

HOME LIFE

The Carolinian

THE  
CROSS

Sentinel

FILIPINAS

FEBRUARY

1957

V. 20, No. 4



## Buddy QUITORIO'S



It is not without reason that we chose to be "unromantic" even at a time when people were being hurried to Valentine gift shops in town. We had to do our bit of cheering for the Catholic Press which is a February. The bulk of our manuscripts had, therefore, to be devoted to observations and commentaries on the present state of Catholic journalism. At any rate, the amorous reader need not worry about his lare. A couple of articles appear in this issue with love as the *piece de resistance*. And that's that.

### FOOTNOTE TO PROJECT NO. 4

reader need not worry about his lare. A couple of articles appear in this issue with love as the *piece de resistance*. And that's that.

\* \* \* \*

The Catholic Press has been once too often accused of being too parochial in scope and too limited in its views. Critics have been heard to say that our press lacks the "appreciation" for the elements that make a newspaper sell and reach the maximum number of readers. It is, in the view of some observers, what, colloquially, is called a "stick in the mud." It does not, so it is claimed, appeal to the man on the street. Etcetera.

### A RADICAL CATHOLIC PRESS?

would want the Catholic Press to turn out "hot copies" on sex, crime and other venalities. The Catholic Press would rather lose a sale than to rake in a lot of shekels with a lot of lurid details. It is not, to speak strictly, a business enterprise. It has a far graver mission which has nothing to do, and which

We appreciate good sales, it is true, but we see no reason why we should be driven to the counsels of doctrinaire radicals who

will disregard as insignificant, such considerations as circulation and all that stuff. The Catholic Press certainly will not deviate from its aim of bringing the minutiae of Catholic tenets to its readers although it may be perfectly willing to adopt certain styles that will do it no harm. It will not, in other words, go the whole hog in adopting the policies of *avant garde* publications but will pursue its aim of broadcasting the seeds of morality and order. Need we say more?

\* \* \* \*

It is not funny anymore but everytime our congressmen get a grade of "C" or lower after fruitless sessions, someone with a talent for sweeping dirt under the rug ups with some kind of a bill designed to make people excited. One such bill, relating to divorce, is authored by Congressman Rogaciano Mercado. We like a good joke now and then but we think Mr. Mercado is stretching his sense of humor.

### WHAT WONT THEY THINK OF NEXT?

The proposal on divorce, if we remember correctly, has been previously repudiated both by popular opinion and by the more sensible members of Congress. Now, Congressman Mercado would have the measure resurrected in spite of the popular veto. Although we are getting used to such legislative imbecilities as the outlawing of typhoons and the compulsory reading of Rizal's unexpurgated novels, we think this is neither the time nor the place for importing a pre-fabricated Reno. But then some congressmen are simply hard to beat.



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## Anything You Say



## WOMAN and FASHION

By ESTEBAN TAN, JR.

A friend of mine once told me that in a department store he mistook a shopper for a boy and called her "brother". It was another case of faulty identification. The occurrence was not strange because my friend and the person he accosted were both wearing cowboy pants and, to top it all, they had almost identical haircuts.

Which brings us to the oft-heard remark that when time changed, so did woman. It is not uncommon to see a woman mayor or a woman judge now-a-days. This is the aftermath of women's fight to be equal with men. Positions which before were exclusively held by men are not their monopoly anymore.

Speaking about the way their dresses are set women's fashion has indeed undergone incredible changes. Styles have been so altered that a woman's back, which was unseen before, and the knees, which were covered, are now a common sight. Backless dresses often hasten the occurrence of pneumonia cases. It's a sorry state some women frequently find themselves in.

The lips, cute and modest in times past and natural as nature, are now colored by cheap artificiality.

Indeed it is a truism that some of our women today are undistinguishable from the

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# The Catholic Press in the Philippines

**F**EBRUARY is Catholic Press month. As such let us consider for a while the brief history of the Catholic press in the Philippines. For, like many other important factors, the Catholic press has contributed much to the christianization and culture of the Filipino people.

The genesis of the Catholic press in this country cannot be determined very accurately. There are not enough records which might furnish us accurate data as regards its exact birth. But while its origin seems to be lost in the mist of time, it can be presumed that the Catholic press had its birth way back in the missionary period. For during such time, the ever-growing number of Catholics demanded a permanent media of instruction. The truths of the Faith and Morals, abstract as they are, had to be disseminated through the printed article to complement the inadequacy of oral teaching. This slow but progressive edition of religious materials paved the way for the so-called Catholic Press and Literature in the Philippines.

Fr. Evergisto Bazaco, O.P., contends, however, in his **History of Philippine Education**, that the Catholic press had its early beginnings sometime in 1953. In this period many "Doctrinas Cristianas" such as those by Fathers Juan de Cobo and Domingo Nieva, were already published. In fact he cited many other Catholic publications beginning from the year 1593 to 1618. These publications were all conservative in tone since their main objective was only to teach religion and other cultural sciences.

The same author took note also that the three printing establishments in the middle of the seventeenth century belonged to the Do-

minicans, Jesuits and Franciscans. Through their supervision, there were many reading materials published in Spanish, Chinese and Tagalog for the better and greater diffusion of the Catholic religion and culture among the Filipinos.

In the course of time, however, the trend of events in this country changed with the introduction of modern ideas and modern ways of living. The atmosphere, under which early Filipinos lived simply and virtuously, became contaminated with the foul smell of immorality and darkened by the fog of secularism. Laxity of morals begun to prevail among many families. The tendency to secularize the home and the schools became more apparent. In one word, secularism and modernism were slowly seeking to undermine the beautiful traditions of the Filipino people. And the danger to faith and morals was very

by

**AMABLE TUIBEO**

alarming. There was then a need to combat and counteract those modern and godless tendencies. So it was at this turn of events that the Catholic press became more vocal, more assertive and more militant.

Because there was corruption of morals, the Catholic press sought to moralize; because there was falsehood, it sought to speak the truth; because there was godlessness, it sought to emphasize religion. In other words, it became the Church's

active agency in carrying Christ's divine message to the people.

Today there are in our country many Catholic newspapers, magazines, periodicals and pamphlets which have the same objective: to serve the cause of Christ. To mention but a few, we have the **Cultura Social**, a Jesuit publication; the **Santo Rosario**, Dominican; the **Home Life** by the Priests of St. Paul; the **Bulletin Ecclesiastico** by Paulistas; the **Cross** under the Jesuit Fathers; and the lightest **Sentinel** under ecclesiastical management. These few Catholic publications as well as the many others not mentioned here, have no doubt done a very great service in spreading Christ's teachings on this fair land of the Orient.

One thing, however, which is sad to note is the fact that the Catholic Press in this country is less widely and numerically distributed than the secular press. In lay-out as well as in news coverage, the Catholic press is always behind the secular magazines and dailies. A friend of mine commented rather harshly: "I don't simply find anything of interest in a Catholic newspaper." He probably was ignorant of the Catholic paper's objective to teach rather than to delight, but this comment is a great challenge to the Catholic press.

Why can the Catholic press not compete with the secular press despite its long period of existence? Sometime in February, 1951, Mario Gatbonton editorialized in **The Cross**: "One field of education that has been sadly neglected in our Catholic schools is journalism. Catholic schools have indeed put out school papers or class organs, but beyond these, nothing has been done to train staff-members for vocation in journalism." He continued,

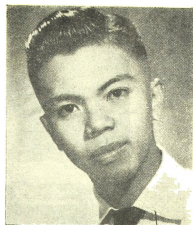
"It is to be deplored that while the secular schools have shown great interest in developing their journalism departments, Catholic schools have been sadly indifferent. And this is one of the reasons why we have not in this Catholic country a powerful press." The answer is clear. Catholic journalism must be cultivated in our schools. Then there will be good Catholic writers. Then a powerful press!

But the root cause why our Catholic press does not stand an even chance to compete with the secular publications is that we do not give full support to Catholic publications. Without our whole-hearted support (moral and financial) the Catholic press will not improve from its present mediocrity. What is needed then to give it vigor, encouragement and life is the full support of our Catholic people.

Why should Catholics support the Catholic press? Here are some of

found missions unless you can wield the offensive and defensive weapon of a press that is Catholic, Loyal and Sincere."

6. Because it brings the reality of God into our lives, Whom secular papers do not recognize in practice, and helps you to grow in the knowledge and love of your Faith.
7. Because today more than ever before the Catholic press has a mission to fulfill—fight communism and secularism and help in the reconstruction of the social order according to Christian principles.
8. Because the Catholic press has an unparalleled record of telling the truth always and everywhere.
9. Because the Catholic press in the Philippines is sadly weak and below standard and can



The Author

was not mistaken in dedicating February to the Catholic Press. For, as a watchful sentinel of morality and religion, She sees the spiritual havoc and destruction wrought by the modern press among the people. Everywhere in the world today there

## history in a capsule...

the reasons, as outlined by the Knights of Columbus, Manila Council No. 1000, in connection with the Catholic press campaign:

1. Because it carries the Catholic point of View, which as Catholic you must know, on current issues.
2. Because it is the carrier of Christ's divine message to men and potential power intent on influencing individuals and the whole communities for good.
3. Because it is your Voice in a confused world and it stands and falls with your support.
4. Because important local and international Catholic news that affect our lives get no space in the secular papers.
5. Because, as Pius X said "In vain will you build schools and

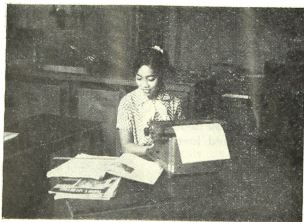
become what you want it to be only with your support.

10. Because as a Catholic, you must be interested in the missionary work of our Church, in the salvation of souls and the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

Today more than before newspapers are one of the greatest forces in influencing modern thought. Unfortunately the secular press is immersed in such a state that it rarely serves the cause of moral and religious truth. At times in the name of freedom it goes to the extent of publishing and advertising things not only against God but also against the very elementary rules of good manners and common sense!

If it is true that the enemies must be met by the same weapon and means, then the Catholic Church

is the tendency to overlook morality and discord religion. In magazines, newspapers and periodicals, there is the enervating influence to paganize our thought and banish God. And to counteract these evils, the Catholic Church has sought to foster a Catholic Press also in the Philippines. One of the greatest obstacles, however, to a successful Catholic press in this country is our own religious ignorance. We cannot read about religion with interest because religious terms and ideas are often not known to us. There is, therefore, an urgent need to make our people fully understand the Catholic religion, for which the Catholic press stands. This knowledge of religion will ultimately result into action, even to write for and support the Catholic press. Then the Press will improve. It will become a powerful tool for the greater glory of God. §



The Author

AS YOU pick up this magazine, words strike at your eyes and you, the reader, reads words, letters. Do you understand what you are reading and do you believe the ideas as written down by someone you do not personally know? Have you faith in the writer's sincerity?

The chances are three to one you don't even bother to ask any questions of the sort. As long as the title or the illustrations appeal to you, you give it a skimming over to find out what it's all about. The name of the writer may be overlooked as one pleases. You either like or dislike what you read. Practically nothing is mentioned about whether what you read is true or not. Everyday thousands of newspapers and magazines roll off the presses and find their way to millions of homes and readers. The complexity of our modern civilization is such that our only means of getting the news and information quickly if not always accurately is through the medium of the printed word. In the old days every community had a town square where all the important news was announced in a gathering especially called for that purpose. Today that procedure is no longer workable because of the great populations and the drudgery it entails in wasting precious time that could be better used. Hence the recourse to printing the news in great numbers day in and day out to keep up with the march of events and the speed of history that goes

on in the inexorable law of change. Every moment of our lives, momentous events go on like an unceasing assembly line in every part of the world and readers depend on the press to keep abreast of the news around them. Readers are not as well informed as our editors and journalists are.

Words on a printed page are not mute, cold and lifeless for they catch at a reader's interest and arouses his imagination to start working. Where the train of his thoughts takes him or where his imagination wanders depends on the enthusiasm he imbibes from the flames lighted for him by the writer. In a new book about democracy the importance of ideas is stressed thus: ideas strike fire when they are tossed against the critical creative instinct of men's minds. A plan which is not complete or feasible may stir the mind of someone else to a new, better formulated thought. The more minds a thought can reach, the more new ideas it can generate."

Our postwar world is plagued by social, political and economic evils that existed long before man discovered the secret of the atom but subsequent wars have hastened and fanned the embers of hate and strife that today we are hemmed in at all sides by their various manifestations.

The framework of our peace has some barnacles that are eating out the very foundations of justice and equality that our ancestors have painstakingly paid for in blood and tears in the crucible of successive

## The Duty of

world wars and struggles against the lethargy and indifference of our homefronts. The Catholic layman is faced not only with the universal threat of atheistic communism and the mysterious power of the atomic bomb but also with the onslaughts of his lost ideals... materialism, secularism, totalitarianism and their manifold effects in crime and delinquency.

Modern education today glorifies the individuality of a student and his ability to perfect himself through his own efforts and directives with only a minimum hint of guidance. Education determines to a large extent our attitudes with others and our way of life ultimately. "Education makes a people easy to lead but difficult to drive; easy to govern but impossible to drive." An unbridled run of restless energies without the proper channels is not the glorious road to educated citizens. This emphasis on self above others is manifest in the temper of our times, rampant materialism... "Each man for his own" in the law

of the jungle's survival of the fittest translated into a modern version of businesslike greed that tags a dollar value on everything under the sun including human rights. This selfishness is simply another word for the trend of many governments to totalitarianism which absorbs all power within themselves, excluding the voice of the people in unquestioning force of arms and iron discipline and from which as long as it exists no democratic spirit is safe. This narrow-minded concept is a similar expression both of

is only because we have been spooned the filth of the newsstands from indiscriminate reading and on unchecked curiosity. Even our conversations are measured to a large extent by what and how we read.

A militant Catholic Press should be missionary and dynamic if it is to be effective. Behind the iron curtain, the voice of the press is muffled by persecution. This act of suppression indicates the power, the might and the importance of a free press. You do not suppress what

good side or vice-versa of what should have been given to present an accurate two-sided picture are withheld by influential means or coercion. Great damage has been accountable not so much for what has been said as what has not been said.

Maurice Cardinal Feltin gives us some pointers on how to face the modern dilemmas of twentieth century journalism. The first difficulty is of a technical nature. Events materialize more rapidly than we have time to weigh and evaluate their newsworthiness. The law of the press is such that it demands ability to keep track of events as fast as they happen and this has resulted in hasty misconceptions that have left great gaps in the handling of the news. The second is the serious concern for truth. Writers do not always have the leeway for free expression, to write as they please. Hidden forces such as the political leaning and the pre-established policies of the paper may run against the writer's own views. One is free, yes, and yet remains a prisoner. And anyone who has cut his teeth in the fourth estate merry-go-round well knows the subterfuges and roundabout devices reporters circle "off limits" wires in heroic attempt to comply with their paper's policy and still retain their freedom.

"Does an editor have the right to withhold sections from his stories

# a Catholic Writer

the religious destitution of secularism that substitutes moral and religious value for purely human values on a strictly human foundation. Our sick world is torn by these conflicts and man is in the throes of a struggle between his soul's insistent warnings and the free liberty of expression that stresses only reason, human reason as the be-all to follow in this blackboard jungle. They forget that character is in the will, not in the reason.

In the light of these manifold effects of man's exile from himself, from his world and from his Creator, the Catholic writer whether he be working in a secular press or a catholic newspaper must have as the main objectives of his profession the twin purposes of spreading the truth and enlightening opinion.

The dynamism of the intellect depends on the food with which the mind is fed. Much of what we are can be traced to what we read. If our minds be healthy, it is only because we had the right start and the blessing to read proper literature. If our minds be poisoned, it

you do not fear. The communists, smart foxes that they always are, did not clamp down on free expression in a single instantaneous act. They worked subtly by imposing censorship that gradually grew stricter as their lies and crimes filtered more and more to the free world. Censors made accurate news-reporting a virtual impossibility

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by **Lourdes V. Jaramilla**

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ity by cutting the news, distorting the truth or issuing misleading dispatches that changed the whole sense of the truth. Popes and Bishops have repeatedly stressed the importance of our fundamental right to a free press, a free voice, a free expression. News items diminished or exaggerated is worse than no news at all.

More often than not, portions of the news that do not reflect the

containing viewpoints in which he personally disagrees?" Many Catholic editors are totally opposed to the United Nations and its various specialized agencies, especially the UNESCO. When the Catholic Association for International Peace met in Washington last May, 1954, 25 Catholic papers out of 37 leading diocesan papers in the United States ignored the meeting as of no  
*(Continued on page 14)*

COMMUNIST infiltration in the Philippines is far more serious than we realize. The Party workers are continually planting saboteurs in all our fields and institutions. Slowly and stealthily, yet gaining impetus, they crawl into our organizations, using a name that embodies an idea or motive which is non-Communist in nature. They invade our homes, our classrooms, our centers of recreation by employing both open and disguised propaganda. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that among our national papers in circulation today, there is at least one daily which mouths the communist line.

The "Commies" employ the most subtle approach to the public mind. Their technique is not to fight openly and directly. It is to create disorder among ourselves until we are weakened to the very foundations by our own disunity.

News is an instrument that reaches all people. We are hardly aware of the news warfare which is going on at present. Our enemies are swift and clever. News is force. They know it, and have acted upon that recognition. The bullets flying through our dailies are no duds. They are deadly. They explode in the mind and heart of the man in the street, and take control of public opinion.

But our foes have no magic formula. They rub no lamps to produce the genie. They would need no magic lamps if we Catholics remain passive; if we do not have sufficient foresight to plan ahead and to study our adversaries as much as they study us. It is not out of hate that we fight them. Quite the contrary. We possess the Truth, and we know it. Our apostolic zeal will not give us rest until we have brought our lost brethren to the fold. We either save them now, or see them swallowed from our sight. Christianity is constantly being threatened in the teeth of its adversaries, yet we still vaguely imagine them quite far away. They are staring us in the face. Yet we are not even aware of their presence.

The Christian and the Communist lines are two parallel forces.

They march the frontlines to fight for the same goal: world conquest. The only difference lies in the means that they employ for its realization. To fight the enemy and win the world for Christ—that is our task. Our weapon? The Catholic Press. To win over a crafty foe through

more unobtrusive and hardly felt. But it shapes more deeply and intimately the basic conceptions of man. It is a force he cannot escape. It follows him wherever he is—in his office, in the streets, in the dining halls. It reaches him when he is alone in his room, free

# Dynamics of a Catholic Press

the Press, technique is indispensable. We must use a sort of a mental jiu-jitsu—the principle of the jiu-jitsu being that you use your opponent's strength against him and make him break his own bones by his own instinctive strength. This is not a new discovery. Not for the "Commies," at least.

The public is our second point of attack. We must know how to draw public opinion to our favor. This presumes an accurate knowledge and understanding of the mental fabric, nature and disposition of the people which the Catholic Press wishes to influence. Its means are dissemination of news. Its aim: the formation of public opinion along Christian lines. Once we have accomplished this before our adversaries do, half the battle is already won.

Nothing is perhaps of more lasting impression than the printed word and image. Its influence is

from superficial impressions. The Catholic Press has the power to elevate man's mind from temporal concerns to the eternal. This descent of the Catholic Press from highly idealistic visions to the comprehension of reality is the only way to lift reality to the level of our ideals.

The success of the Press is measured by its acceptance and survival in the competition of ideas in the market place of public opinion. Bishop Cardijn has hammered this simple truth into the heads of the laymen: "You are the leaven; the place of the leaven is not above the dough, or beside it, or around it, but in it, mixed with it until the whole mass is leavened and begins to rise under the inner force of the leaven."

Catholics seem to have overlooked the fact that not only Catholics read our publications. Take the



Lungsuramon. Being, so obviously Catholic and dogmatic, it loses its universal appeal. Materials are treated in much the same way that a medical journal presents a doctor's findings in highly technical terms. Of course we aim to give it the Catholic complexion. But we

Church, etc. As F. Morlion wrote, they waged and won fair duels of the mind with argument against argument, syllogism against syllogism, Summa against Summa. The secularized enemy of our times have no arguments, no syllogisms, no Summas.

The mission of the press is simply the art of giving to certain ideas greater dynamism, a more potent force to move the imagination, feelings and will of the masses. There can be no doubt that if Christianity is to prevail over secularism, this will depend in large measure on the use of the whole gamut of emotional appeal based on sound and solid intellectual ground.

It must not be concluded, however, that the writer here recommends in any way, the techniques of agitation that rouse the uncontrolled passions of the masses. To apply the words of St. Paul: "Omnia considerate, quod bonum est tene." Be not afraid to go in for popular ideas which move the people but apply your powers of discrimination to assimilate what is sound and to create order of truths which are running loose in public opinion.

In the Philippines today, there is a great need for a Catholic daily. Periodical campaigns and occasional releases like the **Sentinel**, **The Cross**, **Home Life**, etc. are not sufficient. Deep-rooted impression can be achieved only through daily releases because these alone fit into the proper rhythm of the paper's routine and can come to be considered as a normal organic part of the journalist's life, and not some extraneous element.

This then is the challenge of our times: to bring Christ back to the masses; to reconstruct the world through the apostolate of the pen, the fearless expression of Catholic thought and idealism; to bring Christ into sufficiently close contact with contemporary realities; so that the spirit of Christ may throb in all phases of human life and activity.

The apostolate of the press starts from the shambles of the inner man to the reconstruction of the whole world. . . Our problems are numerous and are difficult to solve. . . But not impossible. The prospect of the Catholic Press is bleak indeed. . . And utterly discouraging. But every problem is not without its solution, no ill without its remedy. And unless such problems are honestly faced, the masses are likely to prefer those ills they have than to fly to others they know not of. †

On the rear platform of the elevated train, I had my perspectives.  
I stood where the journalist must always stand . . . at the center of creation . . .

*(From the "Apostolic Ditch"  
by Vincent J. Giere)*

by MARIETTA ALONSO

must use the language of the man in the street.

The first rule in this battle for public opinion is to fight the enemy on his own plane. The Catholic Press must seek to elevate the intellectual level of the public. The first condition for raising man's intellectual level is to get close to him. It is the clear duty of the Catholic journalist to try to reach the whole of society with all its classes of Catholics: the fervent and the cynics, the hostile and the indifferent.

Many apologists use traditional ideological arguments which are so far above the heads of the masses that they do not even touch the enemy. Our new situation calls for a popular offensive. St. Thomas and the apologists of later times had one advantage. They found adversaries who displayed a complete arsenal of arguments against the Mother of God, against the

He gives the latest news, the most interesting story. By an unobtrusive tactic of choice and omission, of slant and implication, he instills in the masses his own contempt for religious realities. This explains why Christian thought has not revolutionized society by its principles too exclusively elaborated in schools and apologetic literature.

The Catholic Press, more than anything else, must be frankly apostolic. Its main concern lies in the practical application of religion to everyday life, rather than with religion in the abstract. It stresses the dynamic aspects of Catholicity: land reforms, Christian cooperatives, credit unions, labor unions, etc. It studies the problems of the struggling four-peso-a-day laborer from his home to the waterfront. It examines social issues within the yardsticks of Christian principles. It informs objectively, criticizes constructively, persuades effectively.

## the catholic printer and catholic literature



by  
*Adelino B. Siboy*

**T**HE CATHOLIC presses are the printers of Catholic books, novenas, magazines, and pamphlets which are meeting the demands of the Catholic population of the country. These reading materials are found in every nook of the nation. They sustain the need of the hour. They are in themselves the monument to the role of the Catholic presses which work for the benefit of the predominantly Catholic inhabitants.

But these materials, although needed by the people, do not represent what we call Catholic literature. They are mostly devotional reading matters sold at low prices. They are, therefore, not enough to sustain the full-dress operation of Catholic presses; not enough for turning out substantial printed matters.

It is regrettable to know that as far as the goal of sowing Catholic literature is concerned, the presses in the country have not been very successful. Not that they are slow in the process or neglectful in the pursuance of their objective. The problem stems from a different source.

In the first place, what Catholic literature, strictly so called, is to be disseminated? There are Catholic writings in the world, all right, and even in this country, but they cannot be called outright Catholic literature. They are not yet incorporated into a collective body of literary works to be called literature. They are just minor Catholic works.

Catholic publishing houses would be only too willing to print Catholic books which are highly cultural, those which are intended to enrich knowledge of our faith. That is, with the assurance that the venture would not make them close their business on account of failure to sell what they print.

Then, there is the problem of which language to use. Not all Filipinos can read deeply intellectual English and yet, few Filipinos would care to read major Catholic works in the vernacular. And what is more, to translate them into the dialects of the different regions of the country is extremely difficult and even impossible. Such translation calls for a Herculean job. There is also the question of whether the translation will retain the beauty and literary craftsmanship by which the original is characterized. Moreover, not one of our present dialects is so rich in idioms and words as to effect a good translation.

*(Continued on page 11)*

**B**ORN in Sales, Savoy, in 1565, the eldest son of noble and pious parents, Francis was a student of law, following his father's wishes for an intended senatorship, before he took up the studies for priesthood. After his ordination in 1593, he did notable work as a missionary to the Protestants and Calvin-

ists. St. Francis always stressed the fact, as is evident in his **INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE**, in which he addresses admonitions to a mythical Philothea, that devoutness does not consist only of fasting, self-denials, prayers, meditations in a Desert, the suppression of sensual desires and such other forms of phy-

siological asceticism but more of unseem mortification of the will. "It is an error, or rather a heresy, to say that devotion is incompatible with the life of a soldier, a tradesman, a prince or a married woman. Wheresoever, then, we are, we may, and should, aspire to a perfect life." Another apt passage from the same book which bears pondering upon in this age of complexities, charges and counter-charges, follows: "As Aurelius painted all the faces of his pictures to the air and resemblance of the woman he loved, so every one paints devotion according to his own passion and fancy. He that is addicted to fasting thinks himself very devout if he fasts, though his heart be at the same time filled with rancor, and scrupling to moisten his tongue with wine, or even with water, through sobriety, he makes no difficulty to drink deep of his neighbor's blood, by detraction and calumny." Another considers himself devout because he recites daily a multiplicity of prayers, though immediately afterwards he utters the most disagreeable, arrogant, and injurious words amongst his domestics and neighbors. Another cheerfully draws an alms out of his purse to relieve the poor, but cannot draw meekness out of his heart to forgive his enemies. Another readily forgives enemies, but never satisfies his creditors but by constraint. These, by some, are esteemed devout, while, in reality, they are by no means so."

It was this way of thinking and his revolutionizing the religious life

# Saint Francis de Sales: Gentleman and Journalist

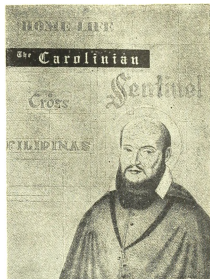
ists in Chablais and Geneva where, by his cheerfulness, simple preaching and religious instruction, he is said to have reclaimed 72,000 persons, among whom were many illustrious for their nobility and learning. Here, having sometimes failed to convert the Calvinists by sermons, pamphlets and posters, he is said to have used the "dialogue sermon" to expose the fallacies of the heretics. In 1599, he was nominated co-adjutor to the bishop of Geneva and in 1602 succeeded to the See. St. Francis established a seminary at Annecy and in 1604 founded with St. Jane Frances de Chantal the order of the Visitation nuns. He was only fifty-six when he died in 1622; canonized in 1655, he was declared a doctor of the Church in 1877, and patron saint of journalists and other writers in 1923 by the Holy See.

## ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. PATRON SAINT OF JOURNALISTS

Reference: *Theodore Maynard's SAINTS FOR OUR TIMES*

St. Francis claims, even in the face of the vast celebrity which his book **INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE** had already gained, with characteristic modesty in his preface to the *Treatise on the Love God*, that he is not really a writer because his spirit had been dulled by many other occupations. Even if he is not a litterateur in the ordinary sense, his formative influence upon the devotional spirit of Christendom exercised by his published books and pamphlets and letters and his manner of approach makes him a great journalist, in days when journalism, as we know it, had hardly begun to appear.

... fact, as is evident in his **INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE**, in which he addresses admonitions to a mythical Philothea, that devoutness does not consist only of fasting, self-denials, prayers, meditations in a Desert, the suppression of sensual desires and such other forms of phy-



Apostle of Aristocrats, because his early books were addressed to friends who happened to belong to the upper crust of society. Francis was of noble birth himself. This, however, is not true, for his writings apply equally to the rich and the poor and he always took upon himself to write as if addressing a particular person.

To serve warning to those people who attach too much importance to accidental phenomena in the mystical life such as raptures and visions, he writes: "Nay, it has happened that many have lost perfection in the desert who had preserved it in the world. . . . As birds, wherever they fly always meet with the air, so we, wherever we go, or whatever we are, shall always find God present."

(Continued on page 11)

● by ANGELINA R. LABUCAY ●

# The Religious of the Press

Pope Pius XI, in one of his pronouncements, expressed the imperative need of our times for a truly Catholic Press to combat the forces of falsehood that threaten to destroy the very foundation upon which our modern society rests. Said the Pope: "Today, more than ever before, it becomes necessary that the causes of moral and religious ruin be brought under vigilant submission in order to counteract the occasions of moral and religious shipwreck. In these we include the press with its many impious and licentious publications, the motion picture industry with its lascivious productions, the radio which facilitates and conveys into the very heart of the home its venomous programs." The organization of missionary groups whose main responsibility is to disseminate Catholic information and to bring truth to the people has, therefore, been encouraged and given impetus in answer to the challenge of the times.

ONE OF the missionary groups of the Church dedicated to the service of Christ and the enhancement of the Catholic Press through the propagation of Catholic books and literature are the two Congregations of the Priests of St. Paul and the Daughters of St. Paul which were founded on August 20, 1915, by the Very Reverend Father James Alberione, a simple and humble Piedmontese priest. The first home of the Daughters of St. Paul was es-

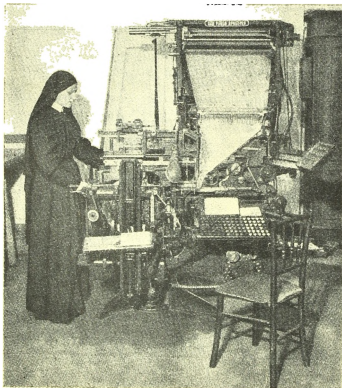
tablished in Alba, Pompeia, a very ancient Italian city near Turin.

The two aims of the Congregation are: first, the general or principal aim, which is the glory of God and the sanctification of its members; second, the special aim, which is to cooperate with the sacerdotal apostolate in the spreading of Catholic Doctrine. Being one of the most active crusaders of the Church in its psychological fight against the evils of the press, the

Congregation trains its members spiritually, intellectually and technically in order to meet the exigent demands of the times and to prepare them in the various fields of human endeavor. Counting more than 2,000 members, thousands of houses dot the globe in all the five continents of the world: Africa, Asia, America, Europe and Australia.

The rapid development and growth of the Congregation of the Daughters of St. Paul can be more fully assessed by tracing back the various phases which took place during the early years of its foundation. Aside from officially acquiring its proper character in 1916, it was granted the following year an institution of the state of probation. Its first apostolic mission was established in Susa (Turin) in 1918. Three years later, a large house with chapel, printing office and press, a study hall, and different buildings were built.

Recognizing the paramount importance of expanding the program



of its apostolic mission, another house was founded in Rome in 1926 between the Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls and the Tre Fontane, in what is now known as St. Paul's Vineyard. As a token of respect and honor to the Saint whose name is the symbol of love and unity among the members of the organization, a large Church of St. Paul was inaugurated in 1928. The Episcopal approval was granted to the Society in 1929 in recognition of its remarkable successes in the field of missionary work. Two years later, it started erecting houses outside Italy. The house built in Rome in 1926 became the residence of the higher superiors of the Congregation, major studies and the novitiate. In 1938, a principal house was built in Manila complete with printing office and press where members of the Society print and publish Catholic books, pamphlets and bulletins. Convents were also established in Albay and in the cities of Naga, Lipa, Cebu and Davao.

It is said that one of the two aims of the Congregation is to cooperate with the sacerdotal apostolate in the propagation of the Catholic Doctrine through the Apostolate of the Press. To attain this objective,

by

**Sixto Li. Abao**

Jr.

an effective propaganda work is necessary. The Congregation of the Daughters of St. Paul, therefore, trains its members in the latest works of art and science. The members are taught the various classes of work based upon the convent need and the peculiar talent of the individual. There are those who are directed to devote their time to writing books, pamphlets, articles, for various publications. Some are assigned to employ their talents in the fields of radio and cinema. Others are employed in printing, bookbinding, mailing, renting of films, of organizing different radio

(Continued on page 22)

## ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

(Continued from page 9)

St. Francis' first fling at authorship came through his leaflets and pamphlets against Calvin's successor, Theodore Beza, and Calvinism in general. They are characterized by his mild controversial style, a diversion from the beaten path of forceful oratory and exaggerated literary antics. Francis used to say: "I have always thought that he who preaches with love preaches quite sufficiently against heretics, though he should not utter a single word of controversy against them."

Because of his plain, unaffected style, and his sparing use of gestures, his first sermon in a crowded fashionable church in Paris was not received with enthusiasm. Before long, however, the Paris churches where he preached were so crowded that on one occasion he could enter only through a window. The crowds came because, like his writings, his speeches emanated warmth and sincerity which made each person present think the words were addressed directly to himself.

St. Francis always admitted that he was not very original and that his only gift was to arrange in a novel way the thoughts of the past, especially those of Teresa of Avila and St. Charles Borromeo. He was also especially attached to Philip Neri. Mr. Maynard, however, says: "What, after all, is originality? Does it exist in any absolute sense?" This admission of St. Francis does not,

in any way, preclude the fact that he also had some original ideas, notable of which is the line he wrote to Madame de Chantal: "Indeed Paradise would be in all the pains of Hell, if only the love of God could be there. And if hell were the fire of the love of God, its tortures would, I think, be desirable." This idea was taken up centuries later by Swinburne in the Prelude to his *Tristram de Lyonesse*.

In conclusion, Mr. Maynard writes of St. Francis: "Not one of its (the Church's) theologians; not one of its greatest mystical writers; perhaps not even one of the two or three greatest devotional writers, Francis de Sales is surely unique in the way he twines together the various strands. Nowhere does religion wear a more smiling face than in his works, but yet is far removed from that very obnoxious paraded bonhomie of the religious sort. Here is everybody's saint, simple and friendly and affectionate but always practical, too, always aware of the needs of human nature. . . . In the kind and unassuming Prince-Bishop of Geneva they find a personal friend; in his books they have been able to taste and see that the Lord is good." ‡

### Other references:

1. Dictionary of Saints
2. Introduction to a Devout Life—by St. Francis de Sales

## The Catholic Printer and Catholic Literature

(Continued from page 8)

Our Filipino National Language, which is the richest of the spoken dialects, cannot even promise a satisfactory translation of every word or term that appears in an English original. Even if translation into our national language could be made, still these translated copies do not sell well. While it is true that Filipino National Language is taught in our schools, yet, students have been taking the subject for granted. They do not even speak the language during their Tagalog classes. Besides, it has not yet attained the general understandability that English has achieved among our people.

The situation presents a dilemma for the Catholic presses of the nation. To print highly scholarly materials is to lose their business; to print cheap ones which easily sell is to drift from the objective of disseminating Catholic literature. . . . Catholic principles, philosophies, deep ideas . . . among the Filipino masses.

Really, water does not rise above its level. The Catholic presses in the Philippines cannot rise above the Filipino level of literacy and interest in cultural subjects among the literati. ‡

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## Leaf Fall

*The signatures of leaves fallen  
have long since lost traces  
On the lawn loam, the races  
of vanished aprils bright with  
fire.*

*Now I gather with hands heavy  
the remnants still red with  
remembering.*

*It will be like this for all dreamers,  
But the afterthought of it  
Was merely a ghost of limned  
loveliness.*

*The tree is moveless in the gray  
nose.*

*Leafless at the end of the day now.  
And the thundering of the may now  
Is heavy on the tired head.*

## Cover

*Pull over you the memory  
of what should have been.*

*The memory of what should  
have been is cold.*

*Wrap yourself up in the  
remembering of what once was*

*And feel its tingling gold.*

## Lines in a Drugstore

*Glassed sunshine from a  
valley in Mindanno  
Freshness congealed in  
multi-colored bottles,  
Youth celebrating in silence  
little private wars.  
Somewhere in other climes  
other youths march  
To martial tunes to quench  
other fires, strange hungers,  
Face the grim music of death  
through the mud and grime.  
Under the glasscase among  
the perfumed knickknacks,*

*Feel a lonely Man's magnificent  
shouting of admonition and  
blame,*

*Measured by the distances,  
and the sunshine  
And the eye'ful in Gaza.*

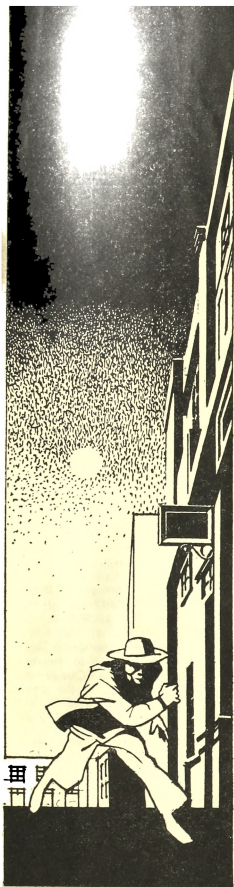
*One arm stretches at  
the glittering bottle.*

*One arm stretches for arms  
aglit in the sun,*

*And assuages the fire of blood  
to a private theme,*

*And the fear of me apprehensive,  
sitting alone in a drugstore.*

by **Cornelio Faigao**



# • Into Welcoming Night

HE STOOD by the window and stared at the high white wall across from him. Then his eyes ran along the length of the pock-marked alley to the intersection where people flashed by in characteristic urban haste. He looked once more at the wall and soon it struck him again... as it always did when he looked at things he liked but did not own... that scornful feeling of pure hate and disgust. He hated the city and its bright lights and its smart crooks and its flashy low cars. He wanted to smash his fists into stylish display windows and pot-bellied cigar-smoking nabobs who lived in mansions and joined exclusive clubs. And the face of the city, with all its glitter and wiles, was the face of Mr. Cordova who owned the high white wall which sheltered his lawn from pedestrian eyes.

From the room inside, he heard the voice of his father calling him. It was a voice that reminded him of gravel being stepped upon. He went into his father's room—a dark affair that smelled of mixed odors of drugs, sweat and soot. At the far corner, in a cot that had seen better times, his father lay... a cripple who had wished many times he had died with his wife when the city was bombed.

Narciso, his father called weakly, don't leave until the doctor arrives. It will be dark soon and I don't want to be alone. I'm afraid of the dark. You won't wait up for

me very long, anyway. I'll be asleep soon. And I'm not afraid when I'm asleep.

Yes, father, he said and made straight for the window when his father started coughing again.

A couple of **balut** vendors were shouting their wares, followed by several bootblacks who took turns kicking a tin can and laughing as though they had just enjoyed a full meal. Narciso watched them until they were swallowed up by the street at the far end of the alley. Then his eyes swept across the wall again and its silent defile.  
*(Continued on next page)*

• Short  
• Story

by **B. K. Torio**

ance made him remember the time before the war when the land on which it stood had been his father's.

They had lived well enough at the time. His parents ran a store which sold school articles and magazines. He remembered, too, that she was fifteen when he saw her there for the first time. Shy, nervous Mely who peered hesitantly at the comic magazines. A shifty but beautiful girl whose nervousness failed to conceal the stars in her eyes and the loveliness of the upswep hair tied by a yellow ribbon. He was walking slowly past her, afraid that by showing attention, he would drive her away. But then it was Providence that brought them together for he bumped into her and her things were strewn on the floor. Very apologetically, he picked up her books one by one.

I am so clumsy. I'm sorry, he said. Oh, I shouldn't have gotten in the way, she said.

And they both looked at each other to forge a companionship that was to leave its marks in memory. He remembered how she looked at him. It was something that made him feel so lost in identity that for some time, he just wanted to stay there... in her eyes where promises were being made.

They used to meet at "Sonny's," a quiet little inn where they hid notes under their favorite table and read what they could not say to themselves.

Then the war sent Mely and her family to the provinces but they stayed behind. They had to make a living. And it could not have been anywhere else but in the city. War or no war.

He saw Mely again when they returned sometime after the liberation. She was a lovely woman then, with no trace of the juvenile nail-biting hesitation which often went with her actions. Together they went to the old haunt and they found "Sonny's" in a new building. It wore a new coat of paint but the owner was still the old woman who smiled understandingly at them everytime they went inside. The booths were tidy comfortable confessionals of love. Except for the fresh paper polish, their table was no different from the one they used to drink over. But they met only once in the parlor. Mely left a note the next day explaining how she was so sorry she didn't have time to say goodbye, what with all the shopping and the packing before she left for abroad where her

father wanted her to continue her studies. And that was all.

Then he remembered how Mely's father, Mr. Cordova, pulled a neat trick on them by letting his father sign some legal-looking papers for the price of a song. He balled his palms so tight that they hurt. The high white wall was there, right across him, blocking him from a land that was his. And to think that his father, the poor cripple, had to give away good land to rent a hovel and pay a doctor who, it seemed to him, had no wish to make his father any better. He could have paid the doctor's bills from his sales at the magazine stand. His father did not have to sell the land. But Mr. Cordova got what he wanted. Why, old man, he said, you can get the land back when you are on your feet. Be realistic. Just like that and the deal was consummated.

A car turned its lights toward the alley and stopped at the door of

the house. The doctor, Narciso thought scornfully. A short bald man in an immaculate white uniform went inside the house. He passed Narciso without so much as a nod. He was a man who seemed to know what had to be done and didn't care about what was around him.

After a while, he called out to his father that he was leaving but the doctor told him to wait. The doctor went out of the room like one who had been shot between the eyes. He had a glazed look and that was all Narciso needed to know what had happened. I'll be asleep soon, his father had said. He fled out of the house, not wanting to see the tragedy that had been visited upon it; not wanting to be a part of the sorrow that he knew only too well was his own. His only desire was to keep on running. To flee from the enemies that hounded him. (Continued on page 22)

## THE DUTY OF A CATHOLIC WRITER (Continued from page 5)

news value. The Catholic editors' antagonism to the UN and its support for world federalism does not reflect the praise of our Church in view of the Holy Father's hope in seeing the UN a success and world federalism a living reality.

What can be revealed as public or private? A catholic journalist is in a dilemma between his desire to gain a wide reading public for the financial interests of his paper and his conscience that emphatically puts a foot down. Personal affairs of world figures should not be capitalized upon and the Catholic writer has the duty to shield them from the unheeded curiosity of the masses, a charity of respecting the secret of a distressed soul. Here he comes to grips with the problem of resigning his job, losing his chances for advancement as well as risking the arrows of censures from his boss. The sacrifice of a temporal pleasure to eternal values is not too much to ask when we remember that every sentence we write shapes the unconscious as well as the conscious moments of our people.

Is it the right of a free press to expose a scandal in its with all the sordid details? To break the standards of propriety in narrating and picturing sex and divorce is advertisingly, the obscene.

Samuel Cardinal Stritch says the

writer has the duty to "present the authoritative teaching of the church, to tell the authentic story of the life of the church in our times and comment on the light of our faith on the many problems of our times with a deep moral and religious bearing. Freedom of the press imposes a responsibility, if the press fails to satisfy its responsibility and keep within the limitations which the moral law imposes on its freedom, it inflicts an injury on public welfare as well as the good of the messenger."

In news gathering, the writer has the social responsibility to reflect the true spirit of his time. Our press helps to make the life of the day and when a press has a keen awareness of the role it plays in moulding the life of our period, it will be more careful. Our press has the double duty not only to reflect the evil of our times but also to point out the good—to "make right the bad times and give us a better day."

Anyone who says that the Catholic press is not free because it gives only Catholic viewpoints and attitudes does not know the real meaning of freedom. The Catholic approach in the words of Cardinal Felin is to "extract from the transitory and contingent happenings which also gives the news meaning

(Continued on page 16)



# THE GAMBLER'S

# W I T

**S** A OGIS! *Sa Ogis! Dyes! Dyes! Taqup-at! Taqup-at!* Inside the arena were a small group of men. There were two paradores, a *Koyne* and a *mananari*. In the center were two elderly men each fondling a gaffed gamecock. Suddenly, the shouts subsided. The two elderly men stood with feet planted apart, patted their cocks and gave them a pinch in the ear. The gaffs were released to start the fray.

The moment was tense. The crowd was motionless. Everybody was on his feet. There was not a voice, a sigh, nor even a whisper. Everybody knew that the combatant cocks were champions, veteran matadors in the gambling arena of Liyog and Banwa, two rival cockfight towns. Pula, the red rooster, had snapped-off 25 heads; Ogis, the white rooster, had two and a half dozen rooster claws in its roost.

In the far corner, outside the arena, sat a man. He was a picture of one who had borne a heavy burden all his years. He was good-looking although quite old. Deep lines cut across his cheeks.

Taboy always posted himself in that corner and went there ahead of the other spectators. He had very good reasons to be at the arena at the time: Mang Tasio's Ogis was out for another killing. He had sworn several times to bet all his wife's savings on Ogis if he had the chance to get his hands on her *ticug* purse. And he got the chance that afternoon when Stella, his wife, visited her sister in a far-off town. Mang Tasio's hermaphrodite rooster was unbeatable!

Separated from the arena only by a thin wire fence, Taboy could see every move of the combatants. The duelists were slow and hesitant. Pula would take a step backward, brandishing the shining spur on its left foot. Ogis was not his fighting self. He was quick and fast in all his previous bouts but this afternoon he was slow, gloomy and unglamorous.

Taboy fished out a dirty worn handkerchief from his back pocket and mopped his beads of sweat from his face. He had witnessed several previous fights of his favorite cock but had never seen such a lousy fight before. He became tense, his hands grew numb; the temperature around him became extremely hot. Why am I feeling like this? he muttered. Indeed, this duel was different from the rest. He had witnessed for it would determine heaven or hell for him. He had gambled the hard-earned savings P300, of his wife on Ogis this afternoon.

A minute had lapsed and both roosters showed no sign of mixing it. Tired of waiting, the handlers, upon the order of the *koyne*, took the cocks and exchanged positions. Just as Pula reached the ground, like lightning, it charged and clawed at Ogis. Ogis ducked neatly. Pula took up the offense. It whizzed overhead with its scaly legs pumping the empty air but the crafty Ogis crouched low and successfully escaped the blow. Then they turned and stood fronting each other again. This time the combatants were more alert and eyed each other's every move. Twenty

## • Short Story •

seconds, thirty seconds and the wily actors didn't change position. Then Ogis, warming up to the old form which had won him the respect of not a few die-hard gamblers in the locality, leaped and whirled around his opponent in preparation for a death blow. But Pula, being a mestizo *balutaga*, was quick to retaliate and followed Ogis up into the air. A dramatic air fight ensued amidst the roar and thunder of the excited and eager crowd.

Taboy held his breath. The fiery struggle between the two daring winners was so close and intense that it was impossible to determine which rooster was in more serious danger. But Ogis had been well known for his skill and supremacy in air-kirskishes. The crowd burst into a wild cheer and offered more bets for Ogis. "Kinsay dyes?" Taboy hurriedly swallowed a big lump blocking his throat. Just then the combatants disentangled and landed. The underdog Pula emerged unhurt; the much-vaulted invulnerable Ogis suffered a deep gash on the breast and, what was more, the foot bearing the spur was broken and rendered useless. The crowd surged in more admiration and excitement.

Poor Taboy closed his eyes. He could not doubt what he would do when the world had ended. He sank and collapsed.

That night Taboy was at his wife's end. He knew that the following day his wife would be home from the visit. He had dreaded above all the fury of Stella's scorn and in the dark he saw visions of his wife's eyes burning and teeth grating and gnashing with rage. After having marshalled all his wit, an idea struck him which he believed to be the only solution to resolve the fear of his wife's wrath. Either this or the *kakya*, he thought.

The hour having almost come for his wife's expected arrival, Taboy acted in haste. Equipped with a strong rope several feet long, he climbed a tree which stood near the path leading to their house. He tied one end of the rope to a branch

• by Ildefonso Velez Lagcao •

of the tree and knotted the other end in a way that if the end of the rope was pulled, the knot became unknotted. He waited grimly and stoically for the hour to stage the mock punishment. He felt the urge to laugh aloud.

Suddenly, Taboy saw his wife. He took hold of the rope and fitted his neck into the knot. He then took a deep long breath and made a desperate somersault into space. His wife, upon seeing him swinging from the tree and pulling vigorously at the rope, all but died of horror from the shocking sight. Her shrieks summoned her neighbors who unhooked Taboy off the noose. Stella was consumed by sobs and sighs. Before his wife had time enough for a breathing spell, Taboy started again for the rope but this time Stella flung herself at her husband. "What's happening to you? Why behave like this? Have I been a bad wife to you? Have I been unreasonable?"

Taboy pretended to be unconso- lable. He had to do something to hold off the impending danger of the palo-palo. His wife was alter- silent but she was very capable of violence. The limp in his left leg was proof of that. Oh, but he thought Ogis was such a sure bet!

"I'm fed up with life. I want to die. I can't stand all the wrangles in the house! There will be no end to your nagging now that I have spent all your savings on Mang Tasio's rooster!"

Stella's first impulse was to leap at her husband, cougar-style, and claw him to bits but her weaker and nobler nature won her over to a less violent recourse. Instead of fetching her clothes paddle, Stella tried to assuage him. It was a complete change of heart for her and Taboy was thoroughly surprised at the turn of events.

"You don't have to take your life on that account. Money is not every- thing. I can always recover that."

Taboy's spirit soared at his wife's charity. His trick had worked won- ders. He was rid of the palo-palo and it was a signal of victory.

"Besides," his wife continued her humanitarian spiel, "I bought myself a pair of earrings, a ring and a couple of nice dresses. They cost me a cold three hundred pesos but no matter. It was your money I spent, anyway. Your brother handed it to me with the direction that I give it to you. He said it was your share from the sale of your father's land. Well, we're even, aren't we, darling!"

## THE DUTY OF A CATHOLIC WRITER

(Continued from page 14)

in the light of eternity and places it in relation to the absolute." This is not an infringement of freedom. People object to the so-called clam- nish "catholic milieu" because they feel they are being given only one side's biased opinion. We have free- dom to do good but to do evil is the extreme degree of servitude. There is no such thing as a free- dom from the truth. Catholic writ- ers base their writings on the light of their religion's teachings because within the truth, Catholic press is free. "Truth never shackles; truth liberates."

Catholic writers have the impera- tive duty to expose falsehoods, slanders and calumnies heaped on the Church by bigoted critics. Samuel Cardinal Stritch again says: "the catholic press is the principal organ for making known encyclical letters as well as official pronounce- ments of the hierarchy and are to utmost importance in translating them to fit in the pattern of our work-a-day world." A dignified sil- ence is not always the best policy to combat mudslinging. A Catholic press must catch the question, evalu- ate it and present its side with corrections to dispel errors. News commentaries must be carefully thought out and presented clearly to leave no doubt in the minds of the readers. It does not think for them but it gives them the guid-

ance to base their judgments. A Catholic press is competent and ob- jective. In presenting the news, Cath- olic writers must limit their cov- erage only to the important aspect that the newsfront can offer. The news must be valuable not only to the life of the Church but also to the whole world. Here's where the space limitation of a paper is one aid in shifting the great bulk of ma- terials.

Newspaper crusades are effective in arousing public opinion but they must be kept well in hand or they will degenerate by yielding to the temptation of letting emotion thumb down reason. Hot issues easily in- flame the people. The guiding role of an alert Catholic press can hard- ly be underestimated.

The public square of today is our daily papers, our popular literature and our periodicals. The need for a more widespread and effective Catholic press is a prime postulate for progress. A strong weapon in the hands of a weak man or a mi- nority is better than an ineffectual weapon in the hands of a strong man or a majority. The Safe rule is: "God and I form a majority." We are not so much fighting a cold war of arms as fighting a war in the minds of men. This is a battle of ideologies. The Catholic writer has a great task ahead.

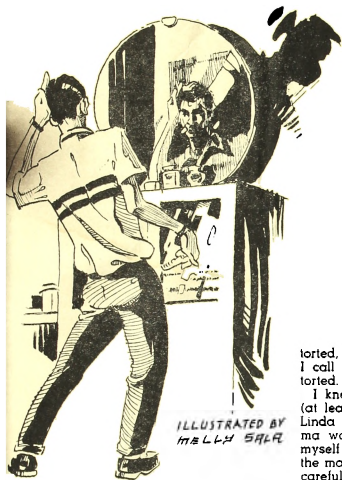
Ambassador Walter Hines Page was at one time editor of *The World's Work* and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him:

"Sir: You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story, for as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19, and 20, and the story came back with these still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back:

"Madame: At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."

When a boy reaches a certain age, a lot of problems begin to stare him in the face. But the one that plagues him most comes from a skirted species we generally call **WOMEN**, spelled in capital letters. This is the author's confession of his . . .



# ORDEAL AT SIXTEEN

I DRESSED up very meticulously that evening and this was one of the rare times I discarded my jeans and put on the best clothes I had. I went to my mother's dresser and sampled all kinds of perfume I could lay my paws on. The effect was that I smelled like a skunk. Well, at least I thought I smelled like one. After all, the nearest skunk to me was not less than eight thousand miles away. "Yes, tonight I will call on Linda. This is my first call on a lady," I thought.

At the thought of Linda, my heart beat faster and I saw myself swoon dreamy-eyed in the mirror. I looked great. I looked romantic, but above all, I looked kind of stupid. So, I practised smiling and made a lot of contortions and distortions with my face to find out in which pose I looked best. I never reached a conclusion. Everytime I con-

orted, the part of my body which I call my face, became more distorted.

I knew I had to reveal my love (at least, I thought it was love) to Linda that evening, but my dilemma was whether I should be just myself or open my heart to her in the manner of poets. After long and careful deliberation, I made up my mind. "Cyrano de Bergerac," I thought, "minus his nose."

I started constructing poetry in my mind, and at the same time combed my already well-groomed hair. I almost consumed a bottle of pomade for this escapade. I had to since I had no intention of reminding Linda of a sea urchin.

Frantically, I rushed to my desk,

night!" I whispered and plastered the rest of the pomade on the rebellious group.

The rest of my family was gathered in the sala when Cyrano made his dramatic entrance.

"A stranger just entered the sala," said my sister, "and he smells awfully sweet, too."

Everybody turned his head my way. Somehow, I managed to forge a smile which was dry as the Sahara desert and as sour as vinegar, in answer to the inquisitive stares. Then, I blushed as red as a ripe tomato.

"Where's the dance tonight, son?" asked my father, his face buried at newspaper.

"It's not a dance, Pa," said Ester,

by CAESAR V. VILLA

took out the dictionary, and looked up a lot of high-sounding words. I memorized a few and was ready to scam, but the last glance at the mirror gave me a shock. The hair at the back of my head was trying to play R.O.T.C. at attention. "Not tonight, you rebels, not to-

my heckling sister. "If I'm not mistaken, it's the girl at the dance last Saturday. Brother dear stared at her so much that the poor girl almost melted."

"Mind your own business, will you?" I shot back.

(Continued on page 20)

# DREAMS...

by Demetrio Maglalang



**L**OOK upon horrible dreams as one of the assets of humanity, one of the good things of life; because one feels so elated after waking. I am convinced that most men and women do not sufficiently appreciate the advantages they possess. They either exaggerate their sufferings and drawbacks or, instead of enjoying what they have, they spend their time in longing for what they cannot reach.

Just as it takes an illness to make one appreciate the satisfactions of health, so one needs a calamity to make one realize how good daily existence is. It is often said how good a teacher experience is. This is often by no means always or even often true. Experience charges too

much for her lessons.

There is no good in learning how one might have shown sagacity in business after one is bankrupt; there is no good in discovering how one ought to have avoided a certain article of diet after one is fatally poisoned; there is no good in receiving the proof of the danger in carelessly driving a motor car when one lies dead in the ditch.

Now the best way to discover how cheerful daily life is, is to be visited by a frightful dream. The horrible white beast has seized us, because when we tried to flee, our legs were lead. Just as it is about to sink its terrible tusks into our shrinking frame, we wake up and hear the good old cars go by. Hur-

rah! it was only a dream, and we are alive on the blessed earth. And we have learned how sweet plain ordinary life is without the lessons costing us anything but a transitory sweat.

I think, too, that many who either profess to hate life or at all events refuse to admit anything good about it, might appreciate more if they could be temporarily transferred, not to hell but to their own imagined heaven. Wagner in the famous opera, TANNHAUSER, has given us an admirable illustration. This knight, like all his fellow-creatures, felt the call of the senses; he was transported from this imperfect earth to the pagan heaven

*(Continued on page 33)*

# • poetry •

## The Last Poet

All were hungry  
All were sad  
All were weary  
None was glad —  
but the last — he was  
young and old, weak  
and bold and lived  
the life of the dead.  
For the last was  
dead — except. He  
was dead — unless . . .

• DICK CABAILLO

## Nightmare

Within the deep  
hollow chamber of my soul  
a revenant  
cries  
Heavy with mixed voices  
of a thousand  
choirs  
Cold as the tomb  
of decaying  
Time  
Pointing its icy  
finger of Death  
to the  
Beautiful; lovely; beguiling  
visions of life.

• LEONARDO RIVERA

## From my Window

—i—  
in the shadows of memory  
i saw you again: crying  
sobbing  
conveying  
tears to him!  
... the tranquillity, clothed by  
a thousand soliloquys, was  
caught in cubicles of pain . . .

—ii—  
you were of them,  
among pale mortals: upreaching  
searching  
calling  
for his name — for the name  
that to hunger was cure  
... as though to hope that one moon  
would hold more joy than pain . . .

—iii—  
and i knee i suffered more  
for i was in that pantomine  
which sought to topple  
white towers i built with hope

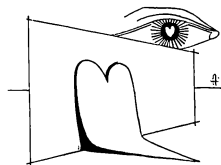
—iv—  
the pain was poised  
to hunt the dream  
but i, no longer upreaching,  
found that pain was love.

• RENATO RANCES

## Vignette

Life for want of love  
nurtured me,  
Love for want of life  
now sends me to my grave.  
If love be lost,  
Then why should life be here  
And chart the useless aim  
Of trying years?

• THE GYPSY



## Valentine in May

Your world . . . my world  
no sighs  
no tears  
no sorrows to share  
no bridge to cross  
as alone, we walk — Apart.

For we did not know  
some hearts must meet  
unspoken words be known  
in silence understood  
as Together, we walk alone

Through a slow whirling mist  
we found  
that the sighs  
the tears  
the sorrows we shared

were bridges for our souls  
to cross and blend —  
yet, Apollo

we know  
we shall do more—You and I  
we shall not only blend  
we shall think  
act  
live  
and shall love as One.

• ELSIE JANÉ VELOSO

## Into Welcoming Night

(Continued from page 14)

in the night and to be lost in one sustained heavy sleep. But one place had a charm over him and it was there, consciously or not, that he was heading. It was the old place where notes were hidden under the table.

The place wasn't nice, anymore. There were no booths and no curtains. An out-of-kilter jukebox at the end of the room served more as a stand for empty bottles and wet rags than as a dispenser of music. A couple of ancient tables were surrounded by chairs that had outlived their usefulness. The place smelled of stale drinks and low-priced cigarette butts. The old woman herself was changed. She was a scowling thing. "Sonny's" had changed in their absence. Mely had been away too long. He rapped his knuckles on the table. A waitress in faded dress who had a hard job trying to look beautiful in it came out of a door leading to what was, Narciso thought, a very poor imitation of a very poor kitchen.

Yes, Mister?

Hard, tough liquor, and the strongest smelling cigarette money can buy. I'm celebrating a double defect here.

A few minutes later, she reappeared with a tall bottle and a couple of gnarled cigarettes that must have figured in some way during the Insurrection. He lit a cigarette and was about to take a drag on it when somebody tapped him on the shoulder.

Spare me a cigarette, Mister? My mouth's dry. I've been spitting on "No Vacancy" signs all day.

He gave the guy a shot of liquor and a cigarette and the fellow got pretty chummy.

Newspaper I got here, he said handing it to Narciso, says a certain moneybags got killed. He met his daughter at the airport. Just got back from States where she studied a couple of years. Car mishap. The car of moneybags not badly damaged but rich guy died of fright. Blood pressure. The daughter got through very neatly. Not a scratch. Poor kid, she should have died with Papa, eh! Heh-heh. Rich guy with poor rich lonely daughter, ha ha ha. Killed! How how. Rich man killed and poor man drinking rum. Heh heh.

Shut up and get out! Narciso winked the guy with the newspa-

per and threw it at him when he ran.

It was Cordova, all right. And Mely. Mely who left no address and wrote no letters. A rich girl who probably met another guy rolling in dough. Forget her, you goat, he told himself. You're no good for her. You're a cheap magazine hack who got the cold treatment long ago. Why don't you get drunk, you rumpot, and forget her?

He held the bottle by the neck and took a long swig at it. He fished into his pockets for money and slapped the change on the table. He was lumbering out of the joint in a daze. Nowhere to go, he said in self-mockery. Nowhere to run. No one to go home to.

He walked past the door and met several persons who were going home from a late show. He did not have any particular place in mind. All he wanted to do was walk and walk. Even run...

Look out!

He whirled about but something hit him on the shoulder. He was thrown to the ground in a scream of brakes that drowned out the other voices of the city. He lay near the curb staring at a ring of faces and hearing strange voices above him. He wasn't badly hurt but then his mind was a machine that registered strange sensations. Of a sudden, he heard the voices no more and even the ring of faces disappeared. He began to rise but somebody held him tenderly by the shoulders.

Oh, dear, were you badly hurt?

No.

I'm so sorry. It couldn't have happened had I been a little careful. But...

She knew she had to reenact the tragedy. She had just been from the hospital where her father lay on one of so many beds. Dead. Seeing him there, after the long absence, and feeling the same old hesitation... holding him... she knew it there still. Just as she had said before she left. Narciso, whatever happens, the feeling will always remain. Nothing will change it. She cried there. On his shoulders.

...I have been through a lot already, Narciso.

Oh, I shouldn't have gotten in the way, he said. I have gone through the same thing, Mely. My father left me this evening.

(Continued on page 45)

(Continued from page 14)

"You won't stand a chance, lover boy. You remind me so much of a frankenstein creation, and I'm your own sister to say that."

"And I suppose you look any better. At least Linda said that she likes the athletic type. And I am the athletic type," I answered proudly.

"The only part athletic about you, lover boy, is your feet!" she said triumphantly.

"Lay off my feet, will you?" I warned in anger.

"Sorry, I didn't know I was adding insult to injury." Ester apologized sarcastically. "Don't worry, lover boy, I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole," she added.

"Can't you two ever talk to each other without behaving like cats and dogs?" remarked Papa, ap-

## ORDEAL AT

pearing as undisturbed as everybody but me. "All right, son, you may go but be back before ten-thirty."

But I didn't go. I wanted something more than just the permission to go. After hanging around the sala for about three minutes without succeeding in asking for what I wanted, my heckling sister blurted again.

"Puppy, dear, I think lover boy wants to borrow your car, too."

Father turned to me and gave me that look of understanding. Presently, his hand dug into his pockets and later came out with the key, plus two bucks (but for the benefit of those who don't understand what the word "bucks" means, let's make it two pesos). At the sight of two bucks, Ester turned green with envy and proceeded to give Papa the works. You know that downtrodden, lolorn and forsaken look. But whether she succeeded in robbing the old man, I don't know for as soon as I got hold of the key and the two bucks, I scrambled. The old man could have changed his mind, you know.

I took out the piece of paper where Linda had written her address. 786 Aviles street. That was on the outskirts of town.

I started the car and drove off until I slow down the sign Aviles St. Then I slowed down. I finally found

the house. It was the creepiest joint I ever saw. It looked massive and forbidding and it must have had a lot of spooks in it. I got the shivers and I hesitated but I finally made up my mind to drop in. The outside gate was open so I went in. It was then that I noticed my legs begin to shake, rattle and roll.

"Come on, feet, let's go," I heard myself say. I knocked at the door and waited. When no answer came, I knocked again, and waited. During the time I waited, my imagination ran wild and I began to see spooky things and strange eyes staring at me. I sweated worse than the residents of that place where sinners go.

The big, oaken door squeaked and the face that appeared in the

## SIXTEEN

threshold almost killed me with the heebie-jeebies. Later I found out that the old horror was Linda's grandma.

"Good evening," I greeted.  
"Good evening," she answered.  
"Anything I can do for you?"  
"Yes, Madame, if you please. I would like to see Linda."  
"Oh! yes, she's in. Do come in and sit down."

Linda was in the sala when I came in and I was proud to see the girl I loved do some sewing. I always disliked the footsy-wootsy, dainty kind of girl.

I parked myself on one of the over-sized sofa while Linda sat on the other end. The shivers got worse. This was simply murder. I never faced a woman before in my whole miserable life and now, I began to regret my coming here. Maybe I was scared of ghosts but I was more scared of Linda. I knew I was awkward and I was conscious of the darned thing.

The whole business became worse when old granny sat between us. She smelled like a tobacco warehouse and something worse. From the looks of her, she needed a bath very badly. This was crucifixion. I started mentioning the smell of a certain ditch I passed on the way. I guess the old crow got the hint because she gave me a snub and

(Continued on page 31)

# The MONKEY wrench

of Ross Escobar

Some persons instinctively know their sight is failing or their other senses are malfunctioning, but not the fellow who indulged in fingering a safe knob or what he thought was one until the household awakened and chased him half to death. He brokenly confessed that what he turned on was a radio and not a safe knob. He added he needed glasses from then on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
An informant tells us this one. Said he, "A drunken friend once came to his girl who said, 'I have no sympathy for a man who gets drunk every night.'" The man proved himself equal to the situation with the retort that a man who gets drunk every night doesn't need any sympathy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Here's a bit of human drama: A dead-beat once bummed for a meal with "Could you give a poor fellow a bite?" The housewife, out of her usual patience, gave the poor man the road with "I don't bite myself but I'll call my dog."

\*\*\*\*\*  
They say anything false will never do anybody good. Whoever said that false teeth don't do anybody good?

\*\*\*\*\*  
One of the opposite sex asked another of her kind in what turned out to be a merry mix-up of personalities. Said one sweetly, "What is your worst sin?" The reply was that her greatest was watching herself in the mirror because it smacked of too much vanity. "My dear, that is not vanity, that's entirely imagination," commented the interrogator.

\*\*\*\*\*  
By way of an opening conversation, I struck up with "Can I blow you a ring?" The new acquaintance who happened to be a 'she' with all seriousness aside said, "You can blow me into one!"

\*\*\*\*\*  
She: All my life I had been saving my kisses for a man like you!  
He: Prepare to lose the savings of a lifetime!

An office mate was telling us last night how he kept peace at home.

Said he, "I never take my trouble home from my office."

One individual listening intently volunteered, "I don't have to either; mine usually waits at home."

\*\*\*\*\*  
In England to take orders means to enter the ministry of the Church. Here it's slightly different... you enter a church to get married and take orders.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Here's my idea of a well-mated couple. A man who snores and a woman who is deaf...

\*\*\*\*\*  
Here's a bit of news...  
A small boy stood at the entrance of a cobbler's shop.

"What do you repair boots with, Mister?"

"Hide!" replied the cobbler sharply. "E r r r, eh?"

"Hide!" the cobbler returned impatiently.

"What for?" the boy insisted somewhat surprised.

"Hide! The cow's outside," sighed the man.  
"Don't care if it is. Who's afraid of a cow, anyhow?" said the youngster defiantly.

\*\*\*\*\*  
A landlady was accosted by an acquaintance of one of her boarders. "Does M. . . . a student, live here?" was the question fired at her. "Well, I know Mr. . . . . lives here but I thought he was a night watchman."

\*\*\*\*\*  
One thing I know, it doesn't pay for a girl to be vigilant. No matter how alert she may be, when a fellow kisses her, it's a sure bet he'll do it right under her nose.

\*\*\*\*\*  
An inquisitive beat-up matron was asking a comely young man about her age. To which the young man gallantly replied,

"Twenty-one mu'm."  
"Wonderful," the lady came back, "but how did you know?"

"Simple," countered the man, "I just counted the rings under your eyes."

(Continued on page 45)

## THE RELIGIOUS OF . . .

(Continued from page 11)

programs and propaganda work via libraries opened to the public. There are also sisters who are trained to repair the printing machines, also the cars and all electrical appliances, in case of failure to operate. Division of labor or specialization of work becomes a predominant factor in the organization of the Congregation. However, while division of labor trains the individual in one specialized aspect of a job, the Sisters or the Daughters of St. Paul are taught the various types of work in and out of the printing house. Hence, the inability of one to do the job does not to a large degree affect the efficiency of the organization because any member can do the work just as well as the other members can.

The printed materials are not to be stocked in the stock rooms of the printing house but must be distributed to the people otherwise the purpose of the press is defeated. For that reason, some members of the Congregation are trained to do the job of bringing this Catholic information to the people. The Sisters take turns in travelling to various places even to the remotest barrios. They go to factories and business establishments, to barrios, towns and cities, in order to help combat the evil forces of the present-day secular press and to save the people from the un-Catholic and un-Godlike havoc and destruction that is now threatening to destroy the very foundation upon which modern society rests.

Faithful to their motto "Glory to God, peace to men" the Daughters of St. Paul work and walk in pairs and expose themselves to the multilarious dangers of life to bring light where there is darkness, to bring comfort where there is misery, to bring peace where there is confusion and to bring truth where there is falsehood.

An organization with a noble purpose and commendable work such as the Congregation of the Daughters of St. Paul needs our help and prayers. By helping them, you are also helping the Catholic Press live and grow. †

# COUP DE GRACE

by  
**ADELINO  
B. SITYO**



### ELECTIONS: TO HAVE OR NOT TO HAVE

There is at present a move among our leaders to postpone the holding of the forthcoming national elections. That means a constitutional amendment to that effect. If the plan materializes, we will have our national elections not this November, but in 1959, in synchronization with our local polls.

The purpose of the move is virtuous: to make our leaders shy away from politics and, instead, face the economic problems confronting the country today. Yet, selfish personal aspirations may be lurking behind this noble motive. We have observed that the people who are so vehement in this move are those whose terms will expire this year. It seems that these leaders are making this praiseworthy plan the tool to foster their personal ambitions. For the sake of our respect to moral values, will these **leaders**, who prefer to **lead** themselves so their own personal benefits may **follow**, shut up?

To have or not to have national elections this year is a question which should be decided by the people in a plebiscite. However, before the plebiscite is held, advocates of the respective sides of the question should present before the people their reasons for their stand. But, again, campaigners must be **strictly** limited to those who are not beneficiaries of the postponement of the elections. The rest must **keep mum**. If they can't help talking, I beg them to cut their tongues.

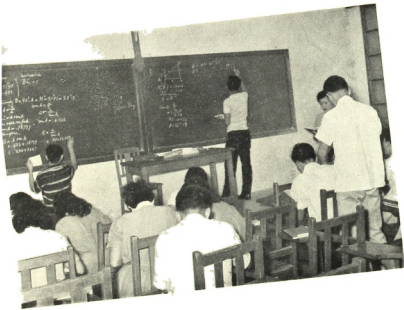
At last our city health authorities have awakened from a long dream. It took several city administrations before a popular measure for cleanliness could be given legal teeth. Now, our city authorities are all for cleaning the city. They call their task **operations spotless**.

The operation is directed against spitting, littering, and urinating in public places. These rules are contained in our city sanitary code of 1927. Unfortunately, none of our city health authorities ever bothered about them before. It is just now that they have decided to enforce the drive among city folks. Despite the delay, the move has not lost its merits. A strict implementation of such regulations would surely redound to the benefit of the city and its inhabitants.

But our health authorities have overlooked the fact that the city folks do not cause most of the city's ugliness. The "King Cochero's" best friend, the horse, is responsible for the special kind of "dust" we in the city are privileged to enjoy. The enforcement of the regulation should apply to horses and men alike. Preferably, to the horses first. †



# MINDS AT WORK...



*A Pictorial Study  
of the serious Phase of College life ...*



## *Pictorial Story*

### "THOU ART

"TU ES PETRUS." This is the  
Date: "ET SUPER HANC PETRUM"  
Place: Cebu City and U.S.C. Qu  
Occasion: Pope's Day.



**C**ATHOLIC students from the different Catholic schools in the city took active part in this universal celebration. For to them, the Pope, more than the proverbial symbol of hope in this troubled age, is the Vicar of Christ.





## PETER...

the song behind these pictures.  
 "TRAM." January 18, 1957.  
 aadrangle.

and their Spiritual Leader and  
 Father. From him they receive  
 instructions on faith and morals.  
 And to him they return much  
 acclaimed by them with blending  
 paeans of praise: "Long Live the  
 Pope!"



To P. E. or not to P. E.



These are some of the Answers...

SAMUEL B. FABROZ  
Editor

### RELIGION SEMINAR

Father Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD, is conducting a Seminar in Religion for college students. The Seminar lasts from five o'clock to five-thirty in the afternoon every Friday of the week and is held regularly in Room 221 of the second floor, main building. Its main purpose is to accommodate college students who are interested in broadening their knowledge of the Catholic Faith. All students from different colleges and departments of the university are welcomed in the Seminar.

### USC PROVIDES OFFICE FOR STUDENT COUNSELLORS

A special new office for the Students Counsellors has been provided by the school. It is located in the room adjacent to the Office of the Dean of Women. The schedule of the different student counsellors follows: Father L. Bunzel, SVD, M.W.F.: 5:30-6:00 P.M.; Fr. E. Hoerdemann, SVD, Daily: 11:00-11:45 A.M.; Mr. A. Ordoño, M.W.F.: 7:45-8:45 A.M.; Mrs. Falcon, Daily: 4:30-5:30 P.M.

All students are again invited to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure good advice and guidance in their personal and academic problems. The counsellors are there to help in whatever way they can.

### USC SCA SPONSORS CONVOCATION

The University of San Carlos Student Catholic Action Study Club sponsored an interesting convocation last February 8, 1957. The topic was "Behave Yourself." Mrs. Rosario de Veyra, the USC Dean of Women, was the speaker. A fair-sized crowd attended the convocation.

### MORE ADDITION TO USC FACULTY

The University of San Carlos got another notable addition to its faculty when Rev. Fr. Mathias Eder, SVD, joined the faculty ranks after his arrival last January from Japan. Father Eder is a well-known anthropologist, specializing in folklore studies. He has been the editor of a journal, called *Folklore Studies*, for many years. A Doctor of Philosophy, Father Eder is scheduled to engage in scientific research in the field of Filipino folklore. Before his

assignment in the Philippines, he was in Japan.

### COLLEGE OF LAW GETS TWO NEW PROFESSORS

Two prominent lawyers signed up recently for professorships in the USC College of Law. The two professors are Judge Jose Mendoza and Atty. Cesar Kintanar. Both are recognized as experts in the profession they are engaged in and have held outstanding public and private positions. Judge Mendoza is at present a Judge of the Court of First Instance of Cebu. He took over the classes in the USC College of Law which Judge Mejia left when he was called to a new assignment as Judge of the Court of First Instance of Lucena, Quezon province. Atty. Kintanar was, until recently, the Dean of the College of Law of the University of the Visayas. He began his teaching job in San Carlos at the beginning of the second semester of this year. Judge Mendoza began teaching since the later part of January.

### USC OFFERS SURVEYING COURSE

Another course will be offered in the College of Engineering during the first semester of the school year 1957-58. This is a two-year curriculum course leading to the title of Associate in Surveying. Some of the subjects for the course might be offered this summer.

### USC CELEBRATES POPE'S DAY

The Pope's Day was a red-letter day to students and faculty members of San Carlos. Students from all colleges and departments participated in the great celebration especially in the grand parade which started at the Cebu Patria and which ended at the USC Quadrangle. A program and exhibitional games climaxed the day's celebration.

### LIBRARY OPEN DURING SUNDAYS

The Library facilities are now available to students at all days of the week, Sunday included. This new policy was effected to provide a good place for students to stay during Sunday. This schedule is, however, still experimental. It only

a few students come during Sundays, the schedule may be cut off. As of this date, a fair number of students have been noted coming during Sundays — a good indication that the schedule will become permanent.

### USC ROTC CADETS GIRD FOR TACTICAL INSPECTIONS

The Tactical Inspection of the University of San Carlos ROTC Corps is scheduled to take place on March 11, 1957. The USC ROTC Corps will be the first Unit to be inspected by the Third Military Area this year, being the one that placed first in last year's Tactical Inspection. It might be recalled that USC also won the previous tactical inspection. If the cadets this year will show the same performance, another "star" will be awarded to the corps. Predictions have been made that a third straight victory is quite possible.

### USC LIBRARY DONATES BOOKS

Three high schools in Mindoro were recently recipients of a number of text books in various subjects. These include valuable new and old encyclopedias. These books were donated by the USC Library upon request of the three high schools.

Six big cartons of books were also donated by the USC Library to Christ the King Seminary during the early part of the month of February. They were voluntarily given by San Carlos to provide more reading materials for those who are studying for the priesthood.

### SECRETARY GENERAL, REGISTRAR BACK FROM BAGUIO

Pursuant to the Private Schools Director's call for a conference in Baguio of all Deans, Registrars, Department Heads, and Principal Teachers of all private schools in the Philippines, the University of San Carlos sent Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD, and Mr. Jose V. Arias, Secretary-General and Registrar, respectively, of USC. The agenda for the conference covered deliberations on school problems, curriculum administration and supervision.

(Continued on page 12)

## • Sports

banner after banner, finally landing in the final round of the tournament.

In the opening tussle, Occidental Negros Institute went down before the rampaging onslaught of the determined Warriors, and then Baguio Colleges met the same fate with the Warriors polishing up the 100 mark, a feat only shared by La Salle, the NCAA champion. With the place assured for San Carlos in the semi-finals, Coach Dodong

strangely circulated myth that the Tamaraws were to grab the crown as easy as picking pies from grandma's kitchen. With that victory, the rating of the Carolinians scooted up. Other schools from the big city itself looked upon the defeat of FEU by the Carolinians as no mean triumph with the result that vaunted team never got past the semifinal standing.

With the finals looming ahead, a block came in form of the Iloilo

# WARRIORS in the

by **Rousseau Escol**

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**T**HE CAROLINIAN big guns hit Manila with a resounding slap that carried itself to the final stages of the hostilities. The banner borne by the first stringers of mentor Dodong Aquino composed of Peping Rogado, Danilo Deen, Doring Cañizares, Boy de la Cruz and Baby Reynes supported by Michael Ernest, Borromeo Bolodoy and Galdo, put up a plucky stand against the best that Manila threw at them.

From the start of the guns, when the Cebuano Champions collided with various provincial greats, the massacre of their opponents was appalling and in the encounter with the Baguio Colleges, the century mark was passed.

From the start of the tournament, USC had been an underdog team. The sports swamis termed the Cebu champs as a darkhorse in so far as the semifinals were concerned. The best local prediction deemed the Carolinian boys good only up to the time the provincial teams were eliminated from the game and after that it was curtains. Even the most optimistic prediction voted for sixth place. Even with the debunking of the much-ballyhoed team of a local university by the Number Two team of the CCAA, dopsters gave the locals the dimmest chance of playing in National Intercollegiate Tourney. However, the saying that "when better predictions are made, it will not be made by sports dopsters" ran true to form and San Carlos went on to garner

Aquino played a 'put up' game with Mapua in compliance with their schedule of games. The game was literally a give-away affair with the first stringers taking their turns at the court for only five minutes each. The reason given was that the boys had to conserve their strength for the initial encounter with FEU, the UAAP champs, in the semi-finals.

Came the morrow and the Green and Gold Warriors took the stellar attraction of being billed with the UAAP champs. Coach Aquino fielded team captain Danilo Deen, Peping Rogado, Doring Cañizares, Michael Ernest and Boy de la Cruz. At the referee's final whistle, San Carlos coasted along to victory on the shooting arms of Rogado who snatched sixteen points to his credit, Bolodoy Borromeo who came along later with another sixteen markers to his name, followed by Doring Cañizares, Ernest Michael, Deen and De la Cruz.

Press dispatches that trickled all the way down here commented upon the individual shooting of the Carolinians and their conversion of long toms and set-shots. The hard-driving sorties of Rogado and the cool style of Borromeo earned applause from the scribes. Shifty Reynes and elusive long-chassed Cañizares came to be regarded as additional strength to the basketball wizardry of the South.

FEU went down before San Carlos, the first team to blast the

San Agustin Eagles who gave our boys a drubbing. The defeat spelled another gloom for the Warriors whose opponents the next day were the Mapua Tech Cardinals.

With grim determination on their faces, the Warriors faced the challenge with the confidence they exuded on the day they met FEU. The result was that Mapua went down as if they were ransacked. With the hope once again revived, San Carlos found its way to the top bracket. All the provincial teams that entered the competition were practically thrown out of the competition when the semi-finals started. Cebu's top team only remained. USC's Warriors justified their name as Visayan champs.

The final round was a sad affair. The referees partly cooperated to bring about the Warriors debacle. The referee had a very determined way of calling out fouls on our boys, but showed no such enthusiasm when the same thing was done by other teams. USC lost the game after leading all the way through. In the last minute alone,

San Carlos still had six points. But they lost to the referees!

Then came the game with Mapa. It must be remembered that San Carlos out-maneuvered the Mapa Tech in the semi-finals and, therefore, were eager to "scrape 'em up again" but the game was rough and rascal. Ditto the USC-La Salle skirmish, where coach Aquino had to save his first stringers from landing the sick bed.

This was how Manila treated our

# Big Town

r, "C" Sports Ed.

fighters. USC was out to duplicate its feat in the first years after the liberation, but there was a conspiracy to prevent the National trophy from ever falling into a provincial hand. The boys did themselves better. Though they didn't bring home the proverbial bacon, in the words of Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, their spiritual adviser, "they outshone themselves" in trying to win new laurels for their Alma Mater. Fresh from their recent tour, the boys were magnificent. In their triumphs they were humble, in defeat they carried themselves with dignity, aware that with every crown there is a sword to tread upon.

The coach is maturing with his team. After two years of hanging around corners, the team has come to stay. And if the coming year offers another golden opportunity, there will be hell to pay when they hit Manila again. For surely, with the old scores to settle, San Carlos U's team will be high up in the list again. ‡

# SHOOT <sup>AND</sup> SHOUT

with ROSS

Welcome to the days of unending practice topped by sleepless nights. That the Warriors are here, fresh from their recent victories, is a sign of another merciless grind to keep in tip-top shape. Not that the boys are hitting their lowest ebb; on the contrary. But on their crown rests a CUP and to defeat the purpose of other schools of ever getting that Cup, a marked change is in the offing to ensure another year of victory. Let's hope that with the addition of marksmen to the team the crown has assuredly come to stay.

The rivalries between school teams ended with the NICA brawl in Manila. Thousands of sports fans daily watched the outcome of the games. Many hoped for a Cebuano victory. Regrets were expressed over the local team's debacle but appreciations and cheers were sounded privately on their early victories. Many of us cheered and kept our heart beating for the outcome of the game and many more glued their ears to their radio for a chance remark of the game's result.

A team-mate of our coach during his playing days said the USC wouldn't last through the first round. What really saddened us was that instead of giving us encouragement the man took it unto himself to debase our team. The coach, you might know, is one of the three Carolinian coaches who were champs in their own league.

It was a slow start that our team put on but it was a magnificent ride to the top. Its pathway to victory had been strewn with dramatics, tears and cajoling. With a ponderously slow gait, we climbed the stairs to the top, and that ended all question on who flies the red flag of victory.

Our team has the spirit to rally in the face of defeat. It can turn a near-defeat into victory. Its sheer go-gif spoke for itself in the last encounter with the Wildcats. But one thing puzzles us. Our team cannot defend the lead it has piled up, and once the pressure of offense is tightened tell-tale signs of general slackness appears. Only the bench strategy of our coach saves the day. Our boys have the fighting heart but they like to meet their enemy on the latter's own terms. Why don't we change our style of play and have all team follow our brand of playing?

Presenting sports personalities, Ben Reyes appears to be a firebrand all by himself. His savage drives and tricky sneaks-ins provide another shooting arm yet untried in our court. His entry into our team should have been made a semester ago but his standing association with the school has just begun so it was no go. Now with the all-clear sign we can expect another power basket-looping from the hands of Ben. He's a be-moustached man, reminiscent of a Van Dyke? He's not a personality to shout about but he is a man to talk about, eh wot?



Ben Reyes



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for some reasons. We were not warned of his abrupt departure but everything seems to point to the fact that he is an indispensable officer in the III MA. We would have been grateful for his help and would have shown him our ways and returned to him the standard he wished to attain, but he is way out there. This is one time I find it wise to cry over spilt milk. The very best of luck to you, Lieutenant!

**ARMORY GLAMOUR . . .**

The glistening 10m's, the slinky glittering .50 cois and the .30's add a real touch to the jam-session of arms from the first world war rifles to the second war's BARs and GA-

by Ross Escobar

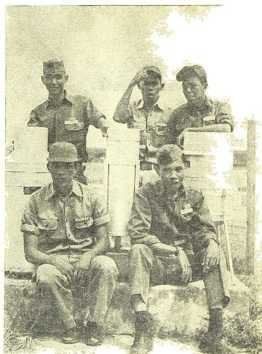
**HOPEFUL WAITING . . .**

**T**HE ROTC department is looking forward to a new laurel in the form of a third STAR. The optimistic outlook stems from the fire and spirit the cadets have been showing this past week of preparatory drills. Sort of tuning-up the cadets' capabilities. ROTC boss Major Garcia is bringing the utmost from everyone. Some say that when better predictions are made it will not come from dop-

pers like me, but the corps' efficiency is something to crow about. The ROTC contingent have never looked so smart as they do now. Of course, the helping hands of army officers and the ogling audience of both sexes help our cadets to stand straighter, salute smarter and raise their general standing.

**15 DAYS LEAVE . . .**

Lt. Saturnino Gutang warmed his seat for just fifteen days and lit out



"The Army? Oh, come now."



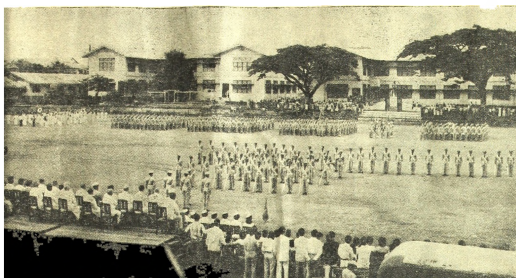
... "Now, when I say grab... grab!"

**RANDS.** The armor Galo Alvor looks longingly to the 22 cal practice rifles. Sez he would like to see it WORK on some unwary fowl. . . . There's one cadet (the failed) who says that tame fowls can become wild by irritating them.

**ARTILLERY MANIPULATION . . .**

The aiming circle crowds out Monroe and Lollobrigida in the ranks of doughboys. The clean dissection the buzz boys put the careful, half-dragging pant they make when they lug the 105's speak tenderly of men and their dependence on the machines. Their instructor,





USC ROTC Trademark: Perfect Officers' Center

Cad. Lt. Col. Rolando Leyson, stands just high as the aiming circles but he circles them right if you get what I mean. Incidentally, the interest centered upon the glamorous long toms is brought about by the fact that of the Corps line-up, only two are flatfeet; the rest are buzz boys.

#### MAN ABOUT THE FIELD . . .

Lt. Gregorio Ayo (USIS newscaster) musters a voice that revives the dozing cadet's consciousness. He has been with us for a long time though he appears only on Sunday when he assists the warming exercise of our amateur soldiers in Lahug. Greg has a winning smile that hits you first and stays. He sports a camera but he is an army man all the way through.

#### THE CORPS COMMANDER . . . .

Cad. Col. Felipe Labucay carries with him an air of responsibility. The formidable task of shaping up his charges may have affected him in some ways but the responsibility he has to the Major makes him grow premature gray hairs. A headman's lot is not a happy one but Cad. Col. Labucay carries himself well even if he has to skirt on some of the dogged practices of some cadets.

#### SAD — SACKS

Cad. Lt. Laurite Malinao encases his shaved head in a steel helmet come Sundays. Cad. Capt. Vicente

Bendamillo, Jr. of "Foxtrot Battery" (He's the CO) kindly volunteered to give out the names of his peers. From "Golf" Company, Cdt. Leonidas Arriola barks out his orders to subordinate officers. Cdt. Capt. Joel Trinidad of "Brave," Bernardes Antonio of "Echo," Nile Alazas of "Alpha" and Benito Quano of "Charlie" make up the line-up of first men in the companies. Lt. Anthony Stan of the second platoon of the "Foxtrot" Battery is a big man who speaks in soft whispers and you have to lean on your side to hear.

#### PARTING THOUGHT

The busy days ahead, the drill, the precision marching and the dismantling of the weapons in the armory give out signs of the impending Tactical Inspection. This University having lorded it over others for the past two years, it can ill afford to surrender the crown easily. And the cadets are in no mood to give away the precious honor without the dignity of a fight. Hopes are centered upon the good Major who has done what has never been done before: Chalk up a winning streak that promises to continue unthreatened. One more victory and all heads will nod at the proposition that we have what it takes to win laurels and retain them.

## ORDEAL AT SIXTEEN

(Continued from page 20)

got lost. Five minutes later, I heard the faint drizzle of the shower upstairs. My guess was confirmed.

"Where's your Dad and Mom?" I asked Linda.

"In the movies."

"Ooh!"

After a few more irrelevant queries, I was rendered speechless. All the high-sounding words I memorized were forgotten. Whoever said love conquers all must have been crazy. After a five-minute silence, Linda opened up with a meaningful "Weell?"

"Well, heh-heh." I answered shyly. "I have something to tell you. heh-heh."

"What?" she asked, pretending not to know but I bet my life she knew all the time what I was trying to get out of my system. You know girls.

"But I'd rather not. You might get mad with me, Lin," I replied. "Honest, I won't. Please tell me," she pressed.

"Well, heh-heh, ooh, never mind."

O God! You know how much I tried but I just couldn't! And I wished myself dead for not being able to. Then she started talking about a small town pipsqueak named Arcadio and how she admired and liked him. Just to make me jealous, I suppose, but the trouble was, I was jealous!

"Oh, that stinker? Why of course, I know him," I said.

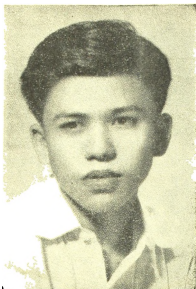
"Never mind the smell," she said.

"All right, all right. Let's not mention him any more," I declared.

"All right, then, what were you trying to tell me?" she asked again.

"Oh, nothing. Hey, it's ten fifteen already! I have to run along, Lin. It's late. Good night."

"Good night," Linda answered and she was obviously disappointed with me. Well, she wasn't the only one. I was disappointed with myself, too. ♪



by SIXTO LI. ABAO, JR.

THE MODERN artist is criticized by our age for his so-called "un-understandable" understanding of nature. He often finds himself between crossfires - caught in the counter-upsurge, as one says, of two conflicting tides of criticism.

While he is condemned as a "distortionist of nature", he is also idolized for his rather bold approach to art and for his unique way of translating into reality, through paint and brush, the ideas expressed by Nature. Considering these opposing concepts, we are prompted to ask: Why should an artist be condemned while being idolized? Is he really vague or is it just a plain fact that there are some whose "dimensions" are bigger than ours? Talking of our modern artist, the ASSUMPTA (Assumption Convent) says:

*"The modern artist has a rich store of emotions and thought to communicate — an ocean of meanings that one cannot grasp at a glance. He is not a distortionist of nature for he does not even try to imitate nature. His channel of expression is not directed through common images. He has a fine uniqueness that his being born today has cultivated. The ages have exhausted the common means of expression and the modern artist seeks to find expression in new images and when he finds it, it is not for us to condemn him or to unduly praise him but to contemplate his art — and drink of it, we less sensitive mortals..."*

When Jesus was born in a stable

# C \* CROSS \* R E N D S

in Bethlehem one cold and wintry December night, the angels sang over the hills of David the immortal "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of good will." Jesus Christ came to the world to redeem us from our sins and to give peace to men of good will. But who are the men of good will? Let's listen attentively to what the FORWARD (Colegio de San Jose-Recoletos) says:

*"Men of good will are those who give glory to God by loving Him and doing his Holy will, by observing His commandments, by faithfully fulfilling the duties of their state of life... How can we be men of good will? To be men of good will, we must be resolved to live in peace with God, by obeying Him in all things; in peace with our neighbor, by not censuring their conduct or interfering with their affairs; and in peace with ourselves, by combating and subduing on all occasions, the emotions and repugnances of our hearts."*

Peace, peace, peace. We want peace. Generations since time immemorial have shouted these words. The same words are repeated today. Peace, peace, peace. We want peace. But where is peace? Why can there be no peace today? Answers the CONSOLATRIX (La Consolatione College):

*"... it is because we do not want peace. We want bloodshed and hunger and destruction and terror. It is because lust, greed, and ambition for power, riches and glory have drowned the sweet voices of the angelic choir."*

If man would only be as meek and humble as Jesus, there would be no chaos or disorder in the

world today. Peace could thus be obtained without the use of the H-Bomb, the A-Bomb or the Cobalt-Bomb.

From the SCHOLASTICAN (St. Scholastica's College), here's an addition to everybody's mental dish for February:

*"Culture is the way we live, the way we make that way of life beautiful for ourselves and those who live around us and especially our most loved ones."*

We had our Retreat two months ago. One thing too sad to be true is that many of those who participated in the Retreat do not know what the essential thing in a Retreat is. Writes the WHITE AND BLUE (St. Louis College, Baguio City):

*"The essential thing in a retreat is the refined activity of the spirit — the contemplation in the Divine Mysteries and the introspection for a clear understanding of one's being and the humble acceptance of oneself. It is through contemplation that we hear of and realize the immensity of God's wisdom and our nothingness in His presence. It is through introspection that we realize the potential wealth of our youth which we must deliver from the spall of Indulgence because it has a supernatural destiny to attain."*

Popularity and leadership are two misunderstood terms. People usually presume that popularity is a free ticket to good leadership. How true is this presumption? The BEDAN (San Beda College) speaks:

*"While it can be held that a good leader is popular, it cannot be said always that a popular man can be a good leader..."*

Being brainy is not an assurance of leadership. You must have "guts" and a lot of the practical know-how. These are what made Ramon Magaysay president.

From our personal observation, the males are always outnumbered by the females during communions by the ratio of 8 to 1. One reason perhaps is that there are quite a few more females than males. However, a number of reasons may still be advanced. But that is beside the point. What is important is why most men appear to be reluctant to take Holy Communion when women are around. Speaking, therefore, of the communion of man and

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## DREAMS...

(Continued from page 18)

where he lived in the constant society of Venus. But after a time this palled upon him and eventually became intolerable. He tore himself away and suddenly found himself back on earth. He was in a green pasture in the springtime, and a shepherd boy was singing. What happiness!

Thus, whether we dream of hell or heaven, it is usually with a sigh or even a shout of satisfaction that we find ourselves back on this imperfect globe.

Many persons tell me that they never dream; their sleep is blank. With me it is quite otherwise; I almost always dream; many of my dreams are extraordinarily vivid and some unforgettable.

When I was a child I dreamed three nights in succession of the Devil. The first night the Devil chased me upstairs. I ran as fast as I could, but sank down when only half way up. Then the devil took from his pocket a shoemaker's awl and delfty bored it into my right knee. The second night the devil was in our frontyard. Suddenly he changed into the form of a dog, and when another dog rushed barking at him the satanic hound swallowed him as easily as one takes a pill. The third night I also dreamed of the Devil, but I have forgotten the details.

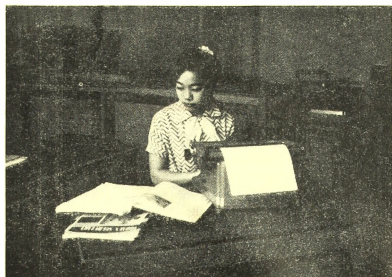
One of the worst dreams I had in childhood was when I was being attacked by wild beasts and suddenly my mother appeared on the scene. I shrieked to her for help and she looked at me with calm indifference. That was the worst dream I ever had and you may be sure it went by contraries.

I suppose the only way we can distinguish dreams from what is called actual life is that in dreams the law of causation is suspended. There is no order in events and no principle of sufficient reason to account for them. Things change in an impossible manner. Apart from this dreams are as real as life while they last.

I often have prolonged dreams that are not only fully as real as waking experiences, but are orderly and sensible, and sometimes delightful. I am at present reading the great novel of Tolstoi, WAR AND PEACE, and it was only a few days ago that I dreamed I was walking the streets of a Russian city

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# ramblings in lower case



by lourdes r. jaramilla

if a man were to give you his heart as a valentine, would you accept his offer? i can picture you all gasp that breathless tug in the throat and see the shooting stars in your eyes at the mere mention of the beautiful word "love". it's a lovely gentle feeling that reduces wild violence to softness because it stands for everything good you see in this world. life itself is love.

love's role in your lives is so strong that without it none of you would be here now. it is so great it determines what you are according to how and why you love. the mind has the endurance but it lacks the warmth of the heart. most true is it that "the philosophy that does not accept it is false, the mind that does not conceive it is dull and the heart that does not feel it is cold."

love is indefinable and laughs at definition for there has never been invented a standard yardstick nor a gauge to measure and weigh it to tally the exact conception of every man. love means to each one what he has found it to be. countless have tried to explore its vista hoping to enclose it in a definition like la salle who says "it's the selfishness of two persons" or han suyin's "love is a many splendoured thing". love is known and predestined because it is in the will but begins in the senses according to **lourdes rifareal**, ph. b. III. there is no such thing as "love at first sight" for that is a romantic nothing although love could start in a first meeting!

all of us carry in our hearts an ideal love, a blueprint we've pieced together like jig-saw pieces in our minds gleaned from storybook and real life heroes. when you "fall in love" it is the realization of a dream that answered your own unconscious image of the person you were prepared to love. he may either have the dashing good looks of a young pagan god or the virtues you're seeking. the mystery of the "attraction" may lie in the way the lips curve in a smile, the way the eyes are set or it may be "the ghost of a smile, the gentle gesture of a hand, the naturalness of a windblown lock of hair or a mellow voice." many of you call this blind illusion "love". you love here not a living flesh and blood person for himself alone, not his being but only the accidents of his personality; you are in love with a dream. from this attraction follows interest.

not even "instinct stronger than reason or knowledge born of experience" can pinpoint exactly "where interest stops and love begins." "love is blind and lovers cannot see" is infatuation and is never seen by the mind even with the eyes open. a person deeply in love needs another to see for him. when we are young, not yet

(Continued on page 37)

# ALUMNI CHIMES

by JOSE P. DE LA RIASTE

**T**RACKING down alumni is our business. This column is for them. There are its excuse for being. Their achievement in the professions and in various competitive fields are also the achievements of their Alma Mater. Their names, therefore, are worthy of mention.

Our first "mentionable" is an alumna from our Commerce Dept. Amiable and unassuming, she finished her course with flying colors. A daughter of a successful lawyer of Clarin, Bohol, she has stuck to her code of humility even in success. Though born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she worked as a secretary to Fr. Bunzel, erstwhile dean of the Education Dept., while attending classes in the evening. This time she holds a big stick in the Holy Name College in Tagbilaran, Bohol as head of the Secretarial Dept. of that school. Her handle? **Eustolia Camacho, BSC '56.** Inday to you.

It has been said that melancholy is a dread disease and that it can ruin an individual. Taking the necessary precautions a bunch of alumni preferred to stay with their alma mater than to suffer the pangs of nostalgia. So that **Mr. Eutiquio Daval** has all the reasons in the world to serve his Alma Mater. He acts as the eyes and ears of the administration. If problems regarding office improvements arise, **Tikoy**, as we fondly call him, is the real McCoy to depend upon. He always beams with approval whenever you present to him your problems. During college days, **Tikoy** is the indispensable "man of the year". He is the foreman of USC carpenters. With him is another alumnus whose aim in life is to see USC on the go. A native of Agusan, he considers USC as his second home. He goes by the handle of **Amado Gabriel**,

the legman of the administration. Another fanatic Carolinian is **Quintin Degollacion**, hydro-man of USC. He is unofficially the Carolinian water reservoir. Hand in hand with him is **Alipio Dacalos**, a man of strong determination. Not to be outdone is **Alexander Ricardo**, the school campus "beautician". He always looks forward to the good of the school. Campus beautification is his specialty. He was until recently enrolled in the Teacher's College. Luck was with him when the good Fathers of USC found him to be efficient in his work. The Father Procurator promptly elevated his present position.

In the Notre Dame College of San Fernando, Cebu a convivial lass is busy resuscitating the Shakespearean tongue of that school. With the sufficient training she acquired during her college days plus the irrefutable talent she possesses, we are confident she will always be in the limelight. A livewire in the Education Department, she easily won friends and fascinated people. Her name: **Fe Lozada, BSE '56 Summa Cum Laude.**

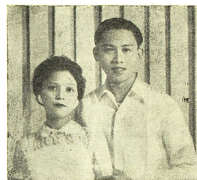
A heartening news has it that **Fuasto Arche**, erstwhile Varsity basketball player is happily employed in one of the leading Breweries in Manila. Armed with intellectual know-how coupled with patience and perseverance, **Ustong** could make a name for himself. He stepped out of the portals of his Alma Mater armed with a BSE sheepskin.

The Library Department through **Fanny Magallon** also released the dope on Carolinians now connected with libraries. **Miss Aurea Calo** is now making use of her time cataloguing the books of Agusan Trade School down in Cabadbaran, Agusan.

(Continued on page 35)

## ALUMNOTES

"To Have and to Hold." This quotation is an expression of love and unity and serves to picture the state of a happy couple whose long-cherished dream has come to final realization.



Mr. & Mrs. Romeo Bison

In this issue we take pleasure in presenting some of the happiest Carolinian couples who have united in the bonds of love.

First item in our middle-aisleage is **Romeo Bison, BSC '56**, who got hitched to the former **Miss Alhili Arias, BSE '56** of Toboso, Negros Occidental last December 26, 1956. The ceremony was performed at the Toboso Catholic Church. Mr. Bison is presently employed in one of the leading Oil firms in this city while the bride-elect is until recently teaching in East Negros Institute, Toboso, Negros Occidental. The couple are both blue-blooded Carolinians.

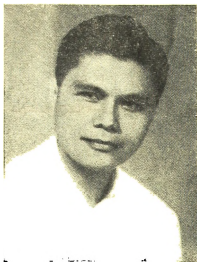
From Dumanjug, Cebu, a cryptic news was flashed that **Illuminado Ditan** exchanged marriage vows with the former **Miss Marcelina Alpuerto**, last December 8th. Mr. Ditan was once a working student during his college days. He completed the Teachers

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I FIRST SAW HIM during a program in the University. At once, I was convinced he was [and still is] an eloquent speaker. I thought of him as an orator... a master of spoken words, an audience-spellbinder. In oratory, he became my Cicero.

I next saw him at a ball. That I had thought of him as no more than a speaker extraordinary was a fallacy. I saw him dance with his beautiful wife, the former Miss Julita Villacorte, a U.P. scholar and beauty, in such a graceful manner as to provoke envy from among the youngsters in my midst. He easily became a teen-ager that night, [he is now 35] a dashing Romeo seemingly trying to win the love of a



Atty. MARIO D. ORTIZ

## MR. ALUMNUS

By ADELINO B. SITOY

younger Juliet with whom he was paired. The couple absorbed my attention so much that I forgot my girl-companion in front of me. Only her hour-long gapings reminded me that we had been sitting for centuries and cobwebs were already settling about her... to her indescribable dismay.

Again, I met him one day. He was leading two healthy sons, Reynaldo, 6, and Danilo, 3. In him I found the person of an ideal father.

It was when I saw him inside a classroom, before a crowd of college students, at the head of the members of the University faculty, and at the headtable in a luncheon attended by distinguished University alumni, that I gradually knew of him as the man, not merely the orator, the frolicsome dancer, the husband and father, but also the lawyer-teacher, the writer, and the leader... the man with brains and courage whose records while yet a student pose as a challenge to present Carolinians.

The man is Attorney Mario D. Ortiz, now secretary to Mayor Sergio Osmeña, Jr., of this city.

Atty. Ortiz hails from Sibonga, Cebu. Accelerated twice, he went through his elementary grades in five years instead of seven. He pursued his secondary education in the old Colegio after which he proceeded to college and finished his Associate in Arts (Pre-Law) in the same school.

In his high school and college days at the Colegio de San Carlos, Atty. Ortiz unveiled his talents in various fields of endeavors. His star shone brightly as a ROTC officer, a basketball player, an orator, a debater, an honor student, a class officer, a dramatist, and a writer. He was awarded the Efficiency Medal for his splendid captainship of the Best Company of the Colegio's ROTC Corps. He graduated from the Advanced Course as one of the seven "distinguished graduates". He was the captain of the CSC Junior Team in basketball. When he reached college he

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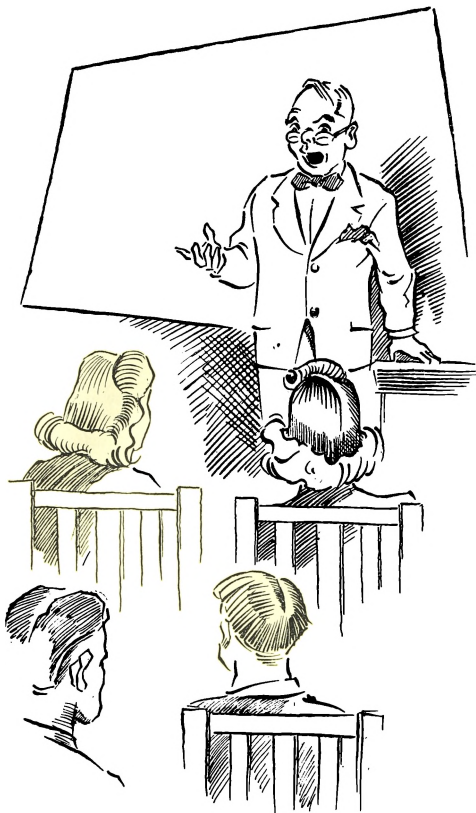
san. Intelligent and dexterous as she is, we're confident Auring will always find success.

The Library of La Salle College in Bacolod is also under the supervision of **Pedro Moran**, another blue-blooded Carolinian, while in the Bilar Rural High School in Bohol, **Miss Alice Tanzo** signed up as its Librarian. The local USIS recently added another Carolinian to its roster of Librarians after **Felicidad Cayongcong** was accommodated.

If you happen to set foot in Barray, Lanao, you'll find out that you're not a complete stranger. You'll most likely remember our USC Drugstore and Refreshment Canteen when you gain entrance to a certain Drugstore in that place which is practically patterned after that of USC's. Managed by a beautiful pharmacist which you used to glance at in our drugstore, you'll easily recall the students' rendezvous where you used to chat with friends. In other words, this pert and winsome pharmacist serves as a reminder of the happy days you used to enjoy. Her name: **Miss Romana Dayak**, 7th placer, Board Examinations for Pharmacists. In the neighboring town of Lala, Lanao, another drugstore stands. It is also run by business-minded pharmacist, **Arepapigita Mirabuena**. This is good news especially for Carolinian drug agents.

Coming now to our roll of legal luminaries, we were able to track down a bunch of alumni who are doing just great guns. First stringer who is worthy of mention is **Atty. Vicente Delin**. News has it that he was designated as Judge Auxiliary of Escalante, Negros Occidental. An orator of the first water, Atty. Delin deserves the position.

From Surigao province, we got the heartening news that **Atty. Bonifacio Alvizio** and **Atty. Andronico Alvizio** are making a name for themselves. Bonie graduated **Magna Cum Laude** of Class '55, is considered as one of the best trial lawyers of that province. Intellectual  
(Continued on page 44)



by **George Guy**

# What Is A University S

**I**T IS on the presumption that most of us don't know the answer to the question "What is a university student?" that this is being written. If you think you know the answer, then skip this. What is here attempted is not an alpha-to-omega outline, but rather just a few random thoughts—hence, the slightly far-flung character of some remarks.

The full answer to "What is a university student?" will only be found in the lives of those of us who are spending our years here with intense awareness of the opportunities before us, and of the responsibilities we bear on our shoulders. Only through such an awareness may we hope to grasp the significance of being a university student.

To indulge in a little freedom, this is the simplest definition possible: "one who studies in an institution of higher learning without groaning too much." An altogether inadequate definition, and the minimum possible. Granted that most of us study our courses with at least enough diligence (or lack of diligence) to muddle through college—perhaps with just a few extra \$'s. That's all right, don't squirm.

Granted this much, we may qualify for the designation "university student." Qualified by a hairsbreadth. But certainly we should not be satisfied with the minimum. A look at the opportunities for intellectual training available for us will urge us towards higher goals.

**Intellectual aspect.** Here in the library this week is displayed **The Dead Sea Scrolls**, by Burrows. Surely a book of general interest. Why doesn't one of the other student borrow it, read it through carefully, and write a short review in our student publication? Others may forward their comments on the book and perhaps on the review itself. Strangely enough, the discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls, which caused a slight earthquake throughout the whole of Christendom—at least a continuous tremor for several years—hardly raises a single eyebrow among us.

Here are a few other books which may be of interest: **Personality and Successful Living**, by Wagner; **The Earth before History**, by Perrier (a word of caution: read with care); and **A Study of History**, by Toynbee. All these books are written for men and women of our intellectual capacity. Beg pardon, but what is our intellectual capacity? "Treason," some may be tempted to shout. "It is treason to insinuate." Let that be as it may, no further comment from this quarter, except perhaps a more critical use of words would favor "intellectual incapacity."

What about the substantial journals our library offers us: **Books Abroad**, **Philosophy East and West**, **the Music Quarterly**, etc., etc. Each an outstanding publication in its own field. Each article very well a landmark. Yet how many of us take one of these journals into our hands and settle down for a few hours' quiet wholesome reading (unless of course it is forced down our throats as an assignment?) and expose ourselves to thought-provoking articles challenging our own ideas, and opening whole new intellectual vistas. Surely we must not accept the degrading idea that our fresh young minds are too dead to be provoked.

The sun would rise brighter over our cultural horizon the day we talk more about Harvard's East Asia Regional Studies, or the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, or when we at least follow the wake of controverted literary, scientific, or historical issues. Or perhaps we may be the trouble makers and generate the issues? If we could talk as heatedly about these topics as we now talk about this or that "show", then we are by the same measure that much more like university students. If we could keep papers of original research, or monographs of scientific societies closer to our bedsides, than we do now with comic books or cheap magazines (Super Super Romances? or whatever it may be), then we shall be that much closer to being univer-

## ramblings in lower case

(Continued from page 32)

smart enough to conceal our feelings and love first takes over our untried hearts, we lavish a pure adoration on impossible people, our "crushes" beyond all reason, all sense and all understanding that we could never know at another age. they say the heart has its reason which reason does not know. what after all is an illusion but someone we do not know very well nor see very often!

**eveline cespon**, b.s.chem III, guilelessly told us just such an experience: "i can't describe it but suddenly i felt so alive as though i were looking at it for the first time in my life. it gave a meaning to all my difficulties. each day was a breathless waiting... waiting..." the bliss of first love is an important milestone in every man's life and it is never really forgotten. "i drew a line on the sandy shore. the seawaves flowed over it, then withdrew. you searched the shore, the line was gone... but you drew a line on my youthful heart. the year waves flowed over it, then withdrew. the line is there, forever more."

**maria lourdes caniza**, pre-law II, has a favorite quotation to describe the disillusion after — "love is a strange tender plant. in the morning it may blossom forth in all its tantalizing vigor and beauty but like the bolt from the blue, it may suddenly wither, touching off the afternoon skies with the tragic splendor of splintered hopes and blasted promises."

psychology books define love as "the attraction of a soul for something good, beautiful and desirable in another". true love is the recognition of value in another. it was because Christ, the King of Hearts, saw the supreme worth of man that He loved man as He did.

our modern concept erroneously associates sex with this noblest feeling of man. sex, is of the earth, earthly, but love takes wings and flies far above passion for the birth of love frees the spirit from all limitations of the flesh. "love is to build with human thoughts a shrine." as long as this recognition of value lives in the mind of men, love's torch will not dim.

"love is measured by sacrifice in its highest reaches." according to **bartolome pozon**, commerce III. it is when a person begins to think of himself that love begins to crumble. this is the root of writer faulkner's disappointment when he wrote: "perhaps they were right in putting love into books, perhaps it could not live anywhere else." but love can and does live in sacrifice, which is only another word for unselfishness. to fulton sheen: "love is the desire to be had, to be owned, to be possessed. love is the giving of oneself to another. the good of the beloved comes first. love then is its own reward." we tend to identify ourselves with those we love and try to enter into their souls and become what they are, thinking and feeling as they do.

true love is creative and strives for the sake of another. you have a double reason for striving now, for her welfare as well as yours. you redouble your efforts to make something of yourself for her sake and your future. (Continued on next page)

## student?

ersity students. Since we just mentioned about romances, and since many students are concerned, so to face the issue squarely: here's one word about love. It's definitely not something to toy with. Love is one of the noblest of sentiments and when properly nurtured can become an experience of rare beauty. Think it over.

Leisure time and the arts. What

about the concert last week? How well were the compositions interpreted? True, poorly. But did we care to find out just why the performance was poor? Indeed we exhibit the most infantile ignorance of the fine arts, of the real achievements and the best that human kind has to offer.

If the gloomy depths of Beethoven (Continued on page 43)

a selfish love seeks not the good of the beloved but nourishes its own ego in unreasoning jealousy, only unsure people who have no security that they are loved are jealous. selfishness demands constant attention allowing no leeway for the loved one to be autonomous; such is ego trapped in the snares of its own interest which opens the door to fear. you fear only what you are afraid to lose. we must not forget that the beloved is another separate individual and does not exist to please us alone. in selfishness all love is strongly tinged with hate. when one tries to assert himself over the other, a "tug of will begins and the percentage of hate to love may be anything from one to a hundred." only people we love can hurt us deeply. we are more vulnerable and sensitive to their pain and their mistakes than to those whom we do not care and that is why we always hurt the ones we love.

**thomas merton**, a contemplative, was right when he said: "love can be kept only when it is given away. a happiness that is sought for ourselves alone can never be found: for a happiness that is diminished by being shared is not big enough to make us happy. love can only be given perfectly when it is also received." in this sense very few people really love.

you do not love in silence or that is not love at all. if it must be real, it must be a union. it would be more correct to say that love is a triangle: the lover, the beloved and God. the closer your love is to the First Source, the purer your love is. love's eternal triangle asks: "Why don't the three of us love one another?"

if you love truly you must bring out the best in the two of you or run the pitfall of a passing fancy that fades at the initial trial of endurance. **roy croft** phrases it thus:

*"i love you because  
you are helping me to make  
of the lumber of my life  
not a tavern but a temple;  
of the works of my everyday  
not a reproach but a song..."*

love alone teaches us to penetrate the hidden goodness of another. you will understand a person better if you love him. love is a sharing, a "we" feeling; a give and take generosity, a mutual inspiration in elevating your humanity together. you can do it by the spring fervour of your own honest simplicity of being simply yourselves. **croft** continues:

*"i love you because you have done  
more than any creed could have done  
to make me good,  
and more than any faith could have done  
to make me happy.  
you have done it —  
without a touch  
without a word  
without a sign.  
you have done it by being yourself..."*

"love must always run risks of not being loved in return for love is free. it is our liberty of choice that places love on a very high order. "it is the possibility of saying "no" that gives so much charm to the heart when it says "yes."

where do you find your "destiny?" is there someone who is destined to hold our hand in a firm clasp to share our journey to eternal life, alive at this self-same time somewhere upon this wide world, always a fingertip away, never here nor there but a vague dream whom we must "seek all our lives long headlong and homesick until the end?" for all you know the person you're searching for may be the shy classmate you've known for a year but you don't know him because as a song goes: "to you, i'm just a friend." the silence of shyness drives him farther away from you because

(Continued on page 44)

## \*\*\* Book Review

### After You MARCO POLO

(New York: McGraw Hill, 1955)

by

**JEAN BOWIE SHOR**

That region of Central Asia lying between the well-travelled Chinese provinces in the east and Trans Caucasia in the west is among the least explored areas of the earth. This vast region of high mountains and arid deserts has always been a formidable challenge to travelers. The political situation of recent years has superimposed a layer of man-made difficulties on the already formidable to the extent physical obstacles. Under these circumstances, the journey of the Shors through parts of Sinkiang (i.e., new territory), and from Turkey to the Hindu Kush was a notable accomplishment.

Describing the travels in **After You Marco Polo** (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1955) Jean Bowie Shor gives a fairly vivid description of the experience of following Polo. It is to be regretted, however, that the author did not make a more detailed study of the places and peoples she met. Failing in this task, **After You Marco Polo** belongs to that class of "entertaining" travel books which leave the serious reader with more questions than answers. Aside from this, the book may be one of the most sarcastic travel books published. In passage after passage unrestrained arrogance is flaunted before the reader. Such remarks as "pipstern legs" (p. 40), "dozens of Asiatic pit fanciers" (p. 34), "standards of beauty have changed" (p. 44), are examples. They are encountered so repeatedly, they reflect upon the taste of the writer. If one prefers a DC-7 to a "meat-grinder" C-46, then he would do well by keeping out of Asia. It is extremely naive to value the dubious reputation of being the first person, or the last person, to visit an isolated community, if the at-

(Continued on page 44)



**A** NEW DRIVE designed to encourage Commerce and Secretarial students to speak English and to stop the use of the dialect inside the campus, was formally launched with the passing of a circular following a meeting of the faculty members of the College of Commerce and the Secretarial Department. The meeting was called at

The College of Commerce and  
Secretarial Department Inaugurate  
A Drive that Cries out to be heard...

# Let's Speak English

the instance of Dean José Tecson, to whom particular credit should go.

Directed to the good of the students, the campaign has been hailed by Commerce faculty members and students alike.

Apart from the emphasis the teachers have laid on the importance of speaking English, they have also concerted their efforts to enforce the campaign strictly. To prosecute the campaign, a note is sent to every teacher whose student has been caught speaking the vernacular. The note bears the direction that the student should not be admitted to class. Penalty in the form of an oral or written English composition is always tied in with every note from the office of the Dean. Only upon fulfillment of the penalty is the student admitted again to class. Up to this writing a number of students have already been caught speaking the dialect.

This drive has, however, registered mild complaint from some students. Their gripe is not one to be condemned; it is not that they dislike speaking English. It is that while generally students from other colleges and departments, with whom they usually associate, are free to speak the dialect, they have to bear the incongruity of using a tongue different from their friends. As summed up by a student: "What would my friends think of me? A show-off?" This attitude represents the element that bottlenecks the progress of the campaign. And for this reason, it would be a wise move for the faculty members of other departments to adopt the policy.

by **Benigno C. Cabanatan**

The drive, indeed, will bring about salutary effects.

Atty. Pablo Garcia, a faculty member, has started a move to organize what he terms the "San Carlos Talking Corporation," an organization to be composed of students interested in the improvement of their oral expression. The proposed club's sole activity will be to encourage members to talk, talk, and talk on any topic under the sun. From A to Z. From safety pin to Joni James. The circular released by the Dean provides for the creation of these speech-training clubs. It states: "Teachers are requested to meet a group occasionally during their vacant periods to train students in Oral Expression. Any topic of interest may be discussed." This English speaking drive is a step towards fuller cultural development, an avenue to effective communication, social and intellectual growth, and brighter opportunities ahead.

Nothing much need be said of the importance of speaking English. While excellence in academic work receives sharp emphasis from school authorities the development of the students' speaking ability remains

unaccentuated; it would do us a lot of good to realize that proficiency in oral communication is not less needed for the growth and development of a well-rounded personality.

As a man's ability to talk gets him to places in the fields of human endeavor, his lack of it, though the field be studded with opportunities, can keep him in shackles.

Even in job-hunting, speaking ability plays a vital role; the articulate man generally gets the job. A personnel manager's rejection of a prospective employee is largely caused by the applicant's inability to talk himself into the job during the interview. This should be a good lesson to us.

The ability to talk is considered a cultural refinement and a trademark by which the speaker is readily identified. A hearer quickly gets the impression of the speaker's personality as his ears catch the speaker's first few words. Ben Johnson, an English dramatist, proved it when he wrote, "Language most shows a man; speak, that I may see thee." And still another unidentified writer said: "As a man speaks so is he." §

• U. S. C.

**GRADUATE  
SCHOOL**

by **Leoner S. Borromeo**

What a sad departure from the attitude of the typical medieval wife who was a symbol of submission, obedience, and constant attention to her husband! However sorely tried, she never complained. The domesticated little wife darned stockings by the fire or hummed at the spinning-wheel while she waited for her lord to lavish her com-

*When that for syk unnethes  
might be stonde,*

She was practical indeed. She would close an eye to her husband's faults if they cajoled her with money and jewels.

In church she was easily the cynosure of all eyes as she ambled

•  
Chapter III

The Wife of Bath

•  
IT IS an amusing coincidence that the stately Prioress and the coarse Dame Alice should be thrown into each other's company, one a perfect foil to the other.

Taught the art of ensnaring a man even at a tender age by a scheming mother, Dame Alice would use fair or foul means to get a man. Virginity she extolled, but not for her, certainly. Let others treasure their chastity, for Dame Alice openly admitted to the pilgrims:

*I wol bistorce the flour of al  
myn age*

*In the actes and the fruit of  
marringe*

Fruits of marriage? Dame Alice made that declaration without thinking twice. Did she really intend to beget children? The chances are she cared little, if at all, for that part of marriage. She believed in matrimony only as a means of satisfying bodily wants.

With characteristic unscrupulousness, she made tools out of her four husbands, but was not as successful with the fifth. She made no effort to please the old, dotting creatures: she was sure of their love.

*But sith I hadde hem hoolly in  
myn hond,*

*And sith they hadde me yeven  
all hir lond,*

*What shade I taken hede hem  
for to plesse,*

*But it were for my profit and  
myn ese?*

*The*  
**WOMEN PILGRIMS  
IN CHAUCER'S  
CANTERBURY TALES**

(Continued from last issue)

forting care on the weary companion. As much as possible she kept peace with her husband, for she knew only too well that a nagging wife drives a good husband from home.

But was Dame Alice ever mindful of her duty of submission to the men she married? Said she with unabashed frankness:

*I governed him so wel, after my  
lawe,*

*That ech of hem ful blisful  
was and fawe*

*To bringe me gaye things fro  
the fayre.*

*They were ful glad when I spake  
to hem fayre;*

*For God it woot, I chidde hem  
spitously.*

And yet for all her negligence, she felt entitled to all the love and faithfulness her husbands could afford. She would not stand the slightest infidelity and was ever jealous.

*Of wenches wolde I beren him  
on hondis*

in flashing her gate-toothed smile, heavily-embroidered kerchief on her head, and her scarlet hose showing beneath her voluminous skirt. Obviously, she did not think highly of the medieval concept of housewives' attire which was to shun too much frillery and to dress simply and decently so that none may find cause to laugh or mock. One imagines a number of the congregation trying in vain to hide a mocking smile as Dame Alice walked by.

Moreover, the medieval wife was constantly reminded to bear her head upright and keep her eyelids low without fluttering, to look straight ahead without turning to any man nor stopping to speak to anyone on the road. Dame Alice certainly laughed that injunction off. That was not for her; she swore:

*I wol reune out, my borel for  
to shewe.*

Little wonder, therefore, that the Clerk told the story of the patient Griselda. He felt Dame Alice needed the exemplum.

(Continued on page 45)



ually flower into full-sized works is being carried on in school publications. Thus the demand of select contents in printed words, for accuracy in understanding, for trustworthiness in its reference.

Statistics speak: out of 606 magazines annually listed in the Bureau of Post as of June 15, 1953 to June 15, 1954 entered as second class matters printed in Manila and in the provinces, there appeared no less than 221 student print-

be that the items be not for a specific interest of a particular mind of a number of students at a given occasion, but for a relatively general acceptance of other groups of persons at any time regardless of land barrier. Example: HEIGHTS of Ateneo. They perform twin functions: it serves as a link between members of the body and present diligent analysis, presents mannerisms truly their own. In a manner of saying, the literature should in

# IMPERATIVE: *Quality student periodicals*

by

FELIPE M. VERALLO, Jr.

THE NATURE and scope of this little assert tidbits of ambition: call for growth and mature writing in College organs. The author does not pretend to write with authority on this subject, for his limitations are self-evident. Common sense and necessity compel me to enumerate the grounds of my claim which rest on three propositions.

1. It is a source of information.
2. It is a laboratory of self-expression.
3. It reflects the character of the school population.

Let us define terms before going any further. Webster has this much to say.

**Quality** means actual superiority in kind;

**Periodical** means a magazine or other publications which appear at stated or regular intervals, not applied to books published in parts, rarely to newspaper.

We have now a common basis for agreements to start with.

## SOURCE OF INFORMATION

A revealing article of Father LEO A. CULLUM in the Philippine Studies of 1954 points out the importance of periodicals. Reasons: the number of serious books written is small and scholarly studies in many branches are still young and tentative exploration which will event-

ings. In other words, more than one third of the total burden of school bulletins fall on the shoulder of learners.

Notwithstanding the abundance of school publications almost the majority, if not all, the big libraries of the university are wanting of it. Money is no hindrance. Copies could be obtained via exchange. Present situation: no periodical indexes ready for us eager to probe the depth of Philippine Periodical Literature. More other than natural sciences, education and profession, a feeling of disgust lie the searching mind of a researcher. There are no historical magazines, no philosophical magazines, none in Sociology, neither on Political theory. Of course, from heaps of dirt and after furious cramming can one gather rumbling facts out of sardonic essays.

Let's take a university paper. Emphasis should be dotted on compositions which could stand at least three fair readings from a prudent man. It is not necessary that there be no personal sketch nor drub historical markings. The test should

full effect convey the graduated vital earmarks that the institution exclusively stands for. Thus it is natural to read more about the engineer and his work, and less of fiction short stories, from a College majoring on engineering. That all particulars in a literary format contain all figures is impractical. I mean, the prevailing theme should be the things which dominate its peculiar affairs. Also, the element of unity in the formation of ideas is highly favored. The philosophy here is to bring out simplicity in treating its interpretation, convenience for those who need it. The greatest compliment that a writer could have is, that his work is read, and perhaps made as a reference. This critique is yet to be followed, although partial experimentation is going on, by our own authorities.

## LABORATORY OF SELF-EXPRESSION

What is the speech clinic to the orators so is the school magazine to budding scribes. It was NICK IOAQUIN who penned the dictum  
(Continued on page 43)

became a member of the Varsity. He was also a member of the Carolinian staff.

During the last war he joined the guerrilla movement in Cebu. He was captured by the Japanese Kempeitai. Luckily enough, he escaped with five others.

After the war, he continued his law studies in Santo Tomas. Simultaneously, he served as one of the private secretaries to Public Works Secretary Cabahug. He was chosen president of the Cebu-Manila Students Association.

He finished Law in 1947. He came out as one of the topnotchers among the Cebuano barristers. In his practice he was easily dubbed as one of the most effective trial lawyers in Cebu.

While practicing his profession, he also worked as a newspaperman, a radio announcer, and an instructor in this University. He taught Argumentation and Debate, Philosophy, History, Political Science, and Law subjects in the College of Commerce. At the same time he acted as adviser to various organizations and as trainer of several prize-winning orators and debaters from different schools.

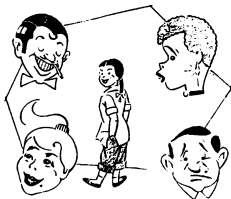
He became a member of the Board of Governors of the Cebu Lawyers League; vice-president, Cebu Catholic Lawyers Guild; Chancellor, Knights of Columbus; contributing editor, Council Tidings and honorary adviser of the Misamis Oriental Students Association in Cebu. He was elected president of the USC Faculty Club and of the University's Alumni Association.

In his two-year incumbency as Alumni presy, Atty. Ortiz displayed his remarkable zeal and outstanding leadership. He drew old alumni to participate in different University activities; he kept up with the tradition of offering an annual ball in honor of USC's new graduates during which they are inducted into the alumni group; he advocated recognition of alumni achievements; he spearheaded the rousing welcome accorded Fr. Hoerdemann and delivered a beautiful welcome speech during that occasion; he procured a sizeable donation from alumni as pocket money for the USC Warriors who participated in the National Intercollegiate Athletic competition.

His latest achievement is the alumni's scheduled presentation to the University of an oil portrait (worth P500.00) of Don Sergio Osmeña, Sr. at the annual homecoming banquet to be held on the occasion of the USC College Day. The portrait was painted by Amorsolo, well-known Filipino painter. Doña Esperanza L. Osmeña will unveil the portrait and Atty. Ortiz, in behalf of the alumni, will present it to Fr. Rector Kondring. Don Sergio will attend the presentation ceremonies.

Before leaving his office after the interview, I popped out a question: "By the way, sir, will you present your candidacy in this year's election?" I queried him thus because I had recalled that he was once a candidate in the fourth congressional district of Cebu (NP-DP coalition ticket). Atty. Ortiz displayed his patented entrancing and captivating smile and replied: "If the people will it."

The truth is, he is being groomed for a congressional seat this year, either in the second or fourth district of this province. If the people will give him that opportunity to serve them, they have nothing to lose for Atty. Ortiz has the makings of a good lawmaker, a diplomat, and a servant of the people. His talents, honesty, and integrity have been more than proved. And his record as Secretary to the Mayor will bear out. Moreover, a Carolinian is a Carolinian and will always be; his heart is pure, his mind is full, his words are true wherever he be. ♪



## The Jesters' Break

It was a formal banquet, and the hands of the clock crept round toward midnight as celebrity after celebrity sought to be entertaining.

"Mr. Blank will now give us his address; which will, I am sure, be a pleasure for all of us," said the toastmaster.

Mr. Blank rose, with his watch in his hand; put it up, and then said pointedly:

"My address is 29 Clifton Street, New York City. I wish you all a very hearty good-night!"

And departed to catch his train.

"Yes, I had an ideal once," the young matron confided.

"What happened to it?" asked her friend.

"Oh, I married him."

"Oh, Lemuell, you're just awful. You sit there reading your old newspaper and not paying any attention to me. You don't treat me the way you used to. You don't love me any more."

"Nonsense, Cynthia! I love you more than ever. I worship the ground you walk on. Your every wish will be my command. Now for Gawsakes shut up and let me read the funnies."

"Dammit, daughter," exploded the father, "you can't marry that young pup. He doesn't make more than \$100 a month."

"Oh, but, Daddy," pleaded the girl, "a month flies by so fast when you're in love with each other."

"Tell me—who is the real boss in your home?"

"Well, my wife bosses the servants—and the children boss the dog and cat—and—"

"And you?"

"Well, I can say anything I like to the geraniums."

## What is a University Student?

(Continued from page 37)

frighten us (nothing amiss in admitting it), there is the liveliness and humor of Rossini and Mozart (poor great Wolfert), or the genius of Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, or the soul-moving themes of Sibelius which should bring warmth into every hearer's heart. Or perhaps in a small corner of your heart you hide a secret love for some obscure artist? Yes, university students can take the arts—in stride.

Your pardon, again. But perhaps this last paragraph is incomprehensible? Perhaps. Yet for information about this or that equally gaudy Hollywood production, or for the very details about the abnormalities of so called "stars," our students are second to none. Surely university students must be more critical, for the result of this slavish following of commercial entertainment is the loss of a sense of artistic beauty, of proportion, and of restraint. All these qualities are secondary for Hollywood. And the primary Hollywood consideration? You guessed it.

On second thought, why all this eagerness on cheap mass entertainment? A small group of students may train by themselves, week after week, on a play of Shakespeare, and produce the play themselves. The result need not be so earth-shaking, but can nevertheless be a real piece of art. Or if we prefer younger ideas, then take a play of Ibsen or Shaw. But the old masters like Goethe and Shakespeare speak with a timeless universal language, and to be able to master their work will surely give us satisfaction, and deeper appreciation of artistic beauty. Then what can prevent us from adapting the works of Tolstoy, or Greene, or Chesterton, or Hemingway, and dress their ideas to fit our own environment. Among our thousands of students, are there none who can write (or at least try to write) a few solid plays on worthy themes? Certainly for university students there is no need for a slavish following of commercial entertainment. Certainly a little more discrimination.

It may come as a surprise to some, but students of university level should obtain more enjoyment from a quiet Sunday afternoon reading poetry (say Frost's light, birch-scented verses, or would you prefer T. S.?), than in running around eating cookies and shaking the human skeleton out of joint in "jam sessions." If the highest-educated class of citizens of a nation display such bad taste, what can we expect from others?

Just before we stray from the library, here's one other observation: those romantic novels written by book-mill authors are falling into tatters while the few outstanding books which the human race has the good fortune of producing once in a great while, these books are laid ever so carefully to Rest I P on the shelves. Not a curious hand, nor a single searching mind ever as much as came within a mile. There seems to be an unwritten law sentencing those who dare approach to a life in Malebolge. (Never met that word? Remember Dante? "Per me si va nella città dolente, . . . Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.")

But what's all this? you ask. Surely this is not necessary for me to earn a living. Surely not. But this and more go into the moulding of our mentality, our outlook, our Weltanschauung. And it is during these years that we focus our minds on the values in life, it is during these days that we develop our personalities, form our character, and become educated men and women—not merely instructed men and women who are concerned with only making a living. And right at this point we may bring in the importance of Christian personality.

**Recognition of social obligation.** As the future intelligencia, university students must be responsible to their communities and to society in general.

"Man's relation to other men" is the shortest definition of social obligation. In our everyday contact

(Continued on page 45)

## IMPERATIVE: QUALITY...

(Continued from page 41)

of inner beauty in writing which is, the discipline of self-expression. Here, we should sweat, bleed and learn. Personal honesty should be the slogan. By and large, improvement in style and ability to comprehend facts should be a "must". Ghost writers should be ostracized. This fraudulent act kills the very purpose of penpushing. A busy business executive can be excused for not creating his own speeches. But certainly not a staff member. In the first place, he has no space being there. For bad habits lead to bad literary systems.



Granted: after a length of time a man attains a sense of competency in the art; nevertheless, he should be guided by norms accordingly. The vilest public influence is an immoral press. In our case, we ought to be dedicated "to widen the interest of our people by acquainting them with the progress of religion throughout the world, to correct false and misleading statements regarding our belief and practice, and, as occasion offers, to present our doctrine in popular form."

In the main, it is not mandatory that every paragraph contains the imprimatur of religion. Rather, the substance of our write-ups must express the spirit clearly enunciated in the Catholic Creed. Thus we can write about the Mangyans without being uncivilized. Or, of Communism without fear of being branded as a fellow traveller.

All in all, the Catholic writer must preach and love and live his faith.

(Continued on page 44)

## IMPERATIVE: QUALITY...

(Continued from page 43)

### CHARACTER OF SCHOOL PUBLICATION

The specie of a tree is better shown by the quality of fruits it bear. So are students of a university. Their mentality and personalities find eloquent expression in official bulletins. Thus in a letter of appreciation from UNITAS, a German Society of young people, we were notified that they have come to like us through the column of "WHAT DO YOU THINK". Friends across the sea know of what we think in our writings, reach sane conclusions of what we are because of our CAROLINIAN. We should endeavor to have more of this type of information: enduring, friendly.

### ALUMNI CHIMES . . .

(Continued from page 35)

ually equipped, a bright future is waiting for him. Nick, dubbed as the "small but terrible" lawyer is also riding high and mighty. His success stems from the fact that he's a good mixer with the common mass. He also frequented the salons of the Courts of First Instance of Cebu. From Dumaqueite City, we have Atty. Iluminado Tale and Atty. Bonifacio Cruz. Fagged out by so many cases, Atty. Tale still has time to appear in the courts of Lanao while Atty. Cruz cuts his figure in Cebu courts. Also worthy of mention is Atty. Fabian de los Santos. He is right now in the thick of legal battles. A counterpart of Atty. Bonnie Alvizo, he also graduated Magna Cum Laude. It might be recalled that both obtained the highest ratings among the Cebu Barristers in last year's bar exam — considered the toughest in postwar years.

This will be all for now. Till next issue.

### WOMAN AND . . .

(Continued from page 1)

men. Some women can afford to follow blindly the fashion at the expense of creating confusion or havoc on morals.

*I don't wish to malign anyone with this short write-up. The only thing I can say is that I wish to heaven that with all the bustle of women among themselves, and with all the heller and skelter of modern modes, someone who swishes by in full skirts will have extra time to look kindly at me and not take offence at my comments. ‡*

## BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 38)

titude of the traveler is one of contempt and ridicule.

Part of the fun, if not the main purpose, of travel is to know other people, however strange they may appear, and in knowing, trying to understand.

It is ironic to read the description of the "handsome, little and slender young man" (p. 123), etc., etc., who is Shah, and the "listless animals, devoid of spirit" that are the Wahkis (p. 195). But of course the Wahkis are very poor, while the Shah has \$600,000,000 in royal treasures. That is supposed to explain a lot of things.

Tart as these short phrases may be, certainly they should not bother one who has such delicate feelings (p. 204) for the New World's slowly developed skill of b----- (an intentional blank out of consideration for you gentle readers.)

The book rates a review if only to point out that a book should not be.

George Guy

## ramblings in lower case

(Continued from page 38)

as he says: "afraid and shy, I'll let the chance go by . . . the chance you might have loved me, too."

**eligio cerno**, b. s. chem IV, wonders why the most important events in our life can begin in the most casual way. "how but for the curious workings of chance that one day out of the unnumbered chain among thousands of people would be singled out as my private miracle of The Day when an accidental glance in the direction of a flashing vision of quiet eyes would reduce my whole order of planned ambitions to shambles." we take this opportunity to enlighten him that love is not an explosion nor an impact that happens just like that but it grows in little sweet ways watered by the springs of thoughtfulness and day to day courtesies and unexpected surprises and continues to grow brighter until it is a steady flame. this is but a prelude, a transition for the ultimate fulfillment of fulfilling the divine plan of the First Source before the sacredness of His altar.

fr. stohaver summarizes it thus: "love is a word we play with very easily. upon love man builds his present existence and upon love God has built eternity. love is the key to this life, the content of the next, the abiding link between both, the mortal's possession that can never die, life's fire that leaps across death's chasm."

in the agelessness of eternity, the most perfect human love is as nothing compared to the love of God for each one of us. "if the spark is so bright, oh what must be the flame."

the last touch is added by merton: "to say that i am made in the image of God is to say that love is the reason for my existence: for God is love; love is my true identity. selflessness is my true self. love is my true character. love is my name."

## CROSS CURRENTS

(Continued from page 32)

woman, the MILAGROSA WAVELETS (Colegio de la Milagrosa) has this to say:

*"With God there is no double standard of morality or piety. Prayers and sacraments are the means of grace alike for men, women, and children. Because men are exposed to great temptations, they have a correspondingly great need for this divine antidote to sin. Some of our modern men today are ashamed to approach the communion rail for fear of being called slissy, not a He-man. But the most courageous of our soldiers during the war did not feel they diminished their manliness by taking the Body and Blood of our Lord before going to the battlefields."*

Well said but just for the road, here's our N.B. for the gium and desperato: ". . . no matter how ruined man and his world may seem to be and no matter how terrible man's despair may become, as long as he continues to be man, his very humanity continues to tell him that life has a meaning." ‡

## What is a University Student?

(Continued from page 42)

with each other the best rule to follow, one of the simplest, besides, is the Golden Rule—a teaching upheld by responsible men the world over. Social obligation as it applies to us has an added aspect: whether we like it or not, or whether we are cognizant of it or not, we are the guides of our society. The masses look up to us for example. If we fail them by our lowly, unsocial, or retrogressive acts or thoughts, our communities suffer as a result. And we are responsible.

The standards of our communities are for us to uphold and elevate, for we must set up values which our higher intellectual power reveals to us. And towards these values it is our duty to endeavor, to lead and to guide.

We have been sent here to train ourselves and to prepare ourselves for the future. We cannot fail the responsibility which our society has laid upon us. The leaders (by leaders is not meant political leaders—already the country is sick of the whole lot of them) the leaders of the conscience of our society, of the collective intellect, the guides of communal mentality, and the examples of a better way of life: these are the roles we are cut to play. How successfully or how poorly we measure up to our tasks depends upon how each of us is able to develop our personalities to the fullest in harmony with God and in harmony with the reason which He has given us each to see with.

The university student and our civilization. "Civilization" is not such an imponderable concept—all we need to know for the moment is

that just let the leaders of one generation fail its duty, and there may not be any civilization left for us to worry about. History of humanity is a constant tale of the rise or fall of civilizations. So don't take things so much for granted.

What has this, then got to do with us as university students? Only this: we are deeply concerned. And why all these thoughts about civilization? Of course we are civilized. Yes—halfway. Civilization is not merely the way one throws layers of clothes over one's body (or the maximum area of skin one dares expose), nor the way one builds a house. This is the material aspect of civilization. A better measure of civilization is found in the minds of men. For it is over the minds of men that jungle growth threatens. And when the jungle has gained the upper hand in our minds, the consequence is the law of the jungle. That you are living in a city does not in the least matter. Wherever man may be, he is living at the edge of the jungle. It doesn't take much for the jungle to crowd in—"All that is necessary for evil to triumph is that good men do nothing." Ignorance is an evil. So is an insensible and crude mentality. In communities imbued with old culture, there is less fear of retrogression. Not so among us. Here the danger is immediate. This every university student must realize fully. It is also this very same reason which renders our institutions of higher learning citadels of immense consequence.

Youths of today, think it over—carefully. ‡

## INTO WELCOMING . . .

(Continued from page 20)

A sharp awareness passed between them and they looked at each other to forge a companionship that was to erase all bitter memories. He looked at her again and felt so lost in identity that for some time he just wanted to stay there . . . in her eyes where promises were being fulfilled. ‡

## MONKEY WRENCH . . .

(Continued from page 21)

Some bosses keep their secretary on account of her casting spell, not on how she can spell.  
\* \* \* \* \*

An office boy went to the office of his boss and nervously intoned that he was wanted on the phone. The boss inquired how he came to such a conclusion since his name was not given. "Well, sir, the voice in the phone said: Hello! hello! is that you, you old idiot?"

## The Women Pilgrims . . .

(Continued from page 40)

### Chapter IV THE PRIORRESS NUN

The third female pilgrim has been overlooked by students of literature. The tendency is to conclude that the nun was a counterpart of the other with similarities in dress and cloister training.

The resemblance is extended to the subject matter of their tales. Both followed the pattern of choosing stories about martyrs. While the Prioress chose a story about a murdered boy, her chaplain chose the martyrdom of St. Cecilia.

Differences, however, may be deduced from the self-revelations of both in their prologues and tales. The Prioress invokes the Blessed Virgin humbly but ends the prologue with insincerity and false humility.

The well-balanced divisions in the Second Nun's prologue show more logical and scholarly traits. She chooses more felicitous passages from the Office and weaves them into her invocation. Hers is no false humility as she reveals a knowledge of her limitations and recognizes a need of the Virgin's assistance.

In her tale the Prioress expresses intense and passionate hatred of the Jews. Obviously, her "Amore vincit omnia" excludes the Jews. The Second Nun is more subdued and takes care not to give vent to any hatred of the persecutors of St. Cecilia. Her self-restraint is in marked contrast to the Prioress' open bigotry.

The Second Nun kept to the background in the true spirit of a religious. Not once did she assert herself in the pilgrimage except to narrate her tale.

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## Dios: Base de Toda Paz

La probabilidad de una guerra atómica, que causa tanto horror al hombre de hoy, ha hecho el establecimiento de una paz mundial en una necesidad grave y urgente. Pues, según los cálculos científicos, la bomba atómica si se usara durante la mas temida guerra entre América y Rusia causaría una horrible destruccion capaz de terminar con la humanidad. Y el hombre de hoy no queriendo mas repetir la triste y amarga experiencia de las guerras pasadas, suspira y clama en medio de su confusión: PAZ.

Pero, dónde esta esa paz mundial anhelada por el hombre y por todo el mundo? Despues de la primera guerra mundial se formó la Liga de las Naciones, cuyo objetivo era mantener paz y armonia entre las naciones belicosas. Pero, esta Liga fracasó. Hubo entonces otra guerra mas funesta que la primera. Mas tarde sobre las ruinas humeantes de la desdichada Liga de Naciones, se edificó la UNO. Su objeto como el de la Liga ora y es resolver los conflictos y luchas entre las naciones para que haya paz en la tierra. Pero parece ser que la UNO no obstante su diplomacia no es muy eficaz en su objeto. De hecho, como lo prueba el estado actual del mundo, cuanto mas eloquentes son los discursos y debates de los diplomaticos y mas fervorosos los planes de paz tanto mas parece alejarse la blanca paloma de las paz y acercarse con todo su estrepito la sombra amenazadora de la guerra.

Ahora, si la Liga de las Naciones fracasó; si los esfuerzos humanos en la UNO parecen ineficaces para pacificar las naciones belicosas, ¿no es acaso razonable emplear otros medios? Pero, como los esfuerzo y medios humanos no son eficaces para establecer una paz mundial, ¿no es acaso lógico buscar y pedir los auxilios divinos? Estas son las preguntas que el hombre de hoy tiene que estudiar y meditar bien.

Hace muchos siglos el salmista nos dió la respuesta del porque

## PROSA PRIMADA

por ABE TUIBEO

### (La Carta)

*Dejame verter en este poesia  
Las lagrimas de toda pena y dolor,  
Antes de enviarte con melancolia  
El Ultimo surplio de mi amor.*

*Pues aunque me llama y vos fria  
De la muerte a la region de la calma  
Lo sabes sin embargo que todavia  
Te adora desde el fondo de mi alma.*

*Mas, querida, lo que mi corazón agora  
No es mi fama o riqueza dejar en pos;  
Sino el no verte en esta triste hora  
Para abrazarte en ultimo adios!*

*Mas consuekate, amiga, que me vaya  
Sin haberte podido siquiera besar,  
Porque así no se oscurece la playa  
A donde voy sin sombras de pesar.*

*Me marché pues con conciencia pura  
Y espero que al cielo no me sea cruel  
A imponer mas penitencia dura  
Ami, que he sido hacia ti siempre fiel.*

*Por eso no flores; sea dichosa  
Y viva como yo cristianamente  
Porque un dia en la orilla dichosa  
Te voy yo encontrar eternamente.*

### (La Respuesta)

*Desfallezca, amigo mio, al recibir  
La triste carta de tu tierno amor;  
Me hace loco; que te pueda decir  
Cuando yo me muero de dolor?*

*No me digas adios, que te voyas  
Para dejarme sola sin mas consuelo;  
Porque te voy a seguir a aquellas playas  
Y contigo morir bajo un mismo cielo.*

*No puedo mas en este mundo vivir  
Teniendo en mi corazón roto el lazo;  
Ahora nada me importa sino morir  
Junto a ti en tu dulce y eterno regazo.*

*Esperame pues porque amorosamente  
Estaremos juntos en el camino  
Para probar bien y gloriosamente  
De nuestro amor el dulce destino!*

muchas veces fracasan los esfuerzos humanos. "A no ser que el Señor edificara la casa, en vano trabajarán los que la edifican". Es claro pues que sin la ayuda divina el hombre nunca obtendrá éxito en sus trabajos, aun en sus planes de establecer una paz mundial. Por consiguiente el hombre de hoy, si quiere en verdad tener

paz en el mundo, debe de orar implorando el auxilio divino. Esto es la piedra fundamental, que el hombre en su soberbia ha abandonado; la piedra sin la cual nunca habrá paz ni tranquilidad en la tierra. Cristo lo dijo con toda claridad y precision: "sin Mi no podeis hacer nada."

por: amable tuibeo



## Poesias Seleccionadas de Autores Filipinos

### CUANDO DIGA ADIOS

por EVANGELINA G. ZACARIAS

*Quisiera retener en mis pupilas  
bajo las sombras tristes de la muerte,  
la gama ardiente de los claros dias  
llenos del ritmo de encantados tientos.*

*Acaricien los ojos los capullos  
de carmines abiertos a las auras,  
y el haber en la copa el brindis unico  
surque los cielos la paloma blanca.*

*Cuando yo diga adios al mundo mio  
al viejo hogar, consuelo de mis padres,  
luz que seas Señor, bajo el cariño  
y dulcedumbre eternos de mi madre.*

*Entre las suaves luces de la tarde  
quede suspenso el ultimo suspiro  
como queda el postrer, claro celeje  
e la estrella del vispero prendido.*

*Que oiga el murmullo de mi viejo mar,  
las sinfonias quejas de mis arboles  
al batir de los vientos, y el leal  
gruñido de mi perro en mis portales.*

*Haz, Señor, que me vaya sin rencores  
sin tristezas ni agravios que me aquejen  
el corazon en muerte, Solo amores  
vigilen mi reposo dulcemente.*

*Sienta dentro del pecho al roce amigo  
de un viejo amor hallado en mis jornadas  
y así llevarme el ramo florecido.  
mi slembra de cariños, luz de mi alma.*

*Así, como una rosa que se inclina  
bajo un beso de una luna en primavera  
quede exotica en la hora el alma mia  
cuando yo diga adios en la tarde bella.*

### Dreams *(Cont'd on page 32)*

with this author. It was one of the most agreeable and inspiring days of my life and I always regretted it did not happen. We walked together for hours and discussed modern literature. He said a great many wise and brilliant things, all of which I have alas forgotten.

The only thing I am certain about dreams is that they do not in any way forecast the future. When I was a child I dreamed I saw heaven and Jesus sitting on a cloud. He called to me: Demetrio, come here. The next day I told my mother about it and to my surprise they were exceedingly alarmed.

### PRE-LAW ORATORICAL CONTEST

The Pre-Law students sponsored an Oratorical Contest which was easily one of the best school activities of the year in U.S.C. A big crowd filled the social hall of the Girls' High School Department where the contest was held. Winners of the contest follow: First prize, Miss Asuncion Caseñas (The Man Behind the Plow); Second prize, Jesus Estanislao (We can be a Rizal); Third prize, Nieve Tan (Iyo Juan and Himself).

The Board of Judges was composed of Judge Joaquin Maambon, chairman; Atty. Antonio Abad-Tormis and Marcelo Fernan members.

### Alumnotes

*(Continued from page 31)*

Course without a hitch. This time he finds himself teaching the 3 R's in his hometown, Dumajug, Cebu. His never-to-be-forgotten wedding was attended by a considerable number of friends and some of the USC Fathers.

### CONGRATULATIONS

Happiness has caught up with a bunch of Carolinians who successfully hurdled the Board Examinations for Physicians given last August. The rewards of painstaking work and study have been finally bestowed upon them.

Through this column, the Carolinian Staff wishes to extend their heartfelt congratulations to Drs. Max C. Abellana, Ursicino R. Avellanosa, Bonifacio B. Cabahug, Jr., Rodolfo S. Cam, Anthony O. Co, Ceferino G. Demetrio, Jr., Francisca P. Estanislao, (now Mrs. Johnny Manulat), Carlos L. Fortuna, Leonardo S. Gimeno, Fortunato Gomez, Jorge G. Joaquin, Panfilo D. Lastimoso, Jr., Jesus T. Lim, Florentino Lleva, Johnny V. Manulat, Matias M. Padayhag, Salvador N. Petilos, Castor M. Ricana, Alipio C. Ruiz, Natividad V. Ruiz, Perseverando L. Sollano, Sepeng A. Uy, Gloria V. Villanueva, Jovenico Villacastin, Agustin Yap, Bonifacia L. Yap, Benjamin C. Ybañez and Jose Yu.



FATHER RALPH THYKEN, SVD

by **J. DANIELS**

to the Society of the Divine Word, Father Ralph became head of the SVD Catholic Universities Office in Chicago. The purpose of this office is to bring to the attention of the American people the achievements of the Divine Word Missionaries in the field of higher education in the missions and other countries of the world.

After the Colegio de San Carlos achieved University status in 1948, Father Ralph proved himself on various occasions to be a true friend of the fledgling University. It was to a great extent due to his efforts that the University was able to provide its various laboratories with the modern and up-to-date equipment that ranks them among the best in the entire Philippines. Through the monthly magazine—**LIGHT**—which he edits, Father Ralph acquaints the Catholics of America with the work being done at the University of San Carlos.

## THE UNIVERSITY'S FRIEND

**T**HE UNIVERSITY of San Carlos has, no doubt, a host of friends, known and unknown. Certainly it has no better friend—nor one less known to present-day Carolinians—than Father Ralph Thyken, S.V.D., for many years the Director of the SVD Catholic Universities Office in Chicago.

Born in 1899, Father Ralph, as he prefers to be called, entered the Society of the Divine Word in 1920 and was ordained a priest five years later. Because of his unusual business ability he was appointed Procurator of Sacred Heart Mission Seminary in Girard, Pennsylvania, where he also served on the teaching staff. Transferred to St. Mary's Mission Seminary, the headquarters of the Divine Word Missionaries in the United States, he was appointed Mission Procurator. In this capacity he was charged with the responsibility of soliciting financial support for the various missionary enterprises of the Divine Word Missionaries throughout the world. As Mission Procurator he was instrumental in the establishment of hundreds of so-called Mission Clubs—organizations of lay men and women who banded together for the purpose of helping the foreign missions. In 1933, when the Catholic University of China was entrusted

Perhaps one of the most convincing proofs of Father Ralph's interest in the University is his concern to make available to the students and faculty members the means whereby they may further their studies in the United States or Europe. Largely through his efforts scholarships and study grants are awarded deserving and able scholars. At the present time a number of USC Faculty members are pursuing higher studies both in Europe and in America because of Father Ralph's help and assistance.

It is not possible in a brief sketch like this to detail the many tangible proofs the University has already received of Father Ralph's interest and zeal. But, as the University of San Carlos faces the future, confident and with the quiet determination to continue, and to enhance, its contribution to the field of Catholic education in the Philippines, it sincerely hopes that its achievements and those of the students who pass through its portals will become the best—and the most lasting—expression of its gratitude to the quiet priest who has done so much to make the University of San Carlos what it is today—the leading exponent of Catholic education and Catholic life in the southern Philippines.

## We Must Support the Catholic Press

**I**N THE FACE of what has been termed in the papers as the "insolubles" confronting world peace today, we need not advertise the added responsibility that rests upon the Catholic Press. It becomes even more apparent when the fact is considered that at no time in our history has the printed word been more in evidence than during this age when . . . and this is no exaggeration . . . a paragraph may well start a shooting war. It has been said with a ring of truth that hostile ideas thrash each other most heartily on paper before they are finally removed to the battlefield. From these facts alone, the Catholic press should have reason to assume an important place in the battle for ideas. It is charged with the task of seeing that, from the hodgepodge of discordant views, it sponsors that which is right and good. And quite apart from all this, it must also serve as the vehicle for Catholic views and expressions. The Catholic press must bind us together by communication so that important world events affecting our faith will not be lost to us. Our press can, however, face the task only if it has the strength to prosecute its aims. In this regard, where else is it to derive its power but from us who have the corresponding obligation to support it?

Here, then, is the case against us.

If we want Catholicism to maintain its verve and its enthusiasm, we must support the Catholic Press . . . one of its most important organs. We simply cannot allow it to atrophy. It would be disastrous because Communism loves to show its fangs where no voice is raised. A strong Catholic press is one of our best safeguards against the distortions of Communist propaganda.

It is our primary obligation, therefore, to help build a powerful Catholic press that can face our adversaries and arouse in each of us a keen interest for contemporary events. Viewed in the light of our faith, these events will give us the scope of the world situation and will make us less susceptible to Communist lies. It is for our own safety that we must support the Catholic press. We must support it as best we can so that we can look to an effective organ to combat the forces that godless Communism continues to marshal against the Catholic faith.

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