

working man or woman, of the type "do it yourself." They should have a great interest in the field of their studies; something like: "My job is my Hobby." They should live for their study. Nothing should interest them more and deeper than their study. They should live for knowing and knowledge.

Moreover, they should have the longing for research and for finding out what nobody up to now has ever found and they should be encouraged by the idea that they could guide their fellowmen and even the church by their ideas. In them there should be the ideal of leadership, of cultural leadership, and bringing their own fellowmen nearer to Truth eternal.

Laurence Foster in the **Functions of a Graduate School in a Democratic Society** demands: "Only students who have fine ability, good undergraduate records and intellectual interest should be admitted. Students must have the capacity and the desire to do exacting work; the graduate school is not the place for mediocre students." Don't you think that it is only fair as the degrees we receive sound equal to the European degrees and the American one? Moreover, if you have a Master's degree you want to be treated and respected as a Master, don't you? But if they find out that we do not reach that standard, why should they take you up in their circles, where they only received a place after great pains and hard struggle? It would not be fair to them. The only way out is to reach their standards.

What about the professors? Bowman says, **In the Graduate School in American Democracy** that on Graduate School should exist and no advanced degree should be given except for work under men who are in some respects frontiersmen in their fields and who are provided with some opportunity to do research work."

I agree because only then the prerequisites of the Graduate School in furthering knowledge and also in conquering new fields will be realized. I think that it is our great pride that our Fathers in San Carlos, especially those who came from the Fu Jen University of Peking are the men cut from this sort of wood. They are men of great knowledge and I feel happy and humble to be in their company. They have conducted researches and have published the results.

(Continued on page 19)



● now that you have finally bungled into this column, allow me. . . scant moments back, i was consorting with the happy, but happy, feeling that everything would be well and kosher with me. the enrolment war against the registrar and his cavalcade of clerks [look who's typing!] was declared over. there was nothing in the world for me to do except lie, kamlon-like, in wait for female invitation committees or curl up in my beat-up bunk with an overgrown and overaged lawbook for a spouse and, come recitation time, to blast away at my balding profs with a *literatim et ad verbum* talkathon on legal thingumbob (whatever that means). wrote my folks back home that i would not kindly take to the idea of solving crossword puzzles and cryptograms while an out-of-town dumbkopf was swindling the whole class and getting rewarded with a scholarship on the house. begolly, i wrote my folks, i would show to sundry, along with my sistren and brethren, that no power on earth could ever alienate me from the unblushing resolution to fashion a name for myself and my relatives. yesoyes, i was all-fired to become a genius, until. . . but enough of this introductory tripe. . .

● my predecessor, nestorius morelosky, the womaniac that got away, will not be around anymore to swivel his artillery versus usc's painted, coated and embalmed women. one reason for his out was probably the cold reception he suffered for persisting in his apostasy from the english language. there were a lot of haps that happened to nestor. when last i saw him, he was frantically making amorous overtures with the women he used to curve his dart at. the wimmin hereabout ought to be a jubilant horde this year. nestor's just a tame, friendly hellion!

● this department recommends:

1. the organization of the circa 360-years-overdue students' council in order that we may be able properly to underwrite the talents of our boopsie campus reformers and loudmouths. our locals are pitifully wanting in the art and science of horse-trading, fly-voting, alien-baiting, junketing, bolting, huddling, fusing and enriching. what they need is training and plenty of it.

2. the promotion of the former miss restituta genson to the rank of usc librarian benemeritus in recognition of her devotion to library duties and her devotions to her other virtues. an extremely irate gentleman by the name of florentino felisarta, jr., told me of an encounter in which he and the erstwhile miss genson figured more than somewhat. according to him, the once-upon-a-time miss allowed him to enter the bowels of the usc library on the strength of his identification card which she, the woman in question, received allegedly without ceremonies and formalities. but. . . lo

(Continued on page 8)

and hark! . . . when mister felisarta, on leaving the territory, got back his card, he found the picture mutilated by a very imperious "x" smack dab on the face, together with the annotation that the picture be changed. and her manner, sez this felisarta chap, was superlatively rude. now, i am moved to ask: what seems to be the matter with this library monstres? does she want to be a hellcat dictator? is she the university's official photographer censor? the quondam miss genson believes, perhaps, that her size confers upon her the powers of a despot. as for photography, because i am destitute of any pretension to loquacity on the subject, the former genson will be in a hurry to deride me for my inexperience in darkrooms because she has probably gone to a lot of darkrooms before.

i'm confused why, if her only qualifications are her size and her darkroom visitations, she has to arrogate unto herself the might and attendant roughness of a dictator. about time somebody whittled her down to size.

3. the prohibition of cca parolees from further involvement in intramural battles. . . .

4. the awarding of a medal of honor to delfin campos, jr., fa, esquire, to compensate the loss of his thumb during last year's tactical inspection; moreover, that the thumb under discussion be exhumed from its subterranean boardinghouse and be buried with full military honors under fitting and appropriate ceremonies; with the further proviso that the subject appendage be promoted posthumously to the rank of colonel or general, the determination to be left to the pleasure of the bereaved relative, herr delfin campos, jr.; the last proposed in re the heroic thumb being that upon it be conferred the position of usc rotc commandant *honoris causa, en absentia, ex-officio*.

● on the day the removal exams were wheezing full steam, the varsity team did not practice. which means that. . .

● we are hard put to explain why the carolinian has always exhibited stubborn insouciance, not to say dislike, towards everything that the ceg [college editors' guild] elects to undertake. talk about ceg conferences and all that and where does that place the carolinian? it is always out looking in. if it looks at all. everytime the membership of this mag is brought about, somebody starts queering the discussion by throwing his tonnage around and stamping his foot. result: the discussion gets stashed.

i can't imagine anything wrng with our joining the ceg. the organization isn't subversive. it isn't anti-something we oppose. the ceg counts with the membership of the nation's better-known magazines and periodicals. many of its former officers are now occupying positions of honor in the government. will anybody be divine enough to tell us to our naive faces what's bad about joining the ceg?

● three of usc's most beautiful madonnas, in the view of three of usc's handsomest squires [boing!!] are: miss lourdes sequerra, who carries the ballot of flechi; fraulein annie ratcliffe, whose sponsor is vrranud and, fertius, signoretta perla goyeneche, whose patron extraord is. . . uh. . . me.

● classmate dario bacol recited a case in succession and hit upon this documented classic: "one-half of the estate went to the mother of the son while a portion went to another who was the father of the father of the cousin of the testator." (or words to that effect). law is quite easy. harrumph!

● a very confidential source would have it appear that usc is mulling the plan of installing a radio station similar to those of usc and su. this source has it that the university administrative council, in a recent meeting, gave the plan more than a playful twirl. which is to say that the project is definitely high in priority among those in usc's crowded timetable.

whatever may have transpired at that "summit" meet, this much we can say apropos: for one thing, putting up a radio station would, i ques-

(Continued on page 19)

# Sanity's

**IT IS WELL** that I am alone, alone with this pain, this pain, this painful pain in my head — crushing my senses, sending them reeling in an alley of fear. Alone with this pain, this painful pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, this, painfully, painful, pain.

A heavy throbbing is in my head — pulsating with every changing pace, unequal staccatos — metal balls rolling down fast and furious, bouncing high and low, high and low, high and low — now weak, now strong, now fast, now loud. My head feels big and swollen — a ripe tomato, wormed and rotten — smelly and red and shiny and slimy. In me, I could feel my blood running thru, making life — making lifeless like live.

I now open my eyes, knowing . . . so carefully assured . . . with warning bells ringing around me — I am no longer me. I shall no longer be ruled and caged and bounded by fixed, stupid, unmoving laws and inhibitions. No definite rules for me . . . no world, where mistakes are outlaws and cheaters — bandits and trespassers. I shall be free and my mind shall know no limits: it shall have wings of freedom to fly with, the plight of thought to guide it . . . I shall be me, at last . . . I shall be me.

**Me, always me. Not him who shouts at the sight of blasting shores, but me who stands and wait silently. Not him who hurts the night with his scandalous vigor, not him who seeks the doorsteps to a lighted room, not him who clogs the mercy from Heaven with sordid soul, not him who peers behind gold-rimmed eye sockets and eats with gold-plated jaws. Not him, not him; but me. Always Me, Me and Me and Me . . . never him, never you . . . but Me. Now and forever . . . here and hereafter . . . Me.**

I wonder why a gray and brittle leaf should fall from a tree when it has as much right to stay up there as the green ones — why

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**ON DA LEVEL***(Continued from page 8)*

tion never, inaugurate courses in technology, for another, it would give catholicism a tremendous boost in this bend of the mountains, and for still another, radio station all our own would make for improved english in the university. there are reasons abundant why we should favor the installation of a broadcasting outfit here. truth to reveal, some of the fathers are openly identified with the move. let's wait and see what happened next. . .

● these communist just can't be trusted. matter of fact, they don't even trust themselves. i don't give any percentage to a conference where one of the parties is commie. a red goes to peace conferences with the right hand signing a covenant while the left holds a revolver under the table.

● up, up there in the third floor where we write and recite, flunk or pass in law, a sizzling discovery by lady classmates has the class in a collective gawk. the invention was, of course, sired by the necessity of staving off the mounting mortality in prof villanueva's classes. we all of us wised up early to the fact that atty villanueva does not disturb the sequence of the class cards. so. . . the ladies started writing mnemonics (representing our names) to insure hiked marks in recitation. all we do is read the portion of the book where we think we will be hit and pfft! the recitation becomes one smooth, satin procedure. it's a cute racket. i tried it. . . and flunked.

● trouble with troublesome people is that whenever they come upon a slangy-twangy line, they proceed to protest in high C. slang, they cry long and loud, is verboten to their tastes. they don't buy slang, no sir.

i have frequently been accused of adulterating people's tastes by retailing too much slang. now, for once, i'd like to tone down tintured anti-slang feelings by offering literary asylum in this column to a typical filipino friendly letter minus slang. this one's pure aged-in-bamboo pinoy english. here she blows: dear friend. . . i receive your most-awaited billet in good condition and i understood all the content of what you means to say. on the other hand before i proceed to the main point of this humble epistle of mind may i interrogate you how do you do? as for me desame as usual. . . your friend.

if anyone among you, my civil readers, wants to sick that kind of english on me, start looking the other way but fast! i'd very much rather not be desame as usual.

● the usc band, with (maizetro) selerio on the podium, has gained quite a metronome of notoriety for overdoing its "funebre" series. we folks keep on protesting that we have no yen for dirge even if it is the last wailing note in modern spooky music. . . but the band simply goes on with its threnodic exercises as if the examinations are going on. last week, however, the band, in a moment of sheer heresy, played "stardust."

it's strange but the departure from funeral study transformed usc's denizens into a parliament of sighing, happy faces.

● we lift pertinent portions of a very interesting letter addressed to atty. catalino doronio. quote. . . good news!!! we supply ideal love to lonely hearts. if you are searching for an ideal partner, we offer love directories. . . compilations of names of negotiable young men and women with personal data. . . composed of name, address, age, civil status, body measurements, financial status, etc. . . if you have the directories, your destiny is just in the palm of your hands similar to the weather bureau which forecasts the weather. . . you overcome the barrier of distance, time, money and effort for it is safe and economical instead of spending much on personal acquaintance. you are sure of favorable results because the names stated are willing to be married or engaged at their discretion. close quote. atty doronio think it was addressed to the wrong guy, i don't think so.

● end item, folksies. . .

**AUGUST, 1955**

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**WHAT DO YOU THINK . . .***(Continued from page 7)*

What I see as a great needs is that San Carlos University should start a means of scientific publication wherein our priestly-and-lay colleagues will be able to publish their works.

That we are on the right way appears from the fact that the Graduate School has appointed Mr. Marcelino N. Maceda, M.A., as its first research assistant. In the meeting of the Graduate School faculty, Father Rector readily consented that more research-assistants may be appointed and that he will give them the possibility to visit foreign universities on U.S.C. scholarships for further studies.

We are on the right track. The faculty and its dean will do everything and will be ready to receive suggestions.

**But the response is up to you, students!**

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**ROTC BRIEFS***(Continued from page 13)*

handsome, tall guy he is. Cdt Capt **Amorito Cañete** is another dynamic leader with a slight twist of a politician. Humble, learned and aggressive. Cdt Capt **Winifredo Geonson** is an uncommon common fellow, friendly but firm with his cadets; intelligent but understanding; outspoken but sincere in his ideas.

Of late a Model Company has come to shape and everything of it is an example from the cadet officers to snappy actions of the men in the ranks. **Faddy Deen** is the groome Co. Cdt 1st Lt **Jose Ros**, handsome boy, amiable and helpful; Cdt 1st Lt **Louie Batonmalague** (really big and rock) is also the Adjutant-General; a real friend he makes to anybody. Cdt 1st Lt **Manuel Lim, Jr.** and Cdt 1st Lt **Dominador Turno, Jr.** are tall, brisk and lovable cadet officers, too.

Before the other units develop hysteria I better sign off. Another chapter of names will be written in the next issue. But here is a P. S. Cdt cpl **Adelino Sitoy** a warm-hearted co-staffer is a cadet of "G" Platoon. Meet him any time.

**PAGE 19**