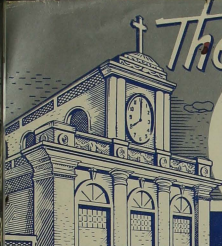
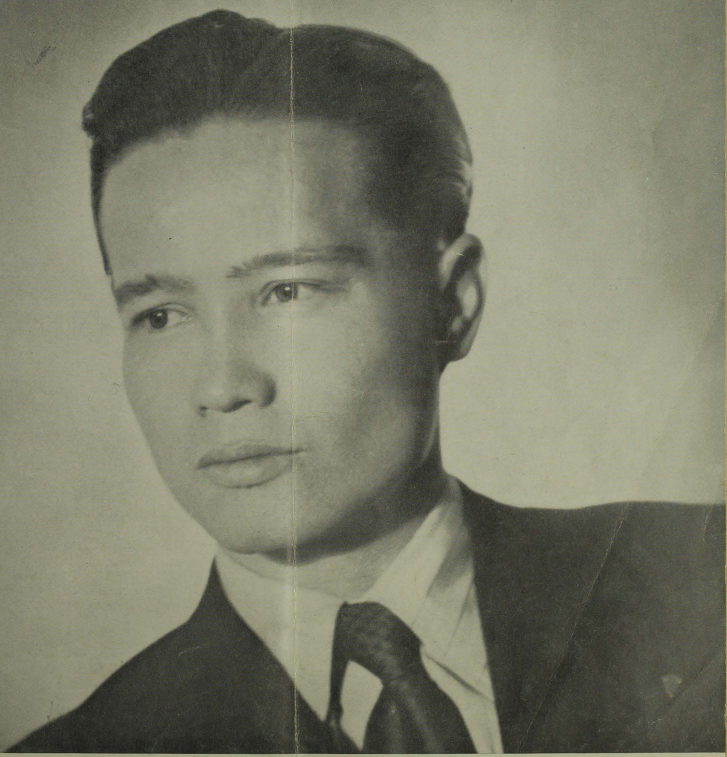


*The* **Carolinian**



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



*Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez, M. B.*

Vol. XV

October  
1950

No. 3

*Compliments of*



**YUTIVO SONS HARDWARE Co.**

**CEBU BRANCH .**

116-130 D. JAKOALEM STREET

CEBU, PHILIPPINES

**PHONE 202-104**

COMPLIMENTS

OF

**CATHAY**  
*Hardware*

•  
**GENERAL HARDWARE**  
•

136 Plaridel St.  
Cebu, Philippines

**Phone 75-J**

COMPLIMENTS OF

*Juan Ros*

AUTHORIZED DEALER FOR

PHILIPPINE ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES, Inc.

CEBU CITY BORROMEIO BLDG. TEL. 322

Exclusive Distributors for all RCA Products

**RCA**

VICTROLAS  
RADIOS  
RADIOTRONS

BATTERIES  
PROJECTORS  
PA SYSTEMS

**RCA**

COOLERATOR  
REFRIGERATORS

VORNADO  
FANS

VICTOR  
RECORDS

# CAROLINIAN

\* Published by  
the students of the  
University of San Carlos  
Cebu City  
Philippines

September \* 1950

NATOLEON G. RAMA, editor; EMILIO B. ALLER, managing; VICENTE N. LIM, president; HECTOR ALCOBERA, ARISTOTELES BRIONES, news; JESS VESTIT, ALBERTO MORALES, military; PAMON TUPAS, sports; SALLY VALMONTES, society; VIOPNTE FANILAG, travel; "KOD" E. CASIBINGO, circulation; JOSE PENALOSA, technical; DOMINADOR RAY, GUTILLPOMO ANG, marketing; "KOD" E. CASIBINGO, photography; JOSEFINA N. LIM, contributing editor.

C. FAIGAO, ADVISER  
Rev. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, SVD  
MODERATOR

## In a Nu'shell PAGE

LOCAL RADIO AND THE "CAROLINIAN" NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS .....	4
Editorials FIRST "CAROLINIAN" EDI- TOR BECOMES LAW DEAN E. B. A. SANITY'S LAST STAND .....	7
V. Ranudo SEOUL WAS BEAUTIFUL... 8 Emilio Aller GOD AND SOLITUDE .....	11
Manuel Amigable DAMAGES: NEW SOURCE OF INCOME .....	12
Vicente Dellin IN THE KNOW-WHO .....	13
Sally Valente FOXES AT YARROW .....	14
V. N. Lim ALUMMOTES .....	20
VARSITY ROUND-UP .....	21
PASSING THRU .....	10
ROTC HOTTER PATTERN .....	19
POETRY .....	9
CONTENIDO ETICO DE LA ENSEÑANZA .....	28
Editorial DOMINGO DE MISIONES .....	29
Luis Eugenio SUENO DE UN SOLDADO .....	29
Jose Ruiz CUATRO VERSOS .....	30
Maria Señorans	

Entered as second class mail  
matter at the Post Office of Ce-  
bu City, March 20, 1950.



Writing letters remains one of mankind's exclusive abilities. Animals do not write to each other; but humans do. When they pen their affections and let the postal system be their ally, they set in motion events which have inspired movies and songs about love letters. It can be the life-line or the blood transfusion that will save a dying friendship or revive memories.

Writing letters, like all human faculties, will exalt or condemn man according to how he utilizes this ability. Writing condemns a man when he stoops so low as to write anonymous letters. By this term is meant those one-way messages sent by unknown persons of ill-will and rancor. It is spitefully designed to exorcise and vilify the person addressed to. It will be interesting to note here that the receivers are more often than not people of some consequence. Small "fry" do not receive anonymous letters because they are insignificant and they do not matter to anybody.

The Duke of Windsor describes anonymous letters as a "base and cowardly form of human aberration... the proper place for such communications (is) the fire."

But writing exalts a man when he does so in the interests of friendship and intellectual sharing. Such a one did we receive from Gifu Ken, Japan.

"... for all the loyalty shown by... the Carolinian... a word of thanks is the least I should give you in return... About the Japanese language I discovered the following difficulties: 1) The incredible number of words, expressions, idiomatic constructions. 2) The difference between the spoken language, written language, prayer-book language, epistolary style language, and the literary lan-

guage, as to words, endings, construction is really great. 3) The written language uses a writing system which Harvard U. calls the "most difficult and complicated writing system in use today." It is rather hard to explain... but I shall try.

The Japanese of the 5th century had their own language, but they did not know how to write. Some eager Chinese brought them their previous characters and forthwith something unique started in human history. The Japanese adopted all the Chinese sounds, or words but they used the Chinese signs also to express their own words of similar meaning. Many Japanese words for which there was no equivalent Chinese sign, they put simply under a sign of different meaning.

Later on in the 8th century came another group of Chinese who taught a new way of reading the Chinese characters. Net result of all that: Every Chinese character represents in the average two different Chinese words and three Japanese words. Sometimes a dozen different words are expressed by one sign. To make it more complicated one word may also have different signs.

A written sentence can be read in different ways according to the construction, combination of the different signs. Many times the meaning must be known before it can be read right. "The faculty of guessing right must be developed from the beginning" is said in the best books on the Japanese language. There are more difficulties... With best regards to all friends of San Carlos. Fr. E. Hoerdemann, SVD."

—J. N. Lim

## Local Radio and "The Carolinian"



Same time, same station,  
same gag

Sometime ago the CAROLINIAN got a free plug over the local radio. Some disc jockeys and announcers did not seem to relish an item published in a previous issue of the CAROLINIAN about corny quips by repetitive radio ramblers, so we gathered from the radio plug. Among other things, the voice said that the CAROLINIAN is very "unfriendly" to the radio guys and Mr. Vicente Lim who wrote the stuff at issue ought to know how "hard-working" and *underpaid* are the radio people (italics ours) and should be more "considerate".

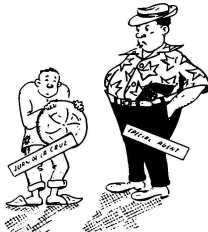
While we do not wish to pick a quarrel with the radio people, we feel that some points which should be brought up were missed and points which ought to be missed were brought up. That about adds up to a mess. On hard labor and low wages of the radio employes, we have no inclination to take up the matter for discussion or questioning. It is hardly proper for us to entertain as private an affair and, certainly, totally none of our business.

But we should take exception to the misrepresenting of the motive for publishing Mr. Lim's alleged riding of local radio. A fervent radio fan who happens to have good taste, Mr. Lim merely registered protest against disc jockeys' stereotyped whooping in the air about: "his

payday being two days near" twice a month since radio came to town. This is just too much for people like Associate Editor Lim, who don't have a stationary funnybone. "After hearing it the dozenth time," wrote Lim, "I knew it stunk." That's a hard word there but there couldn't be a more apt word, so help him. It is not the nature of the gag that he complains of ("The first time I heard it I thought it was cute...") but it's the number of the same gag that gets on his nerves. But what was written was all in the interest of better taste in radio wise-cracking.

And in passing, it is well to refresh our memory on the underlying principles that govern radio business and franchise. Inevitably, we have to take off on the most elementary principle that the air waves belong to the public. On this theory lean heavily the government's rights and control over the radio franchise. And as a corollary, radio corporations are involved in public service. It should surprise nobody then that once in a while the public has its say on what's going on on its own property.

## News Behind The Good News



### An atmosphere unsafe for Democracy

After so much hemming and hawing, the President turned up with a dramatic pronouncement that he has ordered 100,000 "special policemen" and agents laid off.

And that was meant to be good news for the austerity-depressed people. What was officiously played up big was its value as an economic policy. The point energetically driven home was that a big hole in

our national purse has been happily plugged. And we, the people, are supposed to cheer.

Unfortunately, those of us who have had close range observation of the doings of the special police, the purpose of their creation and their masterminds, know better. To expect the people to warm up to overtures of this sort is to ask too much. No amount of hokus-pokus even in form of economic policymaking can cover up the contemptible business the Administration has had thru the good offices of the special police.

The President's pronouncement is quite as remarkable as a news-item that announces that the storm has passed period, with no mention at all of what happened during the storm or how many homes were broken to pieces. (But who can count the broken ribs during the election?) And the presidential good news has sounded as cheerful.

If somebody meant to pull the wool over the people's eyes with this sort of political shenanigan, he did it over his own eyes. The only thing the news brought home to the people was that a menace to our political existence rather than to our economics has been removed, plus a good shock that the number of the hired hoodlums has overshot our wildest calculations.

Truth to tell, the grim phantoms of economic collapse would hang pale and drab beside the bearded monsters called the "special police". No single element — including the Huks — has ever pushed this country closer to the brink of disaster than these government hirelings, who, wherever they went, created an atmosphere unsafe for Democracy.

It is just as well that President made this revelation for there is no perfect way of dodging truth — not indefinitely. And the cliché that truth like smoke cannot be kept in the hollow of the palm is still as happily immutable as it is ancient. Also, the President has eased up the sorely troubled consciences of those responsible for the drafting of the special hirelings, if he didn't ease up the economic cramps.

But what furnished the real good news here, if anything did, was the indication that the President still believes in Lincoln's principle that no one can fool all the people all the time.

Abraham J. Rame



Law Dean Fulvio Pelaez, (left) at Brussels, Belgium. President of the Cebu Jaycees and Regional Vice-President, Mr. Pelaez was one of the members of the Executive Committee and Voting Delegates of the Philippine delegation to the JCI World Congress held at Brussels, Belgium.

## First Carolinian Editor Becomes Law Dean

**I**F we were to place a stamp across Atty. Fulvio Pelaez, the mark that will suit him best and which he will be most proud of, is that of being a Carolinian. His loyalty to San Carlos transcends the ordinary, intangible, filial alumnus-Alma Mater ties. Unselfish service and personal

sacrifice make up mostly his affection for his Alma Mater. And he has made the welfare of USC very much his business even as a true Catholic would take the good of the Mother Church as his own.

A veritable case of a brainy man with luck, Mr. Pelaez has consistently ridden the crest of success from school life to his professional career. He is a born leader and was born to be one. With him it has become a rule to top a class, become the class president, captain of the varsity team, be a head of every group he is thrown in. Apart from his being Dean of the College of Law, he is also the President of the local Jaycees and of the Pioneer Press.

Normally, when a young man makes good and assumes a responsible job, the stock argument in his favor is the fire and zeal of youth. Mr. Pelaez hardly needs this argument for he stands firm on his own with his personal merits and his competency for his new post. His scholastic record in his student days, his geniality, his enthusiastic leadership in our college affairs, his sterling character, his moral integrity and Catholic gentlemanliness could make him step into any eminent shoes and fit them like a made-to-order pair. He combines able brawn and brains and has been shaped and molded into a true Catholic gentleman at San Carlos during his impressionable years back in the thirties.

Our Dean first entered San Carlos in 1930. In his early years, he already showed unmistakable signs of leadership in his constancy and industry, and in his tenacity of purpose which served him well in his studies and extra-curricular activities. The former San Carlos mentors nurtured him well in the development of the promising facets of his character. He graduated from the San Carlos high school department with honors and finished his Pre-Law course with first honors.

In the field of sports, football was his forte. He was captain of the San Carlos booters for three years from 1934 to 1936. It was most often that he booted his team to victory in the many tournaments in which the San Carlos eleven participated.

Apart from his skill in sports, his aptitude in the literary field was by that time already recognized. He was the first Editor of the "CAROLINIAN" when it first came out as the official organ of the student body of the then San Carlos College. He held the editorship from his fourth year high school up to his A.A. graduation in 1936. Incidentally, his class was the first bunch of A.A. graduates San Carlos turned out. He left San Carlos then but not before that certain Carolinian mark of distinction was deeply stamped into his manhood.

The late Mr. Vicente Quiblan, Sr., former principal of the San Carlos High who was one of his professors in Liberal Arts class wrote a fittingly beautiful tribute to Mr. Pelaez, the student, in these selfsame pages of the CAROLINIAN more than a decade ago. It was practically a lei of departed flowers placed around the neck of a departing friend and pupil by a teacher who had learned to respect and admire him so much for his good qualities at the eve of his graduation.

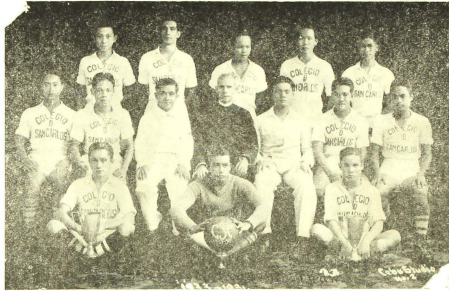
"...Captain of the team, Editor of the CAROLINIAN, Class President and of the Student Council, and toponotcher in his class, Mr. Fulvio Pelaez has endeared himself to his college mates. His ways are all stamped with tenacity of purpose and with originality. He possesses moral and physical courage which is equal to the emergency to which the captain and the editor is placed; calm amidst excitement, patient and sportsman under trials, never unduly elated by victory or defeat.

"Mr. Pelaez's magnanimity to his opponents, his generosity to his friends and his loyalty to his Alma Mater have

produced a reciprocal effect in all who come in contact with him. He is the student of affairs in college life. He is the personification of a truly spirited student. The admirable traits of Mr. Pelaez make those who are left behind sad in seeing him leave. But it is written that students come and go; so all we can do is to wish that Mr. Pelaez will continue to engrave his name in the hearts of his friends, his instructors, and his school."

He took his law studies at the Ateneo de Manila where he also excelled in scholarship and sports. To sum up, his years at the Ateneo were well-spent; and as a true Carolinian, he acquitted himself there remarkably to the great pride and honor of San Carlos, his Alma Mater. To prove our point we quote here excerpts from the pages of the "AEGIS", at the eve of his graduation from the Ateneo College of Law:

"Presenting — the ONE in a thousand, who is possessed of that rare gift, a combination of brain and brawn. Four years ago, Fulvio came into our midst — a pleasant-looking stranger; today, he enjoys the admiration and friendship of us all, for he has more than proven himself a true Catholic gentleman ... model of constancy and industry ... always fully prepared in class... so much so that his fellow students have tagged him the "Walking Philippine Reporter". As proof of his diligence in his studies, Fulvio has been a scholar for the past four years and is the Salutatorian of the



One of the earliest San Carlos foot ball teams booted to many victories by Team Captain Fulvio Pelaez (front row, right)

Law Class for this year.

"In athletics, he excels on the football field; he packs a mule's kick in either leg. In his four years in the College, cramped with his studies and with military drill, Fulvio proved that he had that... spirit by his achievements on the Varsity team... Just as he is constant in his studies, he has proven himself a constant friend, one to be trusted and one whom one can always depend upon.

"Good luck, Fulvio — we know, you shall succeed in anything and everything you undertake."

This last paragraph is not just an empty evaluation and a vain presage of the probabilities of the man.

He got one of the ten places in the

For exams which he took. He went back to San Carlos (where his heart always is) to teach in the College of Law before World War II. In 1944, he was appointed legal counsel of the institution. Later, he became Secretary of the College of Law, paving the way for his appointment as Dean.

Our new Dean, when interviewed, expressed his firm resolve to maintain, if not improve the high standard of our law students by giving stress to a good system of study and instruction. He voiced out his great desire "to prepare the law students not only to become lawyers but also to become good lawyers, both in the moral and the ethical phases of the

(Cont. on page 27)



As a student, Mr. Fulvio Pelaez run the first CAROLINIAN issues. At extreme right is the first CAROLINIAN magazine to roll off the press with Archbishop Gabriel Reyes as cover picture. At left is Fr. Arthur Dingman, first SYD Rector of San Carlos.

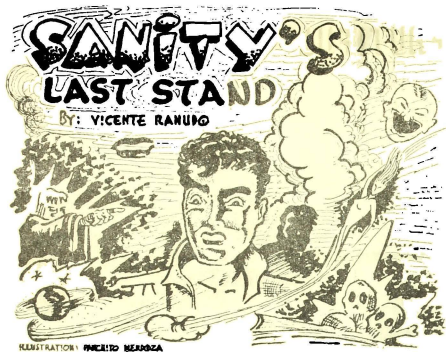


ILLUSTRATION: VICENTE RANUDO

I awake with a heavy throb bearing on my head — pulsating with ever changing pace, unequal staccatos — metal balls rolling down fast and furious, bouncing high and low, high and low, high and low — now weak, then strong, now fast, now loud. My head feels big and swollen — a ripe tomato, wormed and rotten — smelly and red and shiny. In me, I could feel my blood running thru, making life — making lifeless life live.

I now open my eyes knowing that I am spending my last moments with a good and balanced mind, capable of logic and reason — aware, perfectly aware that I am about to leave a world such as yours where one and one are two — ruled by fixed and definite rules, where mistakes are outlaws and cheaters — bandits and trespassers.

*It is will that I am alone, alone with this pain, this painful pain on my head — crashing my senses, sending them reeling on an alley of fear — alone with this pain, this painful pain, this painful pain this painfully painful pain.*

I wonder why a gray and brittle leaf should fall from a tree when it has as much right to stay up as the green ones — why does man crash the life of the ones under his undivested strength when such that are beyond their or our natural self could be controlled or minimized should we insist, with pounded hands that humanity is brutality — or could be stopped forever should we leave ourselves to our hearts.

*Yes — why don't we judge by our*

*hearts. By this mass of emotions pumped out by massive, interwoven muscles. Warped and woofed — pumping out pieces of hate or love or admiration or courage or nothing.*

Life — a big word. I've had my share of it — but mostly bitterness. But life could be pleasant should we strive and try to conquer that something in us that makes slaves out of us. Life could be easy should we use sympathy and understanding as often as we use our hands — as frequently as we use our eyes or nose or the fingers of our hands.

I wonder... but that is all I or anyone else could do... all I hope to face and see... and analyze nor even attempt to solve. Far... beyond... I know is truth... barren, naked, frictionless, immobile — beyond question. But truth could be hurting and hurting is pain and is awful and awful is something my senses don't want.

I wonder... I wonder why I start and end up so nonsensically — pointless — drawn by illusions as maddening as my thoughts — compressed, so unreasonably belittled by myself.

I wonder — is this insanity — Could this be madness?

*This seemingly second wall piercing thru my logic — a higher level of outlook upon life — no laws, no rules, no tendencies.*

My life, your life, anybody's life isn't really a fight a struggle for survival — your life before and now

*This magnificent machine—the brain is the seat of all wisdom and, incidentally, also of all madness.*

has been planned. Each and every scheme, the bits of happiness that happened along your way, the unsurmountable sorrows you came across, had been there — to hurt you or to lift you up. Your destiny is there established, known and unchangeable. No matter what you had accomplished before you reach that destiny — no matter which road you take — you are bound to wind up their at the end as one must arrive at the place at the end of the road he follows. That is what mainly composes the thrill of being alive — whatever your choice maybe—in a golden chariot or on foot you'll get there—for that is ironically the journey to destiny. You can't really fight for destination with a better way and means to reach that inevitable destination.

*The destiny of a destined destination. A destination to port unknown — unknown port — fourth — fourth — fourth of July. Colored pins rocketing, whirling in my head.*

Can this be the process by which man, such as I, rational and intelligent — can this be the slow deliberate method by which a healthy normal brain is slowly transferred into a state of complete derangement? Painless as it is, this could be it. Is this why I can't seem to grope for something to stabilize my thinking process? My feeling process...

You are just man and because you are such don't think that you are all you think you are — remember that you are just a creation — a machine or something placed on earth by a power infinitely greater. You are not as complete as you think you are and your egotistical brain hasn't even scarred the surface of the mystery of the tremendous potential power that goes about you. Your eyes have not seen the most beautiful of things nor all the tremendously inspiring colors — your senses haven't experience all the feelings — your heart not all the power to love.

*Love — always love. Love here, love there, love everywhere. Love above the clouds, love beneath a fallen leaf, love among the winds — Love for a cigarette, love for*  
(Cont. on page 14)

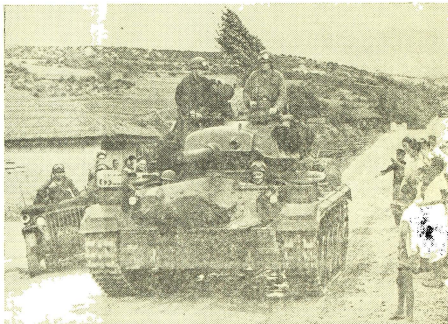
# SEOUL WAS BEAUTIFUL

by EMILIO B. ALLER

Five-hundred-year-old Seoul used to be the pearl of Korean cities. It was rich in tradition and artistic beauty representative of the exotic temperaments of the Orient. It had evolved a modern version of a wholesome blend of the traditional and cultural influences of the Manchus, the Tartars, the Chinese, and the Japanese. It is the ancient capital of Korea. It was the capital throughout the centuries when its neighbors overran it successively. It was the same capital of the country when the Japanese held it after the Russo-Japanese war. And when the country was liberated in World War II by the American and Russian forces from the Japanese, it was the capital of the American-sponsored sector south of the 38th parallel. Eventually it had to become the capital of the Republic of Korea when it was granted its independence last year. You will bear me if I should say that a city which has always been a capital for five centuries must be capital. And what is principally capital in it was its unusual beauty and exotic atmosphere.

Newscast about the havoc wrought by the ravages of war upon Seoul have often made us sentimental. Memories of what we were able to discern of this beautiful city about three years ago rush back to us. Seoul was beautiful then. Now, we can only sigh, and the kaleidoscope of our mind turns on the favorite vistas we have recorded in our memory but which the naked eye will never see again.

Chance made us visit this lovely



US tanks hits a Korean road leading to the recently liberated Seoul.

city in the early summer of 1947. We saw the lustro of its beauty at its fullest bloom heightened by the crowning aura of the summer season. The first impressions are lingeringly exotic in the sense that we still can recall these impressions at the slightest fancy of our free will. Perhaps there is some truth, after all, to the seemingly hackneyed dictum that "first impressions are lasting." Or maybe it is because the scenes, the sights, and the views we have enjoyed so much were such that they looked unique to us in an alien atmosphere which fairly

took our breaths away.

We hit port at Incheon in the late spring of 1947. Incheon is Seoul's port city in a way that Tokyo's port city is Yokohama. Incheon, by itself, with its causeway running from Wolmi Island to the city, its pagodas and its parks, and its elevated promenading embankments, was a bit exotic. But it had lost part of its alien atmosphere by its sporting of new-fangled port installations and facilities.

About two weeks of Incheon made us itch for more sights novel to us. We hitched a ride in army vehicles going to Seoul which is about twenty-two miles inland. The early summer air of Korea had been biting to us who were accustomed to the warm atmosphere of the tropics. We had to use our sailor's leather and woolen jackets which we brought along in case of rain. And they warmed us against the chilly breeze.

We dashed through rolling hills for miles passing now and then sparsely-wooded areas and thickly populated towns and villages which were in festive mood. Multi-colored paper decorations scrawled with Korean characters fluttered at conspicuous places. Schools and public buildings were bedecked with quaint sprawling Korean signs and paper bunting. In school and public plazas, folk dances

*The author is one of the few Filipinos who have seen the ancient city of Seoul before the recent conflict at Korea. Mr. Aller sailed*



Mr. Emilio B. Aller

*with the US Merchant Marines as Chief Radio Operator early after Liberation; went far and wide in the Far East. He has seen and stayed at many places including Kobe, Tokyo, Yokohama, Okinawa, Guam, Los Negreps Islands and Korea. He was off and on Seoul which he considers one of the most beautiful and ancient cities in the Far East. Currently, Mr. Aller takes up law studies at USC and is CAROLINIAN managing editor.*



and athletic events were shown to native audiences wearing their colorful best. We were able to learn that a certain South Korean athlete who was sent to the United States to compete in some long-distance running event literally ran away with the first place. And the South Koreans were celebrating the victory of their champion who had learned laurels abroad. The civic-consciousness of the people was shown by their enthusiastic celebration of the triumph of one of their wide-awake sons.

The Han river looked sluggish and a bit dirty in places with oily flotams from the factories lining its banks at Yongdungpo, industrial district southwest of Seoul. But here and there were small floating islands of green carried by the lazy flow of the current downstreams which looked serene to a discerning eye. Small junks and sailboats of various shapes and sizes were moored on the opposite banks of the river. We crossed the Han over a well-built and wide concrete bridge, and entered Seoul, the beautiful.

We were surprised to behold stalwart stone and concrete buildings rising in impressive magnificence all around us. The streets were wide, having a unique peculiarity in that some of them were quaintly crooked. These streets were either cemented, asphalted, or stone-paved. Public plazas and parks were done in high aesthetic sense. There were small artificial lakes and fountains showering rainbow-droplets. Seats and benches for pleasure-seekers were well-distributed inside the parks. Shrubberies and strange-looking flowers and herbs were artistically grown here and there in lush but symmetrically natural disarray. Trees were thrown into the general order of the place affording shade and a sylvan touch. This was especially true with the park near Dukso Palace. We thought we were in a fairland where strange fairies in the person of Seoul joy-seekers dolled up in exotically strange costumes revelled. Or we thought we budged into a day-masquerade where everybody except ourselves were wearing Korean costumes. But we soon discovered G-I's lolling here and there in nooks or in cozy bowers with their "dates" transporting our thoughts back to reality.

Buddhist pagodas and Shinto shrine with their quaintly old-fashioned architecture and the tassel-like trimmings of ancestral decorations were to be found in several places. In the

(Cont. on page 25)

## LEAN THOU LIKE PISA LORD

By Jose Garcia Villa



*Lean, Thou, like, Pisa, Lord!  
Be, not, so, straight, but, lean,  
And, prove, to, man, You, mean,  
The, Humility, of, Your, Word!*

*Lean, Lord, yet, do, not, fall:  
Lean, Thou, like, Pisa, brave,  
That, hath, the, wit, to, save,  
Itself, by, its, grace, to, fall.*

## Summer Nite

By V. Ranudo, College of Law

*Out of the past  
Music comes . . . .*

*Dripping note by note  
Dropping chords remote  
Drips again; Meaningless and heavy  
. . . . and slowly goes away*

*Out of nowhere,  
Music comes again—  
With a meaning, aim and agility  
Attaining buoyancy by sensibility  
Spreading out-growing lighter and lighter  
. . . . then lighter still with rhythm?  
Tone and tempo*

*Floats in the room—settles down  
A visitor from past the thousandth dawn  
Needing acknowledgment  
Wanting encouragement*

*Like some hunted animal  
Bewildered and confused and angry  
Wailing out an unending crescendo  
. . . and stops . . . . .*

*And the violin sobs and cries and sobs and cries again—and says  
"I am crying out an apology"  
Giving birth, giving growth  
To something in your heart and imagination*

*But time fleets and everything must pass and end  
And the music has returned to its lonely din  
Leaving a memory—a ghost of delight  
To haunt you on a summer nite*

## ANTIDOTES FOR GOOD POST-EXAM RESULTS

Who said today's college studies are ultramodern in ideas, mannerisms, opinions, etc.? I found in a lot of blue books during the last exams, plenty of innocent, sincere whaddya'allits ... e.g., written in the topmost left-hand corner of the first page in the bluebook, obviously addressed to the teacher, I found this amusing plea: "Please, mam, have mercy on me"! Others ran like "Bless me O Lord!" and one demanded: "Have pity on Me, Mam", the 'mam' underlined twice. I had a friend who drew a grave in this exam book. On the tombstone was inscribed, "R.I.P. Here lies Texie who in his Calculus got only sixty." Another nut drew a large cross heavily inked in black and put the inscription on the cover of his exam book. His teacher, who was game, noticed the drawing — and promptly appended a fat goose egg under the cross. And then there is the tale of the stude who taped a Lifesaver to his exam paper, and found the Lifesaver replaced with an aspirin when he got back his paper. One blue book had "Be kind to animals" written all over the cover leaf. Anyway, it's fun to find these little funny quips. It lends humor to the chore of correcting a big pile of bluebooks. What they will do in the Finals, I'm raring to find out.

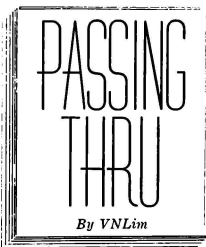


## SPEAK NO EVIL...

In our class there is a disgruntled Pre Lawyite who somehow didn't get along well in his History. In the corridor one morning, while we were waiting for the great maestro, our conversation got around to The State of the Classroom. My friend launched one of his tirades against "hop-headed jackasses posing as teachers" and was well warmed up when, unnoticed, our prof reached the group and was standing right behind my discontented friend. Of course the prof must've heard the lively oration. Anyway, was my friend's face red!

## OUR VERY LOON...

It's funny how a strip of celluloid stuff can make a monkey out of a ci-



nemaddict, especially if same is a college frosh, and more especially if that celluloid strip (o.k., let's call it the Greek... I mean a movie film) is chockful of glamor. In this case I mean that terrific young newcomer who starred in "Roseanna McCoy" and "Our Very Own", the current heart-throb who sends blood pressures skyrocketing and dreams wandering. Some local lasses go for Farley Granger, but give us lads Joan Evans anytime. She made me forget I got a 4 in my History for a moment. But fancies wear off like a hangover. What sticks is that cat-sup-colored mark in my Mid Term card, and brother do I want to rub it off.



## DON'T GIVE UP THE SLIP...

Why don't they issue metal admission slips complete with ball chain instead of the usual paper slips? By the time the grades are released our admission slips are faded, dog-eared, dilapidated, frayed, and in most cases lost. And what's more we've got to have 'em when we want to take a gander at our marks. In the process we are shuttled back and forth between haughty clerks and infernally busy cashiers who have to rummage among boxes of records and dig up our record card to see if there are no "Wanted" signs or something

against us before he can stamp the O.K. on our admission slip. Finally it's okay with the cash department, and now for the records section. Then... whaddya'uh know? The whole place is thronged with females armed with big bags and long umbrellas sticking out from them in all directions, it's virtually impossible to approach. Or maybe posting the grades in the bulletin board will be simpler. Those who rate low marks will simply have to sneak in at night or work more.



## MY DUSTINY...

Everytime young people go on a binge where there's music, a cool breeze, pleasant company (what else could I mean but g-i-r-l-s) and maybe a bottle of smuggled booze, I lapse into an agreement with Eros. If you're a crossword puzzle fan you won't have to be told that Eros has something to do with the affairs of the heart. Get it? That is, I get the nerve (shall we put it that way) to sling some corny hash to some feminine ear. What happens? She turns out to be no dope and I wind up behind the eight ball. Moral: Always keep your smeller clean or maybe I should stick to my Boy Scout tenets (A Scout is trustworthy... clean ... reverent"). That's my dust-iny.

## TRUANCY IN COLLEGE EXERCISES THE GRAY MATTER

Although there is no truant officer here who chases the hokey-playing students, the idea of skipping a class brings out the gray hairs in the truant. This is simply because he has to present an excuse to his Dean for signature and readmittance, and the big problem is how to convince the dean that the absence was justifiable. So the human brain of the truant has to ransack itself for plausible reasons, and after the usual excuses have been exhausted... what to say next? And this reminds me of the speech by our high school principal when we graduated. Near the end of his speech, Mr. Fernandez, our BHSD principal, said something about the matter of absences and ex-

(Cont. on page 21)

# God and Solitude

By MANUEL AMIGABLE  
College of Liberal Arts

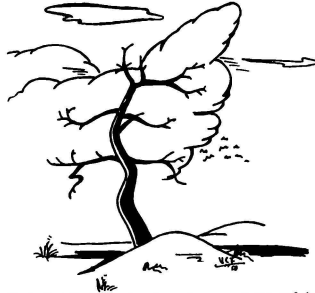
Did you ever stop for a moment to hear the "still sad music of humanity?" Have you ever wished you had wings so that you could soar the interstellar spaces, — so that you could get in touch with your God? Did you ever see "the dead mountains skip like spring lambs and the leaves clap their green hands for joy?" Heaven can be in the palm of your hand and eternity, in an hour of solitude.

You have no time to waste for such nonsensical things, you will say. They can't fill the stomach. They don't make a coat and a tie. Nor can they give a Max Factor case or pay the beauty parlor fee.

Indeed the bliss of solitude has become a luxury today. Altho unaffected by any Import Control law, only a few dare stop and look at the seemingly obscure wares displayed at the show-windows of solitude. Scarcely does one care to buy and enjoy the purchase.

Yet we know that the intensest moments of our life can come only during solitude. Christ sweated blood in the garden when He was all by Himself. The greatest religious and moral truths of the ages — the eternal truths of God—were discovered by man at his highest moment of inspiration, when he was alone. Man didn't find them when he was on a traffic-jammed street, in a stuffy cabaret, in the market place. Nor will man find them in a noisy classroom and the unjustly severe mid-summer exam in English 14 of Miss Velez. Blake saw "majestic shadows, gray and luminous" not amidst the honking of horns or combustion of cases but in a quiet room. Where did La Pucelle hear the Voices? Emerson laughed at the lore and pride of man when he had stretched himself beneath the pines. Avoiding the settlement, Whitman, hermit, sang a song by himself — song of the bleeding throat.

The busy street, the workers at the docks, political rallies, over-crowded diploma factories (and over-published at that!), the hurry-and-scurry of Tabaco or Carbon on a market-day — these can only have their significance, their more profound meaning



*It is in solitude that the body of one's soul grows strong and feels the immensity of God.*

when one can contemplate on them in solitude. When one tries to make a play out of them in the theatre of his mind. Wordsworth did this. His heart was filled with pleasure when he heard the daffodils...

"...Flashed upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude."

One may have time for solitude and yet, not know how to make it rewarding. The world is just two mats with them, in this case. They just lie the mats, and sleep, and do not care even to dream. Pigs have so much leisure hours to spare. But what do they do?

It is only in solitude that man can feel that he is a living human being. When the hustle-bustle of our daily struggle to eat becomes a drudgery, and the hours we live by become dreary; when we feel too tired for tear and laughter; when we hear or read that today we are not a six-inch foothold on the brink of a terrific upsurge of civilization, and that by a single push of a button we can be easily evaporated thru biological fission; when we sense no more hope in the laughter, but only profound curses in the keeping of children, of humankind vanishing! — we shrink back and pause for a moment in unfounded fear and utter confusion of

mind. We crave for, and then, seek solitude. We do so if we want for a while to be free: free from the worries that has constantly plagued this our great valley of tears; free from those horrible thoughts that can only drive man to maniacal states; free from the fear of a coming dark age, so many times darker than the Dark Ages — the destruction of all that is true, delicate and beautiful.

Only in solitude can man gird up his loins and become a man again. Only in solitude can he realize the eternal values of his individual self. Only in solitude can the body of his soul grow strong; can he feel the immensity of his God. The immensity of Him...

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Like a solitary sailor on a frail *barboto* planted in the midst of a "wide, wide, sea," we sense that we are not alone. A Presence disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts. We are involved in mankind! — we discover.

Then — we pray.

# Damages: A New Source of Income

HOW MUCH ARE YOU

DAMAGED IN THE NEW CIVIL CODE?

By Vicente F. Delfin  
College of Law



A yap for modified feelings may be slaped on whistling "woolves".

As progress goes on in this legal world, there follows a seeming paradox in our set of laws newly promulgated. Speaking of moral and sentimental damages, the wiser is of the opinion that in the later years of our lives this republic would be a turbulent place to live in.

In the new civil code, one can recover not only material damages for violating his or her rights, but also moral damages. These particular provisions of law are a very interesting subject of debate. And truly it shall give rise to many litigations in court, which will undoubtedly benefit the lawyers and prejudice the clients' pocket.

The value of one's moral damage caused is of another vital importance. It will only lead us to believe the incongruous measure of one's feeling in matters of pecuniary liability.

To substantiate my points, permit me to cite to you Articles 47 "XXXX sentimental" value shall be duly appreciated" and 2197 which provides: "Damages maybe:

1. Actual or compensatory;
2. MORAL
3. Nominal
4. Temperate or moderate;
5. Liquidated
6. Exemplary or corrective

Generally damages are classified as either *DANO EMERGENTE* or *LUCRO CESANTI*. The former refers to damages directly committed to another. The latter refers to consequential damages inflicted on one by the fault or negligence of the other. In the former classification, one may well understand its meaning by this illustration. When Maria hits Juan on the head with a rolling pin, then that is direct (hit) damage. But

if Juan on the other hand sold Mary's lipstick without her consent — that is consequential damage. In both cases, moral or sentimental damages can be claimed by either.

Concomitantly, when "woolves" whistle at a good-looking girl, who feels embarrassed they can be prosecuted under "Art. 694. Nuisance is an act, omission, establishment, business, condition or property, or anything else which:

- (1) Injures or endangers the health or safety of others;
- (2) ANNOYS OR OFFENDS THE SENSES

Of course this law does not only protect girls whose looks are soothing to the sense of sight. Even those whom mothers could only love are entitled to such right.

Similarly if you are one who habitually gets sterilized in alcohol and disturbs the private life of your neighbor, you can be prosecuted under Article 26, which provides among others, XXXXX (2) Meddling with or disturbing the private life or family relations of another" XXXXX. Likewise in subsection (1) of the said article, "Prying into the privacy of another's residence", you can not escape damages for injury caused upon your friend or neighbor. This case is substantially if not decisively true to people who for disregard of good morals and decency, seek happiness at the annoyance of another.

It stands therefore to good sense of virtue that man's personality and right to live within the limits of the law shall be respected and exalted.

Nevertheless the point involved here is not on how much have we to beware, be cautious of or how far can we get away from the law. But it is of great concern that the value of one's loss or injury in terms of sentiments or sentimentalities is immeasurable in the language of pesos or centavos. It is noteworthy that these infringements on other's rights do not necessarily have to be criminally intended. It suffices that there is actual or consequential damage caused.

It shall not be only a matter of  
(Cont. on page 13)

# In the KNOW-WHO

by Sally Valente

"Practice makes perfect" so the old saying goes, so I have to keep my tongue (or should I say my pen?) moving to keep rust away. And what's a better exercise than introducing that "girl in my right" or the "boy in the white T-shirt". Anyway, it's good to be in the know-who always, but especially when you have to sell "Macbeth" tickets like Linda Cinco and Estela Masias. A little birdie told me that the latter has a little may beaus she has them in a string since they're too many to wind around her little finger. My theory is she has a built-in magnet (though she may not be aware of it) that attracts. Take it from me, Linda Cinco is such a high-pressure saleswoman she's sold tickets to Leandro Alasas. This guy, mind you, has a one foot thick sales resistance, huh Landing?

Speaking of resistance, hey, can you resist the oh-my-gosh tresses of Tita Valencia? I'll say her hair is a regular mantrap because many a man's heart had been entangled between its waves. But don't get the idea that only long hairs can trap a man's heart, for all you know under Corazon Veloso's bangs there's a man, and under Zoraida Solano's chic hair-do is a man's broken heart!

Sometime ago, a girl asked how I picture a man's man. That \$64-question simply got me stuck. Suppose I ask you how you picture a man's man. Shall he be that of the oh-so-tall-and-oh-so-fair type answered by Adrian Meciano, the rave-man that keeps the campus gaga, or that tall-and-curly type like Tomasito Reyes. How about that cool-and-collected Nap Rama or the inimitable writer of a Vicente Lim or would you say, a terrific crooner like Salvador Petilos? I know opinions clash but from where I sit, I bet dollars to doughnuts, the timid clammy kind is certainly not a girl's idea of a man's man. So boys, if you think you're as shy as Li'l Abner or Mickey Mouse, you can assure yourself of a long life of a dateless single blessedness! So wake up, Sleeping Beauties, and come out of your shell to join the merry mix-up of college life.

Now that our honest to goodness scholar Frederick Kreckenbeek is making a go of his gray matter in Harvard, I think somebody is avidly gulping knowledge in his stead. That somebody is a she and that she is no other than Pat Kreckenbeek who has pulled out all stops in her do-or-die determination to learn. Take it easy Pat, put on the brakes! One genius is more than enough in the family.

Hey, what have we here! Why it's Norma Labalan, Remedios Castelo, and Paking Estanislao! These three are as thick as thieves, whom you'll find in the roof garden not later than 5:30, mind you. It reminds me that that drugstore's refreshment parlor down stairs will find its cash register riding high if it spreads a wing in the pavilion in the roof garden. What with the long flights of stairs, a "pause that refreshes" is really Coca-cola or any other cool drinks. I knew someone who wouldn't care for cool drinks (I mean really cold) in the roof garden, in the first floor or anywhere. The nine days wonder is Laura Guillen. She doesn't care for anything ice-cold (I wonder how she'll take a cold shoulder — br-r-r). Just give her a regular not-cold (how shall I say it) drink. Mr. and Miss in-charge-of-the-counter, please note. So far I admire myself (By this time Vicente Asuncion will be wondering if I still have a grandmother. This feller's idea of a grandmother is a creature whose sole reason for existence is to sing praises to their grandchildren. Well, wise guy, I've a grandmother still but I only want to help old folks in performing unpleasant tasks, you see.) I admire myself for being a healthy normal Filipina who drinks refreshments cold. (To me, it's a real sign of normalcy.) Enough of cold talks, I'm getting cold!

Let's peek into the typing room and see who's pecking on the typewriters. Hey, what in tarnation is this? The busybodies are typing to the accompaniment of a tune. It's just like these people, they do things for a song! Who's that there in the corner as happy as the high man on the totem pole? Oh, it's that glamorous puss Darling Rose Peña with the whistle-bait figure and the wah-wow hair-do. Those two mestizas typing with great gusto in the front are the Young sisters (Lillian and Marilyn) who look good enough to eat, yum, yum! These sisters are really a barrel of unadulterated pure fun. Un-

## HOW MUCH ARE...

(Cont. from page 12)

"parole evidence" or "presumptions" as to how the injury was felt but how much can that injury be worth. In the illustrative cases cited, John's pain on the head can not be valued in terms of pesos. Maria's tears for the loss of her lipstick cannot be measured by the gantas either.

In like manner, Miss so and so's embarrassment is beyond any judge's comprehension. Even if I should suggest a machine invented to evaluate feelings, that would be a faint solution to this problem. Along this regard, human as judges are, they will give way for their personal experiences in producing H<sub>2</sub>O out of their tear glands. And if Miss So and so will be a better looking girl than those ordinarily, Mr. Judge will give way to his sense of appreciation, behind the eighth ball.

Neither can nuisance be measured by pounds per square inch. For if so, that will be discouraging news to "Bourbon-addicts" etc...

Indeed and in truth, my unauthorized analysis of these matters of law cannot conceive of any sensible and JUST means to overcome obscurity in the practical legal application. No one can say that tears cost so much in Europe and so much in America. Judges and clients will be at constant loggerheads longer than it took the code committee to formulate this new Civil Code. There is only one most competent judge to one's feelings. And that is the person afflicted. But if the court shall take cognizance of that person's judgment, in no time many will "enrich themselves at the expense of another".

m-m-m! Lilia Climaco is also with the typing squadron. Don't know her? She's that sweater-filler in the loveliest sweater you can imagine. Don't think because she wears sweaters she's so cold, butter won't melt in her mouth. Brother, wait 'til she gives with her warm smiles, these will be so warm they can melt an iceberg as big as a house. I wonder if Viol Sagun is also enlisted in this squadron. P-s-st, she's in the night classes. What's wrong with day classes, Viol?

There are lots more who should be the subject of this gabfest but let's store that for next practice. Toodle-doo folks...

## FOXES AT YARROW



Dear Herb:—

*This is the tale of four merry, mellow gents and five gay maids who went off to a beach resort after the Commerce shindig weeks ago. Yap, it was a jolly party, all right. They went in two cars and tore around the deserted, empty, lonely road one evening. It was a pretty spree. There was youth, eager and pleasure-seeking; there was time, fast running out (Mama's deadline, ya know); there was friendship, one newly met; there was a breeze, cool, soft, fresh, fanning. I forgot if there was a moon but I remember there was soft music and softer lights (some day I'm going to take up electricity and further enhance its amazing tendency to promote romance). So what do you expect? The movies couldn't have done any better! It was one of the pleasant things that don't fade fast. Unsentimental yet touching... unexpensive yet successful... unrehearsed yet vastly satisfying. It was part of growing up, of learning about young society and companionship, of being free from books and cares for a while and basking in the happiness and contentment of a pleasant get-together. Herb, it was what you'd call out of this world. It made me wish every hop or ball ended the same way. It was the found weekend!*

*I suppose every jam session provides the same feeling, every night clubber feels the same way. But the frequency would spoil it. It's only when you seldom go on such a spree that you feel its richness, its splendor, the exhilaration it imparts, the... oh brother, I'm running out of words!*

*Anyway, Herbie, who wouldn't find fun in any party? Even so-called wall flowers serve to decorate a blank wall, eh. But what with the ingredients of a jam session, junior prom, military ball, and barn dance mixed together in one outing—any one would be a drip if he didn't find fun in such a binge.*

*Did you ever dance out in the open air with the best sea breezes that ever fanned your sallow cheeks blowing in from the beach? Of course it might spoil your and milady's hairdo, but when a crew cut and a shingle go together... brother, the gale can go fifty mph for all you care. Anyhow, sitting alone in a cold iron seat can be pretty freezing. You feel your spine getting cold and you get cramps in the marrow of your bones. But that's only for the man in the moon.*

*If you're not so much of a punk and don't want to be a jerk, round up some of your chums there, go to a country club... and you'll live the story of THE FOXES AT YARROW.*

As usual,

Alex.

## SANITY'S LAST STAND...

(Cont. from page 7)

*music, love for books, pencils, ink, pens, schools — school always schols.*

Love — a cane to a blind man — always ahead, always watching. But love is blind, though it has something better than the eyes to guide it. The faith, that is born with it could cross a world and never tire—the inspiration that emanates is strength and determination.

Love — so big and surpassing — it has a thousand eyes and a thousand tongues. In everything, in any form of anything it takes a hand. Nations and empires are not big enough to be its match — even life itself leans on it. What the mind cannot defeat, the heart battles and conquers — not too great, nothing formidable. For when life, the universe, time, when all is here. All whose presence you feel and believe when all comes to an end — when nothing, not even existence exist — love will still be here. Not as an existence, not matter, not force, emotion or feeling, but as love as it is. Immaterial, insensible, uncomprehensible, without life, without meaning, without purpose — it will be here in its rawest form — untouched and undeveloped by man.

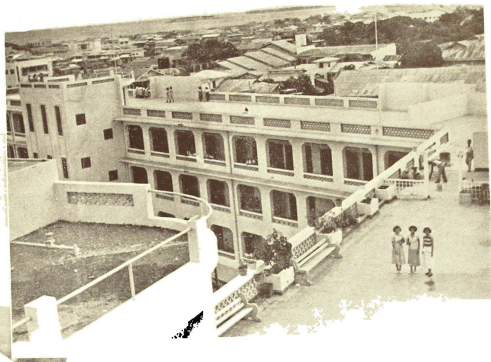
Undeveloped by man's evil mind. What is mind but a contraption to get a result that is already there. Just like fire. Always hot — never cold — never sweet — always hot—always hot, monotonously hot. Man is stupid to rely on such foolish machine — man is insane and thoughtless. How could we bear to bear sons but stupid something inside his head to guide him, to teach him — So he could judge for his well being.

Why could we be more sensible and sane? Why don't we stop everything for betterment?

Stop breathing, stop thinking, stop feeling, stop time, stop dreams, stop love — stop the pelting of water, the warmth of the sun. Stop here, stop there, stop everywhere.

Stop this infernal sound that is racking my brain so — Stop this pain, this painful pain, this painfully painful pain, this painful pain, painfully painful pain. Stop this mumble and jumble of words, this rignarole of endless carousel—Stop this colors, colors, millions, Stop. Stop this painfully-painful pain.

Home Economics students Dolores Ramas and Crescencia Paye relax on the 5th floor after the cooking sessions.



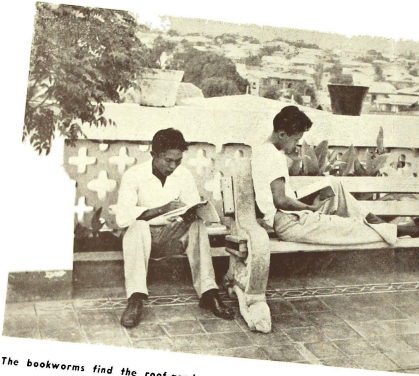
Free from dust, noise and professors, the roof-garden is a favorite retreat for the students.



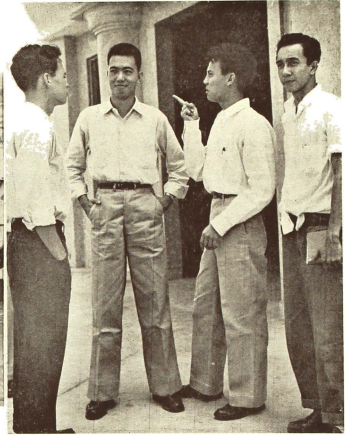
But Coeds Thelma Cervantes and Mila Zayas would rather read the college mag THE CAROLINIAN than scan the city's view.



The bright smiles come from the Education Department. L. to R. Remy Castelo, Priscilla Dossos, Nellie Patalluhug, Emma Balaris, and Gloria Aleonar.



The bookworms find the roof-garden atmosphere conducive to study. Background: Cebu City's rooftops.



"This is how we licked 'em". Paoh Cui explains the USC razzle-dazzle brand of play to skeptics R. Espino, J. Vestfil, and C. Alvarez.

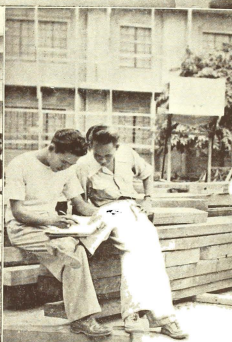
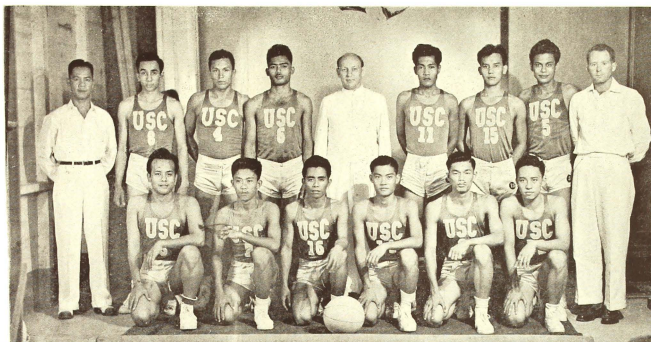
Commerciantes settle down for some serious discussion about business and beautiful girls. In the picture: Manuel Galan, Jose Espino, Antonio Mendezona, Conrado Manawafao and Felizardo Ople.



You know, the law profs mean business this time. Lawyites Belarmino and Neel have no time for hooky.

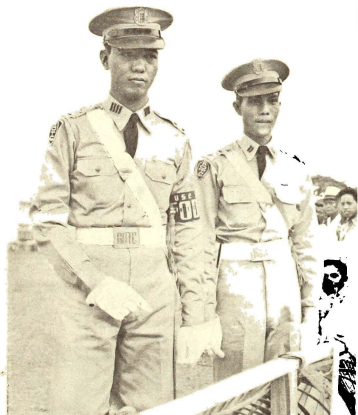


USC Basketball Varsity is regarded by the sports swamis and near-swamis as the team to beat this year. Coach Raymond Johnson is the team's spark plug. L. to R.: (standing) M. Baring, asst. coach, C. Alvarez, J. Espeleta, A. Salgado, Rev. L. Dunzel, athletics director, F. Arche, J. Cui, J. O'keefe, R. Johnson, coach. Kneeling: A. Bas, captain, R. Morales, R. Jakosalem, T. Echivarre, D. Tan, R. Salazar.

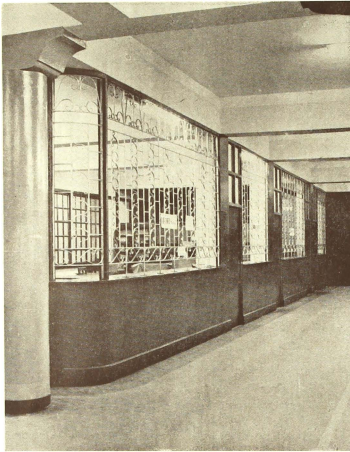


At the Sponsors' Presentation ceremony. Guests are (L. to R.): Rev. Jorge Krieger, Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld, Rev. Lawrence W. Bunzel, Rev. Fr. Rector Albert van Ganswinkel.

As usual, the cramming before the exams.

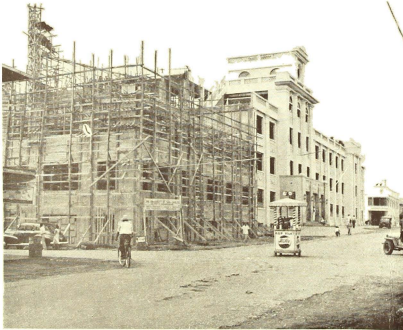


Cadet officers Rene Espina and ROTC PRO Albert Morales at the parade and review for the sponsors.



The Registrar's office at the lobby.

Staff sponsors and Cadet officers take a snack after the parade and review. In the picture are Sponsors Luz Adolfo, Lilia Dorotheo, Nimia Dorotheo, corps sponsor, Jane Pareja, Bernardita Bollozas. Standing: Cdt Officers C. Jamiro, J. Vestil, C. Bungalos, corps commander, Fortuna, E. Cabilla.



With the new wing, USC Main Building covers the whole block at P. del Rosario St.



This is the cashier's office.



Natura non facit saltum — neither do time and incidents. So, right now we're up to our aching neck in news we don't know where to begin.

Let's take the mirabile dictu on the first serve. We've with us a new commandant added to our roll of distinction. We seem to be always at the receiving end of silver-platter honors. How did we earn such privileges? You guessed it — it's the same USC ROTC Corps, worth nothing but the best. Want to bet?

We proudly present Major Victor M. Juan, FA, who says: "I am glad to be assigned with this unit," and we welcome you. Sir, with equal pleasure. Throughout his thirteen or so years of his forty-one, he has done up an open book-full behind him where his achievements in the service of the army are lettered in gold. Unfortunately on account of space here, we shall have to content ourselves with just a few outstanding pages.

He started his military grind back in 1937 where he was a student officer at Camp Henry T. Allen, Bacuio. In no more than four years he broke the tape as 1st lieutenant after a series of commendable service. While a Battery Commander of the 4th Provisional Battalion, 2nd FA Regiment, the war rigors caught him on the red and he met his tryst with the Death Marchers. He wasn't licked here. Not even in the Capas Concentration Camp.

Liberation found him a guerrilla officer in Pampanga. Then the army put him on the wheel again as FA instructor at different ROTC units. In 1949, he got the double silver bar as captain. Barely a year later after sitting as ROTC commandant at the Philippine School of Arts and

Trades, Manila, he earned the rank of Major and that's how we addressed him when first he stepped into USC with a promise glowing in his eyes.

And now this corps is pretty much alive with these new assignees. I mean "these" because although the other is a USC local boy, he looks grandly new to us. Say, have you met that young, lucky pal, constantly well-groomed in his five feet, six or seven stand above sea level? I mean that bright gentleman whom Uncle Sam just returned to us after ten solid months at the Army Officers' School, Fort Riley, Kansas, USA? Well, his name just got painted over the title "Duckest Butt" (shortest) according to the annual that school published.

"That's a namester's prank", he says. "Those Americans have a high regard for Filipinos." That's 2nd Lt. Eduardo Javelosa, S-3, speaking to you from experience. Remember him? He was the USC Corps Commander in 1949. And very well-chosen he was, seeing to the army footing he has planted since 1943 when he served under Col. Fertig's puerilla in Mindanao. By the way, he's with us in place of Lt. Villarsosa who's going to be assigned to some other institution. So we take this occasion to be a hello to one and goodbye to another of two great friends of USC. Well, that's the army.

Speaking about the army, this corps gave a feed to expectant eyes last September 24 when the dry grasses at the Normal School parade grounds forced out their green hues to the light tread of the array of USC's choicest lady-fairs who kindly obliged



Major VICTOR M. JUAN, FA  
For ROTC, a New Commandant

with their presence at the parade and review presented in their honor.

Then and there, by order of the commandant, the unit sponsors were commissioned in accordance with ranks of the officers representing their units; and in consideration of which a special ceremony was undertaken where their insignias were pinned on them by the officers concerned. All these done amid the curious stare of a couple of thousand spectators and a so-so number of busily clicking cameras.

Herewith are they — the sponsors:

#### Regimental Staff

Corps: Miss Nimia Dorotheo, Corps Ex-O: Miss Jane Pareja, Cops Adj.: Miss Luz Adolfo, Corps S-2 & S-3: Miss Rosario Buenconsejo, Corps S-4: Miss Bernardita Bellozo.

#### First Battalion

CO: Miss Carolina Cabrera, Ex-O: Miss Isobel Martin, Adj.: Miss Paulina Lavarez, "A" Co.: Miss Pacita Sepulveda. "B" Co.: Miss Luz Alfaro, "C" Co.: Miss Lilia Dorotheo,

#### Second Battalion

CO: Miss Estela Macias, Ex-O: Miss Nancy Damalerio, Adj. Miss Ramona Vivera, "E" Co.: Miss Andrea Pasco, "F" Co.: Miss Julia Ramon.

#### Third Battalion

CO: Miss Carolina Orbe Ex-O: Miss Luzminda Morales, Adj.: Miss Maria Luisa Limbo, "G" Co.: Miss Amelia Vergara, "I" Co.: Miss Maria Quiñones.

(Cont. on page 23)

## ALUMNOTES

By NILLO  
College of Commerce

Special mention goes to the alumni of the month—Dr. Jesus Enad. He placed second in the last board examination for Medicine. An out-and-out Carolinian, Jess schooled at USC since the grade years up to his premed days inclusive. We still remember him during the intern days. We were of course in short pants, exhibiting our Grable legs. Jess used to take active parts in the college intramurals and is a contemporary of Rudy Escalante, Manoling Mulet, et al, during those intern days under Fr. Edwards. Congratulations, Jess.

We'd like to mention a great decision of an alumnus, Gloria Ramirez (Commerce '49 Magna Cum Laude). She has renounced the world to join the Maryknoll Sisters in Manila. She took the CPA exams last June.

September 18 marks a milestone of a prewar Carolinian who has left for the Great Beyond. Yes, we remember Manuel (Lito) Corominas. He belongs to H.S. '41. Friends and schoolmates will remember his jolly company and his singing voice. He used to be a model Carolinian but during the war the Japs got him. May he rest in peace.

Hermie Villarica (H.S. Class '40 Valedictorian) is now connected with one of the local banks. He finished his BSC majoring in Accounting... Cheling Garcia (H.S. Class '46) recently middle-aged still with Rosemarie Espina at a fashionable wedding... Manuel (Nonoy) Camacho (H.S. Class '46) is now a full-fledged aviator, a childhood dream realized. He is at present an instructor at the PAF... We'd like to hear about the Locsin Clan, who used to be a head-ache of Fr. Edwards when he was the Prefect of Interns.

Among those who are abroad are Eddie, Ernie and Josephine Aboitiz, Baldwin Yu (who is at Loyola Univ.) William Panglinan, Ranulfo Javelosa, Alpuerto brothers, Pepito Moras, Vity Bacalso, Yuy Tengsu brothers and many others... we've heard that Gaspar Cruz and Pedro Jarque are now working in the rich

(Cont. on page 21)

# The Current Social Cancer

*Civic indifference is eating away at the vitals of Democracy*

Once upon a time, Jose Rizal wrote about a cancer which infested Philippine social life. We read about it in his celebrated and immortal book, the "Noli Me Tangere". Its violent effects went to a head in the Philippine Revolution of the last century. But thanks to the advent of the Americans with educational and social reforms effecting a democratic way of life, the cancer which Rizal wrote about was checked and destroyed.

Rizal was a born reformer, and if he were alive today, he would have written about another disease in our civic character much akin to the cancer he wanted destroyed in the past. This new cancer has reared its head within the few years following the last war. In his characteristically barb-edged wit and logical effusions, he would have come out to the fore and championed the cause of checking and destroying our present vicious cancer. It is disheartening to note that even if our cancer feeds on our democratic way of life, it does not seek to exult it but tries to destroy it. The more it grows, the more it saps the vitality of our freedoms. The matchless patriotism of Rizal could never have allowed it to grow into such serious proportions as would endanger our rights as a free people in a free country.

But what is this, our current social cancer? It is no other than CIVIC INDIFFERENCE. It constitutes in the callous attitude of turning deaf ears and blind eyes to things and affairs which ought to concern every citizen of our country worthy of the name. It is the ignoring and overlooking, willful or otherwise, of one's duties and responsibilities and rights as a citizen, that discourag-

By LEO BELLO

ing lack of civic-consciousness. It also constitutes in that notorious want of concern for the activities of our government in carrying out its supreme duty and responsibility to promote the public welfare and the common good. These and many others which have grossly corrupted the civic character of the Filipino citizen constitute our present social cancer.

This Civic Indifference has been caused, generally speaking in our rapidly dwindling sense of moral values. That is so, because morality and religion are sometimes ignored as inflexible norms in guiding our daily activities. So much so that our public opinion have shown signs of becoming perverted. Thus we often hear remarks bluntly spoken on the question of a proven dishonesty of a public official, "If I were him, I would do the same thing." Others would say, "I don't care how he runs his office, provided I am not bothered in my pursuit of a livelihood," as if our country and our government are not the prime concerns of every citizen.

And complicating the ailment further, selfishness has come into the picture. Our once much-vaunted love of country and selfless attitude of co-operation and enthusiasm on civic matters have given way to extreme love of self and the shames greed for power and personal aggrandizement. To the extent that some feel no compunctions in losing honor and their good name in exchange for ill-gotten gains to feather their nests with. And the poor citizen who fears repercussions and political persecutions if he raises a cry against what has been committed, folds his arms and keeps mum about it and the sorry state of things which should have been every citizen's deep concern.

But in some cases, plain stupidity and simple ignorance of citizens' rights and privileges in a democratic country such as we have, are usually rampant causes of Civic Indifference. If we know our rights we still have that ridiculous tendency of never attempting to exert them, even if they are granted us by our Constitution and laws to protect us. Some of us are still grossly misinformed as to the duties and responsibilities of our government to promote the common good, and the right of every citizen to raise a cry whenever that government does not perform such obligations. And yet,

(Cont. on page 23)

## PASSING THRU..

(Cont. from page 10)

cuses... here's what I still remember from that part of his speech, "... and then his grandmother died again!" A boy in his class probably missed a lot of classes, and when called upon for an excuse maybe he said he went to his grandmother's funeral after saying that same line on a previous absence. So beware, fellow-truants! I'd always keep a duplicate of my excuse if I were you, so I won't pull a boner when it comes to dishing out another "Please excuse me for being... etc."

**ACOUSTIC EXTRAORDINARY.** — One of our instructors, while lecturing, tears ahead at ear-drum-breaking pace. Nothing has, is, and can be done about that... so let's can it. But what gets our goat is her (yes, it's a teacher) stoic, dogged persistence to go on yakata-ing even when a passing car downstairs is blowing its horn full blast. She seems to delight in running a contest of audibility with the car horn downstairs. We in the seats are the Judges. And when we ask her to repeat what she said... or should I say mumbled... she turns on her prize hundred-volt glare and blithely disregards the request.

What do we need now—hearing aids?

### PREVENTIVE MEASURE...

Now I know why the ban on the carrying of firearms inside the school. Some desperate studs might punctuate a prof's semi-automatic, air-cooled, tongue-fed lecture with buckshot.

### ALUMNOTES...

(Cont. from page 20)

lands of Mindanao... Juan Garriga, one of the first editors of the CAROLINIAN is still around and is a prosperous businessman. Mary Moran was recently elected president of the Cebu unit of the Ylao. Nena Gonzalez, onetime corps sponsor is now in the antipodes honeymooning with hubby Atty. Enrique Belo... Elias Peñano (Commerce '47) who, until recently was an instructor in the college of Commerce, will be promoted as Cashier in the Dumaguete branch of the PNB.

This department will welcome news about other alumni. Write us c/o The Carolinian. Your schoolmates will be glad to hear about you.

# Varsity Round-Up

with nits salazar

## THE NEW TEAM, NEW COACH, NEW TECHNIQUE THAT PULLED THE CCAA SEASON'S BIGGEST SURPRISE

Barely three months ago Coach Johnson began hammering us on these rugged USC basketball courts with his basketball intricacies. At first it was a tough job for us to absorb all what he wants, nevertheless, we made it little by little in our daily routine of sweating for more than an hour except Sundays.

It is but a matter of interest and patience that make up the essence of molded success; if not totally, partially. Before he came to coach us we were perfectly like a bunch of turkeys running all around, as what he often brands us. His untiring efforts to impart to everybody his unselfish motive of winning a game thru perfect team play is shown by his initiative in making the boys learn. Gradually we gained interest and understanding with him. We understood his procedures and tried with our utmost abilities to diminish his NOs and DONT's. It is rather hard to explain how he and Mr. Barrio, our assistant coach, paved the way to save USC's reputation from the outside as a weak team. However there must be one explanation; that is: Labor, Interest and Patience.

Introducing to you some of our boys, there's Joe Espeleta, an old Carolinian, who played for Letran College the previous seasons. He is one of our bulwarks paired with Jimmy Bas who above all is our most valuable mate and Captain, too. There's Rudy "Koslem" Jakosalem and Roy Morales who are barely five three in height, yet they are first stringers as well as sensations in this team. There's Tan, Alvarez, Arche, Espina and Echivarre who were elevated

from the high school ranks. Jerry O'keefe and Bab... Salgado are our reliable pivot men, and there's Poch Cui, too.

Last Sept. 10 we made our debut against our first hot assignment, the USP Panthers. We were lucky to outplay them and win with a close margin with the score of 50-48. Murales was our best pointer by garnering 13 points. Then we played CIT on Sept. 17, pinning them down to the tune of 50-36. They gave us a hot resistance but they were just unlick'ly to be outplayed. Ruly "Koslem" was highest pointer. This came the most awaited event of this season the clash against the SWC Commandos, the stiffest group for the Carolinians to beat. It was truly a rugged game. It was a tug o'war was to who's who in the CCAA. The gym was packed to the rafters with cheering Carolinians. No one could afford to wink as our boys fought to gain the most coveted honor for USC in the sports world. By splendid teamwork we overcame the Commandos by leading throughout the last three quarters and tying at the first. The final score marked 43-35 with our boys taking the laurels. Four of our boys namely. Tan Alvarez, Morales, and Espeleta, stepped out of court for four personal fouls. Joe made 16 points, and practically controlled the rebounds. Our next assignment is the UV five, then we will tackle CSJ; after that will be the end of the first round. In the second round we have to play the same teams but we have more chances than any one of them to hit Manila to represent CCAA and, above all, San Carlos.

# What is the Catholic Church?

by *Marcelo M. Bacalso*

The authenticity and indestructibility of the Catholic Church are truths which have attained the colossal proportions in the annals of mankind.

Many people falsely contend that the Catholic Church is not the true Church founded by Christ; that it has erroneously followed the precepts of the Divine Master, and has adopted beliefs unsupported by Holy Scripture. Such people are what we may call Bible Christians or Protestants.

The true Church must be historically traceable to the Apostles and to Christ, the Divine Founder, because apostolity is one of her essential characteristics. No religious organization can be called apostolic, if after its supposed foundation by Christ, it has failed to exist always. The Catholic Church is the only Church that can rightfully claim an uninterrupted connection with Christ and His apostles. Consequently, She is the only true Church.

The true Church must be indestructible. (Mat. 16:18). By indestructibility we mean that in virtue of God's will that Church shall exist till the end of time. With the guidance of the Holy Ghost, it will unceasingly manifest the light of truth. (John 16:13), and will remain enduringly potent to dominate morally the countries of the world. Can there be another Church to which these facts can be lawfully attributed?

The first head of the Catholic Church was Peter, the apostle designated by our Lord to rule over Christian countries. "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Christ intended to establish His Church on a firm and secure foundation (Rock) which could never be torn to pieces

or brought to destruction. "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." (Mat. 16:18-19). By those words our Lord promised the spiritual supremacy to St. Peter, a supremacy which took effect the third time that Jesus appeared in glorious form to His disciples. On that occasion our Lord told Peter, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." (John 21:15-17) Here Christ fulfilled that promise by charging him with the superintendency of all His sheep without exception, and consequently of His whole flock, that is His own Church. After having preached in Jerusalem, St. Peter went to Antioch and from thence proceeded to the great city of Rome. With utter disregard for the safety of his life he braved the perils of the religious persecution waged against the Christians in the Eternal City; he preached the gospel and later succeeded in converting the people to the new religion. Under the injunction of Nero, the Roman Emperor and persecutor of Christians, he died a martyr's death in the year A. D. 67. Eusebius Pamphili, the Father of the Church history, tells us that St. Peter suffered and was crucified on the Vatican hill. Doubtless, therefore, Peter was as bishop of that city and supreme head of the Church. History tells us that there has been an uninterrupted succession of bishops of Rome since the time of Peter. The two hundred and sixty-two Roman pontiffs, from the present Pope, Pius XII, back to St. Peter, have been always considered the supreme heads of the Church. These are historical facts—living truths which can never be gainsaid without falsifying important events in history. Therefore the Church of St. Peter and his legitimate successors is the true Church, and this is none

other than the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church.

The Catholic Church from the remarkable day of its foundation has suffered many persecutions. Since the time of Peter in Rome till the fourth century the Roman emperors had atrociously persecuted and attempted to plunder the Church. During those days paganism existed as something very vital to the empire. The emperors, therefore, purposed to blot the Church from the face of the earth. But did the Church perish?

Never did the Church suffer death! Never did it become lost or extinct in any manner! Notwithstanding the severe austerity of heathenism, notwithstanding the brutal fierceness of persecution and chaotic controversies, the Church's ministers (successors of Peter) braved the perils, attacking paganism with the weapons of intellect and ultimately succeeded in converting the pagans themselves to Christianity.

In 1517 when Martin Luther, an Augustinian friar, rose against the Church and when a vast number of people were deluded to embrace Protestantism, a popular belief seemed to put the world off balance—that the Church would be effaced from the earth. Has that belief been confirmed by reality? Did the Church perish?

Never did it perish or become lost in any manner. On the contrary, in the midst of that religious crisis, the Church with persistent efforts fought against the heretics, triumphed over their spurious doctrines and was able to redeem many of the "Lost Lambs of Christ." Thus the fulfillment of our Lord's prophesy was realized.

The Church has firmly and victoriously withstood heresy. Nowadays there are more or less 250 classes of Protestantism conflicting with one another in doctrine, and each attacking the Catholic Church with intention of subjugating it.

But the Church founded on the Rock being the true Church of God has been continuously strengthened and endowed with heavenly graces and under the guidance of the Holy Ghost will endure forever, for the Divine Master had firmly promised that "even the gates of hell can not prevail against it."

# Dedicated to You

by Jose L. Narvios



Somewhere along the line of life's philosophies, maxims, adages, sayings, alibis or whathaveyou, you'll come across a comforting morale-lifter which runs like this, "If you are defective in one thing, you can make up for it by excelling in another; if you are deficient in one thing, you are good in some other thing." Which gives me an idea that after all I don't have to... take an overdose of sleeping pills or turn on the gas simply because I'm not Farley Granger. Or if I got a lousy 5 in Math 1 maybe I deserved that 1.5 in English 3 after all. My slightly dented mentality figures out that while I may not get to be a mathematical wizard maybe I could get to be a power of the pen. Me, a writer! A critic of mine added: "A writer of corny dopes and schmaltz philippics." True. I hasten to agree!

Maybe I should have kicked myself in the behind instead of patting myself on the back when, years ago, they made me editor of our high school mag. That elevation only gave me the idea that I could write. I got some boosts, too. Some friends root-

ed for me. Everything seemed pleasant and rosy. The writing bug not only bit me but extracted whole chunks off me... until I was involved in the eternal struggle of beating deadlines and searching an empty brain for something — anything, they said — to say and put on paper. Just so the empty spaces wouldn't be too conspicuous, why didn't they say. It would have averted the catastrophe in my gray matter and prevented the hallucination that I can write. When high school was over and I loafed in college, the first edition of the college mag ran all three articles I forgot I had. As usual, it was pleasing (to myself, of course, drat it). Some friends smiled at me and muttered about *style* — what the heck, I really don't know I wrote in some certain "style" which seemed to please some few readers. It went too far when, talking with one of the Fathers here, he abruptly demanded, "Why don't you take up Journalism?" Something must really be loose, I said, and it couldn't be my nut. Is musn't be. And yet I continued with the farce. I began to want to produce something really Big. An eye-opener. A composition that'd boost my self-respect and aerate my ego. The more I desired the illusion, the more perplexed I got. I got fed up with the pulp and pap I created. So I wanted to get the heck out of it all. During the summer term I decided that I have published the last of my stuff.

But one afternoon, our good Dean told me to remain after class and see him. It turned out he wanted my Herbie series continued, and for me to submit the next lines for the current issue was then being prepared. Astounded, there wasn't anything short of a refusal I could muster. Then the boss of the mag told me to run a regular column. Inside I was screaming. What have I done to deserve all this! So now I can expect a bi monthly headache when each deadline hovers near like Da-mocles' sword. What's in for me? Yeah, what's in it for me besides seeing my name in print? Would it push me through College? Would it gain me some kind of reputation (besides being noted for being an intrepid poor bum)? Would it win for me some talented, tolerant, broad-minded modern girl, maybe?

And so it goes. It seems as if in every issue of this mag some of you readers will have to suffer under my lines! I know of a friend who calls me a celebrated vendor of nonsense.

(Cont. on page 27)

## ROTC Hotter...

(Cont. from page 19)

### Fourth Battalion

CO: Miss Rufinita Remollo, Ex-O: Miss Corazon Veloso, Adj.: Miss Leticia Ocampo, "A" Btry: Miss Emma Garcia, "B" Btry: Miss Emma Reyes, "C" Btry: Miss Belem Beltran. "Sv." Btry: Miss Manuela Bardillon. Colors: Miss Cresenta Datoy, Band: Miss Remedios Gaerlan.

The following evening the USC Sword Fraternity tendered a Sponsors' Ball en grande at the school's social hall. Highlights were the speeches by the Rector, Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, SVD, and the commandant, Major Victor M. Juan, Jr. The guests and celebrants present thrilled and swooned to the voice of our guest artist, Jesus Conception.

All together the night was colorful, marvelous and successful.

You never can know how flattered we were when somebody important said, "Good work, boys."

## The Current...

(Cont. from page 20)

whether we are conscious of our rights or not, the fact still remains that some of us made them rusty with use. Our attitudes have not been militant towards how our public affairs are being run. We have been indolent and not enthusiastically watchful over things which are our moral right and duty to safeguard. Blame ourselves for our misdirected tolerance and degenerating passiveness, for all our disgusting and repulsive Civic Indifference.

Sad effects of our Civic Indifference have made themselves apparent during the last three years. They are too numerous to mention here. The newspapers are still lurid about them. Graft and corruption here and there. Because our Civic Indifference has encouraged the commission of more. Much delayed probes and investigations of allegedly erring public officials. Stifling of some of our civil liberties sometimes. To what extent?

Our one comfort lies in prayer. May God bless us by regenerating our civic character. And we have only one hope. The Filipino Youth. There ought to sprout a strong civic spirit in the rank and file of the young generation who have better

(Cont. on page 27)

**USC LAW MAGAZINE  
TAKES A BOW**

For the first time in the history of the USC College of Law, a law magazine is published to help the law students



agents get acquainted with recent judiciary decisions and vital legal questions.

The "USC Law Review" is a quarterly. It is being published on the initiative of Dean Fulvio Pelaez. A student editorial board takes charge of the editing job.

With the initial issue out, succeeding issues will be a matter of course. More articles by outstanding students and the members of the faculty of the College of Law are expected in the succeeding issues.

**USC ROTC UNIT TO  
PRESENT RADIO PLAY**

With a view to bringing the Army closer to the people, the III MA will sponsor a series of military programs to be aired over the local radio stations and to be participated in by the different ROTC units in the city.

The USC ROTC Department will present a radio play during the latter part of this month. Directed and scripted by Cdt. Capt. Jesus Vestil, the play, "Your Army and Mine", weaves around the dogged, adventurous, exciting but lonely life of a soldier.

The following compose the cast: Narrator, Miss Nimia Dorotheo; "Bazzy", Cdt Lt. Col. Rene Espina; Lecturer, Cdt Capt. Alberto Morales; "Nick", Cdt Major Cesar Jamiro; Vocalists, Cdt. Lt. Col. Celso Macachor, Danny Holganza; Declaimer, Miss Rosario Dorotheo.

**PGF G-2 RECENT USC VISITOR**  
Col. Manuel T. Flores, G-2 of the Philippine Ground Forces recently visited USC. He was on an inspection trip of PGF units when he found occasion to pay USC a short visit for sentimental reasons.

The recent visitor was the first ROTC Commandant of the then San Carlos College. He was Commandant from 1937 to 1940 when he was then a First Lieutenant, and was responsible in giving our ROTC unit the high standard which it meticulously maintains through the years. From 1946 to 1948, he was ROTC Superin-

tendent for the whole Philippines. He was in Fort Bening, Georgia, for further military studies from 1948 to 1949. From 1949 up to the present he acts as PGF G-2.

The USC authorities tendered a dinner in honor of Col. Flores.

Col. Flores left in the afternoon for Manila, but is expected to be back in a few weeks when he will have more time to pay USC a longer visit.

**EDUCATION DECLAMATION  
TILT SLATED**

Asst. Dean Ordoña of the College of Education has announced that the Fourth Annual Declamation Contest which is open to all USC students is scheduled to be held on October 22. It is under the auspices of the Education Senior Class Organization spark-plugged by its active President, Mr. Alberto Morales.

Fifteen contestants have already been registered with the College of Education and the College of Liberal Arts leading the field with four entrants each.

Six prizes are offered. Cebu Governor Manuel Cuenco has donated a gold medal for the first prize, with the second and third prizes of silver and bronze medals donated respectively by Cebu Div. Supt. Dr. Pedro Guiang and Cebu City Mayor Miguel Raffiñen. The fourth, fifth and sixth prizes are donated by Cebu Prov. Treasurer Pedro Elizalde, Prov. Fiscal Jose Borromeo, and Bank Manager Gonzalo Borromeo of the BPI Branch, respectively.

The panel of judges is composed of three headed by the Redemptorist Father Rector Luke Hartigan. The other two are Mr. Robert A. McKinnon of the Public Affairs Section of the US Embassy, and USC's Rev. Fr. Edward Norton.

The Declamation Contest has been held annually for 3 years now. Previous winners were the Misses Grace Silao, Candida Mercader, and Florentina Borromeo. This year's contest will be hotly contested with the greater number of entrants vying for the much-coveted honor of USC Best Declaimer for 1956.

**USC LAW COLLEGE HOLDS  
WEEKLY SEMINAR**

Weekly Seminars conducted by the students of the College of Law are held Fridays from 6:30 to 7:30 in

the evening at the 3rd floor College of Law Social Hall. Each Seminar is conducted by a student who speaks about controversial points of law.

Law Dean Pelaez who initiated the weekly meeting supervises the affair. A Seminar is a meeting of students engaged in original research or discussion of school subjects, and in the law students' case, legal questions. Those who have already conducted the Seminar are Fernando de los Santos who spoke about Judicial Contempt, Pablo Garcia who dealt on Double Jeopardy, and Lazaro Jabonero who took up Legislative Contempt specially citing the Arnault Case.

Students from all classes will take turns in lecturing on legal issues every week. Dean Pelaez introduced the Seminar system to further polish the law students in the important art of public speaking and debate, besides acquainting the students with the current issues of law.

**USC DRAMATICS CLUB  
PRESENTS RADIO PLAY**

A radio play based on a booklet written by Rev. Fr. Daniel Lord, S. J., will be presented to the radio audience on Oct. 29 from 9:00 to 9:30 P.M. on the occasion of the Feast of "Christ the King".

The script is written by Atty. Mario Ortiz. Presentation of the play is under the auspices of the USC Dramatics Club with Dramatics Director Rev. Fr. Schonfeld directing.

Rosario Dorotheo as Procula, wife of Pilate, Napoleon Rama as Pilate lead the cast of ten student actors and actresses. Other cast members are Emilio Aller, Jess Vestil, Francisca Estanislao and Vicente Delfin.

**PRE-LAW HOLDS  
ACQUAINTANCE PARTY**

The USC roof garden was the scene of the inaugural affair of the pre-lawytes last October 15.

A very successful celebration, it was attended by Rev. Fr. Rector Albert van Ganswinkel, Vice-Rector Lawrence W. Bunzel, Liberal Arts Dean Luis E. Schonfeld, Rev. Fr. Philip van Engelen and Rev. Fr. Jorge Krieger.

The dance started 7:00 in the evening and ended 12:00. The music was furnished by Frankie Postero & his orchestra. The success of the affair was mostly due to the Pre Law hard-driving adviser, Mario Ortiz.



### CAGAYAN DE ORO TEAM TO PLAY WITH USC

The basketball team of Ateneo de Cagayan of Cagayan de Oro City, is expected in Cebu sometime in the first week of November. They will play with the USC Varsity Team at the Eladio Villa Memorial Gymnasium Friday, November 2nd.



### USC OPENS ARCHITECTURE NEXT SCHOOL YEAR

The news about the opening of the course in Architecture in July, 1951 was warmly received by the USC student population. Even our coed population has voiced their enthusiasm to take the new course when offered. Some outsiders are also intending to enroll as soon as it is offered in USC, according to information received by Dean Rodriguez, who is himself enthusiastic about the introduction of Architecture at USC's gradually expanding Engineering department.

### HI CLASS '41 REUNION SET ON DEC. 18

Plans are under way for a reunion of the High School Class of 1941 Colegio de San Carlos. The date will be December 18, 1950. For particulars, the members are enjoined to contact any of the following persons: Antonio Solon, the Class President; Paulo Equipilag, Secretary to the Reverend Father Rector, USC; Jose Pages, at the Pares Building; Bob Garcia, sales manager of DYRC-DYBU or Jaime Jemeno of the Crown Hotel.

Reverend Father Luis E. Schonfeld is adviser of the organization.

### LIB. ARTS INDUCTS OFFICERS

Students of the Liberal Arts (A. B.) held the induction of officers ceremonies at USC Social Hall last October 8. A nice program highlighted the occasion with the Rev. Father Rector as guest speaker for the evening. Also featured was an Arabian dance exhibition and "Rigodon de Honor" performed by members of the organization.

### US STATE DEPT SENDS CAROLINIAN T. MADAMBA TO WASHINGTON

Liberal Arts student Teodoro Madamba, currently Research & Evaluation Assistant of the United States Information Service (USIS) at Ce-



Mr. Teodoro Madamba  
Off To States

bu City, will leave for Manila early this week on the first leg of his trip to the United States under the auspices of the Department of State. Mr. Madamba expects to be in Washington, D.C. by the first week of November.

Madamba is one of the many local nationals employed at U.S. Information and Educational Exchange Program missions throughout the world who are being sent to the United States by the State Department for technical training. He will make intensive studies of the domestic aspects of the program with which they are concerned abroad.

While in the United States, Madamba will also undergo training in the techniques of research in, and evaluation of, the various informational media used by USIS. Visits to museums, industrial plants, universities and schools, historical places, libraries and private homes are also expected to occupy the time of Madamba and the other USIS employees during their orientation tour of duty.

The State Department selectee from Cebu was a reporter for the *Pioneer Press* from April 1946 until it ceased publication in November 1949. Madamba obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science in Commerce from the USC in November 1948. He was in his third year Liberal Arts at that same university when the telegram from Washington advising him of his selection arrived.

Madamba joined the USIS in December 1949 and, since that time, has been engaged in research and evaluation work aimed at gauging the effectiveness of USIS activities in the East Visayan area.

### SEOUL WAS BEAUTIFUL...

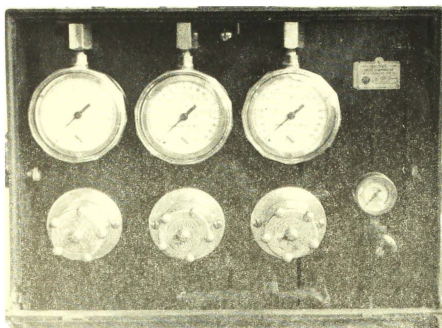
(Cont. from page 9)

pagodas, we were amused to see the great Buddha on the squat, brooding over his gargantuan belly. But wonderful! There were articles of worship we saw handily arranged inside the place which we could not understand. But we wondered over them, at their artistic beauty in their delicate carvings which showed a peculiarly oriental finesse. We were lost in our wonderment while amidst magically unusual surroundings; and when reality dawned back on us, we wondered further about our being found there. We thought then that we were inside a strange museum and were awed and entranced by a lot of mysterious things and influences which conjured queer feelings within us.

The Seoul public buildings sported an imposing grandeur of their own, what with their magic of an architectural blend of the oriental and occidental types. Their oriental look were evidently due to the native and Japanese influences. And these oriental values were most effectively toned down by occidental or modernistic touches. Most of these buildings have been built during the Japanese regime; and whatever were existing originally have been modified and enhanced into their present magnificence by the persistent and unprofitable skill of Nip artisans. Around or largely fronting these buildings mostly were well-planned concrete walks interspersed with stretches or strips of lawn and shrubberies. A lot of shade trees and well-trimmed hedges were thrown into the bargain giving the whole plan of the grounds a masterpiece of landscape gardening and artistic ingenuity. Thus the ivory-white magnificence of the buildings lorded over all those brightly like jewels set over an emerald background or greenish surroundings. The Seoul capitol building epitomized a lovely example of the kind of public buildings this city of one million souls, steeped with the art of the ages, adorned itself with.

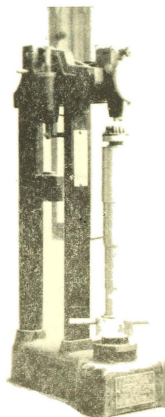
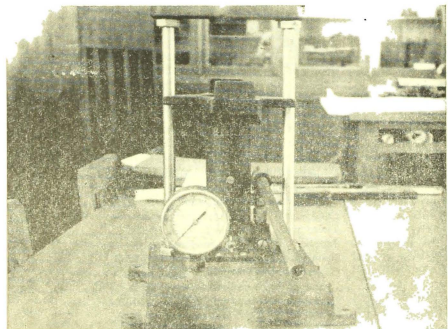
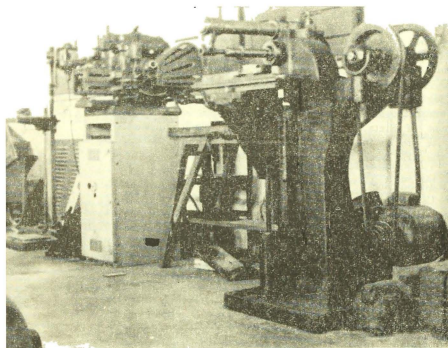
The residential houses were a conglomeration of oriental styles. There were negligible touches of the Japanese-introduced modernistic influences. The use of lawns, shrubberies and hedges with some shade trees and back-orchards were made to play on the surroundings marked by itched by concrete or pavement sidewalks. Usually, granite-carved steps led to their dwellings. The lo-

(Cont. on page 27)



**AT USC ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT,  
SCIENCE LURCHES ON ...**

*More and more goods have arrived to a full stock in the Engineering Department. Keeping abreast of the march of Science, USC has given top priority a big order of precision instruments and similar equipments to fill the needs of the Mechanical and Electrical Departments. Engineering Regent Philip van Engelen, SVD (above) shows off to photographers a portion of the electronic laboratory. In front of him are: an oscilloscope, an audio-oscillator, and an electronic switch. Picture an upper-left is a precision-gauge tester. Left: Inside the metal working shop, some of the good number of equipments and lathemachines. Below is the hardness-tester; below-left is the hydraulic press.*



**FIRST CAROLINIAN...**

(Cont. from page 6)  
profession of law."

To carry out his policies, he has introduced new ideas. He just initiated the putting out of a *San Carlos Law Review*, a quarterly magazine which publishes syllabi of judicial decisions illustrating clearly conflicting or difficult points of law. He organized the students to attend a weekly *Seminar* which is a group study wherein are discussed conflicting points of law under the light of judicial decisions. Law students are chosen by shifts to conduct the Seminar with preparation; and questions are asked by the audience to be answered by the student conducting. The Dean revealed that his purpose in introducing the Seminar system is two-fold: first, is to give the law students a chance for a group discussion clarifying controversial issues of law; second, is to provide the law students with an opportunity to polish them in the art of argumentation and debate.

Before we wind up our account, we take pleasure in quoting one more testimonial of faith and confidence in the loyalty and devotion of Dean Pelaez to his Alma Mater as (narrated by Mr. Aurelio C. Fernandez, current Principal of the USC Boy's High School, who was himself our Dean's former teacher:

"The late Mr. Quibilan had said so well of the Fulvio of pre-war years in one of the 1936 issues of the CAROLINIAN. I will attempt to continue where Mr. Quibilan left off.

"Others would be surprised to know that in 1945, San Carlos was reopened through the efforts of Fulvio and Father Hoerdemann. During those trying days of the reopening of San Carlos practically from scratch, I saw no other layman with Father Hoerdemann besides Fulvio. From then on, Fulvio labored devotedly and unselfishly with the SVD Fathers to make San Carlos what she is now. It would not be exaggeration to state that San Carlos owes what she is today to the efforts of the SVD Fathers and Fulvio.

"I am not surprised, therefore, with Fulvio's elevation to the deanship of the College of Law. As a matter of fact, if Father Ganswinkel were only here since 1945, we would not have waited this long to see Fulvio elevated to the deanship. "As a former teacher of Fulvio, I am very proud of him. I consider his success a glorious episode of my life as a teacher. I am overwhelmed by my own feelings at realizing that, after all, the efforts of his for-

mer teachers in instructing him during his student days at San Carlos, have been more than amply rewarded."

And that about crowns our account of the excellent qualities of our Dean which are worthy of emulation. He is on his job with increased ardor. That particular drive and stamina which he used to account for himself in the past in all his undertakings are the same drive and force he employs in the performance of his new functions. Just as in the football fields of yesteryears, our new Dean is still fighting and kicking even though he is already on top; and although he has already kicked the ball straight through the goal. By E. B. A.

**SEOUL WAS BEAUTIFUL...**

(Cont. from page 25)  
wer class of people live in closely packed quarters crisscrossed with narrow crooked lanes absurdly amusing to behold. The shops in the business districts looked like ultra-decorated christmas trees with goods displayed in multi-colored disarray. Signs sprawled with strange characters were displayed in every possible position sticking out on the front. Some of the shops, however, were modernized in appearance. They were located in modern buildings equipped with the latest facilities in air-conditioning during hot summers and steam-heating during winter.

There were more about the place, its scintillating night life, the beneficial effects of the American occupation upon the life and temperaments of the city people, and the many undercurrents of influences which beat in the cultural and religious background of the people. But these, I am not competent to write about. And yet, I can imagine about them by just entrancingly looking at the unusual splendor of the place in my mind's eye, although no amount of words which I can muster would be able to display into completeness everything which a people and an atmosphere so exotic and quaint might be able to impress on anybody's thoughts and feelings.

**THE CURRENT...**

(Cont. from page 23)  
chances of educational and moral enlightenment. They have come, seen, and have been ashamed of the sorry state of affairs they have been made to grow up in. Rizal had placed his hopes in the Filipino youth of his own time. If he were alive today, he would have inspired us, "Come forth, Filipino Youth, you are the one fairest hope of the Fatherland." And God willing, while everything seems to disappoint us, the Filipino Youth ought to carry us far in destroying our currently malignant social cancer — the cancer of CIVIC INDIFFERENCE.

**DEDICATED TO YOU...**

(Cont. from page 23)  
And each time these nonsenses are handed in they pass the editorial red tape! Until some day maybe I'll get to be a power of the pen after all, eh. It's too bad our house has no garret for me to pine away the rest of my grey-colored life in.

Style, my feet! One side, We

Pegler;

gangway, Ring Lardner... He-  
ningway, here I come!

Let it suffice, therefore, that we saw and know how Seoul was beautiful. It was so, not only physically, but internally or spiritually within itself as well, if ever it be proper to put it that way; and if ever a city could ever have a soul. And I still can dream no end, even in my waking hours, the wonderful vistas of beauty nourishing unforgettable thoughts and feelings inside of me as engendered by the exotic splendor of Seoul, which by the time I saw it, was beautiful.

Seoul was beautiful, but the baseness of the Red barbarians from the north incidentally aided by the exigencies of man's striving for enlightenment, justice, and peace represented by the mighty arms of the United Nations fighting in Korea, have made a once beautiful city, which took five centuries to enhance and build, into an irretrievable loss, amidst its debris, stambles and ruins.

**PIONEER COMMERCIAL**

—GROCERY—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

235-237 Comercio St.

Tel. No. 291

Cebu City

# Sección Castellana

## Editorial

### Contenido Ético de la Enseñanza

#### *La Crisis de la Conciencia.*

La educación, doloroso es reconocerlo, ha carecido de un contenido ético durante muchos años, y aún ahora carece de él. Los resultados de tal defecto están a la vista: el materialismo y el ateísmo han hecho estragos en el seno de la sociedad. El culto de la conciencia, las nociones del deber y de la responsabilidad humana, las ideas de bondad, de caridad y de justicia, se han ido diluyendo en las febriles actividades de la vida moderna. El espíritu ha cedido su reinado a la materia y la humanidad se debate en medio del caos, como si estuviese bajo la sanción de un castigo divino. Ante ese cuadro verdaderamente desolador, todos proclaman la urgente necesidad de una restauración moral. Para obtenerla, es necesario que los hombres de buena voluntad se unan por encima de toda bandera ideológica, en una magnífica cruzada de la conciencia y del deber. El primer acto de esa cruzada debe consistir en una revisión de los conceptos sobre los cuales reposa la educación, especialmente de aquellos que informan la instrucción primaria. Hay que dar a la enseñanza un contenido ético, que no puede ser otro que el de la moral cristiana. "Los niños nos reclaman el pan tradicional. Les debemos la vieja y buena moral de nuestros padres. Sólo por medio de ella formarán su conciencia. La nutrición moral que piden las nuevas generaciones no es un pan sospechoso, no es un alimento nuevo, cuyas virtudes nutritivas aun falta probar, por no decir más". Desde luego, la enseñanza religiosa permitirá restaurar el culto de la conciencia desde la niñez, enseñando una moral basada en el gran dogma de la inmortalidad del alma. No podrá argumentarse que esta enseñanza lesiona la libertad de la conciencia y los derechos individuales, ya que la Iglesia Católica considera un deber defender "los derechos esenciales de la persona humana", de conformidad con su doctrina, sus instituciones y sus reivindicaciones. La enseñanza de la religión católica asegura una formación moral verdadera, sin excluir la idea de una benevolente neutralidad confesional, para asegurar la libertad espiritual de aquellos que pertenecen a distintas comuniones religiosas. Por ello, las organizaciones políticas deben dejar a salvo la dignidad del hombre y su justa li-

bertad. La Iglesia sitúa a la persona humana en la cúspide del orden político, y es desastrosa la organización social de aquellos pueblos donde el individuo es absorbido por la colectividad, donde no es más que una rueda en la inmensa máquina que es el Estado, falso ídolo ante cuyas aras es inmolada frecuentemente a libertad. Salvada la crisis de la conciencia por una sólida formación moral, dentro del más absoluto respeto por la libertad y dignidad humanas; reafirmados los principios fundamentales del cristianismo y asegurada la aplicación integral de la doctrina socio-católica, la humanidad podrá salir del caos y hallar la felicidad que el Ser Supremo prometió a los hombres de buena voluntad.

Dijo el ilustre Presidente de la gran Nación Argentina, General Juan D. Perón: "Una sola condición anhelo para el Pueblo Argentino: Que nuestra escuela la formen, además de hombres sabios, hombres buenos y hombres prudentes. Hombres que amen más que el poder, la verdad; más que la fuerza, la razón; y quienes por sobre todas las demás consideraciones tengan amor a Dios, fe en las acciones que El inspira y esperanzas que en El ponemos los hombres con nuestra infinita pequeñez frente a su infinita grandeza". Y con motivo del Congreso Interamericano de Educación Católica, dijo en su mensaje a los delegados internacionales: "Señores que representáis a las Naciones Hermanas de América: Decid, que en la República Argentina, reina sobre todas las cosas un sentimiento profundamente cristiano: que en esta tierra, donde se está forjando una nueva Argentina, los que llevamos la Bandera, tenemos como guía la Cruz y como inspiración a Dios."

Nuestra República tiene como fundamento solidísimo de su vida nacional, su fe católica. Debemos contribuir a que ese fundamento perdure en pro de nuestra existencia nacional y de nuestra libertad democrática, porque bien ha dicho el catequista y parlamentarista argentino, Dr. José Manuel Estrada, "El principio de la democracia es la virtud cristiana".

# DOMINGO DE MISIONES

Por LUIS EUGENIO

En la larga serie de los días que componen el año, hay algunos que los hombres han consagrado a celebrar las grandes ideas y los grandes afectos. Existe el Día de la Raza, el Día de la Madre y el día de la Patria, el Día del Estudio y tantos otros.

Pero si hay una idea grande entre todas, digna de toda adhesión y de todo cariño entre los cristianos, es la idea de las Misiones.

El día consagrado a las Misiones, debería llamarse el Día de Dios, ya que la obra misional no persigue otra cosa sino la extensión del Reino de Dios por todo el mundo.

Son las Misiones — el problema más grande en su intensidad y en su extensión que tiene hoy la Iglesia — la obra más católica que tenemos, la obra más querida al corazón de Jesucristo. Pues, ¿qué más querido puede haber para El que la continuación y el desarrollo de la obra que El mismo dejó empezada en la tierra y fué objeto de ilusión de su vida entera, de sus más amorosos misterios para los hombres como su Encarnación, sus padecimientos, su muerte y su Resurrección?

Ninguna otra idea ni ningún otro amor debiera inflamar más el corazón del cristiano, del sacerdote que la idea misional de suerte que debiera ocupar en todo tiempo su pensamiento, pues cada uno debiera ser en todo tiempo el continuador de la Obra esencial de Jesucristo colaborando en ella con su corazón y su inteligencia, su alma y sus fuerzas, sus trabajos, sus dolores y su plegaria.

Más ya que por muchas razones o pretextos no dedicamos todos los días a ese altísimo fin, a lo menos consagremos un día en el año — el domingo que antecede a la fiesta de Cristo Rey — a colaborar con el Señor en su Obra, orando y sufriendo y trabajando por más de millones de infieles y por más de centenares de millones de disidentes a fin de que

Dios, movido por las oraciones y el dolor y el trabajo de su Iglesia Santa, envíe gracias eficaces que traigan al redil a los separados lejanos.

No podemos olvidar la terrible verdad de que Dios muchas veces condiciona las gracias de la salvación a las oraciones de los hombres. Podemos orando y sufriendo convertir a nuestros hermanos infieles. El Día Misional nos llama a ello.

Este día, es también de cooperación misional en el orden material. La costosísima Obra de las Misiones debe ser sostenida también con el óbolo de la caridad.

Mientras las naciones protestantes contribuyeron generosa y espléndidamente para extender su error, la Madre Iglesia, en su augusta pobreza carece de los medios más necesarios para propagarse. Necesita más misioneros y más aeminarios. Necesita sostener un formidable ejército digno de la causa de Dios que conquiste el mundo para El.

La incertidumbre que en estos momentos aqueja al mundo impide, sobre todo en las naciones tradicionalmente misioneras de la vieja Europa, mandar sus recursos para las Misiones. La Madre Iglesia vuelve los ojos a este archipiélago, pequeña hija, nación eucarística y misionera: la fe recibida se paga con la fe pagada. Recibimos la fe de Dios por el conducto de la España misionera y eterna, debemos devolverla por nuestro conducto a los pueblos que aún no la han recibido.

Domingo, 22 de octubre: Día Misional. Día de la oración, del sacrificio, de la contribución, de la inscripción en las Obras Misionales Pontificas, Día del agradecimiento y de la esperanza.

## Sueño de Un Soldado

Por José Ruiz, B.S.E. '50

*Yo marchaba solo y sin desaliento  
Como un soldado que quiere vencer,  
Fijos mi idea y mi pensamiento  
En mi bandera y en mi deber.*

*Siempre pronto a todo movimiento  
Sin ningún miedo en mi corazón,  
Y cuando oía el grito o lamento  
De algún soldado de mi batallón,*

*Acudía presto a darle mi ayuda  
Y con gran cautela llevarle al cuartel;  
Allí, el médico que el hospital guarda,*

*Tomábele el nombre y cuidaba de él  
Desperté temblando, oyendo un estruendo . . .  
Estaba soñando; no era el cuartel!*

(\*) Este soneto representa los primeros afectos de un poeta en ciernes. Tiene sus defectillos; no obstante la publicamos para dar ánimo a otros y mostrarles lo que puede la firme voluntad y el interés.

## EN CUATRO VERSOS

Por MARIA M. SEÑORANS

*En los cuatro versos de una copia encontramos toda una página de tan profunda enseñanza que, realmente, debemos grabarla, más que en la memoria, en la firmeza de la voluntad.*

**"Más mata una mala lengua  
Que las manos de una verdugo;  
El verdugo mata a un hombre,  
Y una lengua mata a muchos".**

*Estancia de añejo sabor, que pone frente al verdugo de un hombre el arma homicida de la lengua, aterradora en sus proporciones.*

*Si, arma peligrosa es la lengua que viola la dignidad del lenguaje y la delicadeza de la expresión, con injuriosos epítetos y ofensivas burlas; la que, sembrando discordias, introduce divisiones que turban la azul serenidad de la paz.*

*Lenguas que no armonizan con el amor al prójimo porque sus palabras no son, ni de indulgencia, ni de consuelo, ni de afecto; que ni tienen suavidades de bálsamo, ni alientos de esperanza, ni saber alguno de fraternidad.*

*Mortífera es, más que veneno de aspides, la lengua que se tiende para arrancar la fe de los campos en flor, osando atentar contra el soberano dominio de Dios en la vida de las almas.*

*Causa de gravísimos males y de innumerables víctimas es la lengua que se opone a la verdad, a la caridad y a la justicia.*

*Realmente, dominar la lengua, que por estar en húmedo lugar tan fácilmente resbala, es dar un paso grande y seguro en el camino de la virtud. Por algo, no sólo las concepciones más brillantes de la ciencia, sino también las más hermosas floraciones de la santidad son el esfuerzo nobilísimo de la lengua en silencio.*

*Silencio que asciende a los luminosas alturas del cielo, como suavísimo perfume de plegarias sin palabras.*

# Incetidumbre

Por Luis de la Peña

Si quisiéramos señalar la característica de los tiempos en que vivimos, no hay palabra más oportuna que la del epigrafe. La incetidumbre ha invadido todas las clases sociales de todos los países, ha entrado en todas las familias e instituciones. Entre las naciones sigue la danza incierta entre la paz y la guerra; entre las clases sociales sigue aumentando el temor que engendra el odio, entre las unas y las otras. En el seno de la familia reina la incetidumbre económica y moral; económica, no hay seguridad de que el día de mañana se tendrá trabajo, o se tendrá pan; incetidumbre moral que es engendrado por el vaivén de los valores materiales y de los que se presentan como morales al individuo.

Esta incetidumbre tiene sus efectos en la sociedad de nuestro tiempo: la superficialidad, el poco amor al trabajo con el consecuente descenso de la producción, la liviandad de costumbres, el mal gusto en las artes, etc. Cuando no hay seguridad el hombre procura vivir el presente, olvidándose de un pasado quizá ingrato y no queriendo pensar en un futuro asaz sombrío. Los dirigentes del mundo mientras tanto se alarman, se reúnen, procuran buscar las causas de estos males para poner adecuado remedio; se escriben memoriales, se hacen discursos, se incita a la producción, la cual se procura obtener por todos los medios, como si ésta fuera todo en el mundo. Pero es inútil, la incetidumbre sigue propagándose hasta convertirse a menudo en triste realidad.

El hombre para no ser el juego del viento y de las olas, de las sacudidas sociales, debe afirmarse sobre una base sólida. En los días de calma, muchas rocas parecen sólidas que no las son, muchos muros parecen sólidamente asentados en la tierra, que no la están, que en medio de la tormenta se parten y se quebraban y derrumban con estruendo. Así la humanidad había nuestro su esperanza, su fe en las cosas caducas de la tierra, buscando aquí abajo su felicidad, siguiendo a los falsos profetas que levantaron los falsos dioses de oro, del individuo, del Estado, de la ciencia. Al llegar la tormenta esos edificios que parecían sólidos se han ido hundiendo y desapareciendo

de la vida de las multitudes; otros se levantan, siguiendo los mismos caminos; pero esto no basta, el hombre comienza a sentir la nostalgia de otros días y vuelve a buscar la seguridad donde únicamente puede hallarse, donde la hallaron nuestros antepasados, eso es en la Fe y Esperanza, en Dios, en el cumplimiento sincero de las normas de conducta que inspira nuestra santa religión y nos enseña la conciencia.

Es necesario que el hombre aparte su vista de los falsos dioses del mundo, y de sus profetas pues la luz artificial que expenden a su alrededor, sirve únicamente para encandilar, no para hallar el camino. El camino de la seguridad, de la concordia, de la estabilidad moral y material lo hallaremos por medio del Sol de la justicia, Cristo, Rey inmortal de los siglos.

Republic of the Philippines  
Department of Public Works and  
Communications  
BUREAU OF POSTS

### SWORN STATEMENT

(Required by Act No. 2580)  
The undersigned NAPOLEON G. RAMA, editor of the CAROLINIAN published eight times a year in English and Spanish at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City 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. 201:

Editor Napoleon G. Rama Cebu City; Owner University of San Carlos, Cebu City; Publisher University of San Carlos, Cebu City; Printer Barba Press, Jones Ave., Cebu City; Office of publication, Univ. of San Carlos Cebu City.

In case of publication other than daily, total number of copies printed and circulated of the last issue dated March 20, 1950.

1. Sent to paid subscribers	4,000
2. Sent to others than paid subscribers	500
Total	4,500

(Sgd.) NAPOLEON G. RAMA  
Editor in Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of October 1950, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1535817 issued at Cebu City on October 6, 1950.

Doc. No. 172; Page No. 97; Book No. IV; Series of 1950.  
FULVIO C. PELAEZ  
Until December 31, 1950

*Compliments of*

Owned and Operated  
by  
**San Miguel Brewery  
Inc.**

**CEBU  
ROYAL  
PLANT**

H O M E O F Q U A L I T Y P R O D U C T S S I N C E 1 8 9 0

COMPLIMENTS OF

**GO OCCO & COMPANY**

*General Importers of*

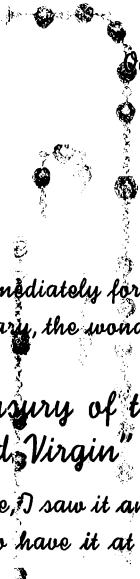
CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE,  
ELECTRICAL, PLUMBING & PAINTING SUPPLIES  
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Corner D. Jakosalem & Legaspi Sts.  
CEBU CITY, PHILIPPINES

Cable Address  
"GOCCO" CEBU

P. O. Box 53

Tel. Nos.  
52 & 55



October 1, 1950

Catholic Trade School  
1916 Oroquieta  
Manila

Dear Fathers:

Please send me immediately for my devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the wonderful Prayer-book entitled:

*"The Treasury of the  
Blessed Virgin"*

My friend has one, I saw it and liked it so much that I decided to have it at once.

Sincerely yours,  
Ramona del Rosario

P. S. I want to use it during the Month of the Holy Rosary, so please send it immediately.

**CATHOLIC TRADE SCHOOL**

1916 Oroquieta, Manila

P. O. Box 2036

[We Printed the cover and the double-spread insert of the "Carolinnian"]

Tel. 2-64-70

*The Treasure House  
of  
Catholic Literature*