering of our contrasting plans. Now I must claim nearness with her only as I claim nearness with the moon.

8.

Directly and indirectly defining her is like painting another Mona Lisa. A while ago I flattered myself that I could paint her in printed words, hence this composition. Now knowing that there are still

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"It is better to
light a candle
than to curse
the darkness."

DEVOTION



AT NOON, when he lay down in the long narra chair and took a nap, Miguel dreamed of Lolita: He saw her face emerge in the thin bluish haze, pale and cold as the dead, the ivory mannequin in the dress shop, dry, as if it had been dried in the sun, and sadly her eyes were looking at him for a long time, before the face itself vanished slowly. And then, he saw an old cobbled street that must be in San Nicolas lined with acacia trees on both sides and some old houses where the paint was peeling off from the walls: Where are the children? he asked.

"What children?" Elena said. That was his sister, a cripple at seventeen, who came limping from the kitchen and woke him up. He knew then that he was dreaming.

"We have fried bananas in the kitchen," Elena said. "Judith gave them to me when I went to their house a while ago. Her father had just arrived from Mindanao and brought several baskets of bananas and vegetables. I fried them."

He slouched in the long chair, squinting in the golden sunlight, as he was waiting till his senses would be back. He surveyed the house with his eyes. The curtains by the window were faded green from long use; the things were disordered and the floor was whitening with dust. He was not concerned with the looks of things anyhow. He felt then that Elena said something about fried bananas and he knew by now that his sister had a sort of heart that would resent indifference very much. Perhaps, that was because of her broken leg: a shrapnel hit Elena's right leg during the liberation of Manila by the Americans and that was how she had become a cripple since then.

"Then let's eat them," he said as he stretched his arms. "I'll wash my face first."

"We still have some butter," Elena said. "You know I got scared with papa when I was in the kitchen."

His heart trembled slightly, strangely. Did it happen now? "Why?" he asked.

"He stood by the door in the kitchen and kept on looking at me. He looked awful!" Elena replied.

"I asked him if he liked to eat some fried bananas, but he didn't say anything. Just turned around and went downstairs. He looked very sad."

"Where's he now?" Miguel said.

"I don't know," his sister answered. "We'd better eat now. They'll get cold."

So they went to the kitchen.

Miguel opened the faucet and washed his face and neck under the stream of water over the sink. I guess he's just somewhere passing the time. That's what he should do. Why the hell should he be so crazy about Lolita? We're trying to make him happy, but he's fooling himself, Miguel thought as he washed. He closed the faucet after a short while and dried up the beads of water with the yellow towel he took from a nail somewhere. He'll be all right, he thought, while he wiped his face with the towel. But as a matter of fact he was not sure of that, as he was not sure of many things, apparitions in themselves, so that when you see them as when you see leaves falling to the ground, or when you look at the big, big sea from the seashore, why, you know you cannot stop them, nor change them, nor do anything about them at all. Once he saw a man caught in a live wire, and felt nailed to where he was and his voice would not speak.

Elena had set two cups of coffee on the dining table and brought out a plateful of fried bananas dashed with sugar and a half-can of margarine. She looked at what she had cooked and felt satisfied. That was Elena. Nobody was courting her, though her face was

to the Black Nazarene

pretty young and prim-looking that her mother used to kiss it fondly but that did not make her bitter or unhappy, not really. The only thing Elena was sorry about was her father, an old widower named Gabriel, who owned a dry goods store in the city; he never showed them love, which she, more than her brother perhaps, had been longing for in all these years: It was as if his heart was an apple that was divided into halves: half was for the dry goods store, the other half was for Lolita, and there was nothing left for them.

Miguel went to the dining table and sat down. He took some fried bananas and began to eat. "Is he angry?" he asked his sister.

"I don't know," Elena said, her mouth bulging with fried bananas. "I don't think he is. He just looked at me and left. He seemed so tired and sad." She took a sip of coffee from her cup.

"He's going crazy, I suppose," Miguel said grudgingly.

"Please don't say a thing like that," Elena said.

They heard the door open and shut, and foot-steps coming up the stairs. It was the old man, their father: He looked tired and troubled; he had not shaved the white stubbles on his chin and upper lip. Both Elena and Miguel kept silent and went on eating. The old man said nothing and went straight to his room, without looking at them.

Miguel drank all his coffee and took a glass of water, before he went to the bedroom that he shared with his sister. He saw it was almost two on the Big Ben clock. It was Friday and he had a class at four in afternoon. He knew that it was still too early to go to school, but he felt like leaving now and passing the time under the acacia tree in the school ground with a book. Elena was in the kitchen washing the dishes. While he was changing his clothes, he thought of getting into his father's room and saying, Pa, I'll be going now. Is there anything you want me to

do?; but on second thought he warned himself he'd better not. The other Monday he had a quarrel with the old man; that was because he went to the dry goods store and told his father that Lolita was just fooling him; the old man flared up and slapped him hot on the face and they did not talk to each other during the whole week. For two days, he was angry with his father, because he knew he only said the truth and got beaten for it. But then his need for his father's love was greater than his anger, and now he'd like to break the silence between them,

or Rembrandt when he was doing it; the background was rough and abstract-looking, so that it seemed to serve as a contrast to sharply define the flower-like tenderness of Lolita; the artist undoubtedly gave importance to the beauty of the eyes and the fullness of the breast.

And as he lay, the old man was remembering the evening in October when he met Lolita for the first time. That was in the train, he recalled now, the night express that was leaving for Legaspi City. He was in one of the seats in the

by FRANK A. ROBLES

the cold hurting silence that was unbearable. After combing his hair before the mirror, Miguel went to the kitchen. He saw Elena was still there. "In case something happens here, look for me in the school," he said to her. "At the main building, room 7."

"Why, what will happen here?," Elena asked apprehensively, with a frightened look in her eyes.

"Nothing," he said shortly, somewhat annoyed by his sister's simplicity of mind, though that sometimes delighted him, too. "You just remember that."

Miguel left the house with a book and two notebooks tucked under his arm. He went walking leisurely in the afternoon sunlight, looking out on the street —

The old man was in his half-darkened room lying in bed with both battered shoes on. He was looking at the portrait of Lolita hanging on the wall; it was done in oil paint, a compromise between the old and new painting styles, as if the artist did not know whether he was to follow Picasso

third class car, together with three old women; and Lolita was in the seat that was opposite to where he was across the passage-way. He saw her glance at him once — and that was the beginning of their affair.

That night, they had a long pleasurable talk in the train. Lolita said she was spending her vacation with her aunt in Daraga, a town not far from Legaspi, and he said he was on a business trip. So they went on talking tirelessly about everything that came into their minds, and then the morning came and he saw the green hills and blue mountain ranges in the vanishing fog. When the train arrived at Legaspi, it was almost noon. They lunched together in one of the restaurants in the city, and went sightseeing for a short while till it was three in the afternoon. He gave Lolita his calling card and asked her to see him in Manila when there would be a chance. That was how it started, he remembered now. How was he to know what the end would be!

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What's Wrong with our Educational System?

(Continued from page 7)

tion. We have shifted back and forth from academic to vocational. Quick and capricious imitators that we are, we have been greatly affected by the struggle for supremacy between the progressive and traditional schools of the United States. We never pause to ponder upon the merits of a curriculum and the capability of our teachers to implement it before adopting the same. We rush headlong and blindly to whatever is new and before we know it, we find ourselves mentally suffocating in a barrel of intellectual halo-halo.

Undue emphasis on vocational training in our schools has been justified by the statistics that out of every 100 pupils enrolled in grade one, only 40 reach the intermediate level, only 20 reach high school and only 2 finally get a degree in college. The others simply drop out. This set-up has been primarily responsible for the birth of a "Filipinized" English, a murdered form of the king's language.

As if this were not disastrous enough, the dialect is being used presently as the medium of instruction in grades one and two. Apologists of the system claim that it will facilitate literacy. Children learn easily to read and write, because it is a language they know by heart. And considering that almost 50% of primary pupils drop out before reaching intermediate level, their knowledge can be of great use to them in actual life.

Most of us are products of the old system which used English as a medium of instruction even in grades one and two. Did we not, after finishing grade one and learning to read and write in English automatically know how to read and write in the dialect, and just as well? Which is better literacy? Don't we have here a case of myopia?

There is indeed, an urgent need for revitalizing our curricula. Roadblocks to good curriculum development

THE WAY OUT

These are the main ailments that have plagued and still are plaguing Philippine education. We are worried. What is tragic is that we cannot do something about it. There is some comforting thought, however, that several of our top educators are trying hard to find a way out.

UE President Francisco Dalupan, for instance, asserts that "what our educational work has long needed badly is a study, both thorough and scientific, on which to base recommendations for reform so synchronized and coordinated that they are practical as well as wise."

"The logical first step in this direction is for Congress to enact a law appropriating a sum of money to finance a high level commission on education entrusted with the task of undertaking the most thorough study of our schools and all their ramifications and to recommend ways and means of improving them all around—their administration, their curriculum, their methods, their personnel, their objectives. To this commission should be appointed the greatest educational philosophers, scholars and administrators we can find among our people. They should be

like laws, indifference to school problems and policies, political intrigues, religious differences, superstitious beliefs, poor human relationship between parents and teachers, insufficiency of funds, professional conservatism on the part of school administrators and unconcern or indifference of teachers to initiate curriculum improvement, must be eliminated, if we wish to make our schools real nurseries for intellectual upliftment.

TEACHERS

The quality of education that we derive from our schools depend to a great extent upon the type of teachers that sit in the classrooms.

There are in the country today definitely more teachers than there are classes. But we still have the problem of inefficient teachers. This is mainly due to the fact that our Civil Service eligibles are very choosy when it comes to assignments. Everybody wants to teach in the city or not at all. This is understandable. The instinct of self-improvement ever burns in man's nature. This is far from improving our educational system, however.

On inefficient teachers, we have this disheartening report of UE President Dalupan: "Many authorities on our schools, including representatives of UNESCO and other reputable educational groups, have alleged that less than half of our teachers are really qualified to teach. They explain that the last expansion of the schools on all levels has increased the demand for teachers, and that the expanded demand for teachers has led to superficial teacher-training. In some cases, graduate teachers know only some teaching methods, but not much, if at all, of the content of the subject taught. In other cases, teachers know neither method nor content. These critics conclude that there is in our schools the sorry spectacle of the blind leading the blind."

free of political, business, religious or any other kind of bias, fiercely independent and with the courage of their convictions. They should of course be commensurately compensated and allowed all the time they need to do a thorough, first class job.

...the report and recommendations of this body will be implemented in a series of legislations, wherever necessary. It is possible, naturally, that once the recommendations are subjected to legislative debate, considerations of politics, economics, and religion may creep in, thus frustrating the consummation of a job well started. If, however, the study and recommendations are truly sound, public opinion will force the issue. Education is something that affects every family, every home, every citizen sooner or later. The people can be relied upon to support any educational reform that is wise and sound."

Dr. Jose Hernandez makes the following suggestions:

1.—The composition of Congress should be changed so that men who go there may be relied upon to have at least the humility and common sense so necessary in the shaping of educational policies.

2.—That directors, presidents and administrators of private education

should be men of integrity and intellectual clarity and not ordinary businessmen posing as educationalists.

3.—...politicians should never interfere with the conduct of education, for as long as politicians meddle in education, our institutions of learning will remain spawning grounds for juvenile delinquents and teenage hoodlums.

The Swanson Survey Team puts forward the following recommendations for a sound program of education, to wit:

1.—Provision of satisfactory elementary schools, teachers and facilities for every child of school age wherever he may live.

2.—A competent teacher for approximately every 30 pupils in regular grades, and/or every 15 to 25 pupils in vocational and technical courses, and for all necessary courses for adults.

3.—Competent administrators, principals, guidance counselors, etc., to meet the needs of all schools.

4.—Careful integration of the program on all levels so children will not be handicapped by gaps or sharp changes in program or policy between levels or aspects of the program.

5.—The development of the 2-2
(Continued on page 23)

Poverty - A Challenge

(Continued from page 3)

means. In order to get money to spend they resort to all kinds of dirty business such as prostitution and robbery. Should we blame these people who abide by the principle that necessity knows no law?

Unemployment has been considered a major cause of poverty. A man able to work but unable to find a job cannot help but live on what he can afford. In his book, "Looking at Ourselves," Balacran proves that the indolence of the Filipinos is one of the causes of poverty. He suggests that by being industrious and thrifty a poor man may improve his situation. Henry Malthus ascribes the growth of poverty to the geometrical increase of population in contrast to the arithmetical progress of food supply. Henry George, in his book, "Progress and Poverty" says that poverty springs from a denial of justice. Many sociologists and psychologists believe that heredity has something to do with the origin of poverty.

Obviously, there are as many determinants of the causes as there are effects of poverty. But to the poor man, the only principle is struggle for existence. Nothing excites resentment in their hearts than the "survival of the fittest" especially when they realize that so many persons really "survive" and get rich by anti-social methods, or that they have a government corrupted by illegal privileges and malappropriations of great possessions, or that they are victims of exploitation and discrimination.

Many determinists agree that specific cases of poverty are traceable to individual misconduct, like laziness, for instance. But poverty is an economic phenomenon, economics being defined as the study of the wealth getting and wealth consuming activity of man. And poverty is simply the lack of necessary wealth.

Alms giving and government relief are today considered by some as opiates—momentary relief for the problem of poverty. On the other hand it is absurd and impractical to propose abolition of poverty. However, by a more efficient economic planning and government administration, poverty may decline. For instance, by employing these poor people, they can be in a better position to help themselves financially.

"You have always the poor with you," the Bible says, and this is true; there is no cure-all for the problem of poverty. Nevertheless,

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What's Wrong With . . .

(Continued from page 22)

plan for secondary schools in most areas, supplemented by vocational and technical schools in certain centers.

6.—The development of a program of financing schools that will place maximum emphasis on local initiative and responsibility but will continue those aspects of central control essential for the functioning of the program.

7.—Making quality education possible by increasing the effort to support public schools to at least 3.5% of the national income and to 4% to 4.5% for the support of all public education including institutions of higher learning.

8.—Provision for financing the schools that will assure a stable and adequate source of income. National funds should be provided thru adequate appropriations that are released when appropriated and not held subject to certain contingencies, or if necessary, could be assured thru tax revenues specifically earmarked for schools.

Whether these recommendations will actually alleviate if not totally cure our educational system of its ailments or not is too speculative for us to indulge in. What we do know is that to implement these remedial measures will entail a lot of money, time, effort and sacrifice. But I think there is more at stake than just the literacy of the Filipino nation in the present plight of Philippine education to make every and all sacrifice and personal inconvenience negligible. "The school is the book in which is written the future of nations." Indeed, there are black clouds above the Philippine horizons. —FLF

The Problem Of . . .

(Continued from page 4)

no assignable fault, has been denounced again as a social injustice."

Economics teaches us that unemployment is due to cyclical, technological, and seasonal factors in labor. Is this all? Have we not justified our accusing the administration as ineffective? Or should we still stick to our dubious attitude and say, "Get the government out of business' and economy will right itself!" Everyone agrees that this attitude merely springs from a hysteria caused by distrust and loss of hope in the government. Even Osias has said that much of unemployment springs from the instability of economic or social pol-

Crimes, Incorporated

(Continued from page 9)

uary to May. In January and February, the solution percentage was 90%; in March, 95%; in April, 96% and in May 98%.

The CPD is beset with many problems. With the rapidly expanding population of the city, it needs around a thousand additional personnel. It requires adequate and modern means of transportation and communications. But it lacks funds.

Sgt. Vicente Iway informed us that proper requisitions and representations for the CPD needs were made with the municipal board a long time ago. Until now, the board is still sitting on them.

We expect the municipal board to justify their delinquency by blaming the lack of funds. But we find this hard to believe considering the fact that Cebu City ranks third in income. If Davao City which is far, far down the revenue honor roll, can afford to pay a basic salary of P180 to the members of its police force and provide the latter with adequate modern facilities, there is no reason whatsoever why Cebu City can do no better than pay a measly basic salary of P150 to its police officers and provide its police force only with jeeps which, acquired in 1956, are either in the junkyard already or on their way to it.

A faithful implementation of the new Civil Service law will greatly bolster the morale of the police force. The present seniority system of promotion is fraught with hazards. Promotion of a "lousy senior" over a much better qualified "junior" kills the initiative to do the best and deprives the force of "real talents". Ultimately, this deprives the taxpayers of an active and efficient police force.

The CPD is the guardian of our rights and liberties. It safeguards our persons as well as our properties. To be able to perform its duties for the public properly, it has to be adequately staffed, provided with funds and facilities, and given our wholehearted cooperation, support, faith and trust. It is vital therefore, if we are to continue living in a peaceful, democratic city, that those immediately concerned take note of the problems confronting our police department. And not only take note, but actually do something about it! —FLF

icy or lack of social policy.

No matter what we say, we still have to go back to government action when we speak of controlling

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Juvenile Delinquency...

(Continued from page 11)

draws support from an old adage—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." There are more chances of preventing pre-delinquents, youngsters at the middle childhood stage or below, exhibiting patterns of maladjustment, but whose overt acts are not yet socially destructive from either the individual's or group's moral point of view, than there are in pulling juvenile delinquents, youngsters who have committed immoral and anti-social acts, out of the maelstrom they are in.

The child reads meaning in the simple things the parents do for him. If they do these well, they spell LOVE for the child; if they don't he may imagine the worst. He gets distressed and expresses his feelings by tantrums, truancy, bullying, defiance, overactivity, and restlessness which, once embedded in his personality, make a j.d. out of him.

Youngsters must be warned against occasions for a bad start in life. Fr. Arens mentions these: 1) Pool rooms and gambling joints where many good boys make contact with malcontents, 2) Mahjong sessions, 3) Restaurants with adjoining hotel entrances, 4) Juke box joints with hostesses, 5) Massage clinics and beauty parlors patronized by teen-agers, 6) Pornographic literature and contraceptives, and 7) Bad houses and "call girls", who even dare enter our colleges. These environmental factors bring about the downfall of youth.

Our youth should be nourished in wholesome literature; just as bad books have much to do with the decline of morality, good books are responsible for its upliftment. They have changed the lives of many great men—St. Augustine and St. Loyaola, to mention a few—history tells us.

Counteracting the influx of pornographic literature needs only a strong determination on our part. We should stamp out this vile traffic perpetrated by the unscrupulous; the reading of good books should be encouraged. If we refuse to patronize indecency, set for ourselves a high and noble standard, such literature wouldn't pose the problem that it does now.

The fact that j.d. concerns the whole of humanity makes its immediate solution the parents' duty as well as the school's and the Church's. The Catholic Educator runs: "... as its complement, it (physical heredity) must have so-

Alcoholics Anonymous

(Continued from page 13)

into alcoholism is on the upsurge here in our city. And it has hit most where it hurts deep. It has seeped into the very roots of our society. High and low. The right and wrong sides of the track. Millionaires' row and skid row. Young and old. Mostly young. Drinking has now become second nature to these young "uns". Coming a very close second to eating, drinking is pushing back studying to a very poor third. Yet what have we done? This continuance and unabated urge to drink and failure or refusal to realize when "one too many" results in only one end in sight—the gutter.

A liquor ban ordinance was passed by our city council prohibiting persons below twenty-one years to buy alcoholic drinks, prohibiting business establishments to serve intoxicating liquors within a radius of fifty meters from a school, church, and so forth. The ordinance is until now, still—an ordinance. Again an ordinance was promulgated imposing a certain percentage of tax on the sale of liquors and related intoxicating beverages. This particular ordinance was however, more of a revenue measure than the regulation of the imbibing of intoxicating liquors. In spite of these ordinances, the spree is still on. To prove it, let's take a stroll around the drinking establishments bordering the University of San Carlos. Start from the corner of Pelaez and

P. del Rosario Streets, and go down Pelaez St. Turn left to Sancliangko and again to the left at the corner of Junquera and Sancliangko Streets and back again to P. del Rosario. Run to the nearest ophthalmologist if you will not see the spree that is going on from morning to morning.

Prohibition is basically good. But it is sad to say, not enough. History shows that the era of prohibition in the United States which lasted for fourteen long weary and trying years, aggravated instead of alleviated the condition of alcoholism. The era unwittingly brought about the lost art of "bootlegging" and in turn spawned and bred the most notorious gangsters and mobsters in American criminal history. Prohibition may have been a good and devoted "father" but it produced a miserable and delinquent "son".

Drinking will always be with us. It is an institution as old as marriage, but unlike other institutions where everybody hesitates to join anybody, there is always a beehive of old and young jostling and crowding each other just to get in. It is for them a sort of new shining horizon by which to forget the past dark one. Some are there now. Others have come back. But what about those who don't know their way back?

It is not yet too late to do something for those who are on the brink of the tangled mazes of the alcoholic world. We shall not be mute witnesses of our own folly.

cial heredity which reaches the individual only through education... man "must learn to control his conduct... by a larger wisdom and clearer light than that which arises from individual experience..." This (balance of play and work) is selected with no ready yielding to the child's humors and tendencies, but the balance of play and work is kept subject to proper authority in the pliable period of his life... It is a neat balance of the many aspects of human nature that is required of the school, and the maintenance of that balance is not the least of the tasks assigned to the teacher." (Bold supplied)

Let us put our idle youth to work. In the United States juveniles organize into clubs ("Junior Dependables") that provide them with summer jobs. Local schools, youth agencies, service organizations, business and (New York) State Divisions of Employment find part-time,

temporary and summer employment for h. s. juniors and seniors.

In the same country the government is taking an active part in the elimination of j.d. A nationwide study on the juvenile gang problem is now nearing completion. The Senate delinquency sub-committee called anew for improved personnel training programs and said this is an area where the federal government could share the responsibility. (Bold supplied)

No solution can eliminate j.d. as much as letting God into our lives. "Not even the curfew hours, the ban on liquor for the younger set, nor police patrols can wipe out juvenile delinquency. For there can never be morality without religion."

These four—Home, School, Government, and Church—should join heads if we want juvenile delinquency to vanish from our modern society—Nelson Pegi Larosa

PICTORIAL SECTION



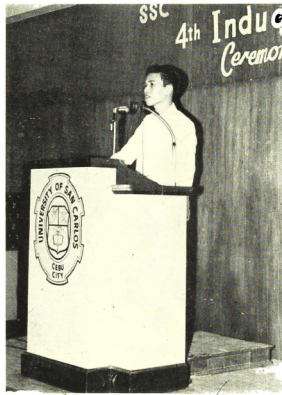
The Officers at-large Sworn into Office by Dean Fulvio C. Polaez



Representatives to the 4th Supreme Student Council Congress Sworn into Office by Atty. Gus Derecho



Rev. Fr. Vincent Torres, S.J., Rector of Berchmans College, Guest Speaker



Prexy Sixto Li. Abao Jr. Delivering his Acceptance Speech

SUPREME STUDENT COUNCIL INDUCTION

July 30
1960



Refreshments after the Exciting Convention



Rev. Fr. Rector Giving His Closing Remarks

The SCALES

CONTRAST



Cozy Interior

Gloomy Exterior





Labor (Executives)



Garbage Scavenger



"Hatchet"



"Hatchet"

College Editors' Guild CONVENTION



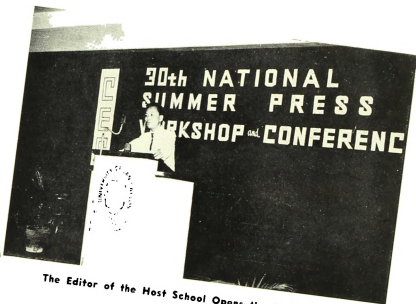
Registration



Distinguished Guests of the Opening Session



A Part of the Convention

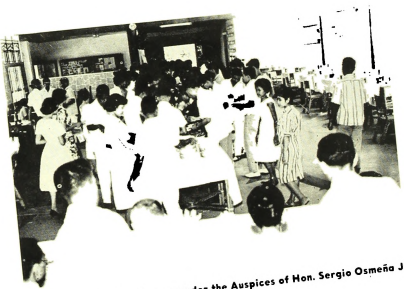


The Editor of the Host School Opens the Convention

MAY 5-9, 1960



Barbecue Party—One of the many Socials



Luncheon-Press Conference under the Auspices of Hon. Sergio Osmeña Jr.

THAT pink pond-flower told a lie when it said I
love you not.

You held its last petal near my nose, and I
snatched it and threw it away.

You touched my shoulder when I folded my arms
and looked at the distance.

Then I knew that you did not believe it.

by

JUNNE

CAÑIZARES

No. 2

I M P U L S E

*I have told you again and again that besides you there is
absolutely nobody else.*

*And again and again I shall repeat it
until the Almighty switches off the sun from my eyes;
I love you so much to love you that long.*

Because of you I shall always be full of tunes as the birds are,
full of colors as the gardens are, full of reasons . . .
Now I feel that all things are related to each other:
the rivers and the plains,
the beasts and the blossoms, the stones and the stars, etc.
I see this harmony of creation,
because of you, my dear.

*The moon outside has been revolving around the earth
for countless years, yet both are never bored of each other.
It will be like that for us, for sure.*

*Of course, there may be dropped some pale curtains
between us, as black clouds sometimes bar the earth
from the moon.*

*But then they are only thrilling prefaces to happy seasons,
when you and I will be giving lofty thoughts to each other,
will be exchanging caresses.*

At my table at dusk after my writing I put aside my pen
and papers and recall all the words you have spoken to me,
and all your gentle ways —
even as you hand me a straw at our favorite cafe,
even as you wink your eyes,
even as your lips part in a smile.

And I listen to our laughter measure the space
between dated day and dated day.

Then I think that we are not meeting each other frequently enough.
Then I compose you a poem. You see,
all my poems come as though by magic
when they are meant for you.

*Had did I try to hate you before I yielded to reality,
just for the sake of it.*

*I assured myself that to me you were never nor would ever be
of importance to me, over and over,
one cigarette after another. I was crazy.
How could I loathe the beauty that you are?
Exactly I was only smoking the whole night through,
for then I was not yet even a friend of you.*

But intensely though I love you I cannot keep you
if you must forsake me
now that you have still the liberty to do it.

I cannot even sing a song of sadness to stop you.
I shall shed my tears in secret; my heart shall break quietly.
I cannot even beg for pity; a characteristic of true love is,
that it can suffer truly.

I do not doubt whether I am reciprocated. . .

*Perhaps, now you take to me only half as much
as I take to you. I don't worry. . .*

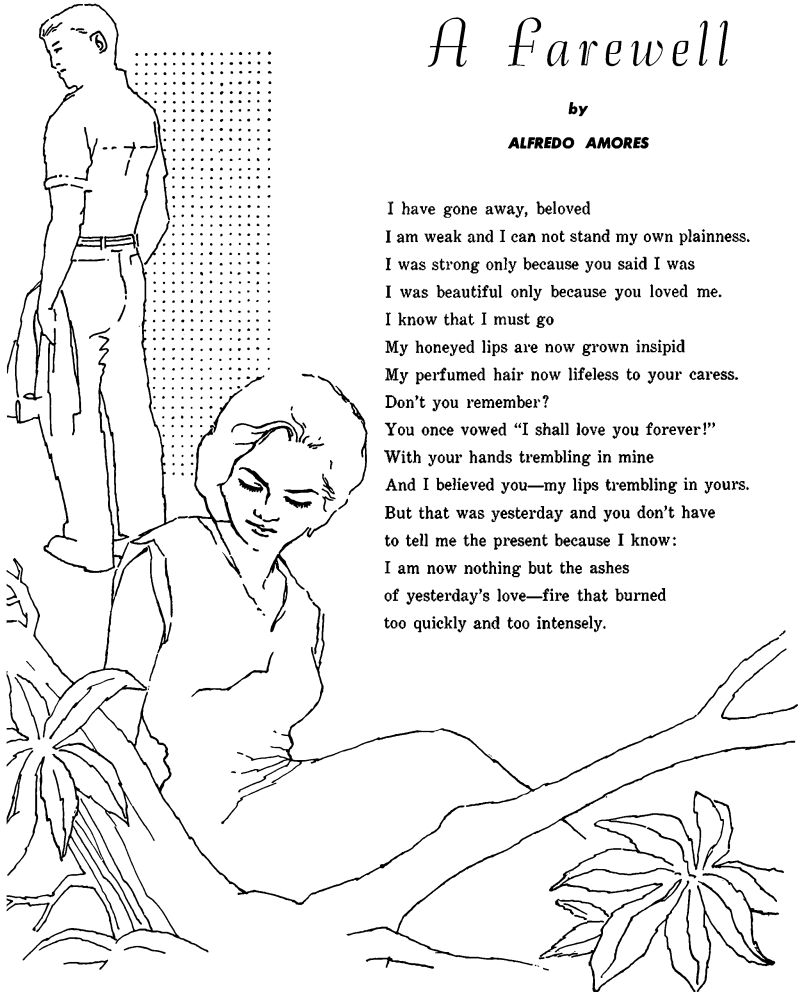
*Perhaps, you have not yet perfectly understood me. (You have not.)
Each day therefore I shall open to you my mystery,
gate by gate, door by door, window by window, case by case.
And then sooner you shall see the import when I simply say:
I like you
as long as I live.*

A Farewell

by

ALFREDO AMORES

I have gone away, beloved
I am weak and I can not stand my own plainness.
I was strong only because you said I was
I was beautiful only because you loved me.
I know that I must go
My honeyed lips are now grown insipid
My perfumed hair now lifeless to your caress.
Don't you remember?
You once vowed "I shall love you forever!"
With your hands trembling in mine
And I believed you—my lips trembling in yours.
But that was yesterday and you don't have
to tell me the present because I know:
I am now nothing but the ashes
of yesterday's love—fire that burned
too quickly and too intensely.



an asking song from my heart

by J. EMONE FERNANDEZ

- ... *A veil of indifference shaded you from me on the day we met. You thought I was a sun and my rays would blind your eyes.*
- ... *But there are things we think to be but are really not. That is because our sight can never go beyond the sky.*
- ... *The Clock can bear mute testimony that I am just another piece of clay. Someday will bring me home and I shall leave behind everything — even the heart that would give me life.*
- ... *I know you know me not. You might perhaps claim awareness of the fact that everytime my eyes meet yours, they are taking your photograph. But that is not enough.*
- ... *Ever since you crossed my lonely lane I knew I am a part of you. You are the other half of the whole that God designed me for.*
- ... *Everytime you smile at me you cause little ripples in my heart. I wonder if you must be a sample of Paradise. For even your name is a praise that floats along thy trodden ways.*

a country scene

by AL MIRANTE

*In the fields:
Men humbly bow,
Lovers of labor; books and pens
To them are foreign.
Carabaos, yokes and plows
Their treasured possession.*

*Following the plow's path
Women drop from their calloused palms
The seeds of the nation's bread.*

*And when
On the mountain sits the day
The men trudge home wearily
Where wives wait.*

*While in springlets
Laddies and lassies mirthful
form pairs of Romeo and Juliet.
The latter fill their bucket
The former murmur rustic poetry.*

the two faces of man

by J. TADIA

I. THE GOOD

LOVE

*I take her picture from my wallet
And breathe a sigh of longing.
She's beauty! She's joy!
She's life's reason for toil.*

OBEDIENCE

*The axe is heavy as I swing it
But it cuts the resisting wood.
Soon, we will have fuel.
Later, Ma. can cook.*

A Page of Harvest

the answer is in the roses

by ERLINDA M. TALAID

*Why must I reach for the star
and envy the rose?
Is it because you gaze at the star
and kiss the rose?*

*Why am I lost
In a pleasant sea of dreams?
Is it because 'tis only in dreams
that I see you?*

*Am I to dream forever? . . .
The star grows cold and distant
and the rose fades —
Will my love die?*

we can hold back the time no more

by RENE M. RANCES

*We can hold back the time no more.
Another summer is here.
Another footprint will thus be stamped.
Another song will be sung.
In some dark corners of my mind
I could feel now the tormenting doubts.
They all loom incessantly since you left
Without saying goodbye.
The night has its harsh voices now.
My mind is tired of grasping them now,
Grasping to escape its twinge.*

love in the fall

by DAISY MATE

*I never hear you say you love me
I never hear you say you care.
Am I not your breath? your song?
Your everything?*

*Oh! I am dying to know if the answers
to my questions could be found . . .
And I wonder if I will have to die loving you
in my loneliness.*

II. THE BAD

PRIDE

*I fly to the highest sky and sing.
I see people below. They gaze up
And listen to me.
They're fools!*

HATRED

*Men draw their swords and kill.
They cry for blood, they fight.
I don't care.
I enjoy the sight.*



The Young Father Oehler

WHEN FATHER OEHLER was elevated to the position of Secretary-General some two years ago during the rectorship of Reverend Father Herman Kondring, his appointment generated no little uproar in the university, particularly in the Office of the Registrar, which is directly under his supervision and control. He had earned the reputation of being "tough" and "exacting" while acting as head of the department of Chemistry and his new position naturally brought great fear and apprehension to the employees affected by his promotion. There were some people who anticipated that it would be hell to work with him, judging from the notoriety of his behavior as a demanding supervisor. This feeling was shared by a considerable number of workers, little knowing, however, that later they would find themselves greatly mistaken in appraising his personal traits and his qualities for organizational leadership.

For, before long, Father Oehler endeared himself to the workers through his impersonal and yet sincere dealings with them. His candid remarks about certain matters and his no-holds-barred attitude largely won the admiration of intelligent people. While he is not stingy with his praises (like, "you've done great work, pal"), he is also quick to holler at you when your job goes wrong (like, "Oh, pal, is this the best that you can do?"). It is true that he demands the maximum of your efforts, but what else should a superior want?

Fr. Oehler, S.V.D.

by Sixto Ll. Abao, Jr.

Generous when there is a justifiable motive to support the act, kind and considerate when the person concerned deserves it, and a gentleman when not provoked by an ill-timed approach—this, in brief, sums up the character of the "young man" whom some people love to label the "unpredictable" because no one is certain what his next mood will be.

To many people, Father Oehler is one person they'd like to avoid dealing with, if possible, either because at first blush he appears to them arrogant or an overbearing "young man". On the other hand, those who have had the privilege to associate with him would unhesitatingly and loudly declare that his character is in complete contradiction with what Father Oehler looks like: domineering in height, proud-looking and with a countenance that would say yes only after persistent persuasion. The age-old saying that warns us not to judge a book by its cover or a man by his clothes can be aptly ascribed to him also.

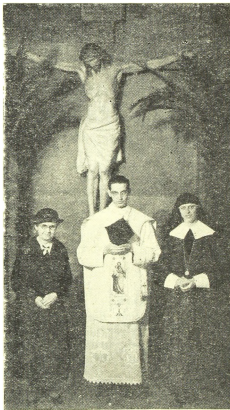
Generous when there is a justifiable motive to support the act, kind and considerate when the person concerned deserves it, and a gentleman when not provoked by an ill-timed approach—this, in brief, sums up the character of the "young man" whom some people love to label the "unpredictable" because no one is certain what his mood will be.

Born on August 28, 1907, in Barnesburg, a place near Cincinnati, Ohio, Father Oehler is a descendant of German immigrants who came to the United States during its pioneering era. Except perhaps for his physical features by which he is easily taken as a German, he is an American practically in all aspects. His great grandfather was a cabinet maker, an occupation which was (and is) much more skilled than of an ordinary carpenter, while his father was a merchant, selling different kinds of merchandise, including school supplies. In fact it was the family store which provided the local school with the required textbooks and other school materials.

The father was not a financial tycoon, but he had enough for a decent and comfortable livelihood.

One-half of the property of the entire parish to which the family owes its religious affection was donated by his great grandfather's brother and it is therefore no wonder that the family gained a very respectable standing in the community.

Father Oehler had his first taste of primary education at the age of five in a "Little Red House on the Hill". It was a two-room structure purposely built on the top of a hill because the people wanted to save every inch of the tractable land in the plain for agriculture. He spent four years at the "Little Red House on the Hill" and later transferred to St. James Parochial School in White Oak, Ohio, where



Fr. Oehler with Mother and Sister on Ordination Day

he completed his elementary studies in 1921.

The next three years saw him at St. Xavier's High School, a Jesuit institution in Cincinnati. During this time, he was already thinking of becoming a priest and his plan at first was to join the Jesuits. But he was handicapped by his strong allergy to teaching and so he decided instead to register with the Society of the Divine Word in September 1924 at St. Mary's Mission Seminary, in Techy, Illinois. His dream was to be a missionary and the SVD being principally a missionary order ideally suited him. The irony of it all, however, is he finds himself today more of a teacher than a missionary preaching the gospel of Christ in the present position as Secretary-General and Professor in Chemistry occupies most of his time.

In September 1927, he entered the novitiate at the Holy Ghost Novitiate in East Troy, Wisconsin, spent a year there and finished his second year at St. Mary's Mission Seminary, where he pronounced his first vows as a member of the Society of the Divine Word on September 8, 1929. On October 24, 1929, six weeks after he made his first vows, he experienced an unerving accident. While working in the carpentry shop of the seminary, an electric saw accidentally cut three of his fingers and damaged a fourth one. The impact of this accident upon his life at twenty-two was considerably great but he was able to take it lightly, although it was (and is) rather impossible for him to forget it entirely.

The most triumphant chapter of his life as a seminarian came on May 12, 1935, when he was ordained priest by Bishop William O. Brian of the diocese of Chicago. Father Oehler's class was the first big class to be ordained by Bishop O. Brian. The following day he celebrated his first mass which was set simultaneously with his classmates. But his Solemn High Mass was offered on June 9, 1935 in his home parish at St. James.

His appointment to the Catholic University of Peking (Fu Jen) came several weeks after his ordination. In Peking, he was designated assistant to Dr. Bruell incidentally now a professor in the department of Chemistry) in General Chemistry lecture. He stayed for two years there but was sent back to the States to pursue further studies because he said, he "didn't know enough".

In the United States, he enrolled in the University of Chicago, where he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemistry. World War II found him still working on his thesis for an M.S. in Geology at the same university and after his graduation at forty-one, he returned to Peking, where he taught Physical Chemistry and General Geology for two years at Fu Jen (pronounced Fu Wren).

Back at Fu Jen, he was commissioned by Father Harold W. Rigney, then Rector Magnificus of the university, to lead a geological expedition to Yunnan, a southwest province in China. Father Oehler has been very much interested in personal research and certainly the assignment was much welcomed. His specific assignment was to gather

Yunnan. In the University of Chicago, a study is now being undertaken on the *Bienotheria* collection and the other fossils and according to the information furnished by Dr. Olson of Chicago University to Fr. Rigney in his recent letter the collection and the fossils will be a great contribution to science. He said in part "As in all of the work credit is given to you and Father Oehler, explicitly and detail" for this "very important contribution". And continued, "Many persons have shown interest in the collections. Please tell Fr. Oehler that his notes have proven of indispensable value to us."

Little known, however, of the fossils collected by Fr. Oehler is the skull which he found in the same Yunnan expedition, and in which



Fr. Oehler (standing second from right) at Canyon City, Colorado

specimens of *Bienotheria* in a small place of Yunnan called Luleng (pronounced Lu lang). *Bienotherium* is an animal which lived during the age of the dinosaurs and about which there is a controversy whether it is mammal or mammal-like reptile. Several difficulties made his expedition rather hard for him but his patience and energy more than once showed up. At the end of the expedition (which was cut short by the growing political unrest in China), he found himself a proud possessor of a vast collection of *Bienotheria*, considered the biggest and the best in the entire world. A major part of this collection is now housed in the University of Chicago where it is being used for scientific studies by doctoral students. He also found (brought) some fossils and at present a doctoral thesis is written about one of the most significant fossils found by Fr. Oehler in

Frater Rigney expressed more than once a special interest. This skull was given to Father Oehler but at the height of the Chinese crisis, Father Rigney gave it to Dr. Bruell for safekeeping in the honest belief that Dr. Bruell could leave China without being molested by the "commies." Father Rigney was arrested by the communists sometime later and much to his surprise, he met Dr. Bruell in the concentration camp—and, luckily, with the skull. Dr. Bruell won the sympathies of the "commies" much faster than Father Rigney and so he was released earlier. When he came to the Philippines to take up his new assignment in San Carlos, he brought the skull along with him. Thinking that they had made Father Rigney suffer enough, the communists freed him after four years of letting him sweat it "out" in the
(Continued on page 37)



A Part of the Conventualists

A Report on

The College Editors Guild Confab

by RODOLFO JUSTINIANI

THE 30th College Editors' Guild summer press workshop and conference have now occupied a hallowed place in the pages of the history of student journalism. But to some delegates from the local colleges and universities, who want to hold history back, the effervescent camaraderie, which not a few said bordered on the romantic, and characterized the conference, is still until late this month ever alive. It ever will be even until other crops of campus writers will replace us. The *Mindanao Collegian* from as far south, and the *Quezonian* from as far north; the *Students' Forum* coming from the west and the *Rafael Palma Collegian* coming from the east—were there to prove that the oft-repeated adage that "east is east, west is west and ne'er the twin shall meet" is fiction. The men and women penpushers of school campuses all over the Philippines shedding off their respective regional intolerance and superiority complex made the workshop memorable.

The press party started feebly on a warm summer afternoon of May 5 as delegates came slowly trekking in, hit a snag and bogged down in the following days but recovered, and finally ended with a bang on a surprisingly cool sum-

mer afternoon, five days later. The delegates came in a happy mixture of "barong tagalog" and shirt ties, though visibly irked and dampened a bit in spirit by Cebu's short hot summer, they conlided to us, local delegates, later. Ruffled though they were by the heat, their faces however lighted up when shown the magnificent halls of the host school. When they settled themselves snugly in the cool atmosphere of the Archbishop Reyes building social hall after the registration of delegates and later in the much cooler confines of USC's air-conditioned audio-visual room, they all forgot about the weather as can be gleaned from their "it was never like this at home" look.

Realizing the importance and impact that it would have on the social structure of the people of which the CEG is a vital part, the guilders adopted the theme: **the role of the student press in the crusade for good government.** The guilders believe, "that this theme more than any other deserves all the attention of citizens of this country, students and all." Edmundo Libid, soft-spoken president of the CEG, opened the ceremonies after an in-

vocation by Very Rev. Fr. Federico Teradillos, Colegio de San José— Recoletos Rector, which was followed by an introduction of the delegates by Manuel S. Go, *Carolinian* editor and workshop director. Welcome addresses by Very Rev. Fr. Harold Rigney, USC Rector, and burly Acting Governor Francisco Remolique, and mild mannered Acting Mayor Carlos Guizon, capped by National Press Club President Ernesto Granada's keynote speech ended the opening ceremonies. And to give the theme the needed impetus, the conferees after the opening ceremonies listened in hushed attention to a most enlightening dissertation on good government by no other than bemoustached Rep. Joaquin Roces, himself, once a newspaperman now turned congressman, of the 2nd district of Manila, chairman of the house committee on good government. Still reeling from the impact of Rep. Roces' speech, the conferees the next day, at a luncheon press conference at the spacious Chinese Chamber of Commerce social hall, were treated to a rousing and blistering discourse on

economics and the much ballyhooed topic of decontrol by Rep. Sergio Osmena, Jr. of the 2nd district of Cebu. And as expected, the young Osmena took digs at the administration's economic policies.

On the third day, the guilders tackled the contest phase of the five-day long workshop. Finally buckling down to "brass tacks" after the numerous speeches, the individual writing contests were held and participated in by most of the guilders. The individual writing competitions were on editorial writing, feature writing, news writing, sports writing and column writing. The USC delegation romped off with three medals—gold, on feature writing through Junne Canizares, and silver, on column writing and sports writing through Balt Quinain and Joven Ecarma, respectively. The writing jousts were followed in the afternoon by lectures on the different phases of newspaper work. Noted newspapermen from national and local dailies and magazines who took time off from their busy newspaper assignments were invited to speak before the pack of delegates at the USC audio-visual room.

Proceedings perked up in what started to be a sluggish afternoon as Emilio Aguilar Cruz of "soapbox" fame of the Women's Magazine and jocular editor of the *Daily Mirror* climbed the "soapbox" and spoke on editorial writing. With a biting tongue and ready wit, he surprisingly twitted and upbraided editorials as practically useless, and battled instead for its replacement by hard hitting columns on page four of every newspaper. Primitivo Mauricio, editor of the *Sunday Times Magazine*, lectured on magazine editing and layout. He took side trips from his lecture and dwelt on the plight of so many "dime a dozen magazines" which pop up now and then on the local and foreign scenes only to vanish without even leaving a trace of their existence. He cited the misfortune of *Fortune* magazine, the now defunct *Look* and *Collier's* and so many local and foreign magazines which like mushrooms cropped up now and then in the local newsstands. A sportswriter of the *Manila Chronicle*, Benjamin Delensor, talked on his favorite subject, sports-writing. A lecture on news-writing, a contribution by local exponents of the "30s" by Napoleon Dejosra, editor of the *New Day* rang the curtain down on the days' activities.

In between the many illuminating lectures and plenary sessions, the guilders were treated to a round of social by the host region. The delegates, forgetting all about deadlines, printers' ink and their lonely battered typewriters, hobnobbed with each other and literally let their hair down and relegated convention to the backdoor. A barbecue party tendered by host USC spurred the socials. After the barbecue party held in the USC grounds, the guilders in a bang-up no-holds barred session demonstrated their real caliber. Some delegates bowed, curtsied, sang, howled, giggled, and guttured their way to the hearts of their co-delegates.

On the penultimate day of the workshop, a Sunday, the 8th of May, the guilders, their dispositions buoyed up by the past days' proceedings and their exuberant enthusiasm at a feverish pitch, after an early morning mass at USC chapel, motored to Talisay where a sumptuous feast awaited them. (Cebu's famous beach resort, SWU's resthouse was opened to the delegates with the compliments of the SWU administration.) Alighting from the buses and despite the drizzle which threatened to develop

into a heavy downpour, the guilders scattered—CIC delegates, a USC guildler, and a delegate from Legaspi Normal School exploring the wide open expanse of Talisay beach taking souvenir snapshots; a Lyceum editor, a MLOU bigwig and three female cuties from USC, Velez College of Medicine and PWU splashing in the cool, blue water of the swimming pool; the CSAT delegation and some nursing delegates from SIH retreating to some quiet nook, comparing notes, while the rest—delegates and some guests, hovered about the place enjoying the sights. A formal reception and ball, tendered by Acting Mayor Carlos Cuizon and attended by the city's prominent citizens at the 3rd Military Area Officers clubhouse closed the 8th of May festivities.

In the last day's morning plenary session, the CEG argued and debated on three topics which they regarded as significant—made a stand on two topics and refrained from taking any in the other one. The guilders after the hour-long discussion which was marred by verbal clashes among some delegates, condemned South Africa's apartheid policy towards the native black Africans, and soundly hailed the South Korean student's agitation for the restoration of their democratic rights. The guilders hesitantly brought out the case of Cesar Guy's alleged raping of Antonieta Cabahug but refrained from taking a stand due to legal complications which might arise.

CEG's parley is now a memory. The five-day summer workshop is past. The unavoidable wranglings, the friendly rivalries which nearly erupted into bitter feuds, the frayed nerves of some CEG guilders after the Perez outburst—all these belong also to the past. What they have accomplished may not be for the books, but suffice it to say that they did something which their elders in the Fourth Estate ought to emulate. Meanwhile, its members wait with bated breath for the coming CEG congress this October at Baguio where fireworks and broadsides are expected. All they can do now is look back on the last CEG workshop. Look back on the failures, the mishandling of CEG affairs and the insignificant miscues which could have been avoided with better planning. Only then can the CEG with folded arms rightfully say success is theirs.

Devotion to the . . .

(Continued from page 21)

All of a sudden, the old man recalled that this was the same thing he had asked himself when he was sitting on the seawall one night; that was after the war, a year after the liberation of Manila; he was reminiscing on the happy days when Maria, the mother of Miguel and Elena, and he used to spend their Sunday afternoons by the bank of the Pasig river reading novels and telling stories to each other in the shade of an acacia tree; everything seemed certain then, secure, nothing difficult; but the war came; and Maria died from a wound in her breast; then everything changed; his dreams became nightmares of what he saw during the war: Maria bleeding in his arms; a Spanish woman was running with her child and a bullet went through both of them, making a sucking sound as when you throw a pebble in the water; life itself became a terrible thing before his eyes; he was in pain and he had nobody to turn to, no shoulder nor breast where he could lean his head on—

That was why when he came to know Lolita, he felt like a boy again, a boy in love with a girl. He sought to believe that everything he felt before had never really happened. That only Lolita was real enough, for a while. Yes, he had had fears that what he was trying to believe was not true after all, but he knew what to do with them. He only had to prove to Lolita. He only had to touch her to know that he was right. Lolita seemed to have filled the hollowness of his own existence, with things and times.

Now he fell into a listless reverie and he saw himself on the seashore and Lolita was running towards him, wet from the sea. They embraced and kissed—the old man shook perceptively in the bed and his eyes blinked and blinked. He stopped looking at the portrait and closed his eyes, as if he was sleeping.

In his mind, he saw himself kneeling before Lolita begging her not to leave him: "What have I not done for you, my dear? You asked for a car and I gave you that. I sent you to the best school and I paid for all your expenses. Are these things not enough? I take you out every Sunday, to the night clubs, restaurants, anywhere you'd like to go to. Do I not mean anything to you? Why must you leave now? Why must you do this to me? I can't think of me without you. I'll do anything for you. Just, just stay with me—" Lolita was smiling and said all right, all right—

So what Miguel said was true, he recalled painfully now, and I hurt him; I hurt him! Why the devil did I hurt him! My son! My son! He rolled over on one side and sought in the pillow a deliverance from the throbbing pain that was

(Continued on page 38)

Let's Talk It Over

by BALT V. QUINAIN

**UNSIGNED EDITORIALS
A WASTE OF TIME?:**

During the 30th National Summer Press Workshop and Conference of the College Editor's Guild of the Philippines held recently, E. Aguilar Cruz, newspaper editor, columnist and literary critics told the young campus newspapermen in the course of his lecture on column writing that "writing editorials should be abolished because it is a waste of time."

Confused, we stood up and asked: "Are you trying to tell us, Mr. Cruz, that *wasting* time is one of your favorite pastimes since despite your idea to eliminate editorials from the pages of newspapers and magazines, you still write editorials for the *Daily Mirror*, of which you are the present editor?"

"You must have been napping," Aguilar Cruz explained, "when I said editorials should be replaced with signed editorials."

"You mean," we shot back, "the signature of the writer is more important than the substance of the editorials?"

Mr. Cruz blushed. After "running around" with our question, he paused and asked: "Any more questions? I am still game."

EAC is really a newspaperman. He can make gray things gay with his delightful pun, sparkling repartee and newsman's wisecracks. We hope to meet him again.

THE DOCTOR IS ALSO A PROBLEM AT CHD:

We are not yet prepared to conclude that the City Health Officer, His Majesty, Dr. Alejandro C. Baltazar has forgotten the norms of conduct of a good public servant. We believe that he is still fully aware that his position is not one to be regarded as divine nor should it be taken more as a banner to swagger around with, than as a serious responsibility.

However, we are ready to say (with veracity) that the good Doctor has a peculiar brand of public relations unworthy of a public servant. This we experienced lately when we saw him at his office at the City Hall. We wanted to have an exclusive interview with him with respect to our articles on health problems for this issue of the "C". But unfortunately, with cold indifference, he turned us down for reasons of his own and instead referred us to his assistant, Dr. Manuel Segura who was, we are grateful to say, cooperative to our cause.

But shortly thereafter, Dr. Baltazar appeared from nowhere, and with that "sour-prising" tone of "arrogance" asked us: "Do you have any letter of authorization from the USC Administration?" He made this question after he had given us his prior "command" to see his assistant.

We don't know if the good Doctor was absent-minded or had inevitable tantrums at the time. But even granting that he had, that's for us immaterial, impertinent and irrelevant to consider. He is a public official expected to have the patience, the perseverance and the fortitude of a man reposed with a serious public responsibility.

In passing, may we ask this question to the good Doctor? Is it necessary for the taxpayers of this city to undergo a shabby treatment "first before they will be entitled to know what is going on in our City Health Department?"

IT'S ALL FIRE, NO HIT:

Speculation is running wild that the archcritics and fiscalizers of the present Garcia Administration will surely run dry of issues against the latter. It has been rumored that they will be as dry as the Good Shepherd Convent. What they pointed out before as "flood" of corruption, perverting and graft were reportedly "absorbed" by the recent attitude of CPG to run after crooks no matter who gets hurt. This has been supported by newspaper headlines as CG SUSPENDS... CG FIRES... CG DISMISSES... CPG ORDERS INVESTIGATIONS... etcetera.

No doubt, the President means business this time. 1961 is not far. What puzzles us, however, is that the suspensions, the firings, the dismissals and the investigations are there. But where are the crooks? Don't tell us that the Bard from Bohol has been hookwinked. He is not stupid.

"LOBBYING":

Talking is undoubtedly a good pastime, when it is done with sense. It sharpens one's mind. But we believe that it should not be indulged in with ceaseless regularity because we have our lessons to study.

But unfortunately, right here in our own front yard, we notice a number of our fellow Carolinians in the lobby, in the library, and even in the chapel talking more often than not, about nothing. It seems it has become to them, an indispensable vice.

Talking should be practised moderately. Mayor Lacson of Manila is talkative. But look at him. He still has time to give the people of Manila the best government the circumstances warrant.

FAKES GALORE:

As of late, we are prone to believe that fakes have gotten into the core of our democratic way of living. Just take the following cases:

A Lt. Commander was charged with falsification of public documents because of his **alleged faked rank**; a fire-acting Mayor was charged of the same crime because of his **alleged fake surname**; a 15 year-old girl was looted to say "I do" in a **fake marriage**; an innocent storeowner was swindled with **fake peso bills**; a jeepney driver gyped an agent of the law with his **fake MVO license**; a business executive made money with his **fake barter licensee**; bar and board examinees were fooled with **fake leakage**; and a widow lost her fortunes to a **fake suitor**.

We can imagine what will really happen if the work FAKE will become a necessary word in the dictionary of the Fathers in our churches, of the teachers in our schools and of the public officials in our government. If this ever happens, we think we'd rather go to hell.

VERBOTEN: POULTRY-MAKING:

The Very Reverend Father Rector has declared the grounds of the Cebu Normal School, Boy Scouts' Building and Girl Scouts' Building as **off limits** to all bona-fide students of the University of San Carlos.

In a strongly worded warning, Father Rector made it clear that students found in these places not official business will be subjected to disciplinary action by the school administration.

The move is timely and laudable, considering that many students especially from Old Charlie's are wont to make "poultry" in these vicinities.

The Poetry of Nick Joaquin

(Continued from page 15)

cause of its literary value made more precious by Faigao's ready wit and humor, it is reproduced below. Faigao says:

The sonnet is a poetification of a simple biological fact, death giving birth to life, life giving birth to death. The expression is the more forceful because it is couched in the language of everyday. The commonplace and classic are wedded in poetry. The poet inverts John Donne,—remember John Donne's "O Death Be Proud?" Joaquin says that what was once the body of Caesar, or what was once Agamemnon, through countless ages of Agamemnon, are now the *sayote* or the *kangkong* in your kitchen. The 92 chemical elements that were once Caesar have become the ingredients of your menu.

The quatrain, like a descent from holiness, again takes up everyday things with a final discomfiting thought that although once upon a time we might have participated in the charge of Thermopylae, we end up with our ignoble descent down the gullet of a peanut-politician.¹⁷

As a Dominican seminarian in Hongkong after liberation, Joaquin wrote "Stubbs Road Cantos"¹⁸—a poem about the monks and their lives inside the seminary walls. He scourges the "silly, wicked, beautiful, and monstrous world with eloquence"—even in the lives of men dedicated to God. The poem speaks of spring colds, toothaches, and "twilight that begins at noon." It is, in the words of Locsin, serene in anguish and casual in bliss.

"Landscape Without Figures"¹⁹ is Joaquin's attempt to foresee what is in store for humanity in the future if the minds behind the "sputniks" will refuse to thaw to the discipline of compassion, the logic of brotherhood, and the literature of social hope. This is the danger. He pictures the future landscape with the masterful touch of Dalí surrealism. In the world of the future, Joaquin believes that everybody—"big shot and small fry, straw men, moocher—all transferred underground to file/the age of Airlines and Airways/among the neolithic caves." Dire things, indeed. This prediction will not be far-off, however, that if man after conquering the elemental forces around him will still fail to conquer himself.

¹⁷"The Most Outstanding Young Man in Literature," *The Sunday Times Magazine*, 11:9, October 30, 1955.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 10

¹⁹*Loc. cit.*

²⁰Nick Joaquin, *Prose and Poems* (Manila: Graphic House, 1952), p. vii.

²¹*Loc. cit.*

²²*Sunday Times Magazine*, *op. cit.*, p. 11.

²³*Loc. cit.*

²⁴Nick Joaquin, *Loc. cit.*

²⁵Ricardo D. Demetillo, "The Tentative Nature of Literary Criticism," *Diliman Review*, 1:84, January, 1953.

²⁶*Loc. cit.*

²⁷Nick Joaquin, *op. cit.*, p. 151.

²⁸*Ibid.*, p. 177.

²⁹*Ibid.*, p. 200.

³⁰*Ibid.*, p. 197.

³¹Manuel A. Viray, *Heart of the Island* (Manila: University Publishing Company, 1947), pp. 46-47.

³²Manuel A. Viray, *Philippine Poetry Annual* (Manila: Nueva Era Press, 1960), p. 6.

³³Cornelio Faigao, "The Last Page," *The Republic Daily*, 9:10, November 1, 1957.

³⁴Nick Joaquin, *op. cit.*, p. 201.

³⁵*Ibid.*, p. 203.

Father Oehler

(Continued from page 33)

concentration camp. By stroke of coincidence, Father Rigney came to the Philippines on his way to the United States and here at San Carlos, and met Dr. Bruell again, with the skull. Why is Father Rigney interested in the skull? A very justifiable reason may be attached to it. This skull is now being studied in the University College London by Dr. Kermark of the Department of Zoology and according to the latest investigations the Doctor made, the skull will be a great contribution to Science. The investigation is still continuing and in the near future the final result of the study will be known. Just how much significance it gives to the Yunnan expedition and to the work of Father Oehler is not certain at the moment. Father Oehler remembers Yunnan as a fossil collector's paradise and if he could find opportunity he would go there again to continue his unfinished collection tour.

In July 1949, Father Oehler left China for Hongkong, contrary to his wish. The revolutionary war was

getting worse everyday and the American Embassy prevailed upon him to leave as it was the safest course for him to take. At Hongkong, he received a letter from Father Rigney, asking him to return to China. He tried to be back at the earliest opportunity. But to no avail. He waited patiently for several months for a re-entry permit to China, but his application was rejected. And so instead of going back to Peking, he came to the Philippines on orders of the Superior General.

He arrived in the Philippines on March 31, 1950 as the only passenger on a British steamer which made an unexpected voyage to Manila. He was impressed by the Philippines when he saw it for the first time, but he was visibly irked when he was heavily charged at the customs office for his baggage, 60 pounds of which were fossils.

On April 4, 1950, he landed in Cebu and a few days after his arrival, he was appointed to succeed Father Hoepfner as head of the Department of Chemistry, which position he holds with distinction

until the present.

Through his zeal and dedication, he was able to introduce substantial changes in the department, and it is now a highly respected segment of the university's academic set-up.

As secretary-general, he has accomplished a great number of things, one of them, a faculty that now seldom is tardy. Thanks to Father Oehler.

Father Oehler is deeply concerned with the welfare of the students, and yet despite his earnest endeavors to put things in their proper places, some still find fault with him. This is natural, however, in a society of men, but we are confident that the future will bear true witness to his intense desire to give to the students the most satisfactory service that is possible under the circumstances.

On his Silver Jubilee celebration (as a priest last June 19), no wish could have been better said than: ONWARD, FATHER OEHLER, WITH MORE VIGOR AND STRENGTH.

Devotion to the Black Nazarene

(Continued from page 35)

everywhere in him now. Jesus Christ!

Miguel came up the concrete bridge that hangs over the dark sluggish Pasig river where there were white water lilies drifting out to the sea. With surprise, he saw his friend Junne leaning on the railing. "What are you doing here?" he asked, pointing Junne on the shoulder.

"Meditating," Junne answered and laughed. "Where've you been?"

"At the house. I've a class at four."

"It's only past three," Junne said, "Come on, let's stay for a while. I've been watching the water lilies. They're pretty, don't you see? Look. They live in a dirty place but they're very white. Isn't that a wonder?"

Miguel had been worried since he left the house. He just listened to Junne and looked at the clusters of white water lilies in the dark stream that gleamed in the sun. From the bridge he could see Quiapo market and the rows of buildings by the bank, and the launches and scows in the stream. There was another iron bridge ahead and after that there was the river bend. He saw some boys bathing in the water that was flowing darkly out to the sea.

"We have eyes, but we cannot see," Junne said and broke into laughter.

"Yes that's true. We do not see the beauty of all the things here. Because we're all in a hurry to be in an office or to catch a train, a plane and all that. So we do not see. See how pretty the lilies are. They're like stars in the darkness, aren't they? I've been watching them. I know they have more meaning than what meets the eye. There is great joy in finding the meanings of things. For one thing, it makes you feel secure and at peace inside. The wind stops bothering your head and your heart becomes a dove."

"Are you making a poem?" Miguel asked laughingly.

"Come on, let's get moving."

They paced off leisurely. "Our existence is as meaningless as we want it to be," Junne said. "We are becoming neurotics because we do not appreciate the reality, simplicity, beauty, and wisdom behind all things." But Miguel could not hear Junne's voice clearly amid the noise of the motor vehicles going up and down the bridge.

And now as he walked with Junne he was thinking of Lolita and the talk they had in the school ground when it was getting dusk—

"Go ahead," Lolita said, "you tell the whole university about my affair with your papa. You think I'm scared? Well you're wrong, do you hear? I don't give a damn about anything you'd do. There's no law against a girl making love with an old man, you know that?"

"You're dirty," he said, expelling it through his clenched teeth. "You're nothing but dirt, Lolita."

"That's what you think," said Lolita, breaking into a strange smile, like Mona Lisa. "Ask your father if I'm dirt. Maybe he'll make you change your mind, boy."

He tried to restrain himself from giving way to anger. "Look here, Lolita. I'm giving you a warning for the last time. If something happens to my father, you will go to hell. I'd break your face into four parts anywhere—remember that!" he said. "You've sucked enough from his pocket—"

"You go to hell yourself," Lo'ta retorted. "Why don't you mind your own business if you have any. You do whatever you like." She turned her back on him and started to leave, but he stopped her by the arm.

"Please," he said to her, changing his tone this time. "Just a few minutes, will you?"

"All right," Lolita said. "But don't hurt me too much."

"I won't, I promise."

He remembered how sad were her eyes and her voice when she was saying, "I've no choice, Miguel. I never, never had any ever since. When my parents died I had to do every rotten thing in the world to stay alive. One time I worked as a house girl for a rich family. Then one night my boss crawled to my room and his wife got angry. You see, people just enjoy hurting you. I don't expect you to pity me. But don't say I'm just sucking your papa. Do you know what he does to me for what he gives me? Do you want me to tell you?"

He saw what Lolita and his father were doing in the house one evening. "No," he said. "Never mind."

"I believe for every drop of rain that falls, a flower grows..." Junne sang. Junne was fond of songs.

Miguel thought of Edna. He thought of Edna when it was necessary. For Edna was not like Lolita. Lolita was prettier than Edna, but Edna was spiritually refreshing to think about. Edna was his classmate in school. She was the one who advised him to make a devotion to the Black Nazarene in Quiapo parish church so that his father would get well.

The Nazarene is an ebony figure of Christ bearing the cross on His shoulder. He wears a vermilion robe embroidered in golden threads and silver platelets. He looks very dignified, and it must be after the crucifixion. The one in Quiapo church is about the size of a man, and its miracles are known and believed by many faithful Catholics. There are miniature reproductions of this image in the altars in many homes. The Nazarene is the object of devotion on Fridays. During the war, almost all the old churches in Manila were ruined, but the Quiapo church survived. And that was because of the Nazarene, they say, the Nazarene is the spring of divine grace,

the source of all mercy, and the heart of all love.

When they reached the school, Junne and Miguel separated. The four o'clock bell had just rung. Miguel went to his class in psychology.

In the classroom, he was thinking of his father: He's old now, his father, he thought, and he's very unhappy; Now he's losing his mind. I've been trying to stop him from making an animal of himself. Oh God, I tried! But he wouldn't listen. Does he not know that I love him? That his pain is mine because I am his blood? True, I cannot express what he means to me, but God knows how much I suffer because I love him; and now when he thought of his father playing with empty milk cans and bottles in the half-darkened room, he could only ask why? Why must that be so? "Why?" he said loudly in the classroom.

Everybody turned to look at him.

"Why what?" the professor, an aging man with balding temples, asked, stopping abruptly his lecture.

"No, nothing, sir," he said lamely. There was a ripple of laughter in the classroom.

"Do not be childish," said the professor and went on lecturing.

He had been waiting for the dismissal. He would go home and tell his father how he loved him; that he was sorry for whatever wrong he might have done to him. When the bell rang, he sighed with relief and left the classroom hurriedly.

When he came home, the house was oddly dark and quiet. Edna was not there. He went to his father's room and knocked at the door. There was no answer. He thought his papa was sleeping. As he could not resist the urge to see his father, he opened the door steadily, fearing he would wake his father up. The room was very dim and he could not discern the objects clearly. But when he had looked in the dimness long enough, he saw nobody was there in the room. He went downstairs quickly to inquire from Mang Damian.

"It was taken to the psychopathic hospital in an ambulance. Your sister and my son went with him. He was breaking all your windows madly. We had to stop him by force. We tied him up so he wouldn't hurt himself and your sister. What got into him anyway?" Mang Damian said.

He went up to the house without saying a word. He sat in the long narra chair and stared at the floor. Somehow he knew this would come; that was perhaps why he had come hurriedly home; but why so soon? There wasn't even a chance for him to tell his father that he loved him. He lay down and thought of the Nazarene: Now, I need your grace, Your mercy and Your love. Please, let me lean my head on Your breast forever, oh my God!

The house was full of darkness.

MATTERS OF FACT

by DOMINADOR A. ALMIRANTE

Welcome: Our New University mates

We have learned that there is a marked increase in the number of new students in this University. We, who have already discovered the right atmosphere for good learning, that this institution has so abundantly afforded us, can well say that these students are simply driven by the desire to enjoy to the fullest the opportunities of a college life. Besides his intellectual and physical development, a student here feels the full growth of his spiritual capacities to become a true and a perfect Christian. These and many other capacities the new student gradually finds enjoyable so he goes along in his studies.

Meanwhile, as he starts his march towards glory, we welcome him to our fold with open arms.

On Vices

It is interesting to note that during the CEG Press Workshop and Conference in USC the reigns of the government of the province and of the city of Cebu were controlled by Vices (please, don't misunderstand me). I mean — the province was under the Vice-Governor, the Governor being then on vacation leave; the city under the Vice-Mayor, the Mayor having chosen not to be inducted to office yet.

Incidentally also, some CEG delegates indulged in vices (literally speaking, that is) on its closing day. There could certainly have been more vicious men at that conference than those filibusters who indulged in useless prostration in order to show off their oratorical prowess (if they ever had any) mistaking that august body for a bunch of curious grandstand onlookers.

Comfort Room Scenes

You may wonder why most of those who enter a comfort room in USC linger longer inside than is usually necessary. You will only come to know the answer if you realize that aside from the principal duties for which the USC comfort rooms are intended they have also coincidentally served the following purposes:

1. A beauty nook — Inside, the most used is the mirror. Students jostle and elbow each other, crane their necks and edge up to preferred positions just to have a view of themselves in it. When the place is not very crowded they stay longer inside coiffuring over and over again some stubborn lock of hair and rotating their body back and front to the mirror to make sure they are in the best bib and tucker.

2. An audition room — The place being very much enclosed, the sound inside is reverberating and resonant. So that there are those who upon entering start bellowing a la Elvis Presley as if rehearsing for a coming amateur singing contest or the evening's serenade, perhaps.

3. A dancing studio — A fellow for instance, just learns a new dance step. He tells this to a classmate inside their class. When the class is over, you can find the former teaching the latter, of all places, inside this already crowded room.

There may be other incidental uses of this room. But the above-mentioned are those of common observance.

Tidbits

The USC installed water coolers, particularly the one on the third floor, is sometimes waterless. What have they to cool? Air, eh? . . . During evening class intermissions the most crowded of the M.T.'s are those on the third floor. Most of those who fill them are law students. What's cookin', lawyers . . . Studying is sometimes a bloody business. Isn't it, when we get red in our class reports? . . . Rumors of air-conditioning the law library were (are) rife. . . . On the first CEG evening social the delegates went to the stage one by one and introduced themselves the way contestants of the Sunday Radio Schoolhouse program do, as per suggestion of a Manila delegate. . . . For his speech before the CEG conference exposing the *modus operandi* of the congressmen, Congressman Joaquin Roces incurred the ire of some of his colleagues. . . . That CEG conference again. Talks are, that there were few incidents of bagging. Who have bagged and who were bagged, we don't know. Reason? We just don't know. Period. . . . Hard at work on their thesis nowadays are the Senior Law students. Determined to become lawyers, *compañeritos*? Hope you will not succumb to tesis. . . . Insignificant though those tidbits seem, they are anyway matters-of-fact.

JULY-AUGUST, 1960

NENA

(Continued from page 19)

many features of her beautiful self left to be said (and I don't know where to make them fit in), I start to fear that it is beyond my ability to produce the most faithful portrait of her. But how imperfect the image I have of her may be, it offers me much pleasure; indeed it is exceeding that which I wish to find in my girl. Indeed I cannot require more. Let a Rembrandt, a Cezanne, a Goya, or a Faulkner, a Hemingway supply what I have omitted here, or re-draw what I have drawn, to do her exact justice. Let a more talented heart explore further the wide-world of her radiant personality. Let a more lucky heart whisper about that. That is not for me to say, without bleeding.

9.

My present employment will be devoid of the completeness of complexion, if I will not add the disclosure she had scribbled in my autograph book. Perceive that, her favorite actor is James Mason; actress, Jean Simmons; comedian, Jerry Lewis; authors, Jane Austen, John Keats and John Massfield; composer, Jerome Kern; band leader, Joe Leo; songstress, Joni James and Jo Stafford; singers, Jerry Vale and Jimmie Rodgers; flowers, orchids; maxim, *nulla dies sine linea*; height, 5 feet 5 and 1/2 inches; weight, 113 pounds; measurement, 34-24-35 whatever that means. . .

Poverty — A Challenge

(Continued from page 23)

we still have the duty to fight with chivalric courage the injustice suffered by the poor and the needy, and live up to the ideal proposed by Henry George.

"By sweeping away this injustice and asserting the rights of all men to natural opportunities, we shall remove the great cause of natural inequality in the distribution of wealth and powers; we shall abolish poverty; tame the ruthless passions of greed; dry up the springs of vice and misery; light the dark places with the lamp of knowledge; give new vigor to invention and fresh impulse to discovery. . ."

The Problem Of . . .

(Continued from page 23)

unemployment. Organization of labor markets, providing jobs, encouraging employment in private industries—all these solutions belong to the economic policies.

Let us have hope in these policies. Or, what could we do more?



His Grace, Salvatore Sileo, with USC Fathers.

U.S.C. NEWS IN REVIEW

FATHER MARKS SILVER JUBILEE

Rev. Fr. Edgar T. Oehler, secretary-general of this university, celebrated on June 19 his twenty-fifth anniversary of the Holy Priesthood. The good Father, who for ten years had served this institution in various capacities aside from the secretaryship, offered a solemn high mass at 8 a.m. in the University Chapel. At 6:30 p.m. of the same day a testimonial banquet was held, followed by a literary-musical program given by the faculty.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

The USC faculty is bolstered this school year by the recruitment of the following mentors:

Mr. Buenavida Merapeo (Ph. D. in Zoology, from the Catholic University of America) to the Department of Biology;

Miss Romela Briones (M.A. in Psychology, scholar at Fordham University, USA) to the Department of Psychology.

Mrs. Frank Yang, the former Elizabeth Uy Guat Bee, recently returned from her Hongkong honeymoon, is now back with the teaching staff of the College of Commerce and Business Administration.

Dr. Wilhelm Braell, recently returned from a visit to his family in Germany, is back in the Chemistry Department preparing plans for the new chemical pilot plant which will be given to USC by the Philippine government as a gift from the West German government.

Fr. Philip van Engelen, Regent of the Engineering Department, after visiting engineering schools in Europe and America, came back to Cebu from Eurcpe via USA first week of July.

Fr. Enrique Schoenig, until recently head of the Department of Biology, has been appointed to take up higher biological studies at Fribourg University, Switzerland.

Fr. Eugene Verstraeten left for Abra June 22 and is expected to be gone for several months. He is on a linguistic research trip.

Miss Ledelnie Amigable of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences faculty follows the gleam (doctorate in philosophy, UST). **Miss Teresa M. Messe**, until recently head of the Spanish Department answered the call of home sweet home (Spain); and **Mrs. Avelino J. Gil**, last year's head of the

English Department, and **Mrs. Miguelita M. Descallar**, former head of the PE department, followed their husbands.

OTHER ADDITIONS: **Mrs. Hermine Betanomalague**, secretary to the Rector; **Miss Teresita Saldan**, R.N., assistant staff nurse, USC Clinic; and **Miss Fe Lola Melgar**, new member of the medical staff of the University Clinic.

FACULTY REVAMP

Major changes have been effected in the faculty this year. The Fathers at the helm are:

Vice-Rector Rev. Fr. Edward J. Duffin, SVD, acting head of the English Department; **Rev. Fr. Eugene Verstraeten, SVD**, moderator of USC music activities; **Rev. Fr. Robert Hoepfesser, SVD**, Dean of Studies; **Rev. Fr. Joseph Goertz**, head of the Guidance Center.

Other faculty members appointed heads are:

Atty. Catalino M. Doronio, Spanish Department, vice **Miss Messe**; **Mr. Geronimo Uerte**, Physical Education Department, vice **Mrs. Descallar**; and **Mrs. Pauline D. Pages**, Biology Department, vice **Rev. Fr. Schoenig**; and **Rev. Fr. Rudolph Rehmann**, Dean of the Graduate School.

1960-61 SCHOLARSHIPS

SVD SCHOLAR — **Miss Florencia Dolacaso**, twenty-two year-old daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dolacaso** of Dumanjug, Cebu, left on a Northwest Orient Lines plane for the United States, to pursue post graduate studies in economics at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

Before her departure, Flor was secretary to the Rector of this university and a member of the faculty of the College of Commerce. She expects to be away for two years.

SEATO SCHOLAR — **Miss Juliet Villaluz**, a senior student of the Teachers' College, has been awarded an undergraduate scholarship by the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization.

One of the few recipients of the scholarship chosen from among the nation's top scholars, **Miss Villaluz** qualified on the basis of her academic record and extra-curricular activities.

Acting Secretary of Foreign Affairs **Fruuctoso Cabahug**, who awarded the P4000 scholarship (for one year) in a communication issued on behalf of the scholarship committee of the Department of Foreign Affairs, congratulated

Miss Villaluz on her achievement. (THE REPUBLIC NEWS, June 8, 1960)

OTHER SCHOLARS — Also scheduled to depart for the United States are:

Mrs. Nenele Sy of the USC library, to take up studies leading to an M.A. in library science; **Misses Amparo Bueventura** of the faculty of the Teachers' College, to obtain a doctorate in linguistics and **Lee Chew Yee**, who will take up further studies in actuarial (insurance statistics) science.

NEPA CONTESTS OBJECTIVES

The National Economic Protectionism Association (NEPA) sponsored National Products Contests, open from June 13 to November 9, 1960, hope to accomplish the following objectives:

1. The arousal in the minds of our youth to the love of things Philippine and the necessity of patronizing the products of local industries;

2. The encouragement of school children and students to engage in scientific research and create new products from new materials;

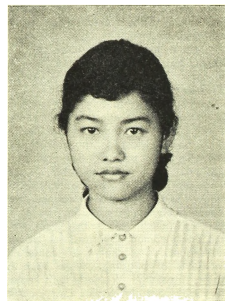
3. The encouragement of school children to produce or invent more efficient, satisfactory and suitable tools, machineries and equipment so as to facilitate faster, cheaper, and more economical processes of production; and lastly,

4. The improvement of the design, workmanship, quality and finish of existing products and articles so as to make them appear beautiful, attractive, and appealing.

President **Carlos P. Garcia**, who issued the proclamation opening the contests, enjoined upon all school children and students enrolled in both public and private schools to participate in the contests, and all teachers and public officials, individuals, social, civic, business and other organizations to extend their active support to the NEPA movement.

APOSTOLIC NUNCIO IN USC

His Excellency Most Rev. Salvatore Sino, Apostolic Nuncio to the



Juliet Villaluz

Philippines, did honor to our faculty and student body by visiting this university Wednesday, June 22 in connection with his three-day visit to this city.

The papal nuncio together with other episcopal dignitaries was received enthusiastically by students and members of the faculty who sweated it out at the main lobby since 11:40 that morning. After the reception a lunch was offered by the USC SVD community in honor of the visiting nuncio.

Two days earlier, the USC ROTC unit took an active part in the civic and military reception at the Abellana Nat'l. Voc. School grounds at 3 p.m. Students from the city's Catholic high schools and colleges were present to give our papal visitor a thunderous welcome.

The Church dignitary, in a short address, said he was impressed by the "devotion, loyalty, and submission of the Filipino people to the Vicar of Christ on earth."

He also said that the Cebuanos' hospitality, their friendliness and their generosity "are too well known virtues that serve as a stimulus to come here." "Besides," he added, "the city itself stands out by its historic past and traditions and by its present progress and happiness."

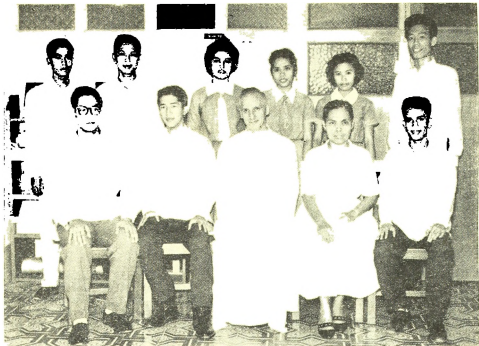
Tuesday, June 21, the prelate officiated at the solemn pontifical mass on the occasion of the inauguration of the recently embellished cathedral of Cebu.

USC SITE OF CEG CONFAB

The eyes and ears of the nation's top intellectuals were focused on the University of San Carlos not long ago, as the 30th Summer Press Workshop and Conference sponsored by the College Editors Guild of the Philippines deliberated on the theme "The Role of the College Press in the Crusade for Good Government" in a five-day parley, May 5-9.

A battery of public and professional newsmen including Ernesto O. Granada, National Press Club president; *Manila Chronicle's* Benjamin Defensor; Primitivo C. Mauricio, editor of *Manila Times Sunday Magazine*; *Daily Mirror's* Emilio Aguilar Cruz; *New Day's* Napoleon Dejoras, and Buddy Quintana, Cebu staff correspondent of the *Manila Times*, spoke at the workshop, gave lectures and conducted practical exercises on the various phases of journalism for the benefit of the country's college editors and campus journalists.

The 300 odd delegates who attended the conference also heard Representatives



SCA CENTRAL COUNCIL OFFICERS: (L to R sitting) Mr. Patricio Dolores, adviser; Mr. Vergara, proxy; Fr. Hoopesser, moderator; Miss Vitoria, adviser; Mr. Tapia, 2nd veep; (L to R standing) Mr. Isaac, 1st PRO; Mr. Tautjo, contact man; Miss Maria Reyes, 1st veep; Miss Salgado, treasurer; Miss S. Embrador, contact lady; and Mr. Larosa, 2nd PRO.

Joaquin R. Roces of the House Committee on Good Government, and Sergio Osmeña Jr., who discoursed on the "Effects of Decentral on Philippine Economy."

The traditional press exhibit of the different member-publications of the guild also highlighted the workshop. Individual writing contests were held in which a number of CEG medals were at stake. Messrs. **Juno Cañizares**, short-story writer, **Balt V. Quinsina**, then columnist, and **Joven Escame**, now asst. sports editor, made a name for *The Carolinian* by placing first in feature writing, second in column writing, and another second in sports writing.

Mr. Manuel S. Go, editor of the host publication, *The Carolinian*, was workshop director.

ENROLMENT BREAKDOWN

USC has more students this semester than ever before. Reports reveal an aggregate of 6,032 students or 332 more than last year's 5,700 enrolled in all colleges. Here are the statistics:

College of Commerce and Business Administration — 1,946
College of Liberal Arts and Sciences — 1,410

College of Engineering and Architecture — 1,004

College of Pharmacy — 222

College of Law — 21

Graduate School — 117

BIOLOGY EXPEDITION

The summer expedition to Agusan, Surigao and Davao to collect specimens of fauna and flora for our laboratories was back in Cebu last June 28. It was membered by **Fr. Erlendo Schoenig**, Messrs. **Julian M. Jumalon**, **Cristobal Piteras**, and the **Ochoteren** brothers, **Samuel** and **Saul**.

The party brought back after nine weeks of extensive travel the **Papilio Ideoides**, among other specimens, and long-horned beetles, various insects, plants and rocks to be used as exchange materials.

1960 SCA OFFICERS

In a meeting held at the Archbishop Reyes Bldg., 9 a.m. Wednesday, June 23, the following students were elected officers: **Mr. Nick Vergara**, president; **Mr. Josefino Tapia** and **Miss Maria Sofia Reyes**, first and second vice-presidents, respectively; **Miss Larza Rodriguez**, secretary; **Miss Dailisy Salgado**, treasurer; **Mr. Potenciano Isaac**, press relations officer and **Mr. Eduardo Tautjo**, contact man.

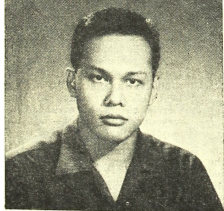
Spiritual adviser of the organization is **Rev. Fr. Robert Hoopesser**, Regent of the College of Pharmacy; **Miss Guillermo G. Vitoria** is the lay faculty adviser.

NEW PHARMACISTS

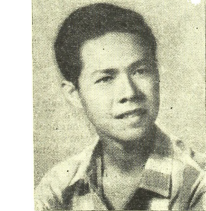
Seven "pharmers" brought home the bacon by hurdling the board examination for pharmacists this year. They are: **Helen Aquilino**, **Carlito de la Calzada**, **Crisanto Go Peco**, **Cecilia Laurel**, **Alfina Montecillo**, **Myrno Pampione**, and **Conchita Uy**.

USC has a 100% passing percentage.

—N. Pegi Larosa



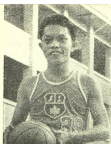
Balt V. Quinsina



Joven Escame



Bas



Reynes



Cañizares



Monceda



Galdo



Palmares



Jakosalem



Pizarras



Macoy



Montalban



Locke



Morales



Rogado



Auto

By RUDY JUSTINIANI & JOVEN ECARMA

ON THIS SIDE

CCAA Preview

College hooplah season's boiling "mad" again with the opening of the 1960 version of the CCAA All-Star which is up for grabs among the different local collegiate quintets. Despite defending champ UV's threat to hold on to the crown with the return of its "cage prodigals", USC still has to be reckoned with.

The USC Green & Gold Warriors with renewed vigor and enthusiasm are all set to capture the CCAA All-Star which is up for grabs among the different local collegiate quintets. Despite defending champ UV's threat to hold on to the crown with the return of its "cage prodigals", USC still has to be reckoned with.

A flashback from yesteryears' performances shows our team will always be in where the fight is the thickest. Getting into the champion "elite circle" will be no problem. Last year's college cage war was disheartening and the biggest blow so far given to our Warriors. Strong favorites to retain the title, USC landed in third spot instead, behind CIT and UV, thereby eliminating itself from getting the biggest plum in local collegiate cage world, the intercollegiate crown.

Time has changed. Plagued by graduation, this year's squad is a strong underdog and appears ready for the uphill climb to the top. On the hard court, traces of overconfidence will be no longer on their faces, but the undaunted determination to regain lost glory. The Green & Gold Warriors though raving mad will at gametime fight hard and clean.

USC and UV will still be at it, renewing cage feud which has now dragged on for a number of years. Bookies down at "bettors row" are taking the pick on UV. With its "cage prodigals" — Chile veteran **Emeng Bas**, former **CRISPAN Tias Reyes**, and bombardier **Eddie Cobehug** back in its fold, UV is a safe bet to romp off with the crown. A peek however at the last CCAA (Cebu Inter-Commercial Athletic Association) basketball tourney, showed that what was once regarded as the invincible Lancers in J & J Printer uniform, bowed down before the lightly regarded "Terminals", thus losing its grip on the top rung of the heap.

The Coach — **J. Aquino, Jr.**, responsible for placing the Warriors in the basketball map throughout the country in the past five years as he guided the team for a runner-up honors in the intercollegiate cage tourney. He holds the distinction of piloting the USC-studded CVAAPS basketball delegation in this year's PRISAA, which would have topped the championship were it not for the "home rule" decision enunciated by PRISAA lords.

THE LINE-UP

ROBERTO REYNES — a diminutive forward, well-known by avid fans for his tricky one handed pushshots; cooledhead even when the situation is tight; prospective skipper of the team.

EDGARDO GALDO — a pocket-size forward who could pierce the keyhole area with his consistent drive-ins; basketball player of the year in last year's commercial circuit.

JULIAN MACOY top scorer of the team — his point output is undisputed in the series; his jumpshots from far court and twist shots in the shaded area are his valuable assets.

ISIDORO CAÑIZARES — the tallest man in the league at 6'3"; hard to stop under the basket; fans expect him to increase his rebound potential this year.

MAX PIZARRAS — deadly with his sidejumps and undergoal incursions; in recent games his shooting, however, has gone awry.

MANUEL BAS — old reliable, stepping into the shoes of Esmer Abejo, that all around figure on the court; his timely feeding and "bombshit" jumpshots may reverse the score anytime.

FATRICIO PALMARES — lefthanded jumpshooter from quartercourt; his pivotshots from under are sure double-deckers; erratic when under pressure.

DIONISIO JAKOALEM — Warrior No. 2 center whose specialty is a passboard hookshot; lags behind though during a fast game.

HARCISO MONCEDA — a well built cager, tending the backcourt; has yet to show his wares in tournament games.

EDUARDO MONTALBAN — last year's holdover, now a top rate guard; his cross-court passes and top rebounding may chip in more points.

MANUEL SUSON — a sleek forward who can be depended upon with his clutchshooting.

ERNESTO MORALES — a prize rookie from the high school squad; playing guard, he can pluck rebounds against more experienced opponents; one of the promising reserves in the team.

BIENVENIDO ROGADO — kid brother to USC's contribution to Manila commercial circuit; his overhead jumps from wayout should not be left unguarded; may become the "rookie of the year" yet.

CHRISTOPHER LOCKE — the "mighty mite" of the Warriors; shootingest forward of them all; his lefthanded jumpshots and occasional lay-up shots are steady.

USC against UV in the finals, with CIT and CSJ playing their usual roles of "spoilers"

OF SPORTSDOM



The USC Green Soccers

Notwithstanding the prestige of the UV shbusters, CCAA football and Zone VII champions, the USC Green Soccers are the advance title favorites — of close observers — in this coming football season.

Five years of being always a supporting cast in Cebu's football league is really a long wait, but the San Carlos booters will never give that a thought these days — now that 1960 looms as their eventful year in the CCAA and Zone VII circuit, passport to the national inter-collegiate tournament in Manila.

The team that last year boasted of no individual performers, but almost cracked up their perennial — UV eleven, star-studded with three Asian Gamers in their line-up — in the Zone VII fracas, looks mightier than ever.

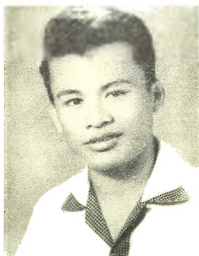
Though Nilo Alessas, the erstwhile skipper, has graduated, San Carlos followers are confident of seeing Carolinian footballers finally repeat the glorious days of the early fifties when Old Charlie's chargers galloped on the football turf like nobody's business and contented themselves with nothing less than grabbing the inter-collegiate title in Manila.

Center-forward **Jose Alessas**, CEI's football player of last year, leads an array of baptized pigskin artists that includes defenseman **Orlando Yu** — *Carolinian's* football choice — **Carlos Saa**, **Jose Mari Aded**, **Camilo Go**, **Pepito Fajutro**, **Rolando Rubi**, **Alaystus Shadoon**, **Ernesto Codina** and **Anito "The Prodigal" Trinidad**, presently voted captain of the team.

Trinidad is the only national player in the pack, and is a veteran of many Asian Games skirmishes, having been selected twice member of the Philippine team. Unfortunately, he was absent from USC's campaign for the CCAA and Inter-Collegiate titles last year.

Seven members of the team — **Yu**, **Trinidad**, **Coballes**, **Tolok**, **Sotelo**, **Go** and **J. Alessas** — were with the CVAAPS football selection that were declared champions in the recently concluded PRISAA meet.

How well will San Carlos fare this year in turning back Zone VII rival and metropolis-seasoned players? The answer lies in the very fighting spirit and turf savvy of the members of the USC football team.



DINOPOL

What Our Students Say . . .

(Continued from page 49)

● To give a subjective analysis of the proposition is a condition "sine qua non" — that one must know why he is in this institution? I believe, students come to school with either of two purposes: To study or to get a steady. I suppose both are not illegal nor immoral since both are founded on natural law.

However, since my fundamental target in coming to college is to study, it is imperative for me to devote my time to that line of college life alone and nothing more. I might be running counter to the general notion among "incarcerable" campus romantics that college life is not limited to reading voluminous law books or memorizing those head-racking codal provisions. They must have reasons for saying so. But I don't care if I am "alone" in my opinion. I am determined to study and succeed in my chosen field of educational endeavor. I am not sent here by my old folks at home to indulge in extra-curricular activities which would lead to disrupt my pursuit of knowledge. I am still young at heart. I don't want to "monkey" around with my steady. I may succeed or I may fail. I may have triumphs or frustrations, but it must not be from going steady with somebody. I am not a woman hater. As a matter of fact, I like women very much. But only up to the point of friendship. Period.

— ERNESTO S. DINOPOL.

Law

THE USC GREEN SOCCERS 1960-'61. Kneeling, left to right: Pepito Fajutro, Ernesto Codina, Rolando Rubi, Jose Sotelo, Jr., D. Cao, Alaystus Tolok, Camilo Go and Romulo Pañeres. Standing, left to right: George Barcenilla (C-Sportswriter), Orlando Yu, Jose Alessas, Vicente Espiritu, Jr., Miguel Coballes, Fr. Robert Hoepfner, SVD (Team Moderator), E. Gisulga (Muse of the Team), Anito Trinidad (captain), Edgar Azcona, Carlos Saa, Nilo Alessas, Rodolfo Justiniani (C-Sportswriter), & Geronimo Lianto (Coach).



What Is Anti-matter?

First Installment:

THE 1959 NOBEL PRIZE in physics was awarded to two professors of the University of California at Berkeley — Emilio Segre and Owen Chamberlain. In 1955, they headed a team that found the long-sought anti-protons, key particles of the strange world of anti-matter. Before one can answer the question, what anti-matter is, he has to solve the problem of matter. Do we really know what matter is?

What is Matter?

Erwin Schrodinger recently tried to give an answer to this question: "We have to admit," he wrote, "that our conception of material reality today is more wavering and uncertain than it has been for a long time. We know a great many interesting details, learn new ones every week. But to construct a clear, easily comprehensible picture on which all physicists would agree — that is simply impossible. . . . The established view today is that everything is at the same time both particle and field. The difficulty of combining these two so very different character traits in one mental picture is the main stumbling block that causes our conception of matter to be so uncertain." After having discussed the physicists' views during the last three decades Schrodinger comes to the conclusion: "At the most, it may be permissible to say that one can think of particles as more or less temporary entities within the wave field whose form and general behavior are nevertheless so clearly and sharply determined by the laws of waves that many processes take place as if these temporary entities were substantial permanent beings." Schrodinger's picture seems rather pessimistic, but he himself is optimistic and believes in a victorious outcome of the physical crisis.

In spite of the fact that a complete picture of matter does not yet exist we cannot completely banish the concept of individual particles from the vocabulary of physics. And we cannot talk of anti-matter without comparing the anti-corpuscles with ordinary material particles, the anti-atom with our atom.

Some 30 years ago the theory of the atom stood essentially complete: nearly all the properties of ordinary matter could be mathematically deduced in terms of the motions of negatively charged electrons around positively charged nuclei. Furthermore, it was known that the proton was the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, and it was the common opinion of the physicists that these two elementary particles, proton and electron, are the building blocks of atoms.

Einstein, however, pointed out that this view contains a peculiar difficulty. If it were true that the negatively charged electron and the positively charged proton are the fundamental parts of the material world, then there would exist an asymmetry between the carriers of positive and negative electrical charge. The proton has a 1840 times greater mass than that of the electron. A

fundamental asymmetry in the physical principles would be something rather strange.

Dirac's Prediction of the Existence of Anti-Corpuscles

Though the simple atomic theory proved remarkably successful in interpreting the results of observation by the early 1920's it was found that the original quantum theory of Planck and of Bohr could constitute but the first step in the unravelling of quantum phenomena. Several attempts were made to obtain a more refined theory. The Matrix Method of Heisenberg, the Wave Mechanics of de Broglie and Schrodinger, and the Quantum Mechanics of Dirac were the outcome. The newer quantum theories are but refinements of the original quantum theory. P.A.M. Dirac of the University of Cambridge, in his attempt to obtain a fusion of the quantum theory and the theory of relativity, developed an equation which described various properties of the electron. Dirac's theory of the electron which was formulated in 1928 showed a peculiar consequence. It is compatible with two kinds of solutions: those in which the kinetic energy of the electron is positive and those in which it is negative. From a theoretical standpoint both kinds of solutions have the same measure of validity and should therefore describe possible situations in Nature. But from the physical standpoint the negative energy solutions appear to be impossible, for a negative kinetic energy has no physical significance. In practice the kinetic energy of a particle is always positive. Dirac interpreted the result as pointing to the existence of a positive electron. That is, the equation described not only the known negative electron but also an exactly symmetrical particle which was identical with the electron in every way except that its charge was positive instead of negative. The existence of a positive electron was thus suggested by Dirac's equation. Dirac's deduction of the existence of the positive electron is one of the most brilliant examples of the application of mathematical reasoning to a physical problem.

The theory predicted still more. If a positive electron collided with a negative electron, they would annihilate each other and their mass would be converted into protons with an equivalent amount of energy. Conversely, if enough energy would be concentrated in a high-speed collision between two particles, a positive and a negative electron would be created. Furthermore, Dirac's general equation,

slightly modified, should be applicable to the proton as well as to the electron. In this instance too it predicts the existence of an anti-particle — an anti-proton identical to the ordinary proton but with a negative instead of a positive charge.

The Discovery of the Positron

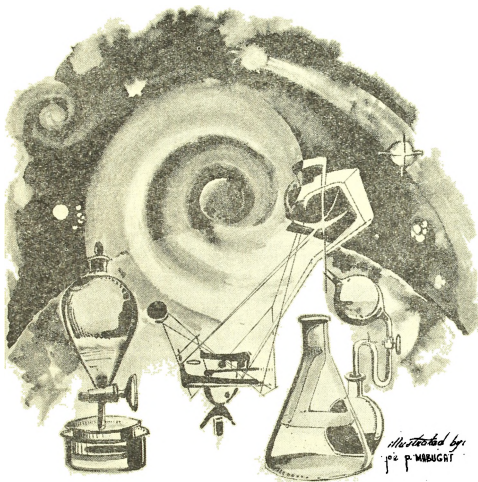
The way in which this discovery came about illustrates how some of the most important discoveries grew out of studies undertaken for quite a different purpose. About 1930 there was an intense interest in cosmic rays. It was recognized at that time that these rays were exceedingly penetrating; but there was no convincing evidence as to the energy associated with the radiation. In 1932, C.D. Anderson, also an physicist, and Occhialini, independently demonstrated the existence of particles in cosmic rays, which had the same mass as the electron and with an electrical charge equal to that of the electron, but bearing on opposite sign. Anderson named these positive electrons positrons. He was awarded the Nobel prize in physics for his discovery in 1936. Positrons do not occur naturally; they tend to combine with any negative electron in whose neighborhood they happen to be. In this combination the two charges exactly cancel each other and the total mass of the two particles is transformed into radiant energy in the form of gamma rays. The normal life of a positron is an extremely small fraction of a second. Many workers have photographed the tracks of such particles, and have observed the positrons under a variety of conditions. There can be no doubt of their existence.

Anderson later showed that it is possible to produce them by allowing gamma rays of sufficient energy to fall on a piece of lead. In this process the entire energy of the gamma ray is converted into a pair of electrons, one positive and one negative. But at least a million electron volts.

The Discovery of the Neutron

Within the year of the discovery of the positron a fourth class of corpuscles was discovered — the neutron. Chadwick and Joliot independently observed, among the products of the process of disintegration, a kind of corpuscle hitherto unknown. These particles pass through matter with great ease; they appear to have no electric charge, but to have a mass approximately equal to that of the proton. They are the neutrons. Rutherford already had considered the possibility of a "neutron" in close combination. Its recognition came as a result of studies which did not have their primary purpose the finding of the neutron. A free neutron has the tendency to disintegrate into a proton under emission of an electron and a neutrino. This fact suggests the view that the neutron is to be considered a combination of these three particles. But that is not so. The disintegration of a neutron into a proton, electron and neutrino cannot be considered as a separation of particles

by MICHAEL RICHARTZ, S.V.D.



previously combined but as a transformation in which an elementary particle disappears and three others are created.

Fundamental Building Stones of Matter

The discovery of the positron and the neutron threw a new light on the question of the ultimate particles that constitute matter. As mentioned above, the hydrogen nucleus, the proton, had been regarded as the positive counterpart of the negative electron, and it had been thought that the apparently universal association of positive electricity with atomic masses indicated a lack of symmetry between the positive and negative charges. Anderson's discovery opened the way for a more symmetrical treatment of the two kinds of electricity. Furthermore, we know now four different kinds of particles: electron, proton, positron, and neutron. The question one asks is whether they all are in fact elementary. Although the existence of the proton has been recognized far longer than that of the neutron, there is no reason to regard the proton as necessarily the more

fundamental building stone, and to conceive of neutrons as being manufactured of protons and electrons. With the discovery of the positron it became equally possible to view the neutron as more fundamental than the proton, and to conceive of the proton as being a neutron and a positron in close combination.

The nuclei of atoms could be conceived as made up from protons and neutrons, without regard to electrons and positrons, just as well as they could from protons and electrons or from neutrons and positrons. The proton-neutron concept of nuclear structure possesses several distinct advantages over the other possible concepts.

The Discovery of the Anti-proton

The existence of the anti-proton had been suspected for many years by analogy with anti-electrons. Anderson's discovery not only was a triumph for Dirac's theory but also set physicists off on a new search for another hypothetical particle—a search which was to take some 25 years.

Until recent years, attempts to see anti-protons were restricted to cosmic-ray investigations, since no accelerator has had sufficient energy to produce anti-protons. In cosmic radiation there are particles of sufficient energy to make anti-protons. Although physicists have long looked for anti-protons in the cosmic rays, no anti-protons have thus far been positively identified.

In 1955 the existence of the negative proton was experimentally verified. The new particles were produced and detected with the bevatron, the Atomic Energy Commission's accelerator at Berkeley. The work was done by four physicists at the Radiation Laboratory: Owen Chamberlain, Emilio Segre, Clyde Wiegand, and Thomas Ypsilantis. They have identified the anti-protons by simultaneously measuring the momentum and velocity of the particles coming from a target in the bevatron. The target, which was made of copper, was struck by the proton beam of the bevatron, each proton having an energy of 6.2 Bev. Many particles, mostly mesons, were produced by various nuclear reactions of the high-speed protons with copper atoms. Only one in 50,000 of these was an anti-proton.

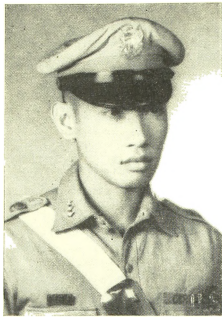
The properties of an anti-proton which the theory predicts in quite great detail have been verified on these particles; there can be no doubt in the existence of the anti-proton. The verification of the anti-proton followed very soon the discovery of the anti-neutron; and for most kinds of mesons is the existence of anti-particles demonstrated. There exist twins for all electrically charged particles. But one must not think that all kinds of elementary particles have twinning character. For instance, it is certain that protons have no twins.

The Existence of an Anti-World

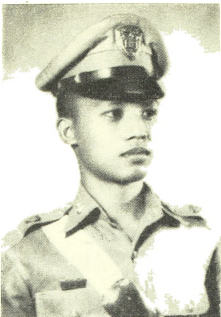
The matter which surrounds us consists of many more protons, neutrons, and electrons than of anti-protons, anti-neutrons, and positrons. These anti-particles can appear only occasionally and can remain only for a short time because, when they come in contact with ordinary matter the two forms of matter annihilate each other.

But let us contemplate that there exists an anti-world which would consist of anti-particles while our ordinary matter could be present occasionally. This would be a world in which all particles are opposite in charge to our own. The hydrogen atom, for instance, would have an anti-proton as its nucleus and a positron in place of the electron; its spectrum would be exactly the same as that of our hydrogen atom. We know of no method by which we could recognize the existence of such a universe. But if it exists it must be very far from our universe. If it should come in contact somewhere with ordinary matter, the two forms of matter would annihilate each other with a huge release of energy.

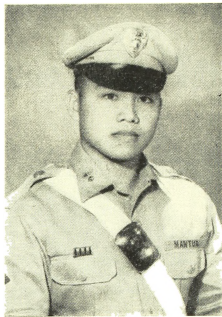
If we think of the universe originating from the transformation of pure energy into nucleons and electrons, we may suppose, in order to preserve the principle of the constancy of the number of these particles, that somewhere there are anti-nucleons and anti-electrons equal in number to those of our world. It is still a problem of speculation, but its verification would give the answer to Einstein's view of symmetry in the whole universe.



Cdt. Col. Roque A. Cervantes
Corps Comdr.



Cdt. Lt. Col. Eusebio C. Raffinan
1st Battalion Comdr.



Cdt. Lt. Col. Romeo C. Mantus
2nd Battalion Comdr.

THE STORY OF THE "FOURTH"

THE LONG-AWAITED, much-talked-about annual rendezvous with fate—the Tactical Inspection—last March 2, at Camp Lapu-lapu, Lahug, must be, by this time, only a memory in the minds of our students and of the general public. But the monumental victory of the USC ROTC unit over all other competing units in the whole III Military Area by which it came up from the ignominy of a thirteenth place in the 1955 tactical inspection to the dignity and honor of a first place should at least not be forgotten.

The story behind this amazing comeback can now be told. We were out to bag the star!

The bustle of activity at the DMST commenced January 13 — a little more than a month before "D-Day". Here, the cadet officers spent the days and the late hours of the evenings gearing themselves for the not-too-easy task of winning back the "Star" — perfecting themselves in mortar and machine gun drill, pistols and compass course, map exercise, and preparation of operation orders — and laying the plans for the tactical inspection strategy.

The armory was no exception. It hummed with the crack and clatter of more than a thousand Springfields and 81 mm. mortars being assembled and dismantled. Cadets were busy cleaning the rifles — no speak of dust should be found in cracks and crevices; the bayonets should shine like mother of pearl. A steady supply of paper cloth was apportioned to each cadet; the more resourceful ones brought their own metal polish. Every cadet did his part.

From January 13 on, the campus buzzed with frenzied activity — grinding drill especially for the Model Company. The manual of arms must click. The evenings were utilized for review classes on the theoretical side of the inspection — preparatory marksmanship, combat training of the individual soldier, weapons, first aid, and military courtesy and discipline. All these ordeals, the cadets underwent with great zeal and with a smile.

Aside from the burden the evenings of review classes gave them, there were the Sundays of tough drill. The III Military Area grounds echoed under the boots of the USC cadets from 7:30 in the morning to 5:00 in the afternoon with lunchtime serving as the only break.

No heat of sun nor cold of rain could quench the fire ignited by their ambition to regain the prestige they lost two years ago that so spurred them on. They had decided to win the "Star" back, and they did get it!

Luckily enough, the untiring efforts paid off. When all 29 competing units were inspected, the USC ROTC emerged victorious! How were we able to lick the University of the Philippines (Iloilo branch) which held the overall lead at the beginning? The answer is not hard to find. Although our unit was ranked only third and seventh in Administration and Weapons, respectively, we were able to cut UP's head off by copying three first places: in Combat Training, General Subjects, and Theoretical Examinations — 98.47 (of 140), 215.11 (of 270), and 221.78 (of 400), respectively. By that alone we were able to garner a margin of no less than 58.46 UP's total number of points being 695.54, this was enough to keep us in the lead. Our total rating was 89.50 — excellent.

The following were the subjects covered by the inspection and the number of points we got:

For the 1st year basic cadets: preparatory marksmanship (15.50), combat training of the individual soldier (20.92), weapons and first aid (33.49), and military courtesy and discipline (8.55)

For the 2nd year basic cadets: combat formation and battle drill (28.00), and ranger problems (19.40). The Ranger team, the first of its kind in the university, made an almost perfect record when inspected on the said subject. Incidentally, this is the subject in which we beat them all.

For the 1st year advanced cadets: mor-

tar drill (12.75), machine gun drill (14.10), pistols (9.75), and compass course (24.26).

For the 2nd year advanced cadets: map exercise and preparation of operation orders (30.25).

When Capt. Jesse M. Aquino declared that "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 could not have said it better.

The Model Company composed of more than 70 tried-and-tested "diehards," for instance, "is worthy of commendation." In Drill and Ceremonies, the phase of the field examination which impressed the III Military Area high command most, this was the company that sweated it out the hardest.

Cdt. Lt. Bayard Magallanes, company commander, now no longer with the Corps, deserves a special tribute. On him fell the heavy task of carrying the day in Drill and Ceremonies. Although getting the jitters, he proved himself equal to the task thrown into his lap; he was a man of unshakable will. And this is what we need in the Corps.

"PUBLIC APPEARANCES"

Since June 13 the USC ROTC unit has scored with two successful "public appearances". Both received the enthusiastic kudos from the general public which was "hearty in appreciation-and lavish in praise."

The first public appearance occurred when the second battalion of our unit took no mean part in the civic and military reception of His Grace, Salvatore Sino, papal nuncio to the Philippines, held at the Abellana Nat'l. Voc. High School grounds on June 20. It was the most applauded part. We really blew the lids off the spectators' eyes when, to the tune of martial music, our line of troops, clad in stiffly pressed Type B uniform, marched off from the quadrangle they were "hiding in" in a "stream of beauty and precision" that drew the wild cheers from their.

Cdt. Capt. Nick Vergara, Corps adjutant, won the admiration of those present by his snappy execution and perfect

bearing from the line of troops to the front ranks. At every turn, he got the *oh's* and *ah's* of the gals at the grandstands. We wish him and the second battalion more power!

Again the USC ROTC was represented in the GLORIOUS FOURTH parade by one mounted firing battery and two companies of the infantry. Under the command of **Cdt. Capt. Roy Romero**, who has proved himself a strong and capable leader during the past three weeks, these companies came out first place in the drill competition. Runner-up was the UV ROTC; SWC copped third. This performance was not surprising, however, since it was the most app added marching unit owing to its superb discipline; hence, its ability to bring in line. We are not entering the realm of exaggeration but merely making

Cdt. Lt. Col. Romeo Mantua, who was third platoon leader of Foxtrof Company.

On the same basis, **Cdt. Capt. Nick Vergara**, was commissioned Corps adjutant, there are no permanent appointments of other adjutants, and S 3's in their respective staffs made up to this writing (July 6) since the Aquina-Medullo-Papalero triumvirate is still weighing the merits of the prospective appointees.

CORPS STRENGTH

All enlisted men accounted for add up to some 1,100 who have been organized into two battalions. The 1st battalion (Infantry) has three companies of four platoons each. The 2nd battalion (Artillery) has three companies of three platoons each.

I

Inside

DMST

by Cdt. Cnpt. NICK VERGARA

CAPT. Jose "Star" Aquina has very clear ideas on the selection and revamp of officers this year. He believes that the Corps sinks or swims according to the mettle of the men who will lead the cadets in another season of rigid military training. He also believes that true leaders are those who can make leaders while leading.

The following cadets who have shown to the satisfaction of that they possess *esprit de corps*, competence, and reliability compose the upper bracket of the USC ROTC unit:

- Corps Commander — Cdt. Col. Roque Cervantes
- 1st Battalion Commander — Cdt. Lt. Col. Eufrosino Raffian.
- 2nd Battalion Commander — Cdt. Lt. Col. Romeo Mantua.

The traditional hazing of incoming cadet officers has been observed to make them carry on the green and gold spirit.

Tell me who your big bosses are and I will tell you who sort of cadet you are," is the standing joke of cadets now.

ORGANIZATION AND STRENGTH

Our ROTC unit this year adds up to an impressive total of 1,122 cadets organized in a penicmo division of two battalions of three companies each having five platoons in a company.

Training — (1) Saturday training (lectures-drill) for cadets from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m.
(2) Weekly classes for cadet officers from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m.

(3) Saturday briefing for cadet officers from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m.

The cadet officers have to inculcate in the cadets the importance of military courtesy and discipline, attendance, and the tactical phases of training.

"ONWARD TO VICTORY" is the new battle cry of the cadet officers.

MODIFICATIONS

- Uniform:**
- (1) Combat boots — compulsory for all cadets.
 - (2) Helmet liner — as part of the cadet's uniform, compulsory for all cadet officers.
 - (3) Shoulder loop — now prescribed for the cadet's uniform.
 - (4) ROTC patch — to be placed one half inch from the shoulder seams.
 - (5) NCO chevron — to be placed on the collar.

These changes should not be taken as an extra burden on the cadet's part, but rather, as an improvement of his military appearance. Also, the DMST tries to establish one specific interpretation of the uniform of the ROTC cadets that they may have a definite standard uniform.

The USC ROTC goes onward with its star-studded sky. However, we might lose the star this year if the officers give in to the "passion for glamour rather than the desire to learn the tactical phases."

When Capt. Aquina reminded us of the thirteenth place we got two years ago, we cadet officers pledged:
So it shall be written,
So it shall be done.

★ ★ ★
ROTC

★ ★ ★
Reports ★ ★ ★

known the unprejudiced consensus of the witnessing public who were all for USC.

THE TOP BRASS

Needless to say, the selection of the major officers of the ROTC Corps this year still followed closely the time-honored principle of the *survival of the fittest*. The following are the men at the helm who will guide the destiny of the Corps for the school year 1960-61:

Cdt. Col. Roque Cervantes, Corps Commander, who topped all participating schools in the III Military Area in the theoretical examinations with 54%. He was leader of the first platoon, Foxtrof Company, last year.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Eufrosino Raffian 1st battalion commander, who came second with a close 53%. He was F Company second platoon leader the previous year.

There are a dozen basic officers now, each having the rank of lieutenant. They are expected to instill military courtesy and discipline in those who are new to the military side of college life — the first year basic cadets.

ARTILLERY RESERVISTS

Meanwhile, the DMST announced that the deadline for the mustering of artillery reservists has been extended to August, no longer July 1st. It also announced that the rumors to the effect that those who enlist for mustering will be drafted for a 21-Sunday retraining course are mere fabrications. The main idea behind the present mustering is only to organize the reservists into definite units so they can be called up with the greatest dispatch in case of emergency.



Father Rector Receiving "Best Marching Unit" Trophy in Behalf of U.S.C.



LETICIA PANARES
Education

● Frankly, I am not against the practice of going steady in college. I don't want to be a hypocrite. I am a woman, not aware to loving and perhaps being loved. There is nothing wrong with the practice of going steady as long as it is carried on within the confines of the universal norms of morality. (accepted norms of civilized society.) Nobody can successfully run from it because love is the strongest of all passions, it attacks simultaneously the head, the heart and the senses that govern human beings.

The steady company will provide students a broader outlook on life. It will enable them to see the good, the true and the beautiful of their studies, their loves and perhaps their marriage in the near future. It will make them men and women free from everything that smacks of teenage irresponsibility. It will make them think of the sensibility of the words that they utter and the refinement of every act that they perform.

Indeed, they will be careful in their thoughts, in their words and in their acts lest they might be found undeserving of their love. They will endeavor to attain perfection to justify their mutual affection founded on truth and purity.

Yes, in going steady, there will not be a dull moment nor a day of inactivity for the two of them. If they are not preoccupied with their lessons, they are at home talking of sensible things

EDITHA ALEGRO
Secretarial



A few years back in high school, where crazy loves and puppy loves were predominant, our charming teacher who still enjoys the not-too-magnificent life of a "misses" used to tell us that the proper time for a boy and a girl to go steady is in college. We doubt, however, if we should take her admonition at face value, considering that the number of college students who become mothers but not wives, or fathers but not husbands, is becoming greater and greater nowadays. This notwithstanding the fact that an "illegal" device has been made to make them "legally" husband and wife at the point of a gun.

However, we don't want to be unfair, especially since going steady, apparently, has been and still is, one of the most "important" and "indispensable" extra-curricular activities among college students here and everywhere. There must be reasons for turning deaf ears to "old fashioned" parents' mounting protests to the practice. We felt it imperative therefore to feature in this issue of the "C" some personal opinions we gathered through interviews with regard to the controversial subject matter in question — BVQ.

or perhaps somewhere — in decent places of wholesome recreation. Why fear? After all, education is not only gauged by the amount and quality of knowledge one has acquired but also the ability to implement that knowledge for good.

— LETICIA PANARES
Education

● To fall in love and go steady is one of the most wonderful things in student life. Young lovers see what ordinarily cannot be seen though sometimes they refuse to see what plainly can be seen. They come to learn the value of self-sacrifice and the importance of selflessness. They come to understand and sympathize not only with the object of their affections but also with their surroundings — the world, humanity and life.

They come to know all this because love penetrates where exterior knowledge cannot reach. However, inasmuch as campus romance can still be termed "stupid" considering the immaturity of lovers, great caution must be practiced. Marriages which usually end up on the rocks come from unpreparedness.

— EDITHA ALEGRO
Secretarial

● "Don't go steady when you're not ready," admonished one of my professors. He was not joking. He meant it without a grain of salt. And I agree with him wholeheartedly. He knows what he is talking about.

GUILLERMO MORDENO
Liberal Arts



It is really unwise for students to go into it. They are not yet ready. They are young. They are inclined to take it seriously when they should not. Campus loves of young people are replete with misunderstanding, jealousy, irresponsibility, irrespectability. The after-effects of these things are so grave that in most cases students are woe to put their books and notebooks aside. Shun their lessons.

I can imagine the ray of hope on the faces of their poor folks at home — thinking that their beloved sons and daughters are doing well in school — when in truth they are there in a corner, crying, whining, nursing the bitter frustrations of what might have been.

It is true that love is inherent. Nobody can derive a man of that. But the trouble with some of the present crop of young blood is that they use their natural right as a license to abuse their study and even their bodies. Why man, you can have a steady sometime later when you shall have become mature enough to accept the responsibility that arises in the course of your going steady with somebody.

— GUILLERMO MORDENO
Liberal Arts

● To say that I am not in favor of going steady is a sign of abnormality. And who would like to be called abnormal? But you see, we are sent here by our parents to study and not to get a steady. True, college students are

CORAZON C. SELERIO
Secretarial



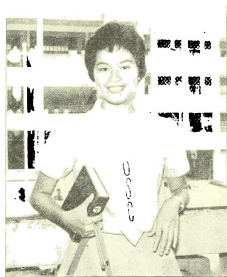
What Our Students Sa



MILA N. RUIZ
Liberal Arts



ANGELINO M. COJA
Business Administration



DAISY MATE
Secretarial

y About Going Steady In College

presumed to have sound minds and sound bodies. To be intelligent and responsible. But to what extent can we guarantee that our intelligence and responsibility will withstand the troubles, the heartaches, the disappointments and the reproaches of going steady? How about the study? It will surely be relegated to the background. Most likely a man or a woman will end up with a marriage degree instead of a college degree.

— MILAGROS N. RUIZ
Liberal Arts

● I may differ with others in my opinion that going steady in college is not advisable for a student who is taking his studies seriously. For him, time is gold. He feels he ought to devote most of it for the improvement of himself, culturally, morally and physically. Because of the pressing demands of his studies, he has no time to fool around with women. He believes though, that there is a time for everything, for study, love and marriage. His main concern for the present is finishing his course. After this, maybe love.

To him, who can really "afford," going steady may not pose a problem. Anyway, he has a steady supply of money to maintain the "practice." That's nothing to him. But to a fellow who is only rich in affection, what a pity. Don't they say "no money, no honey." Really, going steady is a waste of money, maybe.

— ANGELINO M. COJA
Business Administration

● They say that going steady brings maturity. There is a ring of truth in this assertion. When a woman is in love, one will notice a change in her, in the way she carries herself, the way she talks, and the way she conducts herself in classes. There is always that proverbial sunshine on her face. She is inspired. To her, all things are bright and beautiful. The possible reason is that she has somebody to impress. Nice indeed.

However, going steady must not be carried to the extent of ending it prematurely at the altar of matrimony. Romance cannot cope with the present high cost of living — what with the sky-rocketing of prime commodities, de-control, etcetera. It should be handled

with extreme care. Couples cannot live on love alone.

— CORAZON C. SELERIO
Secretarial

● College life is wonderful. It has everything that makes the life of a student worth remembering — what with hearing mass together, praying the rosary together, and performing extracurricular activities together. However, everything in this world is not "sweet." College life has its share of unpleasant things. There is that unavoidable boredom with uninteresting professors, monotonous lectures, daily quizzes, tedious laboratory experiments, so that students simply need an inspiration, a "steady" or what you may call it, to escape from the humdrum of daily college no-nonsense classroom activities.

Going steady is not objectionable provided the man and woman will stay within the bounds of finer human sensibilities. Not too much seriousness nor foolishness of any kind. Just good clean fun. Period.

To be acquainted with a man enables the woman to know the "inside-out" of what's in the former. She will learn the art of "detective work" as to his honesty of purpose, the sincerity of his love, the uprightness of his character and the refinement of his actions. However, in order not to run the risk of losing her sense of values, she should not forget to implore the guidance of the Blessed Virgin. She should not fail to pray, to go to confession and receive Holy Communion for the preservation of her purity, her studies and perhaps her "steady."

— DAISY MATE
Secretarial

● Going steady in college? Well, I can far it. One cannot escape from it anyway. It is sanctioned by the law of nature. To fall in love and go steady is simply irresistible, inevitable. If there is such a principle in physics as "opposite poles attract each other" there is also such a thing in human beings as "opposite sexes attract each other." And after the subsequent courtships have been accomplished and both parties arrive at a mutual agreement, (express or implied) to love each other "till the end of time", that agreement is definitely binding upon the two of them to go steady. I believe there is nothing bad in it. It gives them the full sense of responsibility completely

alien to mediocre college teenagers. However, inasmuch as our primary concern here is to study, it is felt wise that going steady should be made secondary to study.

— ELIUD PAILAGAO
Law

● There is no reason why I should be against going steady in college. Campus love-making is a part of growing up and education. One cannot go on solving mathematical problems or denigrating the tongue-twisting language of Cervantes without an inspiration — to care for and to share with.

I don't believe that to be attached to somebody will destroy the fulfillment of a dream among students of college level. They are not children who break down (without using their heads) when problems of an emotional nature crop up. They are old enough to distinguish good and bad. They have already convictions of their own. Let it be remembered that happy marriages are the result of going steady in college. Campus lovers have better opportunities to know each other fully, their likes and dislikes.

— MAXIMO R. JUMAAO-AS
Engineering

● College life is broad. It offers all sorts of experience necessary for a balanced, intelligent attitude towards life. Going steady is just one of them. What makes study tick with going steady is that man and woman, conscious of the significance of their personal attachment will manifest a sense of resourcefulness, tenderness, endurance, patience and fortitude. They become wise. They learn the intricacies of everyday life directly or indirectly through their steady company.

I don't believe that close contacts among lovers will lead to untoward consequences. God provided them with conscience and intelligence to protect themselves. And college students are intelligent and responsible. Really there is no sufficient ground for a man and a woman to be apprehensive about their mutual relationship. After all, culture is determined by how much self-control one can impose upon himself. And going steady is just one of the training grounds for self-control, to be the right thing the right way.

— AGUSTIN LARA
Law

Reproducimos aquí la carta de la Sra. Teodora Messa la jefe del Departamento de Español antes de su salida para su tierra, España. Aunque esta dirigida a los miembros de la Facultad del dicho departamento, se ruega que los estudiantes que están cursando el español le escriban a ella.

Barcelona, 11 de junio de 1960

A la Facultad de Español
de U.S.C.

Ciudad de Cebu
Filipinas

Mis Queridos colegas y amigos

Como sería casi imposible escribir a cada uno en particular, mando estas líneas para todos a fin de demostrarlos que os recuerdo a todos con el sincero afecto nacido de una vida en común dedicada al más digno de todos los trabajos y profesiones, "La enseñanza y formación de la juventud."

Por eso si os recuerdo a todos como a cada uno en particular no recuerdo menos a los estudiantes, que aunque no siempre dan alegrías, llenan nuestra vida en el fin que nos proponemos, el cultivar su inteligencia y formar su carácter.

Mucho os agradeceré que cada cual en sus clases haga extensivo mis saludos y sincero afecto a los alumnos de español, con un especial recuerdo a aquellos que se especializan en el estudio del mismo para enseñarlo después de su graduación.

Os supongo a todos muy atareados con el principio de curso y ajuste de clases y supongo que como en años anteriores la matrícula será buena y todos tendréis asignaturas bastantes para vivir sin preocupaciones, aunque esto es casi un imposible.

Espero que de vez en cuando os turnareis para darme noticias de cuanto en U.S.C. ocurra, es decis si hay algun cambio, si P. Luis Schonfield "esta ya en Cebu—quién enseña las asignaturas de especialización "Major in Spanish" y si siguen todavía las 2½ unidades obligatorias en el colegiado.

Yo he empezado nuestra correspondencia y estoy dispuesta a continuarla costandote a las que de vosotros reciba. Esta la mando por mediación de la Sra. de Suazo. La próxima la dirigiré a quien por todos conteste a la presente y así podremos mantener el afecto que nació en la colectividad y cooperación mutua en nuestra obra de la enseñanza.

Mis afectuosos recuerdos a todos los miembros de la facultad de U.S.C. y para la facultad del departamento de español el sincero afecto de vuestra amiga y compañera que os recuerda con verdadero cariño.

Teodora Messa

(EDITORIAL)

bienvenido

a todos los estudiantes de la Universidad de San Carlos, mi humilde saludo, mi animosa felicitación: bienvenido bienvenido a este edificio... que encontréis todo lo que desean vuestros corazones. es verdad que podáis venir en la vía de vuestro estudio espinas de dificultades, pero cuantas dificultades, cuantas amarguras, cuantas tristezas, han desaparecido; son estrellas fugaces las espinas de dolores; vienen y van fuera como el arco iris; vendría un tiempo cuando pudiera obtener lo mejor de todo.

vené estrella ampér
editor

CANCIONES VERANIEGAS

Aleph: "paulo maiorá canamus"

por René Estelle Amper
EN MI JARDIN

En mi jardín hay una rosa
una rosa tan solitaria
como una barquilla de esperanza
en un océano de angustia.

Atiendo
a esta rosa, rosa mía solitaria:
en sus pétalos puede ver
la esplendor de la aurora,
la grandeza de la puesta del sol.

Su
fresco olor las auras se llena,
me brinda placer:
me hace recordar el inocente olor
de un niño en la cuna.

En mi jardín
hay una rosa, una rosa solitaria
la rosa es mi alma;
el fresco olor que se llena el aire
es la plegaria que elevo a Dios
diariamente,
que los angeles
reciben
y escriben
en el libro de mi vida
con letras de oro.

Mga Punte Sa Paniid ni Balt B. Quinain

Editoryal

Angay ng Hinuktokan Ug Tun-an ni R. RANCES

KABAGHANAN sa mga tinun-an, libi na gayud ang mga babaye nga amon, gipangayon ug mga hunahuna labut sa tema: "what *the story about going steady in college* kon unsay ilang ikasulti bahin sa panghiigaymanay sulod sa tulungan nagdumili sa paghatag sa ilang mga hunahuna nga amon gipangayo."

Matod pa nila, tinulaw sila libi na nga tungod nianang butanga, daghan and "nabiktima." Sa tinuoray, dili malalis nga tungod sa gugma-gugma, daghan and nahimong inahan apun dili asawa ug paghatag usab ang nahimong amahan apun dili bana. Kon daw nahimo man ugaling silang bans, kana pinaagi una sa tumoy sa pusil sa tatay sa babaye.

Gawas pa usab niana, daghan usab and mga tinun-an nga wala matigayon sa ilang pagtunon, ang uban ibang ug ang uban nagpatay sa ilang kaugalingon tungod kay ang pinitik sa ilang kasingsing ili man nga gipasumban nga wala gamita and ilang alimpatakan.

Kana tinuod nga nahitabo. Apun "ikaulaw" ba ang paghatag ug hunahuna sa dugokan nga nagayo sa maong tinuod nga mga hitabo? Dili man tingali. Kon ang tawo mohatag ug opinyon, dili angayng sabton sa tanang higayon nga siya may kalabutan sa iyang rigapula nga mga hunahuna.

Apun nmaning magatoto-toto man. Uyon kon supak ang tawo sa gugma, kana dili gayod kalikayan kay kana suyo man sa kinaiyahan. Ug kay sugo man sa kinaiyahan, ang gugma sama sa tubig, mangita gayod ug agianan nga iyang kadagaydayan.

Pipila ka mga editor sa mga matalaan sa nagkalainlainug tulunganha sa Manila sama sa MLQU, PWU ug Lyceum nga nitambong sa tigom sa *College Editors' Guild of the Philippines* nga gimimo sa Surob, sa miaging Mayo, ug ilang dagay sa San Carlos. Matod pa nila, kun adunay tungulunganha sa kinadaman nga nakabaton ug talagsaong dungod dili lamang dinhi sa Kabisayan ug Mindanaw kun dili hasta usab sa Manila, kama dili lain kun dili ang USC nga gidumala sa mga pari nga SWD.

Ilipna and amon atay sa pagkabati sa maanindot nga mga pagdalayang. Gibati kami ug dili katiwagang garbo. Apun sa dihang ili kaming rigaputana hain ang atong *playground* ug *gymnasium*, wala lang namo daraha, nangipaghatag ug namula and amonaw nawong. Wala intawon kami ka tingog, Gikinahanglan pa ba nga amo kamo nga tuganan ug ngano?

Among napanid-an nga ang mga kadagkagan sa ROTC adunay iaing matang sa "pasangil" aron sila hilhan sa kalabutan sa mga kababayon nung atong tulunganhan. Kini man ang pagsugo sa ilang mga kadete sa pagdu-ol sa mga babaye nga nagtunon sa "campus" aron laing gayod sa "pagsamok-samok" sa nalulahi.

Kini tingali wala mahababay sa maayong lagda sa pamatasan bisan pa kun and pagbatat sa ingon silbing "silot" sa mga kadete nga hitungdan. Kadaghanan sa mga babaye nagrumo sa maong dautan nga paagi. Ug tungod niana, wala katigulangan nga ang giingogng "pagsamok-samok" dili sumpon.

Adunay pay daghang paagi nga kitang mga lalake libi na gayud ang mga ROTC cadets nga hitungdan mailhan sa mga babaye sa walaing kinahanglan nga ang nalulahi hatagan ug kahasal. Dili ba?

Balahon ug mopagarbohon ang Pilipinas kay Siya da man ang katolung need sa libok silangonan, usa ka tugo sa kahitas-an nga wala lupit sa ubang kapopad-an.

Gidayeg ug gimbeba ang atong mga suludong kegawian ug kinaiya kay kini mga kinatlo man sa pagtulon-og katoliko. Kahigugtan dinhi ang atong mga metakom ug malumng pomasen — ang atong pagkamatinhuroa, pagkamatinhagosa, pagkomasinduroa ilabina sa mga panohon sa pangili, katigawian, uban pa.

Lobaw ug angay namong higugtan mo ang atong diyosnong kinaiya. Milabihan gayod ang atong pagkadiyosnon. Kapasikaran niini mo ang bagong duot sa mo manimbabay ilabina sa mga oldlaw Domingo ug Miyerkoles.

Bahin niini, magutano kami: Mahisabay ba sa maayong lagda ang atong pagkadiyosnon? Sa laing pagkasulti, diyosnon ba gayod kitang matuod? Nakasaksi kami sa daghang mangaglawatery. Sa ilang pagkakat paingon sa kalawotan nga dimko ang ulo ug kininyosong ang mga kamot isgon ug mga serbes, kami nakatayo nga ang ilang kinabuli malinis gayod.

Apun kon asikahan pagtayo ang lain nga "kilit" sa ilang kinabuli, hapkon gayod kita sa katigala ug kahilugan: Hama sa ilang pagkalawat, kung kaayong metambiy ug malibak sa ilang higkalingan. Maseyo kaayong metambiy ug malibak: ilabina nagde sa mga katigulangan. Himantayon kaayo sila sa lihak sa ubang tawo kay sa ilang kaugalingon mismo. Sa laing pagkasulti, "balibohon" silag mo dia.

Kami usab nakasaksi bahin sa ubang mga magtuteon nung atong tulunganhan. Adunay mga "estudyante" nga kon atong sud-ongon, diyosnon kaayo. Magohin usa ilang diyutayng panohon sa paghopit sa atong kapuya usa mosulod sa klase.

Apun kon ataw na gani sila sa lawok-saringanan, kung kaayong metodigo o mokopya sa ilang mga leksiyon. Adunay iyo lamang magpatatag sa ilang ngalan ug inguhukama, mahonaw dayon sama sa kilot. Adunay uban nga onogayotak sa mga pahimantog e balod sa atong tulunganhan ingon pangilil sa pagpa "nibat" ug mga besahan, motungna nga hubog, magisina nianang bag-onug urog nga law-ay ug dili maayong fat-awon, ug uban pang mga kegawian nga dili unta angayng lipakto sa atong tulunganhan kay lagi mga katoliko man kita.

Ang amon gididat dinhi mga batang nga hinpiang lamang apun may dalang kalabutan sa atong pagkatoliko ilabina kay kita mga magtuteon nung nabatog, dako ug katolikong hinpiang hoan. Dinhi amon panghinaton nga kudtong nagsumponad sa sayop nga dolan ilabina kudtong nalimat na gayod sa ilang kegikan, mekinuklog ug mokopanghapw unta sa paagi sa ilang pag-ogek sa kinobuhi nga dili matorong ug malinis. Tun-an unta nile sa makause pa atg ilang kasaypanan.

Ang Hulaw

Ni D. ALMIRANTE

Way kinaw ug tinik ang kinaiyahan
Ug ang mahugayung hukayog gididat;
Ug ang mga tamaman ug kalabutan,
Sa kasamot nahapusan, sa alidawog
nawadaw.

Hugbo'y laya na ang mga dahon
Hanna sa mga lunhawng yunog sila
hukasi;

Ang kotay sa balana nga panohon
Nagto-ang sa ulon sila unparati,
Apun bina pa sa kabit nga magaliting
Miyuko sila sa tumay kamapabason —
Way paghalad ni pagpanuwaling
Kay sugo man sa langitnong kubot-an.
Sila milaw sa kahitas-an
Titawala sa ilang kahawo?
Hobot, mapang ting-dan
Hanna sa panohon sa tinghalar.

Ikaw

Ni DELILAH Q. DORONIO

Sama ka sa bulak nga unyong
labuntangan mohusok;
Mopagarbohon
Matintalon
Matatunon
Ikaw ang tighan-ay sa mga matahon
deyan-dagan,
Ikaw ang tibugkos sa mga buhing
pangko.

Sa akong kinabuhi ikaw ang unos nga
notukbil:

Mahigugtan
Madagmagan
Masik-anon,
Ikaw ang taglayhat sa mga pangalyang
natukod.
Ikaw ang kapikanan sa mga dangyong
gibalay.
Ikaw tingog tanan, ikaw ok, Gugma!

Ang Kawayan

Ni DELFIN DECERDO

Kay nakab-ot na man niya ang katan-
manan
Sa iyang nga dango ug pangalipa,
nagpatog usab ug kalabog ang iyang
panglantaw
uban sa mga awit nga iyang gilyalay,
ug si kipi, si panday ug balit midako
lamang sa ilang kagayon.
(alang kinila, mataw-is ang pagpababo).
Talakulaw miabot ang unos, kasug nga
unos.

Sa iyang pagmaya sa kahanginan, sa
talawina
sa iyang katipag nga tumon,
sa kuli siya napulak, nahugog, gibin-
kasaw

sa iyang katigay,
ug si kipi, si panday ug balit, nahingyon
naboy sa gidangatan ni kawayan.
(alang kinila, ang pagpasaylo balaw-
anon).

PANGULONG TUDLING

Ang Mangangalakal na Pilipino At ang Patakaran "Filipino First"

KAYA nga't nasabing nakaririwansa ang isang bansa ay sapagkat maunlad ang kanyang kalakal. Ang kaunlaran ng isang bansa sa pangangalakal ay larawan ng kasaganaan. Ang Pilipinas ay bahagya pa lamang umuunlad sa larangang ito. Apoc'at mga natatana rin namang kaunlaran, ngunit' hales kapat ito'y nasa kamay ng mga dayuhang kumakulong sa lilim ng ating watawat.

Hindi lingid sa ating kaalaman na ang mga dayuhan ay nanangungyap sa halos lahat nang uri ng pangangalakal dito sa ating bansa. Sa tingnan o sa pakaywan man ay nadarraig nila ang mga mangangalakal na Pilipino. Ang karamihan sa mga tindahan at paggawaang namumuhunan ng libu-libo at angaw-angaw na salapi ay pag-aari ng mga dayuhan. Ang karaniwang nasa kaniyang lamang ng mga Pilipino ay ang mga tindahang sari-sari at mga pamilihang bayan.

Ang mga mangangalakal na Pilipino na rin ang namamangla sa ganitong katatayang ng kanilang kalakal. Bakit nagbahari ang mga dayuhan sa loob ng ating malayang bayan? ang mamilit nilang maitanon. Sila na rin ang makasasagot ng katanungang ito, sapagkat tayong mga Pilipino ang nagdudulot ng tagumpay sa mga dayuhan. Nalalaman ng mga mangangalakal natin na ang kalakal ng mga dayuhan ay tinatangkilig ng bayan. Bakit nangyayari ito? Mura ang mga paninda ng mga dayuhan. Ang dayuhan ay nasisiyahan sa malit na pakinabang ngunit' nabibili namang madali ang kanilang mga paninda. Malaking mabagal sa taong mga dayuhan kaya sila lagi ang nilalapatan ng mga namimili. Sa ganitong pamamaraan ay marami ang nagpilingkurang ng mga dayuhan. Dapat tandaang ang paglingkod sa marami ay ibayo ang kabutihan kaysa paglingkod sa ilang lamang.

Batid rin ng mga mangangalakal na Pilipino na ang mga dayuhan ay nagkakaiba sa kanilang ahikang mapanulad hindi lamang ang sarili nilang mga kalakal kundi ang kalakal rin ng kanilang mga kababayan. Ang isang Intsik na namimili lamang ng botelya, halimbawa, ay nakapagpapatayo ng isang malaking tindahang pagkatapos ng maikling panahon. Huwag akalain ang pinagbilhan lamang sa botelya ang ipinagpatayo ng tindahan. Ang totoo'y tinulungan siya ng kanyang mga kababayan.

Marami ang naninilawa na ang malaking bahagi ng ating doilyar na napasa sa kamay ng mga dayuhan ay isa rin sa mga dahilan ng pagkagapri ng ating mga mangangalakal. Sa pamamagitan ng doilyar na ito ay tangnan ng mga dayuhan ang pakikipagkalakal ng Pilipinas sa iba't-ibang bansa. Ang mangangalakal na Pilipino na hindi makapanimla sa labas ng Pilipinas ay nagtitis na lamang bumili sa mga dayuhan, kaya pagdating sa mga paninda ng kanilang mga paninda ay ibayo ang ang halaga. Sa ganitong paraan ay mahirap kumpetensyahan ang mga dayuhan.

Sa hangaring napasa kamay ng mga Pilipino hindi lamang ang ipamamalakal ng kalakal kundi ang pagtagumpay ng pagtatatagumpay sa mga barangay na natukol sa Pilipinas, ay minarapat ng pamahalaang parralin ang patakaran "Pilipino First". Pilipino muna raw bago ang mga dayuhan. Tama nga naman. Datapwa't sa mga bagay na hindi pa matatagpuan ng mga Pilipino ay hindi mapapairal ang patakaran ito. Halimbawa'y ang pangungulo sa mga pribadong paaralang pinamamahalaan ng mga dayuhan. Ang nakatalakang bahagi ng ating doilyar ay pasasa kamay ng mga mangangalakal na Pilipino upang ito ang matukol sa pakikipagkalakal ng Pilipinas sa iba't-ibang bansa, upang sa ganitong paraan ay mamayani sila sa pakaywan at tingnan dito sa ating bayan.

Sa biglang hatol ay ita malaking kabutihan ang maidudulot ng "Pilipino First". Datapwa't hindi pa panahon ngayan upang hatulan ang magagawa'y patakaran ngayan. Ang panahon ang makapagasa'y ng kabihintanan ng lahat-lahat. Samantalan'y upang tayong makababali ito sa ating bayan. Umasa tayong hindi kinakasangkapan lamang ang patakaran

Rizal, Magbongon Ka

NI PATRICIO J. DOLORES

O Bayani, magbongon ka, sa tahimik na himlayan.
At mali mag ipamalas ang landas ng kawituran,
Sa 'yong mga kasinaga'yang may luno sa halamanan,
Pagkat itong Pilipinas agay'y muling nagdaramdam!

Isang kantar na marumi't sadayng nakapandiriri
Ang sa dibid nitong baya'y samla at nagpakati! —
Pagmasosong magpayaman, magpasasa sa sarili,
Kasakimang parang hilot na sa buta'y nagpa-iri.

Layunin ng Bagumbayan at Tila Pas ay naglaho,
Katarangan at Hustiya ay sa kurus ipinako.
Pagbababa sa mawawid na 'yong himapalano
Nalimat ng kap'tan, ang naghar'yang ang masakit at palato.

Kung Napoléon Tieg'o'y walang inlaw't ping-laban
Makabagong faga-pamahala nitong ating dayar.
Sa madaling pagtutubo pikit-nitong isusagat
Kayamanang di-kaniho sa "black-market" kung turangan!

At ano ang pagkaka-iba kay Testigo Pilosopo
Nang taunang paglilitis doon sa ating kongreso,
Ngayon sila sa negosyo'y ang sariling kaputanan;
Ngunit yano din ang palakat at hindi nagbabago.

Kay Donya Victoria ay mayroon kayang inlwan
Makabagong mga hilig nitong ating kabataan.
Magag sa pananamit, pag-uugali't paglilingang,
Pati kaluluwa'y ipinagbibili sa pagsayaw.

Karamih'y palatimbo at mahilig na magdesala,
Datapwa't inlwan si Kristong Dios sa simbahan.
Sadayng sila sa negosyo'y ang sariling kaputanan;
Ang kawani di-kaniho, at hindi ipinaglaban.

Mga taong humahawag nitong ating gobyerno,
Mga walang kaluluwa, ang buhdi ay magagosa,
Pilipino muna'y buking-bibig, ngunit ang totoo:
Ako muna bago'y lahat ang mababakas sa noo.

Halimbawang masasama ang sa too'y 'binibigay.
May asawa'y nagbahawag ng "querida" lung tagur'yan.
Sa larangan ng politika at sa harap ng lipunan,
"Gentlemen's agreement" huwag asabihit! pipintasan.

Ang politiko at pati ang mamamboto'y kap'wa bulag
Sa sakit na lumupog sa dibid ng Pilipinas.
Ang sarili'y pagyamanin tangang-tangang tungang bangad!
Nakolimat sa pagtulon upang bayan ay umuunlad.

It'o'y luno na larawan ng bayan mung kalipa
Kaluluwa'y nakalito sa sariling tenkulo.
Magbahik ka, O Bayani, at alitin ngayon dulo
Niyong kanser na mabigat na sa luma'y sumilita.

Kayo Rizal, magbongon ka! panulat mo'y bigyang diwa.
Kaluluwa ng bayan mo'y usig! itong magambala.
Kalip'a'y liwanagan sa malabong panatula,
Upang hindi maparool ang minlithi mong paglaya!

ito ng mga sakim nating kababayan upang patabinan ang kanilang mga bulsa.

Ang mangangalakal na Pilipinong nag-aakalang yuman kasag sa loob ng maikling panahon ay malayo sa pagtatagumpay. Dapat nilang tandaang ang tagumpay ay natatamo sa pamamagitan ng matiyaga ay anti-untiking hakbang. Tingnan ang kalabaw, mararahang-marahan ang kanyang paglakad, ngunit' malaki ang nakagawa sa buong maghapon. Tingnan ang pipit, sa kabila ng kanyang kalilita'y nakagagawa siya ang isang matibay na pugad sa pamamagitan ng matiyagang paghahakot ng mga yangit at dahon. Gayon din ang mga mangangalakal na Pilipino, kung masisirahan sila sa malit na pakinabang sa baw't bagay na ipinagbibili nila ay tiyak na mabibilang madali ang kanilang mga paninda ay tatangkilig sila ng bayan. Datapwa't kung hindi nararawal ang kasim't puso ng karaniwan sa ating mga mangangalakal ay hindi kailan man magagapi sa pangangalakal ang mga dayuhan. Magpapatulyo sila sa pag-unlad hanggang sa magmistulang alinang tayong mga Pilipino sa lilim ng langit ng ating malayang himag bayan.

T. A. B.

CREDO *of*

PRESIDENT MAGSAYSAY'S ADMINISTRATION

I believe that he who has less in life
should have more in law.

I believe that the pulse of government
should be strong and steady, and the men
at the helm imbued with missionary zeal.

I believe in the majesty of consti-
tutional and legal processes, in the
indiolability of human rights.

I believe that the Free World is
collectively strong, and that there is
neither need nor reason to compromise
the dignity of man.

For the sake of the poor and the defenseless,
and all the suffering masses,
we hope that this will not forever remain
an unfulfilled ideal.

— Ed.

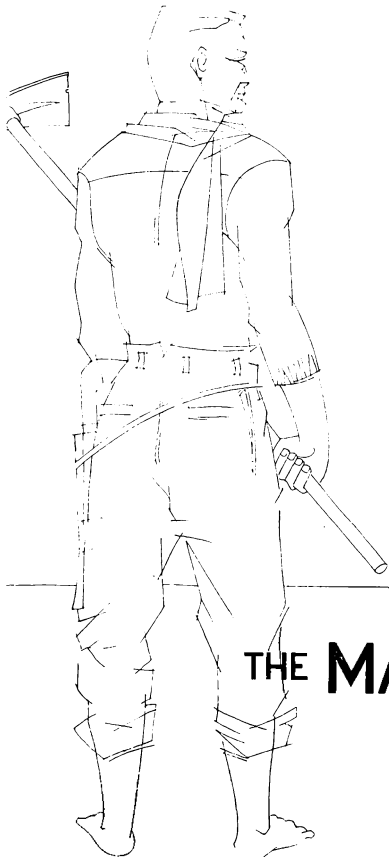
BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground.
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair.
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes.
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More filled with censure of the world's blind greed—
More tugged with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Gries protest to the Powers that made the world.
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quentch?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamias,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world.
After the silence of the centuries?



THE MAN *with the* HOE

by EDWIN MARKHAM