

Caroliniana

By LEO BELLO

We went through a dizzying pace when putting up the February issue, and we thought we could settle down and feel at ease after all the materials were bundled up for the printer. But another ogre stared us on the face; we had to jump off and be on the go again. We survived the ordeal of the mid-term exams, thank God; and, for our reward, USC Day came round the corner enrapturing us with its 368th Anniversary Celebration of the birthday of San Carlos as an institution.

And yet there was a catch to all the gaiety and flurry of activities which were intended to entertain. It meant there were a lot of things to cover and a consequent delay in our deadline. We felt the strain of our lives in the preparation of this school year's last issue.

Soles had to be ground again. Sparks had to fly from overworked typewriters, and **Buddy, Bert, Herbie, Tummy, Joe, Barramides, Adoll, Nazi, Ariston** (the sweet that sizzles tunes), and all the rest of the go-getter gang had to stick it out with us in the pseudo - Carolinian office (which on deadline week we poker-facedly, unashamed, accommodate as our own to the undetectable discomfiture of other people). Sure, we have even an editor's official table which we share with good Father Peter Tsao who does not mind our boisterous company when he is not in.

Yes, all these, and **Pentong**, too, that slap-happy jerk of a **photografer** with his vanishing acts. As usual, he sure gives us the run-around everytime we need him bad. And we had to pin him down last, elusive camera and all, to do us the ticklish job of shooting the subjects for the cover photo. We had to play the role of producer, director and prompter rolled into one in the shooting of the greatest picture the **quadrangle studios** have ever produced.

But that is beside the point. We took so many angles but only had to choose one. And the thing which consoled us most was the realization that everything was about complete and ready for Father Kloesters of the CTS when we buckled down to a final spurge in writing down this column.

THIS ISSUE

When Nap Rama again handed us a manuscript, we had an inkling that it must be something very special. So it is, and we were not wrong about it. **The Magna Carta of Godless Education** is an argumentative masterpiece which clearly puts into play an analytical mind. We did not know NGR could really dish it out as good as this on a burning issue of the day. This is the most complete expose we have read so far, clearly defining the issue involved and unmasking the government officials who have tried to exculpate themselves by devious means with the help of sly sympathizers.

Herbie is burning the hoops again. This time, with a melodramatic **Auf's Wiedersehen**. But really,

his **Passing Thru** kicks off a lot of things and ideas you feel you could have thought about, yourself, but which you can never write about from LVN's own angle of approach. That much, he is unique. And more: his sincerity is nude.

Spring Fever must have gotten into Bill months ago. The words must mean much to him, he had to retain it as the title to his story about an educated robot. You will know what I mean if you read the story.

We are honored again with a contribution from the editor of a local fortnightly. Our **Fight Against Sabotage** is eloquently delineated by him, the piece clearly speaks that it is written by an orator. Atty. Mario Ortiz, the author, edits the **K of C's Council Tidings**, and is a political timber for the 4th representative district of the province of Cebu. We wish him all the luck there is, as a Carolinian to another.

Buddy Quitorio has grown so fearless, he says he does not care whoever gets hurt provided he is **On the Level**. We never can tell that we now have the rare honor of brushing shoulders with another **Arsenic Lacson** in the making. I tell you, with his sharply developing barbed wit, he is coming up and always on the level about anything.

And Buddy has not only developed a barbed wit, he now turns out to be a poet as well. He blames it on the staff environment. "If Leo does it, why can't I?" So he went down from over the level to express himself in shredded prose. I'm a **Non-Entity**, he asserts as an aftermath of having read Leonia R. Llenos' **My Why**. Reading poems, you can't help but admit that poets are so self-centered.

Patricia Reynes takes a bow with her **Nocturne**. She uses a modern technique in story-writing, we were flabbergasted at first when we could hardly make heads and tails of what she wrote. This "flash-back" method is worthwhile inspection for the uninitiate.

Father John Tong Che Tche was sincere when he said in his last speech, "**I Admire the Communists**." In spite of his sincerity, he was executed. There must be in that valedictory more than meets the eye. Reprinted from the statewide Catholic Magazine, **Our Lady of the Sacred Heart**, our good friend Johnny Mercado should be thanked roundly for recommending it to us.

The second to the last instalment of the series **What is Russian Communism?** is printed in this issue. Two issues from now, we will surely miss this series.

What Do You Think About Graduation? This is the question Junior asks some students. Their answers are varied, but the thing is, graduation means a lot of expense, no matter how you look at it.

Now comes **The Roving Eye** of Bert Morales looking into a lot of things regarding other student

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publications on **The Carolinian** exchange list. The spirited **maestro** is a dynamo personified. He runs the **Alumni Chimes** besides.

Another newcomer to our mag's pages is Feliciano Alegrado with his **The Youthful Urge**. He must be an ardent believer in the truism that youthfulness cannot be determined by one's age but in the way he feels.

Our Delia Saguin cracks a healthy joke or two at **Campuscrats**. That way, she makes people happy, if not with her contagious smiles. She is the energetic Secretary of the College Editors' Guild of the South.

Our Corps Commander writes about femmes. He must be so deeply engrossed about them. Why, he can even write a good cross-section of their cute personalities. It is an ordinary case of a rooster crowing about the hens in his backyard.

Two features are written about USC Day by VNL and Awitan, Jr. This year's affair is the most completely covered, if it can be said that way at all. We had to make sure that nothing could be missed by assigning all members of the staff on the coverage. Result: There are a lot of facts doubly reported. Well, somebody in the staff remarked that it is better over-done than misdone. So, we have them all, with pictures as well.

The Dean of the Graduate School appeals to students to help build up a collection of vernacular literary works written by old Visayan writers as mentioned in Teofilo del Castillo's **Brief History of Philippine Literature**. Now let us see what we can do about it: are there any callers?

You'll perk up when you scent **The Smell That Fills**, says Purification N. Lim. She ought to know it from experience. I bet she must know how to cook into a man's heart, through the kitchen, of course.

When Tummy Ache writes a column, he means business. His sports column can take a dig on sport's great and near-great alike. **Man to Man**, he speaks straight from the shoulder. Tommy Echivarre is that frank and reliable.

Nazi Salgado, Jr. is a new hand in the Staff. We never knew why we did not pick him up and

avail of his services before. When it comes to nosing for news, he is a regular go-getter. Bud Qutorio must be happy with his valuable assistance. And Bud has acute Annie Ratcliffe besides under his wing. That pokerfaced news ed is sure lucky and Nazi too, in spite of the hard time Bud is giving him on beats.

Ah, **Vacation**. Ah . . . smart-alecky Nestor M. Morelos drools. This guy is always at it. If not making fun of girls, he makes fun of himself. This time, it is a better bargain. The girls no longer feel they are being hunted down and lampooned, because our smarty even lampoons himself.

The Pharmers, the most glamorous girls in USC, celebrated. Their presentation of an **Interpretation of the Principal Seasons** of the year is something new. That Junior-Senior Prom must be a swell affair. But we missed the invitation, so we told a Pharmar off, in the most chivalrous manner, of course. Although that time we could not be serious: we were only kidding to lighten our deadline burden.

Of all things, the College Editors Guild of the South is a reality. By the time this gets off the press, **The College Temper**, official publication of said guild will have been well-circulated. We are members of the guild itself. Pretty soon there will be social activities on tab. But the one thing we are proud of is the official publication. We are publishing it on practically nothing at all to start with except a lot of pluck, nerve and grit. Elmo Famador is one that inspires cooperation. He is that serious-minded and sincere in everything he does, we feel that with him as President, the CEGS is in good skipperish. We? We are only the 2nd Vice-President of this guild, and that is not much to crow about. We can only become President if Elmo and Frank drop dead or incapacitated. And we don't want that to happen. Ben Fred and the rest of the members will bear me out in this. The present set-up is good as is, and we have pledged that we will do our utmost to promote harmony, understanding and unity and strong student opinion among ourselves, if only to prove that we can do better than Manila.

CAMPUSCRATS

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seemed unaware of the admiring glances thrown at her direction.

My goodness, I almost forgot the staffers' cars. . . . they were decorated elaborately in technicolor! They couldn't help but steal the show. . . one would rather think they made it a point to attract the attention of the on-lookers by speeding-up and stopping suddenly like nobody's business. Well, you can't blame these people. . . they're a bunch of newshounds and photo-maniacs!! nosing its way in and out of the swanky convoy. INTING HERBIE LIM sat between two worlds. . . at his right was sophisticated CHONG VELOSO and at his left was sweet and charming INDAY TEVES. . . lucky guy, JOE DE LA RIARTE said. Our Ed seated himself in front and PENTONG with his side kick. . . er. . . camera sat beside him. Inside the other car was a merrier group. . . what could be more

exciting than speeding your way thru the enormous crowd! BUDDY QUTORIO . . . who had no use for his coat because of, he sez, "the sweltering calidity" and the crowd inside the car. ARISTON AWITAN. . . cursed himself for forgetting to bring a Carolinian copy with him. He said people would have even noticed us better. He was not a bit contented with the blatant "Carolinian Staffers" sign! LIL TOBES. . . who said: "I wouldn't miss this grand parade for all the basketball games in this world!!"

It would be unfair if we talked only of the floats. What about the people marching? Aye, the whole Corps did add grandeur to the parade. Band Master SELERIO, followed by his drummers,

trumpeteers, et al, marched arrogantly down the street. All the members of the band were donned-up spic and span in white uniforms. . . that's class for you! But they looked more of elevator boys and busboys in swanky hotels, so a staffer cracked.

A brief survey on the programs presented at the USC quadrangle during those three nights. . . . they were all successful. . . every participant did his part wholeheartedly. . . . that's the true Carolinian spirit!!!

ISOBEL MARTIN, the Fraternity's Corps sponsor was also doing her full share in the program. In the dance presented by the College of Education, she was an enchanting ballerina flitting gracefully around her garden while the birds of nature twittered gaily about her. Joining this gay spring mood were a group of

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