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The Carolinian

Christmas Issue 1962

Nov/Dec.
1962
Vol. 26 No. 3



Letters TO THE EDITOR...

230 Alexander Avenue
N.Y. 54, N.Y.
Nov. 1, 1962

Dear Praxedes,

Thank you for the CAROLINIAN which arrived yesterday, and congratulations on your (new) position as editor and the first edition of the year. English as a subject, writing and editing, are pretty much behind me now, in a new field, but I opened the CAROLINIAN with curiosity and anticipation; you have done a very fine job. In many respects the magazine has gone back to an older policy, format and editorial outlook, but has incorporated many of the better features of more recent times.

One thing I would encourage in your editorial work if I may: correct English. Not literary values or anything hifalutin: just correct grammar and syntax, and conservatism in expression. One cringes in going through some of the articles in years gone by: an attempt at flashiness in style, modernistic, up-to-dateness that just doesn't come off because there is an obvious ignorance of the rules of correct composition.

You have a style yourself, and a complete mastery of the language; try to insist that others meet your standard in this area. If you can arrange it, try to have a native writer of English go over the stuff.... Regards to the Moderator and all the staff.

FR. SKERRY

(Thank you very much, Father. We hope it is clear in our issues that we heartily concur with your views as to editorial standards. We have now a very capable adviser, Mrs. Manuel. Ed.)

October 17, 1962

Dear Miss Bulabog:

The AKLAN COLLEGE STUDENT CATHOLIC ACTION recently passed and approved a resolution making a SCA library corner in our college to pro-



A CHRISTMAS APPEAL TO CAROLINIANS

SHARE your happiness with the poor this Christmas and you can be sure that you will be giving the Child Jesus a very splendid birthday gift.

GIVE TO THE POOR!

You can drop your gifts at the box in the USC main lobby or give them to any faculty member.

Be counted among those of whom Our Lord said:

"Come ye blessed of my Father and possess the kingdom prepared for you. For I was hungry and ye gave me food. For I was thirsty and you gave me drink. For I was naked and you clothed me. Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

vide more healthful and wholesome reading materials for students.

Knowing the CAROLINIAN to be one of the worthy student publications in this country, we therefore appeal to you to include us in your circulation list. Your organ too will afford us of knowing more of your school. Who knows that someday some of us here may be a part of your venerable institution of learning?

Here is then extending to you our most sincere thanks for this effort and may God bless us all.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

PABLO C. BERNABE

AC-SCA Chapter President

(We are only too glad to comply. Copies of our first two issues are now on the way to Aklan College. Ed.)

Piñan, Zamboanga del Norte
November 6, 1962

The Carolinian
University of San Carlos
Cebu City
Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Mr. Nick Vergara for his wonderful cover design of the September-October issue of the "Carolinian". It was a nice and dainty layout although a simple one.

My congratulation also to the new editor, Miss Josefina Farnador. I really like your article, but how about some more news from the Home Economics Department!

Very truly yours,
MA. LUZ A. ICAO, BSHE, USC
Summer, 1962

(We are pleased that a lot of readers liked our September-November cover as designed by Nick Vergara. Thanks to Miss Icao for her congratulations, although if she will look again, the new editor is not Josefina Farnador. In this issue, we are featuring the H.E. Department Crystal Anniversary celebrations. Ed.)

Dear Miss Editor:

Allow me to thank you for publishing my poems in the CAROLINIAN. I have been very much flattered and inspired. I must admit my ego has been flattered considerably. But it is not for popularity's sake that has made me happy. I am happy because somebody liked the way I write.

Now, here am I again. This time I am submitting an article and numerous poems. The human spirit always cries for recognition, or at least appreciation. I submit my writings to you with the hope that you find them fit to be published in the CAROLINIAN.

Lastly, I hope you find my writings suitable to be published. However, if you do not, then don't hesitate to throw them into the waste-basket. No hurt feelings, you can be assured of that.

Respectfully yours,
CAMILLO C. CABREROS

(We welcome any readable material which is simple, written in correct English, and interesting enough. However, we would also like to give a chance to as many budding writers as we can. Ed.)

From Father Ralph of the SVD Catholic Universities in Chicago, to Father Rector Rigney (letter dated November 9, 1962).

"We have read... with interest your new issue of THE CAROLINIAN."

From the Staff to all of you, fellow
Carolinians, a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.

P.P.S.



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

SALVATION IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS

IT IS LAMENTABLE to note that nowadays, for a layman to speak of God and salvation is to express bigotry and fanaticism, or to exhibit a holier-than-thou attitude. To the so-called neo-realists and materialists, to express openly one's religious beliefs is to show ignorance, if not hypocrisy. This attitude is an offshoot of our growing materialism, or worse still, this present social cancer called secularism. To the secularists, religion is a tedious and boring matter, and has no place in everyday life.

This time, apropos of the deep but seemingly forgotten meaning of Christmas, we have chosen to be "boring." At the risk of being labeled anachronistic, we shall dwell on religion, for religion as we see it, should be 24-hour-a-day affair. It should not be confined to a 20-minute ritual of a Sunday morning to be discarded the moment one emerges therefrom.

* * *

No matter how we turn the pages of Holy Scripture, try as we would to scan the gospels, epistles, and acts in the New Testament, we fail to discover the slightest allusion that Our Lord laughed. A curious thing, for although He was God, He was also Man. And man laughs, smiles, rejoices. That He mourned, yes. That He wept, verily. That He was, on a certain occasion, carried away by righteous anger, we know. Yet, not a word that He ever burst out in joyous song or laughter.

Can it be possible that as a human little boy He had not played merrily with His little lambs and His little neighbors? That He must have, otherwise He could not have been human. Still, in the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel, we read that even as a boy of twelve, He confounded wise old doctors in a scholarly debate. And when His anxious mother came looking for Him, He gently chided her for interrupting, with the words: "Why is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

Indeed He was, and a more profound and a more serious business there never was and never will be. For His business was the salvation of all mankind. And such a business is certainly no laughing matter. His business was so great and all-consuming that nothing short of His very life had to be exchanged for it. To attend to His business, He had to descend from His Heavenly home for three and thirty long years in this place of exile as a lowly, despised, and obscure non-entity. He had to suffer humiliation of the meanest kind and die an ignominious death on the Cross.

THE REASON FOR CHRISTMAS

The reason for Christmas is man's salvation, and the reason for salvation is Love. Primarily, therefore, the reason for Christmas is Love. Love deep and all-embracing. Love that has no equal, no measure. Love that knows no beginning nor end. The love of God for man. Love that the world needs at present if it is to survive. Not the obscene, lusty kind of love that one finds in abundance in pulp magazines and pocket books, but love that comes from above.

During this season of joy and thanksgiving, let us give way to charity. As we hear the tinkling of bells on a cold Christmas morning, as we hang our gifts on the glittering tree, as we sing the songs of Yuletide that never fail to evoke a thrill of hope and faith in our hearts, let us open our hearts to the divine love for which the Son of God came down to earth. In this Christmas season, let us love one another as Christ loved us.

CHRISTMAS

Messages



FATHER RECTOR

From
Father Rector

From the
Faculty Club President

May all of you members of the staff and student body enjoy a very blessed Christmas and a happy new year.

The Fathers and Brothers of the Community of the Society of the Divine Word at the University of San Carlos will remember you in a very special way in their Christmas prayers and masses. I will celebrate my midnight mass on this holy feast for you and your intentions.

Christmas, the feast of the nativity of our Blessed Savior, is dear to all of us, but it is especially dear to children.

Christmas is the feast day of children. The Little Ones of Cebu participate in it with much joy and are showered with the graces of the Christ Child whom they are close to by grace and by age.

When we think of this day, the feast of the nativity of our Savior, our thoughts turn to children in other parts of the world, and we ask ourselves how they celebrate this feast.

Those in Europe and America will observe it much the same as little Filipinos.

Millions of little children in Africa will stand around Catholic mission churches, as I have seen them do in Ghana, crowding the entrance of the Churches, watching the beautiful mass and wondering all the while what the celebration is all about.

To the north, in the Sahara desert and the north coast of Africa, there are countless little Mohammedan children who have never heard of the birth of our Blessed Savior and pass the day unconcerned only because they have not been taught about the feast.

While serving in the American Army Air Corps as Chaplain, during the second World War, I cared for an oasis called Atar in the western part of the central Sahara desert. Once while visiting this outpost of mine, I showed a Christmas card to a little Berber boy, a Mauritanian. This Moslem boy was attracted by the picture of the nativity on the card and in the few Arabic words I knew with the help of a little French, I told this little boy who the people were that were represented on the picture: Jesus, Mary, His mother, and Joseph. The little fellow was much interested and impressed because he realized he was being taught about holy people. I gave him the card.

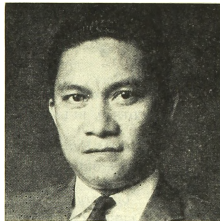
The next day, the little fellow came running to me as I walked towards the heart of the dwellings around the oasis and showed me the card, repeating the names and pointing out the figures, Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

I have often thought of this little lad and wondered what he would have been if he only could have learned of Our Lord and His parents.

Our thoughts go to Red China where there are millions of little children who know nothing of the Christ Child and are forbidden by the cruel laws of the Godless government of Red China to be taught anything about the Infant Jesus even by their own parents. We can hope also that some of the little Catholic children of that unhappy country with their parents at the risk of imprisonment and perhaps their lives, shall attend secretly some mass in some hideout celebrated by a heroic Chinese priest.

And so we can wander all over the world noting some children who know of Christ and are being blessed by Him and others who do not know Him but whom He is welcoming to His crib and asking us and other Christians to help to bring to His side by their prayers and sacrifices.

(Sgd.) REV. HAROLD W. RIGNEY, S.V.D.
Rector



ATTY. DORONIO

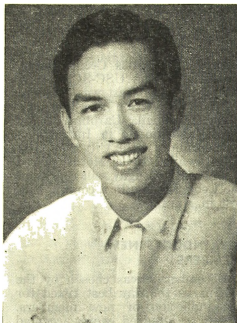
It is with genuine pleasure that I acknowledge the opportunity accorded me by the Moderator and the Editors of "The Carolinian" to extend Yuletide greetings to all during this beautiful and inspiring season of the year. Christmas still represents the one immutable fact in this uncertain world: that this day Christ was born. We take notice of the fact that in spite of man's conquest of the sea, land, air, modern man sleeps uneasily and it is because man fails to recognize the "Fatherhood of one God and the Brotherhood of Mankind". Man will especially remember God during this Christmas because total death threatens him.

We must observe Christmas this year, pray to the Prince of peace, rededicate ourselves to the idea of the "Fatherhood of one God and Brotherhood of Men." This way we will find that peace of mind which every human heart longs for. Then we may face our problems with courage and confidence and we shall have every reason to celebrate a truly Merry Christmas and look forward to a happy and fruitful New Year.

To the SVD Fathers, fellow-members of the faculty and students: "Maayong Pasko Kaninyong tanan".

(Sgd.) CATALINO M. DORONIO
President

From the
SSC President



Victor Dumon

Nov. 16, 1962

Beloved Carolinians:

"Charity . . . is kind, it is not easily provoked, it thinks no evil, it believes all things, hopes all things."

A true Carolinian who bespeaks himself as a good Catholic should bear this in mind especially during this season of Christmas. For this is the only time in which men are socially and, perhaps, morally obliged to be generous to their fellowmen with their pockets and most of all to be generous with themselves spiritually.

Christmas is celebrated best in a blessed atmosphere of people with the right concept of what it is. For Christmas does not only enter the eyes or the ears but it should reach the HEART. For the pleasure which the external senses would give is dependent only on external realities.

May your Christmas greetings to your loved ones be embodied in that sincere desire of being always bearers of true joy and happiness to others.

(Sgd.) VICTOR S. DUMON
President
Supreme Student Council

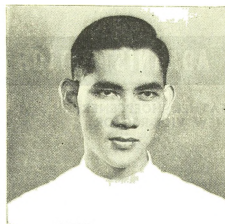
NOV.-DEC., 1962

Father Mamawal:

AN INTRODUCTION

WE HAVE in our midst a young priest who has come to us for the first time. Yet, within the first few days of his stay we can already conclude that Father Mamawal is a very pleasant young religious.

Father Benjamin B. Mamawal, S.V.D., comes from Tarlac, Tarlac. He obtained his elementary education in the Holy Ghost Institute of his hometown. He started his studies for the priesthood in 1946 with his first day of high school at the Christ the King Mission Seminary in Quezon City, thus typifying his call to the sacerdotal fold as one of the so-called "cradle vocations," or vocations which start at a very young age. He obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree in the course of his religious studies.



Rev. Mamawal, S.V.D.

Father Mamawal was ordained priest on December 28, 1958, after which he became sub-prefect for two years in the Christ the King Seminary. Later on he was sent to Oriental Mindoro as Director of the Naujan Academy, a high school run by the Divine Word Society. Considering his youth, it goes without saying that he is quite capable and mentally well-equipped to direct a high school. However, when we asked him about his seminary life, his class standing, and any memorable achievements, the young Father laughed and with characteristic modesty, replied: "You'll have to ask my professors about that."

From the Naujan Academy, he was assigned to the University of San Carlos, arriving in Cebu last November 4. At present he is the Director of Physical Education and Athletics.

This youthful servant of God (only 28), is the sixth of seven children, all of whom are now professionals. His mother is still living.

Queried about his impressions of Cebu and USC, Father Mamawal replied that off-hand he thinks they're all right. But, he laughingly told us, he is not easily impressed. He does not as a rule give conclusive judgments unless he has had ample time to make observations and to evaluate things. A sound principle, indeed.

We heartily extend to Father Mamawal the traditional Carolinian welcome with the hope that he will be with us for a long time and that he will like his stay.

One thing we can see about him at a glance: he laughs easily, but in a pleasant manner; you know, not too loudly as to be boisterous.

Page 3

THE CAROLINIAN



NEWS

JOSEFINA FAMADOR
News Editor

ADMINISTRATION

**FATHER HOEPPENER:
NEW VICE-RECTOR**



Father Hoepfener, S.V.D.

No sooner had the university started the second semester when it found itself a new Vice-Rector in the person of Rev. Robert Hoepfener, S.V.D. Certainly not new to us, especially to students, teachers and graduates of the College of Pharmacy of which he has been Regent for 13 of its 15 years of existence, Fr. Hoepfener replaced Fr. Joseph Goertz who is presently in Europe.

Father Hoepfener first came to the Philippines in January, 1940. Soon after that, he enrolled in the University of Santo Tomas for a B.S. in Chemistry. He stayed for a while in Binnamale, Pangasinan; from there he was sent to Vigan to teach Chemistry in the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion, staying there for three years — a great help in organizing its collegiate courses.

In 1947, he was assigned to the then Colegio de San Carlos. He immediately organized the College of Pharmacy and became its first Regent. Three years later, he left for the States to take his Master's degree in Chemistry in St. Louis University, Missouri. Back in San Carlos in 1952, he resumed his old job of Regent.

He left USC again last year, this time going back home to Germany where, aside from resting, he attended Chemistry lectures at the Technical College in Aachen and visited several chemical plants, all in connection with the establishment and management of our new pilot plant in Chemistry. He returned to San Carlos last September, and right away made plans for the construction of this plant, he being its director.

SEATO SCHOLARS

Four students of the University of San Carlos were granted the SEATO Undergraduate Scholarship for 1962-63. Mr. Pio Y. Go of the College of Law, Mr. Jesus Gador of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and Misses Comersinda Anto and Beatriz Gatela of the Teachers College were the recipients of the award. SEATO grants the scholarship with the hope that these students could contribute to the advancement and propagation of those principles which the SEATO advocates for the attainment of peaceful and prosperous life for the peoples of South-East Asia.

THEOLOGY DEPT.

SCA HOLDS ORATORICAL CONTEST

Last September 23, 1962, the USC Student Catholic Action held its annual oratorical contest on the Diocesan level. The contest was held at the USC Audio-Visual Room at 5:00 in the afternoon. Participants were students from other schools. The USC repre-

sentative was Miss Cecile Motus, treasurer of the USC-SCA. The theme of the contest was centered on Catholic Action and the Ecumenical Council. Carolina Lugay of the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion of Cebu City won first place, while Cecile Motus placed second. Miss Lugay will represent the Cebu Diocese in a coming contest in Manila.

SCA INDUCTS NEW MEMBERS

December 9 was chosen by the SCAs as the day best fitted for the induction of new members. About a hundred were accepted after having undergone an intensive training course. There was a recollection in the morning while Mass and induction took place in the afternoon. It is hoped that the new members will live up to their leaders' expectation pertaining to SCA work.

USC CATECHISTS' MASS AND GENERAL COMMUNION

Every Wednesday and Thursday, USC catechists busy themselves by giving religious instruction to the students of the Abellana National Vocational High School. Their work this year started as early as June and is progressing much. Last October 28, the catechists gathered all their charges from the ANVHS and led them in a Mass and General Communion held at the Abellana grounds. A large crowd was present to take part in the activity. A large number of boys and girls hastened to receive Our Lord. It was a beautiful sight to behold, a great crowd kneeling down to receive Communion. To many of the youngsters, it was a first experience, and therefore memorable. The Mass was followed by a light breakfast and a program. For the catechists it was a job well done. Thanks to them and their guide, Miss Guillerma Viloria, for this noble apostolic work.

GRADUATE SCHOOL

SENATORS VISIT USC

Senators Manuel Manahan and Camilo Osias visited the University of San Carlos last October while attending a public hearing conducted by the Cultural Minority chairmanned by the Honorable Manuel Manahan. The public hearing was held at the audio-visual center. Also, while in the university the senators dropped in at the Graduate School office and had a pleasant exchange of ideas on matters professional and scientific with Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, Dean of the Graduate School. The senators were highly impressed and fascinated at the same time with the collection of varied artifacts now displayed in the Graduate School office, humble they may be, but certainly a good and



The Honorable Senator Camilo Osias during his visit to Cebu City late last October. Here, he is shown with the Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, dean of the Graduate School who is showing him various kinds of stones and artifacts collected during archaeological expeditions conducted by Graduate researchers led by the Dean himself.

promising beginning for what may eventually become an archaeological museum of the University of San Carlos.

SEN. MANAHAN INVITES USC FATHERS TO MINDANAO TOUR

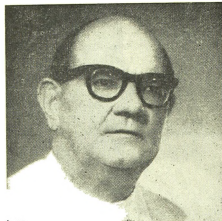
Senator Manuel Manahan invited Fathers R. Rahmann, W. Flieger, and Dr. M. Maceda to join him in a tour through Mindanao, the object of which was to study the economic conditions of the cultural minorities. The group, to which also the Commissioner on National Integration, Mr. Gabriel Dunuan, and the personal staff of the Senator belonged, started on Thursday, October 24, in Del Monte. The Senator and the Commissioner had hearings with the people in Malaybalay and Kibawe (Bukidnon) as well as in the reserved areas near Dadiangas and General Santos (Cotabato) from where the Senator and the Commissioner returned to Manila on October 28. Fathers Rahmann and Flieger, and Dr. Maceda proceeded to Kiamba (Cotabato) for an ethnographic and archaeological survey. The two Fathers returned to San Carlos on the first of November. Dr. Maceda went for a few days into the mountains north of Kiamba to explore a prehistoric cave.



The Honorable Senator Manuel Manahan who dropped in at the Graduate School office. Together with him in the picture are Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, Dean Fulvio Pelayz and Dr. Marcelino Maceda. Some of the antique jars, a few of the valuable collections of the Graduate School can be seen.

LIBERAL ARTS

REV. FR. SCHONFELD CELEBRATES JUBILEE



Rev. Schonfeld, S.V.D.

Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld, S.V.D., Head of the Spanish Department and Moderator of *The Carolinian*, celebrated his Silver Jubilee last November 30. The day began with a solemn High Mass assisted by Very Rev. Father Rector Rigney as Assistant Priest, and Rev. Fathers Aurelio S. Galván of the Espíritu Santo Parish of Manila, and Adolfo Baden, S.V.D., Prefect of the Seminary of Palo, Leyte, as Deacon and Subdeacon respectively. Very Rev. Father Provincial Alphonse Lesage, SVD, gave the sermon. Rev. Father Isidoro Kemerer, S.V.D., Prefect of the Seminarians of the San Carlos Boys' High School acted as master of ceremonies.

The famous choir "Master Choral Group" under the direction of Miss Rosario E. Trosdal, sang the "MISSA SALVE REGINA" by Stehl. The plain chant was sung by a group of USC students under the direction of the Rev. Joseph Jaschik, S.V.D.

At 6:00 p.m. there was a banquet at the Archbishop Reyes Hall attended by Faculty members and other friends of the Jubilarian, after which a literary-musical program was staged.

BIOLOGY

Fresh from the field is Prof. Julián N. Jumalon who spent

weeks at the Camotes Islands in connection with the CEBUANA Rhopalocera Research Project at the Biology Department. The Island of Poro, barrio San Jose, was the party's headquarters. Prof. Jumalon reported that the Camotes group is interesting although it has suffered considerable deforestation, and insect life is presently sparse and is mostly confined to the slightly elevated hillside and small creeks in the interior.

Enticed by the presence of a good number of caves, Prof. Jumalon explored several of these. He found traces of old burial spots in some of the caves, and brought back samples of human bones, broken pottery and beads for the study of Rev. Fr. Rahmann and Dr. Maceda, Ethnologists of the U.S.C. In other caves on the island of Poro facing Leyte, the party collected a good number of edible birds' nests.

While butterfly forms are few, according to the Lepidoptera researcher, these are comparatively important in his Cebuana project by way of determining range of slightly recorded species. A re-checking of the island group will be made during the start of the rainy season next year. Prof. Jumalon was accompanied and assisted by Silverio Taboada, his Mt. Manunggal guide. Cooperating with the party were the Tenchaves family of San Jose who hosted to the same and provided every facility needed by the visitors.

PALEONTOLOGY

The course is offered at the USC for the first time and is handled by Very Rev. Fr. Harold Rigney, USC Rector. Rev. Fr. Rigney, with the cooperation of Mrs. Hilda D. Lastimosa, initiated a field trip to the Beverly Hills, Lahug, for fossil prospecting. They found the terrain interesting and the presence of fossil samples suggestive of the wealth of the island of Cebu in these ancient marine animals which are awaiting serious paleontological research studies. Fr. Rigney is seriously considering the development here of an active group who

can bring interest and research in this neglected field to a level which can compare with those of other countries. This is feasible in a terrain like Cebu's which is utterly rich in fossils from tip to tip, an approach to areas known for their fossil deposits is no problem.

TEACHERS COLLEGE

FAMADOR WINS BSEE ANNUAL DECLAMATION CONTEST



Jo Famador

Last September 23, 1962, the Teachers College held its annual declamation contest, an activity which has become a tradition by the Department since 1947. Contestants came from the different colleges of the University. The program opened with some musical renditions, followed by opening remarks as delivered by Father Anthony Buchcik, Dean of Teachers College.

Josefina Famador of the Architecture Department won first prize with her tomboyish delivery of "I'd Make An Awful Wife". The second prize went to Thelma Ricafort of the Teachers College.

Her dramatic piece was entitled "The Runaway". Florencia Sabellano of the College of Commerce won the third prize with "The Waltz". Fourth prize was won by Gloria Royo of the Secretarial Department, who recited "The Humble Lover".

The Board of Judges was composed of Miss Teodora Miñoza, Dean of the USP College of Education, as chairman; Miss Victoria Cervantes of the Central Visayas State Teachers College, and Mrs. Fe S. Agoncillo, Head of the Speech Center, of the same college.

Prize donors were Atty. Marcelo Fernan, Gold Medal; Atty. Julio Logarta, Silver Medal; Atty. Catalino Doronio, Bronze Medal; and a medal from Mr. Nicolas Vergara.



Winners First Underwood Student Typing Contest sponsored by Aboitiz Marketing Corporation and White Collars, Inc. Left to Right: Lavinia Rose Avila, Commerce II, First Place; Emily Ratcliff, Secretarial II, Seventh Place; Edna Zubiri, Commerce II, Fourth Place; Brenda Ignacio, Secretarial II, Second Place.

College of Commerce

USC COMMERCE FACULTY MEMBER WEDS

November 11, 1962 was a red-letter day for former Miss Lourdes Vilma Cornejo, a member of the College of Commerce faculty, when she became Mrs. German Lee, Jr., at a grandiose nuptial ceremony officiated by Rev. Joseph Watzlawik, S.V.D., Secretary

of Academic Affairs, University of San Carlos. Reception followed immediately thereafter at the Casino Español de Cebu.

The bride, who is a Certified Public Accountant, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eliseo Q. Cornejo of Cebu City, while the groom, a member of the Philippine bar, is the son of Atty. and Mrs. German Lee, Sr. of Sorsogon. They are presently spending their honeymoon in Baguio City.

—VJG

of the first round, the Commerce faculty members tendered a "blow-out" for the Victors at the residence of Miss R. Sanchez. Members of the Commerce teams who were present enjoyed the occasion.

SECRETARIAL DEPT.

AVILA TOPS TYPING CONTEST

In a semi-finals Underwood typing contest sponsored jointly by the Aboitiz Marketing Corporation and the White Collars, Inc., Carolinians took the first, second, fourth and seventh places. The contest was held at the TV barn of ABS Studio, September 30, 1962. The winning Carolinians were as follows:

- 1st place — Lavinia Rose Avila a Commerce student,
- 2nd place — Brenda Ignacio — a Secretarial student.
- 4th place — Edna Zubiri — a Commerce student.
- 7th place — Emily Ratcliffe — a Secretarial student.

Two trophies, a pennant and certificate were presented to the winners, Misses Avila, Ignacio, Zubiri and Ratcliffe respectively.

The first and second prize winners competed with the other win-

COMMERCE TEAMS TOPS 'EM ALL

When the curtain of the intramural competition of the first round was brought down, the Commerce teams emerged the over-all victor. At the final computations of points, the Commerce teams stand:

SOFTBALL:	
Men	First
Women	First
VOLLEYBALL:	
Men	First
Women	Third
SWIMMING:	
Men	Second
TABLE TENNIS:	
Men	First
Women	Second
LAWN TENNIS:	
Men	Second
GYMNASTICS:	
Men	First
FOOTBALL:	
Men	First

After the declaration of winners of the intramural competition for



Atty. and Mrs. German Lee



Emily Ratcliffe receive certificate.

ners from Visayas and Mindanao for the Grand Finals last October 21st.

Miss Brenda Ignacio and Emily Ratcliffe of the Secretarial Dept. copped the second and seventh places respectively in the recent Underwood Typing Contest sponsored jointly by the Aboitiz Marketing Corporation and the White Collars Inc. A trophy and a certificate were presented to the winners....

In the 16th Annual Declamation Contest sponsored by the BSE Senior Organization last Septem-



Brenda Ignacio receives prize from Governor Remotigue.

ber 23, 1962, Miss Gloria Royo of this Dept. got the 4th place...

On the intramural competition of the first semester the Secretarial Dept. copped the first place in Swimming, and second place in the Volleyball.

College of Engineering & Architecture

BIG THINGS IN THE OFFING

What new things are happening in the Engineering Department?

Somewhere in the past — the other day I came across a memorandum — there had been urgent recommendations that something should be done to improve our College of Engineering. That was in 1950 and that memo went the way of many others. Reason? Probably the wherewithal, you know. But now things are brightening. After much talk and more writing on the subject, after numerous conferences and contracts, we are now finally assured of a very substantial aid from the German Government in their program of support to young promising countries. There were several agencies involved, private and public, but in a show of broad-mindedness they worked nicely together and we stand to benefit from that greatly.

If you go to Talamban road about one kilometer north of the Cebu airfield, you will discover the first activities: the chemical pilot plant is under construction and should be finished sometime in January and "on stream" in March. People in the know say that there is about one and a half million pesos involved. There will be extensive machinery for coconut oil extraction and treatment in processes not yet applied anywhere in the Philippines. The plant will be self sufficient, and will make its own hydrogen. Pressures up to over 5000 pounds per square inch, voltages over 4000 volts, and more power than we can use momentarily in the whole University are in the offing. It should be quite a place for engin-

cers to work in. And of course, since there are a lot of chemical processes involved, and since the plant is particularly designed to get all the fine points therefrom, there will be almost unlimited possibilities for chemists.

And this is just the beginning. There will be on the same property a new College of Engineering with extensive laboratories and shops so as to give every engineering student a full chance to not only develop his academic talents but also to become efficient in the practical application of his knowledge. Much is still in the planning stage and some things are still under wraps, but the prospects are great and the whole engineering staff has been mobilized to make the best of the situation. We are sure of the promised aid, and with that we will be able to set up a school which will play an important role in the realization of the industrialization plans of the country. The next issue of THE CAROLINIAN will carry a DESCRIPTION of the Pilot Plant operations.

ORGANIZATIONS

ARCHIMEDES FRATERNITY

Within the Engineering Department, it is well-known that a lot of fraternities exist. But none has gained recognition so fast this year as the Archimedes Fraternity. Organized last August 4, 1962, this active fraternity has the following aims:

First, to elevate the academic standing of engineering students. Second, it announces problems and notices in the Bulletin Board to supplement class instruction. Third, to lead in holding supplementary and review classes for graduating students in the College of Engineering. The first accomplishment of this well-established fraternity was the posting of "Speak Correct English" signs in all the college classrooms. It intends to accomplish more, and so far it has proven to be worthy of the trust vested in them.



The Archimedes Fraternity officers and members. Sitting from left are: N. Rivera, Brod Chronicler; A. Ampong, Brod of Accounts; J. Kuizon, Brod Scroller; E. Dimagiba, Grand Chancellor; Father Philip Van Engelen, Frat Moderator; G. Boquia, Deputy Grand Chancellor; Y. Aumentado, Brod Exchequer; J. Rosales, Brod Solicitor; and E. Leo, Brod Chronicler.

Standing from right: Brother M. Sanchez, M. Delfino, M. Estrada, S. Israel, Frat Artist; E. Sison, Brod Marshall; B. Legaspi, J. Cardenas, D. Lasata, Brod Marshall; G. Sanlec, F. Unabia, B. Dilarde, and C. Urgel, Brod Marshall.

BUILDERS FRAT HOLDS ANNUAL PINNING AND INDUCTION CEREMONIES

One of the oldest fraternities in the Engineering Department is the Builders Frat. Founded in 1956, it celebrated its seventh annual pinning and induction ceremonies last September 30 at the Casino Español. The Frat officers are as follows: Most Exalted Brother — Augusto Reyes; Exalted Brother — Felipe Siasoyco; Brother Keeper of Records — Rogelio Geonson; Brother Grand Exchequer — Eddy Yu; Brothers Exchequer — Boyen Rebaya and Joe Ong; Brothers Herald — Jose-lito Barba and Mario Queblatin; Brothers Keeper of Peace — Pete Jimenez, Abeau Villanueva, and Max Jumao-as; Frat Sweetheart — Lourdes Tiu; and Frat Dream Girl — Susan Ramos. New members are Joe Gamboa, Jaime Lim, Joaquin Yap, Reynaldo Sison, Romulo Labalan, Antonio Ordoña, and Roberto Elizalde. Josefina Farnador is honorary member.

The celebration started with a Mass and General Communion in the USC Chapel. In the evening affair at the Casino, Augusto Reyes gave the welcome address. The officers were inducted into office by Father Margarito Alingasa. The Most Exalted Brother pinned ceremonial ribbons on the Frat Sweetheart and Frat Dream Girl. Father Engelen gave the Invocation, while Mr. Alfon, Dean of Architecture, inducted the new members into the fold. The pinning ceremony followed. Engineering

Rodriguez, Dean of Engineering, introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Andres Mahinay, senior civil engineer in charge of public works projects in Cebu. Very Rev. Father Harold Rigney, USC Rector, gave the closing remarks. Emcee for the evening was Miss Josefina Farnador. Music was provided by the J and R Viscounts Combo.

KAPPA MU TRI-EPSILON FRATERNITY

The annual pinning ceremony of the KM Tri-E frat of the College of Engineering was held at the Cebu Jaycees Clubhouse last Sept. 15, 1962 at 8:00 in the evening. After the formal dinner, there was a program. Manuel Barredo, the most exalted brother, gave the opening remarks. He was followed by Engr. Jose Rodriguez, Dean of that college. Camilo Cañete presented the Frat Sweetheart, Maria Paz Rodriguez of the Home Economics Department. Rev. Fr. Philip Van Engelen gave the Regent's invocation. The guest speaker of the evening, Engr. Salvador Sala, Sr., was introduced by Engr. Eugenio Corazo. He gave a very inspiring talk to the engineers-to-be. Engr. Eusepiero Yap of the College of Engineering gave the closing remarks.

USC JUNIOR CHEMICAL SOCIETY

On September 23, 1962 at 6:00 P.M. the 2nd Pinning and Induction ceremonies of the USC JUN-

IOR CHEMICAL SOCIETY took place in the Cebu Jaycees Clubhouse. The guest speaker was American Consul, Lyle Lane, who was introduced by Engineer Jose Rodriguez, Dean of the College of Engineering and Architecture.

The following officers were inducted by Reverend Edgar T. Oehler, SVD, Head of the Department of Chemistry and Secretary of Registry:

President, Tito Cimafranca; Vice-President, Josefa Verallo; Business Manager, Ricardo R. Aves; Secretary, Teresita Loy; Treasurer, Concepcion Ongking; PROS, Camilo Cabrerero, Rudy D. Floreto; Sgts.-at-Arms, Antonio Chian, Eduardo Chiong.

The affair was a success. To the new members, there was a feeling of joy mingled with fear. Joy, because after their hard struggle, they were finally confirmed true members. Fear, because of the great responsibilities they are going to face.

Our most heartfelt congratulations to the USC JUN-CHEMS members who through hard work and devotion to their study carved their names in the Roll of Honor in their respective departments:

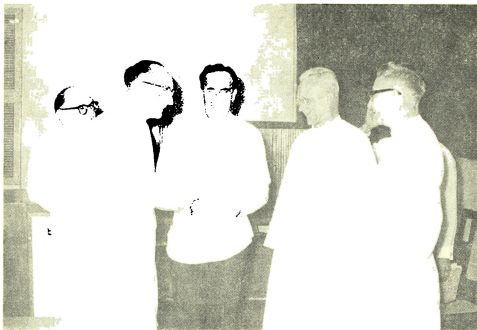
Philips Aguante, 1st place, second year, College of Engineering; Antonio Chian, 2nd place, fourth year, College of Engineering; Santiago Tan Jr., 1st place, second year, college of Liberal Arts & Sciences (Science).

The USC JUN-CHEMS proudly announces that its former member and one of its founders, Miss Elenita Alo, successfully hurdled the recent board examinations for chemists.

The society is offering supplementary classes in some of the tough subjects in Chemistry and Chemical Engineering. Those who are interested are welcome. For further details, inquire from any of the USC JUN-CHEMS members.

SORORITY HOLDS ELECTION

The Kappa Lambda sorority, under the advisement of Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela, held their election of officers recently. Results were as follows: Most Exalted Sister — Marilou Panares; Exalted Sister — Salvacion Costello; Sister Keeper of Records — Teresita Alonte; Sister Keeper of the Keys — Shirley Uy-Oco; Most Trusted Exchequer — Flora Cruz; Trusted Exchequer — Marilyn Bajarías; and Sister Herald — Vivien Ordoña. Last October 15, the ladies gave a despedida party for Mrs. Valenzuela who left for Manila to take up further studies.



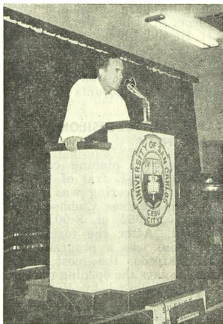
At the social hour given in honor of Dr. Esterline and party by USC. From left: Father Schoenfeld, Father Rahmann, Dr. Esterline, Father Wotziwik, and Father Baumgartner.

PEOPLE

PHILIPPINE USIS DIRECTOR VISITS CEBU AND USC

Dr. John H. Esterline, an expert in American Government and Counselor of the U.S. Embassy for Public Affairs, at the same time director of the U.S. Information Service in the Philippines, was a recent visitor to Cebu. This was during the course of a familiarization tour in the central southern Philippines. During his two-day visit here, the University of San Carlos and other institutions of learning had the special opportunity to listen to him speak on *Public Opinion and Propaganda in the United States* in a symposium held at the USC audio-visual center.

Dr. Esterline took up his duties last July, succeeding Lewis C. Mattison. He holds a Ph.D. degree in political science from the University of California at Los Angeles. He taught at the University of Miami and Tulane University before joining the USIS in 1951. He has served the USIS



Dr. Esterline

abroad as cultural affairs officer in Calcutta, and as director in Ceylon, Egypt, and Syria.

After the symposium the administrative officers, led by Rev. Rudolf Rahmann, S.V.D., Dean of the Graduate School, engaged Dr. Esterline and party in a social hour where several faculty members had a chance to exchange ideas with him on topics of general interest.

ALFON, 3 OTHERS RECEIVE DESIGN AWARDS

Architect Santos Alfon, head of the dept. of architecture, together with Messrs. Nick Vergara, Felipe Siasoyco and Joe Mabugat were recipients of cash prizes in the nation-wide Sunbuffle Design contest sponsored by the Eternit Corporation. Mr. Alfon won P300 as honorable mention in the registered architects while the others won P100 each as honorable mentions in the student bracket. The contest aims to encourage creative abilities of architects as well as of architects-to-be. The awards were distributed in Manila last October 6.

CAROLINIAN DELEGATES TO CEG CONGRESS RETURN

Miss Praxedes P. Bulabog and Miss Vivien Ordoña, editor and assistant editor, respectively, of THE CAROLINIAN, recently returned from the College Editors Guild Congress, which was held at the Araneta University Little Theatre from October 27-31 last. On their arrival, they rendered a satisfactory report to Father Lawrence Bunzel, Secretary of Public Relations, on Congress activities and accomplishments.

Two other USC delegates to the Congress were Nick Vergara and Lindy Chica, staff writers.

The returning delegates reported that the recent issues of THE CAROLINIAN were received with enthusiasm and praise by their fellow delegates from various colleges and universities from all over the country.

HUMAN RELATIONS CLUB SPONSORS COMBO CONTEST

The Philippine Mental Health Association through the help of the Human Relations Club, sponsored a Students Combo Contest and a Dance Festival last December 2, 1962. It was held in the Cebu Coliseum at seven in the evening. A large number of students from the different universities and colleges in the city attended the affair. It proved to be a resounding success. Proceeds of the festival will go towards the construction of the first mental hospital in this city.

USC-JPIA REACTIVATES PAPER

To serve as a clearing house for comments and opinions of accounting students, to allow accounting students to exercise their writing abilities, and to serve the interests of accounting majors, the USC Junior Philippine Institute of Accountants is re-publishing its own organ: *The Balance Sheet*, which was first published in 1958-59 under the editorship of Mr. Benedicto Alcantara, now C.P.A. and reviewer.

Presently the USC-JPIA adviser, Mr. Vicente Gorre, C.P.A., and the officers are trying their best to continue the publication because it gained much appreciation, not only from the accounting majors' reading group but also from non-accounting students as well. Accounting majors do not only enjoy reading it; they also learn something from it — the new accounting technical terms and the accounting environment.

The editorial staff of *The Balance Sheet*, which is composed of Jose Teano, editor; Lamberto Ceballos, associate editor; Edilberto Basco, contributing editor; Nono Teves Yu, Prospero Lepiten, Ruben Tobias, Gaudencio Espina, Antonio Felipe, and Teresita Mata — Staff writers, is planning to publish *The Balance Sheet* in magazine form. The editorial staff has only one major problem regarding the publication — finance. The USC JPIA officers do not collect fees from the accounting students but they work by other means; sponsoring movies, giving shipping privileges to students, etc.

The first reactivated issue will be in circulation sometime in January.

by JOSE TEANO

VEEP COMING TO USC

In a letter to Rodolfo Pelaez, president of the Misamis Oriental

NOV.-DEC., 1962

AU REVOIR . . .

Father Buchcik!

by PETE MONTERO

GOODBYES are always hard to say. I mean that we always want to detain or unwillingly let go to the man whom we have worked with for so long and whose work we have learned to admire, appreciate, and deem indispensable.

A happy thought, however, mingles with this "sweet sorrow" of parting. We know that Father Buchcik had occupied the position of Dean of Teachers College without any break. So we share in the happy prospect that he will not only recuperate from the tensions that so much work as that of a Dean's, in addition to his priestly duties, has caused him, but also enjoy a well-deserved and much needed relaxation period.

Father Buchcik enplaned last November 20 to Los Angeles where he will stay for about two weeks, then he will proceed to the SVD's St. Mary's Mission Seminary in Techny, Illinois.

"It's not only to relax that I'll be able to do," Father Buchcik said with a smile. "I'll also have a chance to audit courses in teacher training, to deepen and widen my knowledge of teacher training institution procedures."

He plans to undertake this by the start of the second semester in the University of Chicago, Columbia University, and in Harvard University. He will observe classes, examine equipments in the colleges of education. Father Buchcik, by the way, finished his master's degree in DePaul University, and his doctorate in education in Chicago University.

Father Buchcik is Polish by descent, but an American citizen. Though it will be hard for him to go to his native country, considering his conditions, he has high hopes that he will be able to celebrate with his folks his silver jubilee which will be on the Feast of Christ the King next year. "This," he said, "will be the end of my leave. And then I'll come back to the Philippines." Almost sentimentally, he said, "I love San Carlos and I love teaching."

Meanwhile Father Lawrence Bunzel, S.V.D., has been appointed acting dean of the Teachers College, and Prof. Alfredo Ordoña officially promoted to the position of assistant dean of the same college.

AU REVOIR, FATHER BUCHCIK! TILL WE MEET AGAIN!



Father Buchcik, S.V.D.

Students Association, Eudoxio Along, head executive of the Office of the Vice President, Veep Emmanuel Pelaez has accepted the Association's invitation to be the guest speaker in its induction cere-

mony on January 12, 1963. The Vice President has also accepted the invitation to address the USC student body in a convocation to be held on the same day of his visit.

The Philosophy of Christmas



by
**REV. LUIS E.
SCHONFELD
S.V.D.**

AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH

TWO WORDS describe a unique event in the world. God who created the world, now enters into the world. God who is infinitely superior to the world, now becomes part of this same world. The boundless divinity enters now into personal union with the human flesh. Eternity joins time, making God a "contemporary" with the great and lowly, with the priests and shepherds of a tiny Asiatic nation; a contemporary with the Roman emperors and the Oriental potentates; a contemporary with the good and the bad, with the just and the unjust of a pagan era.

An unheard of occurrence which the angels would not even suspect! A stupendous miracle which bridges the centuries, making the nativity of the Son of God an ever-present unending drama. The Son of God has become not merely a contemporary of the world of His time; but an eternal contemporary of all the generations of the human race as well, covering all the historical eras, even to the consummation of the world. And this ever-presence among the children of men passes beyond the influence of an impersonal doctrine, whether it be the instruction of the numerous human beings, or the continual guidance of the human race in its great historical decisions. Rather, in the strictest and most vital sense He is and remains a "Contemporary Companion", personal, familiar, intimate to all.

Having once assumed our flesh, Christ has never withdrawn from its bonds. Being born into the world, He has remained in it. Even His presence now in heaven does not deter His ever-abiding partnership here below behind the Eucharistic Veil. At the time He lived in Palestine, He was not only the contemporary of Mary and Joseph, of the shepherds and soldiers of the Holy Land, but also of Caesar Augustus in Rome and of the Kalfarrian populace of Africa.

Every man is a contemporary with the people with whom he lives during the same epoch. History records only a few law men born into this world whose lights and shadows have cast themselves over a number of centuries; yet nobody calls them contemporaries. Christ, on the other hand, who came into this world one day, never left it, and is, consequently, our contemporary. "I shall be with you even to the consummation of the world."

The believer knows it and feels it. No believer ventures into the fulfillment of his duties unless under the very countenance of Christ; he won't dare wage the liberating battles for his existence unless backed up by this same Christ.

The unbeliever denies this fact—though in reality he can't help recognizing it. If this unbeliever fails to recognize the fact of Christ's coming into this world, why in high heavens does he conjure up his daily protests against Christ, why does he launch all these cruel and bloody fights against Him? No one raises protests against a deceased person, and much less does any one put out his neck for a dead one. And if nowadays, of which we are witnesses, the enemies of Christ have declared an apocalyptic war against "His" Church, have they

not done so under the vivid impression of this "contemporary" whose presence they can't help but virtually feel and touch?

Christ has become a scandal to His first contemporaries; to His modern contemporaries He is becoming a nightmare. They veto His claims to the use of the Radio, for His words cut too deep into the flesh; they hide the pages and columns of the dailies from Him, for His teachings excite the masses to rebellion; the democratic parliaments which flung their portals wide open for the stupid and the savant, for the knave and the good-natured, for the laborer and the industrialist, for man and woman, shut their portals to Christ for His axioms border on the fanatic or are too "extremist". The very sight of Him is ignored at the Stock Exchange, for fear that one day the crack of His whip may turn over their tables littered with ill-gotten "coins"; they go out of their way to write across the walls with tar and lime, urging each and every one to keep Him out of their school rooms, for "He speaks as no one has spoken yet" and because the "whole world goes after him."

How annoying and vexatious this contemporary is! No bullet nor bomb can touch Him—therefore He must be silenced. He cannot be destroyed—that's why He must be expelled from the hearts, from the home, from society.

But even an "expelled" person continues to exist and continues being our contemporary. And Christ, too, remains our contemporary, even though He has to amble through our streets, to encamp out in the open, and lives in the slums.

To reject a beggar is cruel—to expel Christ is catastrophic! "The day will come upon thee when thy enemies will fence thee round about, and encircle thee, and press thee hard on every side; and bring down in ruin both thee and thy children that are in thee; not leaving one stone of thee upon another; and all because thou didst not recognize the time of my visiting thee" (Luke 19, 43-44).

Christ who is judgment and confusion, whip and death for His enemies, continues to be the contemporary of all men of good-will. In darkness and tempests His guidance never fails, for He said: "I'm the Way, I'm Truth and Life." Christ continues to be "peace and prosperity" for the tormented. "Come ye all who are burdened." He continues to be food and drink to the hungry and thirsty. "Whosoever thirsts let him come to Me." His sacred hand still holds above water all who clamor to Him, "Save us, for we perish!"

In all our afflictions, Christ lives the role of a tender another mother who consoles and understands. "Blessed are they that weep." To the sick His constant companionship of the Good Samaritan pours wine and oil into their wounds, for "He has taken care of all our infirmities." He appears as the dawn of a new life to the agonizing. "Whosoever believes in Me shall not die."

Finally, to the believer, the contemporary Christ impersonates the compendium of his faith, the center of all his hopes, the possession of his very life, for in Him only will the Divine Message find its unreserved fulfillment, "I have come into the world that they may have life, and have it more abundantly."

Father Raats' SILVER JUBILEE

by VIVIEN ORDOÑA

WITH the start of the second semester, THE CAROLINIAN staff members were once again given assignments for the November-December issue. The job of interviewing Fr. Raats who celebrated his Silver Jubilee during the semestral vacation fell on this writer who was all too glad to do it, not only because



FR. RAATS receives souvenir from FC President Doronio.

Father Raats proved to be an excellent teacher of the history of the Far East a couple of semesters back, but also because the thought of interviewing a silver jubilarian was in itself thrilling.

When presented with the idea, Father Raats was nothing less than willing and immediately set the time and place, making it a date.

The preliminaries were cut short and the Blue Room's blue atmosphere changed in no time, what with Fr. Raats' jokes and wisecracks.

Settling down to brass tacks, this writer gleaned the following facts from him: Fr. Raats was born in Bergen op Zoom on March 28, 1912. He has one sister, a nun of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who is about two years his junior. His parents have long been dead.

He attended the Gymnasium for six years, where, among other things, he learned languages. This was followed by the Philosophicum for three years, in which was studied the sciences and Philosophy. Then he had four years of Theology at the University Gregoriana in Rome, Italy.

Being Dutch, Father Raats just

loves to talk about Holland and the Dutch. Of Holland's population more than 60% are Protestants and only about four million are Roman Catholics. But these four million are zealous Catholics, two thousand of them being missionaries engaged in missionary work outside Holland, bringing Christ to more and more souls. Furthermore, there are fifty-five Dutch bishops in Africa and Asia today. Holland, Father Raats said, is the country in the world with the greatest number of priests and bishops.

Fr. Raats chose not to touch on the subject of how he came to decide on the priesthood and missionary work. Instead, he went on to explain that he chose the Society of the Divine Word because it was then the most famous



FR. RAATS offers his Jubilee Mass. "For this is the Chalice of My Blood..."

mission society in Holland, especially well-known for its work in the Indonesian Archipelago.

In 1937 he was ordained into the priesthood, and, a little later during the year, he got his licentiate in Theology.

In 1938 he was assigned to Indonesia as teacher at the major seminary

in Ledalero in the island of Flores. There he taught students who were preparing for the priesthood. Beaming with pride, he said that two of his former students are now bishops, one a bishop of Singaradja, Bali, the other an archbishop of Ende. He added that both are now in Rome attending the



THE JUBILEE BREAKFAST with colleagues and guests.

ecumenical council and, to quote him, are now "preponderant figures in the council, very well versed in Church history because they were my students..."

From happiness in his former students' success, his mood changed to one of seriousness as he recounted his experiences during the Japanese period in Indonesia. He was interned as a slave-worker, working on the roads, carrying sand and stones, working in the woods sawing birch trees, for long stretches of time. That, he said, was "terrible" work. It was the same thing he went through, day after day, starting with a seven-kilometer trek into the mountains and ending with the same seven-kilometer walk back. Aside from this, he raised hundreds of pigs for the Japanese. These hardships lasted for one year.

After the war, he took care of several schools both elementary and secondary, of several dioceses. At this time, practically all the Catholic schools in that part of Indonesia which, according to him, is about the same size as the Philippines, were being subsidized by the government.

This great and highly significant achievement was made possible largely

through the efforts of Fr. Raats and was achieved during his secretariat. The modest Father added, "but not without the help of many others."

He was besides, in more ways than one, a politician. But, although plied with questions, he would not reveal much of his political activities, because, according to him, it is not history yet, but in about 25 years, he hopes to do it.

In 1951-52 he studied history at the Ateneo in Tilburg Holland and at the Charlemagne University in Nymegen.

Finally, in 1959 he was sent to the Philippines by the Superior General.

Asked about his feelings on his silver jubilee celebration, he said that he was "not particularly happy about it, especially about being feted and all that stuff." He said that he doesn't want to be reminded that he is getting old. At one point in the interview, when asked how old he was, he quipped, "Too old!" At that, the Blue Room seemed to rock with his hearty laughter.

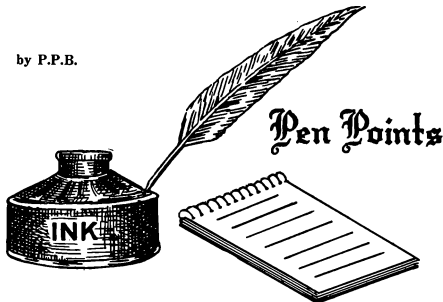
From what this writer has seen of Fr. Raats, he certainly seems to be very representative of the Dutch who are known to be a lively and merry lot. Father Raats himself exemplified the Dutch characteristic liveliness in saying that one could see this for himself from the Fokker Plane and the Phillips radio and TV sets. He added that the Dutch do not cherish the idea of having to leave this world but wish they could stay on; and, they do not like to be "reminded of progression in age," to quote him.

As to life in the S.V.D. Society, Fr. Raats said that the main thing is to do what the Superior tells you to do because in that way, the Society of the Divine Word can go on to achieve much for Christ in terms of mission, pastoral, and educational work.

At present, Father Raats teaches several history and theology subjects. During his free time, he works on his "small collection" of prehistoric stones. In fact, he smilingly added, "there is no house along the road from the northernmost point of Cebu to its southernmost tip that does not know of an SVD Father who goes about asking for any *ngipon sa linta*."

That is Rev. Fr. Peter John Raats, our recent silver jubilarian. Man of humor and wit. Man of God.

by P.P.B.



BROWSING through the numerous exchange publications we received from different colleges and universities all over the country, we culled some varied opinions on different issues.

Amelia Salvador of *The Augustinian Mirror*, contends that "science alone cannot fill the need for deep and lasting happiness which stems from divine love. However, it would be fallacious to conclude that science as an endeavor can never be satisfying; for when properly stimulated, when made to serve man that man may serve God, it can be a source of deep contentment."

An editorial in *The Rizalian* of Davao City maintains that intelligence can be measured by the way an individual conducts himself emotionally. "A man," says Mr. Benjamin Sicam, "is said to be intelligent if he can control himself under any circumstances."

Jean Pope of UST's *The Varsitarian* liberally quoted Dr. Frank Sheed, noted Catholic publisher who made a recent visit to Manila with his wife, Maisie Ward. Dr. Sheed sums up the basic cause for the slow rise of the faith with the words: "The religious illiteracy of the Catholic laity is perhaps the greatest obstacle to the spread of the faith." This only serves to emphasize the urgent need for more religious instruction, particularly in the public schools.

From way down Samar way, we hear from *The Samar Tech*, campus publication of the Samar Institute of Technology in Catarman. We gather that within its five years of existence under its present name, the institute has made considerable progress. Through its well-organized curriculum of agricultural and technological courses, it endeavors to train young men and women who will be instrumental in the fulfillment of our country's economic development program. It boasts of increased enrolment, an impressive campus, modern facilities, and a high standard of instruction.

From *The Paulinian Nurse*, Sheila Munieza urges all and sundry to pray for the success of the Ecumenical Council. A timely plea, indeed. In the light of present global political intrigues and near crises, such as the Cuba situation, we must all pray that the Council be fruitful in Christian unity and world peace.

Carlos Platon in his *Economics of Arts* in *The Philippine Collegian*, writes and we quote:

"Will it make any difference if Celso Al. Carunungan wrote his novels and Rolando Carbonnel his poems, in Pilipino? The quality of their work would be the same: Carunungan's would be as below-average and Carbonnel's as soporific."

We are inclined to nod our head in agreement. Objections anyone?

H. E. Crystal Anniversary Celebrations

.... A NOTABLE SUCCESS....

by MILAGROS M. ALVEAR

IT HAD BEEN years of constant struggle before the Home Economics Department of the University of San Carlos gained success and distinction. Its stage of infancy was nurtured in an environment conceived and worked for by the ever-active, ever-creative, and ever-serving Head of the Department, Mrs. Caroline H. Gonzalez. With tender care and guidance, with the inspirations given her by the beloved Dean of Teachers College, Father Anthony Buchcik and with the facilities provided for by kind-hearted Father Ernest Hoerdemann, the Home Economics Department flourished triumphantly even amidst many difficulties. The department continued to grow and prosper, until it culminated in the most awaited and cherished day, the day that marked its fifteenth anniversary. Thus, in the month of September, 1962 the Home Economics department celebrated its Crystal Anniversary.

Plans for the affair were made and worked out many months be-



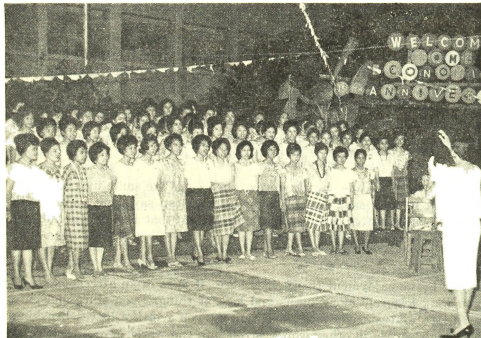
Shown in photo are the members of the USC-H.E. Faculty. Seated from left are: Miss Asuncion Brigaudit; Mrs. Caroline Gonzalez, H.E. Dept. Head; Dr. Maria G. Atienza, the guest of honor; Very Rev. Fr. Rector; Mrs. Corason Ceñiza; and Fr. Anthony Buchcik, Dean of Teachers College.

Standing from left are: Miss Battung; Miss Villamor; Miss League; Miss Villocorte; Mrs. Naval; Mrs. Atega; Mrs. Tumalik; and Mrs. Aliva.

fore the big day. During those days the Home Economics population exerted much effort to render the best possible celebration.

The day of days took place on September 29, 1962. It started with the offering of Holy Mass by Father Buchcik, followed by an incampus parade. The paraders were gay and vibrant. Balloons of varying colors were set to flying, making a very colorful sight indeed. Home Economics students from different classes wore their respective caps of varied shapes and colors to distinguish them from the rest of the population. The girls smiled their sweetest during the parade, exhibiting expressions of hope and confidence for the continued success of the H. E. department.

Parlor games participated in by H. E. students, alumnae, and faculty were held at the U.S.C. quadrangle. Inspired by feelings of elation, the girls showed off their hidden talents. At eight o'clock of the same evening, the Alumni-Seniors Ball was held at the Cebu Lions Club. More exhibitions of



H.E. students raise their voices in song under the deft baton of Miss Adelaida League.

different talents continued. The Clothing class under the direction of Mrs. Corazon Ceniza and Miss Asuncion Brigaudit, presented an eye-catching fashion show. The fashion models wore their own creations. Talent, creativeness, grace, and glamour were displayed by the usually shy H. E. girls. The induction of officers followed the fashion show.

The next day, an educational convocation was held at the Archbishop Reyes Social Hall, preceded by a High Mass. The guest speaker was Dr. Maria Fe. G. Atienza, Dean of the PWU College of Home Economics and President of the Philippine Home Economics Association from 1960-62. Dr. Atienza expertly elucidated the broad concept of Home Economics education. She made a vivid and detailed explanation of the responsibilities of home economics educators, touching on the scope and function of education in general. The well-received speech was followed by an open forum, during which questions were asked by the audience and answered by the distinguished guest speaker.

During the two-day celebrations, an open house was held. Exhibits were displayed in the Clothing and Cookery rooms, and in the Home Management Building. On September 30, at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon, the Barrio Fiesta affair started. There were dances and vocal renditions. The H. E. Kitchen Orchestra rendered the most unique music ever, by the use of different kitchen utensils. Miss Adelaida Luague's medley of native songs was a great hit. The Barrio Fiesta concluded with the popping of bottles as soft drinks were served and eating and laughter ensued. Fun and frolic were the agenda for the evening.

Finally, the end of a perfect day came. In the deep of the night, the revelers slowly made their way to the exit of the University grounds, tired but happy, their hearts filled with memories by which to live and to look back in the years to come.

fred chica's
KEYNOTES

because you will inevitably ask the why and what of this here column, i guess i'd better tell you something before this thing's over else you will turn elsewhere or not stick your nose in and i'll be left unread, an accident which happens too often in my class and trade.

well, when it was afternoon again i took a last look at my window box; it was time for my usual stroll. the bougainvillea there, fresh-green and gold-clad, was immensely enjoying the sunlight and drinking in the intense feel of mellowness of the time. it did not have to remind me at all; i was used to stride out on impulse into the country green whenever it was weekend or when the afternoon was free. so off i went.

but what's that got to do with this writing? what it has got to do with it is that it is all there is to it. (now if you feel like going on to greener pasture, i tell you you'll miss a lot of green if you move on) here, as in that fine afternoon's walk through green and quiet, i wish to live it in with you as i lived it in those times. if you will, you and i will go on a walk.

our stroll will be through woods, through trails that meander like forest alleys. where our woods are is no problem. we need not go where there are trees or plants or flowers. our forest and green will be the familiar but never-stepped-into world of words.

though we're no grammarians nor literateurs, we live and deal with words and some of us immensely enjoy it—while others find the commerce drab and hardly see the pearls they trade. we all have heard that each of us is a poet of sorts, able to utter and create, able to articulate the beautiful whether in speech or in silence. now to most, the truth seems real but queer, a fact one neither ignores nor quite accept.

we wish we were adept with words. then could we smile into another's face and proudly say: "sure, i know them. i can say what i want with them." but so often we feel like muttering: "that is not it at all, not at all."

where is the enjoyment then? it is here. it is as in an afternoon stroll. you walk leisurely along paths and look at things. you stare and gaze at a tree or two. you pick up a flower. you feel the leaves brushing on your sleeves. in other words, stroll into the world of words, look at them, feel them and let their own vitality sink into your veins.

Is Christmas A Trite Theme?

by ANDRES M. ARREZA



Christmas brings many wonderful things to this world. People who have lost faith in life once more are inspired to lift up their faces to heaven in a hopeful meditation that although they are the most unfortunate and dejected of beings, there is still the good Lord who loves them beyond compare. Children at their best enjoy the happiness that Christmas brings. They always have in mind the Santa Claus who in the few hours of the night will slip surreptitiously into their homes and leave gifts for them to wonder at as they wake up early on a bright Christmas morning. Old folks at home, with everything all set for the coming of Christmas, will expect their sons and daughters who are studying in far-off cities to come home and spend this happy season of the year with them. This is all because Jesus Christ was born, and everyone participates in the universal celebration of the birthday anniversary of Our Redeemer.

Other things which Christmas brings, aside from the happiness and peace of mind, are the stomach-aches (from "bibingka" and "puto"), and headaches, especially to many a campus writer. They ask themselves: "What shall I write about Christmas?" Despite the fact that the Christmas season is full of exciting things to talk and write about, they refuse to write something Christmasy. The reason is obvious. It is not that their brilliant minds turn dull or experience a blackout during this wonderful season towards setting their prolific pens to scribbling glowing words on paper, but it is merely because they do not find any thrill, or they feel embarrassed to write on a theme they consider as hackneyed and trite.

In a Christmas issue of a certain college magazine, we read: "...without fear of having chosen a hackneyed theme, we make this issue a Christmas offering." This

apparently presupposes the writer's feeling that behind the scene there lurks something insidious or inimical or critical in writing about the Yuletide season. In spite of the above announcement, however, we discern, as we scan the pages of said magazine, that the issue pertains to Christmas only on its cover which shows an anemic star of Bethlehem guiding three bored and hungry-looking camels. That is all. As we leaf through its pages further, we notice that from the first page to the last, we see only one or two quite insignificant articles about Christmas. We may encounter something which seemingly deals with the spirit of the season, but to our chagrin, we find that it is a story that tells of a love affair that coincidentally takes place during the Christmas season. These kinds of write-ups they never label as hackneyed and trite. It's love here, love there, and never-ending love all around.

Don't misunderstand me. I consider love as great and noble, but not the kind of vulgar, erotic love which modern-day writers seem to glorify in lurid, ghoulish details.

Notice what you read in a school magazine which comes out several times a year. It would be rare if one does not bump into a love story. But this does not make any difference in the mental attitude of the majority of our budding writers. They continue writing about the stuff, while our eager readers devour them without derogatory comment. They don't see anything hackneyed about the romantic-love theme. They are blind to the fact that the magazine has become one big heartache and love-yearning. They are highly emotional and romantic. This, of course, is spiced with other articles which are highly divorced from the love theme.

I don't mean to give the impression that I am against love stories "per se". As a matter of fact, I have just recently begun to appreciate the beauty and thrill of romance. What I only want to enlighten my readers is the de-



The Author

plorable fact that the idea of Christmas is being condemned as trite, while love stories which are told and retold in all magazines all over the world, with familiar variations on a single theme — boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, or vice versa, do not get the same comment.

Christmas comes but once a year. In spite of this fact, we fail to realize the importance that it conveys, and its effect upon mankind. This is especially true nowadays when people are growing more and more materialistic. Christmas comes but once a year, yet we seem to have grown callous to it, and we look upon the season with obvious indifference.

Is this not the time when the once-shattered hope to enter heaven was restored to mankind? I believe everybody agrees with me on the matter. If this is so, why, then, should we abolish that which has been written indelibly and forever in the hearts of men? To insinuate that the Christmas theme is hackneyed would only inhibit those who would like to write on the wonderful subject. And would it not be a dull and dry celebration of Our Lord's birthday if we cannot hear, see, and read anything about the occasion? Would it not be the height of mockery to the God of Love who died on the Cross for love of us, to write and read nothing but the wrong kind of love on the day of His coming?

Although we might be deprived of the pleasure of reading something Christmasy (I hope this issue is full of Christmas), I still hope that everybody would feel and enjoy the true spirit of the Yuletide Season.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
to you all!



The Spirit of Christmas— The Spirit of Sharing

by EUGENIO O. DIOMANGAY

Everywhere we see and feel the Christmas spirit. That the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of sharing we see on every hand, and rightly so.

When Christ came into the world it was an act of sharing, for John 3:16 says: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." When He was tending in the wilderness, we saw His fixed purpose to share coming to the fore. He refused to use His power in any selfish way. He desired to share. When He began His ministry He did not begin

alone. He chose twelve men with whom He might share both the glory and responsibility of the great task. In His teachings we see that same spirit of sharing time and again. In the parable of the Good Samaritan, He draws a picture of two individuals who refused to share all that he had. In the 7th chapter of St. Luke's gospel we have the Centurion, a man found worthy because he was willing to share with his neighbors. In the 15th chapter of St. Luke we have those parables, each of which teaches a different lesson, but in each case there is a time of rejoicing to which Jesus invited friends and neighbors, in order that they might share the joy of finding the lost coin, the lost sheep, and the lost son. In the 25th chapter of St. Matthew the parable of the Last Judgment is presented in which the nations of the world are gathered together and judged, largely on the basis of whether they had been willing to share.

Not only joys, but sorrows and hardships are sometimes to be shared. "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." "If a man compels thee to go one mile, go with him two. If he takes thy coat, give him thy cloak also." In the garden of Gethsemane Christ's bitter disappointment was in the fact that his disciples did not share the watch with him one hour.

On the cross Jesus shared. "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our

peace was upon Him; and with His stripes are we healed." He shared our guilt and for our sins was crucified. And when His task was finished He said: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." He came even to share all eternity. Is it therefore too much to say that the spirit of sharing is the spirit of Christmas?

I feel that this has been one of the failures of the Christian world. There has been too little of the spirit of sharing. In much of our complex life we know not our next door neighbor, and, intentionally or otherwise, we are utterly ignorant of his needs. We are prone, if able, to build large houses in large yards and surround them with high fences, so that we shut the neighbors out rather than invite them in. That process has gone on through many generations in practically every country of the world, until today we find people everywhere divided into well defined groups and classes, with little or none of the spirit of sharing in evidence among them.

The leveling process has begun, however. The walls are coming down, but forcibly. The struggle between capital and labor in the Philippines and even in the United States is only one example, with each side giving, but only as compelled. The program of command responsibility inaugurated by President Diosdado Macapagal is a sure and hopeful sign. But how much better would it be if it can be done without legislation, without pressure. "If a man compels thee to go one mile, go with him two." There is no sharing in the first mile, because compelled.

The Spirit of Christmas is the spirit of sharing. May that spirit be so exemplified in Christians everywhere that the causes of war past, present and future shall no longer exist.





The Author

THE 1962 CEG Congress — A FARCE

by PRAXEDES P. BULABOG

WE WENT, we saw, but we were hardly conquered nor conquerors. What we brought back home was a maddening frustration, a lurking feeling that somehow, somewhere along the way we were being subtly shortchanged, cheated.

To all College Editors Guild members, all roads led to the Araneta University Little Theater last October 27 to 31. The CAROLINIAN delegates were this writer, Miss Vivien Ordoña, Mr. Nicolas Vergara, and a guest delegate, Miss Erlinda Chica.

From the start, it was clear to see that the affair was badly planned and haphazardly conducted in a rather hit-or-miss manner. There was an interminable delay in the opening ceremonies, there was no program to be had until the actual opening, and the workbook for which each delegate paid ten pesos was not in evidence. But we let all those pass. Those were only incidental to the Congress.

Our main objective was to see a CEG Congress in action, perhaps participate in the discussions, and finally to cast our votes in the elections, which is supposedly the main events in this sort of Congress.

During the discussions, we observed that there is an element in the CEG, a creeping monster, unseen but very real, which seeks to shake the Guild from its foundations, and to undermine and corrupt its aims. This insidious, nameless, formless, but living thing was apparent from the very moment the discussions started. It was in the deliberate attempts to delay proceedings through the seemingly endless raising of points of order over trivia; it was in the intermittent calling for recesses for no apparent reason; it was in the prejudiced granting of privileges to speak, in the urgency to adjourn during the last day of Congress even before the screening of credentials—an activity which should have

been finished on the first day—was underway. It was most strongly evident in the loud, scandalous, and shameless booging down of a highly respectable lady and a distinguished gentleman, a vice-president of a well-known university, in the very presence of the Honorable Secretary of Education, Alejandro Roces. It was a terrible experience which one hardly expected to witness among supposedly well-bred, responsible, and decent college editors.

There were weapons on hand to defeat this creeping menace, but with studied cunning, they slipped out of the net by resorting to insignificant provisions in the CEG Constitution. The whole procedure reminded us of a certain defense in a libel case wherein counsel for the defense stated that their opponent endeavored to cloud the issue by employing the tactics of an octopus. When an octopus is attacked, it emits black ink, and in the ensuing darkness escapes to safety.

This was precisely what happened during the Congress. Clear and simple issues were muddled by delaying tactics and pointless points of order. Like the octopus, the minority group emitted dark fluids of cunning parliamentary methods thus defeating the purpose of the Congress. One of them was reported to have said: "Everything is going according to script."

The delegates assembled were divided into two factions. One group was composed of delegates from Catholic schools PLUS a considerable number from non-sectarian schools. The other faction, we understood, were delegates of nonsecta-

rian schools and some sectarian schools other than Catholic. The first group constituted the majority. The second group accused them of sectarianism, which was not true in the strict sense, considering that a great number of the first faction were delegates from non-sectarian schools.

In the wee hours of the morning of Thursday, November 1, after all our efforts to hold the elections, failed, we of the majority decided to hold our own Congress, conduct our own elections, basing the legality of our actions on the strength of our number and a few hidden legal weapons against some leaders of the opposite camp. At present we are seeking legal and popular recognition of our group.

And what is this creeping monster that seeks to ruin the noble objectives of the CEG? Some call it Communist infiltration. Others say it was external political influence, or to put it differently, influence and financial backing from big politicians. We can't say for sure. We are not making accusations nor pointing fingers. What we heard was hearsay evidence. All we know is that the actuations, the behavior, the booging and the heckling, the noisy name-calling, and the railroading of procedures certainly smacked of something fishy.

In spite of everything, we still remain hopeful that the events in the recent CEG Congress was only a passing blot in its history. We are still of the belief that reason and decency will triumph and that the noble aims and traditions under which the Guild was founded will ultimately prevail.



Part of the CEG Delegates present

THE USC *Supreme Student Council*



USC — SSC Officers and Guests after induction. From left: Victor Dumon, President; Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D., USC Rector; Gov. Francisco Rematigue; Josefine Fomador, Secretary; Lasy Palermo, Treasurer; Atty. Catalino Deroso, SSC adviser; Manuel Saterre, PRO; Yolando Mantón, Auditor; and Rev. Lawrence W. Bunsel, S.V.D.

WITH THE fireworks of a new year slowly but surely unfolding, the USC Supreme Student Council initially intended to publish a Council Review the outlines of which was accidentally found clipped between the pages of a lost notebook — probably that of a foreign scholar who always flatters his own wits by inviting himself with anonymous incoherence in every council session, and in every official project transactions.

But that fizzed out when we realized that it cannot be a real Review until all the fixtures of this sixth SSC administration shall have been fully presented to the student populace in a grand finale of events-reckoning. That would have to be — dateline: March. A Liberal Arts congressman quipped: it is not advisable to appreciate the beauty of a Lady Godiva or the glamour of a dashing Cassanova while the painter is still putting finishing touches on his canvas. Well . . . , perhaps.

Nevertheless, the halls of the Sixth Student Congress still re-echo with the tumultuous deliberations and debates; and we find it beyond our impulse to put into print fragments from the notes of that foreign observer:—

"The sweeping victory of the Carolinian Youth Party in both the general and local elections clinched the sixth straight run of said party in this year's student elections.

After being inducted into office by Governor Francisco Rematigue, the officers geared themselves in preparation for starting the mechanics of the pro-

gram of government which the CYP brought before students in the massive pre-election campaigns. Cabinet positions were filled, executive committees were formed, and general parliamentary preparations were launched.

During the first regular session, Congress oriented itself with the norms of parliamentary procedures and a get-along-feeling between majority and minority representatives. Bills were meticulously debated on and passed; some were laid on the table indefinitely. The second and third regular sessions were likewise very interesting with these student leaders, at times displaying wild and alarming ideas of nonconformity and skepticism.

Bills and Resolutions on the following were passed during the first semester sessions:

1. Supreme Student Council Office with filing cabinets, desks, and other office paraphernalia.
2. Rest Room for students, especially the ladies.
3. Shipping Discounts.
4. Postal Identification Cards.
5. Wearing of Barong Tagalog or Shirt and Tie for campus attire once a week.
6. Improvements of the facilities of the USC bookstore.
7. Mirrors in comfort Rooms.
8. Waiting Shed for students.
9. Monthly Symposium.

The President's veto was stamped on the Shirt-and-Tie-Bill while negotiations for the resting room was postponed

indefinitely and definitely for the waiting shed. All others have been implemented. Interviews with student congressmen and congresswomen indicated the introduction and passage of the following this second semester:

1. Sponsoring of a Graduation Ball on March.
2. A request for the administration

by **ROQUE A. CERVANTES**

to provide an additional unit of school Bus for collegiate use.

3. Two more units of Telephone Booths for students.

4. Inter-fraternity Speech Festivals.

5. Other resolutions appertaining to academic and cultural promotions.

During off-congress activities, the Council intends to develop more student enthusiasm in campus activities, as it did during the SSC-rendered literary-musical program on Rector and Faculty Day, and the silent off-the-scene support it gave to the intercollegiate organizations.

More credits were earned when the Council President, Mr. Dumon, got elected as President of the Regional Chapter of the Institute of Student Affairs and Vice-President of the Student Council Association of Cebu.

While the Council seems to feel that the students should have self-defined imaginary paradigms on the structural concepts of their role as students and as individuals, it is only within the context of student self-enthusiasm that a representative student government can really be successful in implementing its prescribed and expected duties.



Atys. De Vera and Panganiban congratulate USC's Vic Dumon.



From left to right: V. Dumon, Raul Roco, an unidentified officer, Evergisto Mactaculad, Rev. H. Rigney, USC Rector.

ON OCTOBER 26-28, 1962, the University of San Carlos Supreme Student Council played host to one of the biggest national student conferences held in this city. Student leaders came from over fifty universities and colleges throughout the Philippines, each with varied ideas, sense of humor, theories, but all to play an integral part in the National Union of Students of the Philippines' first mid-year confab.

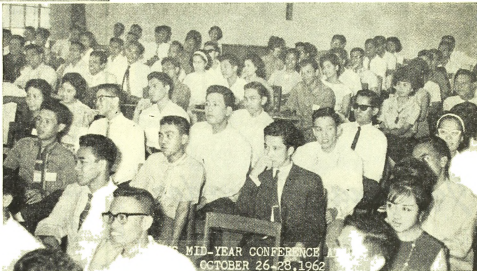
On the 26th, twenty minutes after nine o'clock, a crescendo of nationalistic voices filled the air-conditioned audiovisual room which was jam-packed with delegates and observers. The piece: The National Anthem. A hearty welcome address by USC-SSC President Victor Dumon concluded the opening ceremonies.

Very Reverend Harold Rigney, USC Rector, gave the keynote address in which he extolled the students' consciousness in national and international affairs and bluntly warned the student leaders to beware of "elusive elements who fraternize and prey on the unsuspecting anti-administration campus 'intellectuals' who try to ensnare these students into the hammer-and-sickle theories of Marxist-Leninist materialism." A vivid account of his years in Red China and the grim maneuvers at education outlined Father Rector's deep concern for student leaders in particular and the student community in general.

Then followed a detailed explanation of the aims and purposes which the conference expected to achieve, eloquently given by Raul S. Roco of San Beda, incumbent NUS secretary-general and onetime president thereof, as well as delegate to the 10th International Student Conference held in Canada.

Evergisto C. Mactaculad (FEU), present NUS president, and one of the four American grantees who spent four months in the U.S.A. with USC's Nick Vergara, also spoke.

The ceremonies concluded with the presentation of participating school de-



A part of the NUS attending delegates.

legations and subsequent lively dishing out of wise and pseudo-wise remarks of head delegates. A few minutes of serious listening pervaded when the UE head delegate read a three-page resolution withdrawing UE membership from the Student Council Association of the Philippines (SCAP), and consequent affiliation with the NUS. Incidentally, he is also president of the rally-famous Conference Delegates Association (CON-DA.)

In the afternoon of the same day, the delegates, armed with workbooks, divided themselves into four groups for workshop purposes. Workshop I discussed Responsibility of the University to Society. Workshop II — Responsibility of the Student Student to Society. Workshop III — Responsibility of the Student Council to Society. Workshop IV — the National Union of Students and Society. Here, a leader analyzed and presented the off-the-line details of the topics assigned.

At 8:00 p.m., a social was held at the residence of Dean Jose A. Rodriguez upon the cordial invitation of his daughter, Lorna, who happened to be the head delegate of Maryknoll College. It was a lovely and lively evening of a "thousand beats of twinstin' and potato-mashin'". The following day, Saturday, the 27th, was marked with more workshop deli-

berations. After so much display of wit, resolutions to solutions and recommendations for various campus problems were formulated and passed in each workshop. At 8 o'clock, the audiovisual hall became the seat of the Provisional Congress which was supposed to screen, approve, or disapprove, pass or by-pass the workshop resolutions. But owing to the combined mediocrity of some delegates and technical abuse by others who exposed their ignorance of parliamentary procedures, hardly a resolution was passed. Congress adjourned at 10:00 p.m.

Sunday morning was free time. A good majority went to Talisay Beach for a dip while others found it more to their liking to go sight-seeing. In the afternoon, Congress reconvened. This time all bills were approved. USC contributed two resolutions: one, on the Placement Bureau and the other, on the creation of student governments in schools which have none. After hours of deliberation, Congress adjourned. At eight the delegates donned their best for the Reception Ball at the Capricio Night-Club at Osmeña Avenue.

The following day, after the pen-polishing exchange of autographs and the sentimental "Bon Voyages," "Happy Trips," "See you in..." the delegates departed for their respective homes.

SSC REPORT

The NUS Mid-year Conference



Josefina Famador

JO FAMADOR is one of those enchanted people who seem to be destined for importance. Ever since her high school days, she has been officer of various class organizations and clubs, including membership in the Junior Carolinian staff.

Her popularity continued even in her first year in college. She became staff writer of THE CAROLINIAN, President of her class, Secretary of several other organizations, and Muse of the KMTRI-E fraternity, the Green and Gold Kimonos, the Gamma, and was Miss Architecture and Engineering.

But the crowning glory of her popularity began last semester. Indeed, the school year 1962-'63 is her golden year, her flowering year. Consider: Last July she was elected Secretary of the Supreme Student Council by a large majority. Shortly before that she passed the test for THE CAROLINIAN staff members and was subsequently appointed news editor. Not only that. She also won the Gold Medal in the Teachers College-sponsored declamation contest last September by her inimitable delivery of "I'd Make An Awful Wife." Aside from these she is also the incumbent secretary of the SCA, PRO of the Ateliers organization and the Builders fraternity.

Jo is multi-talented. She sketches well, especially on the subject of glamorous ladies and modern hairdoes, can play the piano, can act, is not behind in dancing, and loves to cook and sew. [An ideal future wife, no, boys?] She likes people, hates gossip, and is ambitious to a reasonable degree. Her ideal man and woman are of this world. Man—Jesus Christ. Woman—His Blessed Mother.

The only thing Jo wants above all is to be good—good daughter, good student, good friend, and good Christian.

Only sixteen, she already has a dream in life. Like any other female, she hopes to settle down someday as a happy wife and mother beside some special man. (This from the winning declaimer of "I'd Make an Awful Wife.")

And that, dear Carolinians, is Jo: artist, actress, future architect, declaimer, journalist, and an all-around, popular campus personality.

Victor Dumon

WHAT Carolinian has not heard of him? Or known him? What Macapagal is to Filipinos, so is Vic Dumon to Carolinians. As a body politic, that is.

We shall not delve into Vic's past glories. His present ones are more colorful and interesting.

In last July's campus elections Vic came out the winner by a comfortable margin, thus belying the popular consensus that he would lose. To show his powerful and magnetic leadership, all the men in his party won with him.

In the Institute of Student Affairs' leadership seminar which was held at the USC last August, Vic won the presidency again in the ISA alumni election. As a result, his picture was featured in the recent ISA national organ. Last October he was head delegate to the National Union of Students mid-year conference. It's a safe bet that he will head the delegation again to Baguio this December.

Being president of any group is not easy, much less being president of a student council the size and power of the USC body. Vic has to step on several toes while trying to be agreeable to others. He has a lot of plans for the council. His most recent accomplishment is the acquisition of an office for the Supreme Student Council. This has been a long-felt need. Very soon the USC-SSC will have a home it can call its very own instead of being kicked about from one office to another.

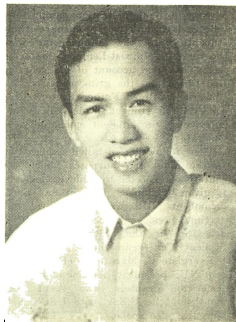
Vic believes that it is but natural for every man to have one overwhelming desire, be it for fame, fortune, honor or power. (How about in the spiritual realm, Vic?) This makes a man active and colorful. He likes sincerity in his friends, for he considers sincerity the highest of all virtues.

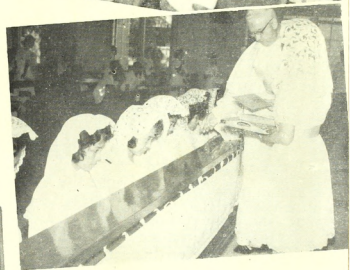
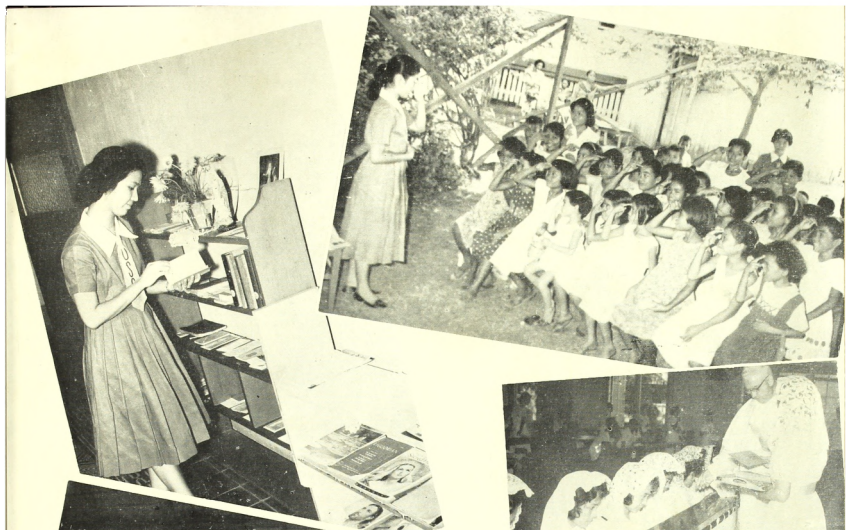
Vic's ambition is to be a CPA and a lawyer at the same time, and intends to be active in both, particularly in the latter. His one dream in life is to have his own suite of offices with a shingle reading Dumon and Associates outside the main door.

Vic believes in love, but it must be taken moderately. He advises lovers not to love to distraction and/or destruction. His ideal woman must be ambitious, intelligent but modest, understanding, soft-spoken and loving. However, he admits that these ideals are too high, and does not expect to marry such a paragon.

Young and handsome Vic firmly agrees with the biblical contention that it is not good for man to be alone. He believes in marriage. But not the hasty kind. When the time is good and ripe he will marry, but not before.

When the time comes, girls, the line forms to the right.





Pictorials



*Sodalists
in
Action*



CERILA MELGAR



JOSEFINA SAA

H. E.
Fashion
MODELS



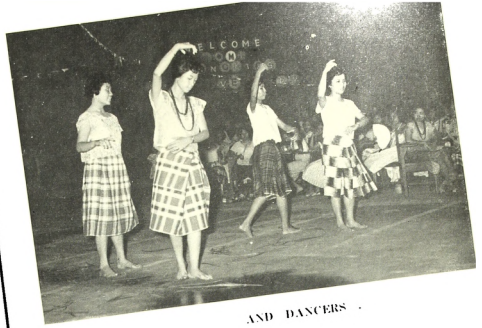
MANOLITA GONZALES



PAZ LEASO



SALUD TIPACTIPAC



AND DANCERS



... AND MORE DANCERS ...



CONCEPCION OLARTE



AND ... (you say it!)

Old and New

1

PRAYER FOR THE GREAT ONE

*Lord of all Eternities
Descend upon me now*

*Let the sky thunder with Your might
Let the lightning speak Your Name
O Great One*

*Let the rains filled with love
fall down upon my fevered brain*

*Lord of all Eternities
Descend upon me now*

*Teach my heart to sing
my heart heavy for your love*

*like pain-spring upon a wound
like bud bursting into a flower
like birds waking up in the morning*

*Teach my long silent lips
the sound of fervent prayer*

*like sun upon the fields
like rain upon the earth
like dew upon the grass*

*Lord of all Eternities
Descend upon me now.*

2

COME BEHOLD THE GREATNESS OF THE LORD

*Come behold the greatness of the Lord
behold the sun in the cornfields
behold the moon and the stars
behold the graceful waterfall
and the hills
and the mountains
behold the greatness of the Lord*

*Children of the Earth
Behold the greatness of the Lord*

*behold the sun
suffocated by soot
the smokestack's spittle
grinding factories
the dark dreams of horror*

*behold the moon and the stars
Oh so like silver
mouthing over cabarets
dying with the sound
of the neurotic saxophone*

*behold the waterfall gracefully
lashing monstrous dynamos
behold the mountains
behold the timberless*

*rootless
rockless brown mountains*

*Children of the Earth
Behold the greatness of the Lord.*

3

POEM BEFORE HARVEST

*Aiyee, the sun peeks out a little
there is dew on the grass
there are fruits on the trees
there is the golden field of grain
to harvest*

*Aiyee, the sun peeks out a little
the birds in the air are singing
the wind among the trees is humming
my heart is ringing like jade in the pool
and the gentle heron
O the gentle heron runs after the morning sun*

Aiyee, the sun peeks out a little

*woe to my wife and daughter
woe to the children
i almost forgot
there is half
to the landlord.*

Aiyee, the sun peeks out a little

*down will go to the golden grain
from my ancestral sickle
rich sweet grain to harvest
clothes for the pretty daughter
a beautiful shawl for my wife
toys for the children
for there is rich sweet grain
to harvest*



ANTONIETTA
R. SANTOS

"If you are in the right and have time enough, nothing is hopeless."

Genteel, gentle, and generous **Antonietta Santos**, 19, is by anyone's standard a dish. Her assets are well rounded. She possesses a pleasant voice with an excellent diction and a very good sense of real values.

She believes that extra-curricular activities spark the spice of one's cherished student life. Antonietta's penchant for writing made her the Associate and Lit-

Silhouettes

by NICK VERGARA

erary Editor of the **Junior Carolinian**. She left the USC Girls' High School in March, 1959 with the diploma of the First Honorable Mention of her class.

Antonietta now in College is still on the go. A consistent honor student as a psychology major, she hopes to garner more laurels when she graduates and still plans to study abroad for a Doctorate in Psychology.

To add more pep and variety to her student life, she was unanimously elected for two consecutive terms as Prefect of the Sodality of Mary, joined the Dramatics Club and Glee Club and still squeezed in some time to become elected as representative of the Liberal Arts to the Supreme Student Council.

Obviously, she is one of those students with Pep, Dash and Principles. Asked, what she would really rather do, she replied, "I like doing what I do—analyzing people. I also like to please and entertain people and maybe myself, too. I would love to be a Rembrandt but I don't believe I will be for a long time."

Boiling Point: Hypocrites and the petty injustices of everyday life.

Terrible Temptation: Movies and Boys.

Secret Satisfaction: There's only one Antonietta Santos.

Silhouettes

by NICK VERGARA

"Mediocrity is Never Entertaining"

Wilfredo Chica is a unique person as indeed every person is. He evinces the "run-silent-run-deep" type of a student. Five-feet seven inches tall, crew-cut and lanky, he graces the halls of our campus with a calm and serious stride. He likes being the third in the line of a family of nine and born in this whimsical city of Cebu.

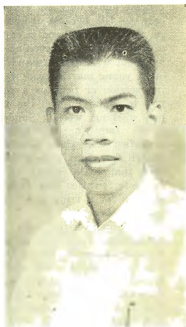
His salient points as a personality revolve in three inherent qualities.

As a Scholar: He has been a consistent honor student since the grade school and before he shifted to A.B., he was a scholar in the College of Engineering, USP.

As a Writer: Before assuming the coveted position of Editor of the Summer, 1961 issue of the "CAROLINIAN", he had valuable experiences as the literary editor of the "Southern Scholar," and as editor of the "Light of Lapu-Lapu."

As a Leader: On the spiritual side, he was the President of the SCA last semester and in Student Politics, he was the Vice-President of the Engineering Student Council in the Colegio de San Jose—Recoletos. Re-

WILFREDO
CHICA



cently he was appointed one of the delegates in the ISA leadership program and the NUS mid-year Conference.

Personal Panacea: On impulse, goes to kneel quietly in church. Just relaxing the Soul. Loves outdoors, reads and thinks a lot.

Mainspring: Hopes to join the Ivy-league bandwagon or Oxford to further his studies in English Literature with a Doctorate's Degree.

Persisting Dislike: The primitive twist and bedbugs.

Terrible Temptation: The inevitable ideal girl.

Has he met her?

His answer — A teasing smile.

Loneliness IS A Little Girl

by C. P. CACERES

WINDA was only five and a half. A tiny little imp she was, small-boned, with big trusting eyes and nostrils that flared just a little. Two of her front teeth were missing. And if you asked her why she would readily tell you: *it's because of my Uncle Joe. He's a dentist. One day he had no patients. So he practised on me. She could be innocent and cuddly as a newborn kitten one moment and wise and ponderous as an old man the next.*

Little Winda was alone five days of the week, running around the apartment in a boyish white *camiseta* and cotton panties. Her mommy taught school in the new city across the bay, coming home only on weekends. Then only to fill her Saturdays with sleep in the morning and a movie in the afternoon. In the evening she usually went out with her husband to join some other young married couples for a dancing session or perhaps a card game or two to make up for the monotony of her working week. Sunday was the whole family's day together. After breakfast the whole family trooped to church for eight o'clock mass. It was then that little Winda exchanged her *camiseta*, panties and Japanese rubber slippers for a frilly pinafore, socks and leather shoes.

On Sundays, too, little Winda woke up earliest of all, even earlier than her Manang Nanette. Nang Nanette, who was in the third grade at St. Vincent's School, was the earliest waker in the household during weekdays. Even before Daddy, who worked in far Guadalupe, had opened his eyes, Nang Nanette was already up and about. By the time the six o'clock whistle blew, Nang Nanette had bathed herself with lukewarm water which Talia the maid had prepared for her. She would be putting on her starched white blouse with puffed sleeves and fluted Peter Pan collar, with the matching navy blue skirt. Before everybody sat down to breakfast at seven, she had practised her reading assignment for that morning.

She was so serious with her books that on occasion her daddy jokingly told her that she would make a nice successful lawyer one future day.

But on Sundays it was little Winda who woke up first, and for a worthwhile reason: she wanted to be the first to look at the comics in the Sunday papers. Having thus secured this coveted trophy, she would then rouse her daddy and trouble him to read to her and explain the words in the funnies.

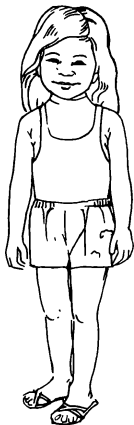
Between Talia the maid and myself and Lily the only other boarder, we spoiled her. Terribly, I'm afraid. She was very small, and we used all sorts of tricks to make her drink her milk and take her Nutroplex and her afternoon nap. Two times out of five we succeeded. One day I let her stand against the kitchen wall and marked her height with a blunt pencil, after promising to give her a beautiful present for Christmas if by then she had shown signs of having fattened and grown another inch at least. After which she dutifully drank her milk and took her vitamins and her afternoon nap. For a day or two, that is.

One day found her perched atop a high school, her little legs now dangling merrily to and fro, now twined around the stools. She was facing her Nang Talia who was ironing the week's wash, and at the same time teaching the little girl some pathetic little ditties in the vernacular. For a starter, little Winda learned a sad song about a barrio youth who loved a comely mountain lass, but was not loved back. They followed this up with a paean to the moon:

*"Bulan, pagkatakum mo,
Ang magasaud-ong kainim
Daw way kagool..."*

Little Winda sang in a childish tremolo, singing the high notes terribly off-key. Now and then she would sing a duet with Nang Talia about a man who loved his gamecock so much that he beat up his wife without pity when the cock was killed in battle.

One of Winda's favorite ballads was



the one about a favorite child which ran this way:

"Ako'y anak ni Tatay,
Ako ra'y pinangga ug diyutay.
Panuhon sa pagpangon-on
Ako ra'y pakitsarhon."

She repeated the verse, varying the *pinangga* part with *gupa* or *buena* or some such asset or virtue, adding a rhythmic poem-poem-poem-poem to accompany herself.

On some days while the maid was busy in the kitchen, the little tyke would be getting in her way, pestering her for a story, any story. So while she moved around from sink to stove to cupboard, her mouth would be busy telling Winda a story of fairy kings, queens and princesses, of *ungô* with sharp pointed teeth, of *agát* with eyes as big as saucers, and of *multo* dragging a heavy chain all night long. This thrilled the little tyke no end.

Like all kids from ages three to six, little Winda had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge of things great and small. Her curiosity was endless.

One day she asked me, apropos of nothing:

"Why aren't you married, Tita Ludy? Ha, Tita Ludy?"

"But I am married, dear," I replied. "Then where's your husband?"

"This," I said, pointing to my battered portable Olivetti, surrounded by my various pencils, manuscripts, clips, envelopes, and all the little odds, ends, and doodads of a struggling writer.

"No, Tita Ludy, that's not a husband," prattled my little inquisitor, biting at a bar of Serge's chocolate. "That's a *mangkiniya*. That's not like my daddy at all. My daddy is my mommy's husband, you know. He is big and... and... tall... and... and... he makes my mommy laugh sometimes. Can your *mangkiniya* make you laugh sometimes, Tita Ludy? Ha, Tita Ludy? Ha!"

"Well... no. But it's the other way around with me. With my machine I do try to make other people laugh and cry. And think. Particularly literary editors..."

I'm sure she would not understand if I told her: "Well, little girl, one does not always marry a person, you see. Some people marry causes. Even lost ones. Some marry projects, others works of art. Others just plain work. Since ten years ago when he left me for something bigger and higher, something that I could never equal, I married this typewriter. Ever since then, my life has been carefully planned, meticulously mapped out and blueprinted to the minutest detail. And there is no more place or room for another man in it.

"Don't you ever have a boy friend like Tita Lily, ha, Tita Ludy?"

"No, no boy friend."

"Not even before? *Bisa'g usa?*"

"Well, come to think of it, I used to have one."

"One what?"

"Boy friend."

"What was his name?"

"Tim."

"Tim," she repeated, chucking gleefully. "That's a very funny name, no? Tita Ludy?"

Yes, it was. Tim, for Timoteo. If he had been born in 1943 I guess he would have been named Warlito or Eucaneto. Or in 1952 he would have christened Timothy or Alan or Arnold or Roland. But he was born on the feast of San Timoteo, 1933. I called him Tim for short, and that made it sound less old-fashioned somehow.

"Where's Tim now, Tita Ludy? Is he dead?"

"What a morbid thing to say. No, he's not dead. He's very much alive."

"Where?"

"In America."

"What's he doing in America?"

"He's a priest."

Tim. He was ordained last year. For the occasion I sent him a gold chalice and paten. It took all of my savings. But it did not matter. Nothing but the best for Tim. Always.

"Why, Tita Ludy?"

"Why what?"

"Why is Tim a priest?"

The brat. The one-track-minded, inquisitive brat.

"Because he wanted to be one, I suppose."

"Why?"

What persistence!

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Just because. Now seat while I finish my work."

That's how her 'inquisitions' invariably ended. With a *why* and a *because*. My *because* never failed to stop her cold. I manage to make it sound convincingly final and definite. Otherwise her *whys* would be endless.

WINDA'S lonely, narrow little world of plaintive ballads and fairy stories with Talia the maid was suddenly shattered one day. That rainy afternoon, a dark sombre-looking little man came to take Talia away as his bride.

The little girl was speechless with grief. But being too wise for her age, it was not her day for tears. She silently followed the maid around with her soul in her eyes, chewing a piece of the hem of her *camiseta*, as the girl packed her few belongings.

"Will you be coming back, Manang?"

"No, Day." There was never any hiding the truth from Winda.

"Why?"

"Because someday I'll be taking care of my own little girl, like you."

And... and... tell her stories?

And teach her happy songs?"

"Yes, Day."

"Who will take care of me when you're gone?"

It was then that Talia dropped what she was doing and clasped the tiny form to her. And it was only then that little Winda cried and shrieked: "Don't leave me, Manang! Don't leave me! I don't want a new maid! I don't want a new maid!"

In the end, Talia left. The next morning her unwanted successor came. I WAS hunched over my machine one morning, trying to put my thoughts together for a new story. A mild tapping at my door told me that I would soon be in for one of those endless inquiries. It was little Winda.

"What's that you're typing this time, Tita Ludy?"

"A story."

"Tell it to me. Please, Tita Ludy."

"Not yet. I'm only beginning."

"What's it called?"

"Loneliness."

"What's that?"

"What's that?"

"Loneliness. What's loneliness?"

Loneliness. That had me stumped. Come to think of it, what was loneliness? All the time I was thinking that I had enough of it that it would be easy in the telling. I thought I had lived with it for so long, breathed it, choked with it, that recounting it by tapping mechanical keys would make it come alive suddenly at the fingers' bidding. It took a lonely little child's curiosity to awaken me to the truth that the feeling of loneliness is an elusive, amorphous thing. Formless. Bodiless. Like smoke. You see it, but it eludes your grasp. Like the wind. You feel it. Hear it. See its might, its strength, its devastation. But it has no form. Nothing. You can't fight it. You strive to. You look for ways and means. But it's futile. As futile as battling the wind. As empty. As terrible.

I wanted to tell little Winda, but I'm sure she would not understand if I told her: Loneliness is you, darling. It's me, too. It's the countless little things that shut out love. It is the four walls of a room unlivid in. Loneliness is the heart unloved and unremembered. The flower left unplucked to fade. The smile withheld. Beauty hidden and unappreciated. Loneliness is the beggar's outstretched palm... the aging widow's lined face... the emptiness of old age. It is an achingly beautiful sunset that in a moment will fade into black night... the cool mystery of dawn... a haunting love song heard once but never recaptured. Loneliness is all these things which a lonely little girl of five and a half would hardly understand.

Finally I told her, "Loneliness is a lovely little girl who asks a lot of pesky questions."

"Why?" Pursued little Winda.

"Because." ♪

Ray L. Cabigon

Summer

*The fevered anxiety
Was summer's opal kiss.*

*I still think of summer,
Grasp the unfelt thoughts
Of its guarded glances.
Rose pressed against unsuspecting lips,
Sumptuous repast on grass.
The iss left its wilting passion:
Vacuumed and filled desire,
You, a pendant picture in the air.*

*You asked why.
I answered, even grasses grow.*

On Roses and Withered Buds

*Last night's buds withered
But they don't mock today's roses.
Today's sun rays
Striate not the light
But streak through darkness
To fulfill a glory.*

*When I wake up each day,
I dream of last night,
Framing each rose
With last night's withered buds.
I'm a conqueror once conquered,
Victorious in the living moments of defeat.*

Wilfredo M. Chica

Poems for Sevar

I

*kind walls love has who builds
citadels where thieves once preyed,
walls that inviolate keep
the feel of hyacinths
in the breast:*

*cloister love will be
alone in sacred company*

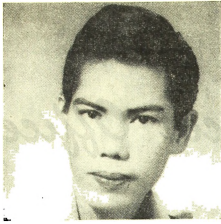
II

*always you wake to half-morning,
the weight of night still native
in your limbs, and on your eyes
the hue of twilight*

*yet you must rise, a monarch wilt,
the smell of marsh in your breath;
yet you must rise, attempt a face,
survey a hope wobbly-based*

*so you will wake to half-morning;
never really born, never dead;
to night unweaned, to day unvowed
half dream's child, half nil.*

V E R S E



The Author

"What Can You Get Out of Philosophy?"

by MERVYN G. ZAMUDIO

THUS you people of the modern category will always sarcastically ask me when you happen to know that I major in Philosophy. Discouraging me to proceed in it, you will readily reason (unconsciously philosophizing) that it is an outmoded field of study — a course good only for the *Aristotles* but not for the *Schirras*. Claiming that the sole vehicle to be used nowadays for man's trip to progress is quantitative science, you pride in belittling philosophy. In this age, according to you, of fast, tremendous, material progress, philosophy must be locked inside the cabinet of the past — a souvenir of a time long gone. Above all, dogmatically asserting that nobody, since Adam until now, became materially rich out of philosophy, you will finally say that studying it is just a waste of time, effort, and money.

What is philosophy in the first place?

William James, the main germ who caused the widespread in America of that philosophical disease called pragmatism, humorously defines philosophy as "the search in a dark room for a black cat that is not there." To Mr. James I would say that the "black cat" is there. He did not find it because his method of searching was not wrong.

Etiymologically philosophy means "love of wisdom." It means love of knowledge — love of the *transcendental*. Nominally it neither means "love of matter" in general, nor "love of money" in particular. Every man is in some way a philosopher because no man does not love to know. Man is by nature curious. And curiosity is one of the characteristics of a philosopher. All men desire to know — even that which ought not to be known. Man wants to know the "why" of everything even though he knows that this cannot be known. He asks questions

— an ability which he alone possesses — always craving for answers. His inquisitiveness begets knowledge.

Philosophy is a science which transcends the scope of the positive sciences. It begins, as one of my beloved professors would always say, where the positive sciences end. It reaches into the caves of the quantitatively unreachable. The quantitative — the measurable — these are food to the positive sciences but poison to philosophy. Philosophy thrives on the *intelligibility* of things. It lives on the *whys* rather than on the *hows* of beings. Its sweetheart is not *this thing* but things chaperoned by their ultimate causes, reasons, and principles.

Philosophy is not a path to material progress, although Aristotelian philosophy paved the way to Western culture. It is not a means of fattening the pocketbook. But it is a means of fattening my intellect. It is a way of making me wise — wise enough to know my ignorance. It sharpens my intellect to a degree that I am able to know that I do and I do not know. It rockets me to the region of the unknown forever hoping that it may be known. And when the unknown becomes known and is metaphysically united with me, I attain knowledge — my greatest profit out of philosophy.

Every field of study is aimed at the attainment of that which every man seeks — truth. Every science aims for knowledge and knowledge for truth. Philosophy is the love of knowledge, of truth. It guides me not only to *truths* but to *truth* itself. It furnishes me not only the truth about *truths* but above all, the truth about truth.

That there is God the creator of whatever is, known by me through revelation. But supposing there were no revelation, where would I obtain knowledge of His being? No, not from the

quantitative sciences for God is not quantity! He is not measurable, hence these sciences cannot reach Him. But I could prove that He is — through reason alone — through philosophy.

Philosophy awakens me to the consciousness of my individuality. It teaches me that I am not matter alone. It makes me aware of my unique distinction from infra-human beings. This awareness of my essential difference from these beings is indispensable to my being, for it determines my very life. What would happen to me if I equated my being to that of the brute? If I denied the infinite gap between me and the irrational animal? Immediately nothing would happen to me if I did these blunders. I would even, perhaps, enjoy temporary material gain. Ultimately, however, I will surely lose the purpose of my existence. Why? Please philosophize!

No other science provides me with such an intellectual enjoyment. I enjoy contemplating on the good, the beautiful, and the true. Mine is the immeasurable delight of wondering — the trademark of a philosopher. Just to wonder why things are, what they are — why, sometimes, people are not what they are but are what they are not — this I find gratifying. But thinking that I am because I might not have been — this is my greatest happiness! For who would be the recipient of these joys if I were not? That I am is the noblest gift that my Creator gave me. Thanks to Him who, without the force of necessity, allowed me to participate in His program of creation.

Finally Philosophy prepares and seasons my faith in God. It adds more strength to my belief in Him. It synthesizes the particular truths I know leading me to Him who is truth Himself. In short, Philosophy directs me where I ought to go. And this *where* is God!

THE USC

Student Services Office

MANY students have been wondering what the Student Services Office is for. I am one of them and so my curiosity led me to find out.

With an appointment with Fr. Bunzel in order, I looked forward to a pleasant hour or so of interview with him.

From the start, Fr. Bunzel was very friendly, informal, and accommodating, so much so that whatever misgivings I might have were immediately dispelled.

First of all, I wanted to know about guidance and the role it plays among students in a university. Fr. Bunzel was only too glad to oblige. I learned that due to the increasing demands of modern society, we now are confronted with innumerable problems of adjustment. The task of social and educational counseling has come upon the shoulders of educators giving rise to the guidance movement in education.

Program have been worked out and developed to help the student in the decisions and adjustments he has to make. These programs primarily aim to help the student develop self-understanding and self-determination which will lead ultimately to the development of his abilities to the fullest capacity.

With that as background, Fr. Bunzel started to bring me up-to-date on the university's guidance center—its facilities, its personnel, and the things they do for the well-being of the student.

The staff is composed of Rev. Lawrence Bunzel, S.V.D., M.A. in

Guidance, its head and director; Mrs. Juliana Ordoña, M.A. in Education, as psychometrist, and a corps of clerks.

Guidance is offered in the colleges of liberal arts, education, and the psychology department, as well as in the Graduate School. The University's teaching staff includes Dr. Concepcion F. Rodil, Ph.D. in Guidance and Psychology from the Catholic University of America, and Rev. John King, S.J., M.A. in Guidance from Fordham University. Father Bunzel then went on to tell me about the greater portion of the center's work—its testing program. Starting in 1959, the center has administered and still administers intelligence, achievement, and personality tests to college students. In the University's high school department, the students are required to take college classification tests as well as temperament tests. The various kinds of tests prove invaluable in the selection of students from the host of applicants, in familiarizing would-be applicants for scholarships, board and other state examinations with these types of tests, and in helping students decide on which course to pursue, and later, what career to specialize in.

On the interpretations of the results of these tests are based whatever counseling is given to students who come to the guidance counselor for help. And with



Father Bunzel counsels a student with problems.



Mrs. Ordoña — Psychological testing is her forte.

this, Father Bunzel explained the guidance and counseling program. This involves all teachers and professors as well as heads and deans of the different colleges and departments, in accordance with the dictum that every teacher is a guidance counselor. By means of timely and well-taken advice, this program aims to reduce withdrawals, drop-outs, and failures, as helping to smooth out study, love, financial, housing, and other problems.

An interesting feature of the guidance center which is little known to the student population is its Placement Bureau. Its primary aim is to help find jobs for deserving students who need them, and secondarily, to make selections for jobs for big business firms out of the applicants the firms send the guidance center to be tested. The results of these tests together with their corresponding interpretations are sent to the firm and are used as part of the bases on which admission to jobs are made.

I then asked Fr. Bunzel about the reading laboratory that will soon be another feature of the guidance center. He said they now have some equipment for remedial reading but that they still hope to acquire more. At this point he

showed me a machine for improving reading speed. As soon as they get the necessary equipment and find somebody qualified to operate the lab as well as handle remedial reading for slow readers, then the functioning of the reading laboratory will go into full swing.

In connection with this, he pointed out the collection of books in the shelves of his office that make up the guidance center's library. There are there for use in professional research, I gathered.

Finally, he added that worthy of note here is the fact that all curricula of the different colleges in the University now require all freshmen to take a one-unit course in guidance orientation which is designed to help the student in the many adjustments he has to make in his first year of college.

He also told me of his research program to get norms for I.Q. and personality factors for the Philippines through theses written by graduate students in Guidance.

The interview ended with Fr. Bunzel, the University guidance counselor, inviting all of you through this writer, to come to the Guidance Center with your problems, and avail yourselves of its facilities for their solution, with the aid of the guidance personnel.

VISION

by Gemma Racoma

christmas unfetters the hollow men
from conventions
flatters the intellect with miracles
makes eyes see invisible hands
point this asphalt jungle white—

christmas weaves
into that labyrinthine world
where falls the shadow of divinity
a love circuit
that grabs
the fugitive sinners
stupfied.

in the emitted life sparks of a star
atop an evergreen
In a glimmering maiden's smile
mush is seen
the unsatisfied, life-long
hopes, longings, desires
in consummate.

words flow in soper abundance
as joy permeates the underworld
and engulfs a concoction
of hatred, ugly thoughts and self-pity
hands reach for generous givers
gifts—
gifts—

and we hear the carols,
see the snow, the bells and the
mistletoe,
our minds clothe with these
we forgot:

yet, when the sweet dove of
enlightenment
sweeps down to us,
we ponder on the unfathomable
message

our stammering minds reach to
understand.

Secretary
of
**ACADEMIC
AFFAIRS**

USC STUDENT SCHOLARSHIP GRANTEES

FULBRIGHT/SMITH-MUNDT:

Tenzos, Rosa
M.A. (Anthropology) USC
Fulbright/Partial Smith-Mundt, 1962.
Archeology, University of Pennsylvania.

Yee, Luz
B.S.C. USC
Fulbright/Partial Smith-Mundt, 1960.
Actuarial Science, Indiana University.

SEATO:

Anto, Gumersindo
B.S.E.E.D. III. 1962

Delima, Nela
B.S.E. 1959

Gador, Jesus
A.B. III. 1962

Gotela, Beatriz
B.S.E.Ed. III. 1962

Go, Pio
B.S.C. C.P.A. 1962, Law III

Fernandez, Filemon
LL.B. 1959

Villaluz, Juliet
B.S.E. 1960

NSDB:

Corrales, Pacita
B.S.Chem. 1961

Lopez, Estrella
B.S.Chem. 1962

Pamoso, Maria
B.S.Chem. 1961

Tapia, Josefino
B.S.Chem. 1962 (Post-Graduate)

Rodriguez, Glen
B.S.Physics 1962

Amores, Emma
B.S.Chem. 1962 (Post-Graduate)

Scholarships given on the basis of academic excellence, are indicative of
a school's standard.

What is the standard of San Carlos?

One may gauge it from this list, a list of different scholarship grantees
who were and still are students of the University of San Carlos.

**USC FACULTY STAFF
SCHOLARSHIP GRANTEES**

UNITED STATES:

Aseniero, Purita
B.S.C. C.P.A., USC

Fulbright/Smith-Mundt, 1962. Actuarial Science, University of Pennsylvania.

Buenaventura, Amporo
B.S.E., M.A. (English) USC

Fulbright/Partial Smith-Mundt, 1960. M.S. in Linguistics, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.

Bugarin, Expedito
LL.B., USC

Fulbright/Partial Smith-Mundt, 1961. International Relations, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.

Derecho, Augusto
LL.B., B.S.C., USC

Fulbright/Partial Smith-Mundt, 1956. M.B.A., M.A. (Economics), University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Estanislaw, Jesus
A.B., Ph.B., USC

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HISTORY tells us that for centuries the Filipino people lived in constant war. Thousands gave their lives for the defense of their precious freedom. To our heroic forefathers, the Philippine Revolution was a suicide battle of bolo against bullet. To our fathers, the Second World War gave way to the development of a unique technique of fighting — the guerrilla technique. At present the same question faces us: Have we maintained the faith and courage of our forefathers? Have we lived up to their ideals?

War may or may not come. Every thing is uncertain these days. But whether war comes or not the University of San Carlos will go on giving a rugged and rigid military training of ROTC cadets to produce officers for the reserve component of our Armed Forces, and to qualify students for positions of leadership in the force to be ready for any event or emergency. From the simple parts of the M1 Ga-



Cadets undergoing practical test on the MG Cal. 30.

by Cdt 1st Lt
RODOLFO S. PELAEZ



rand to the complicated study of the techniques of operations of the various types of missiles, these military subjects are taught to cadets to acquaint them with importance, effectiveness and operations of these modern weapons.

HAIL, DIEHARDS!

It is no joke for a school to get one of the most prized thing in ROTC training... the Star. San Carlos captured it again last year. It surely was a rough time for every diehard. There were moments of distress and exhaustion. Trying moments of whether they would make it or not... feelings of doubt and frustration. Yet above all reigned the resolve to succeed. Dauntless they fought it out under the inspiration and encouragement of diligent leaders. Even though they may not all be known, still what they did for the good of the University will forever be engraved in the hearts of those who remember them, and to those students of the future who will look back to the past with a deep feeling of in-

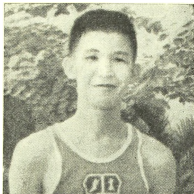
tense gratitude to the leaders who made the school what is today. To aim high and hit the mark, this the cadets had in mind always, and this the famed diehards did again last year. So it was that on November 25, there was a joint ROTC pass-in-review of all ROTC units of this city in honor of USC's victory. A trophy was presented by the 3rd MA as reward for topping the tactical examinations. Meanwhile, the University of San Carlos made a separate celebration to mark the unique victory. Once more we look forward to have the same celebration like this next year.

DISCIPLINE — A MUST

As the second semester opens, the Commandant once again stressed the importance of "discipline" to the cadets.
(Continued on page 48)



ROTC officers man the 105 Howitzer.



Christopher Lock

WITHIN the span of four years since Christopher Lock joined the mighty USC WARRIORS, many things can be said about him. From the promising rookie that he was when he first entered the basketball arena, he is now fettered as one of the leading characters inside the hardwood.

The D. Jakosalem Boy

Christopher Lock, started life in D. Jakosalem St., Cebu City. Fourth among the seven children of Atty. and Mrs. Joseph Lock, who is at present a legal counsel of the Zuellig Corporation, he took his elementary and high school education at the University of San Carlos.

"Topoy", a Visayan name given to him by friends, is a Chinese but has an American family name. His father is a naturalized Filipino. He began playing basketball at the tender age of 10, while still wearing short pants. Except his home, there was no other place that could substitute the basketball court. Perhaps, it was he who inherited the aggressive fighting spirit of our very own Filipino stars, that a mere sight of the ball will let him jump from his bed even at the height of a fever. But one thing is worth noting—he was never a black sheep of the family. He is a friendly, cooperative, diligent and hardworking student who believes that basketball is an integral part of his schooling.

Impressive Start

It was during his high school days that the height of his career started. First among his trials was to enter the Basketball Intramural Competition where he powered his team to victory. Atty.

(Continued on page 37)

USC Five Clip
SWU Commandos
94-92

In an elbow to elbow, knee to knee scrimmage to the detriment of the game, the P. del Rosario boys finally downed the Urgello sluggers in a very crucial battle at the Aznar Coliseum last November 11 during their opening games of the final round.

It was the interception of Reyes and a 20-yard drive of Lock plus his charity throw that brought home the bacon,

The SVD dribblers jumped to the driver's seat, 5-2, following by unerring long shots of Ocaba, Reyes and Montalban powering the Green and Gold Warriors to widen the gap, 10-2. The Commandos grounded most of the time with a floating man-to-man tactics could not get any closer to narrow down 8-point deficit. Our boys dominated the board and limited opposition to only one shot per attack although a 2-point blitzkrieg by jumping-jack Lambo listened the setback 46-35 at intermission time.

The second half was the most thrilling of the game. Exchange of fire followed every few seconds with the Commandos getting closer to the opponent, using their height to great advantage mixed with occasionally rough play until they were able to wreck the Carolinians, turning the table to

75-72 after 10 minutes of scramble. Our boys, small but aggressive, successfully retaliated and were able to keep abreast 75-75.

Two deadlocks ensued, 85-85, 87-87, 89-89 before the SWU fighting men regained their upphand by two charities of Villafior counted against Reyes foul forcing Deen to sue for a time-out. Reyes was replaced by Lock who broke loose with a magnificent left-hand lay-up to equal the score 91-91 during the last 45 seconds of the game. Villafior held the ball and tried for a jump shot but fouled by Montalban, who was able to make one point in the first throw but missed the second. Lambo grasped the ball, passed it to teammate Villafior, but Reyes mysteriously appeared to the rescue and intercepted, stealing the ball and threw it to Morales who drove a 20-yard express drive to make another 2-point marker in favor of our boys. Retiza of the SWU took the ball, gave it to Villafior who made a jump shot but missed. Ocaba jumped, overpowering his rivals in the rebound and passed the ball to Lock, but Lambo deliberately fouled him. The mighty Warrior stood in the firing line with only two seconds more to go.

A final free throw by Lock, before the buzzer sounded, finally gave the contest to the Warriors.

R T S

by
Rogelio Peñalosa

USC Warriors Roll Back CIT Quintet 84-71

The USC Warriors, fast and sharp under the spheroid, cut down the tall, rugged CIT Wildcats to pieces to the tune of 84-71 to win the contest, at the UV gymnasium last October 7.

A strong finishing kick powered the Warriors over the CCAA's leading contender in the championship round to widen the USC's chance of entering the final cage diadem.

The Wildcats, with their dangerous, jawbreaking man-to-man defense, almost paralyzed the Warriors during the first half of the tourney, but the SVD cagers magnificently displayed their talents during the last 20 minutes of play. The enemy lost when Nesto Morales, Anchong Ocaba, Topoy Lock, Jose Reynes, and skipper Montalban, contributing fiery and swift lay-ups, boosted the Warriors up front to victory.

Coach Deen fielded out Morales, Lock, Ocaba, Montalban and Reynes against CIT's first stringers Cao, Paran, Largo, Fernandez, and Bacolod. The Carolinians led the game with a 16-8 margin during the first 10 minutes of the game, but Bacolod slithered into the lane and scored twice by making two long jump shots to narrow down their deficit. The Wildcats fought furiously, scoring every second until they turned the tables through

deceptive drives by Cao and Paran to give the reins back to CIT 31-28. But all of a sudden diminutive Reynes stabbed from underneath the basket to make a pointer. This was followed by a charity throw by Lock, regaining the lead for the Warriors and causing the CIT coach to ask for a break.

The time out paid off for CIT as Cao and Bacolod joined fire to give back to CIT the upper hand, 41-37. However, a four-point splurge by the incomparable Morales pulled the Warriors abreast with CIT to make the score 41-41 at lemon time.

In the second half, Coach Deen, applying a man-to-man defense, appeared confident about his players. Suddenly, Morales drove in and outwitted his guards with a razzle-dazzle lay-up as Reynes changed the score in USC's favor, 56-45. The Wildcats lost hope when Montalban zoomed around his guard to lay in two-markers and Lock broke away from his man for nifty lay-up to jack up the Warriors lead to 64-48.

In the last 3 minutes of play, there was no rescue from the other camp to narrow down the gap. The Warriors continued to blister the basket until they emerged victorious.

FLASH!! USC Warriors Outlast Mapua Cardinals 73-70

In an exhibition basketball game held at Tacloban City last October 12, 1962, the USC Warriors won over the Mapua Institute of Technology Cardinals in a 3-point lead, 73-70.

FROM THE GALLERY

(Continued from page 36)

Echivarre who was then the mentor of the Junior Varsity, invited him to join the quintets. It was his first bitter year, fighting hard for the greater glory of his Alma Mater. The following year, he graduated from the Juniors' team that finished 3rd in the CCAA Basketball Championship round.

The USC WARRIORS were already then waiting for Topoy. Former Coach Aquino did not raise an eyebrow when he admitted Topoy into the team. Together with giant Cañizares, Palmares and the Asian candidate Macey who were the pinwheels of the quintet that won the 3rd place in the National Intercollegiate Basketball Tournament held in Manila in 1960, Topoy is not behind them in basketball talent. Youngest among them, this left-handed shooter was a heavy contributor to the scoring bag of the team. Predictions of cagedom's soothsayers came true for now, a veteran in the mahogany, a terrific shooter who hits the basket accurately, he has many, many a basketball team. He became a member of the SMB who made a name in the CCAA.

Playing for four consecutive years in the CCAA, the USC WARRIORS have much to thank him. During the crucial game between USC and SWU for the final round, Topoy played hero. At 30 seconds before the final gun, he broke loose like a spiffire that led to the triumph of our boys before a crowd of two thousand.

That in brief is Topoy to you. To some he is not only a fine basketballer, but also a hardworking man. He wakes up at 6:00 in the morning to catch a Guadalupe-bound jeepney to work. Topoy is a working student, trying to live by the "sweat of his brow". "My greatest ambition", he says, "is to become a C.P.A."



WIKANG

P I L I P I N O

Pangulong Tudling

ni AURORA L. ORIG

Maligayang Pasko at Manigong Bagong Taon sa lahat!

Sa pamamagitan ng pitak na ito, hayagan niyong batiin ang lahat ng "Maligayang Pasko" at "Manigong Bagong Taon!"

Sumapit na naman ang pinakadakilang sandali. Minsan na namang dumating ang araw ng pagsilang ng Mesiyas . . . araw na kailanman ay hindi malitimot ng sangkatauhan. Sa lahat ng dako'y namamalas ang tuwa at aliw na naghahari sa puso ng bawa't nilalang. Maluwag ang kalooban ng isa't-isa sa pagpapatawad, pagbibigay, pag-uunawa at pagsasaya. Oo, pagpapatawad sa mga nagkasala; pag-uunawa sa mga nagkulang; pagbibigayan ng mag-asawa at pagsasaya ng buong mag-anak. Pipilit na limutin ang mga kasawian sa buhay, ang mga hirap at mga kabiguan. Pilit na pinamamayani sa puso ang pagsasaya sa-pagka't ang araw na ito'y araw Niya at araw natin. Ang katuparan ng pangako ni Ama sa ating mga makasalanang; ang pagtanggap ng Kanyang Anak na siyang muling magbubukas ng langit sa ating lahat.

"MALIGAYANG PASKO!" Nawala'y sumainyo ang walang sintamis na kaligayahan sa pagtanggap ng ating Manunubos.

"MANIGONG BAGONG TAON!" Bagong buhay—bagong pag-asa. Nawala'y sa bawa't dibdib natin, sa ating mga puso, yumaman ang pag-ibig at pagmamahal sa ating kapwa tao lalong-lalo na sa Kanya na walang kasindakila at kasimbait.



Larawan ng Pasko

ni
PRECIOSA ANDAGAN
B.S.E. II

PASKO na naman at ito'y may maling kahulugan sa buhay ng tao, ng bawa't nilikha, sapagka't sa araw na ito isinilang ang Dakilang Sanggol na siyang tumubos sa mga kasalanang ng sangkatauhan.

Ipinagdiriwang ng mundo ang pagpapit ng Pasko at walang pinipili sa sinumang may gustong ipagdaos ang araw na ito, maging siya man ay bata o matanda, mayaman o dukha sapagka't ang Pasko ay sadyang nauukol sa lahat.

Sa mga lansangan, makikita ang mga taong nakangiti habang tangang-tangan at dala-dala nila ang mga pamaskong handog para sa kanilang mga mahal sa buhay. Tunay na nakasisiyang pakiggan ang mga pamaskong awitin ng mga tao habang sila'y palapatpat sa mga kabahayan.

Ang Pasko ay siya ring pagkakataong nagkakaisa ang mga nagkakalayo, pagkakataong dapat limutin ang lahat ng alitan at sama ng loob at sa halip ay pagmamahal at pag-uunawa ang dapat mamahay sa bawa't puso. Ang Pasko ay dapat maging maganda, maku-lay, at sintamis ng aginaldong

handog Niya sa atin. Oo, kay sarap ngang gunitain ang araw ng Pasko, na kahit man lang sa pagbigkas ng salitang ito ay nagdudulot na ng kasiyahan. Ngunit dapat nating alalahaning may dapat na handugan ng ating pag-aalala ng higit sa lahat, at ito'y walang iba kundi ang ating Poong Hesu-kristo. Tulad ng pag-aalalang ginagawa natin sa ating mga kaibigan, kamag-aral, at kamag-anak, dapat Siyang handugan ng isang handog na katangi-tangi sa lahat sapagka't ang lahat ay Kanyang pag-aari at wala nang kasimbuti't kasimbait sa Kanya. Alam na natin ang nararapat na handog para sa Kanya. Ito'y walang iba kundi ang ating puso at kaluluwa.

Ito ay bahagi lamang ng ating namamalas at nadarama sa dakilang araw ng Pasko sapagka't ang tunay na kaligayahang dulot nito ay hindi mailarawan ng buo sa pamamagitan ng salita, gayun pa man, hinahangad ko na ang Paskong ito ay maging maligaya at ang Bagong Taong darating ay maging masagana, tiwasay at payapa para sa ating lahat.

Ang Aginaldo kay Berto

ni
JOSIE ESCALONA
BSE, III

IKA-3:00 pa lamang ng hapon, bisperas ng Pasko, ang maliit ng liwasan ng nayong Lawis ay punong-puno na ng mga tao. Ang bawat poste ng liwasan ay nasasabitan ng mga parol at ang maliit na entablado sa may dakong kaliwa, at isang pamaskong kahoy ang nakatayo na nasasabitan ng sari-saring palamuti.

Nakungali-an na ng nayong ito na magdaos ng maikling kasayahan tuwing darating ang bisperas ng Pasko. Sari-saring mga paloro at paligsahan ang ginagawa para sa mga bata na para na ring pamasko ng mga mayayaman sa mga mahihirap sapagka't ang mga gantimpalang nakalaan ay buong pu-song inihahandog ng mga nakaririwasa sa buhay. Ang sandaling ito ng taon ang pinakahihintay ng lahat lalo na ng mga mahihirap.

Isang oras pa bago mag-umpisa ang paligsahan, halos lahat ng tao sa kabayanan ay nakatayo na sa liwasan upang pagmasdan o kaya'y maranasan ang pinakahihintay nilang sandali. Di nagtagal, sinimulan din ang unang paligsahan at ito ay ang unahan ng pagkain ng mansanas na nakabitin na naukol sa mga bata. Nang simulanan na lamang ang paligsahan, isang lalaking may kagulangan na rin ang umakyat sa intablado at sinabing ibig niyang sumali sa paligsahan. Gayon na lamang ang pagkamangha ng mga nanonood at hindi napigilan ng iba ang pagsigaw at pagkantyaw.

"Hoy! Berto. Nalokeo ka na ba, sasali ka pa?" ang pasigaw na sabi ni Mang Damian.

Ang mga sigaw ni Mang Damian at iba pa, ang mga kutyang ng kanyang mga kaibigan ay di niya pinansin at sa halip ay ipinagpatuloy niya ang pagsali sa paligsahan. Sa mga pavis ni Berto, ay hindi maikakaila ang pagsisikap na ginagawa niya upang magtagumpay. Sa kanyang mukha mababakas nating dinidibid niya ang pagsali sa paligsahang iyon at tohotanan ang kanyang ginagawa. Habang patuloy ang paligsahan, mga awiting pamasko ang kasalukuyan naririnig ng mga tao at sabay ng pagkatapos ng tugtuging "Jingle Bells" natapos din ang paligsahan.

"Mga kaibigan, si Berto Cruz ang nanalo. Makakamit niya ang sampung pisong gantimpala," ang sigaw ng nangulo sa paligsahan.

Pagka-abot ni Berto sa gantimpala ay patakbang umuwi sa kani-ina. Hindi niya pansin ang malamig na simoy ng hangin, ang mga dalagita't binatilyong umaawit ng "Christmas Carol" sa tapat ng isang tahanan.

"Lilay, Lilay, nasaan ka?" ang sigaw ni Berto habang umaakyat sa tahanan.

"Naku Berto! Saan ka ba 'galing? Si Boy, Berto, tumataas ang lagnat ni Boy!" at dalawang butil na luha ang dumaloy sa kanyang pinsig.

"Huwag ka nang malungkot.

Makabibili na ako ngayon ng gamlat." At isinalaysay ni Berto ang lahat at pagkatapos ng berto silang lumuhod sa harap ng kanilang munting altar.

"Diyoys na mahabagin sa lahat, taos puso po naming nagpapasalamat sa biyayang handog Mo sa amin sa Paskong ito. Ang paggaling ni Boy sa kanyang karamdaman ay nasa Inyo pong kapangyarihan. Anumang tulong na ibiyag Ninyo sa amin ay ituturing naming pinakamahalagang pamaskong matataggay namin sa habang buhay. Pagpalain po Ninyo kami!"

Handog ko kay Itay!

ni A. O.



Disyembre, 1962

Sa pinakamahal kong Ama,

Sa pagsulat ko hong ito'y umaasa akong kayo'y nasa mabuting kalagayan. Ako man po'y gayundin bagama't hindi ko maaring ipagkaila sa inyo na nitong mga huling araw ay hindi ako dalawin ng antok. Pilitin ko mang ipikit ang aking mga mata'y hindi ko magawa. Kung gaano ang pagpipilit kong maidlip ay siya namang tindi ng pagbabalik na para bagang tukso sa aking diwa ang inyong larawan at ang inyong pangarap sa akin.

Ibig ko pong samantalahan ang pagkakataong ito sa pagpapasalamat sa inyo; sa inyong walang bahid at katulad na pagmamahal na siya na ngang dahilan ng inyong pagsisikap at pagmamalasakit. Ibig ninyong maging doktor ako upang makatulong at makapag-bigay ginhawa sa mga nangangailangan. Napakadakilang hangarin! Opo, itay, napakadakilang ninyo. Inuulit ko po, salamat, salamat ng maraming-marami.

Nguni't, itay, patawarin ninyo ako kung kayo'y aking biguin. Biguin sapagka't ako po'y hindi magdodoktor. Huwag ninyong hinalinan na ang tangka ko'y suwayin kayo, na hindi ko pinagbibigyang halaga ang maganda ninyong pangarap sa akin. Bagkus pa nga'y higit pa sa rivan ang ibig kong gawin. Alam ninyo, itay, ngayo'y batid ko na ang dahilan kung bakit palagi akong natitigilan. Para bang may kulang sa aking katauhan, para bagang may tumatawag sa akin, kinakawayan ako nguni't hindi ko matiyak kung sino. Ngayo'y kilala ko na, halos maabot ko na ang Kanyang Mukha. Itay, huwag sana kayong mabibigla... magpappare ho ako. Sa ganitong paraan lamang ako magkakamit ng katatimuran. Maglilingkod ako sa Kanya. Alam ko hong higit akong makakatulong sa aking kapwa sa gagawin kong ito. Kung magiging alagad ako ng Diyos ay maabot na magagamot ko hindi lamang ang kanilang mga katawan, kundi pati ang kanilang mga kaluluwa.

Nawa'y hindi ninyo ipagkait sa akin ang buong puso ninyong pag-sang-ayon at pagpapala sa habkang kong ito. Ito po ang aking pamaskong handog sa Kanya at sa inyo. Sana'y ituring ninyo itong pinakamagandang aginaldo sa lahat.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" ITAY...!

Lubos na gumagalang.
JUNIOR

DICIEMBRE

1962

SECCION

Castellana

¿Qué nos Quedará
en la Mañana?

Por

LUIS DEL CAMPO
Artes Liberales

El mundo pasa; para nosotros ya ha pasado. Nuestra salud se ha alterado, nuestra fuerza disminuyen, nuestra actividad se reduce, la autoridad se nos escapa, nuestros compañeros de juventud desaparecen y a nuestro alrededor se hace la soledad.

Puede ser que nosotros no hayamos conocido jamás a Dios; educados sin religión, la actividad de nuestra vida nos ha ocultado este vacío. Puede ser también, educados cristianamente, hayamos, en la embriaguez de nuestros veinte años, abandonado la práctica religiosa, o quizás, eso es lo que creemos al menos: hayamos perdido la Fe. Y después de vivir cómodamente, percibimos que nuestra existencia terrestre se encuentra próxima a su fin. Consideramos y volvamos a considerar el problema religioso. ¿Será verdaderamente la muerte para nosotros el fin de todo? ¿Estamos seguros de que Dios no existe? ¿La Iglesia católica no es la verdadera? ¿Cristo era un impostor?

Estudiemos cuidadosamente todos estos problemas; vale la pena. Y junto con este estudio elevemos una plegaria: "¡Dios mío, si existes, dame la luz!"

Puede ser que aun siendos cristianos, nos hayamos contentado con una religión puramente exterior y en realidad hayamos vivido únicamente para los bienes de la tierra. Al presente ellos se nos escapan. ¿Qué nos queda? ¿Qué nos quedará en la mañana?

Editorial

Todos Miran a Cristo,
Mas no Todos Le Ven

Esta es Nochebuena. En esta noche misteriosa queda vencida la fuerza de las tinieblas; el viejo globo terráqueo en su camino nocturno pasa entonces con luz, casas iluminadas, templos resplandecientes, ojos humanos que brillan de alegría.

Así es desde hace siglos; en una noche del año, oscura, fría, nuestra vieja tierra se baña en luz y calor... Es obvia la pregunta: ¿de dónde esta fuerza misteriosa, esta alegría navideña? Y la contestación no puede ser sino ésta: brota de nuestra fe cristiana, de la fe inquebrantable y santa de que el Niño de Belén no es un niño como los demás. ¡Este Niño es... Dios! Este párvulo envuelto en pañales... ¡es el Dios omnipotente! Este recién nacido, este niño desconocido del pequeño establo... ¡es el Soberano lleno de majestad!

No puede salir de labios humanos frase más asombrosa. Y no sólo es asombrosa, sino criminal, blasfema, si... si no es la pura verdad.

Pero... ¿y si es verdad?

¿Y por qué no ha de serlo? ¿Qué motivos tiene la mente humana para rechazarla? ¡Ah!, es que nosotros nunca hibiéramos podido sospechar cosa tan extraña. Nosotros nos habríamos imaginado la aparición de Dios en la tierra de una manera muy distinta...

Sí, de una manera muy distinta. Pero sabemos que Dios no piensa con nuestra razón. ¿Con qué derecho, pues, nos atrevemos a prescribirle lo que ha de hacer y cómo lo ha de hacer? Dios quiso rescatar no solamente a los ricos, a los instruidos, a los fuertes, sino también a los pobres, a los humildes, a los débiles... y por tal motivo quiso aparecer entre nosotros pobre, humilde, con la debilidad de un niño. ¡No!; la pobreza y la humildad del Niño de Belén no ha de turbarnos. Lo que sí nos turbaría, sería el que Cristo hubiese nacido en la púrpura de una casa imperial, porque el boato y esplendor de ésta podría distraernos de lo divino. ¿Pero el establo de Belén?

Verdaderamente, si Dios quiso bajar a nosotros, tuvo que hacerlo de esta manera.

Por desgracia, no todos miran con este espíritu al Dios que bajó a la tierra. Hay muchos, aun de los que celebran la Navidad, que son ciegos; hay muchos, que si bien miran a Cristo, no le ven, no descubren en Él al Dios que aparece en medio de nosotros.

Nuestra Página, Jóvenes

El Mensaje de la Estrella

Un misterio. Un hecho desconocido. Dios que se hace niño para salvar a los hombres. Pasaron muchos años desde ese hecho. Se habló y se comentaron sus enseñanzas. Miles de libros trataron de explicar sus doctrina.

La simple lectura de un diario nos podría hacer pensar que todo el sacrificio fue inútil: jóvenes iracundos, pandilleros, homicidas, laxitud, vicios, abandono... Un ángel que pudiese levantar las ventanas de muchas casas nuestras, tal vez podría llorar sobre esta Navidad inútil.

Y, sin embargo, junto a esos mismos seres cuya vida nos llena de tristeza, tal vez en ellos mismos, la semilla de una Redención no realizada vive todavía.

Si ellos supieran... Si contaron con un Padre que ama inefablemente a sus hijos, con un Hermano capaz de entregarse por amor, todo sería más fácil.

No es el Maestro quien fracasó, sino los hombres que no saben ser. No es tanto una cuestión de inteligencia como de pureza moral. A veces, es necesario renunciar para lograr algo.

El ángel capaz de ver el centro de las conciencias podría hablarnos del triunfo de la Navidad.

La Novidad, en lo alto de una cueva, sigue mostrando al mundo y a los hombres que la simple criatura humana que somos puede unirse al Hombre-Dios.

Mariella y Daniel

¡Qué Hermosa es la Vida!

¡Qué hermosa es la vida cuando un noble ideal la inspira y se la vive a la luz de sus principios!

¡Qué amables se hacen todos los senderos y todos los desiertos cuando la primavera de un ensueño ha florecido en el alma! Nada más simpático que una existencia cosagrada por entero a un ideal. Toda ella se eleva y ennoblece como como una irradiación luminosa y encantadora de lo sublime. La mayoría de las almas se conforman con la vida pobre y vulgar de los que no buscan en la tierra sino la satisfacción egoísta de sus intereses.

Vidas raquíticas, llenas de pobreza de miras y de sensualismo, enemigas de todo abnegación y de todo sacrificio noble, dignas de una inmensa compasión cristiana.

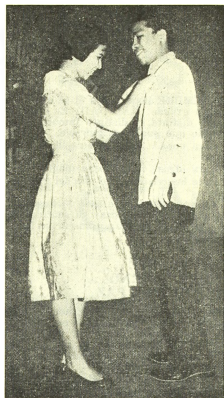
¡Qué hermoso es desprenderse de toda esa vulgaridad, y elevarse por sobre ella con el encanto divino de un ideal!

Si has sentido alguna vez sacudimiento de alas en tu espíritu y anhelo de vivir la vida, digna y sublimemente, abandona tus incertidumbres, desecha tus cobardías y enámorate de un ideal que ennoblece toda tu existencia. Sobre el fango de la vida, sé un canto de espiritualidad; junto a la corriente que todo lo arrastra, haz florecer el verdor de las esperanzas divinas, y despierta por sobre el mundo de la materia, la encantadora belleza de una vida cristiana.

No continúes ocultando el encanto del ideal que duerme en el fondo de tu alma. Hazlo vivir sin cobardías, a la luz del sol que nos alumbraba, y verás cómo entonces es hermosa la vida, y cómo se llenan de luz los horizontes del camino...

Solamente así la vida tendrá su ser superior, y la elevada finalidad de una misión. ¡Amala en toda la bella expresión de su significado, y no quieras ser de los que viven encastillados en la imbecil esterilidad de sus egoísmos humanos!

Luis Actis



Emiro y Ricardo

Sonetos Navideños

Después de la Anunciación

La celda de la Virgen se ve de pronto chica frente al cielo que acaba de acomodarse en ella; pero al punto su pasma, que el gozo magnifica, se aquieta en la mirada de la madre-doncella,

Un halago de Híala dulzura contenida en lágrimas desnuda su afán de ser mejor. (La araña penitenciera piensa mudar de vida, y el grillo tartamudo meterse a ruseñar).

La tarde, demorándose, se oleja de pantallas. La luna, ayer mesaguante, hoy se aparece plena. Y mientras la doncella goza las maravillas.

Del misterio que como su seno florecido, el ángel que la guarda se da la enhorabuena, pues sabe de los dichos de un cielo no sabido.

—Clemente Ruppel, S.V.D.

El Paraíso

El seno de la Virgen es el jardín sellado que añoño se dijera paraíso perdido.

El capatán celeste, de guardia en su cercado, alza en los dedos diéfanos un lirio florecido.

En este Edén, un río, todo gracia, se emplea en nutrir con su savia tierras y almas baldías. Junto a su cauce virgen Dios Padre se pasea, por sendas aromadas, al sán de avermarías.

En el centro del huerto, del árbol de la vida, pende una flor, que en fruto celeste convertida, su ciclo novenario de lunas inaugura.

La Niña ve el milagro que acrece su cintura, y siente que en su pecho, que maternal se amplía, dos magnolias purísimas se calman de ombrosía.

—Clemente Ruppel, S.V.D.

Nochebuena . . . Navidad . . .

DICEMBRE llega y con él se aproxima un día grande: NAVIDAD. Es ésta una fiesta distinta, y distinto también es el sentido que puede atribuírsele.

Para unos... un día en que se vende más.

Para otros... una cena magnífica. Para los cristianos: el día del gran milagro.

La propaganda que todo lo invade ha llegado a desnaturalizar su sentido. Por eso, es bueno meditar y buscar su hondo significado.

DIOS FUERTE . . . PADRE ETERNO . . . PRINCIPE DE PAZ

Durante cuatro mil años, hombres que habían nacido engendrados en el pecado, maldijeron el día de su nacimiento. Porque la vida, la amistad de Dios, carecía de sentido. Solamente una esperanza los alentaba:

"En tu posteridad, todas las naciones de la tierra serán bendecidas."

Cuatro mil años durante los cuales la voz de los profetas alentaba la esperanza:

"Un niño nos ha nacido, un niño nos ha sido dado. El imperio ha sido puesto sobre sus hombros y se le da por nombre: Dios fuerte, Padre eterno, Príncipe de la Paz."

Un nacimiento trajo un 25 de diciembre, la aurora bendita de los nuevos hombres: EL NACIMIENTO DEL HIJO DE DIOS EN BELEN, ¿QUÉ ESPERAMOS NOSOTROS?

Preparamos nuestra Navidad con el Adviento, que es una época de espera cruzada. Durante cuatro semanas, como nuestros antecesores durante cuatro mil años, esperamos a Nuestro Señor.

Quien espera a un amigo, se prepara para recibirlo. La esposa se arregla con sus mejores trajes para encontrar el Esposo.

¿Qué hacer mientras aguardamos?
"Ha llegado la hora de despertarme"; en muchos de nosotros la Gracia recibida en el bautismo duerme un largo sueño. No basta decir "soy cristiano"; hay un signo con el que testimoniamos estas palabras:

Es en el amor de unos a otros que todos reconocerán que sois mis discípulos.

Jesús espera que demos esta prueba definitiva. Nuestra plegaria durante el Adviento ha de ser más ardiente para pedir al Señor que transforme nuestros corazones. Nuestra plegaria será una farisa si no nos esforzamos en amar realmente a todos nuestros hermanos.

"Preparad el camino del Señor": No podemos esperar lo los brazos cruzados; de otra forma no encontrará dónde hacer su morada.

LA VISPERA

Cristo nació de noche. El relato de San Lucas y sus comentaristas, sin duda obtenidos de la Virgen Santa, así lo describen:

María, cincuenta, viajaba con José para dar cumplimiento a una orden del Emperador. Cada uno debía ir a su ciudad para cumplir con el censo. Todas las puertas se cerraron para ellos. Se refu-

gieron en un establo. Allí llegó Dios al mundo. Los ángeles anunciaron la novedad a los pastores que cuidaban sus ganados.

"Las tinieblas no lo recibieron."

No fueron las tinieblas de la noche quienes se negaron a acogerle. Las tinieblas que no lo recibieron fueron las de los corazones humanos.

En la noche de Navidad habrá aún muchos corazones cerrados. No hay que desesperar, porque quien llega es "la luz del mundo". La oración de la Misa de Nochebuena hará el milagro de hacer llegar la gran claridad del cielo a quienes quieran pedirlo, pues son "dichosos los corazones paros porque ellos verán a Dios".

LAS TRES MISAS DE NAVIDAD

El día de Navidad sa caracteriza por un triple sacrificio. La primitiva Iglesia de Roma siguió para su celebración el ejemplo de la Iglesia de Jerusalén. En la cueva de la Natividad, los fieles se reunían para santificar la hora del Nacimiento del Señor con una misa; terminada ésta, volvían a Jerusalén, donde, en la iglesia de la Resurrección, celebraban la Navidad con los pastores mediante una segunda misa; durante el día, por fin, se reunían en el templo para el oficio solemne. Esta costumbre pasó a Roma: la primera misa se celebraba a medianoche en la iglesia del Pesebre. Santa María la Mayor; la segunda, en la iglesia romana de la Resurrección; la tercera, en la Basílica de San Pedro.

Las tres misas actuales tienen la significación litúrgica siguiente:

Misa de Gallo: con ella se conmemora el nacimiento eterno y el nacimiento temporal del Señor.

Misa del alba o de los pastores: el sol de Navidad asoma y los pastores llegan a hacer un acto de fe. Esta misa, ilu-

minada por la idea de la luz divina, es una de las más bellas del año.

Misa del día: es la de la fiesta propiamente dicha y en ella celebramos a Cristo Rey Universal.

Pío Parsch señala que en las tres misas hay una misma idea progresiva:

la noche — la aurora — el sol del mediodía

María sola — los pastores — el mundo entero

el Redentor — nuestro Redentor — el Redentor del mundo.

LA CELEBRACIÓN

Cuando nuestro corazón está lleno de alegría, no podemos permanecer solos y callados. Por eso, Navidad es la fiesta de la familia y de los amigos. La misa de Nochebuena ha de ser el punto de encuentro. Bien está el preparar una cena especial, pero a condición que ello no impida el estar alegre y descansado para la celebración. Vayamos todos en conjunto a la Misa de Gallo, cantemos los villancicos con el candor de un alma niña y cuando volvamos al hogar, al poner al Niño en el Pesebre, unamos nuestra oración por la salvación del mundo. Una familia cristiana comparte su mesa con quienes están solos, o tristes, o abandonados. La Navidad para los niños debe ser un día inolvidable, tranquilo, sencillo, puro. Ellos necesitan que frente a las figuras de su Pesebre se les explique el significado de la historia eterna. Nada de enojos ni de gritos en este día. Que el alcohol o la nerviosidad no vengán a turbar en nuestras casas el mensaje de la PAZ.

Que vuestros hogares, queridos carolinos, los de todos, se caldeen en ese fuego que arde sin consumirse, el Amor, para que las Santas Navidades sean una profunda realidad en todos nosotros.

LA REDACCIÓN

Aireo de Magia

Aún vibra por las calles de Belén tu llamado de huérfano que quiere sus puertas una a una. De sus temes suspiros el aire enamorado concierta villancicos con tibia de cuna.

Aún vuelen tus miradas por campías y oteros, buscando el portallito que la noche recata. Con sus rayos pintores, serafines luceros tienden de cielo a tierra puentecitos de plata.

Aún quedan los señales de tu pisada leve, cuando ibas, tan sumiso, por aquellos senderos, deshecho de todos, y por nacer Jesús.

Con ellas las flarcitas visten de rosanieve: las gotas de rocío hardas sus joyelaras, y tejen las luciérnagas sus alforjas de luz.

—Clemente Ruppel, S.V.D.



IN DEFENSE of the CITY OF CEBU

by ERNESTO S. DINOPOL

(Editor's note: These reports in defense of Cebu City are herewith presented as they were written. No editing was done on them. We are pleased that readers are interested enough to present their views regarding our article, which, we deemed from the beginning, was controversial. As one of the College Editors Guild moderators said recently, "A controversial article is good." However, much as we would like to prolong the controversy on the subject, we must close the argument with this issue, owing to the limitations of our edition. Two issues a semester is hardly enough to dwell on a particular subject. We have to give room to other matters.)

October 22, 1962

The Editor
The Carolinian
University of San Carlos
Cebu City

Madam:

I am writing this letter, not because I am a Cebuano but because I was and still claim to be a Carolinian.

Among the many interesting write-ups of the September-October issue of the "Carolinian" is an article entitled "IS CEBU CITY THE QUEEN CITY OF THE SOUTH?". Allow me to admire the general presentation of the subject matter. The "facts and figures as they actually exist", to quote the author, may be considered a source of a good argument for maintaining the negative side of the proposition. Moreover, they reveal the author's keen sense of observation, not to mention the author's sacrifice in the process of finding out their actual existence.

Except for the mention of Magellan's Cross and the Cebu Cathedral and the general observation as contained in the first two sentences of the second to the last paragraph of the article, which are, I believe, a credit in favor of the affirmative side of the question, the only things discussed as to the "attractions" of the City of Cebu are the "darker" side of the city, like streets which are too narrow for comfortable traffic, streets which are in a deplorable state of disrepair, streets which are poorly lighted, streets which are badly littered, the absence of points or centers of cultural interest and/or attraction, the incidence of beggars, the existence of the traffic on white slavery, the congested living areas, the prevalence of garbage dumping grounds and a lot of other things of similar import.

Furthermore, the author chose to touch only on three aspects, the physical, social and moral conditions of the City of Cebu, having chosen to disregard the size, area, location, population and fi-

nances of the city, claiming that "such an undertaking would require a long, exhaustive research and observation and it would be superfluous as citing defects on two or three aspects of the argument is more than sufficient to disqualify the city from the disputed title".

In this connection, I would like to advance the following queries:

1. Is there really a dispute? If so, what cities of the south are the disputants to the title of the "Queen City of the South"? Do these cities, if any, have a "darker" side with regard to their physical, social and moral conditions? If so, how can it be compared to that of Cebu City?
2. Does the existence of the facts and figures presented which seem to support the negative side of the argument prove that Cebu City is not above other cities in rank, power and attractions? Can we honestly answer this question in the affirmative? Really?
3. Is it not unfair to cite some aspects of the argument where the subject may have its weakness and to disregard other aspects where the same subject may have its strength? Could it not be possible that the City of Cebu may excel in size, area, location, population and finances, in such a proportion as to offset whatever deficiencies it may have with regards to the physical, social and moral condition of the city, so as to be able to come out and claim that she is the queen city of the south?
4. If the City of Cebu is not the queen city of the south, which city of the south then can better claim the title?

The answers to these questions appear nowhere in the article.

It may be rightly argued though, that since the article was first submitted as a term paper in Argumentation and Debate, and as it is apparent that the author is in the negative side, she should not mention things adverse to the negative side. I am the first one to agree with this argument. I would like to add, however, that since the article was off for printing, as in fact it was printed, would it not have been better to have an article in the affirmative side likewise printed in the same organ so as to prevent the occurrence of possible anomalous effects of a one-sided argument? And since there was no more space available, as the 48 pages of the organ were all filled up, can we not have such article printed in the next issue of the organ, if only to place things in their proper perspective, and let the readers weigh which of the argument deserves merit?

I am not directly defending the City of Cebu. It is apparent that this letter contains no argument in favor of the affirmative side of the proposition. The negative side was presented to the student populace in particular and to the reading public in general and a gap was created by virtue of the failure to have an article maintaining the affirmative side published. I am sure that a member of the Argumentation and Debate class or some of the present staff members can fill the gap. I would only say that if Cebu is not the queen city of the south, then she should not be recognized as such, but if the reverse is true, then, by all means should we give her what is due, this after a fair and unbiased deliberation has been had.

I am neither denying the facts and figures mentioned in said article. I am inclined to believe that they are unpleasant and they are true, so we will just have to take them, but they, by themselves alone, should not be used, let me add, to strip Cebu City of its nationally considered title of "Queen City of the South".

Very truly yours,

(Sgd.) ERNESTO S. DINOPOL
c/o Department of Labor, Cebu City

In defense of the City of Cebu . . .

An Open Letter to Miss Praxedes Bulabog

Dear Miss Bulabog:

To present my side in defense of Cebu City as a "Queen City", I purposely made this an open letter for the general readers to give a better judgment, that is, of course, if you have the sportsmanship to publish this.

I am from Leyte, too, Miss Bulabog, and I must say that to a certain extent, I share the same feelings with you concerning this so-called "Queen City of the South." But I am also terribly ashamed that one of my "paisans" is a bit too harsh in her criticism about the place. I presumed that she did not know what she was talking about in her article recently published in *The Carolinian*.

Frankly, Miss Bulabog, I am convinced that you must have lived for a long time in some of the most beautiful cities in the world. The way you talked about Cebu City seemed to suggest that you're a tourist who accidentally found yourself in such a disgusting place!

Let this be inculcated into your mind, Ma'am, that the Philippines is still a backward and underdeveloped country and could not as yet afford such luxuries as superhighways, concrete roads and bridges and ultra-modern city planning. That is why you find some of our roads here are bumpy, dusty, dirty and pock-marked with holes which is really typical of some of the Philippine roads.

But let us not allow ourselves to wander far from the question. Is Cebu City really the Queen City of the South? Placing the facts above all and without being a "traitor" to my province of Leyte, my answer is a big YES!

Like you, I do not attempt to touch on the size, location, population and finances of the city. There is no argument about them. Cebu City leads them all.

But I would like to ask you: Is there a city in the South that could outrank Cebu City in all its aspects? Repeat—in all its aspects? Certainly, you will not single out Tacloban City or Ormoc City to be the Queen City.

For all your ignorance, you compared Cebu City with that of Manila. I do not need to ask you here whether you have gone to Manila or not. But it is obvious that you have not yet seen what Tondo is. I also do not need to mention here the prevalence of immorality in the motels and hotels and the daring daylight hold-ups and pickpockets rampant in Manila not forgetting the high cost of living, too. Compared with Manila, Cebu City's juvenile delinquents are still considered "undergraduates". And may I ask why in heaven's name did you mention Manila when the city in question is in the South? Where is the logic of your argument? The allegation is that Cebu City is the Queen City of the South. Is Manila which is aptly described as the "Frightened City" by the Free Press located in the South?

You gave us your own definition of a queen. Well, I believe that a queen is still a queen even though she has some discernible defects. Yes, Cebu City has her defects, too. What city has not? Even New York City and Chicago which you have mentioned in your article have their own slum districts! What is true of some parts, Ma'am, is not necessarily true of the whole.

Why didn't you mention the good roads, both the big and tall commercial, industrial, and residential edifices, big and modern universities, beautiful churches, first-class movie houses, big shopping centers, modern jet airports and piers in Cebu City? Have you ever heard of the curfew ordinance and the anti-littering ordinance in Cebu City? Did you just close your eyes to all of these and went to the slums instead? Yes, Cebu City has all of the above-mentioned and I guess that is perhaps the reason why you and I have decided to study here. What I do not understand is why you always found yourself in the slums.

Cebu City may be the worst city in the Archipelago, but in the South, it is certainly the number one bustling and leading city which won her the coveted royal title of a queen!

Respectfully,

(Sgd.) BEN MODINA, JR.

T R I B U T E

To Grace —

*with the twinkling eyes
the lovely smile
the tender speech
and long tresses dark
as midnight. . . .*

Our love.

To Grace —

*simple, unaffected, sweet
with the kindly ways
and a loving heart
a name to remember
and ever cherish. . . .*

Our gratitude.

To Grace —

*Our friend
our guide
our Grace
My Grace
for one passing
unforgettable
moment. . . .*

My heart.

Ch.

Author's Reply TO "DEFENSES"

In answer to reader Dinopol's queries, we present the following answers:

1. Unofficially, yes. There is a dispute, as Davao City likewise claims the title *Queen City of the South*. So, for that matter, does Iloilo City. These cities may have their good or bad points, but that is beside my point. Reports have it that Bacolod City is as clean and well-kept as Baguio City. But the author has never been there, so it is hearsay evidence, and has no place in the argument.

2. The article was purposely presented purely as an article *per se*, and not as one side of an argument. The controversy generated is entirely incidental.

3. We contend that in choosing a queen, the slightest physical defects have to be considered. The Miss Universe winners, generally speaking, were not millionaires, but were as physically perfect as is humanly possible. In other words, in choosing a queen, physical perfection or attraction plays a greater role than material possessions.

4. The article was not for the purpose of comparison, but solely to point out some defects of Cebu City which disqualify her from the title.

As to Mr. Modina's outburst, I'm afraid he missed the point entirely.

No, I have not been to any place outside the Philippines, though I would like to travel very much. All I need is money. But I often see newsreels about the world's best cities, if that helps.

I never had any intention of mentioning either Tacloban or Ormoc City, as they do not claim any title to be this or that city. Reader Modina's allusion to them was entirely beside the point.

Where Manila is concerned, I will not claim ignorance, for I lived there for five years, and I have been visiting the city every year for several weeks at a time. The last time I saw Manila clean was in 1961 when the late Mayor Lacson's anti-littering ordinance was in full swing. Casting no aspersions on the present administration, I must admit that Manila

at present is going back to its former dirty state. This I observed only last October.

However, in the article, I did not compare Cebu to Manila. Such an attempt would be absurd. I only suggested that Cebu take Manila as an example. Between the two verbs there is quite a lot of difference.

I have this to say about Manila's slums: As much as weather permits, their surroundings are dry and clean. Housewives in Manila slums are very meticulous about their homes, no matter how poor. They clean their floors daily with rags soaked and re-soaked in water until the water is clear, making their floors clean enough to lie down on sans mat. Visitors, out of respect for the housewife's efforts, leave their footwear outside the door when entering. Their toilet receptacles are collected at dawn and replaced by a clean one.

Admittedly, every city in the world has its slums. But at least we can read that their governments do something about the situation. Here it seems that only one or two civic or religious organizations care to take notice.

The definition of *queen* in the article was not my own. Mr. Modina would do well to reread the article, and find that the definition was taken from Webster's International Dictionary.

The assets of Cebu were touched upon briefly in one or two paragraphs, although the article was not meant to point them out as it was intended to dwell only on Cebu City's defects. If a doctor wants to discuss malaria, he most certainly would not waste his time explaining on cancer!

In conclusion, I repeat that where queenship is at stake, physical beauty and perfection are more in consideration than material assets. Armi Kuusela and Stella Marquez did not win their titles by the wealth they owned but by their outstanding feminine pulchritude.

A few last words: I've never lived in any slum.

P. P. B.

Our Lord Be Back

It's the night of nights...
But the rays of the stars
only diffused into meaninglessness.
The people's mirthful voices
only echo a hurtful, contemptible noise,
Songs to welcome the Saviour
only sound wasted, empty verses.

The hand of insincerity
points accusingly to every man
who finds this day a cause
for pretentious, deceitful rejoicing.
Would the heartstrings of every man
be plucked anew that each
may chant to the glory of
our Lord's anniversary.



Balsam of Yuletide

It happened amidst
bangs of firecrackers,
shouts of children,
chants of carolers
that you yielded to the
insistence of the Grim Reaper
leaving me painful wounds of
yesterday to make each Christmas
a moment of bitter reminiscence.

It's Christmastime again:
bangs of firecrackers,
shouts of children,
chants of carolers.
No. Bitter reminiscence. They were
mere words gone with the
passing of the years, for
those painful wounds of yesterday
just healed with the balsam
of Yuletide.

edilberto s. basco
commerce IV

THREE SCORE and six years ago the bullets of a decadent colonial empire violently snuffed out the brilliant flame in the life of Dr. Jose Rizal. His body is dead, but his spirit lives. Rizal, the deathless champion of national unity, is gone. But the task of realizing the dreams for which he valiantly lived and willingly died remains the living challenge which haunts the conscience of today's young Filipino leaders.

Why did Rizal dream of national unity?

Let me take you back to the year 1571. Legaspi, the noble servant of Spain, conquered Manila for his king. With the arrogance of a white conqueror, he ordered the natives to pay tribute to the Spanish Crown, to recognize Spanish sovereignty, and to submit to Spanish authority.

To the native, who was accustomed to living in a barangay, this meant a radical change in his way of life. Submission to the alien authority of Spain meant the total loss of his freedom. His freedom was precious to him, not only because it was the priceless legacy bequeathed to him by his ancestors—but because it was in his very nature to be free—as the birds in the air are free. Losing this freedom was an experience fraught with bewilderment, shock, and desperation.

In order to regain his lost freedom and dignity and to return to that former way of life which had colored his past and formed a living part of his existence, the native gathered his friends and rose in revolt. After the last smoke of battle cleared, the native discovered with chagrin that he and his friends made up a pitiful adversary against the well-armed and well-trained soldiers of one of the greatest world powers of the sixteenth century.

In his valiant struggle to shake off the tyrannical chains that strangled his freedom, the native failed to see an important point: that in his fight against foreign domination his own brother in blood proved to be the greatest and most dangerous enemy to his cause. Dangerous, because who would expect a traitorous blow from one's own neighbor and kin? Brothers were made pawns to fight against each other, each forgetting that they were brothers and as such, must unite for a common cause. Time and again the fighting native staged a revolt which

RIZAL and FILIP

by M. APARTE, JR.
LAW I

were mere pot shots against the mighty Spanish front. Time and again brother fought against brother. Again and again the native was brought to his knees and made to bite dust in abject misery and bewilderment as attempt after frustrated attempt to dislodge the foreign rulers from his homeland failed.

The reader may argue that there was political unity and I concede to this. But national unity, there was none. The native had not yet learned the fundamentals of nationhood. He did not see his people as a nation. Rather, he considered them in terms of regions. The Tagalog did not see the Filipino soul in the Ilocano and vice-versa. Nor the Ilocano in the Bisaya or in the Moro. Naturally, the native fell an easy prey to a conquering state.

Exhausted after long, fruitless attempts to free himself from the shackles of tyranny and slavery, the native yielded to his Oriental passivity and sat back to leave his destiny to fate.

It was against this backdrop of national disunity that Jose Rizal appeared in our country's history. Even in his tender years he grieved over the unhappy situation of the motherland brought about by Spanish cruelty and injustice, and perpetuated by a lack of national consciousness among his people. Even as a boy, his heart was already awakened with a burning determination to consecrate his whole life to the redemption and dignification of his oppressed people. In his writings he manifested his genuine love of country, his anxious and impatient drive to see it grow and flourish into one strong nation and his people to develop into wise, noble, and hap-

py citizens. In him and his ideals we had our first glimpse of the budding Philippine nation. It was he who first crystallized the idea of oneness — of one Philippine motherland. In his *El Filibusterismo*, he says to Basilio: "Are they unwilling that you be assimilated with the Spanish people? So much the better. Distinguish yourselves then by revealing yourselves in your own character; try to lay the foundations of the Philippine Fatherland... If they are unwilling to teach you their language, cultivate your own, extend it, preserve for the people their own way of thinking and instead of aspiring to be a province, aspire to be a nation."

With skilled and steady hands, undaunted by fear of reprisal, Jose Rizal forged the solidarity of our people. He scoured with bitter invective the petty divisions of province against province, which the Spaniard pitted against each other. Not his province, not his section, but his country. The "Gem of the Orient Seas", as he called it, was inhabited by one people, one nation, a nation which he claimed as indestructible by tyranny or by terror.

"Dream of my life, my life and burning desire,

"All hail, I cried. And sweet it is for thee to expire,

"To die for thy sake and thou mayest aspire."

Those flaming words born glowing and deathless from the fiery bellows of Rizal's heart fused the soul of the Filipino people. By their passion and beauty Rizal's farewell verses became a seal of brotherhood in which the Filipinos recognize their affinity and by which the archipelago became

INO NATIONAL UNITY

To The Child Jesus



*How, God-Child, hast Thou come
To earth in cave forlorn?
Does Fortune now deride Thee
When Thou art scarcely born?
Ah, woe! Celestial King,
Who mortal form dost keep,
Wouldst, rather than be Sovereign,
Be Shepherd of Thy sheep?*

from "Rizal's Early Poems"
translated by Leon Ma. Guerrero

a nation, one and indivisible. Its spirit is invincible in its unity.

Rizal dreamt of national unity because he firmly believed that out of national unity would spring forth the feeling of national consciousness. And out of this feeling would generate the love of one's own country, the common pursuit of freedom, progress and happiness.

Sixty-six years have elapsed since Rizal fell at Bagumbayan. It is time for us to ask ourselves what you and I have done all these years to turn Rizal's dream into reality. How far have we gone towards achieving national unity?

Whether we acknowledge it or not, the fact remains, there are sore spots in our country's history which are impossible to ignore. I have taken the liberty of presenting them here, because I believe you and I are ready to admit mistakes, to correct imperfections, to look at the past with neither chauvinistic pride nor hasty lament, but rather with the hopeful intention of learning there from lessons for the future.

In 1896, with Bonifacio and the Katipunan, Rizal's dream of national unity—of one Motherland, became a blazing revolution, heralding the great awakening of subjugated peoples throughout the world in our own century.

Yet, in this crucial period of our country's history, when all Filipinos ought to unite for a common cause, when personal and selfish motives should give way to national interests, we find personal rivalry and intrigues among our leaders, motivated by unbridled ambition and greed for fame and power. In the midst of the struggle, the Katipunan split into two factions. The faction under Aguinaldo and that under Bonifacio. In

due time the sons of the Revolution, Bonifacio, Luna and others died not in the field of battle, but in the hands of their own brothers. Gone was national unity in the vortex of conflicting selfish interests. Gone was the lesson Rizal taught, that "all honor belongs to the nation, to all the sons of the Philippines and not to one individual."

Aside from personal rivalry among our leaders the basic cause which divided the Filipinos in the midst of the Revolution, was regionalism. The Caviteños resented the leadership of Bonifacio because he belonged to another province.

Regionalism, sworn enemy of national unity, is making inroads into our national life. It is still prevalent today. Philippine nationalism is suffering from regionalism.

How many of us consider ourselves Cebuano first, Filipino second? How many of us are prejudiced against our Muslim brothers in the South, against the Ilongos, the Waray-waray, the Boholano? How many of us did not vote for Macapagal because Mr. Macapagal is a Pampangueno, or for Mr. Garcia for the reason that Mr. Garcia is a Boholano? And how many of our politicians during the last election campaigns told their

audience: "You must vote for me, because I am a Cebuano. I am one of you. If I win, Malacañang will be ours. Why should you vote for Mr. So and So who is not a Cebuano?"

Yes, Philippine nationalism is suffering from regionalism. We have not yet arrived as a people to the realization of Rizal's first dream. We have not yet come to realize the need for national unity!

Even the hope of a national language—our last hope for national unity—is desperately lost. How many Filipinos speak Tagalog? Only 25% of our population.

Shall we permit regionalism to wreck this nation? Shall we permit regionalism to plunge this nation into squabbles, prejudice and hatred? Shall we stand by while regionalism and bad politics destroy the sinews of this growing nation? Shall we fail Rizal, who labored and died for his country's unity?

If the answer is no, then we have not an hour to spare. Let us put aside our petty prejudices and rebuild the temple of Nationalism of this country, for which Rizal, the Architect, sacrificed his youth, his comfort and his life. Let us return to the noble ideals of Rizal and make this nation strong in unity.

ROTC Reports . . .

(Continued from page 35)

Discipline is a must in every organization if it must achieve its aims. He stressed the necessity of this very important word in the mind of every cadet. To enforce it and to put it into practice would mean the strengthening of the solid foundations of the organization. The Commandant looks forward to fresh achievements this year to the best of his ability. But success will depend greatly on the followers. But under such a good leader, the cadets cannot but do their best.

MASS BLOOD DONATION

Not only are the ROTC cadets bearing in mind their duties as future soldiers of the country but they too take into consideration their duty of Christian charity. So last October, the ROTC cadets thought it most fitting to donate part of their blood to the Red Cross.

DIEHARDS ON REVIEW

Last October, 1962 the infantry battalion, under the able command of Cdt. Col. Ernesto Estrera and the Alpha battery under Cdt. Capt. Rock Dizon represented the USC-ROTC unit in a joint pass-in-review in honor of Brig. Gen. Ricardo Papa, Commanding General of the 3rd Military Area. Showing the best of their ability, once again the USC diehards' precision in execution won the applause and cheers of thousands of spectators, giving the cadets inspiration, and morale boost. Were the ROTC Sponsors led by Cdtte. Marilou Fañares, corps sponsor and Miss Leonor Borromeo, adviser of the Cadette Sponsors.

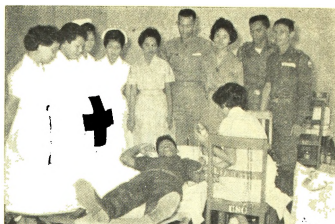
CEBU SUPREME SWORD FRATERNITY ELECTS OFFICERS

The general election of the officers of the Cebu Supreme Sword fraternity was held last October at the Colegio de San Jose — Recoletos. Among cadet officers selected to represent the university were Cdt. Col. Samuel Dunque, Cdt. Col. Ernesto Estrera, Cdt. Capt. Michael Villagonzalo, Cdt. Capt. Danilo Lao, Cdt. Capt. Ruben Paeta and Cdt. 1st Lt. Rodolfo S. Pelaez.

USC Supreme Sword commander, Ernesto Estrera was unanimously elected after a heated and a well-debated election, for the office of the Vice Supreme Sword Commander of the fraternity. The qualifications for the officers to be elected during that said election were solely for the fraternity heads, and it was only right for the school to be represented by a well-united delegation.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you from the "DIEHARDS"

Cadets donating
blood to the
Red Cross



NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

As with our first issue for this school year, there has been an oversupply of materials for *The Carolinian*. Our desk is always flooded with essays, short stories, poems, etc. This is an encouraging sign of Student interest in our organ, and we are not only happy about it but grateful to all you thoughtful souls, as well. However, since it is quite impossible to accommodate all these materials, we have to give priority to those which most closely come up to our standard of correct English, simple, readable style, and with sufficient "interestingness." There are some materials we have put aside for the March issue after our plea for more pages, for this issue at least, was denied. Those who are interested in following up on their contributions are welcome at the Publications Office at any time.

— THE EDITOR

ERRATA

The Staff sincerely apologizes for the following typographical errors in our September-October issue:

On page 5, third column, last news item, the name **Faigao** was erroneously printed as **Faigo**.

On page 17, first column, ninth line from the bottom, the line "so this is what we do, my pals..." should immediately precede the line "...and I communicate by means..." found in the second column, eighth line from the bottom.

On page 38, third column, ninth line from the bottom, the score should have read **71-50** instead of **70-51**.

On page 39, third column, in the boxed news item right hand corner, **Araneta Coliseum** should have read **Azmar Coliseum**.

On page 47, third column, first line, the word **Sampaloc** should have been **Pandacan**. On the same column, first paragraph, second to the last line, the unkept should be **unkept**.

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SWORN STATEMENT

(Revised by Act 2389)

The undersigned, **PRAXEDES P. BULABOG**, editor of *THE CAROLINIAN*, published five times a year in English, Tagalog, and Spanish at the University of San Carlos Office of Publications, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 291:

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Editor

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me this 8th day of October, 1962, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibiting her Residence Certificate No. A-2017843 issued at Cebu City, on January 38, 1962.

(Sgd.) ADELAIDA R. PALOMAR
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The Message
of Christmas



"Behold, I bring you news of a great rejoicing for the whole people. This day, in the city of David, a Saviour has been born for you, the Lord Christ Himself" (Luke 2, 11.)

With these joyous words, according to St. Luke, the angel of the Lord announced to mankind the advent of the Messias who had been expected for centuries.

This unique event which occurred twenty centuries ago in a poor dilapidated stable, still carries the same suggestiveness for the whole mankind today. In fact it conveys the very same significance which was heralded by the emissary of God to the shepherds one cold evening, to whom as well as to all men he announced the message of the celestial choir of angels: "Glorify to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of goodwill."

As a matter of fact, this event marks the perfect fulfillment of a Redeemer promised by God to our first parents in the Garden of Eden. It contains, therefore, an eminently divine character. As days and years pass by — even until the end of time — this message will always reflect the same deep meaning, and will always remain the same sublime reminder that this Infant Babe, born of an immaculate mother and virgin, was the Christ, the Anointed, the much longed-for Messias. Through the precious blood of this Infant, shed on Calvary, mankind would be reconciled to God; through this Divine Babe the portals of heaven and eternal happiness would be flung wide open once more provided, however, that men would show the necessary good-will, proclaimed by the angels in Bethlehem, by complying with the divine law and thus rendering themselves worthy of the merits of the Redemption.

Christmas teaches a sublime lesson, indeed, to present-day mankind upon whom the terrible blows and woes of a war catastrophe threaten to descend anew, a catastrophe which may perhaps write finis to our civilization. Twenty centuries ago men heard a message summoning them to give glory to God in high heaven so that men of good-will might enjoy peace. . . peace which is the supreme good that man may aspire to attain in this vale of tears. Precisely in this glorifying of God lies the secret of either the happiness or unhappiness of man.

Only when man accepts the divine law in its entirety by transforming it into the fibers of his heart; by allowing it to radiate over his whole social life . . . so that this law governs all his acts on an individual and as an integral part of human society, then and only then will the blessing promised on that holy night become a reality.

Once again during the holy season we hear the august word of our gloriously reigning Holy Father, Pope John XXIII: calling out anew, as his predecessors did, to all men of good-will, enjoining them to direct their attention to the reality of peace, a peace which bears a true meaning only when it springs from the heart and diffuses itself through human society.

Let us confront the situation of the present hour with our whole mind and our whole heart. In the light of the lesson of Christmas, let us arouse our mind and heart to live in accordance with the teachings of Him Who twenty centuries ago was born in a stable of Bethlehem.

Let us not forget that there can be no peace, neither individual nor collective, with the impious. As fervent Christians, let us evoke with true optimism and with a jubilant heart the old, yet ever new chant of the angel of the Lord and the celestial choir, as a tribute to the Little Infant in swaddling clothes: "Glorify to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of goodwill."

by Luis Schanfeld, S. V. D.

CONTENTS

Letters	Inside Front Cover
Editorial	1
Messages	2
News	4
Literary	12
Pictorials	23
Departments	30

Cover designed by JOE MABUGAT

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