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★ I found the hills lonely, perhaps as lonely as I was. During the day, Lake Taal looked like painting alive before us and we could hear the winds whisper. In the night they were mighty cold and we could hear them yawn and roar like the laborious breath of a giant monster half-asleep in the night. I always wondered what became of the lake then. It was always a black void before me. All I could see was the flicker of distant lights across as they seep their way through the darkness. Funny how a little flame of light could conquer such a monster. It seemed to be as strong and as tender as the vigil light when it is all alone in a lightless room. Sometimes it made me feel quiet strong myself, the vigil light, I mean.

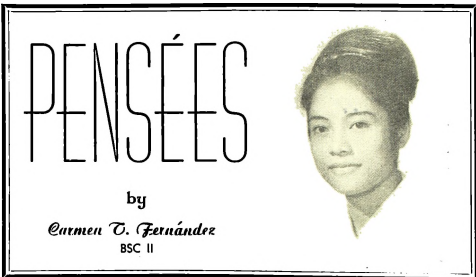
★ You know, there is this interesting thought about the religious: priests and nuns to be specific. I don't mean any harm. But, you see, it is often such a pity to see priests locked up in their schools all these years, living in a mild co-existence with the people. They preach, all right. But tell me what preaching can do. We preach about love but we do not love enough. Preaching in our times is a distant and immobile thing — just like the pulpit. You see, there are things which we have to experience and to share like the air we breathe before we can even talk about it.

But let us not start to criticize. Let us start to love. Then it wouldn't be too dark for the vigil light to penetrate.

Sometimes people talk about queer things and some old things that we have often heard about. Perhaps you might find these funny. Perhaps they are. Perhaps they are not.

I was thinking just how old man is. Was he ever young at all? Perhaps man has always been old because there has always been the old man in him.

★ But let's get back to the first topic — or maybe we can choose another one — let's say — seminarians. As most of us have noticed, they are usually zealous, idealistic, sometimes radical. They are in one word "young". But as I said, man is old. And when seminarians go out into the world after their long isolation process, they find the world so helplessly old and so destructively alien, even the old man in them is confused. How can they reach the people, how can they conquer



others when these things are so alien to them? Reality and the world can be a clever enemy. You just have to know its tricks to overcome them.

★ Well, there's the ecumenical council and things are starting to change, just like the prevalence of radicalism in the minds of the young.

Did you ever ask yourself why you count your fingers the way you do? The Germans count differently. The Americans count differently. Why do you count the way you do? Because that's how you've been taught to do it, so Bulatao says.

Things like customs, traditions and conformity have been pressing upon the youth — maybe too much — and the youth have started to rebel.

★ Do you speak up when you feel that your Theology classes or any other class do not satisfy you? Do priests ever question the bishop? Do undergraduates ever question why they cannot use the graduate section of the library as graduates do? Did you ever think of having your teacher changed because he doesn't teach well enough? Do you ever speak up when you don't like this article or any article for that matter? How many of them do because the rest are wearing them? Why do boys drink and stay away from the Holy Eucharist? Because that's what the rest of them believe to be manly.

Well, conformity is a sad state just like when non-conformists do not conform for

the sake of non-conformity. Let's not speak about sad things.

What about the beetle hairdo? For most it is a sad state. For some it isn't. The moustache and the beard can be interesting, as interesting as when you write like T. S. Eliot. Who said that Nick Joaquin's "Candido's Apocalypse", was an exaggeration for was it Nick Joaquin's at all... I don't remember... Most say yes. Some say no. Maybe it's all a matter of taste. Nick Joaquin can be quite incomprehensible, sometimes... maybe because I get tired when I read his stories, in spite of the truth in it.

★ There are just some times that you just can't move an inch. Just like writing. For months, the impulse just wouldn't come. You might still feel that it still hasn't come. Probably because one just wouldn't let it come. (My deep regrets to the Carolinian staff for being so delinquent.)

★ I wonder how the world would be if everybody knew how it is to feel the wind against your cheeks, your weight beneath the pavement as you walk, or the amusement you find in people's mannerisms, or maybe in the significance of the vigil light when all the lights are out in the small chapel.

Sometimes things can be pretty stupid, or insensible, maybe even brutal or melancholic... but not when you give them a second look.

editorial

OF GREAT INTEREST to lay Catholics all over the world is the quite long overdue universal ecclesiastical recognition given to the laity as possessors of an active role in the Church and in its world-wide mission by the recently concluded Second Vatican Council.

The Church, recognizing the dignity and the freedom of its members, acknowledges certain responsibilities in us laymen. By virtue of our baptism, we become not only Christians, but also a part of a living Church destined to play a definite role in the global mission. Whether in family, in society, in politics, in universal affairs, the Catholic layman carried with him the seeds of Christian charity, which is the touchstone of his Catholic faith. By his examples, by his utterances, by his deeds, the Catholic layman shares in the apostolic mission, and from him the teachings, the influences, the morals and the ethics of Christianity must creep into the crevices of family and social life, of national and international politics, through a moving stream that is the collective strength of half a billion Catholics. The Catholic layman must be a living force behind the making of subsequent Church history. The voice of the Catholic layman, now to be listened to, now no longer a solitary voice calling out in the wilderness of ecclesiastical predominance must be heard within the halls of Church assemblies, within the confines of his parish and diocese, now with more confidence in the fixed conviction of his definite and inalienable role. Where before the Catholic layman cringed with fear of being sacrilegious in his investigations and in his utterances on matters that seriously disturb his conscience as regards his faith in the light of modern thinking and practices, now he is welcomed, his ideas treated with respect and given due consideration. For after all, Christ founded the Church not for the priests alone, not for the bishops alone, not for the cardinals alone, not even for the Pope alone; but for each and every member of the Mystical Body of Christ, for each and every pagan, non-Christian, or non-believer who seeks to find the Light and the Truth. The Church was founded with a mission, the fulfillment of which hinges on the total involvement of us all, lay or religious. The document issued and approved by the Second Vatican Council on "The Apostolate of the Laity" indeed marks a progressive change in the heretofore unofficial attitude of the universal Church towards the role and the capacity of Catholic laymen to contribute in no small measure to the fulfillment of Christ's injunction, "...Go ye and teach all nations..." All Catholics must realize the impact of this change and, realizing it, act now and play his role in the drama of the living Church which from the moment of his conversion has already been rightfully his.

MARCIANO LL. APARTE JR.

Write to THE CAROLINIAN: This is Your Magazine

THE SECOND VAT

A TWENTIETH CENTURY event that will surely go down in history was the Second Vatican Council that ended last year. Viewed and reviewed fairly, critically, sarcastically by believers and non-believers alike, it captured the attention of international publications and was considered by billions who followed its sessions with extreme eagerness as an event of vital and supreme importance. The news of its opening on October 11, 1962 was on the same footing with the news of the massive advancement of Science, e.g., the sending of men up in space and the successful production of megaton bombs that will surely cause mega-death if used (God forbid) by war-loving devils.

A rare event in the history of the Roman Catholic Church, it was the 21st Ecumenical Council since the Council of Nicaea held during the 4th century A.D. — on the 20th of May, 325, to be exact.

When the news of the Second Vatican Council spread all over the world, laymen and prelates and protestants alike were shocked, stunned, overjoyed. It was not, however, a reckless, overhasty decision. The idea was in the making for three years, when the late Pope XXIII ruffled it out on January 25, 1959 on the Church Princes after he heard Mass in the patriarchal basilica of St. Paul's Outside the Walls. The day was the feast of the conversion of St. Paul.

It was a deliberate decision. Or to quote from Pope John XXIII himself, it was "the best prepared council in history." But although there was an overwhelming approval of the idea by various religious sects, dissenters could not be silenced with their protest. Their unified voices echoed like thunder and the Vatican found out that it could not be ignored. TIME Magazine in its issue of October 5, 1962, reported: "Some German bishops, who felt that many of the questions likely to come up before the council had not yet been sufficiently clarified by the theologians, asked the Pope to postpone Vatican II for at least 15 years. Many Curia Professionals made no secret of their dismay, seemed



POPE JOHN XXIII

to have no clear idea of what the Pope wanted the council to do."

But the Pope had made up his mind: The Second Vatican Council must be carried out; time was ripe for it.

And the dissenters gave way to the idea of the

by COEUR DE LION
Staff Member

ICAN COUNCIL



POPE PAUL VI

majority. The preparations started.

TIME reported: "Requests for agenda items were sent to every Catholic bishop, to religious orders and theological faculties at Catholic universities. About 75% of the clerics sent in replies. Compiled into twelve volumes of 7,981 pages, the replies proved to be an

encyclopedia of churchly self-criticism, which ten preparatory commissions and two secretariat, set up by the Pope in June 1960, boiled down to a working agenda of 129 proposed subjects."

It was, indeed, a massive undertaking. It cost not only time and energy but also money and mental power.

OUR CENTURY NEEDS VATICAN II

THE WORLD is changing; it is no longer the same world the past generations have known: the world of established values, moderation and comfort. The twentieth century is a world of tremendous progress especially in the field of physical sciences where man seems to exert all his resources, talent and time. Ours, too, is a world of fear; man trembles before his own inventions. Living in a changing and confusing society, man finds himself clutching the old faith, only to be tempted to reject it and to join the army of unbelievers suffering from Sartre's *nausea* and Camus' *absurdity*.

Our generation has experienced the monstrosity of the two World Wars, the worst catastrophe the world has ever known. It is at present divided into power blocs, into different ideologies, into bitter prejudices.

Twentieth century man lives in a time of crisis; and if we were to believe the pronouncements of the pessimists, we are all marching toward doom. To maintain man's sanity and dignity, individual problems should and must be taken into serious consideration. There is need for re-evaluation and re-affirmation of faith and values.

And the Church is aware of this all. Hence, the decision to have another Ecumenical Council.

Within the span of 92 years since the last General Council (Vatican I, 1896-1870), serious problems which were unheard of in the 19th century have cropped up. The Church finds herself in an uneasy position if she were to condone the decisive issues of the day and the

"spiritual diseases" undermining the souls of her children.

Something must be done.

Drastic measures are necessary.

The Church, once again, must define her position, evaluate theological questions raised by theologians, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, to summon lost children back to the right path, to work for better understanding of the various religious sects (instead of exchanging insults, why not exchange ideas?). Besides, there is a need to clarify the decisive issues of the day: religious freedom, liturgy, the role of the Church in the modern world, etc. This must be remembered, however: the Church cannot repeal dogmas formulated by past councils or by past popes.

The Church, to repeat, is a living organism, and the living are looking at her as their guide especially in our time when many have abandoned their faith and become like idiots in the crossroads without any sense of direction.

There never was a time that the Church rejected any challenge forged from the chaotic womb of our chaotic world, no matter how critical or controversial it was. She has never taken the side of mere passivity when crucial questions and debates were in vogue. She is and she has always been an active participant in world affairs. The Second Vatican Council is a gesture of acceptance of the challenge posed by the twentieth century which is, no doubt, one of the most crucial challenges since the birth of Christianity. It must be remembered that in our time, one false move of the wary World Powers would mean a nuclear war — the kind of war nobody can win and survive.

AND THE AGGIORNAMENTO STARTED

On October 11, 1962, the historic Ecumenical Council began. Attended by 2,300 council Fathers, it cost the church a total of \$20,000,000—half a million cups of coffee and 1.2 million ballots included. Within the sacrosanct walls of the sacrosanct Basilica of St. Peter, the *aggiornamento* of the Roman Catholic church was in the making. More than 350 million Catholics all over the world waited for its development, not to mention the watchful eyes of world correspondents flocking the Vatican like hungry doves.

On that memorable day, TIME magazine reported: "In the Vatican Council, the Catholic Church will also be measuring itself against what is new in the world sciences burst of knowledge, morality's blurred standards, secularism's indifference to religion, industrialism's urban crowding and automation, politics' wars and swift reappointments of power. In trying to grapple with such problems, the Council may disappointingly settle for a series of revised clubhouse rules, more cautious than venturesome. But millions of the church's faithful — and others, too — are praying that good men will be guided to a larger effort, a renewal of spirit rather than law."

While Catholics said special prayers, millions of Protestants also were praying for the success of the Ecumenical Council, hoping that it would be on the same footing with the World Council of Churches Assembly in New Delhi way back in 1961.

However, on June 3, 1963 Pope John XXIII, the architect of the massive undertaking, died. There was a pause. On June 21, 1963 a new Pope was elected — Pope Paul VI. On the day of his election, he was at once aware of the heavy burden he had to carry: the unfinished Ecumenical Council.

In the TIME issue of September 24, 1965, Pope John XXIII and Pope Paul VI were compared. TIME calls Pope John as "an intuitive, charismatic prophet who threw open the windows and doors of the church to let in fresh air without worrying about — or even fully understanding — the consequences." The incumbent Pope appears to TIME as "a detached and painstakingly analytical technician who has left the windows open — but who keeps checking the thermometer lest any cold drafts seep in." But according to TIME his style is "A search for balance and order — a goal that runs the risk of ambiguity, of settling for surface rather than substance." And it goes on to say what some clergy and laymen say about Pope Paul VI: that he is "a puzzle, an enigma, a Hamlet."

With Paul's visit to the Holy Land and New York, he breaks the contention that popes are "prisoners of the Vatican."

THE MAJOR ACHIEVEMENTS OF VATICAN II

The major documents approved by the Council put to shame the pessimistic anticipation of skeptics; they shatter the contentions of godless critics and religious haters. The documents all point out to the objective of the Second Vatican Council: *aggiornamento*. They are the solutions of the problems faced by the Church and her children living in the twentieth century. They make the Church **modern**, and up-to-date institution, not a relic of the past like broken irons.

The fresh air of the twentieth century has swept out the ancient dust of the sacrosanct halls of the age-old church. Now that the windows and doors of the Cathedral are opened the world can view it better, understand it better, evaluate it better.

Benedictine Godfrey Diekmann, editor of WORSHIP magazine, and himself an expert in liturgy, wrote: "The bishops at the beginning were not especially enthusiastic. Many of them, of course, had been occupied with pastoral works and were not especially knowledgeable about recent developments in theology and liturgy. Perhaps the greatest achievement in the Council has been that in these areas where one would not normally expect a real deepening of understanding, just that has happened in only four years."

The four-year session has done so many things: it shapes new visions for the world to heed and cogitate; it outlines the future move of mankind for the better and not for the worst; it gives new perspective, new

dimensions, as wonderful as man's initial triumph of space exploration, to mention a few.

NEWSWEEK reported: "At the start, those blue-prints had seemed fanciful to many, catastrophic to some. But as session followed session, what an American peritus called 'the new theology, a pastoral and ecumenical theology,' won the minds and the votes of the bishops. The victory also marked the return to grace of theologians who had been in disfavor, if not actually in disgrace, before Vatican II convened. Once under pressure from the Holy Office for their doctrines, French theologians Yves Congar and Henri de Lubac are now mentioned as possible cardinals at Paul's next consistory."

The labor that lasted for four long years was not at all disgusting. Vatican II, in more ways than one, was a success. It shatters the crazy anticipations of skeptics; it wins the attention of the world; it captures the front pages of newspapers the world over; the praises of the world leaders. Here are the major results of the massive undertaking:

On Divine Revelation. The question on Divine Revelation was one of the most decisive questions raised during the Council. Just as the world today is divided into power blocs, the theologians are also divided into two main groups: those that adhere to the "Two-source" theory and those that insist that the only source for revelation is the Scripture, and that tradition is "nothing more than the church's living, unfolding interpretation of the Holy Bible."

The approved document contains a lengthy treatise which emphasizes the role of Scripture rather than tradition, although it is added, through the request of the Pope that the Church does not get her "certitude concerning revelation only from Scripture." The document aims to "merge into unity" Scripture and tradition. However, it acknowledges the Bible to have a "more central role in the life of the Church." Scholars on the Scripture, Catholics and Protestants alike, are encouraged to go on with their research.

To prevent a too literal interpretation of the Holy Bible, The treatise also makes it clear that the Bible teaches "firmly, with fidelity, and without any error, the truth which God, for our salvation, wanted put down in writing in Holy Writ, whose historicity the church constantly affirms."

Bishop James Patrick Shannon, Auxiliary of St. Paul, Minnesota, has this to say: "This (the document on Divine Revelation) contains the basis for the church attitude toward the world for centuries to come."

On Liturgy. This liturgical reform allows the use of modern languages and vernacular languages to replace Latin in most parts of the Mass and sacraments. The document **On Liturgy** has brought about external changes only, for essential meanings and purpose remain the same. Three documents were responsible for the change: The **Constitution on Sacred Liturgy**, December 4, 1963; **Motu Proprio**, January 24, 1964; and the **Instruction for the Proper Implementation of the Constitution on Sacred Liturgy**, September 26, 1964.

Rev. Frederick R. McManus, president of the National Liturgical conference and official consultant for the Ecumenical Council, says that one contradiction in the rite of the Mass has been partially corrected: "Three of the most solemn and public prayers recited quietly by the priest will be sung or said aloud for all to hear and respond to. They are: the prayer over the offerings, called the secret prayer; the concluding Eucharistic prayer, and the prayer for deliverance from evil and for peace, which is added to the Lord's Prayer."

"On principle, the celebrating priest will no longer recite publicly or quietly any text of a prayer or reading that is said or sung by others, whether by the people or by the choir in case of chants and hymns. . . This change is intended to make clear the distinction of roles or parts in the liturgy, with each one — priest or layman — taking his own part."

Of the change, Pope Paul VI has this to say: "Are these changes for the better or not? Surely it is for the better." The Pope is right. Because of the change, the Mass gains new life, warmth, and better participation from the laymen.

On Religious Liberty. The text on religious liberty, one of the most controversial schemata discussed during the council, was approved, nonetheless by an overwhelming majority: 1,997 to 224. The time the voting was over, Dr. Dana McLean Greeley, Boston's Unitarian observer at Vatican II quips: "This is perhaps the greatest day of the council."

On October 1, 1965, TIME reported: "What made the vote on liberty statement especially significant was that the progressive majority thwarted a last-minute conservative maneuver to shelve the document entirely — and it won with the help of Pope Paul."

Based on divine revelation and the "very dignity of human nature," the treatise on religious liberty stressed that "no one can be forced to act against his conscience." The state has no right to impose to individuals any form of religion; also it cannot prevent its citizens from leaving or joining religious sects. The declaration bolsters the broad-mindedness of the Catholic Church: that it respects man's conscience, dignity and freedom. TIME issue of December 17, 1965, points out the important provision of the declaration: that "all men have a duty to embrace Catholicism once they recognize its truthful claims. . ." The document was received enthusiastically. The general comment was in conformity to what the Spanish prelates have uttered: **Muy bien.**

On the Church in the Modern World. NEWSWEEK issue of December 20, 1965, summarizes it thus: The document "guides, rather than determines, the Church's attitude toward such complex problems as atheism, poverty, nuclear war and parenthood. Here the Church's Fathers were realistic in their treatment of atheists, firm in their opposition to the nuclear balance of terror."

The complexity of this document was bolstered by
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THE CEBU PRESS: *A Sick Dinosaur*

I

FOR A CITY with only about 300,000 inhabitants, Cebu City is supporting and feeding a press of dinosaur proportions. At the moment, the city is flooded by small newspapers and magazines "The Republic News", "The Morning Times", "The Cebu Star", "The Advocate" and "The Youth", all of which are engaged in a nip-and-tuck affair for the head and heart of the Cebuanos. Although through tacit agreement, not all papers are published on the same day, the field is still too crowded for comfort. Obviously, the laws of the jungle will determine which of the many will survive. The grim strength of reality will force some out of the overcrowded boat.

II

A most common complaint of the spectators of this competitive battle to the death is the limited scope of the newspaper coverage. By leaving the international and national news to the Manila dailies, the Cebu papers may be digging their own graves. Realizing one's own limitations is laudable, but fear to venture is despicable. This self limitation is as short-sighted as locking oneself into a corner. There's no hope of a way out!

The Cebu papers do not even cover foreign affairs, yet they publish out-of-the-country stories. The knowledgeable readers can easily see that what foreign news the papers have are free press releases from the consulates, etc., printed usually verbatim; but the unwary reader is deceived into believing that these USIS originated materials are genuine news. To be honest, the papers should label these propaganda materials as propaganda or else stop playing wastebasket for the foreign PROs. Nobody can accuse the local publishers for not trying to keep up with the national news, but everybody can see that they do not try hard enough. Some papers have Manila correspondents, but most local newsmen just prefer to re-write those national news items that are of local interest from Manila papers. But more likely than not, the journalist presumes that these

readers have Manila papers and let national news alone. Thus, national affairs are printed between long stretches of time and like a neglected mistress seldom sees her keeper.

Local news, being the primary beat of most local reporters, is presumed to be well covered but pathetically this is seldom the case. The reporters often can not see what is five feet beyond their noses. They see only the floating part of the iceberg; the submerged part, the greater part of the news seldom sees print. This lack of depth reporting can be the fatal blow that may knock out the surviving members of the press. The background, the significance of the news need assessment, yet they are rarely assessed. The fundamental question "why" is left hanging in the air, waiting to be answered. In the analysis of local affairs, Cebuans often have to rely on Manila pen-pushers who come across the scene on in passing, yet the scribbles of the outsiders are far superior to the silent answers of the local press.

While hard-core news is lacking, sensationalism is much in abundance. This can only mean two things: crime and politics. The distant town is seldom covered, but if a crime is committed there, it never fails to make the front pages. Constructive programs and effective legislation get only a brief review while mud-throwing politicians always hit the headlines. Certainly, Cebu has other gratifying elements aside from politics and crime.

III

As if running out of news, many reporters assume the role of a rumor-monger. They hide behind the smoke screen of anonymity and issue reports full of press jargons such as "reliable sources said" and "high city hall officials announced". While many of these reports may be genuine leaks and trial balloons of government officials, many more are straight head speculations. Day-dreaming newsmen let their imaginations run wild and put words into the mouth of nonexistent sources and pass off the rumor as gospel. Unless this

by

Henry L. Ormoc
A. B.-III

abusive use of press jargon is curbed, the press as the torch bearer of truth will receive a black eye.

Some local papers seem to be particularly fond of distorting the news. It is an open secret that these distortions are but the services expected of them from their boss — the Politician. While partisan press has its own use, editors should not allow their papers to degenerate into mere party organs. The fate of the now defunct "Daily News", is a lesson for all practicing journalists.

Partisanship in editorial policy may be justified, but news should never be colored by blind loyalty. Unfortunately, some biased editors can not keep news and editorial functions apart. If one is to believe these papers, some of our local politicians must be incarnated satans, all black, no white. Slanted writing, unfavorable placement, deliberate omission and misleading headlines are constantly employed against them to serve the whims of the powers that be. Knowing that newspapers should be the last to spurt ink of hate and dissension, these editors are the first to sow seeds of confusion, viciousness and bitterness among the people. But the public knows who are thriving on this charivari of mud-slinging, sloganeering and brouhalas; this knowledge will sound the death knell of personal journalism.

IV

The tabloid format seems to be the mark of the local news. While this size is versatile, and easy to handle, the Cebu newsmen has yet to realize and utilize its full potentials. Tabloids can carry photos with great impact, yet photography is rarely used to its full advantage. The colorless and lifeless portrait prevails, thus one finds eternally smiling politicians on the front page. Sadly, modern photo-journalism still has to see light in the local press.

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YOUNG POET:

Rage, Rage, Rage

Against the Dying of Light!

by MANUEL SATORRE, JR., *College of Law IV*

"... no one comes so near the invisible world as the sage and the poet, unless it be the saint — who is but one spirit with God, and so infinitely closer to Him than anyone. I also point out the benefits men receive from poetry. Though in themselves no help to the attainment of eternal life, art and poetry are more necessary than bread to the human race. They fit it for the life of the spirit."

—JACQUES MARITAIN—

THE ANGUISH OF THE YOUNG POET is his rage, seemingly like a tiger leaping from his heart, struggles inadvertently for immediate recognition; and within a short span of his growing mind, he buries himself in an asylum of love-starved metaphors and smiles and creates, passing himself for a king and god. But in his burst of passion, what is actually achieved is never poetry but only a rage dying out quietly in a sad whimper. For in his rage, there arises a clear disparity between his poetic intention and the finished product, which is, of course, his verse. And slowly, he peters out and loses himself in a world of obscurity and dark poetry.

In this period of obscurity, the young poet lives in isolation and thinks. He begins to discover himself, the limits of his knowledge and the dullness of his sensations. Then he rises from his grave and seeks out the world: the pulsating world of songs, of life, of churches and tabernacles and of domes and labyrinths. And one day, he finds himself inside a writing workshop discussing, probing the mystery of his art, polishing the vulgarity of his craft. Yet, in the midst of this confusion, his rage rises again. But this time it is more subdued, no longer hungry for recognition but still fraught with ambition. What am I looking for? cries his voice and he descends into the world of T. S. Eliot. And after a taste of Eliot, he begins to measure his life with coffee-hospitals and telephone poles and declares: "Where am I?"

Then he writes:

"Dylan Thomas rages within me,
And the flowers in the garden
Wonder in their loud silence:
Do I dare disturb literature?"

Do I dare disturb the universe? Anguish seems to be the beginning of almost all young poets. It is an indecision akin to the symbols of heaven or hell and the predicament of Hamlet. And yet, strangely though, in their first outburst, the young poets seem to be held by some mystical hand that in their anguish, they would not care to stop but instead continue burying themselves in dilapidated typewriters in some solitary rooms,

seeking, groping and searching for the lost syllables of their spirits.

To a young poet, there are no arrivals nor departures; what matters is only time and the endless rage against the dying of light! But what good would his rage be without the light? Perhaps what we would mean by light is simply this: it is not enough that the young poet has the rage, he must also have the proper perspective and direction; for in considering everything, he must know when to stop and know that he has finally discovered what he has been probing for years.

In his rage, Dylan Thomas explains the light: "Whatever is hidden should be made naked. To be stripped of darkness is to be clean, to strip darkness is to make clean. Poetry, recording the stripping of the individual darkness, must inevitably cast light upon what has been hidden for too long, and by doing so, make clean the naked exposure." This is the rage of Thomas. But could this also be the rage of the young poet?

It is sad to say that while the young poet rages for the cry of Thomas and Eliot, he has failed to discover that his rage for light can never be resolved without returning to the trivium of the roots of his anguish. The rage of the young poet can first be resolved thus: in this sound and fury, he has neglected the basic elements of poetry; it has not occurred to him that without knowing and learning the fundamentals of his art and craft he can never possibly hope to arrive.

The young poet would have us believe that the moon and stars and the universe are within the hollow of his palms; and that, the world in his anguish diminishes its light and awaits his arrival. But actually the truth is: it has not occurred to him that without raving, he can make a good start and possibly hope to arrive; and that his poetry can achieve divinity only when he goes back to the basic things and these things, we might say, are the proper use of the poetic materials. The study of the poetic craft is like learning the fundamentals of boogie-woogie. The comparison might look quite ridiculous, but it is appropriate. We start with

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Short
Story

AND THE OWNER CAME

by Raoul Briones
College of Engineering
(Chemical)



"PETER," Eric said, "what is the *eighth* planet from the sun?"

"Why, Neptune, of course," Peter readily retorted.

"How about this: Who was the first man?"

"Moses—I mean, Adam."

"Bright boy! Now here's another: What is *eternity*?"

"I think it's something that makes a man stern."

"No... But if you give me the right answer I'll buy you a coke at Lynn's. Again, what is *eternity*?"

"Hmm... Now I know! It's the sacrament that makes a boy and a girl become husband and wife."

"Ohh..."

"You mean it's wrong? And I couldn't have that coke?"

"W-Well, come on. What are you waiting for? Lynn's going to miss us."

"You mean you'll buy me a coke *anyway*?"

"Yes."

"You heard what he said, Rover? Let's go, boy. He's taking us to Lynn's!"

"Don't hug that dog too much. Do you want to die with fleas?"

"Who's got fleas? Rover? Why, he's the cleanest dog you've ever seen. We bathe together — that's at least twice a day." Peter placed the bottle of coke on the table and resumed cuddling the curly, milk-white fur of the dog.

"You don't have fleas, Rover. You are clean. And don't believe Eric when he says you got fleas because it's not true. But don't get mad at him either because he's my good brother. Here — have some. Go on, sip it... Oh, not *that* way! Here, I'll show you how —"

"Peter! don't do that!" Eric flung the bottle away from the boy. There was a sharp, shrill clatter of glass against concrete. "Don't you *ever* do that again, Peter! It's dangerous. Why are you that *stup* — I mean, don't do that again, huh, Pete? Lynn, give him another bottle, please."

"I don't want a coke — not from you anymore!"

"Oh, Peter, I was just trying to help you. You don't want to die of rabies, do you?"

"Yes!"

"And leave Rover all alone — not fed, bathed and all?"

"I-I mean — No, I don't want to die."

"That's better. Now, we'll forget it—okay?"

"O-Okay."

"Peter, I wonder who is the real owner of that dog."

"Why, me, of course!"

"Oh, you're not telling me that nobody owned Rover before you found him wandering around the neighborhood two weeks ago, are you? Then, what if the owner comes here to claim the dog? It's possible, you know. That's why I'm telling you not to be too close to him so that you'll not be so worried when—"

"Yes, I see what you mean. You don't have to tell me! Why, if the owner comes here to get Rover, I'll just return him and bid him goodbye — that's all!"

Eric said nothing. He was certain that it would not be as simple as that. Then, he remembered the day Green Peck died, Peter's pet parrot.

"Where's Heaven, Eric?"

"It's somewhere very far above us... up beyond the clouds... beyond the skies... beyond everything."

"Is it very far from here?"

"Yes, very. Why do you ask?"

"Mama told me Green Peck's gone to Heaven."

"Oh, that..."

"I just wonder how one gets to Heaven... Do you know how, Eric?"

"Yes — I-I mean it's quite complicated. You see, one has to be old, so very old that he can't walk or eat or breathe anymore — when he becomes useless to the world — then, God takes him to Heaven."

"But Green Peck's not old and useless yet — I still need him — why did God take him to Heaven?"

"You know, Peter, birds are not like human beings — they get older very much more quickly than us."

"I don't believe that!"

"It's true."

"No! God shouldn't have taken Green Peck away yet because I still need him — I still love him..."

Peter did really mourn for his dead parrot for some time. But days later, a horror movie the two brothers saw in which a bird vampire was the villain had made the child forget Green Peck.

Now Eric wondered what movie could possibly do the job if the owner of Rover would come to take the dog back.

"Eric, I think I want that coke after all."

"That's good Peter! Lynn, another bottle of coke, please. And I'm very sorry about that other bottle being broken... I'll just pay for it."

"Eric,"

"Yes?"

"Eternity is forever."

"Why, you bright boy! You finally got it!"

"Eric,"

"Yes?"

"Rover..."

"Yes, what about Rover?"

"You really think the owner will come and take him away?"

"I said it's possible."

"I won't let anybody take Rover away from me!"

"Oh, Peter, don't say that... What if he is a little boy just like you and just as fond of Rover as you are... do you think he is happy with his dog being away from him all this time?"

"N-Now I see what you mean... He can take Rover with him after all. And I wouldn't be in the least worried about it. Can you believe that? Can Mama possibly believe that I wouldn't be worried when the owner takes Rover away? Just don't tell her about it now, though. I want her to get shocked or something."

"I'm sure she'll be shocked."

"Do you think he's brighter than me?"

"Who?"

"That boy who owns Rover."

"Oh... No, I don't think so."

"So you just don't think so — but he may really be brighter than me."

"No, Peter. I'm sure you're brighter than him."

"Honest?"

"Honest. You are the brightest boy in the whole wide world."

"Eric,"

"Yes?"

"I think you're the greatest brother of the brightest boy in the whole wide world."

* * * * *

"Eric, has Peter gone?"

"Yes, Ma. And he was a little upset because the school-bus got here late."

"Well then, how about you — do you have a class today?"

"Yes, Ma. Nine-thirty."

"Dino is sick and can't get up. Would you please drive me to the office?"

"Sure. I'll get the keys first."

"No need... I have them already. Here..."

"Thanks. Well, let's go."

"So, this old car won't start again?"

"It would... it's just the weak battery, — well, now, here you are. Hear that? I guess an engine purr is one of the most beautiful sounds I ever heard..."

"Oh, Eric, I don't have any time for that... I'm late already."

"All right, Ma."

"Now what has that?"

"Maybe a piece of wood or a rock Peter

placed against the tires. Just wait here... I'll go and see."

"Yes — and hurry up!"

"C-Come out here. Ma!"

"Now — what is it?"

"It's Rover, Ma."

"Why, what about the dog?"

"C-Come and... see."

"Yes, I'm coming... Oh God! It's Rover!"

The stout neck of the dog was now under the left-rear tire of the car. Thick, red blood oozed from its awesomely deformed mouth; its tongue stuck out to the concrete flooring of the driveway. The forepaws were stiff and rigid and the milk-white fur was stained with blood.

Eric saw the pair of green eyes that bulged out from their sockets staring at him, as if they were desperately pleading him to erase the terror they were suffering.

"Poor dog."

"Yes. He was probably sleeping under the car when... Ma, what are we going to do now? We can't tell Peter that..."

"No, we won't. You just take the dog... and bury him at the back of the garage."

"All right. Now, step aside a little, Ma... You'll get your shoes bloody."

"Ma, I think that's the school-bus now."

"Yes, I know... and don't torture yourself being so sorry... it was not your fault that—"

"Rover! Rover! Where are you, boy? Rover! Rover! Come out now, boy, it's time for our bath... do you want Eric to tell again that you have fleas?"

"T-That's Peter now, Ma."

"Ma! Eric, have you seen Rover around? Eric, have you seen my dog?"

"I'm v-very sorry, Peter, but Rover is d—"

"Eric, don't!"

"Why? What is it, Ma? — What happened to Rover?"

"Y-You know? Pete, the owner of the dog... a sweet little boy of your age... came here this morning while you were in school, and took Rover with him."

"You m-mean h-he..."

"Yes, Pete, but don't worry, dear... I'll—"

"Who's worried — ? Ma... if you were that little boy who owns Rover, do you think you'd be happy to be so far from the dog you're very fond of? With a wink at his brother: 'Right Eric?'"

"Y-Yes, that's right, Peter."

"Oh, Eric,"

"Yes?"

"Here's the payment for that broken bottle."

The MOTHER gave him a quizzical look.

Juvenile Delinquency

by FULVIO RIVERA AGUILAR, *Commerce-I*

... "Young Medical Intern Killed by Teenagers" ... "Victim of Mass Rape Died" ... "Son of a Millionaire Figured in Holdup Case" ... etc. etc. ...

THESE ARE SOME of the many tragic and sickening daily occurrences carried by newspapers with even young people belonging to good prominent families involved. Yes, juvenile delinquency has now become such a great national problem in this land, so-called the bulwark of Catholicism in the Far East. With newspapers playing up teenage vandalism, crimes of teenage gangs, sex pervasions of the young, the teenagers in the provincial cities and towns are now aping the notorious criminal exploits of young hoodlums in Manila, Pasay, and Quezon cities.

But let us ask ourselves: Why do they do these things? To be publicized, to be notorious. They are aping the juvenile delinquency exploits of young American screen actors, thinking that what the American movies show, must be the things being done in the United States. Juvenile delinquency is the result of trying to be great imitators, making-believe it is nice to be dubbed as "tigas" and playing up the movies in the most westernized way they can fashion. It is the product of trying to follow up blindly everything that is "modern". Ask them why and they will just say, they did it just for the fun of it or they feel like doing it.

Blame whom . . . teenagers or parents? Educators, government officials, juvenile court judges, will tell you that parents are partly to blame for the waywardness of the teenagers today. And why are parents to blame? Because they no longer stay home to rear their young properly. They believe it is fashionable for both husband and wife to work, leaving their child-

ren and house at the mercy of servants. Hence children learn to stay out on the streets, play hooky and become despicable streets urchins. Or if parents stay home, they play cards and mahjongg, they gossip, they quarrel among themselves thus making home an obnoxious place to live in. At every or end of the day, they just greet their children with a pat on the shoulders and say, "hello kid," "goodnight kid" etc. They forget that children need something more than a pat on the shoulders. Children need the warmth of a parent's love more than the money they give. Parents must wake up to the fact that kids growing up don't need luxurious provided by a working mother's pay check, so much as they need a mother at home to keep an eye on them. Parents should stop attending night socials. They should stay at home and make church a family "must". "The family that prays together, stays together."

Yes, if we are going to curb juvenile delinquency, we've got to curb it where it starts . . . in the home. Discipline and guidance should start right at home when children are still below ten years old. This is the period when children obey their parents for fear of being whipped.

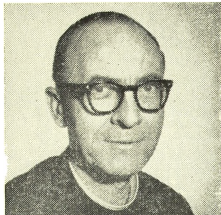
But unfortunately, parents sometimes try to be modern by not spanking their children nor correcting them when they do wrong. Or worse still, they think that they are being modern by spoiling and pampering their children with new clothes, money for movies, parties and cigarettes; they even go to the extreme of giving them liberty to stay out late in the night.

A National Problem

Parents should teach their children to enjoy staying at home. And of course, the home should have books and magazines to read. Parents should guide their children in developing good hobbies; mothers should be big sisters to daughters, listening to their girlish problems; father should be big brothers to sons beginning to go around. Parents should attend school plays, organize picnics with their sons and daughters for the purpose of having fun together. Let us make these young people responsible by listening to their ideas, making them feel wanted, loved and cared for. Let us teach them to enjoy being alone with good music and good books; to think independently and to develop their own individuality. And most of all let us give them a share of the household chores.

Having become a national problem, juvenile delinquency is also the government's concern. There must be some means to overcome this social cancer if we are to expect good, law-abiding citizens after the childhood dreams of our national hero, Dr. José Rizal, in his "fair hopes of the fatherland." The government must impose a strict curfew for teenagers. It must devise means and plans to prohibit young people from going to movies that are "For adults only", depicting teenage hooliganism; prohibit them from going to bars and night clubs, from smoking at an early age, and give stiff warning to parents for granting their children excessive liberties. Thus we need enough policemen, moral enforcers to keep watch over wayward teenagers.

Children are by nature perceptive. They easily sense what is expected of them and they are human enough to try to get by with doing less than what is expected. If we do these things to our youngsters, our efforts will not go to naught, and, with the battle half won, victory is in the bag. ♪



Father Schoenig Returns

REV. ENRIQUE SCHOENIG, SVD, 53, returned to the University of San Carlos last November 4 after five long years of absence. During these years he was pursuing his doctoral studies in biology. He came just in time to take part in the San Carlos celebration on the roof garden of the Fathers' Residence. Father Schoenig is the head of the Biology Department of this University, a position he held before he left for the United States.

"UNIQUE HOBBY"

Biology has been his hobby since childhood. Among his childhood toys he treasured a pocket microscope and scribbled the scientific names of plants and animals in a notebook in elementary school. Though this hobby was "outlawed" during his seminary years, this deep-rooted interest in biology could never be suppressed. He collected and identified plants and animals, especially insects, whenever he could spare a moment and he was blamed "for sparing" too much time for it. A great man was in the making.

FURTHER STUDIES

After he arrived in the Philippines in 1940, he studied Zoology at the University of Santo Tomas in preparation for his assignment to the University of San Carlos. He received his B.S. degree in 1942. After the war he taught in Vigan, and in Mindoro. He came to U.S.C. in November 1949. In 1950 he left Cebu for the U.S.A. where he studied at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. For nine weeks (Summer 1951), he took courses in marine biology at the Puget Sound laboratory of the State University of Washington. At the end of January 1952 he received his M.S. in Biology degree and returned to U.S.C. to head the Department of Biology.

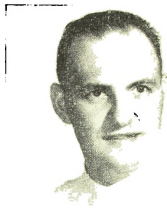
Field work, especially collection trips to beaches, and butterfly hunting, became almost an obsession to Fr. Schoenig. Specimens were accumulated from the heights of Mt. Santo Tomas, Baguio, to the tip of the Mindanao. A lively exchange of biological material was carried on with local and foreign institutions, both universities and museums. The credit for this modern line in biology, which was pursued by the USC through all these years, goes as much to the teaching staff as to Father Schoenig himself. Professor Paulina D. Pages and Professor Julian N. Jumalon in particular were the inspiring and driving forces.

PH.D. FROM NOTRE DAME

The University of San Carlos became known as the leading university in natural sciences in the Philippines. To assure a continuous growth and an ever more scientific trend, Father Schoenig once again returned to the life of a student.

(Continued on page 39)

WELCOME HOME Father Lehmeier



REV. FATHER LUDWIG LEHMEIER, S.V.D., recently returned from advanced theological studies abroad.

Father Lehmeier is a tall, handsome, young priest with the unmistakable features and accent of a German. He was born in Munich on February 27, 1929. He obtained his elementary education, however, war broke out, and he was called to his country's colors, as were all able-bodied males who were at least sixteen years of age. He was captured and imprisoned at the close of the war.

When asked how he came to decide on the priesthood, Father Lehmeier said that many things influenced his decision, but the most notable factor was the war. As a soldier, he saw the bestiality, the horror, and the utter futility of war. He realized that to avoid a third debacle, a vigorous moral and religious uplift among people of all nations was necessary. And what better way was there of accomplishing this aim than through the priesthood.

His philosophical and theological studies were obtained in an ecclesiastical academy in the neighboring town of Freising, followed by further studies at the University of Munich, where he obtained his Licentiate in Theology in 1952. Towards the end of the same year he was ordained a priest of God.

An interesting phase about his sacerdotal career is the fact that he was first a secular priest before he became a missionary. His first assignment was as assistant parish priest in Munich, a position which he held for five years. Then followed a two-year stint as prefect in a minor seminary. Then came the turning point. After four years of catechetical work as assistant parish priest, he felt a desire to join the missions, and asked his superiors' permission to this effect. Cardinal Wendel of Munich refused his request for the reason that there was a great need for parish priests in their country. He persisted in his pleas, however, until after several audiences with the Cardinal, his persistence was rewarded and his plea was granted. He then went to Vienna, Austria to enter the SVD novitiate. In December, 1960 the Order sent him to the Philippines. Finishing his novitiate at Christ the King Mission Seminary, he taught religion for some time. Finally, in 1962 he was assigned to USC.

In March 1963 he left again, this time for the U.S., where, from September 1963 to June 1965 he worked for a doctorate in Sacred Theology at the Catholic University in Washington, D.C. At the successful completion of his studies he attended workshops in catechetics, modern moral theology, and a biblical institute for priests, all held in Washington.

As to his policies as dean of religion, he has this to say: "Since there seems to be a general dissatisfaction with our course of theology as taught at present, a gradual revamping of the course is deemed necessary. A greater selection of courses will be offered in the future. Eventually we will work towards the establishment of a catechetical institute which would lead to a bachelor's degree in religious education." As university chaplain he will endeavor to implement the new liturgical changes but, he said it is a gigantic job which one priest alone cannot accomplish. He therefore expects the whole-hearted cooperation of students and staff members alike, but most particularly the religious organizations of this University.

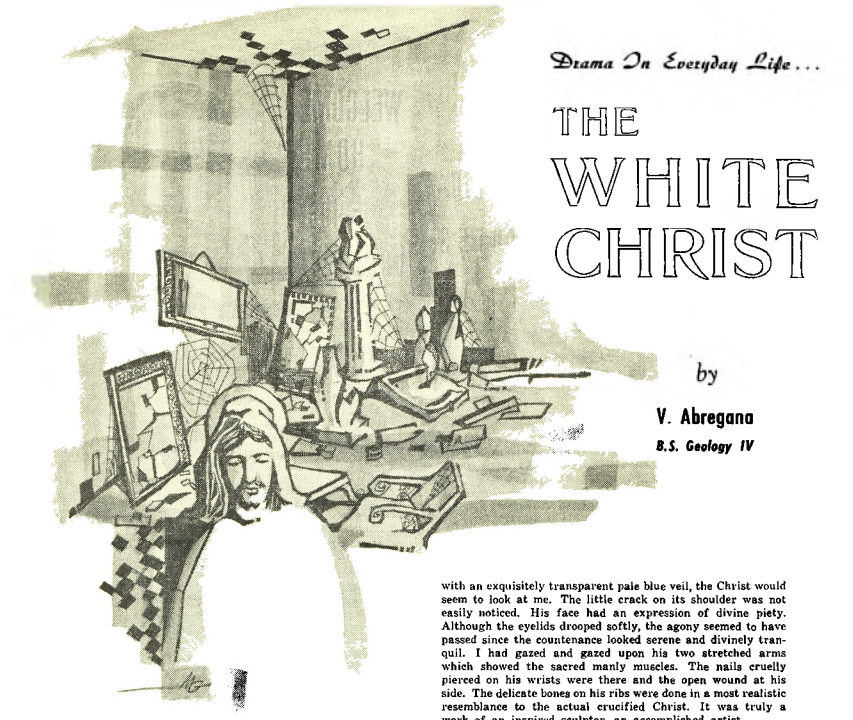
Drama In Everyday Life...

THE WHITE CHRIST

by

V. Abregano

B.S. Geology IV



with an exquisitely transparent pale blue veil, the Christ would seem to look at me. The little crack on its shoulder was not easily noticed. His face had an expression of divine piety. Although the eyelids drooped softly, the agony seemed to have passed since the countenance looked serene and divinely tranquil. I had gazed and gazed upon his two stretched arms which showed the sacred manly muscles. The nails cruelly pierced on his wrists were there and the open wound at his side. The delicate bones on his ribs were done in a most realistic resemblance to the actual crucified Christ. It was truly a work of an inspired sculptor, an accomplished artist.

Who could have thought of the crucifix were it not for the Centennial project undergone by the fathers, when for more than two years it was lying down under a pile of rubbish and the dust and dirt were heavy and thick around it. It was in a most pitiful condition up there at the topmost part of a huge cabinet in the research room of the department of science. As technician and preparator of fossil materials, I used to work in that room before I was transferred to another department. I happened to see that crucifix when the janitor dumped discarded things on it. I inquired from him who owned it and why it was placed in such condition. "Don't know. Can't understand it myself why it's there," he said.

Everytime someone took something from the cabinet and the dirty crucifix was dragged and pushed I felt pain in my hear. It was only escayola and wood yet the figure of Christ was important to me for I was taught to revere things like that ever since I was a small girl. Six months passed still I couldn't forget the poor white Christ at the top of the cabinet. Incidentally, it just occurred that one of the Fathers, a history professor talked to me about old wooden saints and antiques for a religious museum a Centennial project now on its way

(Continued on page 36)

TWICE the Science Department Head saw me get in and out of the research room in so a stealthy manner that she thought I was a thief or something. Perhaps hoping to find me guilty of any criminal act, she called me, and investigated me. I was "clean". Nevertheless, she scolded me, because — as she said — my behavior irritated her.

"You have no business there and for goodness sake, don't get there again," she said. "Understand?"

I said to myself, what a terrible woman! "Yes ma'am, yes ma'am."

All of a sudden she changed and calmed down, and — to my surprise — even apologized for the words she said. I saw that she was a little bulky at the middle; and I understood the cause of her temper.

We parted in good terms.

But I was a bit sad, for I was prohibited to enter the research room anymore. The fact was I always felt myself summoned into it.

There was something in it that attracted me. It was a sculptured white Christ.

Nailed on a polished oak wood cross, reverently covered

THE SECOND VATICAN COUNCIL

(Continued from page 5)

the fact that it was rewritten 20 times. But the approved schema is not satisfactory either, as a matter of fact it is still open to possible change in the future.

The Church makes it clear that it is against the use of contraception but gives the families the right to decide the number of children they want, and that always they should remain "submissive toward the Church's teaching offices."

Commenting on the document, Bishop John J. Wright of Pittsburgh says: "Where **De Ecclesia** gave us the technical tools, this provides the pastoral ones. It is the crowning glory to a pastoral council. It opens up our dialogue with the world."

On The Apostolate of the Laity. Because the Church respects the dignity of human nature, it also gives her children greater responsibility and freedom. The document also encourages half-billion Catholics to participate actively in Church's activities. It stresses further the role of Catholic organizations and that of the layman in the Church's global mission, his role in the family, society, politics, and universal affairs. The Church is not the Pope, the bishops or the prelates. Laymen are not mere spectators or objective observers of the Church activities. Every layman is a part of this living organism, therefore he carries with him a responsibility. This document strengthens the laymen's faith in his Church.

On the Church's Relation to Non-Christian Religions. "The secretariat for promoting the new version of an Ecumenical Council declaration on anti-Semitism says the Jews should never be presented as 'rejected, cursed or guilty of deicide' — of being 'God-killing' people," so goes the text of this document.

The document corrected the error that has been in existence for nearly two thousand years. "The Church believes that by His Cross Christ reconciled Jews and Gentiles, making both one," the declaration goes on. On the matter, the FREE PRESS editorializes: "You see, all this business of blaming people for the death of Christ leads only to total mystery. His death should not produce injustice and persecution, more suffering for people; it should not lead us to discriminate but to unite, not to hate but to love, for if the Son of God died for mankind, then no man should be hurt, no one should be shamed or despised, we are all objects of God's tremendous solicitude."

The declaration does not stop there; it expresses further the Church's reverence for all forms of religions that acknowledge God. The declaration also recognizes non-Christian faiths.

On the Pastoral Office of Bishops. This document is akin to the constitution *On the Church*. This provides a synod of bishops to help the Pope on complex matter of Church government; that they too, share ruling power. This document will lead to the inevitable democratization of the Church.

Also, according to NEWSWEEK, "it urges modernization of Church administration in the Vatican Curia." The document also outlines the "scope and responsibility of national conference of the hierarchy."

The document cannot but lead to efficient Church administration; its significance is beyond doubt. It is laudable indeed.

On Ecumenism. This schema carries this theme: unity. It not only recognizes Protestant Churches but it also encourages the various religious sects to work for Christian unity. The document bridges the gap that has been present between the Catholic Church and other forms of religions. Certainly, if the aim is unity, the gap can be bridged only by better understanding. Christianity must unite all for the greater glory of God and humanity.

On Christian Education. The schema stresses the growing importance and need of Catholic school system. Aside from the defense on parochial schools, the document points out the role of Catholic universities in our complex world where we are constantly facing the challenge of time and opposing ideologies.

On the Church. TIME summarizes the assertion of the Constitution thus: "... bishops collectively share ruling power over the church with the Pope." Many theologians commented that this will slowly lead to the democratization of the church.

POST-COUNCIL CONSENSUS

After the formal closing of the Second Vatican Council early in December 1965, Pope Paul VI boldly announced that it was "one of the greatest events of the Church."

Indeed, it was.

The consensus was that Vatican II lives up to what Pope John XXIII said on the day it began that "It is the best prepared council in history."

The church's *aggiornamento* is *Aggiornamento* per se. It's no misnomer.

Commented Dom Christopher Butler, an English Benedictine abbot: "Before, the Church looked like an immense and immovable colossus, the city set on hill, the stable bulwark against the revolutionary change. Now it has become a people on the march — or at least a people which is packing its bags for a pilgrimage."

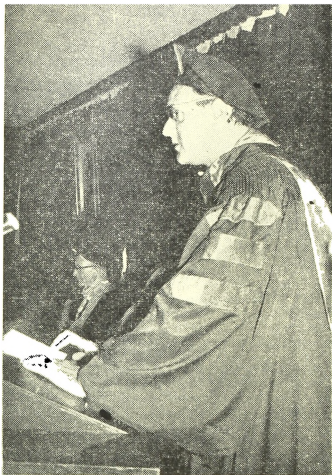
The unforgettable Council shows a positive attitude toward the complexity of our twentieth century world. Because of the Second Vatican Council, the Catholic Church appears as something new in the eyes of the watchful billions of men diverse cultures and religions. It assumes a new posture, a wisdom not known before, a spirit of friendliness and never of hostility to non-Christian faiths.

(Continued on page 33)

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dr. Helmut Reuther, 29, a German internationalist, became the 14th outstanding personality to receive the highest honor that U.S.C. can give, when on October 29, 1965, the latter conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Humanities, *honoris causa*. For more about Dr. Reuther, see *news section*. Below is his acceptance speech, which we are printing for the benefit of the "C" readers.

ON INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING



Acceptance Speech by Dr. Helmut Reuther

MAY I BE PERMITTED first of all to thank you, Very Reverend Father President, and you, Reverend Fathers of the Board of Trustees and of the S.V.D. Community, for your kind invitation to come here as your guest and to address these few words to you. I must thank you especially for the warm reception accorded me in this venerable university. It is for me a very high honor, Very Reverend Father President, to be chosen to receive from your hand this honorary doctorate degree and I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for this special honor.

Outstanding personalities both of this land and of other lands have already received this honor from you. I not only believe that all of them hold in highest esteem the excellent work of this university, its professors, and its students. I believe further that these men will remain forever attached as true friends to you and to your institution and to its long tradition in research and teaching.

Today you have granted me this honorary doctor's degree. I think I may be allowed to see in this not so much an honor to my own person as to the office which I hold as Secretary General of the International Academy for Intercontinental Contacts. I consider it my greatest task in this Office — a task to which I feel committed with my full strength — to strive insofar as it lies within man's power that human understanding should leap over the borders of individual states and break through the barriers of religious and racial differences to produce a global solidarity of nations with one another and for one another. The decisive factor of the fulfillment of every task, including this one, is an idea — an idea carried in the minds of men and spread abroad thru the force of personal conviction.

So it is that I receive the honor offered me today with a deep sense of my responsibility to follow through this task to its ultimate fulfillment.

Certainly this path will lead first of all to those nations bound to us by the ideal of personal freedom. For this common ideal gives us ready access to each other's minds and hearts. But at the same time it is almost painful to realize that more than half of the human beings on this earth must live in a state of unfreedom under the pressure of ideological forces. The path of duty we have entered on leads us also in this direction. For regardless of what particular regime we are dealing with, we have the obligation insofar as it is possible, to hold open or perhaps to open for the first time the portals of human intercourse.

The German people lived for twelve long years under the enforced regime of national socialism. And still today seventeen millions of my people live under the dictatorship of communism. Furthermore the Germans have twice in this century suffered the bitter experience of defeat in two world wars. Today, the nations of Europe are economically bound together in a common market. There is a possibility that tomorrow they will sit down at a common table to discuss political union. These things are possible only because Europeans have experienced in their recent history the fact that over bearing self-esteem, whether it takes place in an individual or in the whole people, can only lead to self-annihilation. The understanding of this truth, and even more its actualization in the common endeavors of the European nations in the field of economics, and as yet in an embryonic stage, in the field of politics do not signify the rise of a new and exclusive

(Continued on page 38)

AUDIO-VISUAL COMMUNICATION

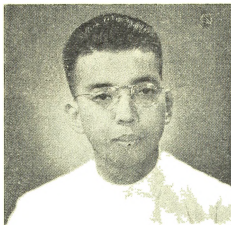
by FR. MARGARITO ALINGASA, S.V.D.

IN THE NORMAL classroom situation the teacher's biggest problem will not be discipline. Rather, for the sincere teacher who takes pain that he be not only a dictating machine before his class, the effort to be understood by his students is an arduous challenge. How often such a teacher would sigh in anguish: My students cannot understand English. Another would say: Even if I explain in the dialect, still I am not sure whether my student get what I mean. At this juncture, many are tempted to throw up their hands in frustration and to settle with the usual compromise. The teacher dictates his notes and the students memorize them.

There is a danger that we are coming to a stage when the student's inability to understand the teacher does not anymore surprise us. It has become too common a classroom experience. Or, rather, is it that we are not duly concerned why teachers fail? Good students will pass anyway in spite of the teachers! But what about those who do not make the grade at the first attempt, are they only to be drilled some more?

Surely, something is wrong with this attitude. Are the students to be blamed for their inadequacy to the task expected of them? Are the teachers at fault? There is no excuse for laziness. This might be the principal fault of the students, but this should not be said of the teacher. In most cases, it is quite certain that when the students are apathetic, irresponsive, and uncomprehending, it is because the teacher fails to communicate effectively with them. The teacher's ability to talk at length about his subject should not be mistaken for his ability to communicate. Good and effective communication is not simply lecturing, divulging facts and figures for the students to master. Good communication thrives on the sensitive recognition of the needs of the students, the imaginative use of student experiences, the promotion of "incorporation" of learning by the students, and the provision of incentives for the use of learning. Only in this context can the essential mechanics of communication, namely, message, channel, and receiver be efficiently activated to produce effective communication for better learning.

Considering all that, it is mighty clear that the teacher has much to do in preparing for his class beyond the reading of the textbook and compiling notes. He might be clear about his objectives, more or less sure of his me-



REV. MARGARITO ALINGASA, S.V.D.
Instructional Media Service
Supervisor

thod of approaches to the problems. Yet, he must settle the question: What is the best way by which I can convey an idea or lead my class to fruitful self-activity? What are the possible clarifications gathered from the spectrum of experiences, attitudes, and appreciations, of the students that might enhance the process of my communication?

The great wall barring the teacher's way of communicating with his students is "Verbalism." The formidable stones that make up this wall are quarried from the complexities of modern life, overburdened curriculum, reliance on textbooks and workbooks, specialization of knowledge, and the proliferation of things-to-be-known. There is nothing we can do about diminishing the size of this wall. Every minute, it is even piling up higher in step with whatever scientific breakthrough is achieved, or whenever influential world bodies manage to forge new relationships.

The menace of "Verbalism" as an obstacle to communication and learning cannot be ignored. Misunderstanding of one concept inevitably leads to parrot learning. To illustrate, a class was asked what is the meaning of this symbol π . There was an instantaneous chorus of eager voices: That means pi. Its value is 3.1416. This immediate response was impressive, yet when the class was asked further to give the wider implication of the meaning and value of π , there was only silence. What ultimately are the implications of the concept π were either unknown or not clear to the class. Whose fault was this? Surely, the students learned to recognize the

verbal equivalent of the symbol and its numerical value, but they had no idea what are the mathematical relationships implied by the symbol, not even that of the simple ratio relation between the circumference and the diameter of the circle. Perhaps, their traditional mathematics teacher was satisfied with the factual response. But this is hardly the learning that we wish our students to acquire.

The teacher must overcome the obstacle of "Verbalism" some other way than merely wishing for the students to catch up with the times. Actually, this problem is not at all a desperate one. The teacher does not have to look far for means to bridge over the obstacle to effective communication in the classroom. Methods, materials, and equipment of audiovisual instruction can carry him over the barrier to achieve better results in his teaching. Audiovisual methods are grounded on solid research in psychology, theory of learning, curriculum design, and theory of communication. Thus, they are eminently suitable to meet different demands of the teaching-learning activity. Audiovisual materials range from the simple to the sophisticated. Audiovisual equipment, likewise, is so diverse that the teacher has a wide selection of means to achieve a desired reinforcement for practically any lesson objectives. Of course, there is a question of what materials or equipment are available to the teacher. However, it must be said that the creative use of them is of greater concern. Like any other means, audiovisual methods, materials, and equipment demand judicious utilization to be effective. This factor might prove to be one deterrent that make teachers hesitate to explore the potentialities of audiovisual instruction for the improvement of their teaching effectiveness.

Prejudice could also be a reason why teachers miss to appreciate the role of audiovisual communication in the teaching-learning situation. It is unfortunate that what goes for the name audiovisual communication (instruction) to not a few, mean only hardware and gadgetry, projectors and films. Furthermore, the association of audiovisual communication with the so-called modern classroom, tends to obscure its function in the learning environment. The basic principles involved in audiovisual communication are as ancient as man's attempt to communicate. They are concomitant to the very nature of man's mood of learning.

(Continued on page 37)

"God made man from the beginning and left him in the hand of his own counsel. Before man is life and death, whatever he shall please shall be given him."

— ECCLESIASTES



I.

LATELY IT HAS BEEN LIKE THIS: the great wall clock is like a heart beating furiously and with anguish. We look at the sky and bloody peace is written there. And as we pause for a while to plumb the onus of humanity, we suddenly hear from afar the drumbeat of another global catastrophe, perhaps the worst the world will ever know. Even in our sleep we are constantly haunted with the children of blood waiting for the forthcoming harvest of corpses.

The next day, as we rise from our warm beds to begin the meaningless routine of the day, we muse as we say: Somewhere, something is wrong. Breakfast headlines, though gory and hair-raising, no longer shock us, for they are mere reprints, it would seem, of the old stories we used to know when we were still kids.

They are an old venom that have lost their power; bagatelle items, matutinal, idiotically mundane.

Vive la paix! The cry of humanity or the cry of insanity? Vive la paix! And yet we know that somewhere, in some secret laboratories, a new bomb is being perfected. It's the neutron bomb, and it would put to shame, so the report goes, the hydrogen bomb. After the perfection what then? Let's not anticipate, buddy.

Vive la paix! But we know that the reconciliation of different ideologies in this mysterious world of ours is still a far-fetched idea. We are living in a chaotic world where there is **balance of terror** — a Churchillian phrase so famous that it lives even after the man with an immortal courage dies.

Modern man, to be exact, is a torrero dancing before the fatal horns of a deadly bull.

An Essay that Attempts to Present . . .

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN



by **RICARDO I. PATALINJUG**

Hey! See the waltz of the toreadors and be wise.

Life is getting more and more unbearable everyday. In order to survive, one must have sisyphian patience. If he doesn't have any, he will end up, most probably, in an asylum.

Suddenly we are filled up with sombre thoughts as we flip the pages of books and newspapers or as we sit down in air-conditioned theatres to relax on weekends. Portrayed and reprinted by men who make a living by their pens is the overworked theme: murder. Scenarios are strewn with bloody corpses, pages of books are smeared with blood and for a moment we thought we are thrown into a world of nightmares and not of entertainment. The twentieth century, alas, is producing the most pessimistic philosophers, the most pessimistic writers, the biggest number of prophets of

doom. What kind of a world is this? What kind of a man is the twentieth century man? But no one cares for an answer; no one hears an answer for the individual voices are drowned by the deadly dialogues of the powerful nations and by the booming of cannons and the barking of guns in South Vietnam where thousands and thousands of U. S. Marines are stationed to fight and die and kill for the good of the human race.

Argument over dead bodies is a cliché in our time.

Who likes despair? But ours is a time of despair and of despairing writers. There seems to be no other alternative but to accept this, i.e., if we want to live in a world of reality and not of dreams or make-believe. Aside from despair, who can deny anguish, forlornness and tension? Even the Christian existentialist, Kierkegaard, contends that "the anguish which man bears



FAULKNER
"Man will prevail"



"When will I be blown up?"



CHURCHILL
"Balance of Terror"

is caused by his inability to resolve tensions." And for him, "the escape lies in the transcendental plane of faith." And if one listens and believes in the impious message of Zarathustra — God is dead! — which is most appalling as Christ's is most remarkable, then suddenly Sartre's nausea becomes his nausea!

La dolce vita? That's the glare of another moon in the eyes of corpses!

The twentieth century rebel, Albert Camus, calls our universe **tuneless** and life **absurd**. Despair is a common phenomenon, he says. Since the first world war, he goes on, our history has been the history of murder, injustice and violence.

What are we going to do? He offers a solution: man must hail life even in suffering.

His picture of man is appalling, though not as gory as Christ's: cloyed upon a leafless tree with a crown of thorns. Being a man without faith, and mind you, he says once: "I want to know if I can live with what I know and only with that," he looks for a justification, and the result is his portrayal of man as Sisyphus: "The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of the mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labor."

He left Sisyphus at the mountain where the mythical figure finds again his burden. "The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy." But are we? If you are really living — and not merely existing or dreaming — you should know the answer.

But the utterances of modern existentialists are nothing new in the history of literature. Four centuries

ago, the Bard of Avon had expressed so well the underlying principle of this influential philosophy. There is in his song some **contemporary reverberations** that keep on echoing and reaching as the twentieth century man roams in the veins of the city dogged by his amorphous shadow and his tortured conscience.

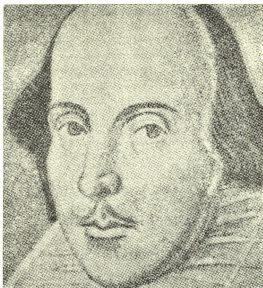
"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Life: meaningless of meaningful we have to go through it. There's one good thing with us now, though, and it is this: We are no Methuselals!

You see, there are people who believe that death is not a punishment but a blessing. Ernest Dowson, a poet without Faith, but had been faithful to his Cynara in his fashion all his life, clung to a hope many of us cannot accept. Wrote he:

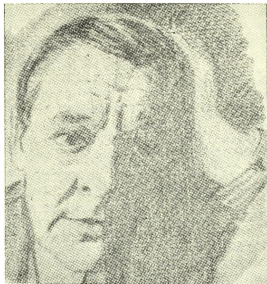
"They are not long, the weeping and the laughter
Love, jealousy and hate:
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.
"They are not long, the days of wine and roses
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream."

That is Ernest Dowson. He died sometime in 1900 at the age of 33. Poor man. He didn't live long. But he knew it and didn't worry about it.



SHAKESPEARE

"Life is but a walking shadow"



T. S. ELIOT

"We are the hollow men"

2.

THE MASSIVE HORROR of history is brought about by the massive advancement of science. The modern sword of Damocles is a modern man's invention. How will the world end? By design or by accident? Most probably by design although accident is not impossible.

Our age is an age of anxiety and the peace we know is an uneasy one. We are no longer living in a world of established values, moderation and comfort. Haunted with the dreadful premonitions, modern man clings to the crumbling old faiths, only to be frustrated. He is lost; he is just like an idiot in the crossroads. New faiths cannot alleviate him either. Hence, the need of psychiatrists.

What kind of men are we? Here's T. S. Eliot's concept of the modern man in a poem called "The Hollow Men" published sometime in 1925, before the Second World War. But this poem seems to have a lasting effect; its truth is not yet disproved:

"We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rat's feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar..."

That's the twentieth century man. And this is the twentieth century world in the eyes of a sophisticated poet:

"This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive

The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star."

The world is a cactus land peopled with hollow men. Come to think of it, man. There's no wonder why many considered **hope** a luxury in our time. Only few can afford it! Certainly this is no time to speculate on Thomas Moore's Utopia. Man today faces the most terrifying question formulated by William Faulkner, the explorer of the human dark: "When will I be blown up?"

After the First World War there was a brief interval of peace. Then the Second World War came, more destructive than the first. The First World War costs, \$400,000,000,000 in property — of course, at pre-war prices. Casualties: there were 8,600,000 killed. Of 42,190,000 allied soldiers, 5,160,000 were killed. Of 23,000,000 Central Power troops, 3,380,000 were killed. The Second World War has a total loss of \$1,385,000,000,000! And the Vatican estimates 22,000,000 soldiers and civilians killed. See? War is the most expensive of luxuries. Can we still afford it?

Our time cannot give any definite answer yet.

The division of mankind still goes on, sundering the world into power blocs. But division as always, leads to war. And the Third World War, if it breaks (God forbid) is a nuclear war. Nobody, it should be remembered, can survive in a nuclear war. There's no escape from nuclear blasts and fall-out.

It is not the fault of poets to write pessimistic and angry pieces. They are merely expressing in poetic terms what others have observed and known. Anticipation of the end of the world for instance which is very much in the consciousness of humanity is expressed by Eliot and Frost in splendid metaphors. Eliot says that the end of the world will be a **whimper** and not a **bang**. Frost is undecided but that it will end he is very

positive about. It might be in ice, it might be in fire. Both, however, would suffice. He expresses this in a little poem devoid of anguish and violence but has an effect like that of a blowtorch:

"Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice."

W. H. Auden, filled with wrath and anguish, and possessed with the frantic wish to get the hell out of this world, cries with anxiety. His tone is not that of a madman, though, but of one who is terribly sick and bored. He wants to put an end to everything; going on is useless; the vicious circle must be stopped. Now, let's pause for a while and listen to Auden's cry:

"The stars are not wanted now; put out everyone
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good."

It was this man, W. H. Auden, who said once that we must love one another or die. And this sounds better than his previous contention that civilization is necessary for world peace and to solve the ideological conflicts of our time. Civilization is never enough and the two world wars are proofs of this. The astute T. S. Eliot was aware of this, too, so that in his later years he became an Anglo-Catholic. Humanity might still be saved, through Christianity. Christian love is moderation with purpose and that's what makes it important and priceless.

For humanity to live in utter godlessness is a tragedy. That would certainly result to another nightmare, similar to the one the world had experienced during the Second World War when Hitler sent 6,000,000 Jews to the gas chamber. Racial differences and the clash of diverse ideologies cannot be solved by the blah-blah of diplomats. Balance of power cannot be curbed by disarmament proceedings alone. One can always say one thing and do another. Lying is the best weapon of a liar among liars. Moderation among powerful nations is formulated in such a way that it will redound to the benefit of the nation making the proposition and not to her rivals. You won't give your enemy a gun to shot you, do you?

3.

SOME YEARS AGO we were reading George Bernard Shaw, one of the best playwrights we have never met in the classrooms but we read just the same. (We cannot expect to learn everything in the classrooms, anyway.) In one of his plays, *Man and Superman*, a character, a devil, who is observant enough, all devils are, I guess, has made this very revealing observation which is nothing new, of course, to a man who is con-

scious of the world he lives in: "I'll tell you that in the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. The peasant I tempt today eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by peasants of ten thousand years ago; and the house he lives in has not altered as much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the arrow, the blowpipe of his fathers far behind. . . There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth: his heart is in his weapons. . . The power that governs the earth is not the power of Life but of Death; and the inner need that has nerved Life to the effort of organizing itself into the human being is not the need for higher life but for a more efficient engine of destruction. The plague, the famine, the earthquake, the tempest were too spasmodic in their action; the tiger and crocodile were too easily satiated and not cruel enough; something more constantly, more ruthlessly, more ingeniously destructive was needed; and that something was Man, the inventor of the rack, the stake, the gallows, the electric chair; of sword and gun and poison gas: above all, of justice, duty, patriotism, and all the other isms by which even those who are clever enough to be humanely disposed are persuaded to become the most destructive of destroyers."

Man has never learned a lesson of the past global catastrophes, it would seem. Or if he learns anything at all, it is to prevent from being caught with his pants down. Hence the constant vigil of the moves of the war-loving devils.

To repeat, if the Third World War breaks, it will be a nuclear war and in a nuclear war nobody can win. The result will be total annihilation. Ex-Premier of Russia, Nikita Khrushchev, was right when he said that those colleagues of his who wanted war must have their heads examined. He was fully aware of the consequences of a nuclear war.

The uneasy peace we have today is brought about, is maintained, because of fear and not because of understanding or rapport of diverse ideologies. One is always watching one's enemies.

And there is danger because always, error is not impossible.

In a book called *Strategy for Survival* by the British political-military analyst, Wayland Young, we have this hair-raising account: "The danger of accidental war remains as acute as ever. . . Across Central Europe and Northern Canada lie chains of radar stations to give 'distant warning' of the approach of Russian bombers or rockets. Planes in flight or rockets rising appear on the radar screens as little luminous flecks called 'blips'. Passenger flight appears there, and training flights by bomber formations, perhaps even rockets going up to put satellites in orbit or to attempt the moon. So do flocks of birds migrating.

(Continued on page 27)

the hands of God

hands so small
they can't quite reach
the huge head of the ox
in the stable:

hands so young and tender
amidst the wrinkled, shrunken ones
of the temple's sage:

hands callous'd, strong, but kind,
chiseling a rough beam of wood:

hands raised to bless many a child,
to heal many a sick,
to forgive many a magdalen,
to bring back to life many a lazarus:

hands sweating blood-crimson:
hands riveted to the cross:
hands limp,
alone with a broken heart
in the stillness of a lonely tomb:

hands shining glorious,
more dazzling than the rising sun
on eastern morn:
they are the hands of God!

by RICARDO DE LA RIVA

the leaf

on a barren bough
sits
a mellowed leaf:

it
quivers,
shivers,
against the evening
breeze:

detaches itself
to float
and fall,

to be borne away
by a wailing stream:

must it be so
when
i am gone?

by RICARDO DE LA RIVA

finale

Now, in seismic agitation,
His emaciated flesh
Meekly trembles.

A mournful theologic voice,
Gasping in anguish,
Crushes in.

Then, a White Hand clasps.
A bugle sounds,
The house weeps.

by CLAUDE AL. EVANGELIO

interlude with the noose

the advent of the noose

let there be music
wrap the throbbing, mellifluous note around me
i can choke in its drowning stupor
let the toes stand the cormorant pirouette
suffering the nails dug their graves, split their agonies
the dark tresses are but seaweeds clawing the night
the opium-drunk eyes behind foggy lashes
denies the denouement
which is the corrosion of the flesh
to that of a wriggling worm
but i am content.

let there be mirth
peal the bells that god stole from a spire
to suspend pendulous in my throat
the world blooms and bloats and cracks in the lungs
over a blooming, bloating, cracking, joke
open the mouth, contort the face,
toss back the head, shed a tear,
grow a canker, because life is jest sometimes,
the diaphragm ripples a butterfly
fatigued and painful to breath wrought
but i am content.

then the noose comes

then the noose comes, beckoning furtive
in its defamed, doom-starved ring
in seemingly tremulous rapture
it commences its swing,
of ballet dancer and juggler wed
are its grace and finesse:
to the right, to the left
a pendulum dereliction shammed
to the left, to the right
death deity!
hallucinating
fascinating

coding its contiguity ominous
i stagger backward raving with scorn
bare a claw, freeze a fang, blossom an eye,
the noose persists, mutely adamant
so i flirt my toes and twirl myself near
toy a finger, dart a shoulder
while the noose is lost in a lullabye
jerk a limb, jeer a smile
while the noose is lost in a lullabye
jilt a seaweed, bare a neck
while the noose...
i'm caught!!!

by MELINDA M. BACOL

looking at you
through t. s. eliot

1.

among the snow-white clouds
and the barren and weather-beaten streets
was the illusion and the dream
and you were there melted in the glass
breaking the dance of shadows to life;
my bones ache for old dependencies
as i grow accustomed to your footsteps,
virginal, slow, a recital to an old folly;
whence the cold of December rain descends
and i am told you have the eyes of spring!

2.

no more shall i look at you painfully,
once in the summer of our meeting
dull roots of rain fall blissfully
and the grapes bloom in our hands
and the heavens stand quietly
reflecting her light upon our faces
and your arms full and your cheeks
wet with tears when you read my letters.
no more cold shoulders must assail
the howling shout of indifference
and i could not speak in thunder,
i was neither happy nor sad looking
into the heart of silence without delight,
but i will make you understand:
when you walk alone in the evening,
your melted shadow rises to meet you!

3.

here we are, old men broken to the bone of ages
being ushered into a world of songs, in a sad month,
waiting for the crabs from the rivers rising,
here where no pain must survive the ancient run
of white feathers dissolving in a wilderness
of mirrors, i would meet you to excite
the sad whispers of the heart and the laughter
of the memory that has grown flowers of judas.
think now, time has many children in the hours
and minutes of my passion lost in fractured atoms.
and it is not by any love of sorrow
that my life is measured in chilled delirium,
i would meet you half-way in a garden of roses
and i shall become young again
but old in my rage and wiser in this page
i have written to meet the demands of grace.

by MANUEL S. SATORRE JR.

orchids and dimples

(to A. H.)

at the heart of your dimpled cheeks
i catch the flight of december sun
and i assumed that nothing passes time
and not all men celebrate your charms.
but here i am, rising from the ruins
of a memory long forgotten by god's hands,
resurrecting the silent shout of sea-gulls
and the anger of the soft-spoken wind!

listen!
the sounds breaking
from the blooming rose quietly
hail this poetry of the moving earth
seeking the magnolia of your voice,
and i am glad
the strong pulse throbbing
the beat of life revolts,
leaping from dark cages
and beyond the rooms of the world
stands the shadow of god's grandmother
knitting a song of love
out of life's unending crochet....

by MANUEL S. SATORRE JR.

hearse

The phonographed bell tolls sadly
for a man remotely attached,
for death of distance faced this day.

For all the silent clashes, gripped and grieved,
and the single bouquet at his foot — I forget
the gambler's name to which it belonged —
like a problem being wrong,
halting the rushes of equalling passion.

The foreshadowed lonely hearse:
and troubled sweat and sound of cutting saw near:
'tis a matter of seconds
the musical occasion that moves a tear
to fill all need for the man
with a sigh endeared.

by C. Y. ENGE



RHYTHM MACABRE

The contemplation of the horrid or sordid or disgusting, by an artist is a necessary and negative aspect of the impulse toward the pursuit of beauty.

— T. S. ELIOT

by RICARDO I. PATALINJU

1.

The heart of man
Is grieving still
And madness reigns
Supreme
The wish to crush
And the wish to kill
Weaken life's
Vigorous pulsation!
The blinding
Emptiness of souls
The wound that Time
Has made
Turn men into lost
Ghouls
Disturbing the skies
With frustrated cries!

2.

In this our place
Brutal passions rule
As we drink blood
In tattered mugs
The tortured earth
Produces crops no more
Our violence attuned
To the violence
Of a boar!
The spectred flight
Of the centuries
Claws our nights
With cruel fingers
Tears dreams
With maniacal delight
Leading us all
To deepening gloom!

3.

Lost we are in the sea
Of bloody confusions
And our solar system
Is dying soon
The gyrations
Of revolutions
Whirl, whirl forward
Leaving behind
The whispering nations.

The miasma from
Time's leprosy
Wrecks
The atmosphere
Of doom
The world unbalanced
The mind dizzy
Wounding wound
In death's dominion.

4.

Amidst the ruins
Of inexplicable years
The eyes of man
Bloodshot and red
Arms clutching
Phantom crosses
Hurling heaven
With senseless
Supplications.
The vibrating atoms
Will sound off soon
And Time will stop
Forever
The speed of light
We measured before
Will nail our bodies
On tattered walls.

5.

For the fruit
Of the seed
Einstein had planted
Is now in the hands
Of Cain
And we are forever
Haunted
As we shed
Tears like rain.

Listen!
Our desolate fields
Proclaim
The coming harvest
Of corpses
Oh, the dreams
We nursed are maimed
And selfish wishes
Are turning into ashes!

6.

The light that guided
Our footsteps once
Is gone and lost
In our world decaying
Nothing is left
There's no remembrance
Of beautiful summers
Of lovely springs.
The skulls
Of the accusing dead
Curse us to everlasting
Damnation
And parading before us
Is the face of greed
Smearing us all
To speculation!

7.

This is the world
We have made
Dark as a bottomless pit
This is the world
We have made
Black as our conscience
Gloomy as our loss.
This is the world
We have made
Where crime
Begets crime
Where Time is but
A succession of crimes
Where evil blooms
Like a flower
And death
Comes creeping
Like a lover!

WIKANG

Pangulong Tudling



MGA NANUNUNGKULAN

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Ang Sto. Niño:

ISANG HIMALA O HIWAGA

ni BERNARDITA DUARTE

SA PALIGID-LIGID ng Cebu ay nakatayo pa ang mga bantayog ng nakaraang dantaong pagdiriwang ng Kristiyanismo ng Pilipinas. Kusa itong pinanatili sa kanilang kinataayan upang matanto ng mga tao na ang ating pananampalataya ay hindi pangkaraniwan lamang na dagling iwaksi sa isipan bagkus ito'y dapat na nakaukit sa bawat puso.

Nang idaos ang dantaong pagdiriwang mga nilikha'y binigyan ng pagkakataong sambihin ang imahen ng Sto. Niño. Di maliirip ang dami ng mga nilikhang sumagot sa pag-anyaya ng mga alagad ng Diyos. Sa libo-libong nanampalataya noon, lahat kaysa'y may taas-pusong hangaring sambihin ang Banal na Imahen? Walang makapagsasabi. Ang bawat salitang dumalog sa labi ng mga alagad ng Diyos ay parang mga mumunting bato na pandiayag natatangay sa agos ng tubig at saan ito hahautong, Diyos lang ang nakababadi. Sa pagkakataong yaon, ang mga pari'y nagbakasakaling maantig ang matigas na puso sa pamamagitan ng sermong nagasaad ng pag-ibig sa Diyos at pag-ibig sa kap-

wa. Hindi maiipagkaila na matagumpay ang dantaong pagdiriwang ng Kristiyanismo ng Pilipinas at sa karamiha'y naguumapaw pa ang labis na kaliqayahan na nagkaroon tayo ng ganoong pagkakataong maipamalas sa sanlibutan na munti man ang ating lugar ay malawak naman ang ating pagmamahal sa ating pananampalataya.

Ano naman ang tanikalang nag-uugnay sa halos na nagkakahiwalay na mga pulo ng Pilipinas? Walang iba kundi ang ating pananampalataya at ang Imahen ng Sto. Niño ay siyang nagpapaalab sa marubdob na pag-ibig natin sa Poonng Maykapal. Alam ng lahat na ang Sto. Niño ay siyang ibinigay ni Margalaynes kay Huwanang maybahay ni Raha Hu-nabon noong 1521. Ang imahen sa loob ng apat na pu't na taon ay nananatiling isang sagisag ng kanilang mga katutubong paniniwala. Nang dumating si Legaspi noong taong 1565 ay nagkaroon ng agsupaan. Dumanak ang duho at nagliliyab ang buong kapuluhan. Nang humupa na't tumila ang nag-aapoy na kabahayan ay nahalugkat nila ang ima-

ISANG taon na naman ang lumipas —taon na siyang sumusukat sa bawat buhay at kasaysayan ng tao. Ilang taon na kaya ang mundo? Walang makapagsasabi. Ang hiwaga ng mundo ay siya ring hiwaga ng Lumikha. Ilan rin kayang taon tayo rito sa lupa? Wala ring nakakalam. Sa bawat paglipas ng taon ay tulad ng isang hakbang patungong libingan. Ngunit di natin malalaman na ang hakbang natin ngayon ay siya nang pinakawakas.

Balikan natin ang mga nakalipas na taon. Anu-ano ang mga nagawa natin noon? May nagawa ba kaya tayong mabuting pagbabago sa sarili?

Kung itatala lamang natin ang lahat ng ating gawain ay wala na tayong magpagsulat ng mga pangyayari ng ating buhay. Ngunit ang mahalaga ay maiulit natin ang ating matamis na alaala hindi lamang sa aklat ng tao kundi sa Banal na Aklat.

Maraming linikha na matagal nang yumaos ngunit ang kanilang ala-ala ay pinasasariwa pa rin ng tubig ng kanilang mabuting gawa. Ang kanilang nagawa ay pangang kabutuhan na di magawang limutin ng sangkretuhan. Sila'y nabibilang sa lumipas na ecalnlahi ngunit buhay pa rin sa ating isipan. At tayo'y nasa bagong salinlahi at bagong taon pa, at kasalukuyang gumagamay ng kasaysayan. Isa't isa sa atin ay may pagkakatron na maaitulad sa mga magiging na yumaos.

Kung bibigyan lamang natin ng halaga ang panohon: ay massa-

hen ng Sto. Niño na hindi man lamang nagagas o napinsala. Dito nagmula ang pag-pag-usob ng kanilang paniniwalang ang imahen ay hindi lamang isang hanggang nagaling kay Magalaynes kundi isang mula kay Bathala upang maipakita at mapaniwala ang lahat na may nakahihigit pang paraiso kayda daigdig. Ang imahen ng Sto. Niño nga-

PILIPINO

"Pagdaan ng Mga Taon . . ."

yang ito kung ito'y lilipas ng walang magandang bakas na maiwan.

Tayo—, tayo lamang ang makagawa nito, maaring masama o mabuti. Ngunit kung magagawa na rin lamang natin ang mabuti ay bakit pa natin bibigyan ng pagkakataon ang ating sarili na makagawa ng masama.

Noong Paskong nakalipas ay ipinagdiwang natin ang pagdating ng Dalalang Mesiyas. Siya ang naging Ilaw natin upang mabigyan ng liwanag ang nilakaram nating daan patungo sa Kanyang kaharian at upang di tayo bumalik sa kasamaan. Ngunit hindi lahat sa atin ang nagpapahalaga sa "Liwanag". Maraming umiwas at tuluyang napa-sadilim.

Ang pagdiwang natin ng Pasko taon-taon ay siyang nagiging palatanda sa atin ng Kanyang pagbabala sa lupa upang tayo'y tubusin sa pagkakasala. Kaya karapat-dapat na Siya'y Bigyan natin ng walang kasukat na pagpapasalamat.

Bilang pagtanaw ng utang na loob, sa taon na ito, at sa darating pa na taon, ay ialay nating sa Kanya, ang lahat nating gawain at pag-iibig. Magpakabuti na tayo upang ang ating mga nagawa ay maitala hindi lamang sa puso ng mga tao kundi sa puso ng Mananakop. At upang sa pag-daan ng mga taon ay may maiwan at tating gumintuug dahilon sa aklat ng ating Kasaysayan.

VIRGINIA A. FLOREDELIS

yon ay nakadambana sa simbahan ng Sto. Nifo at Siya'y matagal na't mananatiling maghihintay sa mga taong naliligaw ng landas. Ang hindi Niya pagka-kaagnas ay masasabing isang himala o hiwaga ngunit nagbabadya naman ng katotohanang maghihintay Siya upang akayin ang lahat sa landas na maghatid natin sa sinapupunan ni Bathala.



KAPISANANG PILIPINO

MAIKLING
KUWENTO

SUMUKO RIN!

ni VIRGINIA ROMANILLOS — BSE III

ALSA-BALUTAN na naman si Nena. Umiiyak at humihikbi itong tinitiklop ang kanyang mga damit upang lumayas na naman sa kanilang tahanan ni Fidel. Kaugalian na niyang lumayas sa kanila' umuwi sa kanyang mga magulang tuwing sila'y magkagalit ni Fidel. Dahil dito ay bininyagan siya sa pangalan na "Ginang ALSA-Balutan."

Si Nena't Fidel ay di pa nakarating sa sapat na gulang nang matangay ang kanilang mga sarili sa agos at init ng batang pagbig. Kaya sila'y humantong sa dambana ng pag-iisang dibdib sa kabila nang pagtutol ng kanilang mga magulang. Masasabi natin sila'y napakabata pa nang sila'y lumagay sa tahimik. Dahil dito'y malimit silang di-magkaunawaan.

Si Fidel, bagama't siya'y bata pa ring tulad ni Nena, ay isang ulirang asawa. Mabait at mapagmahal siya sa asawa. Ngunit dahil sa kalabian ng pagmamahal sa kaniyang ay di-magawa ang putulin ang malimit na inuugali nito.

Kitang-kita na naman ng mga taga-nayon si "Ginang ALSA-Balutan" na hawak ang madalas niyang dahing balutan.

Sinapit ni Nena ang tahanan ng kanyang mga magulang.

"O bakit nandito ka na naman, anak?" Ang salubong na tanong ni Aling Lilay, na siyang kanyang maunawaing ina.

"Hindi na niya ako maha... hu-hu-hu, inaway na naman ako!"— Ang pahikbing sagot ni Nena.

"Hindi na ako babalik sa kanya, inay!" ang dagdag ni Nena.

"Talaga?", ang pabirong tanong ng ina.

"Pag di niya ako susunduin," ang wi-ka na Nena.

Napatawa si Aling Lilay sa anak. Pinayuhan niyang magpahinga ang anak at saka muna niya ayusin ang walang kakuwenta-kuwentang kaguluhan ng magasawa. Nagpatuloy siya sa kanyang gawain samantalang nagpapahinga ang anak. Binali-wala niya ang pangyayari pagkat bukod sa kadalasan na itong magagan na naman ito ng kanyang sariling anak.

Sumapit ang gabi, tahimik na tahimik, tanging si Nena na lamang gising naka-upo sa tabi ng bintana at naghihintay sa pag-sundo ni Fidel. Ngunit walang Fidel na lumitaw. Nabalisa siya sa gabing yaon. Ayaw siyang dalawin ng antok.

Lumpiang ang maraming araw ay wala pa ring Fidel na sumipot. Nasiyahan si Aling Lilay sa mga pangyayari sapagkat naisip-isip niyang ito na ang kaunaunahang pagkakataong mabigyang-aral ang anak.

Dahil sa di paglitaw ng kanyang kaniyang ay maraming bagay ang naglalaro sa kanyang isip; na si Fidel ay natuto nang masukit sa mga magagandang babae at maunawain pa sa kanya. O kanya'y nabuwan na ng pagtitiyaga si Fidel.

Walang salitang dinampot uli ang kanyang balutan at bumaba. Napagantoto na niya na siya'y nagkamali; na siya'y nagkulang sa kanyang kabiyak.

Nang sapitin niya ang kanilang lugar ay maraming mata ang napatama sa (Sundan sa kabilang pahina)

Ang Regalo

Madilim, magulo at malungkot ang mundo
Noong kapanahunan ay ating mga hinuno
Sa araw-araw na gawain ay walang tiyak na tuntunan
Katiwasayan ng hinaharap ay tiyak na alanganin.

Nilalaman ng Banal na Kasulatan
Na ang mga tao'y tutubusin sa kasalanan
Ng Anak ng Diyos na busilak sa kabutihan
Sa puso ng mga nilikha'y umusbong ang kaligayahan.

Hindi na mabilang ang taong lumipis
Ang mga pinangakuan ay parang dahong nalalagas
Ngunit sa puso ng mga isinilang na mga bata
Ang pangako'y patuloy na umiinog at nagbigay-sigla.

Minsan isang anghel ang buong kabanalang sumayad sa lupa
Ang kanyang balita'y nagsabog ng di-mawaring tuwa
Si Hesus ay isinilang ng abang Maria Santisima
Ang Manunubos ay sa sangkatauhan regaleng napakahalaga.

Simulat ni ESPER EAMIGUEL, BSHE IV

Ang Tatlong Hari

Natatingin liwanag sa langit ay nagtlangaw
Kuminingag sa ganda'y nasaklaw
Sa kadiliman ng gabi'y ningning ay nakasisilaw
Yaon ang kumita na sa tatlong hari'y nagbigay-ilaw.

Sa Herusalem ang tatlong hari'y humantong
Kinakulukan ng Manunubos ay ipinagtatong.
Pagsilang Niya'y waring isang di-pangkaraniwang bagtong.
Upang sa Kanya mga pagasamba'y ipuputong.

Tatlong nilikhang walang pangambang nag-unahan
Tanglaw ay kumitang nulas pasa Silangan
Sa Kanyang ganda'y nasinag ang tiyak na Patutunguhan
Sa panaan ni Hesus na Manunubos ng sangkatauhan.

ni TERESITA REYES, BSHE-IV

Ang Mithi Ko'y Ikaw

Irog, saan ka man ngayo'y ibig kong mabatid mo
Na puso kong nagdurusa ay nangungulila sa iyo
Sa akin mang pag-isa ay kaulayaw ko ang malikot kong guni-guni
Larawan mo hirang ay kusang nakaukit at sa isipan ko'y leging nagwawagi.

Oo, nagkasala man ako'y may kahulugan, ngunit di mo naunawaan
Magtatapat man ako'y puso mo'y nalason na ng katagalan ng panahon
Pagkat di araw lamang ang lampina kundi mga taon
At sa pagbalik ko'y ibig kong magpalitan, ngunit pinagkaitan mo ng pagkakataon.

Mula noon ako'y sa iyo'y nagdamdam
Ang kabuuan ng iyang larawan ay pilit kong iniwaglit sa aking isipan
Ibig kong takpan ang aking pandinig upang di ko na marinig ang iyang tinig
Ngunit sayang lamang ang lahat, pagkat ikaw lamang ang aking iniibig.

Ang mga sandali na namagitan ngayon at kahapon ay na-pokatagal
Patuloy ang pagpapalit ang araw, linggo, buwan, at taon
Minsang sisikat ang araw'y minsan ring namang Julubog
Na siyang naging palatandaan: isang araw na naman ang nakaraan.

Ngunit ang sugat ng aking puso'y di maoghilom
Pagkat ako'y karaniwang nilikha lamang upang di ko maramdaman ang
hapi ng pangungulila
Puso ko'y walang patlang sa paganasang ikaw'y uling makaulayaw
Maging sa pangarap man o panganiip lamang

Di ko malirip, kung ang katayuan ko'y pangarap lamang
O kaya'y ako'y mapasailalim ng iyang kapangyarihan
Ang tangiang naunawaan ko'y mahal kita.....
Malayo man ang kinaroroonan mo'y hahanapin kita sinta,
pagkat mithi ng puso ko hirang ay ikaw.....
ikaw lamang

ni V. A. FLOREDELIS, BSFEED-III

Pasko Sa Nayon

Araw ng Pasko ay pawang kaligayahan
Lahat ng tuga-nayon ay nagkakaguluhan,
Batang nagsisigawan sa gitka ng lansangan
Sa bawat sandali ay walang katahimikan.

Bago bumanaag ang sikat ng araw
Maririnig mo ang tugtog ng batingaw
Tugtog ng komparang sa nayo'y naglibot
Nagpapahiwatig ng walang pagkakatok.

Bagama't isang Pasko sa nayon lamang
Lahat ng naroro'y ualiligayahan
Marami ang naghihintay upang ipagdiwang
Ang Paskong siyang laging kinagigiliwan.

Ang buong nayo'y parang dinadamitan
Ng iba't ibang kulang na kasuotan
Mga mayayama'y nakipaghiitan
Sa kani-kanilang begong pagkamatan.

Tawana't palakpakan naghari sa sawayan
Sinasalipan ng bandang kinagigiliwan
Ang mga binata ay nag-unuhan
Sa pakikipagsayaw sa kadalagaan.

Pasko sa nayong ipinagdiriwang taon-taon
Larua't aliwan nagkalat sa lansangan
Awita't putukan kawayang-kanyon
Na siyang bahagi ng Pasko sa nayon.

ni SOCORRO MATOZA, BSE IV

Ang Aking Handog

Sa iyang kaarawan handog ko'y tanggapin.
Malinis kong puso't wagas na damdamin
Sa iyang kaarawan ang tangi kong handog
Puso kong dikala't tapat sa pagmamahal,

O Panginoon, nais kong ligayahin ka sa Paskong ito!
Upang makamtan ko ang tunay na diwa ng Pasko
Sa pamamagitan ng paglilinis... ng puso kong
uhaw sa iyang pag-big!

ni VENUS P. MARTELINO, BSE-IV

SUMUKO RIN

(Buhat sa pahina 25)

kanya at nating niya ang mga sabi-sabi
ng ilan, "Sumuko rin sa wakas."

Gamundo ang pagkahiya ni Nena sa
kanyang ginawa at lalong napatibay ang
sariling magbago. Kumaba ang kanyang
dibid. Nangangamba siyang magkotoo
ang kanyang hina. Nang imulat niya
ang kanyang luhaang mga mata'y nandoon
na pala siya sa harap ng kanilang
tahanan.

Talaga yatang minamalas si Nena,
para bagang inasip't pinaglalalaruan siya
ng tadhana dahil sa kanyang ginawa,
sapagkat nang pag-akyat niya ng hag-
danan ay nagmamadaling bumaba si Fi-
del kaya sila'y nagkabangata at sabay
ang lagpak sa lupa.

Namangha si Fidel nang makita ang
asawa, mayamaya'y magtayo ng inakay
ang asawa sa itaas. Naskatama ang ka-
nilang paningin at nagngitnan na may
halong hiya.

At muli na namang narinig ng mga
kapitbahay ang kanilang halaklukan na
siyang tanda ng kanilang uling pagka-
kaunawaan.

by Vivian Aliz



ALHAMBRA LENOS

SECOND to the weather, the school calendar is the most unstable thing. The first two weeks of the second semester were wedged between two two-week vacations.

Like all other heads of organization, **Elena Chiong-bian** sold tickets, called meetings, reorganized the sorority, and scuttled from room to room soliciting "bundles of joy". Those were unhappy days for Nena. Luckily, **Rosario Borromeo** was at hand to give assistance.

The Supreme Student Council was not the less busier. It already had its first session. (Reports say that **Democrito Crisostomo** was the most outspoken member of the congress.)

Posters read, "Dilag Ng Ating Lahi." A 'dilag' is a belle — belles like: **Sonia Albores**, **Abilene Alvez** and **Mary Jane Ong** who donned patadyongs, kimonos, and Maria Clara dresses and lithely did some of our folk dances to the delight of the benefactors of the USC CENTER FOR THE POOR. That was the Polka Española, wasn't it, Mary Jane? **Gene Salgado**, **Cris Barrera**, **Loloy Ancajas** were among the noteworthy participants.

Situated way out of the students' route (behind the Sto. Rosario Church) an inconspicuous, large, empty room. In there, something great has been undergoing production for many weeks... a drama, Antigone! **Alhambra Lenos** holds the title role, while **Pilar Quintana** plays wife to Creon, **Ramon Farrarons**, **Al Evangelio** — one of the messengers; **Frank Legaspi** — Teiresias; **Teodora Bala** — Ismene. An interesting lineup, indeed.

Loaded with books, rolled cartolinas and sheaves of paper, it's evident that **Eddie Yap** is a busy man. But, no matter what, Eddie never runs out of smiles, nor hellos for everybody.

Paging **Diana Sy**! Your Brods in the Delta Pi Upsilon Fraternity of the College of Engineering wish to see you their sweetheart, more often, although they adore your shyness. Meanwhile, Senior Muse, **Emma Luz Kuizon**, is a welcome sight. My, what fortunate girls to have such fine young men for brothers.

Jenny Kimseng is mommy, **Lydia Escobar**, the daughter. I suppose the auntie and the lola are **Aurora Yamael** and **Nilda Castro**. It's only a play family, but notice that each member wears a pair of eyeglasses.

Ferdie Jakoslem, **Eddie Japson**, **Blueboy Quisumbing**, **Manjo Martinez** and **Cheling Sala** are rare campus specimen. One hardly sees any of them around the school these days. The New Year's resolution?
...o-oh, HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It's that contented look in **Vicky Hermosima's** face that worries me. And that smile on **Eliza Verallo's** lips...

What can the year 1966 have in store for you... for me! Here's to all of you!

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

(Continued from 20)

"Along the other side of the Central Front, and presumably along the Russia Arctic too, lie corresponding chains showing what Western planes and rockets are up to. In the case of the NATO European chain, nobody knows whose responsibility it is to make the final decision which might be the penultimate decision in the history of the world. It may be that on the Russian side the position is no clear..."

There you are. There's balance of power, guy, isn't it? Now, who is at stake? Humanity, of course! And fear rushes like silent waters against the heart.

There are, today, five nations possessing nuclear weapons: U.S.A., U.S.S.R., Great Britain, France, and China. Four more nations will join the group some of these days: India, Canada, Sweden and Israel. That mushroom cloud that bloomed forth over Hiroshima and Nagasaki twenty years ago has captured the imaginations of sages in every nation. The Atomic Bomb has become a universal symbol that nurtures power, speaks a language that all can understand.

4.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN is suffering from ideological hemorrhage, the inevitable result of an age when intelligence is apotheosized. Almost always, human reason in its highest development tends to wipe out the spiritual doctrines which used to guide man in his infancy. Faith suddenly has lost its coherence and man with his reason that roges (and reverse) asserts that he is a colossus, a god.

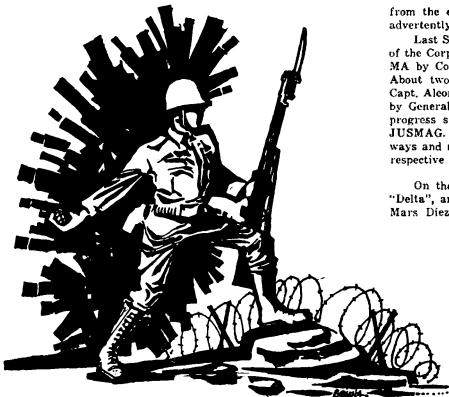
An optimist, he sees the future as a world of order, for chaos is the result of mere primitivism and ignorance packed with superstitions and idiotic illusions. But what if nuclear war breaks? This is the question that blocks of the futurist's vision of a new society.

Human reason alone is not enough. Something else is necessary for the maintenance of world peace and order. What is it? Faith! Yes, Faith. Faith transcends reason and defies the bitter and nightmarish workings of intelligence. It is the hidden rhythm of the soul that aches for a destinations within the charted geography of code and constitution. Understood in its proper context, it is moderation with purpose; its seed is nourished in the womb of the mysterious Is. It is the best guide in our tour into the labyrinths of man's motives; it is our best companion in our future explorations.

In a world committed into darkness, Faith is light enough.

A society without faith is an arena full of fierce beasts. One is always thirsty for the blood of others. "And to the end of history," to quote from Shaw again, "murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand."

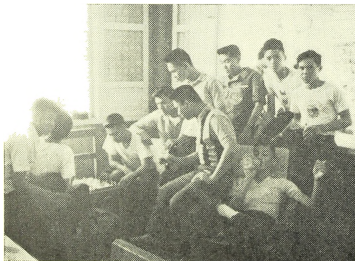
(Continued on page 39)



FOR VARIETY'S sake this section had a society column last issue. But to augment the image of a Diehard as a tough Battle-ready Corps, we shall digress from the chic, graceful and charming smiling men elegantly ambling on the parade grounds with their sponsors, to the erect, forceful cadets performing the maneuvers of war. Like last December 1 and 2, the officers and rangers of the Corps spent these two days on the cold, lonely and dreary hills of Banawa with the inhospitable weather to keep them company. There they practiced enemy-ambush, attacking and repelling invaders, and general Combat Training for the Individual Soldier (CTIS). And these men began this maneuver with a six-kilometer hike from the university to Banawa hills.

But we shall begin from the beginning. We shall begin

Cadet Officers playing war games on a board. From left to right are: Cdt. 2nd Lt. Victor Quijano, Cdt. Capt. Max Encamienda (not facing the camera), Cdt. 1st Lt. Worlito Sua, Cdt. 1st Lt. Gil Bianco, Cdt. Col. Reynaldo Joaquina, Cdt. 1st Lt. Abraham Wenceslao, Cdt. 1st Lt. Mauricio Santiago, Cdt. 2nd Lt. Frederick Castro, and Cdt. sgt. Antonio Prejido. Sitting in foreground is 2nd Lt. Rolando Ramos.



from the events since last deadline and the happenings inadvertently unreported last issue.

Last September 13, Capt. Oscar SV Alconar, Commandant of the Corps, was designated Public Affairs Officer of the III MA by Col. Albert Friedlander, acting III MA Commander. About two months ago, because of his talents and ability, Capt. Alconar was also appointed CIVIC ACTION OFFICER by General de Goma. Civic Action is a movement for rural progress sponsored by the AFP with the assistance of the JUSMAG. It trains men from the rural areas so they'll have ways and means of improving the standard of living in their respective barrios.

On the 22nd of September two companies, "Alpha" and "Delta", and one squad of the WATC under Cadet Captains Mars Diaz, Fidel Dacalos, Jr., and Cadette Sylvia Aquino,

ROTC

Reports

participated in the Parade and Review in honor of Mayor Carlos Culzon and Vice Mayor Luis Diorea.

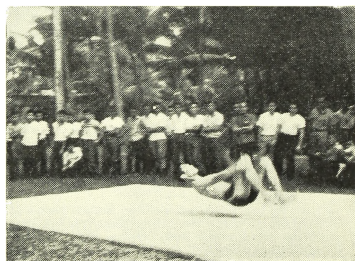
The month of October began with a general Inspection of Records, Equipment, and Office of the Department of Army Science and Tactics (DAST) conducted by the Inspector General of the III MA, Col. Celso Ramento, and his party. Rating of course was excellent! How else could it be when we have men like Capt. Alconar, Sgt. B. Ando, and Sgt. J. Largoza?

On the 3rd of October, thirteen cadet officers led by Cdt. Col. Reynaldo Joaquina participated in the Holy Rosary processions.

On October 11, "Foxtrot" Company under Cadet Capt. Efren Sanchez participated in a street parade in connection with Police Day.

"Bravo" Company under Cadet Capt. Maximo Encamienda, with Cdt. Lts. Roy Kyamko, Wilson Sopocado, Precilio Luma-

"Watch Out! you'll break your back man!" A gymnastic exhibition participant about to land on the mat after a somersault.



pas, and Roy Abellana leading their respective platoons joined the UN Day parade on the 23rd of October.

During Operation "Tabang" which was held at the Aznar Coliseum and sponsored by the Red Cross and the III MA, the Diehard Corps was represented during the opening day by one platoon of ROTC Ranger cadets and by Cadet Officers led by the Corps Commander, Cdt. Col. R. Joaquin.

The whole Corps participated in the Christ the King Procession which was held at the end of October.

This is all for the first semester. Now for the news this Semester.

Enrollment for this semester reached a total of 1,171 cadets and cadettes. This is divided as follows:

ROTC	1st year basic	610
	2nd year basic	520
	1st year adv	12
	2nd year adv	9
WATC	1st year basic	6
	2nd year basic	6
		1,171

We have this number to train to reach for the STAR which we nearly got last time. To get the STAR an ROTC Unit has to top the Tactical Inspection; however, our getting the Third place last schoolyear was not a bad show at all.

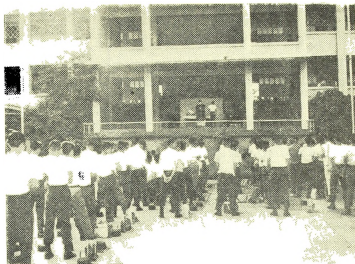
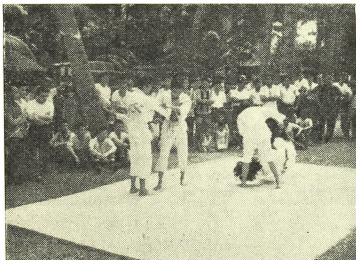
As to the Corps Staff, it has been readjusted according to grades obtained in examinations.

Cdt. Lt. Cols. Winston Monzón and Antonio Espiritu have been demoted to cdt. captains. Likewise, the following cdt. capt. are now cdt 1st lieutenants: CDT. CAPT. FRANCIS ALVEZ, CDT. CAPT. FLORANTE EDER, CDT. CAPT. EDGAR SASO, CDT. CAPT. WARLITO SUA.

The following named cadet officers are designated and assigned to units indicated, during second semester, school year 1965-1966.

	Designation
Cdt Col Reynaldo C. Joaquin	Corps Commander
Cdt Maj Hermenegildo Pimentel	Corps S1 & Adjutant
Cdt Maj Victor Caro	Corps S2
Cdt Maj Marsenio Diaz	Corps S3
Cdt Capt Augusto Labitan	Asst Corps S3
Cdt Capt James Hofer	Corps S4
Cdt 2nd Lt Ramon Maneja	Asst Corps S4
Cdt Capt Winston Monzon	CO, "A" Co
Cdt 1st Lt Francis Alvez	1st Plt "A" Co

The jodelists in action. This is one of the highlights of the Corps picnic. Participants of this exhibition are, from left: Cdt. Francisco Mopista, Cdt. 2nd Lt. Cecil Rabuza, and WATC Cadettes Luz Lucero and Lucy Runa (the one about to land on the mat).



Cadets hearing Mass before the picnic.

Cdt 1st Lt Florante Eder	2nd Plt Ldr.	"A" Co
Cdt 1st Lt Bonifacio Ybañez	3rd Plt Ldr.	"A" Co
Cdt 1st Lt Francisco Padilla	4th Plt Ldr.	"A" Co
Cdt Capt Cesar Camilotes	Co.	"B" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Roy Abellana	1st Plt Ldr.	"B" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Freixo Lamapas	2nd Plt Ldr.	"B" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Wilson Sopoado	3rd Plt Ldr.	"B" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Frederick Castro	4th Plt Ldr.	"B" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Inocencio Tambiga	Assigned	"B" Co
Cdt Capt Maximo Encomienda	Co.	"C" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Rolando Pasignajen	1st Plt Ldr.	"C" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Erlindo Gonzaga	2nd Plt Ldr.	"C" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Roy Kyamko	3rd Plt Ldr.	"C" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Victor Quijano	4th Plt Ldr.	"C" Co
Cdt 1st Lt Gil Blanco	Assigned	"C" Co
Cdt Capt Fidel Dacalos	Co.	"D" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Emmanuel Espiritu	1st Plt Ldr.	"D" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Cecilio Rabuza	2nd Plt Ldr.	"D" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Roy Ratchiffe	3rd Plt Ldr.	"D" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Ferdmandal Quioco	4th Plt Ldr.	"D" Co
Cdt Capt Effen Sanchez	Co.	"E" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Bonifacio Millanes	1st Plt Ldr.	"E" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Benecio Fuentes	2nd Plt Ldr.	"E" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Eddie Ocampo	3rd Plt Ldr.	"E" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Allan Librando	4th Plt Ldr.	"E" Co
Cdt 2nd Lt Benedino Sabandal	Assigned,	"E" Co

It has been the custom of the Corps of Cadets of the Diehards to hold Corps picnic once a year. The picnic this year was held last December 13 at the USC Rest House in Tall.

(Continued on page 32)

The guests pose for a take. Standing from left to right are: Mrs. Alconar, Miss Diana Torres, Capt. Quijot of the area motor pool, Col. and Mrs. Bermejo, Capt. Alconar, Miss Grace Cabrera and Rev. Fr. Luis Schonfeld.



La Vocación Cristiana en el Mundo Actual

EL PUEBLO DE DIOS — único valor estable — está presente en el mundo. Llamado a dar testimonio en conjunto y armónicamente. Esta presencia debe santificar al mundo, a manera de fermento. El laico no es un puente entre la Iglesia y el mundo: es el propio mundo. Los laicos no son la "clientela" de la jerarquía, sino animadores, y a través de ellos de ejercer el reconocimiento práctico de las estructuras temporales. Jerarquía y fieles, unidos indivisiblemente, constituyendo un todo, fueron enviados al mundo. El apostolado del Pueblo de Dios. La entrada en este Pueblo por el bautismo, confiere a todos la triple dignidad de realeza, sacerdocio y profetismo. Para cualquier cristiano, aunque sea Papa, no hay día más importante que el de su bautismo.

A la pregunta "¿Dónde está el laico?" habría que contestar: ¿Dónde NO ESTÁ el laico? En efecto, se lo encuentra en su casa, en su familia, en su profesión, en una palabra haciendo la cultura y la civilización. Es verdad que el clérigo hace a éstas aportes, pero lo hace como hombre o como laico. La historia empezó mal, porque se inició con el diablo. Sin Adán, sin Eva y sin la tentación del diablo, no habría habido historia. Los laicos tienen la misión de hacer la historia, y la historia, partiendo de estas premisas tiene la de devolver el mundo a Dios. Por eso hay que conocer el mundo, no rehuir su contacto, ni fingir que ignoramos sus problemas. La sociedad moderna, ante su propio poderío, siente seguridad y también angustia; esperanza o intranquilidad. Vivimos en el dolor de toda revolución, de toda transición.

La desorientación es general y el cataclismo es posible. El existencialista de Heidegger Sartre y Camus, expresan la tremenda confusión de las conciencias. El cristiano laico debe asumir esta realidad y devolverla a Dios.

En los últimos años la teología amplió la participación en la vida divina a la noción de participación en el Cristo total, en el Hombre Dios. Por eso la gracia es historia, y al ser universal, trabaja en toda la humanidad, aun la no cristiana. Filipinas tiene particularidades históricas propias, que el cristiano en su tarea habrá de respetar. Filipinas tiene su realidad propia que el laico debe tener presente, porque debe partir objetivamente de la realidad.

Editorial

El Concilio Y El Laicado

EL OFICIAL reconocimiento eclesialístico por parte del Concilio Vaticano II — tras larga espera — de que los fieles desempeñan un rol activo en la Iglesia y en su divina misión mundial, reviste grandísimo interés para todos los católicos del mundo.

La Iglesia, admitiendo formalmente la dignidad y libertad de sus miembros, reconoce que a nosotros, los seglares, nos incumben graves responsabilidades. En virtud de nuestro bautismo, llegamos a ser no sólo cristianos, sino también parte integrante de una Iglesia viviente, destinados a jugar un rol definitivo en su misión global. Ya en la familia, ya en la sociedad, ya en la política, ya en asuntos universales, el laicado cristiano lleva en sí la semilla de la caridad cristiana, que constituye la piedra de toque de la Fe católica. Con su ejemplo, con su habla, con sus obras, el seglar comparte la misión divina. De él han de emanar, pues, la enseñanza, la influencia, la moral y la ética del Cristianismo e inocularse en el quehacer de la familia y de la vida social, en la política nacional e internacional a través de una corriente en franco avance. Esta corriente la constituye la fuerza colectiva de medio billón de católicos.

El laicado católico debe tornarse en fuerza viviente que respalde eficientemente la historia de la Iglesia que seguirá hilvanándose continuamente. La voz del laicado católico — que de ahora en adelante será escuchada — y no seguirá siendo una voz solitaria en el desierto de predominio eclesialístico. Ya se le prestará oído dentro de las augustas aulas de asamblea de la Iglesia, como también dentro de los confines de la parroquia y de la diócesis. Ya será escuchado con más convicción y confianza por lo que hace a su definitivo e inalienable rol dentro de la Iglesia.

Cuando antes el laicado católico se daba, acaso, a la adulación por miedo de aparecer sacrilego en sus investigaciones y declaraciones en materia que le perturbaba seriamente la conciencia por lo que a su Fe hacía (a la luz del pensamiento y prácticas modernas), ahora ya se le escuchará. En adelante sus ideas ya serán recibidas y tratadas con respeto; ya se les brindará la debida consideración y estudio.

Después de todo, Cristo estableció la Iglesia no solamente para sacerdotes, obispos y cardenales; ni siquiera solo para el Papa. Cristo fundó la Iglesia para todos los miembros del Cuerpo Místico, para todo pagano, todo no cheyente, todo no cristiano que se entrega a la búsqueda de la Luz y de la Verdad. La Iglesia fue fundada con una de nosotros, ya seamos religiosos, ya seglares.

El decreto sobre el Apostolado del Laicado, aprobado y promulgado por el Concilio Vaticano II, marca un cambio abierto en la actitud oficial de la Iglesia hacia el papel y capacidad del laicado católico, o sea, de contribuir dentro de su reducida escala hacia el cumplimiento del mandato de Cristo: "Id, pues, e instruid a todas las naciones..." (Mateo 28, 19).

Todos los católicos deben acusar el impacto de este cambio y, reconociéndolo, deben comenzar por actuar y desempeñar su rol en el drama de la Iglesia viviente que desde el momento de su conversión ya ha sido legalmente suyo.

— MARCIANO LI. APARTE

La Política y La Iglesia

"El cristiano no es enemigo de nadie, ni del Emperador, a quien sabiendo que está constituido por Dios, debe amar, respetar, honrar y querer que se salve con todo el romano imperio."

—Tertuliano, Apología.

1.—Fin y esencia de la política

Como fuerza conductora, la política es una ciencia y un arte. Según Robert von Mohl, la política es "la ciencia de los medios por los cuales se pueden obtener en la realidad los fines del Estado de la mejor manera posible." Considerándola como arte, la política no está siempre unida a la ciencia, como bien lo atestigua la historia, sino que se condiciona a las naturales aptitudes de conductor y estadista que a su vez entroncan en una visión real de política; en la fuerza de saber enmarcar y arrastrar masas y en una voluntad férrea y consciente de fin y propósito.

La política verdadera consiste en la conducción de las fundamentales fuerzas éticas de una comunidad hacia la consecución del bien común. La legislación estatal deberá ser, pues, expresión de la legislación eterna por la cual se rige la Creación y la vida que en ella pulsa. Como que la política sólo puede dar término a su cometido en base al acatamiento a Dios y al orden de su Creación, sacará sus principios de la moral y del derecho naturales, y se supeditará en la formulación de sus fines y en la selección de medios a esta moral y derecho naturales. El Estado y el Derecho, a los cuales sirve la política, se enraizan en el orden ético-moral, y sólo sobre el terreno de las leyes éticas se hace viable el establecimiento de un orden perdurable en la vida pública.

2.—Deberes y derechos de la Iglesia

La contribución efectiva de la Religión cristiana a los fines políticos y estatales es un hecho incontrovertible. La Iglesia obliga a sus fieles, ya en las palabras de su divino Fundador, a "dar al César lo que es del César" (Mateo 22, 21). Los Apóstoles ordenaron prestar obediencia a la autoridad estatal "no sólo por temor del castigo, sino también por conciencia" (Romanos 13, 5), a pagar los tributos y orar por las autoridades civiles (Rom. 13, 1-7; 1 Pedro 2, 13-17; 1 Tim. 2, 2). De esta suerte se mostrarán fieles a su Iglesia y se tornarán ciudadanos concienciados.

La Religión cristiana propende primordialmente a mantener a toda alma individual en unión viva con Dios, para luego también asentar el Reino de Dios

en la colectividad. La Iglesia necesariamente enuncia y defiende que la fe en Dios es el fundamento de todo orden en la tierra. La Iglesia insiste en el cumplimiento de las eternas leyes éticas de la humanidad, de los mandamientos de Dios y del ordenamiento jurídico implantado por el mismo Dios, Hacedor y Señor de todo lo creado. Ella demanda el necesario lugar ambientado, los debidos recursos y facilidades materiales para posibilitar una educación y formación cristianas para los diversos estados y esferas de vida, máxime para la juventud. En virtud del encargo de su divino Fundador, la Iglesia lucha por preservar en toda nación, mediante medios espirituales, los derechos de Dios y exige para sí misma, como sociedad perfecta, la libertad necesaria para poder dar cima a su misión divina y así poder suministrar a los hombres los bienes de la economía de la Redención, la verdad, la moralidad y la gracia, y aplicar para ello los medios oportunos y pertinentes.

Su derecho y competencia en el campo formativo-educacional de la colectividad por derecho natural, los reconoce la Iglesia en el hecho de que Iglesia y Estado no se amalgaman en manera alguna ni se fusionan totalmente. La Iglesia, en rigor de la ley natural, no tolera exceso de poderes estatal en aquellos terrenos cuya constitución orgánica social no emana directamente del Estado, como la sociedad familiar, el campo de la educación. El absolutismo estatal destruye la vida individual, esa vida que es garantía y responsabilidad de los miembros de la colectividad — todos ellos altos valores sobre los que descansan toda actividad ciudadana y no en último término el Estado mismo.

La influencia y el ascendente ético-religioso de la Iglesia en la formación y desenvolvimiento de la opinión pública popular no implica en manera alguna un cercamiento o una coartación de los derechos del Estado, o una supeditación de la política a la Iglesia en asuntos puramente terrenos; al contrario, sirve para apuntalar la autoridad estatal.

3.—"Caticolismo político"

Si estudiamos sobriamente las relaciones fundamentales e históricas que median entre la Religión y la política, adquiriremos una perfecta dilucidación de la expresión tan de moda hoy día:

Caticolismo político. Esta expresión puede considerarse bajo dos aspectos: en primer término puede concebirse como una filosofía de vida de carácter religioso y como convicción personal que tendrá su repercusión en los diferentes frentes del campo político. En segundo lugar se le puede considerar como objetivo y actuación políticas que para la consecución de su fin se sirve, en forma ecofista, de medios religiosos.

Es evidente que *Caticolismo político* en el segundo sentido ha de rechazarse rotundamente porque representa un abuso y una denigración de la Religión que se usa exclusivamente como medio para subyugar y dominar políticamente al hombre. Así lo asienta el Papa León XIII en carta a los obispos de Portugal del 14 de septiembre, 1886, en que dice:

"Aunque cualquiera puede tener su opinión sobre las cosas meramente políticas, con tal que no se opongan a la Religión y a la justicia, así como sostener este juicio honesta y legítimamente, veis, sin embargo, el pernicioso error de los que, no discerniendo bien lo sagrado y lo civil, aducen el nombre de la Religión en defensa de su partido político" (Pergrata Nobis, 14 de septiembre, 1886).

El estructurar la vida y el ordenamiento de las cosas públicas en base a la fe en Dios y a la conservación de la libertad de la Iglesia, no puede ni debe tildarse de *caticolismo político*. El Cristianismo, como Religión, posee un carácter de totalidad, que abraza la integralidad del hombre. La razón de ser del Cristianismo propende no sólo a impregnar y penetrar el ambiente privado y hogareño, sino también a vivificar e informar la vida pública.

4.—Crasos absurdos

Es igualmente falso y absurdo el pretender que el seguir las normas directivas de la Iglesia entraña una mengua de fervor patriótico, lucha y sed inordenadas de dominio autoritario del Papado, estrangulación de la conciencia y una caricatura de la verdadera Religión. Estas gratuitas imputaciones son posibles debido a un desconocimiento craso tanto de la Iglesia como institución sobrenatural de redención, como también de la misión y esencia del Papado, así de las verdaderas relaciones entre Religión y Nación, entre Iglesia y Estado. Es obvio, empero, que el derecho y el influjo de Cristo no puede detenerse sobre el filo de los lindes del campo de la política. Ya lo dijo Cristo: "A Mí se me ha dado toda potestad en el cielo y en la tierra" (Mateo 28, 18). Pero asimismo sería erróneo presumir que todo esté supeditado a la jurisdicción de la Jerarquía eclesiástica. La Iglesia también está sujeta al orden de la Creación, y dentro de este orden (Continúa en la página 32)

iSi Pudiese Vivir Nuevamente Mi Vida!

EN EL AMBIENTE desconcertante actual en que se debate un mundo política y económicamente desvenecado y moralmente resquebrajado, es imperioso que nuestra juventud se guíe mediante un elevado juego de valores morales y espirituales. Ese juego de valores es muy intangible, pero algo inapreciable, algo que necesitamos urgentemente si es que pensamos medrar en esta vida.

Se dan los casos, y con harta frecuencia, que padres de familia incurren en gastos cuantiosos para proporcionar a sus hijos recreación, diversiones y otras mil ventajas triviales y superficiales. Ocurrir, asimismo, que estos mismos padres olvidan de medio a medio la estricta obligación que les incumbe de proveer a sus hijos de los adecuados medios de defensa para asegurarse una vida realmente feliz y dichosa.

"Oh, si pudiese vivir nuevamente mi vida!" — ¡Cuántas veces oímos esta exclamación! Pero no siempre involucra necesariamente un sentido trágico. A veces, si es proferida por personas que han fracasado totalmente en la vida; otras veces proviene de labios de un criminal quien se ha percatado demasiado tarde de sus errores. Muchas veces, empero, forma parte de la conversación casual, cuando personas re-examinan su vida, en esos momentos de ocio o de melancolía cuando se entregan a añoranzas, fabricando castillos en el aire.

Pero muy a menudo acontece que esa exclamación cae de labios de personas que se hallan en la primavera de la vida, personas razonablemente felices y meritorias, pero que a esa altura de la vida se dan cuenta cabal de que no han aprovechado las posibilidades de su existencia en un cien por ciento, ni desarrollado sus facultades hasta el extremo límite de elasticidad. Se dan cuenta ahora de que con un tantico de esfuerzo, o, tal vez, de haberse hecho guiar mejor en su juventud, habrían llegado a ser individuos enteramente diferentes de lo que son ahora.

Todo ello, na turalmente, representa en forma real un grandísimo desperdicio de oportunidades y talentos; porque Dios nos otorga a cada uno dones particulares, hecho real que origina la obligación y el deber de inculcar en nosotros un sano sentido de respeto para con la propiedad y la opinión de nuestros semejantes y un sentido de profunda reverencia hacia Aquel que es el Dador de todo bien.

Si el adolescente y el joven se basan en estos principios, invisibles pero concretos, podrán con desenvoltura hiltanar para sí una maravillosa y magnífica existencia.

No le es dado a cada cual resolver siempre todos los secretos científicos del cosmos, ni componer a discreción una sinfonía conmovedora. Pero el que se empeña de todas veras en medrar todo lo posible en su formación ético-espiritual, haciendo que ella informe su vida cotidiana; si realiza todo trabajo u obra que emprende como si fuese la obra máxima de su vida, entonces sí se hallará en situación de devolver al Dador el fruto centuplicado.

El mundo se halla plétórico de "cosas"; pero los valores materiales y deleterios de este mundo no pueden constituir jamás un equipo capaz de elaborar una existencia verdaderamente feliz. Así como será totalmente paradójico el comprar le a un niño un costoso instrumento de música, y negarle, por otra parte, las correspondientes lecciones para el uso de este instrumento, del mismo modo será ilusorio esperar que el niño sepa constituir su vida a menos que en primer término sepa cuáles son los elementos esenciales sobre los cuales edificar una existencia verdadera y realmente feliz y venturosa en esta tierra.

—LUIS EUGENIO

LA POLITICA . . .

(Continuación de la pagina 31)

establecido por el Creador, debe acatar la competencia del orden político y estatal todas las veces que no contradigan la ley natural y divina.

Consecuente con su misma naturaleza, no puede ejercer influencia en contra de los naturales intereses vitales de existencia y de la lucha de supervivencia de la Nación, intereses sancionados por Dios mismo. Sin embargo, este mandato no podrá mantenerse totalmente exento de posibles tensiones y recíprocos malentendidos. Paralelamente, pues, a esta cláusula de independencia de la política, coexiste también una indispensable Orientación derecho-habiente en el terreno político basada en las normas éticas enunciadas por la Iglesia, consonantes con el derecho divino de libertad de acción por parte de esta misma Iglesia.

LUIS E. SCHONFELD, S.V.D.

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bs math 3

Another child was baptized — a child in one of the slum areas, who, had it not been for the zeal of some apostolic workers, might never have been baptized. That child was lucky. But for every lucky child, how many unlucky ones are there who would never be cleansed by the waters of baptism?

Many times, we have renewed our baptismal vows, "...I promise to live a good Christian life..."

What is the standard for a good Christian life? Are we not making a promise which we do not even know how to fulfill?

A good Christian life is lived as closely as possible to the way Christ lived — as reported in the gospels.

If only we would be taught not what the gospels are but how the gospels ought to be lived! And actions speak more eloquently than words.

"This is My body. This is My blood." It is a joy to hear those words pronounced in Holy Mass. Much more so if they are pronounced by one who is living, or, at least, striving to live the mass. If only all would! ‡

ROTC

(Continued from page 29)

say. The activities during the picnic were the following: a swimming contest among the companies, a gymnastics exhibition, and a judo exhibition.

In the swimming contest "Alpha" Co. represented by Cdt. Pvt. Edgardo Gumban, Jr. got the first place. Mr. Alarde, one of the swimming instructors of this university, acted as the judge of the contest.

The gymnastics exhibition was presented by Cadets Gonzales, Albarcin, Mancao and others. The judo exhibition was presented by, of all people, the WATC. "But because they were so few they had to take in some men to help them. WATC cadettes Lucy Runa, Luz Lucero, and Sylvia Aquino, together with ROTC cadets Cdt. 2nd Lt. Rabusa, and Cdt. F. Hopista gave the exhibition. Cadette Capt. Sylvia Aquino, however, acted only in an advisory capacity.

During the picnic Cdt. Capt. Mars Diez was the coordinator of all the activities.

Present during the picnic were the Commandant, Capt. Aleonar, his wife and guests; Lt. Col. and Mrs. Pedro Bermejo, F. Capt. Leopoldo Martinez, and Fr. Luis E. Schonfeld, S.V.D., Dean of Student Affairs. Gracing the picnic with their beauty were also the following sponsors: Misses Grace Cabrera, Jane Fernabé, Diana Torres, Stella Nacua, Abilene Alvez and Wendelyn Lison-dra who were chaperoned by the no less winsome adviser of the sponsors, Miss A. Sarthou.

THE SECOND VATICAN COUNCIL

(Continued from page 13)

The Council has successfully drafted major documents that answer the need of a complex and pluralistic world. All of them are of vital and supreme importance; their significance can never be doubted. As a matter of fact, all the documents are never sneered or harshly criticized by the world press. Even Protestants and other religious sects acknowledge their worth enthusiastically.

All the documents are proofs of the Church's broadmindedness; they are all products of deliberate thinking; they are the laudable gestures of a living institution which is acutely aware of the need of the milieu of the time.

The day the council ended, the periti had almost exhausted their brainpower. But the very fact that the schemata are accepted are reward enough for their hectic time in drafting the said documents.

To repeat, the Council is a success.

The role of the periti in the Council cannot be ignored. Of course, they are less visible in the eyes of the world but the role they played cannot be ignored. Methodist observer Dr. Albert C. Outler, himself a scholar of theology, says: "This is the first council since Nicaea where the decisive balance was tipped by theology professors. When the council began, there were perhaps 500 who knew what the consequences would be, and 300 of these were conservatives. They knew, they still know the consequences of radical change. But this council of 2,400 men was led to form honest convictions on the progressive side — and without any real leadership in the American sense of the word. In every instance it was the professors who tipped it. Most bishops didn't know the answers. But they knew administration, and one point of administration is to ask if you don't know."

To the periti Pope Paul said: "It is the bishops who build the church but it is you who draw the blueprints."

Dr. John K. S. Reid, an observer from the World Alliance of Reform and Presbyterian Churches, opines: "By working together, the council has enabled the Roman Catholic Church to form a common mind. At the first session nothing was decided. In the final session, a real consensus had grown up."

TIME magazine, aware of the success of Vatican II commented thus: "The success or failure of Vatican II cannot be judged merely by the bulk of written documents. More important is the spirit that brought the council together and inspired its discussions. The most apparent impact of those discussions was the bishops' self-discovery of their common responsibility for the church as a whole."

Germany's Evangelical Bishop Otto Dibelius, quips: "If the Roman Catholic Church had looked 450 years ago as it looks today, there would never have been a Reformation."

But that is enough. The old error has been corrected; let the dead past bury its dead. Let's all work for better unity. Now that the Council is over, Protestant churches consider the old differences between their churches and the Catholic Church as something less relevant. It no longer matters so much; better understanding has bridged the age-old gap.

In the second week of December, when the Council was about to close, Pope Paul VI and Patriarch Athenagoras of Constantinople issued, TIME reported, "a joint statement deploring the mutual excommunications that Roman Catholic and Orthodox leaders had hurled at each other in 1054." The event aroused not only sympathy of the world but also praise from the world press. It is, no doubt, a healthy sign of reconciliation, a return to the spirit of friendship and unity, a growing understanding of principles and doctrines.

POSTSCRIPT

The day the council ended, Cardinal-Patriarch Maximos IV Saigh of Antioch opines that Vatican II has "put the church into a permanent state of dialogue — dialogue with itself for a continuous renewal; dialogue with our Christian brothers in order to restore the visible unity of the body of Jesus Christ; Dialogue, finally, with today's world, addressed to every man of good will."

The speech of Pope Paul VI during the last session summarizes the points which the church wants the world to know: "The church of the council has been concerned not just with herself and her relationship . . . with God, but with man — man as he really is today: living man. . . man as the superman of yesterday and today, ever frail, unreal, selfish and savage; man unhappy with himself as he laughs and cries. . . man as he is, a creature who thinks and loves and toils and is always waiting for something. . . We call upon those who term themselves modern humanists. . . to recognize our own new type of humanism: we, too, in fact more than others, honor mankind."

The end of the Council is only a beginning. However, there is a fair hope that the harmony and unity of different churches will continue to flourish and to grow; after all, the fruit of this better understanding and friendship is all for the good of humanity and for the greater glory of God.

Even TIME magazine foresees a favorable future of the Church when it writes: "Thus the more the church returns in spirit to the unfettered simplicity of the Gospel from which it sprang, the more likely it is that its voice will be heeded again by the world." (By the way, we feel like adding this: the Church did not spring from the Gospel; Christ himself founded the Church).

The formal closing of the Council ended when the Pope raised his arms and bid farewell to his bishops. Then he uttered the final words: "**It is in peace.**"

SPORTS

The University of San Carlos Warriors, atoning for their last year's miserable performance, turned the UV gymnasium into a slaughter house as they steam-rolled the San José Recoletos-Five, 77 - 62.

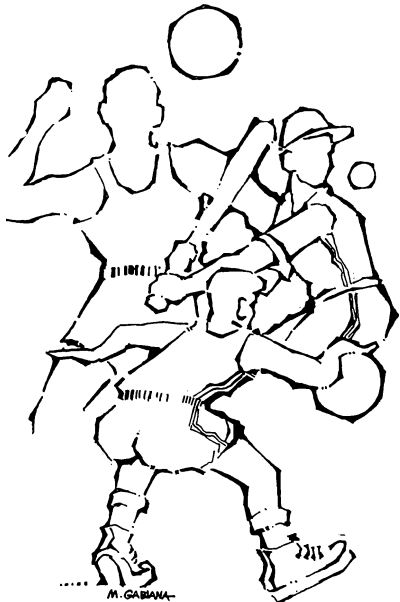
Coach Martin Echivarre's starting five — Jose Reyes, Ernesto Remidio, Luis Ceniza, William Yu and Liberato Berbesada got out from a shaky start and romped away with a 6-0 lead. Gonzaga spoiled what would have been a five-minute shut-out by the P. del Rosario dribblers when he sank a beauty from underneath. In the last 1:40, Berbesada knocked in a twinner with a pivot at the center, grabbing the lead from San Jose, 22-26. These followed a series of errors by both teams.

Joe Reyes heaved a long one from the quarter court and ended the half for USC, 29-26, sending the partisan crowd in a flood of joy.

Jaguar Rabuya started the second half for San José with a long blow that chopped the lead down to one, 29-28. But that was the best they could do.



An undergoal stab by Luis Ceniza.



SAN CARLOS

Demy Jumoad, Luis Ceniza and Ernesto Magale, took turns in snipping off the Jaguar's picket lines and sinking field goals almost at will outside, inside and underneath.

The Warriors started their uphill climb, 42-32, with 14:9 still left to play.

A rebellious CSJ-R threatened to revolt when they chopped the lead down to five points, 42-38. But a series of team plays engineered by Coach Martin Echivarre Jr. quickly doused out the fire.

The fierce Ernesto Remidio prevented Fred Gonzaga from the what he was before — a scoring machine.

December 5, 1965 —

The miracle boys of Atty. Martin Echivarre Jr., putting up one of their finest shows of the season toppled down the CIT Wildcats, 80-73, bringing themselves closer to the championship last night. The gigantic task of unhorsing the defending champion, University of the Visayas Lancers, now rests on their laps.

Joel Cenabre of CIT raced down the court and scored the first field goal of the game, after Luis Ceniza's three successive undergoal attempts. That was the Wildcats only taste of lead. A cluster of baskets by Reyes, Remidio, Ceniza and Yu propelled the Warriors to the driver's seat for good, 11-2.

With five minutes left of the first, Coach Alveola ordered his men to a pressing man-to-man defense which reduced the Warriors' cushion to seven points at the end of the half. 32-25.

Hovering over the Warriors like a plague, the Wildcats threatened to cheat defeat when they staged a searing uphill climb led by the impeccable Cenabre and Gica at the second canto. The Warriors, their defenses deflated by the loss of its clutchmen — Remidio, Yu, Magale on disqualification and to top it all slippery Ceniza who wrought havoc in the CIT ranks, succumbed to a leg cram,—held on for dear life.

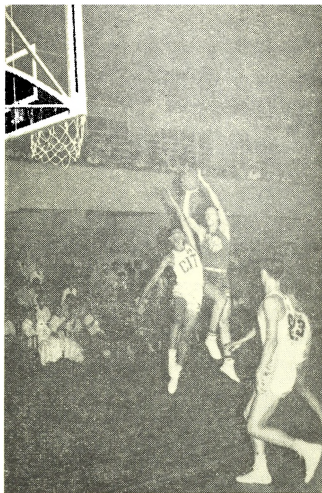
But the reserves — Jigger Villegas and Edwin Quiamco — although with shaky knees and taut nerves came off the bench to choke off the Wildcats uprising, combining efforts with Jumoad and Berbesada, and clinched the game for San Carlos with plenty to spare.

December 12, 1965

The University of the Visayas Lancers crushed the USC Warriors, 89-78, in the first of the two-of-three play — of series last night at the UV gymnasium. The Lancers have only to win their game on Sunday to clinch the CCAA championship. San Carlos, on the other hand, has to sweep their last two games from UV to have the claim to the throne.

Banking on their tremendous height advantage, the Lancers built up a solid 43-29 lead at halftime. The overflow crowd expecting a neck-to-neck battle were disappointed as the Warriors, complete out-reached, displayed a below par performance — far below their old form.

The Warriors seemed headed for the big time at the start but suddenly UV'S brigade of Goliaths -- Cheongtek, Grafé, Callejero, Singson and Kong ex-



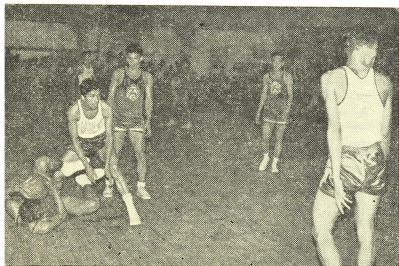
William Yu defying CIT sentinels.

PLACES SECOND IN CCAA

SPOT Reporting

by MANUEL RAMOS OCHOA

Sports Editor



Berbesada and Singson grapple for the ball, as Ceniza and Jumoad watch. In the foreground is Cheongtek.

ploded like hell broke loose, thoroughly obliterating the San Carlos defenses.

There were however, signs of the Warriors old form when they fought the Lancers basket for basket, tying the score up six times: 2-2, 4-4, 6-6, 8-8 14-14 and when they sliced UV'S lead down to seven, 47-40, on Jumoad's and Berbesada's terrific outside shooting with 17:05 left of the second half. But it was to no avail. UV went on to win, 89-78, going away.

December 19, 1965 —

A highly demoralized San Carlos quintet succumbed to the murderous onslaught of the UV Lancers to the tune of 100-71. The victory gave UV the undisputed claim to the crown.

The Warriors fell the victims of the Lancers as they poured mercilessly their wrath on the hapless Warriors. After seven minutes of play, the Lancers had already appeared master of the situation with their complete domination of the board.

It was a rebounding, running, scoring UV team that was so determined to win. San Carlos was not even half of it. Although the old Warrior spirit came to life with still six minutes left. Seven consecutive field goals lighted the Warrior score board but was not enough to overcome the buffer UV had established earlier.

YOUNG POET: RAGE, RAGE, RAGE . . .

(Continued from page 7)

boogie-woogie by learning the fundamental steps, acquiring an inner grace and probably a little talent. And after we have mastered these fundamentals, we move slowly toward the variations and that is, learning rock n'roll, the twist and the new dance craze, the jerk. And applying these to poetry, the young poet starts with language, acquires an inner ear for melody and rhythm, and develops the proper usage of form, figurative language, symbols ideas, effects, imagery, etc. And after learning these, the young poet can hope to descend into poetical variations as the narrative poetry and prose poetry. In this manner, his anguish and rage, instead of becoming a cry of a fool in the wilderness, will have proper direction and he can hope to arrive at something definite, at least, the poetic sensibility.

In explaining the development of a young poet, W. H. Auden, a professor of poetry himself, has this to say: "If the young man, after being asked why he writes poetry, answers, 'I have important things I want to say,' then he is not a poet. If he answers, 'I like hanging around words listening to what they say,' then maybe he is going to be a poet."

Then Auden adds: "In the first stages of his development, before he has found his distinctive style, the poet is, as it were, engaged to language and, like any young man who is courting, it is right and proper that he should play the chivalrous servant, carry parcels, submit to tests and humiliations, wait hours at street corners, and defer to his beloved's slightest whims, but once he has proved his love and been accepted, then it is another matter. Once he is married, he must be master in his own house and be responsible for their relationship."

In his explanation, it is apparent that Auden compares the young poet to a young lover courting. And

like any lover, there is the rage to love. Perhaps this is the rage of the young poet: his search for identity. And once he has found his lover and is married to her, he must learn to control her and become her master. Otherwise, if he would become a henpecked husband, all his rage would turn to ashes and his poetry would become as meaningless as a fallen leaf. And as Thomas warned him before: "Do not go gentle into that good night! Rage, Rage, Rage against the dying of light!"

But in the ultimate conclusion, however, as George Barker would have it, "All Poems are Elegies and soon all the poets would have died." And he further declares: "That moment of truth when God with the sword in his hand profiles in front of the poet to deal him the kill of a poem is the moment when the poet sees home to the heart of things: the inspiration which is the assassination. . . . To be so closely caught up in the teeth of things that they kill you, no matter how infinitesimally kill you, is, truly, to be a poet: and to be a poet in fact it is additionally necessary that you should possess the tongues and instruments with which to record a series of deaths." But beneath these deaths rise the light and the poem weaving the universe in the blues of the world. And Dylan Thomas, in his craft of sullen art, decries the yell of poetry from the poets' dead hearts:

"Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spendrift pages
Not for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art.

THE WHITE CHRIST

(Continued from page 12)

to completion. I helped him secure a 300-year-old tabernacle owned by one of my mothers' kins. He was greatly impressed. We talked more about old wooden saints. Suddenly I struck upon an idea. "Father", I said, "the best thing to do in order to secure those old wooden saint images is to exchange them with new ones. Most people would not part with their old things easily for sentimental reasons. They regard them highly and consider them as heirlooms, but if we exchange them with new ones or some of your discarded images, Father, for sure, we can persuade them," I said, and I was filled with zest and enthusiasm.

"Quite a good idea," he said.

"Oh Father", I cried. "There's one image I know. It's the right one we need. In the research room in the science department, on top of one of those big cabinets, there is a crucifix about three or four feet high. The image is still intact but maybe there's some slight damage since it was dumped there, but someone we don't know who. I'm sure the natives will like it. And you must know Father how they value things coming from religious people like you. In not less than two seconds, Father! . . . studied the floor. Then he said: "Come and show me this crucifix right now."

We went down to the next floor and found ourselves talking to a young faculty member. We asked for the head of the department. The head of the department was not in the office at that moment so we managed to let him open the door after

asking his permission to get something from the research room.

The priest wasted no time in climbing the cabinet to get the white Christ. He saw the miserable condition and gave instruction to the faculty member that I could get it anytime. . .

I looked at the bruised knees and the cuts on his legs, his precious blood stained the escayola white sculptured work. My eyes were misty. It looked real — the image. His precious blood no longer dried dark brown but red and fresh. How could this thing be discarded and left to lay under a pile of rubbish and allowed to accumulate dirt.

I recalled the letter sent to me from an esteemed artist and also a member of the faculty. The letter was deeply hurting at the beginning and finally explained how the crucifix was left to him by a priest who was out of the country. According to him the crucifix was to be painted and would undergo some repair and that he was bringing with him a sculptor the next day to fix the broken parts. He was making it clear that I had to return the crucifix immediately to the place where I got it.

Days passed. The crucifix was retrieved but it never went back to its dirty place on top of the cabinet where the smell of badly preserved marine organisms and cadavers of cats gave off a most repugnant odor.

I felt greatly relieved.

LESSONS FROM A RIVER

by reuel carillo, *Commerce III*

BY THE TRANQUIL hometown of my grandparents there flows a river. For many a time I have visited it, during vacation spent with my old folks, viewing the quiet flow of the river. I met the river again on a summer vacation.

In common with other streams of its kind, this river suffers much from the summer heat. I have seen it so shrunken that fishes lay lifeless on the parched sand and gravel of its bed; but this past summer I noticed something which I never saw before.

One hot, summer morning, a friend and I started out for the hills to spend the day by the rapids. We followed the course of the river. After we had covered a kilometer or more, I observed that the river had disappeared, and only the dry bed was to be seen. I looked around in wonder because past my grandparents' cottage and out to the sea half a mile or so away, the river was flowing clear and steady in its usual summer depth.

But at the place where we stood at that moment, there was no water anywhere to be seen. All about us the wide river bed was hot and dry.

On toward the hills we continued our way, and not until we had covered another kilometer or so, did we see the stream again, at the point where it had spread itself so thin, that it was lost at the edge of the waterless stretch of scorched sand and stones. But as we continued our way into the hills, we found the river stronger and deeper than as it passed by our cottage.

For many people, I suppose, there is nothing strange or significant in this. Perhaps they have seen such phenomenon more than once.

To me however, it was a new experience and it gave a strangeness. But it wasn't merely strange to me. To me, it was awfully suggestive of spiritual truths that can inspire and teach lessons of highly considerable values.

One of the thoughts that immediately came to my mind was the lesson of determination and struggle. Flowing from its source in the mountains, just as it was leaving the last foothills, behind, it was checked by the long, restraining stretch of sand. I had read of other streams that upon confronting similar obstacles inevitably lost themselves in sand. But this river, determined to reach the sea, tunneled its way, so to say, under its sandy bed, until at last, at the end of the long obstacle, it came out steady on its march to the sea.

And then I thought of human en-

deavor. I was reminded of many lives that stopped short of greatness only because they lacked the power of will to "tunnel through" obstacles. But I thought most of all those who, like the river, confronted with nearly prevailing hindrances but, undespairs, continued their struggle, buried in precious hopes but persistently pushing their way to the sea, to the sea of their life's great goal. I remember the words of many great men, one of them, Baden Powell, the founder of Boy Scouting, who said, "You can't always succeed without failures. Let the failures be stepping stones to success." I'm reminded of Benjamin Franklin who, having failed more than a thousand times in the same experiment, succeeded to become the inventor of the electric light. The irrefutable and exalted lives all remind us what that river has taught us; the lesson of determination and struggle to the goal of success.

Another lesson I learned from that river is in the fact that the river was not only able to overcome its barriers but to reach a great end, the sea.

How different with so many lives! How different that many persons in the springtime of their youth and in manhood appeared apparently victorious over barriers, determined to reach a goal, only to end in disgrace and disillusion.

A few years back, during my high school days, I happened to room with a

student who, the same as I did, studied in a university in another city. He had a quiet, unassuming, yet impressive personality. For he made good in academic pursuit. He maintained a successful path into graduating as an honor student. We parted ways and I haven't heard from him until somebody, who we both know, told me that he and my erstwhile roommate were together in college. "And how he has changed," he sounded incredulously! "Well, what year is he now?" I asked. "Believe it or not," he exclaimed, "he's still a sophomore when he should be a senior student!"

On the other hand, let's think of other lives that, like the river, kept true to the very end of their course.

Did the river flow without purpose? No, it didn't, for it furnished safe and running water for plants and fish and fowl and for man and beast. Indeed, it just didn't flow in and enjoy itself, but it played its part in the process of nature. I believe that it should be so with man's life. It is not to be lived for itself alone for its own joy and satisfaction, but for others in glad and devoted ministry. How thankful we should be to doctors and missionaries, who ventured into the dark forests of rudimentary civilizations, who met overwhelming odds, who gave comfort and health and knowledge to their fellowmen.

For if man, who in the face of obstacles, lacks the strength of will to go on ready to serve, he will ultimately become useless to others.

Lessons from the tranquil, placid flow of a river—so mysterious, so significant—but do men see them? §

AUDIO-VISUAL COMMUNICATION

(Continued on page 15)

Man learns to perceive, to conceptualize, and to generalize through the medium of his senses and to acquire attitudes through the totality of his involvement as a person. Through audiovisual communication, this encompassing learning experience which of necessity must be supplied vicariously during many instances in the learning process is what we are after as means to achieve better and "permanent" learning in the students. Audiovisual communication viewed this way is realized as something not extrinsic to the teaching-learning activity in the classroom.

Furthermore, contrary to the opinions of educational enthusiasts, if we may call them, audiovisual communication cannot substitute for the teacher's role. This is true even when the latest instructional media as the multi-channel approach with the use of closed circuit TV-computer combination for immediate retrieval of information and direct test-

scoring is used in teaching. True, modern space-age learning devices may modify drastically the traditional activity of the teacher in the classroom. It is wise for the teacher to reckon with this progress. However, he should not be led to believe that he has no place in the automation of the teaching-learning process. Machines can only facilitate human learning. They can never satisfy the need for the humanizing element in education. For the teacher, his prime responsibility will always be to understand how to use intelligently the simple as well as the advanced audiovisual methods, materials, and equipment which are on hand.

In any case, there is little reason for the teacher to bide by his disappointment at not being understood. The instructor can be indifferent to this problem, but the dedicated ones have much to hope for in the right understanding and application of audiovisual communication in the classroom.

ON INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING

(Continued from page 14)

club at the Intercontinental level, a continent shutting itself off from contact with other continents. A common Europe does not intend to isolate itself, and will not isolate itself from other nations. It will keep its doors wide open to share achievements and successes, to engage in reciprocal trade, to strengthen the freedom of the western world and to protect it against communism, and above all to preserve peace. This is possible however, only if all nations are prepared in the same degree to sacrifice something in order to share in the common benefits. And this in turn is possible only if human beings can enter into dialogue, can dedicate themselves to a common task in which, of course, every nation must treat with respect the specific history, and culture and mentality of every other nation.

Even when language differs it is the word that binds human beings together. You can think here on the first missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word who at the end of the nineteenth century were sent out into the world to speak the word to human beings and to experience something of their way of life. They were in the truest sense the first ambassadors of peaceful understanding from nation to nation and from continent to continent. They have freely left their homeland thousands of miles behind and have carried in their knapsack only the simple word of understanding, whether in the churches through the announcing of the Christian message or in the schools through their teaching. But beside the word stood and still stands today the deed, the act of brother love, above all in the mission stations and hospitals.

In the past year on my journey to India I have myself seen how the missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word share their bitter poverty of the outcasts of leper colonies. Perhaps these are the reasons why in the history of the Society of the Divine Word there is no instance of Missionaries being persecuted by a people among whom they have been received and with whom they have lived together. It is true that the Divine Word Missionaries were imprisoned in China, brutally man-handled and driven from the country that had become their homeland. But this was not the will of the Chinese people. It was the result of an imported and brutally imposed ideology, atheistic communism, that has subjected the entire Chinese people under its yoke.

Of the many ideas that occasioned the foundation of the International Academy for Intercontinental Contacts I would like to select and dwell on two.

In Bonn, the seat of the German Federal Government, dwell the ambassadors of more than 100 states. Like all ambassadors they represent their country and seek to establish good relations between their government and the host government to whom they are accredited, between their people and the host people. But in most cases this remains, perhaps because anything closer is impossible, a mere political contact on a government to government level. A people knows of the history of its neighbor for the most part only a few important dates and facts so obvious that they can be read in any encyclopedia. The underlying cultural, social and religious values are almost unknown. But in human history it was always music, literature, research and, of course, also trade which effected a drawing to-

gether of people and paved the way for good political relations. For this reason the Academy for Intercontinental Contacts has set itself the task of inviting important personalities of various nations to speak in an atmosphere free of diplomatic pressures and niceties, to provide a deeper look into the soul of their people and above all to bring out the deeper relationships that bind people together.

The Academy then is not meant to provide opportunities for diplomats to exchange floral wreaths with each other on the occasion of state visits, although this can be very useful and can create a good atmosphere. A state visit last only a few days or a few hours. More decisive is what happens when the visit is over and the diplomats depart. On this score it is of greatest importance that teachers and students, engineers and doctors, economists and artists should spend some time in another country through an exchange program in order to be able to speak out their experiences when they return home. In this way many misunderstanding can be set aside once and for all and ungrounded sweeping condemnations done away with.

A second basic idea of the International Academy for Intercontinental Contacts is derived from the first. In Germany the most suitable place for the establishment of this Academy was the provincial house of the Divine Word Missionaries standing as it does immediately before the gates of Bonn, Germany's capital city. The SVD House was a place where these talks could take place without sentiment or resentment, for the Divine Word Missionaries have never allowed themselves to become enmeshed in the political or economic entanglements of a people among whom they were living. So it is today possible that the representatives of other nations can come to this Academy as speakers and listeners knowing that they have full freedom to speak and to listen. The lectures are published in many thousands of copies and spread throughout the world, and so the spoken word becomes a carrier of goodwill among people.

In this way the Academy is the practical implementation of an idea and of a task begun by the missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word many decades ago, an idea and a task which they still pursue today among the men and women of 34 different countries on all continents. This fruitful work of an international team, as it is embodied in the Society of the Divine Word, and its visible results, and increased understanding among peoples, are the foundations upon which we want to further build our movement.

It is not sufficient, however, that only the missionary Church should possess this practical interfaithful, ecumenical aspect. In our day we are fortunate to see this ecumenical idea forcibly breaking through at the Second Vatican Council. The task of promoting international understanding, once reserved for the small bands of missionaries at the periphery of the universal Church, has now become a task for all members of the Church at large.

May I state my closing wish that this small ceremony may deepen in all of us here this evening our dedication to this task that the God of history has placed upon our shoulders. I thank you.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

(Continued from page 27)

There's Christian formula that sounds very simple indeed but humanity has never learned it, it would seem. It is as old as Christ himself.

"Love your enemies."

The formula may hold true to a man of faith but what to a man who has none? Mao would surely change it to: Destroy your enemies! Peace for Red China is the triumph of her ideology over all others. "Love your enemies." It would only make Mao laugh and laugh and laugh until the world laughs with him.

A man of Faith, Gerard Manley Hopkins, the priest-poet of the Victorian era but is very much a poet of our time had written a poem called "Peace." His time had not yet experienced the global catastrophes we had experienced in the 20th century. But just the same he was already tired of the alarms of war and of the "piecemeal peace" which was the only kind of peace that he knew.

"When will you ever, Peace, wild wood dove, shy wings shut,
Your round me roaming end, and under be my boughs?
When, when, Peace, will you, Peace? I'll not play
hypocrite

To own my heart: I yield you do come sometimes; but
That piecemeal peace is poor peace. What pure peace allows
Alarms of war, the daunting war, the death of it?"

But an optimist, he was positive about the coming of True Peace, the kind of peace that we dream to have:

"O surely, reaving Peace, my Lord should have
leave in lieu

Some good! And so he does leave Patience exquisite,
That plumes to peace thereafter. And when Peace here
does house

He comes with work to do, he does not come to coo,
He comes to brood and sit."

Well, that is Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, a tortured genius of the Church. What this priest had written is always the salient characteristic of the men of Faith. Only Father Hopkins knows how to write poetry while other do not. He has language; he has rhythm; and his theme is universal. Even his most didactic poem does not sound like a sermon; it is a virtue rare to didactic poets.

5.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE of man? What will be the ultimate result of the crisis of our time? The future may either be grim — total annihilation; or it may be a wonderful place to live in — a new Eden. The two possibilities are worth speculating.

All of course want the future to be a world of order and not of bloodshed for we have had enough of it. But while we are wishing for the good, humanity, it would seem, is working for the opposite, hence our uneasiness.

FATHER SCHOENIG RETURNS

(Continued from page 11)

In 1961 he again took up residence at his Alma Mater, Notre Dame, to work for his Ph.D. degree. His specific line of study and research was the field of medical entomology, especially mosquito genetics for which Notre Dame is a world center, and is closely connected with the World Health Organization (WHO). To anyone not familiar with the work, the title of his doctoral dissertation might sound strange or unimpressive: STRAIN VARIATIONS IN BEHAVIOR IN AEDES AEGYPTI.

However, it is one of the few existing investigations which combine a quantitative analysis of behavioral traits with the study of their genetic background.

This line of investigation is considered vital for the solution of many intricate problems which face the WHO in its attempt to control insects, the worst carriers of human diseases. During his studies Father Schoenig attended a number of international meetings of biologists and read a couple of papers on the behavior and genetics of mosquitoes.

SCHOLARLY TOUR

After his graduation in May 1965, Father Schoenig visited various universities in the USA, Europe, India and Formosa (Taiwan). He discussed problems of mosquito control with authorities connected with the WHO: Professor H. Laven, Germany; Dr. M. Coluzzi, Italy; and Dr. U.M. Adhami, India. In Manila he visited the center of the WHO for East Asia with the intention of correlating his future work with the plans of this worldwide body. He intends to work on problems of medical entomology with the view of improving control over these carriers of plant, animal and human diseases.

Most of Father Schoenig's time in Germany was spent in soliciting financial help from government and industrial agencies for much-needed equipment. Such transactions take time, and their fruits ripen slowly. It will take months, maybe a year, until the tangible results—equipment valued at P50,000 to P60,000—will eventually arrive.

FAIR HOPE

It is hoped that with the return of its head, and with the arrival of new and better equipment, the Department of Biology of the University of San Carlos will expand its scope of activities, intensify scientific research and put it on a higher level.

The great American novelist, William Faulkner, who writes about the evil and the ugly side of man, asserts that man in the future will prevail. Surely it is one of the noblest utterances of our time, a moving declaration of an optimist's refusal to surrender to the ding-dong of doom.

Anne Frank, a Jew, who had witnessed the terror of the Second World War and the cruelty of the Nazis was not convinced that such an orgy would last forever. She clung to the old idea—a optimist as she was — that sooner a new reign would come, and everything would be all right again. Wrote she: "I see the world becoming a wilderness, I hear the ever-approach-

(Continued on page 48)

■ ADMINISTRATION

PAGE AWARD FOR THE PRESIDENT

Cebu City is earning distinctions in higher education with one of its universities making academic gains abreast with leading institutions in Manila.

This view found proof recently when the President of the University of San Carlos received an award from the Philippine Association for Graduate Education (PAGE) at a public ceremony November 27 in Manila. Very Rev. Fr.



Dr. Jesus Perpiñan is shown congratulating Father President Rahmann who has just been presented the Leonard Bowman award in recognition of "distinguished service to PAGE."

President Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., was cited for his "distinguished service as member of the Board of Directors of PAGE" as well as for his "contributions to higher education."

Earlier in November 15, the University of San Carlos passed its first candidates in oral examinations for the highest academic degree offered in Cebu,

the doctorate in philosophy. Private Schools Director Dr. Jesús E. Perpiñan came here as a special guest at the occasion. The successful candidates were Prof. Alfredo Ordoña of the USC Teachers College and Miss Tecla Revilla, of the graduate department of the Cebu Normal School.

The Manila affair held at the Far Eastern University Auditorium, was the fourth national convention of PAGE. Father Rahmann was member of the executive committee and chairman of the session in Anthropology. He was one of three outstanding members honored, and the one who received the Leonard L. Bowman award. The other two were long-time educator Dr. Camilo Oslas and Chairman Juan Salcedo Jr. of the National Science Development Board.

When the conference closed November 27, Father Rahmann was one of those inducted into office to serve another term as member of the board of directors, after obtaining the second highest number of votes. The University itself was awarded a certificate of appreciation "in recognition of its role in promoting the objectives of the PAGE."

USC is operating three doctorate courses: Doctor of Philosophy in Education, in Philosophy, and in Anthropology. It is the only private school in the Visayas and Mindanao to operate doctorate courses.

SAN CARLOS RECEIVES NSDB CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

The University of San Carlos was the recipient of a Certificate of Appreciation signed by Dr. Gregorio Zara, Vice-Chairman and Executive Director of the National Science Development Board for "the invaluable cooperation and sincere interest in the promotion of science consciousness among the youth" as shown by the "active participation in the 1965 NSDB Regional School Science Fair" held in Cebu City last November 23-27.

NSDB RECEIVES MEMO FROM FATHER PRESIDENT

During the 4th national convention of the Philippine Association for Graduate Education (PAGE) held in Manila last November 26-27, President Father Rahmann submitted to Dr. Juan Salcedo, Chairman of the National Science Development Board, a memorandum on the promotion of doctoral studies in the Philippines. The memo was an appeal to the NSDB and other agencies to lend

financial assistance to deserving candidates for the doctor's degree in Philippine universities. The memo was acknowledged by a letter to Father Rahmann from Mauro Gonzales, Chief of the NSDB Division of Development and Assistance, who agreed to the urgent need for promoting doctoral studies in the country. Gonzales assured, in his letter, to give Father Rahmann's proposal "careful attention".

USC CONFERS HIGHEST HONOR ON GERMAN INTERNATIONALIST

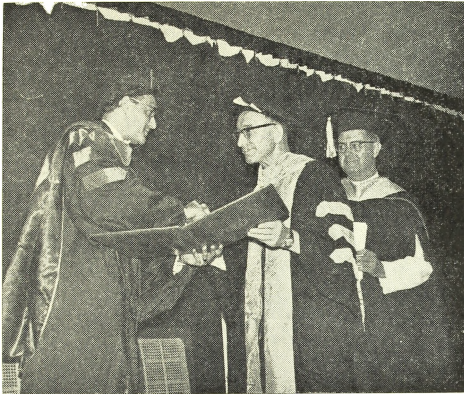
"Human understanding should leap over the borders of individual states to produce a global solidarity of nations. The alternative is an overbearing self-esteem which can only lead to self-annihilation."

This was the message of Dr. Helmut Reuther, German internationalist, upon receiving from the University of San Carlos recently the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Humanities, *honoris causa*.

"We have the obligation to open the portals of human intercourse," Dr. Reuther said in his address, noting that 17 million of his people still live behind the Iron Curtain. Meanwhile, European nations have pooled their talent and labors together in a common market, which, Dr. Reuther observed, should hold its doors open for continued reciprocal intercourse with the rest of the free world.

Conferral ceremonies were held October 29 at the USC audiovisual room, where Rev. Dr. Joseph Goertz, USC director of research, formally welcomed the honoree. The citation was read by Prof. Dr. W. Bruell and the honorary degree was granted by Very Rev. Dr. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., USC President. Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld, S.V.D., master of ceremonies, noted that among 14 recipients of honorary degrees at San Carlos, Dr. Reuther is the fifth from the Federal Republic of Germany. Five others are outstanding Filipinos, three Americans and one from the Vatican State.

Early this year, Dr. Reuther founded a movement for the promotion of priestly vocations in the mission countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. In 1963 he organized the Publishing House for the Youth which turns out 80,000 pocketbooks annually. He had earlier served as private secretary to the late Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, and is today a member of the Press and



For fostering international understanding among the youth, a doctoral degree . . .
Dr. Reuther receives from President Rahmann his diploma.

Information Office of the Federal Republic of Germany.

Dr. Reuther cited the missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word as his country's "first ambassadors of peaceful understanding from nation to nation" who at the turn of the century began leaving home and family bearing in their knapsack only the simple word of understanding.

The S.V.D., he said, presented the idea which is now being given practical implementation by an organization known as the Academy for Intercontinental Contacts in Bonn, Germany. Dr. Reuther is secretary general of that academy, which encourages an international exchange of ideas on politics and economics, scientific research, culture, religion and history.

For upholding the Christian ideals of peace in public service and a distinguished career as a foreign correspondent and editorial writer, Dr. Reuther became one of only 70 members of the Teutonic Order as Marian Knight with cross and cape, the highest level of Catholic society in the German speaking countries of Europe.

Concluding his message before Graduate School faculty and students, he hoped that the ecumenism of the Second

Vatican Council would deepen in all men the dedication "to this task that the God of history has placed upon our shoulders."

RESEARCH AT USC

In a survey on scientific studies recently published by the Division of Documentation of the National Institute of Science and Technology (NIST), USC figures prominently among the 53 institutions of higher academic learning, technical government agencies and industrial establishments in the Philippines included in the survey.

From January 1964 to June 1965, San Carlos is credited with 13 published research studies, 42 researches completed but not yet published and 28 more still in progress. Listed in the survey report prepared by NIST's Quintin Eala are USC researches in physics, chemistry, fossils, botany, zoology, engineering, cookery fuels and oils.

Though the number of anthropological researches at USC is not as impressive as that in the field of science, they nevertheless are formidable enough to enjoy the support of the National Science Development Board, the Asia Foundation and the German Research Association, among others. Research

work of USC's Department of Anthropology and Linguistics, being considered a social science, was not included in the survey. Rev. Dr. Joseph Goertz, SVD, research director at USC, has supplied the following data for anthropological research: 8 published studies, 7 completed but not yet published and 3 in progress for the period covered by the survey. One on-going project is that of Professor Marcelino N. Maceda, who studies archaeological and anthropological data in Southern Cotabato.

Other studies in the same department are in child-rearing practices, family life in a slum district of Cebu, agricultural practices of the Manobo and the porcelain and pottery objects of Puerto Galera.

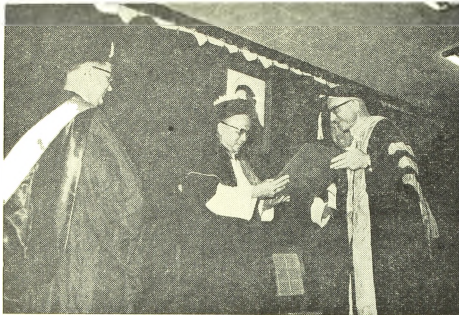
With the number of research studies increasing each semester, San Carlos is not far from filling up the ranks of researchers in the Philippines.

MRS. TENAZAS RETURNS FROM STUDY TRIP

Mrs. Maria Rosa C.P. Tenazas is back from a short research trip to Thailand, Malaysia and Hongkong. The research involved comparative studies of protohistoric trade potteries from China and elsewhere in Southeast Asia which were recovered from extensive burial sites in Puerto Galera, Oriental Mindoro, and those which were excavated in the countries visited. The trip was made possible by the extension of funds applied for by Rev. Fr. Rudolf Rahmann, SVD, from the German Research Foundation for studies on the Puerto Galera specimens.

While in Thailand Mrs. Tenazas visited the ancient Kiln Sites of Sakthothai and Sawankaioik. In Pimai, the site of extensive Kmer ruins in the Northeast, she joined the archaeological team of the University of Hawaii, headed by Dr. Wilhelm G. Solheim II, once an assistant of Professor H. O. Beyer in the National Museum, Manila. Dr. Solheim is an authority on Southeast Asian prehistoric pottery in general, and of Philippine iron age pottery in particular. He has made excavations on the Babuyan islands to the north and on the island of Masbate.

Other archaeologists and authorities on Southeast Asia prehistory met and consulted each other. In almost all the museums visited Mrs. Tenazas was given a special tour as well as access to the libraries and storerooms of Archaeological Materials.



Father Bustos receives his special diploma from Very Reverend Father Rahmann, while Father John Vogelgesang looks on.

USC CONFERS HONORARY DEGREE ON FATHER BUSTOS

The University of San Carlos conferred the degree of Master of Arts in Education, *honoris causa*, on Rev. Anselmo G. Bustos, acting secretary-general of the university, on November 4 at 6:30 P.M. in the Audio-Visual Room. The small room was packed full with faculty members, students and various guests of the occasion.

The programme started with the address of welcome by Very Rev. John Vogelgesang, Vice-President of the university and Rector of the Divine Word Fathers. This was followed by the reading of citation by Rev. Dr. Raymond Kolk, Dean of Teachers' College. The Very Reverend President of the university, Dr. Rudolf Rahmann, granted the honorary degree, after which Rev. Father Bustos gave his acceptance address.

Emceed by the acting dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, Rev. Father John Berry, the brief programme closed with a lively musical rendition.

PAPAL MEDAL AWARD FOR USC PROFESSOR

For outstanding work in the service of the Church, Atty. Catalino M. Doronio of the USC faculty became the recipient of a special award from Pope Paul VI.

widest possible benefits both to the Church as well as to its faithful.

First to receive the award in the University of San Carlos was Engineering Dean Jose A. Rodriguez who was honored by the Cebu Hierarchy at special public ceremonies in June, 1962.

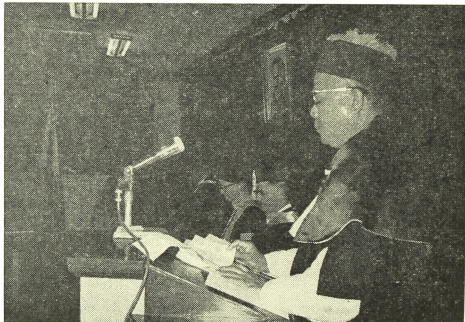
Atty. Doronio has been an active leader in Catholic Action work, having served as president of the Cebu Catholic Lawyers' League, president of the Archdiocesan Central Committee of Catholic Action, and was chairman of the program committee for the grand celebration last year of the Fourth Centennial of Christianity in the Philippines. He is a Deputy Grand Knight of the K of C Sto. Rosario Council No. 5508 and chairman of its Six-Point Program.

Graduated in USC in 1948 with an A.B. degree *magna cum laude*, Atty. Doronio went on to finish law here in 1951 and is now a practicing lawyer. To his credit goes the formation of the USC Supreme Student Council with which he has served as adviser since 1957. Among his other achievements at San Carlos was his upgrading of the faculty status, when serving as president of the USC Faculty Club. Out of campus, Atty. Doronio also helps the cause of labor as education director of the Associated Labor Union.

However it appears that two outstanding activities prompted the granting of this award from Rome: Atty. Doronio's crusade against indecency in the public theaters, and his role in co-

It was Cebu Archbishop Julio R. Rosales who brought the glad news from Rome and first made the announcement at the midnight Mass he celebrated on New Year's Eve at the Cebu Metropolitan Cathedral. He also named nine other recipients from Cebu City of the Papal Medal Award. The religious ceremonies took place at the Cebu Metropolitan Cathedral on January 23, 1966.

The award *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* is usually given to members of the laity who have distinguished themselves in fruitful Christian efforts with the



The new Master reads his acceptance speech.

ordinating the activities of the First Congress of Catholic Action held in this city during the Centennial celebrations.

A native of Borbon, Cebu, the USC recipient of the papal medal award is married to Gertrudes Pastorfide of Basilan City, with whom he has five children; one of these is a second year student of the Divine Word Seminary.

The University administration, faculty, students, staff and alumni rise as one to congratulate Atty. Doronio on this signal honor which he has, at the same time, brought to the San Carlos family.

■ GRADUATE SCHOOL

FIRST USC DOCTORANDS PASS ORAL EXAMS

For the first time in its long history the University of San Carlos passed its first doctors. The fact that USC, the oldest educational institution in the country, did not achieve this status earlier than some Manila universities, does not lessen the significance of such a historical event. For the honor is that this is the first such event to take place in any university outside of Manila. Even in the capital city, out of fifteen or so universities, only six have had the privilege to award doctorate degrees. They are the University of the Philippines, University of Santo Tomas, Phil-

ippine Women's University, Centro Escolar University, Manila Central University and Arellano University.

On November 15 two doctoral candidates fulfilled the last requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Education) by passing the oral examinations on their dissertations and in related subjects. They are Professor Alfredo Ordoña, long assistant dean of USC's Teachers' College and Professor Tecla Revilla, head of the graduate department of the Cebu Normal School. Ordoña wrote his dissertation on "Educational Trends in the Philippines from 1948 to 1963." He passed his oral exams *magna cum laude*. Miss Revilla had her oral exams in the afternoon of the same day. Her doctoral dissertation was on "The Mutual Relations of the Substratum of the Emerging Philippine Cultural Values, A Relevant Philosophy of Education, and the Five Objectives of Education: Their Correlative Implications in Updating the Organization and Administration of the Public Elementary and Teacher Education Curriculum." Like Professor Ordoña, Miss Revilla obtained a final grade which entitled her to graduate *magna cum laude*. They will be formally conferred their degrees at the USC graduation ceremonies in April.

The panel of examiners for Prof. Ordoña was composed of the following: Very Rev. Dr. Rudolf Rahmann, SVD; Rev. Dr. Anthony Buchcik, SVD; Rev. Dr. Joseph Goertz, SVD; Dr. Gertrudes



Close-up picture of the successful examinees and Dr. Jesus Perpiñan.

Ang; Dr. Lourdes Quisumbing; and Dr. Concepción Rodil. The members of the committee for Miss Revilla were the same professors except Dr. Rodil in whose place Dr. Marcelino Maceda now examined the candidate. Dr. Jesus E. Perpiñán, Director of the Bureau of Private Schools, was present during both examinations on the invitation of President Father Rahmann. Dr. Perpiñán later expressed appreciation for the opportunity given him to visit San Carlos in the name of higher education in the Philippines.

To the new Doctors the CAROLINIAN extends its warmest congratulations.

NEW CAROLINIAN MASTERS

The Graduate School announces that the following students have successfully defended their theses:

LUCITA AVILA, M.A. English: "The Moral Vision of Man in William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*."

(MRS.) NIEVA AGUILAR, M.A. Mathematics: "The Concept of Equivalence: Its Role in the Teaching of Mathematics."

ROGELIO LOPEZ, M.A. Anthropology: "Agricultural Practices of the Manobo in the Interior South-western Cotabato (Mindanao)."

CONSTANTINO LEONOR, M.A. Mathematics: "Orthogonal Transformations in their Geometrical Presentations."

(MRS.) JULIETA GONZALES, M.A. Education: "A Study of the Effectiveness of Teaching Filipino in the Boys' High School and the Girls' High School Departments of the University of San Carlos for the School Year 1963-1964."

(MRS.) SHOWPI TSA TAN, M.A. Mathematics: "The Structure by



The picture includes those who were invited to a dinner at the Casino Español tendered by Father President Rahmann after Profs. Alfredo Ordoña and Tecla Revilla had passed their oral examinations for their Ph.D. degrees in Education. From left to right, they are: Rev. Dr. Raymond Kolk, SVD, Dean, Teachers' College; Dr. Marcelino Maceda; Rev. Dr. Ben Cordova, SVD, Acting Dean of the Graduate School, Divine Word College, Tagbilaran, Bohol; Rev. Dr. Anthony Buchcik, SVD; Miss Demetria Pajante, Superintendent of Private Schools for the Central Visayas District; Rev. Dr. Joseph Goertz; Dr. Gertrudes Ang; Prof. Tecla Revilla; Father Vice-President John Vogelgesang, SVD; Dr. Jesus Perpiñan; Rev. Raymond Quetschenbach, SVD, candidate for the Ph.D. degree in Education; Prof. Alfredo Ordoña; and Father President Rahmann.

Magic Squares Based on the Normal Type."

REV. JUAN LAMELA, C.M., M.A. Education: "Study of the Extent of Christian Education in the Philippines in the Light of Canon Law."

REV. FERMIN DICHOSO, S.V.D., M.A. Anthropology: "A Study of the Life in the Slum Areas in Cebu City."

OFELIA ENRIQUEZ, M.A. Guidance: "A Comparative Study of the Temperaments of Some American and Some Filipino Adolescents As Revealed by the Thurstone Temperament Schedule."

■ COMMERCE

CAROLINIAN JPIANS ATTEND NF-JPIA 3RD NATIONAL CONFAB

Five official delegates and six observers from USC attended the five-day 3rd National Convention of the National Federation of Junior Philippine Institute of Accounts (JPIA) in Baguio City from November 24 to 28, 1965. The USC delegation, headed by the USC-JPIA president, Henrio Chan, was composed of all chapter officers except the PRO and the External Affairs veep.

The theme for this year's convention was "The Role of the Accounting Students in the Economic Development of the Country." Its important outcomes were the resolution to formally affiliate the NF-JPIA with the Philippine Institute of Certified Public Accountants (PICPA) which was simultaneously having its 19th Annual Convention in Baguio, and the election of the board members and officers of the NF-JPIA for the next year. A distinct honor for the Carolinians was the unanimous election of Elena Chiongbian, USC-JPIA treasurer, as assistant treasurer of the Federation.

At the close of the convention Elena, in behalf of the Cebu JPIAns, welcomed all the chapters to Cebu City, where the 4th NF-JPIA National Convention had been chosen to take place next year.

NEW CAROLINIAN CPA'S

Fifty-three candidates for Certified Public Accountant from the University

of San Carlos passed the latest CPA board exams. This number constitutes 63% passing for USC while the national passing percentage is only 26%.

New Carolinian CPA's:

Thelma Abamonga, Salvacion Acaso, Flora Acharon, Erlinda Alcorido, Ernesto Alinsonorin, Eddie Alunan, Juanita Arante, Hilda Arvangues.

Remedios Babiera B.

Benigno Cabanatan, Jesus Capahi, Rosita Calienta, Conchita Cinco, Rizal Co.

Nenita Dejaresco, Aquiles Diaz, Alberto Dimatulag, Victor Dumon.

Benjamin Figueroa, Aida Fonche.

Soledad Gabutan, Victoriano Go, Lourdes Granados.

Churchill Jajalia.

Ceferino Laude, Lourdes Leaño, Gregorio Legaspi, Betty Lim, Paz Lim, Nicolas Lopez.

Bruna Migrino, Minviluz Mojado.

Rosita Nacario.

Tranquilino Odevilas.

Merle Padilla, Cesar Panimbatan.

Helena Quimco.

Reynaldo Rana, Delfina Revalo, Restituto Rojo.

Rosa Santillan, Manuel Saso, Milda Salazar, Elnora Seguerra, Romancita Silva, Rebecca Sison.

Venus Talian, Carmelita Tan, Magdalena Tan, Helena Tantiansu, Adelina Tinaspay.

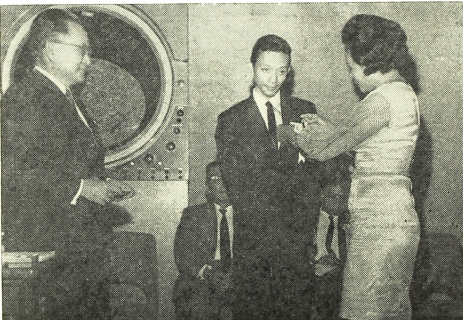
Jaymelita Villapaz, Bella Villegas.

■ ARTS AND SCIENCES

USC STUDENTS GARNER SCIENCE AWARDS

Students of the University of San Carlos won 9 out of 19 prizes in the recently concluded NSDB-sponsored Science Fair for the Eastern Visayas.

The presentation of the awards was given at a testimonial dinner offered by the Cebu City government at the Social Hall of the Archbishop Reyes building on the USC campus. Guest speaker for the occasion was Dr. José Fernández, a member of the Board. Among the proud representatives of different schools were Rector and Vice President John Vogelgesang, Fathers Philip van Engelen and Raymond Questenbach of USC and parents of the prize-winners, four of whom are children of USC Faculty members.



Osman Jumalon, who obtained the second prize in the last national science contest (in biology); receives his medal at the NSDB Planetarium, December 10, 1965, from Mrs. Amalia V. Rodriguez, NSDB Regional Head in Cebu City. Looking on is Dr. Juan Salcedo, Director of the National Science Development Board.

In the Biological Sciences on the College Level the first three prizes were won by San Carlos students. First prize went to Osman Jumalon for his "Study and Collection of Immature Stages and Adults of Moths and Butterflies of Cebú." Francis Savellon won the second prize for his "Survey of the Marine Fauna of Gapasgapas Island, Cebú." Third prize was awarded to Henrietta Almonson for her "Study of the Macrofossils of Bairán, Naga, Cebú." In this same category First Honorable mention was awarded to Mildred Zambo for her "Taxonomic Study of the Family Strombidae of Cebu."

On the High School Level in the Biological Sciences, San Carlos won the first and third prizes and first and second Honorable Mention. For his study of "Chicken Egg Formation and Factors that Affect It" William Paulin received the first prize. Mario Tan was awarded the third prize for his study of the "Conditioned Reflex in Earthworms." First Honorable Mention went to Arturo Yamael for his "Electric Field: Its Effects on the Growth of Seedlings." Jesús Galeos Jr. obtained Second Honorable Mention for his "Filtered Light and Photosynthesis."

On the Elementary level first prize went to Deifin Tupas for his "The World of Colors."

Prizes consisted of cash awards, medals, certificates of merit and, for the first prize winners, round-trip tickets to Manila plus a P15-a-day allowance for a 3-day stay in the city.

The Board of Judges for this year's science contest was composed of Filipinos and Americans who have distinguished themselves in the field of science.

The first prize winners automatically became contestants in the National Science Fair Contest which was held in Manila last December 6-12. In a close fight for the top place, the original entry by Osman Jumalon lost out to the entry of the Don Bosco College of Canlubang (Laguna) by a mere .1%.

Though he got only the second highest honor in the contest, Jumalon distinguished himself so well and his winning entry so highly impressed the educators and professors of Manila colleges and universities, that the director of the International Rice Research Institute encouraged him to apply for a scholarship. The professors who interrogated him on his work found him highly knowledgeable.

The awarding ceremonies took place at the Manila Hotel Fiesta Pavilion on Saturday, December 11. No less than President Macapagal, the main guest, gave out the awards.

By winning in the national contest, Jumalon did several things: he emerged from the shadow of his famous father, Entomologist Julián, and proved that the University of San Carlos is an academic institution to reckon with by being a feather in its cap.

POETRY AND GOD

Miss Erlinda Chieca of the English Faculty left the country for Angiers, France in late November to join the Good Shepherd Sisters. In answer to a call higher than the teaching of literature Miss Chieca had applied for the sisterhood in 1959 when she started teaching literature and grammar in several schools and universities. An AB Graduate '62 from St. Theresa's College Miss Chieca had been active in literary symposiums, forum lectures, writing workshops and poetry readings since she joined the San Carlos Faculty a year ago.

FIRST WRITING WORKSHOP

The University of San Carlos has never been famous for being a center of creative writing. While names of writers have been associated with it the concern of the university did not produce such writers. It is true that writers are not made from attending creative writing classes or writing workshops but if they are not "discovered" woe to the patron for having less such proteges.

The dearth of competent criticism in the classroom exasperates many an aspiring young writer who sees an alienation of their own work. One reason for the unfruitful relationship between literature-and-grammar teacher and the "promising" writer is the usual arbitrary choice of courses (which cannot be otherwise since the number of courses are as limited as the number of teachers) which results in a tense classroom situation. Another reason is the fact that the number of literature teachers who write is almost nil.

If this is the reason for the non-emphasis on creative writing it is a bad reason but the students who feel the

need for recognition for such activity should not lose heart — and they have not. Through the sponsorship of the SUNDAY POETRY SCHOOL a writing workshop was held for the first time in San Carlos. The workshop ran as scheduled for two Sundays, October 24 and 31, at a 3-hour period each session, from 2:00-5:00 P.M. in the Audio-Visual Room. The response was nothing less than highly enthusiastic judging from the number of manuscripts they submitted and the student writers did not disappoint themselves by sulking in a corner when they received criticism.

The workshop panel was composed of a visiting Fulbright Professor on American Literature, William R. Rosegrant, E.O. Constantino, short story writer and fiction critic; Junne Canizares and Thelma Enage of the University Faculty. Writing in English and the Vernacular, Mr. Canizares has had considerable short stories and poems published in national and local magazines; while Miss Enage limits herself to short-story writing.

It is believed that with the evident success of the first workshop THE SUNDAY POETRY SCHOOL will pursue its original plan to hold regularly creative writing workshops this school-year beginning January. The works that merit publication will be included in an anthology for which various patrons have signified their support.

■ ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE

NEW ARCHITECTS

Teodoro L. Alcutias.	
Roberto M. Elizalde.	
Rogelio A. Geonzon	
Rolando Lim.	
National Percentage	64%
U. S. C.	66.87%

NEW CHEMICAL ENGINEERS

Rebecca Awit, Ricardo Alcano.	
Rolando Blanco.	
Remedios Cabezas, Afrodesia Cubita,	
Benjamin Chiong.	
Mariano Desquitado.	
Nemesia Juaniño.	
Emelio Liao, Jimmy Limoco.	
Francisco Reyes.	
Aida Torion.	
National Percentage	46%
U. S. C.	73.33%

■ PHARMACY

NEW CAROLINIAN PHARMACISTS

In the board exams for Pharmacy graduates, USC obtained 88.9% passing for eight successful candidates, while the national passing percentage is 48.7%.

New Carolinian Pharmacists:

Alwina Cañete, Rosa Leria Aparece, Minda Limpahan, Cirila Po (Ong Ai Den), Conchita Roa, Rafaela Rodriguez, Aurora Tan, and Elizabeth Yu.

■ MISCELLANEOUS

USC CHORISTERS TRIUMPHANT DEBUT: ALSO A CALL FOR MORE MEMBERS

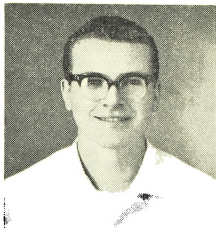
In their debut performance at St. Theresa's Auditorium before Christmas vacation our new San Carlos Choristers proved themselves unexpectedly competent in a concert that ranged from Bach through traditional European melodies to contemporary carols. The group, numbering just forty members and aided by selected singers from U.S.C. Girls' High, showed a mixture of exuberance and finesse not usually associated with premiere performances. Seasoned listeners compared our group favorably with

other larger and better established choral groups singing in Cebu.

After their initial performance the group was invited to take part in a special TV performance on ABS Channel Three. They very thoughtfully treated the SVD Fathers of San Carlos to a surprise round of caroling in the courtyard next to the faculty house after their TV appearance.

The university administration and student body have every reason to commend and feel proud of this new addition to Carolinian college life. Our thanks to all of them. Our special thanks to Mr. Stanley Munro, who initiated the project and used his past experience with choral groups and a strong sense of discipline to produce two enjoyable evenings of music; and to Mrs. Aileen Munro for her assistance both on and off stage. Thanks also to Father John Berry for his work behind the scenes to bring the group into existence. Our special thanks to the good Sisters of St. Theresa's College for their cooperation in making the auditorium available.

Mr. Munro and his choristers are now beginning rehearsals for their next show sometime in April. The special need of the moment is more choral members, especially more male voices and some soprano voices. Auditions will be held on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 3:30 to 5:00 in the Audio-Visual Center. You can help make the San Carlos Chor-



MR. STANLEY MUNRO

... to him go our special thoughts ...

isters a major part of Visayan culture life, and a major part of your life—something you will be proud to belong to. Come and try out.

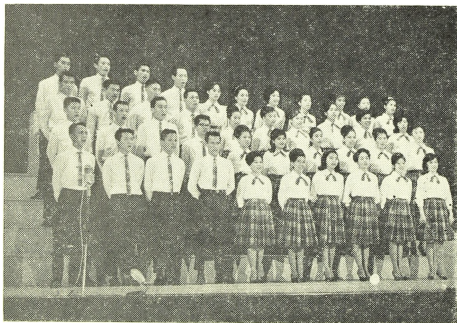
ELECTION DAY PRAYER AT USC

One morning in November several coeds dropped by President Father Rahmann's office to suggest that the Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament be held on election day. The suggestion was well-heeded. A ten-hour adoration was held on November 12 in the University Chapel, which was immediately followed by a Holy Mass in late afternoon celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Buchick. Both the adoration and the Holy Mass were well-attended by the students, faculty members, the SVD Fathers and some sisters.

NEW AUDIO-VISUAL MATERIALS AND EQUIPMENT

Through some generous donations from Rev. Father Ralph, S.V.D., Director of the Office of S.V.D. Catholic Universities in Chicago, the Instructional Media Services has acquired a good number of new audio-visual materials, such as filmstrips for science, overhead transparencies and the equipment to make them. Additional equipment such as different projectors for various purposes, a set of graphic illustration equipment, tape recorders and portable phonographs for classroom use.

All these audio-visual materials and equipment will be used for teaching purposes for the benefit of the students. The Instructional Media Services is now



THE USC CHORISTERS who gave a very impressive performance during their premiere appearance at St. Theresa's Auditorium.

dedicated, as far as its resources allow, to encourage and to provide for better teaching and learning opportunities through better and more extensive use of audio-visual and other instructional media.

THE McNELLIS SCHOLARSHIP

What is it? A friend of the Dean of Education at the University of San Carlos, Mrs. Marie McNellis of Michigan, indicated her desire to support a student through college by paying all tuition and some incidental fees. Qualifications were simple: real need, past evidence of good scholastic work and the recommendation of the dean. The beneficiary for this scholarship has been chosen and accepted by Mrs. McNellis. Her name: Miss Prima Ligronio.

NEW ARRIVALS

Rev. Thomas Mueller, SVD, arrived from Manila last November 1 and since then has been an asset and power to the Mathematics degree from De Paul University, Father Mueller arrived in the Philippines on October 25.

Rev. Ludwig Lehmeier has returned from Washington D.C. where he obtained a doctorate in Sacred Theology at the Catholic University of America. He has been appointed University Chaplain and Dean of the Theology Department.

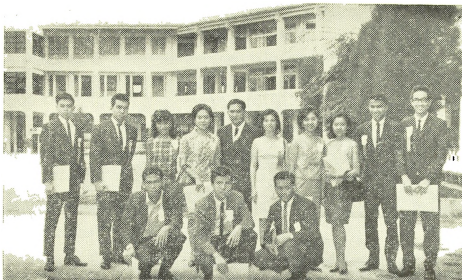
Rev. Charles Hutterer, a new addition to the Department of Anthropology, arrived at the University of San Carlos on December 1. He was accompanied to Cebu by President Father Rudolf Rahmann, a well-known anthropologist.

Brother Bernulphus (A. van Schagen) also arrived at the beginning of December. He is a specialist in stained glass art work and an artist whose draw-



MISS ERLINDA CHICA

... headed for France ...



The USC SSC delegation to the 9th National Union of Students Congress in Bacolod during the last week of December. — *Sitting from l to r:* Sergio Cugtas, Rex Acosta, Ignacio Enerio. — *Standing from l to r:* Manuel Juemillo, Cesar Coraza Jr., Lillian Cul, Treasurer; Jennie Kinsens, Atty. Dazario, Adviser; Corazon Jara, Secretary; Lucille Dy, Dulcemina Ong, Edgar Male, Vice-President; Lorenzo Lee.

ings were on exhibition January 6-12 at Talamban Technological Center.

With these and other arrivals, namely Father Margarito Alingasa and Father Enrique Schoenig and the departure of Father Hubert Lorbach, Father Peter John Raats and Father Fermín Dichoso, the San Carlos SVD community totals 29.

FORMER FACULTY MEMBER COMES HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Miss Aurora Labitan, formerly of the USC Chemistry Department, recently arrived on a Christmas visit to her family in Tinaan, Naga, Cebu.

Miss Labitan taught chemistry here from 1955 to 1957, then again in 1962. She left for Germany as a trainee in food and drugs at the Institute in Cologne, and in the organic chemistry department at Bayerwerk, Leverkusen. During her stay in Germany she met a lot of Carolinians and made extensive tours of continental Europe. Miss Labitan lavishly praises the German government and people for their friendliness and hospitality. At the end of her training, she went on a world tour (met Father Rigney in London), coming home via the United States. She plans to go abroad again very soon.

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Demetrio Labitan of Tinaan, Miss Labitan took her AA. here in USC, and obtained her B.S. in Chemistry from the University of the Philippines.

CEBU PRESS

(Continued from page 6)

Many of the papers have developed, consciously or unconsciously a standard lay-out formula. These stereo-type layouts are used day in and day out without fail. This dressing of news in the same old rag is taking the dynamics out of dynamic news. This kind of monotony kills the suspense. Who wants to eat the same food everyday? The readers know what to expect already; they might as well not buy the papers.

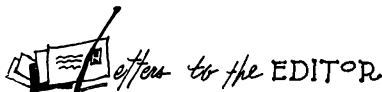
Except for a few who genuinely like their jobs, many newswriters are evidently bored by journalism. They seem to believe that the best writing is dull writing and that the best way to build a great newspaper is to offend no one. Some newspapermen write in the colorless fashion of a club secretary posting up minutes. Some seem to be copying from the telephone directory. Many reporters and columnists should even go back to school to learn what English really is. The way they grow bumper-to-bumper grammatical and idiomatic errors, one wonders if they are embarrassed at all.

In general, most of the city's newspapers are remarkably successful and alert-looking. But the healthy outside hides a rotten inside. It is encouraging that some seem to be aware of their defects and are trying to heal their sore spots.



the CAROLINIAN

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

November 18, 1965

I should like to thank you for the very interesting and enthusiastic article in the October-November issue of the *Carolinian* entitled, "New Hope for the Filipino Theatre". I am most flattered, if somewhat abashed, to find myself called a "shining figure".

There are, however, one or two points I fear that may lead to misunderstanding. Please allow me to explain. First of all, I did not say that the Oriental drama has not yet fully developed the way Western drama has. I said that the history of Western drama shows a continuous development and change in which one form of drama is continually giving way to another. While, on the contrary, in the Orient, traditional forms of drama tend to continue to live beside new styles that break away to form new traditions. For example, the Noh drama of Japan (which is certainly not new, but has a continuous tradition of 600 years) still exists beside the Kabuki and puppet theatres that developed out of it.

I should like, also, to disabuse all my students of the myth that the history of any art is the story of its development or progression towards some unknown absolute perfection. Art is an expression of man's being caught in time and space. The expression is, therefore, different (not necessarily better or worse) in mood, style and method between man and man, between age and age, and between society and society.

Again thank you for your otherwise very splendid article.

I remain, yours sincerely,

(sgd.) MOYRA MULHOLLAND

Dear Sir,

October 7, 1965

I have a son who is studying in your school.

Yesterday morning, I saw your magazine on the table where my son had left it. I went over it and read the article "Young Drivers" by a certain Reuel Carillo. It touched me

for my son somewhat have the same situation as that portrayed by Mr. Carillo.

We bought our son a car for his personal use. But he has neglected his studies and went roaming around. He has indulged in useless activities with his companions.

I showed the article to my son and he read it but didn't mind what message it told.

But anyway I want to express my gratitude for the article printed which really has a message and that we can learn from it.

Sincerely,
a mother

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

(Continued from page 39)

ing thunder which will destroy us, too. I can feel the suffering of millions, and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that this cruelty, too, will end."

There is a devil in every man and a god, too. What is so obvious, so often exposed is his vanity, his evil temperament, the beast — and not the best — in him. But what is it in man that makes a Nero, a Genghis Khan, a Hitler, a Mussolini, a Stalin out of him? This must be what the Christians call Original Sin — or to use the modern jargon of modern psychology, Id, "a blind unreasoning drive, an unconscious will to murder, and rope, featureless, anonymous, an inheritance of the race, an ancient fault."

What is to be done?

In another poem, the poet T. S. Eliot, offers a solution to the human problems we are facing. This may not be the right solution but certainly it has something to say and it is worth trying. It is no royal gambit to test this tentative solution: Give, sympathize, control — Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata.

Shantih! Shantih! Shantih!

— THE END —

THE MODERATOR'S *Corner*

● *Instead of giving our own views in this column as usual, we deem it suitable to reprint the editorial which appeared in THE SCROLL, (Vol. IV, No. 3, January 13, 1966), the official USC Student Catholic Action Publication. Said editorial expresses so many good thoughts we ourselves could not express in any better fashion.*

LUIS E. SCHONFELD, S.V.D.
Moderator

THE CHALLENGE 1965 LEFT BEHIND

A YEAR IS OVER . . . a new year has taken its place. 1965 belongs to the past now, to history which has dutifully jotted down the momentous events which took place during its reign. 1965 was the fourth centennial year of the Christianization of our beloved country. It witnesses, too, the glorious closing of the historic ecumenical council. These two events alone are enough to make 1965 a year to remember.

1966 cannot help but look after the precious tasks that 1965 has left behind on its lap, tasks which are nothing but burden to those who want to skim only on the surface of life but a challenge that cannot be turned down by those who really want to live their lives rather than simply exist. We are all students so I dare presuppose that we are those who would take these tasks a challenge though I sadly fear that for some of us the contrary is true.

To bring to reality what the council has agreed on and to bring Christ to Asia . . . these are the challenges that we cannot and we must not turn down. If these were man-made challenges, we would have to answer each separately but since these are heaven-sent and in the characteristic superiority of Divine planning, answering one would mean answering the other. By implementing the changes and by faithfully accomplishing the job which the Vatican council has given to us, we would be able to bring Christ to Asia which is the desired aftermath of our centennial celebration.

The magnificence of this precious task that has become ours by right, the wondrous meaning of the full implication of its fulfillment is enough to make us dream and to delight in our dream. Let us keep this dream as an inspiration but let us not get carried away.

We are real, so we have to be practical. Let us start answering this challenge right now, here in our dear university. This is our first and immediate battlefield. Let us start by making the sacrifice of occupying the pews near the altar when we participate in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is always a funny sight to see so many students huddled in the pews near the door while the front pews are left empty. If we would just sit nearer the altar, then we won't have to worry about not receiving Holy Communion for the simple reason that the communion rail seems so far off and we are too self conscious to make the long walk to the rail. Also, let us not be selfish and stick to our own prayer-books or to our own thoughts when we are supposed to be praying or singing together with the community. We should not be indifferent to the efforts our SVD Fathers are making in bringing the liturgy home to us.

There are many other changes which the council has made but the few just mentioned would suffice to occupy our attention for the present. Besides asking us to implement these changes the Council has given us the job of becoming a bridge between God and man. The Church has very few followers because we are not good soldiers. We cannot sell our Holy Mother Church's ideas because we forget to advertise. We fail to realize that we are the best advertisement of the Church or of God. If we would just imitate the life of Him Who was the best among us, He Who was the perfect advertisement! There is nothing out of this world in His life and we could start following Him by taking our studies seriously, by having kinder thoughts about our classmates and schoolmates, by not being too critical of their faults and mistakes but understanding them in the same way that we want to be understood, by using proper words when we speak to them, by listening to them when they are speaking or by helping them when they are in need of moral, intellectual or even financial help as far as prudence permits or just by the simple act of smiling at them when they cross our paths.

These are not very hard to do but not too easy either. They can be done quietly without anyone noticing them. They won't degrade nor soil your reputation, won't make you a sissy or old-fashioned, but on the contrary they add a glow to your personality plus a reward in Heaven. Kind thoughts, kind words, kind deeds done out of love, love of a higher kind than what we usually think about, love that is divine, cannot fail to produce a chain reaction always, anywhere, regardless of whom it is done to, for love is powerful and irresistible. And since God is never outdone in generosity, very soon without our knowledge, we would be able to conquer Asia or even the world for Christ, just by our diligence as students and by our kindness right here where we are.

Why don't we start right now — at this very moment?

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Editorial Staff

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Nilda Mildred M. Castro
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Ricardo I. Patalinjug
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Melinda Bacal
Reuel Carillo
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TYPIST

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PHOTOGRAPHER

Miss Praxedes P. Bulabag
ADVISER

Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld
SVD
MODERATOR

