

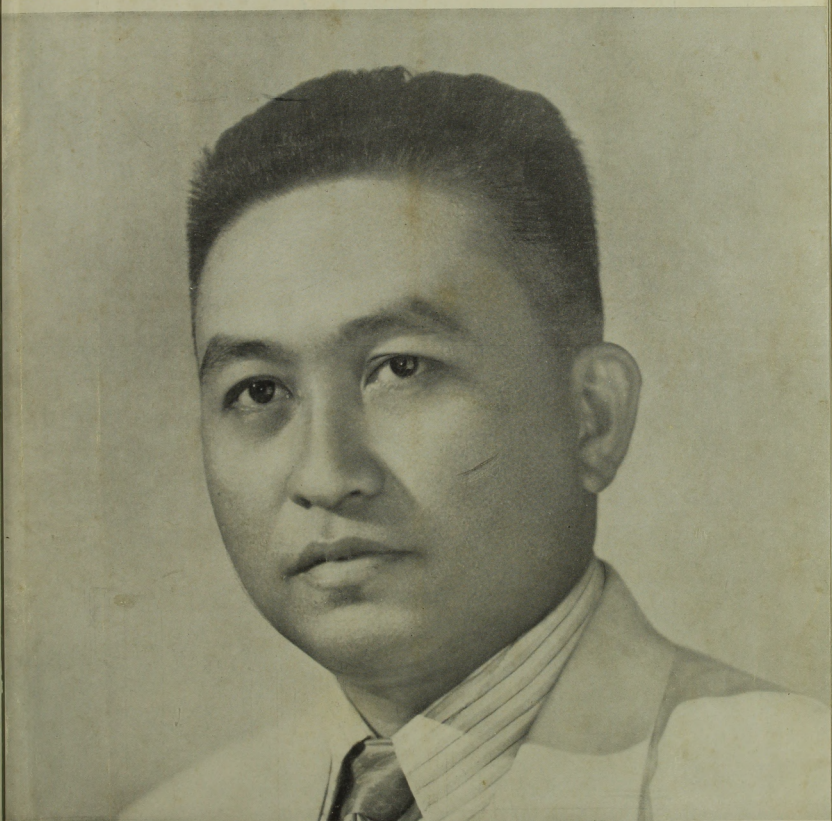
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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



ol. XV

Atty. Pablo P. Garcia
Third Place

(Photo by Roble's Studio)

March
1952

No. 12



I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES, SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.!

I AM THE VANISHING SHADOW.!

I AM THINKING THAT SKETCH OVER YET.!

WHERE'S THAT PENTONG ?

NOT ONE PAGE MORE !

WHEW ! THE FIFTH DEADLINE !

HOW ABOUT THE SIOPAO BEFORE WORKING ?

EXCUSE ME - THE DANCE !

WHERE DID I PLACE THAT NEGATIVE ?

HOW NOT TO BEAT THE DEADLINE
*The art of goldbricking a la **Semper Fidelis** . . .*

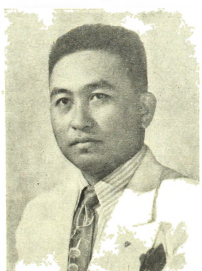
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Our Cover: Atty. Pablo Garcia has made a name for USC by coping 3rd top honors in the 1951 Bar Exams.

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



• Editorial •

Reflections On Graduation

You are sure you have made the grade. And the glorious day is etched in big letters of red on the calendar pinned on your favorite wall.

You should be happy. At least you are supposed to be. But there are people who, speaking from experience, believe that graduation to the student should not be merely donning on of the cap, gown, hood, accompanied by accolades of triumph from satisfied parents. There is more to graduation than all these, they say.

And the light-hearted graduate who thinks that his graduation is all there is for him to achieve, the summum bonum of his efforts, is due for a big disillusionment. The rainbow-colored bubble of this chimeric event would profit him better if it should sooner spend itself out and literally burst into void reality across his face. For he may wake up blinking one fine morning only to realize too late that emptiness is staring him from space. It might be a little late for him to shake himself off from this haunting graduation dream.

For graduation is not everything. It surely is not enough to merely graduate. This graduation dream is just a breathing spell. For it marks the prelude to the commencement of impending trials and tribulations, which, on the main, are much more real, more vivid and more pulsating than the hallucinations of a dream or of whatever was encountered in the study halls of theory. Embarrassing problems and trying questions set in to blur his pet and perfect picture of himself amidst ease, leisure and contentment. For he must move and work. And the things he must put up against are plenty and varied — how to make a good start in his chosen profession — how to make a real go of it in actual practice — how to maintain his career-momentum necessary for a decent livelihood.

What the graduate acquires in the classroom and his conduct and sincerely in his studies will be reflected in him acutely and correspondingly when he is put to the test. If he has applied himself diligently to learning, all will be well. If otherwise, nobody but himself and his pride suffers. Whatever he may bring unto himself will be of his own doing; a simple application of the theory of cause and effect.

It would be a better attitude to consider graduation as a means to mark time for another beginning.

But whatever this graduation dream might evoke in anybody's contemplations, graduates are usually swept away in the tide of praise, applause, and congratulations, which we usually join in under the irresistible urge of the moment, we congratulate them. We wish them all the luck in the world. They will surely need it in their struggle for down-to-earth existence.

But though they should leave to face the world single-handed while carving out for themselves their chosen paths, they will not be entirely alone. For San Carlos will always be with them as a memory and an inspiration. They know that their Alma Mater hopes and prays the best for them. In turn, they will strive to bring more honor and renown to her as loyal sons and daughters who recognize in this success a matter of duty, obligation, love and respect for their Alma Mater.

BROWN CHILD

• Awarded First Prize in the Literary Contests in connection with the Golden Jubilee of the Educational System in the Philippines, 1951.

He was a watcher of the forest fires;
The hunger for the sea was in his eyes;
He heard far voices calling in the night;
He felt a hunger gnawing in the mind.
He crossed the oceans through the mist and rains
To where the beaches checked the flight
Of vintas folding multi-colored sails.

His lore was of the jungles and the plains;
He learned the language of the purling waves;
For him there rose no suns beyond the gates;
He was strengthened by his native faith,
The brown child friendly to the tropic sun.
There blew breezes from the mains
To make strange mixture of the loam and sod.

He burned rare incense for his native gods
Until a new world opened, and the drums
Of Empire broke the silence, doves of doves
Perched on crossed silhouettes against the suns,
And new worlds burst within him, lit his life,
Leavening unredeemed dust
With inner glowings spiritually bright.

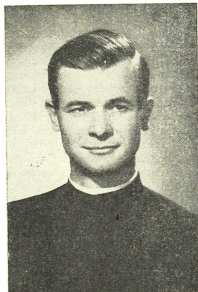
Slowly the days dawned—died with certain flight,—
A new star shone upon the sunburned child—
Bared him new mansions where the soul may hide,
Pointed the way where new horizons rise,
Adorned the arbour where may hide the dream,
Made the blade bloom to life,
Made this the basis of the apothegm.

Made mankind the inspirer and the theme
Of his brave dreams, to warble to the breeze,
Making the need of others his own need,
Making their hopes his hope, their dread his dread.
The brown child has become a mature man,
Heir to the composite deed.
In him the blood which in his forebears ran.

The world grows smaller in his mental span,
A world of rebelling atoms that dance.
How keep his balance in a world grown mad,
How keep his bearings when the taut string snaps?
The Brown Man challenges, he will hold his throne.
He will be faithful to his past.
The Brown Man will not die—will hold his own!

By C. Faigao

IN OUR present survey covering moral guidance of our youth, we shall not touch upon the so-called "problem boy," but upon the lad who faces a serious problem, not the character almost permanently warped through an unfortunate background, but rather the average run of youth who must safeguard his own morals. The problem confronting him deals with the shaping of his own personal program of life, one which will guarantee the fulfillment of his own individual destiny. Such a calling consists in his own dedication and attachment to a personal ideal to which all his interests and energies are related. This inner adhesion of himself to such an ideal



THE AUTHOR

is far more intimate than the vocation of life, let us say, to the clerical or lay state, and even less for that manner, to professions of life such as political career, research in natural science, etc. Such a top notch center binds itself so closely to one's personal integrity that no condition of life can absorb it, no human person nor law has the jurisdiction to create a rift within its precincts. A profession, on the other hand, is relative to change of circumstances, must yield to the demands of the times, lies out of the control of success or failure. But a personal union with Christ lies within the control of our desires, and supposing of course the use of His grace, grants an inner autonomy so absolute that none can cast off, except we ourselves.

The Catholic Attitude Regarding Moral Guidance Of Youth

Then, too, this program of life is uniquely individual, in as much as each lad entering life may approach his ideal in a manner that corresponds to his temperament. Although our hearts are fashioned to love and grow into the full stature of His Divine Image, yet each may find Him under a different viewpoint. Some are drawn to Him as a Divine Friend, others as a Personal Father, others again under some attribute, say, His Divine Wisdom. One's own natural equipment and interior yearnings of spirit and capacities dictate a way

in which both physical and social and youth will find himself through experiment. The give and take in society will balance his outlook, so that his desires will find coordination through a balanced outlet, says Dewey. Literally swimming in relativity, the lad becomes the mercy of his changing environment and turns himself into a bewildered specimen of irreconcilable attractions. Mastery of an environment is first of all a mastery of ourselves, an adjustment of inner spirit rather than only a disposition of outer circumstances. It is not the world

By Rev. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., Ph.D.

Professor, College of Liberal Arts

determined by God's particular plan in each case. We must bear in mind though such a call is not divided from other walks in life, yet it is distinct from any other. Instead of dividing our conduct into several spheres, its spirit animates all professions, assures a power pervading all our relations with our work, ourselves and fellowmen, overflowing from one root center.

Such a coordinated outlook and attraction contributes two indispensable aids in moral conduct: Power and Direction.

It yields **direction** by offering a long ranged objective which stands above and independent of the complexities of our modern times which our youth must face. It is an un-failing light to gaze at when the criss-cross attractions of the environment drive our young men into confusion. The false supposition of John Dewey that the young find their way in conduct through the sheer use of a moving environment is showing its sad results already. Place the young in an envi-

ronment which influences us, but, rather the idea of the world which we possess that finds an inroad into our behavior.

The ideal guarantees **power** above all, power to choose, stamina to follow through with our convictions. As soon as love directs itself to a single focus upon which the heart can rest, the fullest amount of energy is released. Release of energy is the true source of power. Whereas without coordination of values, even among lads of fairly well formed habits, interests and power may be scattered. Unable to utilize all their energies in the face of morally conflicting attractions, choice of conduct may fall in a balance at a time only when reserve strength offers a bulwark against a pitfall.

Love For An Ideal As A Source Of Power

We cannot underestimate the importance of love for an ideal which releases a power for action. (Continued on next page)

Quite frequently one hears an individual say, "I am weak, I do not have enough will power." Weakness of will, in some cases, becomes the last refuge offered by a youth to explain away an unfortunate mishap. But generally it is a lack of will power which young men fall into misdeed? The best psychologists together with Lindorsky deny any such deficiency in the will itself. Their reasons seem quite convincing.

The will is distinctly one faculty, although it exerts its effects in many and varied kinds of activities. Were the will itself weak, this same weakness should reveal itself in some degree in all the actions, in as much as these activities flow from one common source. The very contrary, however, proves itself. The very same lad whose will power failed in the presence of some vice, sustained an endless power and stamina in other regions of conduct. Without any inner struggle he can play the most fervent ball games on the hottest days; he can muster enough energy to shorten his work through intense labor to have an extra hour for competitive sport.

Another case presents itself. The priest points out the enormity of a committed misdeed. After the priest finished his admonition, the youth turns and says, "Father, seems no use in trying, I am too weak. My passions just get the best of me." But while engage in his professional work, he never tires nor is there lack of power to meet the gravest obstacles.

Another instance refers to a young prisoner of war who found his exertion in studying the English language distasteful and sluggish. Later on his efforts to grasp the language turned into an intense joy and fervor. The wonderful change came about when a good vocabulary was needed to read the love letters sent to him by his English-speaking fiancée.

Falls and lack of effort found in some forms of activity and not in others does not arise from lack of power in the will, but rather because the power in the will is not used, and power is not used because there is not enough love. Love or the prizing of virtue does not exceed the desire for vice. One finds one's will coming into power the more one loves, and if one loves little, power is little.

How can directors increase love and estimation for their supreme Ideal, render the love of Christ and the virtues adorning his personality

the predominant attraction? What is the secret of creating this love superior to another love?

Importance Of Valuation

The will always moves to objects presented as values, that is to objects which are prized and appreciated. Unless the thing in question is a value for the person, no movement of the will in its direction will follow, regardless how precious it may be in itself or for others. But as soon as an inroad into man's desires paves itself, action results. And the more the object is prized the greater the inclination. The inclination is not a passive quality but eminently active. And such a movement remains constant toward an ideal as soon as a common denominator between the person and the object loved or cherished is established. Man's will or desire becomes a part of the very item he wants. Or as Maritain puts it, "the part of oneself in another becomes the gravitational pull or intentional connaturality by which the lower tends inwardly toward existential union with the beloved, as towards its own being from which it has been separated."

To weave an appreciation of virtue into the hearts and minds of the youth depends to a large extent upon the qualified efforts of the spiritual director and in general the educator. It is a task not merely of instruction, but moving the will to love and appreciate values, not merely conviction, but also persuasion.

The general law will prove helpful and in most cases guarantee a movement in the direction of ideals lies in the motive power of the image. A certain authority in this field, named Eymieu, words it briefly as follows: "The more concrete, impressive and living one discovers an image resounding throughout one's entire being, the more it drives one to act." Generally speaking, ideas must be sufficiently concretized to penetrate into the sphere of both mind and sentiment to overpower into action. Unless the director speaks to the whole man, even the best definitions of virtues remain powerless. Being too abstract and foreign, they bear little leverage for movement.

Speaking to the whole each individual requires special attention, for each person is a world in himself. Addressing ourselves to the man in general is for the most part ineffectual, for the man in

general does not exist. It is this particular lad with all his inner baggage, his secret capacities, latent yearnings and aspiration in this temperament. So unique has God made His creatures, that Maritain says, "no moral case occurs twice in the world." While each soul bears the imprint of Christ's image, it is up to the director to guide him within the framework of his temperament where appeal and interest take form, an appeal which God's particular Providence intended for each. Any attempt to recast the unique individualities of young man into several categories may hinder God's plan for this particular soul. In God's house we are assured that there are many mansions for all types of souls. Let us not take it upon ourselves to reduce this number of mansions. No director can hardly justify his intentions of molding the lives of others into a pre-conceived pattern of his own, thinking that one or the other temperament might be classed superior. History bears out the fact that, great men are found among all classes of temperaments. Instead of being repressed which might bottleneck their energies and aspirations into an artificial figure, the good elements were respected, brought out to bloom into a personality which God had intended.

Knowledge Of Temperament

Although individual structure cannot be classified into sharp outlines, yet it might prove serviceable to propose the chief elements of the various temperaments for general norms of direction. While it is difficult to know one's temperament fully, general reactions, conduct, and individual interests give us some clue.

The three constitutive elements of temperament devised by two diligent Dutch scholars, Heyman and Wirsma, seem most fundamental. They are the emotional type, the active type, and the 3rd type who reverberate to impressions. We need not insist on the fact that no one element covers any one exclusively. Usually several or more are found, with one holding predominance.

The emotional specimen feels much. He laments, and laughs easily and reacts more violently to words, using strong terms for objects which in themselves may not be significant. The non-emotional displays the very opposite. He feels little, is moved rarely and only for a grave reason. He is more

(Continued on page 25)

● One of the greatest gifts an alumnus can offer to his Alma Mater is to give her honor by his being given a Papal Award, the *Medal Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* besides distinguishing himself as Congressman for many terms. In this scholarly speech he analyzed the effects of years of godless education in the Philippine educational system.

With due allowance to Human failings, many social inequalities, crimes, divorce, birth control, greed, lust for power, dishonesty, government abuses and excesses, and other evils that afflict us nowadays are traceable to a large extent to either ignorance or misconception

Your Excellency, Archbishop
Rosales,
Reverend Fathers,
Papal Knights,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Permit me to express my profound gratitude to the Holy Father for the honor he has bestowed upon me; to His Excellency, Archbishop Rosales for his kindness in making arrangement for the holding of my investiture.

According to His Excellency, Archbishop Reyes, the award, *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* has been given to me for my work for the religious instruction of our youth. I would therefore ask indulgence of this distinguished gathering to allow me to make a few remarks on our youth.

To the students of the different Catholic schools I send my warmest greetings. I particularly salute my beloved Alma Mater, Colegio de San Carlos, now the great University of San Carlos.

On the whole, the Catholic school is the best in any country of the world. It is regarded with great sympathy even in non-Catholic countries. It is attaining an amazing progress in the United States. Notwithstanding the extreme nationalism of the Japanese people, the University of German Jesuits and the schools for girls of the Spanish, Italian, and French nuns in Japan enjoy a great prestige.

We are all familiar with the high standing of the Catholic schools in the City of Cebu and with their phenomenal growth. Their future is still better and brighter. Possessing the advantages of the strong organization and permanent vitality of the religious Orders that are running them, the Catholic schools in Cebu will certainly survive the many vicissitudes to which are subjected, the other private schools whose existence depends largely on the life and changing personal fortunes of their individual founders and owners. Those of us who have had the privilege of being educated in Catholic schools must keep in mind this thought: That our foreign religious teachers came to the Philippines at a great sacrifice. They left their countries, their homes,

ON RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

By Hon. Miguel Cuenco

Congressman, 5th District of Cebu



Alumnus Congressman Miguel Cuenco comments on the present Educational system in the Philippines on the occasion of his getting the Papal award *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*. "Fifty years of godless public school system in the Philippines are already bearing their fruits," he observed.

families, and dear ones not to seek wealth nor earn a livelihood but to teach us to become good Christians, to make out of us fine Catholic gentlemen and ladies.

I venture one humble suggestion. I wish that the great encyclicals of Leo XIII, Pius X, and Pius XII (the reigning Pontiff) on the social question, on government, on marriage, on education, and on international peace be taught in the collegiate courses of our Catholic schools. These enlightening documents are works of wisdom and of holiness, and of moralizing influence. They declare and elucidate the truth about grave questions that confront society and man at the present time. The encyclicals cannot err because they express the teachings of God, Our Creator, and of Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer.

of Catholic teachings.

Fifty years of godless public system in the Philippines are already bearing their fruits. The old God-fearing Filipino generation, steeped in piety, is dying out. The great majority of Filipinos below 45 years of age do not know the Ten Commandments, nor have they any idea about God or of His Son, Jesus Christ, True God and True Man. They do not go to confession nor receive communion, nor do they pray, for many of them cannot even say The Our Father or the Hail Mary. We reap what we sow. A wave of crime is sweeping the country. The number of prisoners sentenced to death and burnt in the electric chair in Muntinlupa during the last two years, convicted of murder with robbery,

(Continued on page 25)

● First Prize-Winning Poem

by Miguel Montejo

(a) Reflections

Rain drizzles over Palo roofs, like a cross-cut saw,
it hammers a staccato on nipa shingles,
the amber dawn approaches but the day is gloomy,
day that falls like a shroud, sombre without joy,
day that recalls morbid thoughts of the dark cell,
the narrow chamber, the lifeless norm,
day of falling pellets, pelling, soaking the skin, —
day that travels over lands devoid of light,
what have you witnessed, what have you glimpsed,
by what motives came you here?
why do people hurry, like walking on a flying tropeze,
what cause them to seek the elusive bluebird?
life without meaning, why do they live at all?

Why does that man driving piles for Luntad-US army bridge
do it? what impels him?
why this motley crowd of giggling girls and boys,
men and women too, no longer young go to Ilawod Outfit?
what motives urge? why this endless hurry to seek a living
if life is death? how can we trace desire, assume shape,
corporeal or incorporeal, choate or inchoate?
what Promethean fire seek they, when in final synthesis,
Anteus-like, they go to earth, whence they came?

Why clow for mesons and positions, if we die after?
from this endless jangle from jeeps, from blasting gravel,
from bulldozers, from amphibious ducks, from rivets of bridges,
from helicopters flying loose? toward what end?
for what purpose, whither are these wage-earners bound?

This pell-mell humanity, this crazy inferno,
what pit and pendulum, what Midas riches seek they?
why pile money if in final analysis you leave them
as you die? why seek joy when happiness is mixed with pain?
when life is nine-tenths misery.
when Faustus wasted his, looking for elixirs of joy,
only to barter his soul in the end with Mephistopheles?
when Lareleis of sin seduce inveigles, with pain,
when Ponce de Leons pine for fountains of youth
that turn a mirage, when sorrow and sweetness,
pleasure and pain alternate on this poor earth,
ruthless nemesis that confronts them, dare they ignore?
when the end of pleasure is retribution? steeped in libations
of the ego, can they escape life's inexorable law,
can they forego pain, can they?

Tabors we glimpse daily, flaming visions of fire,
visions splendid when the soul reaches for stardust,
for shining minarets lovelier than Bagdad's,
for turreted towers vaster than Rome's,
for alabaster temples and shining cupolas
and richer domes, splendor than Rheims or Notre Dames

for temples of truth, cathedrals of conviction;
Daily sin weights us down, pulls bottomward,
precipice after precipice, bastions after bastions....
Man strove for Sinai but ah,—that was ages ago;
on the altar-pyres of the soul, burn we incense
daily go GOD, but man, brute man, tarnished from infancy
with perdition since first of Adam's fall, yields to mud,
over alternating striving for rising and ebbing virtuousness.

Thus, in the sanctuary of our inmost soul
we witness a daily battle of good and evil
we see in a death-grapple, as in a *ju-jitsu*,
forces of right and wrong in eternal tug,
with no one seeing save the eye of conscience,
to record winnings and losses,
Man asserts for triumph of good, for victory of right,
but he falls....
life after life, surging and surging,
battles after battles besieged,
only to succumb, when doom stares at him;
But triumphant is the Soul.
'tis deathless, formless, fleeting, eternal,
soaring unto lights supernal, dream of lunar nights,
as it meets God from the nameless grave,
unto the eternal throne.....!

(b) Introitus

The branched tendrill of your life's tree
all coil from Christ—Bethlehem, Galilee,
Nazareth, Capernaum—they bear testimony
of God's love and truth till eternity.

Soul, whose bosom is made a homing nest
of the Holy Infant's true, everlasting love
lift up your eyes toward Paradise,
behold the flambeau of the skies,
today is the Infant Jesus' natal day,
weave rondelles, sing a roundelay,
join Tacloban's festive throng,
blessed by the Child's loving song:
Of peace!—Ah ponder this: If Tacloban
is quiet today, 'tis because of Child Jesus' loving hand.

(c) Testament of Faith

This majestic sweep of the arching heavens,
this rosy flush of daybreak that tints the skies,
this eternal sobbing of the sobbing sea,
this upraised acacia that mumbles a benedicite,
this grandeur of the eternal hills,
this soul-healing stir of breezes in the leaves,
this placid calm that assails the soul
this holy communion of land and firmament,
the lyric tempo of songbirds in the woods,
on this segment of earth where none intrudes,
this velvety sweep of white rosal blooms
that recalls the infinity of You, O GOD,
this eternal cycle of days and nights,
These—and all else around me
are testament enough of thee, G O D .

● **First Prize Story**
in the
1952 UNIVERSITY DAY
Literary Contest

SUMMER was running out when Tatay Juan came to the city unexpectedly to take me home for a short and belated vacation. I was beginning to feel afraid that it would be like the previous year. I had eagerly waited for his coming but he did not come. Now that he had come I scarcely knew how to tie securely the worn-out buri bag wherein I had hastily packed my clothes for I always felt that crazy bubbling excitement whenever I go home to the barrio.

The country air was crisp and I felt its cool playful sting on my cheeks. The bustling hubbub of the city was gone. The refreshing earthly smell filled the atmosphere as the bus steadily gained along the rows of gaunt acacia trees. As if bidding me welcome, the hillsides were shaking with ripe yellow corn. The even rows of the newly sprung upland rice seemed to join in the gleeful welcome, too. I had missed these sights the previous year and even before that; I had missed the peace of the hills and the quiet security the mountains give. My heart yearned not only for the happy times I had with my parents but also for the gay treks up and down the hills with Josefina.

quacious and quick in making hers. She just loved to draw conclusions at the spur of the moment. Come what may later. I guess we simply got along together and that was all there was to it.

The oldest red tile-roofed house in the small barrio of Katipunan belonged to Iyo Talyo, Jo's grandfather, a wealthy, unassuming landowner and a widower. The big house was safely enclosed in high stone walls topped with broken glass firmly embedded in concrete. For several years Iyo Talyo had been chosen unanimously as *teniente del barrio* until his rheumatism got

son had never amounted to anything except lead a lazy man's life. Andres and his fashionable family lived on the pensions Iyo Talyo tolerably sent them. Perhaps it was more of an extra sense of duty than genuine fatherly love which prompted him to do so. He had promised his wife on her deathbed to look after their only son as best as he could. Many times he had gotten his son out of one scrape after another.

One day he received a letter from Andres saying that he had got married. It meant more money, and
(Continued on page 26)



WATER *With Her* **WINE**

Her mother had called her Josefina, Inday Pina was her father's favorite pet name for her, but when he was in an angry mood he would grumble harshly: Josefina! I called her Jo for short. She said I was being short but sweet about it; besides, she liked it because it had a touch and gloss of novelty in it. I have always wondered why we were such good friends when I was what she called a lady of few words and one who made such slow and calm decisions while she was lo-

the best of him and he had to resign from his highly esteemed position. That was the time he wrote his son, Andres, who stayed in the city with his family, to come home and keep him company, at least for the remaining years of his life. Besides, there was no other heir. His

by
Victoria Liao
Liamco
(Post-Graduate School)

NOW SHOWING:

• By VNL •

THE MOVIE *Maniac*

WELL, HERE are some types of girls a fellow invariably gets to escort to the movies in his lifetime. Of course some girls won't particularly cherish this piece after reading it, and I'll probably be waylaid by some rale femmes armed with some form of deadly or lethal weapon like the sharp point of an umbrella, hairpins, safety pins, or a freshly manicured female fingernail. But I have just lunked a Removal exam and resign myself to the cruelties of a cruel world. So,

arm nearest to her and pinches the lower part with quarter-inch long fingernails. She comes near to walloping your lower jaw with a neat uppercut. She's having the time of her life while using you as a punching bag, a pin cushion, and maybe a clothesrack too, for you're holding her sweater and handbag while she's holding a bag of peanuts! She giggles excitedly and throbs with pure unadulterated mirth, all the while taking pokes at you and giving you welts on the arm as if a swarm of mos-

this dame's got. But she goes on bawling like a leaking fire hydrant and now and then blows her nose, and the big man sitting in front of you looks back to see if you have bitten off part of her lips or something. Then at the last scene, when the villain get his due and the hero and heroine are united or reunited your girl's pleased as Punch . . . and then spends a full half hour at the Ladies' Room re-making her face.

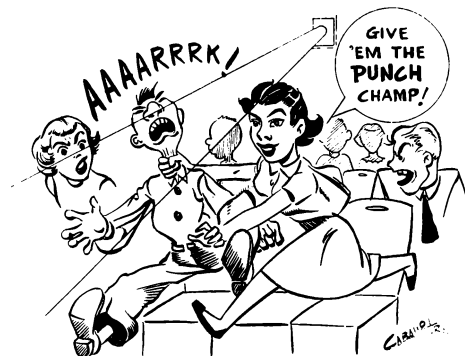
This next one is rather shared by both sexes of cinemaddicts. But for the girls, I'd say she's the female counterpart of the rig driver. At every suspenseful part she goes "Tch tch tch," and never fails to repeat some everytime the suspense hits the heartstrings. Like the happy type she splits with uncontrolled glee if the scene's funny, and if a scary part of the film suddenly flashes on the screen she's the first to jump and shout, "Eeeeeee! . . . Sus, da-oy!!!!" This one is when the movie is a mystery, murder, or suspense.

And, to prolong this expose, there's also the dictaphone, parrot or repeater. She repeats the last words of the dialogue like a lit-tanist. If the film's a musical she sings or hums the ditty along with the singer on the screen. And you never saw such an exhibition of dissonance, too!

Since we've gone this far we might as well add the type that reeks like a broken perfume bottle. To clear your beclouded nostrils you light a fag . . . and what does the sweet girl do? She instantly gasps for breath and coughs and coughs and fans the air frantically as if she's asphyxiated, and poor you, taking the hint, takes a last deep drag and reluctantly throw away the freshly lighted butt.

And now, to beat the ladies to the punch are some infuriated female pen pusher seems to retaliate by listing down some of the eccentricities of the male moviegoer.

(Continued on page 28)



come on, ladies, one at a time. Form a line to the right and no crowding, please.

First off, we shall harp on the happy type. Imagine: you are sitting next to her inside a movie. The film is a technicolored musical comedy, the hero is a popular movie idol and his sidekick is a popular comedian. Now comes a scene where the lunnyman starts with the shenanigans. The crowd howls, doubles up in merry convulsions, everybody is wracked with spasms of hysterical laughter. And this is where your girl comes in. This dame doesn't only laugh, she swats the upper part of your

quitoses are giving you the works. Brother, she's really fractured! You look at her sheepishly, smile wanly, and half-heartedly say, "He he."

And of course there's the sad type, too. You are sitting beside her and the film is a tear jerker. When the hero or heroine is in a sad predicament and it seems there is nothing better to do than cry — cry she does, as if she was going to be shot at sunrise! She starts sniffling and digging for her handkerchiefs from the bowels of a bag cluttered with lipstick, nail file, coins, a small mirror, pins, chewing gum, etc. You look at her solicitously and wonder, gee, what a soft heart

AS WE are celebrating "Pharmacy Week," our minds spontaneously think of Drugstores and the people in the Drugstores, the Pharmacists. We may even wonder whether their profession is a worthwhile one, and whether they fill the place in society which they are expected to fill. We may even ask what this place ought to be.

By
Pedro Del Anserio

ment that man combines in himself the rest of the world: the minerals, the plants, the animal. Man is not a mineral, neither a plant, nor an animal, but the component factors

reason why, after all, health is so all-important for the general well-being of man, his soul included. This also shows how mysteriously interwoven are the forces of nature in man and how delicate, even sacred, a task it is to stimulate, to help, to direct or re-direct these forces in the attempts to cure or to prevent diseases! This is, indeed, actual cooperation with the Creator Himself. From this follows the obligation to act and work according to His will, a pharmacist must always help, never counter-act never abuse nature. This is why poisons, narcotics, and other potentially harmful

Why PHARMACY?

We take it for granted — and suppose, everybody does — that man on earth is always in search for happiness. We know by experience and observation that sickness is one of the greatest obstacles to happiness — as health is one of its most important prerequisites. Medicine, therefore, or concretely speaking, the Doctor is one of the greatest friends and benefactors of man. Pharmacy and Medicine originally were one profession. But when in the course of time Medicine developed intensively and extensively, Pharmacy, in due time, branched off and became a profession by itself. Still, the two are very closely related. This appears clearly in Pharmacy's most characteristic subject: Pharmacognosy. While Pharmacology, still a medical subject, inquires into the possibility of using the natural agencies hidden in both the inorganic and organic world around us, Pharmacognosy studies how these same agencies actually can be freed from their natural ligations and made subservient to the complex organism of man. It is clear that Pharmacy is only a handmaid of Medicine, but it is also clear that it shares the distinction and privilege of being a friend and benefactor of mankind. Being handmaids, they must serve. But to serve is an honor, and this honor is theirs.

This we put before our minds, and we inculcate it into our students: they must serve, they must be exact, meticulous, conscientious, responsible!

Pharmacy is, ideologically speaking, based on a sound philosophy, on the knowledge and acknowledg-

- In stimulating, directing, and redirecting the mysterious forces of nature in man, the Pharmacist handles a delicate, a sacred task. He actually cooperates with the Creator Himself.

of all these are basically found in him, not however any longer as such, but transformed, raised up to a higher level of being, permeated by the substantial "force" which we call soul. The body of man and the soul of man are not two distinct elements, they are mutually com-penetrating each other to such a perfection that they are but one being. This explains the intrinsic dependency of the soul on the body, and this reveals the deepest

drugs (e.g. anti-conceptives) must be handled always with the greatest possible care and always in conformity with the law. Frivolity and carelessness are alien to her profession.

These thoughts show how great a pharmacist's professions is: they also show why a College of Pharmacy belongs in a Catholic University, such as the University of San Carlos.



The College of Pharmacy gets a big boost from the conscientious, studious and pretty people it enrolls.

What Do You Think

Conducted by
BUDDY B. QUITORIO

At the outset, that big chunk of humanity called the HOI POLLOI must be apprised of the fact that we are gunning for the hornet's nest. Secularism to be precise. And just to show that we mean business, we aim to rattle that dogmatic bugaboo even if we are stung on the nose. Or, if you prefer another way of gabbing, we have a feeling some people will be mighty eager to upset the applecart again. And so, if monkey wrenches come wanging in our direction, we don't have to skeedaddle like we are wont to do, eh? Let all the monkeys do the monkey business but we will hang on to our bananas.

But first . . . an explanation is in order. Here's a morsel for Peeping

Tom:

To set the record straight, we are retrieving the nation of religious education from the trashcan because we were yanked out of dreamland when Congressman Miguel Cuenco, a Papal awardee, disclosed that Godless education has proved to be a colossal fiasco! Right Congressman? Well, we don't relish the idea of napping while we have the whole of a problem in our midst. If growling or sniveling can help our fighting congressman in his crusade, he can be sure that we will growl and snivel like nobody's business.

We had to undergo a lot of pawling, prying and rubber-necking into other people's business before we could find out who kicks land who wants to have his face on paper! At any rate, here's what they say:

— About Religious Instruction in All Schools —

● **Esperanza Fiel** — College of Liberal Arts says: There should be no more misgivings anent the fact that there is a pressing need for a reevaluation of morality in its true perspective and standard. Man simply has to be man enough to wake up to the fact that he has gone backpedalling in his concept of right and wrong. Under a morality gone haywire, man grobs anything that suits his fancy even if he has to stub other people's corns. But who is to put morality back to where it should be? Surely, not brother Joey Stalin! He is one dang yoke!



Esperanza Fiel

who messes around with things. So why don't we acquiesce to religious education to resolve our quandary?

● **Nick Añano** — Pre-Law Class President, says: Religious education presents ideals worth living



Nick Añano

for. There are so many sadsacks in this cock-eyed world today because there are scores and scores of people who have nothing to live for except their pocketbooks or perhaps their stomachs. Well, their pocketbooks are prone to undergo relentless laxations and their stomachs are in no way a palladium against occasional annoyances of hunger. There is only one millionaire that I know of who knows neither depression nor hunger — God!

● **Ophelia Bajamonde** — Home Economics. Says: Times and events have proved that neither the hangman's noose nor the electric chair have mitigated the

callousness sported by hard-bitten criminals. Personally, I think these methods are a backward step in civilization. What is really needed to soltem man's stubbornness is an environment



Ophelia Bajamonde

where the air of Godliness permeates. Such environment will give man's poor soul a chance to grow. This means Godliness from the cradle, through religious education, then to a cold, cold grave.

● **Leonora Penserga** — Pharmacy, says: Essentially and basically, man is good in spite of his foibles so that religion is never a pressure brought to bear upon him. On the contrary, it fulfills



Leonora Penserga

and complements a nature already destined for Him. So . . . there is neither rhyme nor reason
(Continued on page 28)

Short Story

LINA saw the crowd at the gate. Already she could feel the breathing heat and humid perspiration, smelling of earth and sunshine. There would be a rush when she opens the door, a usual occurrence during enrollment days.

There was the hush and hurried greetings as the young teacher elbowed her way through the crowd. Twice Lina bumped herself against people but it was a pleasant morning and she was sweetly smiling at them. These must be guardians of her would-be pupils. It would be a good start to cultivate their friendship and cooperation from the very beginning.

Lina took blank sheets of rolled paper from her leather bag and listed late comers. This done, she wiped beads of perspiration on her temple and viewed her lists approvingly. The minimum requirement was almost reached.

She rose to seat her new pupils, assigning them seats according to height, small children in front. These took quite a time.

Just then a little boy came in and walked toward her.

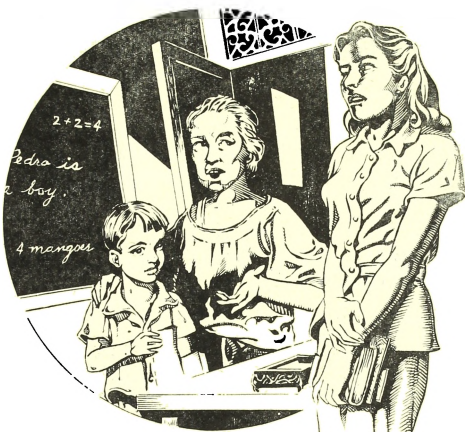
"Your name, my child?" Lina asked.

"My name is Julito Cruz," was the boy's ready response. From the extended hand she received a carefully folded piece of crisp paper. His birth certificate.

"You are Bertha's son, Julito?" She beamed at the child. Already she was overwhelmed with joy. The boy nodded timidly. The curly hair and eyelashes! The same mouth and forehead.

"Oh, you must not be ashamed of me. I will soon be your teacher. Your mother is with you, Julito, isn't she?"

But Julito was unresponsive. She glanced around scanning the faces of the crowd waiting outside. She smiled down at her but her friendliness did not arouse Julito's interest a bit. He was sad and tears began to roll on his cheeks from his large eyes. He did not look at her anymore. Lina was confused. So she guided him to his seat. This was his first day, she thought. He would surely get over his shyness in due time.



FATE

by
Maria Estrella
Villarosa

(Home Economics)

Later, she told her new pupil to go home and come back in the afternoon when she noticed that no more were coming to enroll. Alone she was in a pensive mood. The prospect of meeting Bertha gave her vigor and expectations. Once again she felt young blood surge through her veins, and her mind retraced the obscured years of childhood she thought she already had lost in a misty portion of her memory.

She would be seeing Bertha

again after all the years. Not the joy and gameness as a childhood playmate, perhaps, but she would be reminding Bertha which was her of all the pleasant memories of her own youth. A panorama of the past unfolded in his memory of years. Sometimes of an early morning hour, just when the enlivening rays of sunrise began changing the earth's pale streams into gold, Bertha would come to call Lina.

(Continued on page 28)

Herbie FADES OUT

By
Vicente N. Lim

Well, Alex —

This is it. This term's last issue and the last of the series. I can hear someone sigh with relief. "About time!" and another gratefully say, "Thank God."

Okay, okay, I've been a bore. So I haven't fractured anyone with bellyaches and sprained neck muscles. So what? So I end it all, eh. Ha ha.

People have been wondering how it all started, anyway. Well, Alex my friend, it was of those things. They needed a space filler and there I was minding another person's business. They were staring the same deadline in the face, pressed for time, and in need of a few more lines to complete the layout. So I crashed the literary world concocting unliterary matter with my gray matter!

But all GOOD things must come to an end, eh Alex. And so I now slip back to obscurity. Tch ich. Too bad, and I was beginning to improve my grammar too!

Herbie'll miss a lot of things. He'll miss Miss Rodil . . . er, I mean Miss Rodil's classes (where he had to sit in front), and he'll miss Mr. Flordeliz' cracks to wake up a bored and sleepy class and hold its interest; and he'll miss — most of all — Fr. Wrocklage's absorbing, thought-provoking, philosophizing classes which really make him think: THIS is what we need. Why didn't we have him before? And when he hears the word "seminar" he'll remember Fr. Wrocklage and his unselfish plans for the student's advancement.

Herbie will also miss Mr. Montie's polite and considerate treatment of his student; and Mr. Vale's special brand of camaraderie and esprit-de-corps; and Mrs. Lucero's matronly handling of her class (Brrrrrrrrrr!).

He'll miss Fr. Schoenteld's classes where they have to split in the middle during exams. I don't know what for he has to have that middle aisle! And he'll miss (yeah?) Atty. Ortiz' supersonic dictation; and he'll miss who can forget! that nasty clerk in the Registration office.

Brother, what a life, eh, Alex. This morning we take Sociology, this afternoon we take Geology, and in the evening we take a bottle of Rum. Next morning we have to drink a glass of bromo before we drink that awful glass of milk? Whew.

And so we become part of the passing whatchamacallit of life. The Juniors now become Seniors tomorrow, and they'll have their own gripes . . . so why rub it in!

So long, Alex. Farewell, relax and take it slow.

All this from,
Herbie.



LEONIZA

Looks
At...

...VIOL SAGUIN. A lot of us would give anything for a tip on where she's keeping her magnetic bright self these gloomy days. Somebody would leave a heavy sigh then, "Ah...h..h..h sweet mystery of life at last I've found thee..." (Unquote).

...PAZ "Bathsheba" BAJARIAS, the Carolinian who turned a year older (tsk watch your tempo!) last January. I got a load of this via wireless and there was a "David" with a song for her. Post Scripting: "Don't forget to send me an invitation, Pleasee!" As if you possibly could huh, Paz? Tho you may be his one but not the only eh?

...INTING ASUNCION. There's no other way of delineating him than having an idea of the general body build — height and all — of a German hound (Beg your pardon, Inting.) To which class he most fortunately belongs. He owns the only bulldog with a pair of real gold teeth. His Pop must love the bulldog better than him because he hasn't got any himself. Yahoooo, there Te-i-cong...er....er Vince!

...KITTY SABIDO, She always manages to burst panting into the classroom just after the prayer and roll-call, every 6:30 without a miss. Wonder how she does it!

...ADORACION LUCAS. She's orle of the "sweet" type. She rarely has something to say but when she does commence to prattle it's usually of herself at a little-less-sweet 17... and green. And it looks like she hasn't been any other color since. Another dulcet is "my very own" VICKY PARAS. Want another round of cakes, Vic? Just holler when you do... No other than the one and only INTING LIM (Herbie, to you). Do you know that he's one of those countless class evaders dubbed in a mildest sort of diplomatic lingua by Fr. "A...o...a..h..h there are those who choose to excuse themselves..."

(Continued on page 32)

What Is Russian



COMMUNISM

by REV. M. D. FORREST, M.S.C.

Fifth Installment



A Slavery Worse Than Death

SEVERAL of the writers to whom I have referred in this work have given incontrovertible proofs that millions and millions of persons have been condemned to slavish labor in circumstances in comparison with which the negro slaves in **Uncle Tom's Cabin** enjoyed an earthly paradise! Let me introduce to our readers one whose name some of them have already probably met, Vladimir Petrov. In **This Week Magazine** (July 10, 1948) appears an article from Petrov, who is the only known Dalstroy survivor in America, and who is now on the faculty of Yale University. An article, as an introductory explanation of Petrov's story, is contributed by Corey Ford, under the title **Stalin's Mountain of Gold**, in which an account is given of "a grim gold rush" carried on "in the mystery land of Arctic Siberia" in the most tragic circumstances. This fabulous gold strike is in the Kolyma district of North-east Siberia, taken over in 1931 as a Soviet government project known as Dalstroy.

"At a terrible cost in lives," writes Corey Ford, "a start was made on a harbor, a town, a 350-mile all weather Kolyma Road from Magadan to the gold fields. Exhaustion, typhus and executions decimated the ranks of the slave laborers — but on they came, by the shipload, year in and year out.

"There is no telling how many

persons have died in the grim 16-year history of Dalstroy. Petrov estimates that at least 100,000 of his fellow prisoners died during his own six-year term. Their nameless bodies, stripped of clothing, were dumped into the very ground from which the yellow metal had been taken."

This last sentence is like an echo of Alexeev's statement of his experiences as a boy in the U.S.S.R.: "I saw Red militia-men bring fifteen wagonloads of naked corpses into the streets of my home town as a notice that a peasant revolt had been crushed."

"In some ways," says Vladimir Petrov, "it is better to be a slave than to be free in Russia today. The citizen is always afraid of Stalin's police. But with a prisoner the worst has already happened. There is no fear — not even of death. A slave in Siberia does not care much if he dies."

"Back in the prison in Leningrad," writes Petrov, "I remember seeing in the room of the NKVD commandant a Soviet slogan: It is better to arrest ten innocent than to leave one criminal free."

While a second year student at Leningrad Engineering Institute in 1935, the year of the great purge, Vladimir Petrov was arrested as the result of a raid on his rooms, instigated by a jealous girl who was an agent of the NKVD and had planted in his apartment some books that no Soviet citizen is allowed to read. Dragged to jail and given a mock trial, Petrov was sentenced to six years' hard labor in Siberia.

From his article **I Escaped Alive**

I cull but a few of the many tragic facts he narrates: On the ice-bound steamer *Dzhurma* 2,500 slaves perished of cold in 1933... When a prisoner froze his finger, a doctor merely hacked off the frozen finger with a knife... The rate of mortality, due to cold, disease, hunger, and sheer exhaustion, was terrifically high. Men who dropped in their tracks were hauled to the execution camp and shot as "saboteurs." In Kolyma, in 1938 alone, there were 70,000 deaths... Only the hardiest peasants survived a full term of penal servitude in the gold mines... A special execution camp was established for each gold field. Administration, nicknamed "The Meat Grinder," where those who had been sentenced by the NKVD, without trial, were brought, compelled to dig their own graves, stripped of their clothes (which were to be redistributed later to new prisoners), stood behind the holes they dug, and mowed down by machine guns.

Terrorized "Confessions"

One of the authors best qualified to write on Russian Communism is Freda Uteley, an English lady who was educated in Switzerland and England, a university graduate of varied distinctions, correspondent of the **Manchester Guardian** (in Japan, 1928-29), married to a Russian, a resident with her husband in the U.S.S.R. from 1930 to 1936, and employed in Russia during those years first as a specialist in the Cotton Industry and then as a "Senior Scientific Worker" at the Institute of World Economy and Politics in the Academy of Sciences. When her

(Continued on page 16)

PEACE

MAN WANTS THIS PEACE. It is not a peace for a single group wherein they could huddle with contentment the fruits of orderliness in a small society, but is a world peace. The peace must altogether be among all men regardless of color, belief, and creed. It beacons into the darkness of the archaic dividedness amongst nations; it is a new light purged into the mentality of *man moderne* for a synthesized dependency upon each other. It does not call for things material, but for things of the spirit. For peace exists in spirit: *en masse* the minds must conglomerate in meeting on a common ground.

Thus we have in our generation a titanic attempt to have one. Twice have we organized as nations to have one but failed. And presently, we seem to be organized into a single world citizenry with two shadows falling from the single whole: Both are constantly moving in opposite directions. We pose as one yet the lights of our true inclinations do not lie, for we are of two, and are not one.

We have to shoot cold wars, very deadly cold wars causing the loss of many lives and resources. Hence, our generation has become over-diplomatic and artificial; we use colgate smiles and wave our hands enthusiastically to our friends passing by while our backyard is on fire. Or we calmly invoke a good handclasp in a toast while our

friend's body is almost dead by the poison we dropped into his cup!

Is this the generation who wants peace? When we adhere to two irreconcilable ideologies, **Communism and Democracy?**

First, we must look at the march of man, into the roots of his obstacle for when unearthed the two shadows fall into one; for it is as the same man who stands against the parabolic curves of fate, destiny inevitable, with the sharp refractions of his own aspirations. The late is inevitable for it is the creation of his time — born with diverting ideologies, while he craves for his own unity. He cannot be a hamlet; yet he is not content to say like a toad that mud and water are one.

The UN assemblage is the mirror where the pyramidal set-up, a paragon of peace, our world's civilization is reflected. There one can see on the summit of its symmetry the pennant of the united world in its middle half are engraved the names of the nations in this world; and at the bottom is the foundation composed of millions of mankind.

What is stupendous above is only the abstraction of the magnanimity below. Without strong foundations the pyramid would collapse. Unless the countries are integrated within themselves first, the pennant of the united world will fall, and without the fullness in the heart and spirit of its people the

WHAT IS RUSSIAN COMMUNISM?

husband was arrested and, without trial, condemned to a concentration camp, she left Russia and has since held high offices of trust and, as correspondent, has contributed valuable articles to various newspapers of note. This talented lady is also the authoress of more than half-a-dozen excellent books.

Freda Uley is gifted with a talent that is not common amongst writers: she has the knack of saying *multum in parvo* — of being

able to state clearly and concisely what another writer might require more space to narrate in a less telling manner. Her pamphlet **Why I Ceased To Be A Communist** (Catholic Information Society, N.Y.C.) is a model of verve, conciseness, and precision. The very opening paragraph arrests the reader's attention:

"Paradoxical as it sounds, I ceased to be a Communist for the same reasons which originally led me to become one. The liberal as-

(Continued on page 21)

nations will topple down; then, lo, great will be the fall!

For while we congregate for peace, with other nations in the halls of the UN our brothers at home shoot against brothers and besmirch our soil on this earth with fratricidal blood.

And as we meet in the UN for peace, we arm ourselves, then shout for peace!

We hold to the face of the populace a live white pigeon of peace, but our sleeves stink with blood

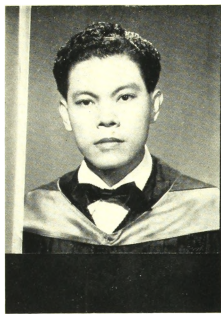
By Patrocino A.
Castellano

and 'gunpowder, then denounce war!

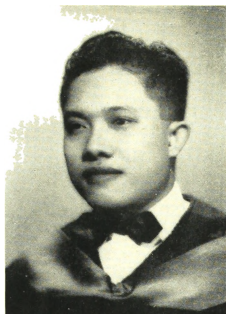
We ceased to be our brothers' keepers, and are amused at our peace. What is bad above should be worst below. It is manifested in our hearts, the far cry from the humble Family two thousand years ago; for charity begins at home, so to quote. It was in the hearts of these Three where sprang the first true love for peace. The herald for the Newly-Born called for Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men, and He said, Love thy neighbors as thyself. That alone will suffice for our unpeace.

The things inculcated in an individual's early life will remain; no amount of effort can efface it. The heart will remain morbid as it has been made to be so, or charitable if it were taught to be. It starts from home and ends at home; the black remains black and the pure remains pure.

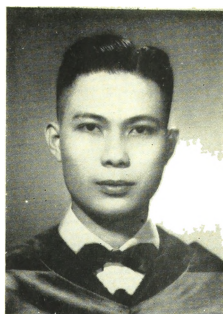
If man, who seeks for peace, would for a moment sink from his bold stand and ponder to search himself what heart he possesses, then, he should not be surprised to find his heart not entirely pure. This is the reason for the failure of his attempts to have the most coveted laurels of peace. For, only by heart alone can there be peace; a world peace; the spirit of peace in his mind emanates from his heart. **Peace is heart!**



Atty. DOMINGO A. ZOBRADO
Dumanjug, Cebu



Atty. SERGIO A. BANTILES
Salamban, Cebu



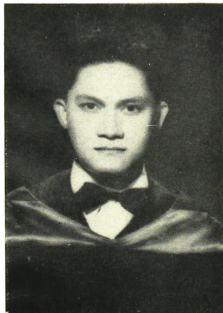
Atty. CESAR T. CABATANGAN
Cebu City

*The **Carolinian** proudly presents
some pictures of the USC new
lawyers who successfully hurdled
the last Bar Examinations*

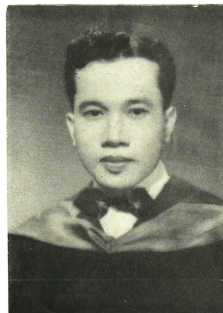
(Continued on page 20)



Atty. PRUDENCIO DENING
Cotman, Cebu



Atty. CATALINO M. DORONIO
Barban, Cebu



Atty. MARCIAL L. FERNANDEZ
Dimiao, Bohol



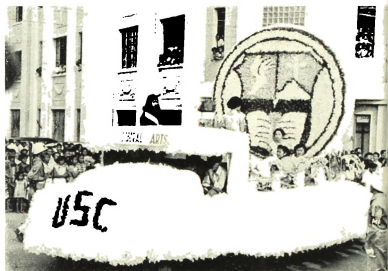
Pharmacy cuties doing the "Gypsy Dance"



Float, College of Commerce



Float, Girls' High School



Float, College of Liberal Arts

Fiesta

When U.S.C. celebrates, it's always a bang-up affair. **DAY** held last month. Included herein are some of the scenes seen in Cebu. — On stage, the U.S.C. show goes on and is a treat to the eye.

Commerce coeds
in
"Beauty in
Brocade"



Elementary kids



Float, College of Education



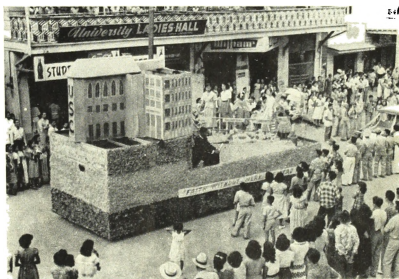
Float, College of Law

U.S.C.

On these pages are some of the highlights of the U.S.C. dozen or so floats in the parade which was the best yet light-footed Carolinian danseuses whose swirling feats



Letty Martillo in "Czardas"



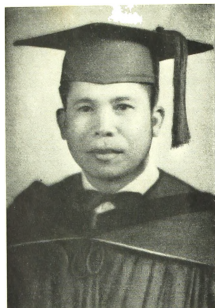
Float, Normal Department



"Mero Dance"



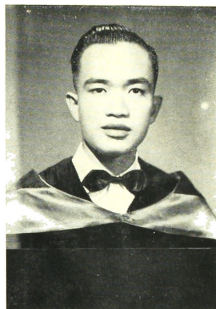
Education classes who did the prize-winning "Andalusia" dance.



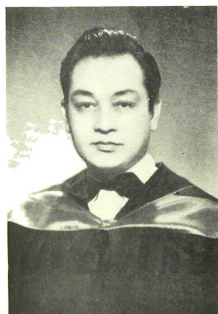
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Cebu City



Atty. LUIS M. GARCIA
Cebu City



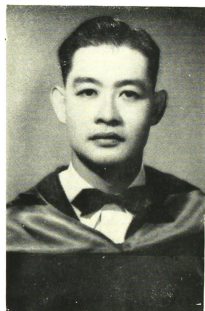
Atty. EMILIO Y. HILADO, Jr.
Bacolod City



Atty. LAZARO M. JABONERO
Labangon, Cebu City



Atty. SERGIO M. LACTAO
Mambajao, Mis. Or.



Atty. JESUS Y. LIM
Balamban, Cebu



Atty. TEODORO V. LIM
Medellin, Cebu

*More of the
New U.S.C.
Lawyers*

See also
inside back cover
for more
new barristers
from U.S.C.

ALUMNI CHIMES

ALUMNI HOMECOMING

On the occasion of the alumni homecoming for this year, more than two hundred alumni from different places honored the occasion by attending the traditional Faculty-Alumni banquet.

The new lawyers and pharmacists who made brilliant records in the bar and board examinations were invited as honored guests.

In an impromptu program, with the genial Vice-President of the U.S.C. Alumni Association, Dr. Osundo Rama, as emcee, alter dinner speeches were delivered. Congressman Miguel Cuenco, one of the distinguished alumni, made a stirring speech about San Carlos and her role in the education of the youth. Mons. Esteban Montecillo, also an alumnus, gave an instructive and entertaining short talk. Pres. Jesus P. Garcia of the Alumni Association thanked the administration and the alumni for their cooperation and reviewed the activities of the organization as well as the future plans. Very Reverend Albert V. Gansewinkel, as Rector of the University and Spiritual Moderator of the Association, closed the program with an inspiring address, thanking the Association members and the faculty for their cooperation and assuring them that San Carlos is always ready to extend her help to them.

BOHOL ALUMNI REPORT

Miss Purificacion L. Chagas, B.S.E '51, reports that she is now teaching Spanish, National Language and English in the St. Anthony's Academy at Carmen, Bohol, and gave us the following data about other alumnae:

Miss GUADALUPE F. PARAGUYA is teaching Biology at the Tubigon Catholic High School, Tubigon, Bohol;

Miss ANDRESA G. PASCO handles Algebra at the Philippine College, Calape, Bohol;

Miss DIONISIA L. CANO is at the Holy Child High School, Quinobatan, Misamis Oriental, handling Biology and English;

Miss PAZ CASTRO and Miss ELU-TERIA DOLERA are both teachers in the St. Mary's College, Guindulman, Bohol;

Miss AGUSTINA RELAMPAGOS is the Home Economist in the Sierra-Bullones High School;

Miss TRINIDAD OPELINA and Miss NICOLASITA PATINDOL recently joined the Clarin High School Faculty;

Miss LIBRADA BILIRAN is at the Bohol Trade School and, at last, a gentleman.

Mr. PACIFICO ESTILLORE is the historian at the St. Paul's Academy, Inabanga, Bohol.

Good news! Everybody is employed. How about those not employed? May we know where they are?

CARCAR ALUMNA IS A NOVITIATE

Miss Elena Urgello, daughter of Don Francisco Urgello of Carcar, Cebu, is now at the Pines City, particularly at Paodal, Baguio. She's now a nun. No more letters from her.

ORCHIDS FROM LANAO

Mr. Paping Fajardo, USC alumnus and an employee of the Philippine National Bank, Iligan, Lanao, conveys his warmest congratulations to the new lawyers and pharmacists who made record-breaking achievements in the Bar and Board examinations.

WHAT IS RUSSIAN COMMUNISM?

(Continued from page 16)

pirations which turned my youthful hopes toward the Soviet Union made me recoil from Communism in horror once I came to know its real nature."

As a child, Freda Utley read extensively, especially Greek history, French revolutionary literature, and the English nineteenth century poets of freedom. Believing that the Communist ideal stood for the brotherhood of man, irrespective of race, creed, color, or nationality, and regarding it as the fulfillment of the age-long struggle of mankind for liberty and justice, this young lady joined the Communist Party in England. She was a type of a certain kind of Communist with whom we can sincerely sympathize — one who visualized the Communist system as an ideal while knowing nothing of the frightful operation of the system in the U.S.S.R.

"In a word," declares this authoress, "I was led to Communism by a passion for the emancipation of mankind."

But the ardent young Communist's roseate dreams melted away and her cherished ideal was shattered when she came face to face with the operation of Ruscomism. Writing of her sojourn in the U.S.S.R. she says: "During six disillusioning

years I learned the truth about Russia and the hollowness of Communist pretensions to be concerned with the welfare of the Common Man."

"I found," she continues, "that Communist society has nothing in common with the free and equal world which socialists believed would follow the breakdown of the capitalist system. Month by month and year by year it was borne in upon me with increasing force that nowhere in the world is there greater injustice, inequality and cruel oppression than in Stalin's Russia, more hopeless poverty and ruthless exploitation of the working class; a more privileged ruling class; less regard for the dignity of man and less will or desire or possibility of raising the standard of life of the mass of the people. The reality of life in Communist Russia is as remote from the picture painted by the friends of the Soviet Union in the west as the earth from Mars... All that I had expected to find in Russia was reviled and abused. The democratic capitalist world which I had rejected began to appear infinitely desirable in comparison with the slavery and poverty and terror in Communist Russia!" (pp. 2 & 3).

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JEEPERS!
A FLAT "5"
IN ALL MY
SUBJECTS!

By
VICENTE N. LIM



PASSING THROUGH

Everyday brings the semester closer to its end. Pretty soon it'll be the finals, and the Tactical Inspection for the ROTC codes, and the graduation ceremonies. For the graduates it means marching down the aisle in self-conscious pairs with that "helium" feeling (lighter-than-air), and relatives with flowers somewhere in the seats near the foot of the stage. It is the end of a year of grind. It is the end of two years of preparatory studies. For the Liberal Arts graduate means entering regular Law or regular Medicine next year.

So you're a graduate now. What and how much do you remember of your college life since two years ago? How prepared do you think you are for those more advanced, more serious subjects in that field you're going to take up? How well have you prepared for them?

You can't enter classes in regular Law or Med with your noggin still swimming in the haze of that graduation party your folks gave you. Of course the hang-over wouldn't last that long anyway, eh. Well, o. k., so you're a graduate now. You're the guy or the dame with those two letters after your full name: A.A. Congrats.

But the glory of graduation can't completely cover some scars and hurts some guys met on the way. For some people there are more things than absolute honesty and decency in college life, especially when it comes to exams. Some people have found out that even in college there is the battle for the fittest. In this case "fittest" goes two ways. Either you're really good or you can play the game underhandedly very well! Still, if you're a flop, you're a flop and no question about it; or, what's your kick — you know you're no good. The point is, you can pass if you're good enough or diligent enough or conscientious enough — or if you can pull the wool over the prof's eyes expertly and masterfully (in this you have to depend entirely on your ability to cheat or illicitly secure copies of the exam questions from sources). To be the former is to be safe and honorable, but the latter is, it seems, more enterprising but riskier. Take your sides. Don't be in the center. If you are, brother, you'll be sorry. I was!

Pretty grim, huh. But some people's memories of their college life are a little bit wacky and funny. There's a guy who spent three years for a two-year prep course, and in the course of this holiday managed to romp about all the colleges and subjects, taking and changing them like so many pairs of socks. He entered college fresh from high school and enrolled in the Lib. Arts, taking the Pre-Med course. After that he switched to Pre-

(Continued on page 23)

IT'S ALL LEGAL (Continued From page 3)

idency of the Lex Circle, the college of law organization, of which later he became the president. On the side, he ran for councilor in his hometown and was among those who survived the political tidal wave that washed up the party in power all over the country. He hails from far-flung Bitoon, Dumanjug, Cebu.

When asked for a final tip about himself, he bent over confidently to whisper: "Don't forget to tell them I'm a bachelor."

But what turned out to be the surprise package of class '51 was a soft-spoken, intelligent young man from Payabon, Negros Oriental, Fortunato "Valfort" Vallores. At meetings and seminars, having no stomach for theatricals and blustering antics of budding lawyers, he would rather observe than shoot his mouth off. A color-minded, and at right times, turkey-talking student, he preferred to boil down into three terse sentences what would take most to say in three paragraphs.

He had a healthy aversion for tucking books to school ("It makes me feel like a schoolboy.") so he had to tuck the lessons between his ears before entering the classroom. To this habit he attributes his making the 5th place in the bar exams. Among his riskier theories: he believes in reviewing during the school days and loafing around during the review and pre-week days. But his formula clicked. Currently, he is with the Harvardian Colleges in Manila doubling as secretary and instructor, and on the side, still working out some of his risky but much pleasanter ideas, e.g. marriage.

Apart from the talents of the Carolinian topnotchers and the grit and determination of the law class working as a team to make good and uphold the prestige of San Carlos, the credit for the success story of the underdog law class of '51 goes to the law faculty, especially to Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez who made personal sacrifice to give the class the best possible preparation for the bar exams, and to Rev. Father Albert v. Gansewinkel, S.V.D. who inaugurated an iron-hand policy in the low department even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of many, but which certainly had lifted the standards of the USC College of Law.

ROTC h a t e r - - - - -

By
JESUS G. RAMA



"A" COMPANY "BEST MARCHING COMPANY"

Judged as the "best Marching company" last University Day was the "A" Company (Inf) commanded by Cdt. Capt. Pedro Patalinghug. The Company was rated in accordance with march discipline, commands, and marching precision. Those who composed the board of judges were Capt. Antonio M. Gonzales, Lt. Barria, and Capt. Dominador Tenazas of the III MA.

RE-GRADUATION

With the commencement a matter of few weeks, advanced cadets have their hands full and geared for the "great" day. A joint graduation and ball to be participated in by advanced graduates of all ROTC units of Cebu has been booked for the occasion. Those who will be at the receiving end are Cdt. Col. Francisco Borromeo, Cdt. Lt.-Col. Rafael Avanceña, Cdt. Major Cesar Jamiro, Cdt. Lt.-Col. José Fantolán, Cdt. Major Jaime Calungod, Cadets Ramón Yu, Rafael Dondayano, Cresencio Llamos, Jesús Rama, Florentino Teves, Alfredo Trani, Jr. Gil Vergara, Jaime Villanueva, Emilio Samson, Federico Calo, Arturo Aliño and Samuel Bago-d. It would not be long now when they would be wearing gold bars

on their shoulders, not the usual "push buttons and diamonds."

THEORETICAL EXAMS TO BE GIVEN DURING TACTICAL INSPECTION

All advanced cadets are ordered to prepare mentally for the forthcoming theoretical examination which will be held during the Tactical inspection.

Subjects to be taken up by the Infantry "boys" are the following: (A) Attack; (B) Combat Order; (C) Estimate of the Situation; (D) Operation Order.

For the Artillery group (Advanced Course): (A) Firing Battery; (B) Fire Direction Procedure; (C) Artillery Tactics.

For the second year basic cadets, the subjects to be taken up are (A) Material; (B) Organization of the FA units; (C) Service of the Piece.

NEW AREA COMMANDER LAUDS LOCAL ROTC UNITS

Col. Ramón Enríquez, the III MA Commander, was highly impressed by the progress of training and the splendid record demonstrated by the various ROTC Units in Cebu. He also took time to praise the ROTC commandants for their resourcefulness, leadership, and administration.

PARADE AND REVIEW IN HONOR OF FR. RECTOR, BOARD OF REGENTS AND FACULTY MEMBERS

The USC Cadet Corps presented a colorful parade and review in honor of Fr. Rector, Board of Regents, Deans and Faculty members last February 17, 1952, at the Abellana High School grounds. Well applauded during the parade ceremony was the marching precision of the cadets and the officers' center march.

The occasion was highlighted by the presence of a large Carolinian crowd and the lovely "kaydette" girls.

ROTC BOOTH COPS HONORABLE MENTION:

For the honor of the most artistic booth, the ROTC entry copped the honorable mention last USC Day. There was a display of arms, ammunitions, machine guns and walkie-talkie inside the booth. An interesting feature was a vivid description of the Battle of Heartbreak Ridge considered "A turning point" in the current war in Korea.

PASSING THROUGH . . .

(Continued from page 22)

Law after having flunked Chemistry and having abandoned Zoology. He had to take Trigo two times before getting wise and calling it quits in the middle of the third time. He had to take Spanish 4 and Religion 4 twice each. He took Ontology and Epistemology and, four weeks later, jettisoned them. He had to repeat Economics 1 in order to beat a Condition. He . . . but enough of this run-around. I'll write my life's story someday and send you a complimentary copy!

Getting back to the subject of graduation, the administration ought to give out free handouts of aspirin pills on the eve of the final exams. Or maybe cups of coffee and some mosquito repellent solutions.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Graduation March . . . tom to do de dum . . .

For the Record

For the consolation of the University of San Carlos which spends thousands of pesos yearly for sports, and for the morale of Carolinians both in school and in their chosen fields of endeavor, let the following facts be placed on record

CCAA CHAMPIONS IN BASKETBALL

There was a time at the beginning of this season when the University of San Carlos was considering to withdraw from the basketball series of the CCAA this year on account of the small material available in the Varsity.

Nobody was surprised therefore when the USC basketball team started coming with their tails down. With the USP and the SWC fighting for the top position, the USC was good only for the third floor during the first round of the series.

Losing to Southwestern even in the second round, hope came back with the first streak of silver lining when San Carlos stopped the SWC in a crucial battle. A victory of USC over USP would have peacefully settled the question with SWC as champion and the USC as runner-up. But USP rolled back the SWC to create a triple tie with USC in the final round. By defeating both teams, the USC won the CCAA Championship in the basketball series of 1951-52.

Besides the championship title, the USC team was voted the cleanest team in the CCAA, and also declared the highest scoring team. USC coach Manuel Baring was chosen the coach of the year, while Joe Espeleta won second most valuable player award.

Responsible for this milestone in USC sports history are the following: Coach Ray Johnson, Coach Manuel Baring, Captain Jose Espeleta, tricky Rudy Jakosalem, Key-

man Roy Morales, long-armed Evaristo Sgarduy, tap-in Fausto Archie, fighting Domingo Tan, shooter Tito Dionaldo, useful Tomas Echivarre, versatile Martin Echivarre, Jr., patient Rodolfo Macasero, hopeful Francisco Arriola, and crack-kneed Carlos Alvarez.

USC TEAM IN MANILA

According to many observers, of all teams from outside Manila, the USC Cagers made the best impression. Their victory over Guagua National College was not much in itself, but there is something the boys' style of playing that caught Manila in the eye. And far from considering it a shame, the USC team can hold it as an honor to have bowed to no less a team than San Beda.

CAAL CHAMPIONS

In the Cebu Archdiocesan Athletic League, local meet, the USC basketball team again came out champion by disposing off Notre Dame College of San Fernando, Cebu, and by edging Colegio de San Jose. With the default of Leyte and Samar, the University of San Carlos, Cebu champions, faced Holy Name College, representing Bohol. By holding down the Boholanos, the USC was declared CAAL champions of 1952.

The projected meet between the Mindanao, Cebu, and Iloilo champions has been postponed indefinitely.

USC GIRLS' CRACK VOLLEYBALL TEAM

This year's volleyball team has put up a good record. They've brushed aside USP, CIT, and SWC. So far they lost only one game, to CSJ, but they will have their revenge in the second round when they will meet Colegio de San Jose in their home court.

The members of the USC Volleyball team this year are: Captain Anacorita Sayman, Vice-Captain Felicidad Gilay, Netters Aurora Camero, Luz Evangelista, Bienvenida Guanzon, Stoopers Trinidad de la Serna, Salustia Torregoza, Pura Cimafranca, Ciriaca Briz, Encarnacion Larena, and Fe Salazar.

TWO-MAN SWIMMING TEAM UPHOLDS USC NAME

The Nabiulla-Colmenares duo held up high the name of the University of San Carlos when they consistently held the second and third places in the free-style events in which they competed. Nabiulla broke the old record of Basanung in the 1500-meter race, but was outdone by Alcantara of UST. In the 100-meter race, Nabiulla again lost by one-tenth of a second to Medel of UST. In the 400-meter event Alcantara still shaded Nabiulla by five seconds. Between the two of them, the Carolinian tankers were able to garner enough points to place USC in the third place in the National Intercollegiate Swimming championship.

In the National Open, Nabiulla and Colmenares made their best showing against veteran swimming champions of the Philippines. Nabiulla made his mark by capturing the first place in the 100-meter free-style and by winding up as second in the 400-meter free-style. Colmenares made fourth place in the 1500-meter free-style with Basanung and Alcantara in the race. (Nabiulla did not enter in the 1500-meter race.)

With only these two swimmers, the USC had no chance to get general championship in swimming, but the wonder is that they were able to make a place for the USC at all after participating in only three of the swimming events. For this feat, therefore, our two swimmers, Parson Nabiulla and Angel Colmenares, deserve a rousing cheer from all Carolinians. Three cheers for Colmenares and Nabiulla!

COMMERCE GETS INTRAMURAL CROWN

Let's we forget, it must be put down on record that the College of Commerce captured the Intramural Basketball championship during the school year 1951-52. The members of the Commerce team are the following: Abel Salgado, Gregorio Alagon, Amado, Rubi, T. Pilones, Cabarrubias, Zosa, Evangelista, Jesus Yap, B. Lood, Sarfati, and M. Banzuelo.

The runner-up position is held by the College of Education.

(Continued from page 7)

sober with words and measures his impressions.

The active soul pours itself into action independently of results, whether his honor or glory is at stake or not. He acts because the idea spontaneously conveys itself to movement. For him leisure is a torment, a veritable punishment. Whereas the inactive feels an inner resistance to work. Rather than labor, he prefers to read something agreeable, or dream. If he acts, it is solely out of motives extrinsic to his work.

The resonant man who reverberates to all impressions falls into an important class. Any external change finds a re-echo within himself. If he reacts rapidly to first impressions leaving no impressions upon the soul, he is classed as reverberant to primary impressions, a creature of primary reaction. To such people impressions may strike but once and ramify over their whole being. Although impression may penetrate slowly, yet its effects may last a long time, even for life. Those of primary reaction reverberate suddenly to an offense and often no matter how violent, forget soon. While others of secondary reaction react less fervently, but hold the offense much longer. They belong to the group who say, "I pardon, but do not forget."

Of course, these several groupings to not comprise the total amplitude of an entire person. Many other so-called accessory elements can be added. His intellectual qualities may be either analytical or synthetic. In addition other tendencies or drives might be included, as self-love, avarice, sensuality, prodigality, etc. Though very important in moral issues, yet they are not the elements constituting a temperament, since they do not form the psychic material out of which a temperament results. Rather these accessory traits merely condition these three constitutive elements, and all taken together form one entire temperament.

Take for example the emotional type where non-active and subject to primary reaction. Being very sensitive to the variations of the external work, their humor alters with the change of environment. And in as much as they are inactive, they usually live in an inner world of reverie and ideal. Such characters are usually gifted

with generosity, originality, quickness of apprehension and often disposed to art. They suffer one serious defect, instability. Men as Oscar Wilde or Byron belong to this group. Even the great St. Francis of Assisi numbers himself in this class. Reacting vehemently to the misery of his times, he gave himself entirely and forever to relieve the state of poverty. As a non-active individual he preferred to enter himself, instead of following his father's profession. Reacting immediately with impulsiveness, he changed his clothing and became the beggar of Rome. St. Francis was an artist and remained one after his conversion by giving renunciation a taste of poesy, and making austere life agreeable. Some say that St. Francis was the holiest of all Italians, and of all the most Italian.

Such temperaments require a firm and understandable director whose guidance preserves their flame of enthusiasm aglow by illuminating their intellects with the language of the heart.

There are other souls active to impressions of secondary reaction, and inactive as well. These are usually more introverted, and inclined to be reflexive and meditative. Although constant, yet they have tendencies to over-analyze, and often fall into scruples and problems. Many atheists and pessimists have joint this group, such as Schopenhauer and Kierkegaard. Another personality belonging to this class is the holy Curé of Ars. He bore a strong compassion for the poor, avoided military service and almost ready to abandon his seminary studies, because the branches were too rugged. He remained a pessimist all his life.

Such personalities need a guide who can encourage and prompt the heart with an affective type of meditation leading them to confidence and love.

Others again are listed as emotional, active and individuals of primary reaction. They are impulsive, revolutionaries who make good demagogues, but often lack constancy to continue. Mussolini and Mirabeau belong to this class. Being enterprising and bursting into action with lack of reflection, they endanger themselves to dissipation and lack of interior spirit.

(Continued on page 26)

is much higher than all those sentenced to capital punishment for the same crime during more than three hundred years of Spanish rule and American rule put together. Profit physical and material well-being are considered as the paramount human values. The result is that the rate of thefts in private enterprises as well as in government offices is very alarming.

Crimes are not mere violations of penal laws. They have a much deeper significance. They are clear symptoms of the spiritual and moral disintegration of society itself.

This moral decay should cause us the greatest anxiety. We cannot sit idly by and fold our arms. We must do something about it quickly and positively. We are mindfull of the difficulties that the government interposes with regard to the effective teaching of religion in the public schools. But in all candor we must, however, admit that the teaching of religion to our children, inside or outside the public schools, leaves much to be desired.

We propound no charges nor raise recriminations. We blame nobody, much less the parish priest. Unlike the American or Spanish parishes, ours are usually very large, in the United States there is one parish priest for every five thousand inhabitants. In the Philippines it is one for about fifteen thousand people. The parish priest alone therefore has not the means to provide for the religious instruction of his parishioners. He needs the cooperation and the support of all of us. The problem concerns everybody, the layman as well as the churchman. It is a practical problem which calls for organization, for collective action, for the concerted efforts of all Catholic forces. With all humility I respectfully suggest that His Excellency, the Archbishop call a meeting of members of the Catholic Action, Papal Knights, Church dignitaries, Knight of Columbus, Members of the Legion of Mary, and Catholic educational leaders to devise ways and means for the effective teaching of religion in the public schools. We face a great responsibility to God and to our country; a responsibility which we cannot shirk. I thank you.

(Continued from page 25)

Spiritual directors handling their fate, need wide understanding, encouraging them to meditate even if the help of a book be necessary. Recommending an intimate union with God will often bear great fruit. Others belong to this class who are influenced by secondary reaction. More balanced and lasting such characters are generally termed the **passionate**. Dante, Goethe, Caesar, St. Augustine, Bernard, Teresa and John Bosco number themselves in this class. Haughtiness constitutes their chief danger.

Directors succeed the best by keeping them in the spirit of fraternity, by having them meditate upon the realities of the spirit including the fragility of the human soul.

Such are but a few of the many possible character combinations in the total range of the human makeup. The sum-total comprises a vast garden of varieties, each of which call for respect and consideration. Their observation and understanding offer one condition to bring the inherent goodness of each youth into bloom. By tuning his deep unshakeable ideal with his own temperamental stuff, its image will penetrate the whole man, will become more appealing, assumes more value, and releases more power.

Over and above the means awakening the appeal and love for an ideal through the director himself. An effective medium to redirect the love of our youth, calls for more than a doctrinaire, nay even more than conveying the fruits of past experience. In the last analysis it is the impact of his personality upon the person directed. Formation or education in this sense, as Father Van Zeller maintains, is a personal affair or it is nothing. It needs be a personality whose vital relationship serves to bring Christ to his charges. Nay, I dare say, not that he brings Christ to others, but rather that he permits Christ to give Himself through his direction, a Divine Ideal transmitted only in the measure in which the director lives the Christian life himself.

(Continued from page 9)

increase in the ceaseless flow of enormous pensions. At times he would rave about his son's irresponsibility and dependence, he had even caught himself cursing his son for betraying his standards of human decency, but he would remember his wife and his promise. Andrés was his son. . .

Andrés' family constituted only Nita, his city bred wife who drank, smoked, and was as spendthrift as her husband, and Josefina, their only daughter who had her mother's dark and attractive eyes and her father's haughty bearings coupled with an unbridled temper. I cannot forget the day they came home to the hacienda for it was my birthday. I was wearing my new red poplin dress that Nancy Rita bought from the "tabo-an." Tatay Juan was Iyo Talyo's *encargado* and the day Andrés and his family arrived, he was busy preparing for the day's entertainment and seeing to it that the food would be enough for everybody. It was Iyo Talyo's delight to greet every homecoming of his son with a merry celebration and a sumptuous feast.

I was helping my mother spread the newly cooked rice to cool off on the wide green banana leaves when Tatay Juan came over to us. Beside him was Josefina, neatly dressed in white and with a red ribbon smartly perched on her curly hair, looking so young and childish, "Show her around the hacienda," Tatay Juan had said. "She had been only a tiny mite the last time she was up here. I'm sure she will enjoy it and like it enough to stay here for keeps." And Tatay Juan left us.

We became fast friends. She would wake up early in the morning when the mists were still clinging to the sleepy hills and come to our small cocon-roofed house. Nancy Rita was certainly amused when Jo told her that she liked to walk to and fro in our tiny sala because she could hear her feet sing. It was really our creaking bamboo floor. Out of embarrassment, perhaps, Tatay Juan with a simulated nonchalance said that he had wanted to replace them with a new bunch of young bamboo but Nancy Rita objected. Both Nancy Rita and I knew that he was lying, of course, but we understood. It

was he who strongly refused to have the old and shiny floor changed as he would lie down on its coolness every noon after meals and doze off for a few minutes before going to Iyo Talyo's house or to unhitch the carabao from the fields and lead it off to a cooler and greener grazing land.

Nancy Rita would offer Jo some hot chocolate but she would refuse and say that she never failed to

Water with

take a sip of morning stimulant before coming over to the house. I would catch a whiff of wine from a distance and once I was about to say something about it when I had looked up and saw the look on Tatay Juan's eyes; the words died in my lips. Jo had to watch me feed the pigs and throw big corn grains to the chickens before we could go on our daily morning treks to the wide grasslands and near-by hills. We would go up to the top of the hills, sprawl lazily on the green-carpeted earth and get a view of the wide expanse of Hacienda Cirila, named after Iyo Talyo's wife who died when Andrés was born. We could see the vast plains and the green fields spattered conspicuously with clusters of nipa and cocon-roofed houses huddled close to one another. We would feel the cool morning air start whinnying across the land and watch the gray-white smoke curling out from among the stoic mountain foliage which shyly hid some of the huts.

Up there I would try to inhale as much as I could of the cool freshness of the mountain' air and bask with delight at being a witness to such an untruffled serenity. Jo would talk endlessly on the wonders and comforts of the city, the loneliness and monotony of country life, the thick clinging mud during big rains, and seeing nothing but green all around. As the sun struggled higher, she would suddenly get up and say, Come, dreamyhead, I'll race you downhill. And off she would vanish like a deer who has sensed a hunter in sight. We would rest beneath the gentle shade of the guava tree,

which was getting old and gawky, and start laughing. But hers was a taunting laughter. At times it seemed repulsive. The country scene and all it could offer to the eye or ear had lost its appeal. Every scene or object seemed dull and dark to her. . .

The shrill whistle of the conductor shrieked and the sudden screech of the bus which pulled sharply to a stop gave me a violent jolt. Tatay

Her Wine

Juan carried my buri bag and we started on our one-kilometer trek home. We had passed the big red tile-roofed house and through the closed iron grilled gate I caught a glimpse of a lady on the porch. I was sure it was Jo. I wanted to ask Tatay Juan about her but I had noticed that he had been unusually quiet during the whole trip. Perhaps he was just tired and the afternoon sun was making him sleepy or it may have been the silence which comes with the years. So I just trudged on silently beside him in the warming sunshine.

Before my uncle and my cousin Nelia had sent for me to help them run their sari-sari store in the city, Jo had already left for Manila with her mother who had made the least household trifle sour her temper; hence, having an excuse to go away from the hacienda and go to the big city. Jo had come to say good-bye to us. I had wished her luck and hoped that she'd remember us in the country and perhaps visit us in the future.

"I won't forget you and your family but I don't think I'd want to come back here. Life in a rural region may be appealing to you; it's terribly boring for me. I want a life of excitement, not dullness, just as Mama wants, too." Jo sounded so confident. So far away.

"Just the same, I hope you'll remember to visit us someday. Perhaps when you get tired of city life."

"I'll never tire of it. It's what I want and where I want to be. Mama and Papa always take care that I get what I want. They even think for me, so why should I

worry. Mama does a lot of things for me; she shampoos my hair for instance. Papa is a real darling; he foots the hills. He's quite liberal, too, in his ways. I feel that we really do not belong here."

"But this will be yours someday."

"Yes, I know. But I can sell it if I would want to; I don't belong to this kind of life. It's like the way I take my wine — straight, no water, no nothing. It's more stimulating, more fun that way. That is what my life is going to be."

Tatay Juan and I were now following the familiar narrow trail and before long came alongside the little brook where Jo and I used to wade in and across was the stumbling path leading to the top of the hills where we had chased small yellow twin butterflies. The trees had turned deeper green; the beds of reeds where we played hide-and-peek seemed to have grown taller and thicker. I had to ask Tatay Juan about Jo. So I did.

We stopped to rest on a big boulder slumped against a big protruding root of a caimito tree. Tatay Juan took his handkerchief and wiped his damp forehead before he spoke. Something had happened to Jo and the family. The August rains were just over when Andrés received a telegram from Manila. From Jo. Her mother had died of heart failure.

"I did not read the telegram, of course, but I am sure Andrés was not telling the truth. Josefina's mother must have died of excessive drinking. In the short length of time that they had stayed in the hacienda I had keenly observed how that woman took to wine."

I still remember Tatay Juan coming home one dusk from Iyo Talyo's house muttering about Andrés' wife living on wine and nothing else. "Hush, Juan!" Nanay Rita had sharply cut in, "if those people from the city drink much, let them." "But it's so disgusting to see a woman drink the way Nita does, it's simply unbecoming." Tatay Juan retorted but Nanay Rita had gone down the back stairs to give the corn grits to the squeaking pigs.

"Andrés went to Manila immediately," Tatay Juan continued. "After the burial he took Josefina home to Hacienda Ciria, a good move Andrés had ever taken considering the casual approach that daughter of his had for her studies. It has been well over a year now that Iyo Talyo died; he wanted to have his son take over his place. Unfortunately, Andrés does not have the excellent virtues and excellent executive abilities his father had possessed. He has gone back to his old vices, gambling and women. His father's wealth is fast dwindling; all the good things his father had built slowly and with care seem to have no meaning at all to Andrés. The group of household hands are gradually ebbing, either they are not paid or they are merely afraid of Andrés' terrible temper."

"What about Jo?"

Josefina has greatly changed. She sits at the porch all day and gazes at the distant hills. Since she came nobody has seen her cry or laugh. Just like Jo. She won't pay anything with weeping or sorrow. The cold haughty look is still there. But will Jo still have the grit to go on in spite of the tragic things that are happening? Poor Jo, so unprepared for the unexpected, trying to alter the fixed pattern of our borrowed existence but was never made aware of the whims and fancies of time and life that would stealthily creep on one and burst out all of a sudden like a thunder-clap; thus, leaving one like Jo dumb with futility. "It won't be long now, Tatay Juan said clearing his throat, "when Josefina's brother will have to go as her mother did."

A black storm was fast gathering in the sky and a cold wind started blowing. We started on our way once more, through aimless rivulets, through the wind-stirred corn and rice fields, along the rows of caimito trees and the towering coconuts. . . all, in some strange way, enmeshed in twine of song. I keenly felt how great a part they have become of me. And I resolved that my life shall be like these vast green fields and hills. . . calm and far-reaching, giving a sense of peace and fullness.

"Lina, please come down. Let's meet the fishermen. Mother wants me to buy some **bindingen**."

Hand in hand the two either run or skip spritlike toward the beach, with the lightness and agility characteristic of vibrant adolescence.

Once on the seashore they would eagerly watch the approach of bancas, getting a better view of an exquisite picture.

After making their purchase, the little girls would still have time to wander on the beach. To feel the salty sand under their feet. The sun, a golden yellow, still was low in the eastern sky. And they would hang their baskets on a branch and race the length of the beach to the old schoolhouse. Scattered all over the beach were pretty, lovely, sea things. Shells aplenty. Shells horny and smooth. The sparkling sea water, shiny stones, and the deep blue sea.

Bertha used to be her classmate in the old days. There was that particular afternoon of long ago when darkness pervaded the mossy walls of the old schoolhouse. It was raining hard outside. The pupils submitted to the sullen atmosphere by crumpling their arms over their breasts, bringing their legs together to preserve so much body heat as possible. The door slammed open letting in a cold rush of wind. From the door emerged the dripping figure of Bertha.

"Bertha!" their teacher exclaimed. "How could you come in this rain?" But Bertha was unmoving. Tiny streams of rain water rolled from her bare legs on to the concrete pavement.

"Go back home, Bertha, and change into something dry and warm. Come back when the rain stops."

For her part, Lina understood the gnawing bitterness in Bertha's little heart at that moment. She knew how poor Bertha was. In their house, there was almost nothing she could wear to school. Poverty stalked in their dilapidated dwelling. In such a home Bertha lived a part of a large but indigent family.

Other girls were buoyant and gay, Bertha was seldom that. It was Lina who gave her gaiety and laughter with her companionship.

One day Lina learned her family was returning to the City. With much effort she told Bertha her sad story. "You will soon forget me,

Lina, because I am poor," Bertha sobbed.

"No, Bertha, no." I won't forget you. Never. Please don't cry anymore, Lina said as she embraced her passionately.

The last time she saw her, Bertha was standing near the bend, the wind blowing her curly black hair. Her tear-stained face was grave with sorrow.

There were times when Lina would dream of her. In her dreams Bertha would smile at her and showed her slimy, black-dotted jelly fish. How Lina would struggle to reach for Bertha's extended hand, only to awaken, that she had slipped from her clutches as slippery as the jelly fish she held.

From an adjoining room a key was turned. The clucking gave Lina a start: Other teachers were going home. Slowly she made for the door and left for lunch.

That afternoon, a senile looking woman came — leading Julito into the room.

"Good afternoon, Miss Rico," the woman greeted Lina. "Julito is my grandson. I'm taking care of him . . ." She faltered, searching her mind for the next words. Faint ripples twitched around her mouth, while her frail body shook momentarily.

"He was my son. The boy's father was my son. Honest, Miss, Bertha's husband didn't kill that man! I knew it all along. We can not fight a case in court without money. Cold money!"

"Bertha is dead, Miss. Poor child! A broken heart . . ."

Lina was not prepared for it. It struck her hard. To her the world seemed to have snapped from its orbit. Suddenly she gained composure.

"I'm sorry," Lina sighed, her voice sounded strange.

THE MOVIE MANIAC . . .

(Continued from page 10)

I'm sure she won't forget or neglect to mention the boys who unflinchingly put up their feet on the back of the seat in front of them; or the inveterate chain smoker. Of the men, the most enthusiastic and omnipresent is the whistler or the clapper or shouter who whistles, shouts, or claps indignantly when the reel suddenly stops. Brother,

WHAT DO YOU THINK? . . .

(Continued from page 12)

in divorcing education from religion because if the former aims at man's physical or intellectual perfection the latter tends to enrich and harness his spiritual potentialities. Education and religion as one will undoubtedly cure man of the moral astigmatism which has disquieted him in the past.

● **Joe Ricamora** — College of Liberal Arts, says: I think its time we clamp down on the superfluity of youth by instituting religious education. It will do a lot towards tempering a youth gone wild in regard to sensualism and lempérance. A generation drunk



Joe Ricamora

with inordinate desires for material things but famished of God is a generation gone to the dogs. Well, before we are dumped into the kennel and while we can still help not joining the canines, let us do away with our sluggish systems and join hands in sweeping the cobwebs of indifference so that we may be nearer to God and farther from the dogs.

what a racket these guys create when the screen goes blank all of a sudden.

At the end of the film some guys inevitably turn around to look for some friends, stand up, or give forth clearly audible call whistles. This is called The Search. Others neglect to bring their own matches or lighters to ignite their butts. And these are the Pests.

(Continued on page 33)

FATHER WROCKLAGE LECTURES ON NATURAL LAW

Upon request of Atty. Antonio de Pio, professor of the USC College of Law, the Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., Ph. D., took time-out from his regular schedule of activities to lecture on Natural Law before the Junior Law class in Jurisprudence. The special lecture was held at the USC Giri's School building by Jones Avenue.

Fr. Wrocklage gave much enlightenment on Natural Law as being studied by the Junior Law students under Jurisprudence.

Before a hushed and decidedly impressed audience, the learned doctor of philosophy spoke for an hour about the essence and application of Natural Law, as derived from his studies of subject from the works of a great master, St. Thomas Aquinas who believed that Natural Law is based upon the four basic appetites of man, namely, self-preservation, desire for truth, desire to love God, and self-propagation.

THE 1952 USC DAY FETE

This year's traditional USC DAY FETE was celebrated last February 15 to 17. History repeated itself, for the University's biggest celebration went out as grand as the previous years' celebrations, if not grander. Managers of the annual affair have averred that this year's USC DAY has done better than the previous years in point of gaily, popular attendance, and general public patronage.

A grand parade was held on the afternoon of February 16 which wended through the principal streets of Cebu City. There was a long motorcade preceded by the USC ROTC band and foot troops. The beautiful floats furnished color to the whole show, each representing a college or department of the University, and each vying for the honors of most artistic, most expressive and most symbolic floats. (The judges later gave the prize for most artistic float to the College of Education with the College of Liberal Arts as runner-up. For most symbolic float, the Girls' High School was adjudged winner with the Junior Normal Dept. as runner-up. Most expressive float was Pharmacy with Commerce taking in second.) Traffic was snarled for about three hours from the start of the parade till the finish.

Formal opening of the USC Fair was done immediately after the parade.

MOST REV. LINO R. GONZAGA VISITS USC

The country's newest bishop, His Excellency Most Reverend Lino R. Gonzaga, D.D., Bishop of Palo, Leyte, arrived at USC last month for a look-see on invitation extended to him by Very Rev. Rector Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D.

Shown around the USC buildings and campus, Bishop Gonzaga was very much impressed by the great progress and growth of USC within such a short span of time.

He was invited to say Mass for the members of the USC Giri's High School Sodality. In a stirring sermon after the Holy Mass, he underscored the absolute need of Catholic education in our schools. We can never expect to bring up our youth along the true norms of decency and morality unless we first reach their hearts and souls, and imbue them with the knowledge and love of God, he said. There must be religious education, or there is no education at all, he went on.

He also lamented the modern practice of degrading womanhood to the levels of advertising media. Of late, women have been extensively commercialized and used to the extent of filling and spaces and ad billboards to sell this or that product. Their sacred role of motherhood has been too often forgotten.

He heartily congratulated the sodality members for being enrolled in a Catholic school, and urged them to lead a virtuous life and set a shining example for all.

RECTOR AND THREE USC FATHERS JOINED CEAP CONVENTION

Very Rev. Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D., Rector of USC and three other Fathers joined the Fourth National Convention of the Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines (CEAP), held in Manila last February 6th to 10th. The convention was high-lighted with lectures, discussions, and appraisals as well as resolutions affecting the Catholic education in the Islands.

Very Rev. Father Rector took active participation in the deliberations of the said convention as one of the chairmen in the plenary ses-



His Excellency
Most Rev. LINO R. GONZAGA, D.D.
Bishop of Palo

sion on general appraisals. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., Ph. D., USC's newest addition to the Faculty, gave a masterful lecture on "THE CATHOLIC ATTITUDE REGARDING MORAL GUIDANCE, OF YOUTH" (see page 5), one of the most interesting subject matters covered by the convention. Father Floresca, USC's Night High School Director, lead the discussion on "RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINE HIGH SCHOOLS."

Father Rector, when interviewed by a CAROLINIAN staff-member, made the following statement: "The attendance was very good. As usual, however, Manila people also this time thought in terms of Manila. There was, for instance, no place on the reviewing stand for the delegates from the Provinces because it was occupied by persons stationed in Manila. As a whole, all participants drew much encouragement and inspiration from the convention."

The USC delegates left Manila before the closing ceremony was over, to be back in Cebu in time for the University Day Celebrations.

Daytime during the 3-day celebrations was devoted to physical education exhibitions and sports contests.

Evenings had literary-musical programs on the USC stage and quadrangle preceded by band concerts under the baton of bandmaster Candido Selerio. Parts of the program consisted mostly of dance, song, and one-act play numbers each competing for a prize. First prize for the best dance went to the College of Education team, with Pharmacy second.

Two one-act plays were shown each evening, and, ironically, enough, the "Law-Home Economics" entry romped away with the first prize.

Day and night, the booths were filled to capacity with the exhibits and variety of games catching the fancy of the public. Prize for most artistic booth was given to the College of Education with the Junior Normal Department, second. Prizes for the best educational exhibits went to Boys' High School; second to Home Economics. The ROTC booth got a "honorable mention." Carolinians had a chance to be children again, and a lot considered it a worthwhile experience.

HOLY RETREAT FOR ALL COLLEGIATE STUDENTS

A Holy Retreat for all collegiate students started on Monday, February 25th and ran for three weeks. The first week was for all General Course, Pre-Law, and Pre-Medicine students; for all Pharmacy and Home Economics students. The second week was for all Commerce and Liberal Arts evening students. The third and last week was for all Education and Junior Normal students.

Retreat master was Rev. Father Fritz Linzenbach, S.V.D., an old China missionary who, before coming to the Philippines, spent three years in the United States getting a Bachelor of Architecture degree there.

The Colleges of Law and Engineering had their Retreat before Christmas.

BOYS' HIGH DIRECTOR ON SICK LEAVE

Rev. Fr. Stephen Szmuto, Director of the Boys' High School is now in Baguio on a joint sick leave and vacation.

He will be away until the end of June and is expected to be back in time for the next opening of classes in July.



Rev. Rudolph Rahmann, S.V.D.

FORMER PEKING CATHOLIC U. RECTOR JOINS USC SVD STAFF

Rev. Dr. Rudolph Rahmann, S.V.D., one time Rector of the Catholic University of Peking (Fu Jen University) and an ethnologist has arrived here from Switzerland to join the USC faculty.

Dr. Rahmann was Rector of the SVD-run Catholic University of Peking from 1936 to 1946. The year before his departure for China, he was manager of the "Anthropos," an international review for ethnology and linguistics.

Besides the heavy burden of his administrative work, taught in Peking in the Departments of Sociology and Ethnology (cultural anthropology). In December, 1948, shortly before the Communists rode into the Chinese capital, he was sent by his Superiors to Formosa where he stayed for about a year.

Since the beginning of 1950 up to the last month, he was in the well-known **Anthropos Institute**, founded and until 1950 also headed by one of the world's foremost ethnologists, Rev. Dr. William Schmidt, S.V.D. The **Anthropos Institute** has its center in Fribourg, Switzerland. There Dr. Rahmann devoted himself

to the study of the ethnology of the peoples of India, Indochina and other races of Asia. The results of his study will be published in the "Anthropos."

Dr. Rahmann took his doctorate in Philosophy at the University of Vienna in 1935. He majored in ethnology and chose for his thesis a study on the religious phenomena of the non-Aryan peoples of India.

He took a special interest in the **Munda** peoples who formerly inhabited the whole North of the Indian sub-continent, but are now mostly confined to the North-east. Linguistically, they belong to the so-called **Austic** family of languages which stretches from Northwest India over Indochina and the Indian Archipelago eastwards to the Eastern Island (West off the coast of Chile) and westwards to Madagascar. Also the languages of the Philippines belong to this extensive linguistic family. Its discovery was one of the first great scientific achievements of Rev. William Schmidt, S.V.D., who is now 84 years old, but still works with an inspiring enthusiasm. His monumental life-work on "The Origin of the Idea of God," comprising thirteen large volumes, is about to be completed.

Well-trained younger members of the S.V.D. at the **Anthropos Institute** in Fribourg guarantee the continuation of Father William Schmidt's work.

Dr. Rahmann will teach Ethnology at USC and has already started to engage himself in the study of the ethnology of the Filipino people. He also will be in charge of "Thesis-Writing" for the graduate courses. He was born in the province of Westphalia, Germany. Besides his ethnological studies, he also took his philosophical and theological courses in Austria from where he went to China in 1936.

"SEMPER FIDELIS" PREPARATIONS COMPLETED.

The "Semper Fidelis," collegiate Annual, has been readied for printing and may be in circulation sometime within the last week of March. The swift completion of its preparation is owed to the efficiency of its editor-in-chief, his associates, and the cooperation of the candidates for graduation in submitting their pictures promptly.

USC CELEBRATED TRIPLE TRIUMPH

USC Day was still at the ofing when January 21st this year saw the university in a celebrating mood.



For three reasons: 81.6% of the 1951 Carolinian barristers passed the bar with two of them landing in the 3rd and 5th top places; the 1951 Carolinian examinees in the pharmacy board exams passed 100%; and Carolinian Cornelio Faigao (the most colorful of them all!) romped away with the first prize in the Philippine Educational System's Golden Jubilee poetry contest.

Of the new lawyers, cool and unassuming Pablo P. Garcia got a rating of 91.5%, and suave but unpretentious Fortunato (Valfor) Vailoces got 91% to take 3rd and 5th places respectively of all examinees from all over the Philippines. Their showing is unprecedented in the annals of the USC College of Law.

All the candidates certified by the USC College of Pharmacy to take the pharmacy board exams got through with a clean slate.

Whereas our own Cornelio Faigao, poet, editor, professor, and lawyer literally brought home the bacon in a national poetry contest on the occasion of the Philippine Educational System's Golden Jubilee celebration. His winning poem "BROWN CHILD" took the first prize of several hundreds of pesos. (See poem's reprint on page 4 of this issue.)

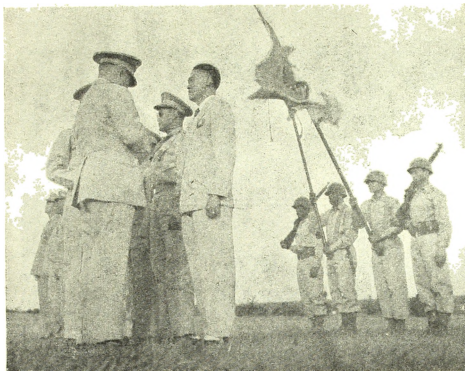
The celebration for the triple triumph just enumerated above was featured first by a motorcade of

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Mrs. FE ALPUERTO

is among the 14 Carolinian Pharmacists who passed the board examinations last July. Fourteen out of 15 candidates made the board examinations. Mrs. Alpuerto didn't have a picture of hers last issue when we published 12 of the successful candidates



Engineer Pedro Yap, during the pinning ceremony.

USC Instructor Wins Citation

In a simple military ceremony, Capt. Pedro N. Yap, USC instructor in the College of Engineering received from the National Defense Secretary military honors for meritorious service during the war.

The citation recounts Capt. Yap's guerrilla activities which included the capture of two enemy airfields and the successful organization of an officer training school during the occupation.

He finished Engineering studies at Mapua in 1936 and placed 5th in the government board examinations for civil engineering. In 1940 he graduated from the Philippine Military Academy after having topped the PMA entrance exams. He also placed second or first alternate in the West Point Entrance examinations before the war.

During the war, Capt. Yap served in the Engineer Corps of the USAFFE. He hails from Bantayan, Cebu. The citation reads:

CITATION

CAPTAIN PEDRO M. YAP, O-1645, Corps of Engineers, Philippine Army. For meritorious achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy rendered from June, 1943 to March, 1945. As Officer In-Charge of Northern CPG Sector, Captain Yap organized his sector, trained his men, established and operated intelligence and signal installations, and handled in an admirable manner the shipment and distribution of arms, munitions and medicine coming from General Headquarters, Southwest Pacific Area, to different units of the 6th Military District. As Battalion Commander, 1st Battalion, 61st Infantry Regiment, he was greatly responsible for the success of the assault and capture of Loctugan Airfield and the enemy garrison at Loctugan Station in November, 1944. As S-3 and Acting Executive Officer of the 61st Infantry Combat Team, he was directly responsible for the excellent organization of the unit and training of its officers and men. He successfully organized and conducted an officers training school for the 61st Infantry Regiment during March and April, 1944. He was greatly responsible for the superior planning of the attack and capture of Tiring Landing Field at Sta. Barbara, Iloilo, in March 1945, a few days before the American landing in Panay.



Leo Ortiz being congratulated by Governor Sergio Osmeña, Jr. after having won the first prize.

nearly a hundred cars, preceded by the ROTC band and cadets. The parade went through Osmeña Boulevard, Juan Luna, Carmelo, Magallanes, D. Jakosalem, Mango Avenue, F. Ramos, Lunquera, and P del Rosario.

The second feature of the spontaneous celebration was an impromptu program in the USC quadrangle wherein the new lawyers were introduced, lionized, howled at and applauded. Lawyer-not-yet Eliseo de la Serna, President of the USC Lex Circle, was master of ceremonies. Atty. Pablo P. Garcia, Atty. Napoleón (Ngr) Rama, and a num-

CAROLINIAN WINS ROMULO MEDAL IN ORATORICAL TILT

In the oratorical tilt sponsored by the Jaycees, the USC contestant, LEO ORTIZ, romped away with the first prize, a medal donated by Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo.

Leo Ortiz is a student of the USC Boys' High School and was also first prize winner of the Intra-Archdiocesan oratorical contest held early in January.

The East Visayan Jaycees will be represented by Leo Ortiz in the final oratorical tilt to be held in Manila about the end of February. The first prize award of the Jaycees-sponsored "Voice of Democracy" oratorical tilt entitles the winner a round-the-world trip while the second prize awardee gets a tour all over the Philippines.

ber of other new attorneys spoke of harrowing experiences in their preparation for the bar exams.

The program was climaxed by the Rev. Father Albert van Ganswinkel's own exhortations wherein he emphasized the virtue of being simple straight in all our undertakings to make a certain solidity as foundation to security of purpose.

CUPID CLAIMS CAROLINIANS

In a ceremony held at the Catholic church of Tabogon last December 16, 1951, Teodoro V. Madamba and Florita Omopia were married. The groom, an old-time Carolinian, earned his B.S.C. degree in 1948, his A.B. in 1951, is a College of Law sophomore, and at present Evaluator of the United States Information Service in Cebu City.

The bride received her B.S.E. degree last 1950 (USC), with Home Economics as her major subject, took post-graduate work in USC (Summer, 1951), and is now a Home Economics teacher in Ilihan Elementary School, Tabogon, Cebu.



LEONIE LIANZA

(Continued from page 14)

... Pre-Law Prexy Lilliputian NICK ARANO, who had just about the loudest vocal emission on the whole second floor booths... even louder than the booming "speak louder" And I tell you, there isn't any other worthy way to work up one's vocal apparatus than yelling; "Shoot a dart and win a heart," and there goes another and another booth ticket, ladies and gentlemen.

... BUDDY QUITORIO whose name would, 200 years from now, be on the same level with those of Kant, Descartes, Aquino, etc... Students would then be squeezing him to memory as the expounder of "Clingsings," a new school of philosophic thought, I might say, that believes everything in this sorry world in clinging.

... all the monsieurs and mademoiselles who "floated" it out during the USC DAY parade; and the belles, stars, and starlets of the stage.

... the Liberal Arts float harboring such USC's budding beauties as MONINA SHINN, looking lovelier than ever; CORAZON JIMENEZ, the "Knowledge" who was all smiles and salutes all through the parade; ESPER FIEL, sporting the blue and white uniform (I love my own, eh, Esper!); ELEONORA RECIO, LYDIA MANGUBAT and IROTILDE BRAVO, being really and genuinely "Filipin-ish" in their stiff-sleeved ternos; and finally there was the comely devil complete to the tail and horns — PRISCILIANO MANGUBAT.

... BSE's 1st prize winner. Up... high up... there stood a stateside replica of Bedloe Island's Liberty DAHLIA CADELL (seeing her coming towards you will make your imagination soar — you know, being on some luxury liner just about to dock New York City. Brother!) She had to put up a real hard fight trying to keep perfectly still and erect just as the criss-crossing wires tried their best to spoil her statue-ish mien. Seemingly being specially effeminate was ISOBEL MARTIN sitting demurely. Who ya hood-winking, Belf Not me...e! There was PAZ CORAZON, the lady-doc., of your Hiza, doc, mind lending me, your stethoscope! Somebody's hearing system is out-of-order. Nurse Ely Guacor who could pass for a real nurse even without the dainty white cap. Art, in the person of LYDIA VILLAROSA couldn't have been more alluring to behold.

... sitting pretty on the Pharm's wheeling garden was ROSE TY. Too bad there had to that letter something that couldn't keep still-swaying all over the place. Nobody had the gratification of getting a long, wink-less look at her without getting seasick.

... The Commerce's tractors and their hillbilly-oided drivhuvs — CHARTO MERCADER and ELSA VALMONTE. I over-

heard a guy remarking, "I envy that darned tractor!" Such vehemence! I reckon, there wouldn't be the present repugnance to anything connected with mud and rice puddies if there were 'em damsels to maneuver those things. Why, farmhands would come a-flocking!

...NENA VIVERA, the lone of the College of Engineering's motored stairway. What! Is the College that short of shirts? Or are they just plain bashful [tsk! tsk!]

...the amateur cowboys and their partners, square-dancing their feet off to the bumpy strains of "Buttons and Bows" and, boy, did the stage quiver like Hibok-Hibok was just a meter away. And would it swat with our physically dynamic gossoons up there in fancy western clothing — JAY VILLEGAS, MONCHING BLANCO, OSCAR VILLEGAS, RUDY SAYSON, JOE CERILLES, MAURICIO RIVERA, FRANCISCO JAPSON AND EDDIE PASCUAL with their equally brimming-with-life gals — ALICIA TABOTABO, CORAZON JIMENEZ, CELEDONIA JAVIER, FELICIDAD GILAY, and numbs and numbs of 'em.

...the gay dancing señoritas from gay Mexico — ANGELES TOMIMBANG, PAT, LILY, NENA, HELEN BOLT, ISOBEL, DALISAY de VERA, etcetera... etc. I'm mighty curious about the source of the identical fancy braids (Pardon me for exposing the racket!) because I could use a pair myself.

...CLARITA ASPIRAS, FE SISON, and the rest of the chained slaves come straight from a stinking Persian dungeon. And there was the "Oh — too... handsome bundle of a slave driver" (sigh) — CESAR SERAPIO. When you take a good peer at him you'd think he's incapable of even breaking such fragile thing as a glass but can he whip! Not that poor slaves minded tho the hair-pulling may surely have hurt more than just a little bit.

...MERCEDES ROSELLO, swinging it a la Carmen Miranda with the smooth Valenino-ish NESTOR MORELOS and such S.A.'s señoritas and señoritas as CELESTE RUBI, FRANK BORROMEO, LINDA DALOPE, LIBUNFACIL, VICTORIA ABAD, CESAR JAMIRO, JOVITA TRINIDAD, and the other dear-secretaries.

...EDDIE PASCUAL. He not only is incapable of stepping on your favorite corn when he swings you on a dance floor, but also, sister, when he starts to chant he can make you believe the latest bobby-sox craze Tony Bennett himself is right before you. He sure made a "song-hit" the last nite of the USC festival — really wow-ed the quadrangle spectators and I suppose, garnered just as much applause and encores as Tony Bennett. Fact is BSC's Eddie sings like USA's Tony...er... I mean, Tony sings like Eddie!



Our Femmes

**Elsa Prado
Valmonte**

- Manila
- February 25, 1934
- Commerce II
- Poise & Glamour
- Excellent Pianist
- Record Playing
(Modern & Classical)
- Bowling

WHAT IS RUSSIAN . . .

(Continued from page 21)

Additional Evidence of Terrorism

This competent witness and writer portrays graphically on Terror that reigns in the U.S.S.R. She states that any moment the secret police may knock at the door and take you or your loved ones away without even letting you know what "crime" you or they are supposed to have committed; that the Soviet citizen can be arrested and shot or imprisoned without a trial; that he has no voice in the election of his government or of the local authorities who control his whole life; that he has no trade unions to protect him and he can be dismissed without notice by the factory manager, losing at the same time his room and his ration book; that there is no unemployment pay and only one employer, the State; that the State is employer, judge, jury, policeman, and landlord; that the worker is a helpless slave forced to work wherever and at whatever wage the government decrees; that he is forbidden to strike; that the so-called trade unions, far from protecting the worker, are but organs of the State used to compel him to work to the limit of his strength; that the penalty of striking is the living death in the concentration camp where the victims of the secret police do forced labor in conditions as horrible as

THE MOVIE MANIAC . . .

(Continued from page 28)

The most irritating of 'em all are the conversationalists who anticipate the film's climax, and discuss the personal and professional life of the actor or actress (and, sometimes, of both, including some in the supporting cast), blotting out the dialogue on the screen with their unnecessary gabfest. These guys or dames exchange everything they know about Jeanne Crain's kids, Scott Brady's romances, all the movie stars' data, vital statistics, etc etc. . . . blah blah . . . bzzzzzz . . . yakity yakity yak yak . . .

And not only last but also the least — the Mispliced Persons! These characters prop their large feet on the back of the seat in front, settle down as comfortably as they could (that means slumping down deep into the chair and blocking traffic from the aisle) and go right off to sleep, snoring sonorously.

Well, there you are. If you know some other stunts — tell 'em to the theatre manager!

those which existed at Dachau and Buchenwald; that to be late for work renders the "free" worker liable to dismissal; that the interior passport system and the work certificate rivet the laborer to his job like a serf.

Marzo
1952

Sección Castellana

Rutina

TODOS los días las mismas caras. Todos los días las mismas cosas. Levantarse sabiendo, casi, lo que nos va a ocurrir. Poder prever la sucesión de hechos que nos aguardan: el baño, el desayuno y el trabajo o los trabajos cotidianos. Saber que tendremos que tomar un vehículo que nos llevará, invariablemente, por la misma ruta. Que nos apretarán y nos zarandearán. Que leeremos el diario, comprado siempre en la misma esquina, al mismo vendedor y que dispondremos de un tiempo casi matemático para recorrer, con avidez, sus páginas.

Llegar a una oficina burocrática donde la gente espera, agobiada por tareas que poco interesan, pero que deben ser cumplidas con necesidad obligatoria. Llenar un horario. Sentir hambre. Comer rápidamente, malamente, el plato servido a desgozo en el restaurante porque también allí la rutina ha vuelto al que atiende y al que es atendido, disconformes.

Darnos lo que más deseamos sin ponerles vallo, significa terminar con tal deseo. Disfrutar de aquello que más queríamos, totalmente, sin siquiera la posibilidad de un desequilibrio, de más pérdida, terminada por llevarnos al hostio. Transformemos en cotidiana lectura el libro más interesante, pobleemos nuestro jardín con la flor que admirábamos por única, incluyamos en el diario menú el plato buscado, no administremos el cariño y eso prodigalidad, con su secuela de rutina, tornará opacos los colores del libro, de la flor, de la especie culinaria y del afecto.

La rutina es un monstruo que todo lo devora, dijo algún día no recuerdo qué escritor. Por rutina, el enamorado acaba olvidando si los ojos de su dulce prenda son

(Continúa en la página 36)

EDITORIAL

Fe y Ciencia

La investigación que se realiza en torno al secreto atómico y que tanto apasiona al mundo contemporáneo, acaba de ser comentada por la palabra sabia del gran Pontífice, S.S. Pio XII, en un discurso dirigido a los participantes de una semana de estudios sobre temas afines a la física nuclear y del cual nos ocuparemos en estas líneas. El conocimiento de las leyes que gobiernan la materia y que presiden su desenvolvimiento y su mecanismo de cohesión o de desintegración, lleva también implícitamente al problema fundamental del conocimiento de Dios como Creador. Y a este respecto señala la palabra del Pontífice que los sabios modernos "consideran la idea de la creación del Universo absolutamente conciliable con su concepto científico," dándose así un desmentido a esa seudo ciencia, infatuada y minúscula, que con falaces hipótesis, pretendió desconocer la verdad de la Revelación sobre el origen del mundo.

La Ciencia, la Filosofía y la misma Revelación, en una colaboración armoniosa, ha dicho también el Papa en esa misma oportunidad, son los tres instrumentos de la verdad, como rayos de un mismo sol que contemplan al Creador en su substancia y dan testimonio de su presencia.

Vamos llegando por este camino a ratificar la perfecta armonía entre la ciencia y la fe, las cuales, según lo expusiera en alguna oportunidad el mismo Papa Pio XII dirigiéndose a universitarios italianos, son a modo de dos inmensos brazos de un mismo río que, naciendo de la fuente común que es Dios, se vuelvan otra vez en un mismo océano: Dios. Y se confirma, también una vez más, que no es la Iglesia la enemiga de la ciencia o quien le ponga trabas a su legítimo desarrollo. Precisamente, dado al hombre en aquel chispazo divino que le infundió el alma, un destello de la omnisciencia de su Creador, es a su luz como debe alumbrar el camino de su reyección y dominio sobre cuanto le ha sido dado, para el cumplimiento de la integral finalidad de su momentáneo paso por la tierra.

Alguien afirmó que la poca ciencia aleja de Dios, en tanto que la mucha acerca a El. Y esto es lo que se está dando a esta nuestra generación. El estudio profundo de la materia y de sus leyes llega a comprobar, a través del mismo, la existencia del Padre Omnipotente, Creador del cielo y de la tierra, que viene proclamando secularmente el Símbolo de los Apóstoles. Logrado esto — reconocido Dios como Creador, como Legislador y como Juez — deben los pueblos, dijo el Papa, adorar al Hijo Redentor, para que así "amen a los hombres y se plieguen a las dulces impulsiones del Espíritu Santificador de las almas." A eso debe conducir, en último término, la ciencia para que esa útil al hombre y a sus cosas. Desvirtúa de ese fin, con el afán de enfrentarse en una enana pequeñez a Dios, es marchar al abismo o desencadenar sobre el mundo — como hoy pareciera estar cecana — "una larga noche de tempestad."

Apertura de la Semana de Español en la Universidad de San Carlos

EL DIA 27 del pasado enero, patrocinado por el Club de Profesores de la Universidad de San Carlos, a iniciativa de su Presidente Don Alfredo O. Ordoña y con el beneplácito de nuestro muy Rvdo. Padre Rector, Albert Van Gansewinkel, S.V.D., el Departamento de Español de esta Universidad presentó al público cebuano como apertura de la Semana de Español, una velada literario-musical como prueba evidente de que en esta Centenaria Institución de Enseñanza, se glorifica y se estima el idioma de Cervantes a pesar de su coexistencia con el idioma inglés como lenguaje oficial en Filipinas, y la exclusividad de éste último como medio oficial de expresión en las escuelas, tanto públicas como privadas.

El programa de esta velada tenía el carácter de Certamen y estaba dividido en dos partes, y como número intermedio, el que esta crónica escribe interpretó un solo de saxofón acompañado al piano por la señorita Edwina Rivera.

La velada fué realizada por la presencia de Monseñor Esteban Montecillo que fué nombrado Presidente del Jurado para la adjudicación de premios, el cual estaba compuesto de los siguientes miembros: Rvdo. Padre Antonio Martínez, O.R.S.A. en representación del Rvdo. Padre Martín Legarra, O.R.S.A. Rector del Colegio de San José; Don Eduardo Abad, vocal de la nueva Junta Directiva del Casino Español de Cebú, y las profesoras de música, señorita Tenazas y señorita Borromeo.

El público acudió a la velada con inusitada puntualidad, y a las cinco de la tarde, las 500 sillas preparadas en el cuadrángulo de juegos para la acomodación del mismo, estaban ocupadas en su mayor parte.

A las cinco y diez minutos, el Maestro de Ceremonias Don Anastasio Montes, anunció al público el comienzo del programa, presentan-

BARTOLOME SOLEDAD

Estudiante de Retórica e Historia
Crítica de la Literatura Española
Universidad de San Carlos

do al Rvdo. Padre Luis E. Schoenfeld S.V.D., Decano del Colegio de Artes Liberales, el cual pronunció el discurso de introducción con dulce y bella elocuencia, estimulando a todos los estudiantes a perseverar con interés en el estudio de la lengua Castellana.

El programa estaba formado por varias declamaciones, bailes españoles y números de canto, que la señorita Doña Teodora Messa, encargada de la preparación de la Semana de Español, supo intercalar con acierto, dando así a la velada un sello de variedad y colorido que agrado a todos.

El tiempo no se mostró muy propicio y nos regaló, poco de empezar el programa, con una muy impetuosa llovizna, pero el público demostró su entusiasmo y simpatía por el acto, y refugiados unos en las galerías de la Universidad, otros entre bastidores en el escenario y los mas valientes (el menor número) en las sillas a la intemperie y aguantando la llovizna, todos permanecieron en el recinto de la Universidad para presenciar el programa y aplaudir a los que en el mismo tomaron parte; aplausos que se extendieron a todos los profesores del Departamento de Español, que con su cooperación y esfuerzo pudieron presentar algo nuevo, que reflejaba el verdadero amor a la lengua.
(Continúa en la página 36)

Programa de Clausura de la Semana de Español

MARIA MONSANTO

Estudiante de Retórica e Historia
crítica de la literatura española

NO SIENDO posible para el Departamento de Colegiado, preparar ningún número para la Semana de Español, el departamento de niñas de la Escuela Superior (H.S.) tomó a su cargo la velada de clausura, bajo la artística y admirable dirección de la Sra. Da. Miren U. de Tanchavez.

El programa de la velada tuvo lugar en el patio de juegos de la Escuela Superior (H.S.) el día 2 de febrero. Un tablado a modo de escenario, adornado con plantas tropicales inundó al acto un sello típico muy del agrado del público.

La declamación de la poesía "Último Adiós" del Dr. D. José Rizal conmovió a los concurrentes y fué aplaudida con gran entusiasmo. La recitación de la poeta "Mi Adorada Filipinas" fué también muy aplaudida, así como la interpretación del diálogo "El Sabio y El Patán."

Los bailes, "La Madre del Cordeiro," "La Raspa" y la "Chacona,"

fueron entusiastamente aplaudidos.

Como final se representó un número alegórico de la llegada de los Misioneros Españoles a Filipinas, ejecutado por las niñas de la Escuela Superior (H.S.) con gran arte. En este número se exhibieron varios bailes interpretados por diferentes grupos de niños representando las diversas provincias de Filipinas, manera como los notables Filipinos agasajaron a los Misioneros, haciendo representor en su presencia y por diferentes grupos, los bailes típicos Filipinos.

El acompañamiento al piano, fué ejecutado con gran precisión por el Sr. Tanchavez, que cooperó graciosamente con su distinguida esposa Da. Miren U. de Tanchavez
(Continúa en la página 36)

gua de Cervantes y a las tradiciones españolas en Filipinas.

Por el escogido público que acudió a presenciar la velada—certamen, pudimos apreciar la cooperación de los amantes del castellano cuando se trata de enaltecir su espiritualidad. Nos honraron con su presencia nutridas representaciones de los colegios católicos de habla española establecidos en Cebu, siendo la más nutrida la del Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepción que entre Rvdas. Madres, profesoras y alumnas sumaban más de cincuenta. El Colegio de San José, además de estar representado en el Jurado, también lo estuvo en el público y su Rvdo. Padre Rector donó una Medalla de Plata para el Certamen; el Colegio del Santo Niño estuvo también bien representado y el Seminario de San Carlos, en Macabolo, vimos a su Rvdo. Padre Rector acompañado de varios de los P.P. Padres que enseñan en el mismo. El Honorable Don Miguel Cuenco fué uno de los primeros en llegar y de los últimos en salir.

El comentario final del programa estuvo a cargo del muy Rvdo. Padre Rector de esta Universidad, Albert Van Gansewinkel, que lo pronunció en correcto castellano, sorprendiendo a la mayoría de los estudiantes y profesores por lo bien que se expresó en un lenguaje del que no creíamos tuviese tan perfecto conocimiento. En su comentario, nuestro Rvdo. Padre Rector elogió el idioma español y dirigió a los estudiantes palabras de felicitación y estímulo, diciéndoles que el conocimiento de idiomas, multiplica la personalidad del individuo y que el conocimiento del español es un poderoso medio de cultura, que nos llevará con mayor rapidez al pínaculo de la grandeza intelectual. Un aplauso unánime coronó el final del discurso, después del cual el público quedó esperando el fallo del Jurado.

Como todos los que tomaron parte en el programa desplegaron arte y entusiasmo en la interpretación de sus respectivos números, los miembros del Jurado tuvieron que deliberar largo rato, en el entretanto el Maestro de Ceremonias Don Anastasio Montes entretuvo a la concurrencia con cuentos y chascarrillos españoles.

verdes o azules. Y el propietario que fué cuidando, uno por uno, los detalles de su hogar, se acostumbrará a ellos hasta no verlos.

Inconstancia, dirán algunos. No. Simple padecimiento rutinario. Es cierto que, por fortuna, quedan pocos capaces de redimirnos de semejante caos. Y músicos. Y pintores. Pero también ellos tienen que cuidarse de la rutina, de la imagen gastada por propias o ajenas monas y reaccionar frente a tal peligro.

El fallo del Jurado fué anunciado por el Rvdo. Padre Antonio Martínez, O.R.S.A., como sigue:

A. — Declamación. Escuela Superior (H.S.)

1.er premio, Medalla de Oro, adjudicada al Sr. Luis Beltrán, estudiante de 2º año, por su interpretación de la poesía "Mensaje"
2º premio, Medalla de Plata, adjudicada al Sr. Romeo Kintanar, estudiante de 3.er año por su declamación y apropiada acción de la poesía titulada "La Muñeca"

3.er premio, mención Honorífica, a Srta. Rosita Zabala que declamó la bonita poesía "El Dulce Nombre de María"

B. — Declamación. Colegiado (College)

1.er premio, Medalla de Oro, adjudicada a la Srta. Rosario Mercader (curso de secretaria) por la dulce y natural interpretación que supo dar a la poesía de Rubén Darío, titulada "A Margarita Debayle"

2º premio, Medalla de Plata, adjudicada al Sr. Pío Pastorflide, del 2º año de Artes Liberales, por el entusiasmo y espíritu de patriotismo que puso en la declamación de la poesía de Don José Bassa titulada, "Mi Patria"

3.er premio, Mención Honorífica, a la Srta. Rebecca Martín y al Sr. Rogaciono Flández, por su interpretación en forma dialogada de la poesía de Ramón de Campoamor titulada "Escribídme una carta, señor Cura"

Los premios para números de canto y baile, fueron adjudicados como sigue:

1.er premio, Reloj de Pulsera, a la Srta. Moragrita Delfín por su dicción y bonito estilo de canto, en la interpretación de la conocida canción "Amapola"

2º premio, Pluma Estilográfica, al baile "Andalucía," interpretado

para el éxito de la velada de clausura de la Semana de Español.

El comentario final fué pronunciado por el Rvdo. Padre Edward Norton, Director de la Escuela Superior de niñas (H.S.) y aunque el discurso fué dicho en inglés, estaba repleto de verdad y justicia, reconoció y demostró al numeroso público que le escuchaba, que la base principal de la cultura Filipina, la moral y civilización cristiana; se debe a la cristiana colonización española y que si bien es verdad que aquellos colonizadores cometieron abusos é injusticias en Filipinas, en otras partes del mundo otros colonizadores de distintos países también las cometieron, pero a diferencia de los españoles, no dieron a los pueblos colonizados lo mejor que un pueblo o raza puede dar y que es lo que España dió a Filipinas sin tasa, durante el tiempo de su colonización; esto es, la vida del espíritu fundada en una sana moral basada en los principios de la doctrina de Cristo, bajo las leyes de la Iglesia Católica. Un aplauso general fué obtenido por el orador y a continuación se terminó la velada con el himno "God bless the Philippines" traducido al español y cantado con verdadera devoción por el público, los estudiantes y los profesores que asistieron al acto.

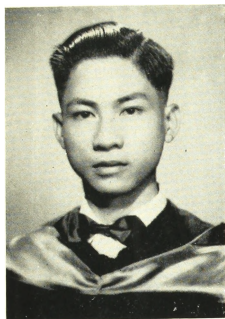
Esta Semana de Español, ha dejado grato recuerdo no sólo en la Universidad de San Carlos, sino en la Ciudad de Cebú, y no dudamos de que ha sido el primer paso para ayudar al triunfo de la enseñanza oficial del español en los Escuelas Superiores de Filipinas.

Nuestra enhorabuena a los profesores y alumnos del Departamento de Español, por el éxito obtenido.

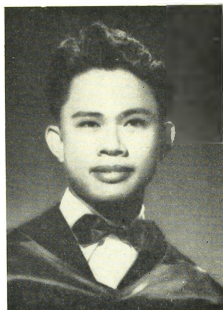
con gracia y precisión por, las Srtas. Isabel Martín y Dalisay de Vera.

3.er premio, Estuche de Perfume, al baile "Jota," interpretado por las Srtas. Teresita Martillo, Dalisay de Vera, y el joven Eddie Pascual.

Público y participantes, quedamos muy satisfechos de la velada, y después de presenciar la entrega de los premios y aplaudir a los agraciados, nos retiramos a casa esperando la clausura de la Semana de Español, anunciada para el día 2 de febrero en el patio de baloncesto de la Escuela Superior (H.S.)



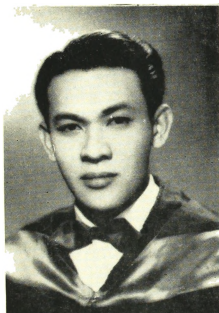
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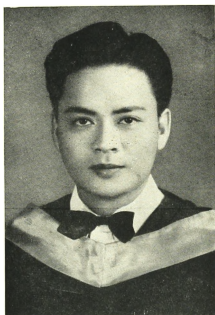
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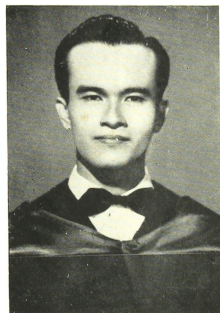
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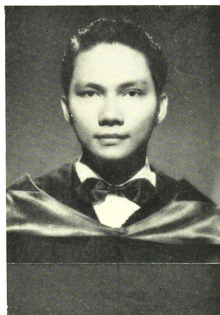


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