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# The **C**arolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

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**Our Cover:** It is an abstract geometric theme sketch. At the borders of circle are symbols of studies. Core photo is posed by Miss Lucita Solares and Eustacio Segardul.

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• Editorials •

**NOW WE GRADUATE**

Hundreds of Seniors in their respective courses will march on Commencement Day. Yes, we are graduating, and graduation to us is a great event which will not be forgotten.

If we are sure that we really made the grade, we will enjoy our triumph. But if we know that we don't deserve to graduate, our conscience will prick us with the knowledge that we are not fully prepared to cope with the rigors of professional endeavor. For Commencement is not merely a celebration. It is, rather, a beginning of an actual, practical life fraught with trials and tribulations. Our period of preparation may have ended, but how well we shall fare out into the world of reality largely depends on how much we have learned and the pluck we have in correctly applying them.

The die cast, we cross the threshold to actual endeavor. And, in so doing, we look back with nostalgia on the pleasant associations we have in school. We are reminded of the tireless and altruistic efforts of the administration and the faculty in shaping us morally, physically, and mentally into the individuals we now are.

With deep gratitude in our hearts, we leave the portals of San Carlos with the solemn Carolinian pledge that we will hold high the banner of our Alma Mater as our inspiration and our guide.

**INTERROGATIONS**

Why did it take about two weeks for the Messrs. Cecilio Putong, Benito Pangliman, and Venancio Trinidad to deny the expose of their being members of the Special Committee for the Elimination of Religious Instruction in the Public Schools organized by a Masonic Grand Lodge resolution? Strange that it took them so long to think of an alibi which, anyway, is not plausible.

Why cannot Mr. Putong recall having signed said Grand Lodge resolution when Mr. Mauro Baradi was even *man enough* to disclose that he had conferred with the former about the resolution before the committee was formed? Stranger still, in the face of the latter's testimony further supported by photostatic evidence printed in the Sentinel. Either Mr. Baradi and the photostat lied, or Putong must be lying.

Why did Mr. Elpidio Quirino, the President himself, try to promote Mr. Pangliman to the Undersecretaryship of Education, even after Mons. Madriaga apprised the President of the situation involving the three top Education officials? Deeply intriguing. He must be up to something Machiavellian again: to win the votes of Pangliman and his following which Quirino must sorely need to assure his coming reelection, regardless of the sacrifice which such intrigue entails.

Why did the Grand Lodge of Masons rush to the aid of the officials under fire with *sty arguments* obviously intended to by-pass, evade, or generally muddle the specific issue involved? The Masons betray themselves in so doing. By trying to cover up the surreptitious activities of its agents infiltrating the Education Department, they are inadvertently unmasking themselves and their bizarre motives.

(Continued on page 11)

# Caroliniana

By LEO BELLO

We went through a dizzying pace when putting up the February issue, and we thought we could settle down and feel at ease after all the materials were bundled up for the printer. But another ogre stared us on the face; we had to jump off and be on the go again. We survived the ordeal of the mid-term exams, thank God; and, for our reward, USC Day came round the corner enrapturing us with its 368th Anniversary Celebration of the birthday of San Carlos as an institution.

And yet there was a catch to all the gaiety and flurry of activities which were intended to entertain. It meant there were a lot of things to cover and a consequent delay in our deadline. We felt the strain of our lives in the preparation of this school year's last issue.

Soles had to be ground again. Sparks had to fly from overworked typewriters, and **Buddy, Bert, Herbie, Tummy, Joe, Barramides, Adoll, Nazi, Ariston** (the sweet that sizzles tunes), and all the rest of the go-getter gang had to stick it out with us in the pseudo - Carolinian office (which on deadline week we poker-facedly, unashamed, accommodate as our own to the undetectable discomfiture of other people). Sure, we have even an editor's official table which we share with good Father Peter Tsao who does not mind our boisterous company when he is not in.

Yes, all these, and **Pentong**, too, that slap-happy jerk of a **photografer** with his vanishing acts. As usual, he sure gives us the run-around everytime we need him bad. And we had to pin him down last, elusive camera and all, to do us the ticklish job of shooting the subjects for the cover photo. We had to play the role of producer, director and prompter rolled into one in the shooting of the greatest picture the **quadrangle studios** have ever produced.

But that is beside the point. We took so many angles but only had to choose one. And the thing which consoled us most was the realization that everything was about complete and ready for Father Kloesters of the CTS when we buckled down to a final spurge in writing down this column.

**THIS ISSUE**

When Nap Rama again handed us a manuscript, we had an inkling that it must be something very special. So it is, and we were not wrong about it. **The Magna Carta of Godless Education** is an argumentative masterpiece which clearly puts into play an analytical mind. We did not know NGR could really dish it out as good as this on a burning issue of the day. This is the most complete expose we have read so far, clearly defining the issue involved and unmasking the government officials who have tried to exculpate themselves by devious means with the help of sly sympathizers.

Herbie is burning the hoops again. This time, with a melodramatic **Auf's Wiedersehen**. But really,

his **Passing Thru** kicks off a lot of things and ideas you feel you could have thought about, yourself, but which you can never write about from LVN's own angle of approach. That much, he is unique. And more: his sincerity is nude.

**Spring Fever** must have gotten into Bill months ago. The words must mean much to him, he had to retain it as the title to his story about an educated robot. You will know what I mean if you read the story.

We are honored again with a contribution from the editor of a local fortnightly. Our **Fight Against Sabotage** is eloquently delineated by him, the piece clearly speaks that it is written by an orator. Atty. Mario Ortiz, the author, edits the **K of C's Council Tidings**, and is a political timber for the 4th representative district of the province of Cebu. We wish him all the luck there is, as a Carolinian to another.

Buddy Quitorio has grown so fearless, he says he does not care whoever gets hurt provided he is **On the Level**. We never can tell that we now have the rare honor of brushing shoulders with another **Arsenic Lacson** in the making. I tell you, with his sharply developing barbed wit, he is coming up and always on the level about anything.

And Buddy has not only developed a barbed wit, he now turns out to be a poet as well. He blames it on the staff environment. "If Leo does it, why can't I?" So he went down from over the level to express himself in shredded prose. I'm a **Non-Entity**, he asserts as an aftermath of having read Leonia R. Llenos' **My Why**. Reading poems, you can't help but admit that poets are so self-centered.

Patricia Reynes takes a bow with her **Nocturne**. She uses a modern technique in story-writing, we were flabbergasted at first when we could hardly make heads and tails of what she wrote. This "flash-back" method is worthwhile inspection for the initiate.

Father John Tong Che Tche was sincere when he said in his last speech, "**I Admire the Communists**." In spite of his sincerity, he was executed. There must be in that valedictory more than meets the eye. Reprinted from the statewide Catholic Magazine, **Our Lady of the Sacred Heart**, our good friend Johnny Mercado should be thanked roundly for recommending it to us.

The second to the last instalment of the series **What is Russian Communism?** is printed in this issue. Two issues from now, we will surely miss this series.

**What Do You Think About Graduation?** This is the question Junior asks some students. Their answers are varied, but the thing is, graduation means a lot of expense, no matter how you look at it.

Now comes **The Roving Eye** of Bert Morales looking into a lot of things regarding other student

(Continued on page 35)



**"On proper occasions if and when circumstances warrant, we must show the dangers and adverse effects of religious instruction in the public schools".**

(Par. 3; Resolution of the Special Committee composed of Dr. Mauro Barada, Secretary Cecilio Putang, Director Pangolin and Asst. Director Trinidad.)

# The Magna Carta of Godless Education

by Napoleon G. Rama

**N**OW that most of the dust has settled, the real issues in the religious controversy that recently touched off a nationwide uproar, are getting into a clearer, sharper focus.

More often than not, people like us, thoroughly exposed to diverse religious climates, leap at the chance of taking sides in religious tilts. Our yen for doctrinal discussions is second only to our love for political bull sessions. We catapult from springboards of set prejudices and prelabricated notions. There is hardly time to delve into the heart of the matter. In the process, the true issues are by-passed, or mostly muddled.

When the Catholics recently raised a protest against the appointment of a top education official who, according to documentary evidence, had pledged to go around the constitutional provision on religious instruction, a counter-holler went up from different quarters and from some well-meaning but mis-informed Catholics.

Among them a good friend of mine, visibly itching to go into a religious polemic, accosted me: "So you are going to speak in the Catholic Rally? I would like to have my say there, too, about the Catholics' attempt to sit on the head of the government." He then went into a

spiel of bigotry, intolerance, persecution of the minority, a pious lecture on the separation of Church and State, topped off by a sweeping statement: "Religion should be taught at home and not in the classroom." Somehow, he had summed up the stereotyped, moth-eaten arguments that pop up everytime the Catholics bat for their rights as citizens and for the enforcement of the constitutional tenet on optional religion.

I refused to warm up to his taunts. It was a waste of breath to argue beyond the issues. The contentions were, at best, beside the point, except the one about the home being the place for religious instruction, which was no argument at all. This was, if anything, an interesting piece of opinion, without pro or reasonable basis.

For the fun of it, I toed his line of reasoning and threw a bait: "Biology should be taught at home and not in the schoolrooms." What was the reason for this? If I told him, I said, my reasoning would be as scantily-clad as his when he got to defending his Catechism-at-home

theory. He was entitled to his private opinion, so was I. But one must draw the line between a matter of opinion and logic.

Oddly enough, despite its essential nonsense, the line about home being the only suitable place

for religious instruction has gained quite a currency among the group of dissenters. Probably because it has a flag-waving, catchword ring, like "Home is where the heart is," "Women's place is home." But like most catchwords, it appeals more to the ear than to the brains.

What guarantee is there that the students could learn better their religion at home rather than at the classrooms? A lot of nonsense could be skipped if we took time to inquire into the issue: Is religion worth learning at all? Is it as vital as Mathematics, as necessary as Sociology, as important as Shakespeare?

Probably, the most tragic commentary on the Philippine public school system is that it taught the students everything on the face of the earth and other planets, except the One who made them. It informed the schoolboy everything about man from toenail to root-hair, except what man was made for, what's his business being born.

Most of those who hollered, per-

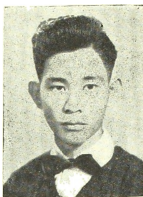
(Continued on page 29)



**Atty. Napoleon G. Rama**, current Editor of the ANG LUNGSI-RANON, a Catholic weekly, is an immediate predecessor of current Editor Aller in the CAROLINIAN. He is one of the sons of ex-Senator Vicente Rama, also an alumnus of San Carlos. Although busy editing the Cebu Catholic Weekly and his law practice, he pinch-hits for the CAROLINIAN as contributing Editor.

# OAF'S WIEDERSEHEN

\*\*\*



VICENTE N. LIM

now alex

*the carnival's over... the hayride's ended... it's the final issue we're putting out this time.*

*somewhere in the news section you'll probably find that our boss (Leo Bello/Emilio B. Aller/E. B. A., etc.) got the Cebu Press Club's award for the best written editorial... of course we won (natch!), and i wonder what the editor got for a prize... couldn't be a ream of bond paper or a roll of typewriter ribbon, could it, leol!*

*alex, no one can raise any kicks about this here journal... it's been done with the most work and the least assistance (eh, leol!) and in several, table-hopping places... we used to have a CAROLINIAN room in the basement below the bookstore before, y'know, so, instead of slaving in a dingy, musty, cobwebby attic... we pushed our pens in a lukewarm, airless, cellar room we lovingly called our office.*

*then we moved out and surrendered that room to the lensman for a laboratory, darkroom, office and sitting room combined... we lugged what paraphernalia we had up to the lib. arts dean's office... and vanished one by one... displaced persons! they never had it so bad in Czechoslovakia.*

*pretty soon there was another funny rumor about this magnificent, wonderful college organ getting a fixed, set, stationary place of its own by ousting the topkicks in that "Visiting Room" or what the heck it is, near the lobby of the main entrance... the gag said they'd allow the staff to occupy that in the pursuit of better facilities and working space for the crowd who runs the official organ of the student body, hah.*

*so now it's all over and done with, like the copy and the dummy and the rewrite and all the stuff that is crumpled and thrown away in an overcrowded metal wastebasket when the whole setup is set up and packed for shipment to the printers.*

*we wonder who next term's crowd are going to be, and, who-ever they be, we hope the ruts are smoother... the ed gets headaches and forced insomnia, and we get a lot of sore backs, aching wrists and limp fingers in the service of this marvelous, grateful, gal-amorous bunch of overgrown juvenile kickers we love to call Carolinians.*

*that'll be all, alex, from.*

herbie.

# Passing THROUGH

• by VNLIM

You wouldn't know how swiftly the days roll off the calendar, how rapidly Time ticks off the watch... Just a few days ago it was mid-term exams; then it was all over but the nervous, fearful, nail-biting, hair-pulling wait for the results. Then along came USC Day with all its accessories in the manner of compulsory purchase of tickets, hopeful, promising — and then disappointing! — raffle tickets, labor with decorating materials, scissors and glue over floats and rented buggies. Then, that, too, was all over. And now, the heck with it, we are stared at by the leering, ominous, threatening bloodshot eyes of the Finals peering around the corner!

I meant to sort of conduct a one-man poll of all the teachers' opinion on finger-snapping in class in order to attract the prof's attention when raising one's hand to recite. Everytime someone does that, I'm reminded of hack stands and cheap restaurants. You snap your finger and yell "Hey, cabbie!" or "Oh, waiter" when you want service in those places. Of course it's all so silly and insignificant... but always that harmless gesture brings to mind impoliteness or lack of breeding. When I started to query our professors on the matter, their replies were rather discouraging, so let's put it on ice and to heck with it anyway. One prof said, "It depends..." and I'll be d... if I knew just what he meant. Another pouncy, sagging-jowled, wrinkled-browed top man around the third floor flaily said "No, it does not annoy me." A third one said — but enough of the sorry story. I wouldn't know how (America's) Dr. Kinsey and his interrogators did it with their questions!

A lot of Law boys are going to be glad they're reviving the summer law classes (with me heading the list, if you don't mind my saying). But if there's going to be a mess of red tape about entrance to those summer classes, why then, hang it all anyway. I'll switch over to poultry raising...

Well, friends, this is our last issue for this term. Am I glad. Now the shadow of the Vanishing Shadow vanishes. Or, the Vanishing Shadow's shadow. (Continued on page 3.)

Author's Note.—Along with February, come the first signs of spring. And along with spring, come spring fever. Judging from what is written here, that spring fever bug must have really bitten Uncle Oscar. So if what you read doesn't make sense, don't blame me. P.S. Any similarity between characters or places is purely coincidental.

stood proud Uncle Oscar grinning from ear to ear. The Robutler then shook my hand and what a grip! He was over six feet tall and smoking one of Uncle's cigars. To me this was an epic day in the history of our industrial development.

I noticed that a metallic object stuck to the Robutler. Magnetic

his oily feet. The Robutler helped himself to a piece of pie and wiped his greasy hands on her good clean kitchen towel. Aunt Loling remarked that the "thing" acted just like Uncle.

The Robutler had no name so we decided to call him Robert after Aunt Loling's brother. Soon Robert became well known in our town. It

# SPRING

## Short Story

# Fever

IT WAS after the Philippine Government had rejected Uncle Oscar's Upside-down Lighthouse for submarines that he seriously got to work on his next big enterprise. They say that genius is on the borderline of insanity so I always felt that Uncle Oscar was on the borderline of genius.

My curiosity was aroused when I saw Uncle come home with all kinds of junk such as an old water boiler, automobile fenders and all sorts of metal objects. I would hear him hammering away down in the cellar. So one evening I went down there.

"Airwick," he said to me, "I'm working on an idea that will revolutionize the domestic life of all people."

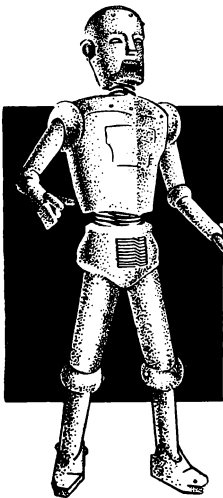
"That looks like a robot you are designing," I said casually.

"This is gonna be what I call the Robutler. Think of that! Soon every home will have a butler! No longer will you have to be rich to afford a Jeeves. Now people will have more time to drink tuba."

"But scientists have already created robots. What makes yours so different?" I asked.

"My Robutler will be more human. See all these electric gadgets? They will even give my Robutler emotions! I'm gonna make this machine a male, because males are stronger. He will be almost, I might even add, exactly like a man! Think of all the possibilities! They can be used by the armed forces, basketball coaches and even old maids!"

It was a few weeks later when Uncle Oscar asked me to come down to his workshop. Bursting into Uncle's workshop I heard a strange voice exclaim, "Hello Airwick! Can you lend me five bucks until next week?" I was amazed to see and hear the Robutler talking! There



By William Bowler

College of Liberal Arts

personality," Uncle explained.

Uncle went on, "I use castor oil on him. It makes him run better," and I could see the sly smile on Uncle's face. "He loves to eat nuts... with the bolts. He doesn't snore when he sleeps but he squeaks. I'll get the 'bugs' out of him. Then let's show him to Aunt Loling."

The three of us went upstairs where Aunt Loling was baking a pie. She knew about this Robutler but showed little interest. She wasn't scared nor surprised. The first thing she did was to tell the robot to wipe

was always a laugh when he walked into the Men's room at the corner tavern. Robert loved beer. Incidentally, Robert could eat food but his main energy was electronically created. He didn't need vitamin A, B or C but he did need batteries A, B and C.

Meanwhile Uncle Oscar was getting all the 'bugs' out of his Robert. He also got a few real bugs out of him which made Uncle proud because it only showed how nearby human Robert could be.

Robert was quite intelligent. He even learned to bet on horses and shoot dice. Uncle had to give him spending money. A friend of Uncle's a Mr. Herkimer B. Fuddle, ask Uncle if he could borrow Robert for his daughter's wedding re-

(Continued on page 16)

# Say it with Lines . . . .

## My Why

By LEONILA R. LLENOS

You cannot stop my poetry—  
quench rather Beauty first—  
Cannot choke me out of voice  
From bargaining un-noted songs  
With the sun,  
astride a strand of hair.

You must ask what meter I do use,  
What form of verse, what style of rhyme?

Would it not alter the lusty disregard  
Of the Soul's vast knowledge unlesened by a school  
If you're told:

a true idolator feels  
and is not tutored  
to trim and border  
what he feels?

Why do I need to know of rhyme or meter  
When I only have to drag consciousness  
Unstruggling,  
Along a long day's harmony --  
from sun-walking down sun-dreaming  
And from the master lips of the hours  
Without lee or effort imparted flew out  
The meter and the rhythm  
of Infinite's verse?

## Non-Entity

by  
BUDDY B. QUITÓRIO  
College of Law

lazy streams. . .  
whipping up impetus  
cascade upon still,  
unmoving pebbles. . .  
while inside of me, i look  
at a low dark self. . .  
and see nothingness.  
painfully, i turn towards  
blurred reflections  
on swirling waters.  
time. . . coming, gone  
as the flood swells  
and the pebbles are swept,  
the whole of me lost  
and dragged along  
seaward. . . unknown.

Unknown  
the word strikes me  
like a dismal tone  
of a dirge  
that sings of gloom  
and the sad refrain  
of wind sighing in agony  
while wandering  
shitless and alone.  
The sea shall claim me  
as flotsam drifting  
on and on  
carried by the whims  
of unchartered currents  
restless and forlorn.

. . . . Say it with Lines

# Our Fight

IT IS a sad commentary on our educational system that despite the universal recognition of the need for religious instruction for our youth, the three highest officials of the Department of Education appear to be the very persons designated by a secret society with the task of eliminating religious instruction in the public schools. Caught in the web of their own duplicity, their fellow-Masons are now loud in their shrieks of "intolerance" against the Catholic hierarchy and leaders of Catholic Action who saw fit to expose the treachery of these three, and who did nothing more than assert their democratic rights to demand a redress of their grievances through due process of law.

The Catholics cannot do otherwise than to act now, because it is the Catholic youth which is most affected by the dubious policies of these highly-placed officials. This dangerous set-up cannot but call for militant action. When three public officials who swear to uphold the Constitution and the laws of our country in the open, pledge to subvert its aims in secret; when three trusted educators play the sinister role of Dr. Jekyll and his monstrous counterpart, Mr. Hyde, are the Catholics expected to sit tight and laugh at their dangerous antics? What kind of a shepherd is he who would not act to save his flock from wolves in sheep's clothing? Is a good parent or brother expected to do nothing when he discovers that his child or kid-brother is systematically drugged or poisoned by his enemies? Yet that is what is happening in our country today. . .

An artless president once called our Constitution "a mere scrap of paper." These three high officials of the Department of (Mis-) Education have made of one of its most vital provisions, in the angry words of former Justice Luis P. Torres, nothing but "a dead letter." It is a dead letter, because the very officials sworn to implement and uphold the law are precisely the "chosen few" who have been assigned the delicate mission of frus-

## AGAINST SABOTAGE

by Mario D. Ortiz



trating the will of millions embodied in that all-important provision of the Constitution. The law is clear. Sec. 5, Art. XIV of the Constitution provides for optional religious instruction in our public schools "as now authorized by law." The law then referred to, Sec. 928 of the Administrative Code, in turn authorizes a priest or minister of any church or his duly authorized representative, "to teach religion for one-half hour, three times a week, in the school building, to those public school pupils whose parents or guardians desire it. . . ." And lately, Art. 359 of the new Civil Code, provides that "optional religious instruction shall be taught as part of the curriculum at the option of the

parent or guardian." But are these laws enforced? Ask the parish priests and the catechists throughout the Philippines, and you will hear a tale of woe that one can hardly expect of a vauntedly Catholic country, supposedly "the only Christian nation in the Far East."

Ask the parents and the school-children, and you will know that the law involved is best honored by the breach thereof, so that you will begin to wonder if you're living in the right country. Their complaints are a matter of record. They underscore the raw deal, the smug indifference, the arrogant hostility of local public school satraps who, however, are the least to blame because their big bosses are, after all, sworn "to eliminate religious instruction in the public schools."

In fairness, of course, to our local public school officials in Cebu, there are but very few isolated cases of discrimination or obstructionism reported here. But in a great many

(Continued on page 41)

\* The author is current editor of The Cebu KC's "Carnival Tiding," an attorney and a member of USC Faculty.

ON DA

# LEVEL



with

This being the last issue of the "C" for the current school year, we can lidget only so much and hope that our gentle readers would be (dangblasted!) kind enough to understand us if we get dragged into tantrums and wind up sniveling over sobbing shenanigans.

But don't get us all gnarled up. If anything, we still have a few kicks left in our systems so that if anyone ever gets booted in the course of this spiel, the assault should please be treated purely as a friendly gesture. Just that!

A number of lucky droops are graduating this year after nervous and hectic days of faithfully marching into sporadic pre-graduation and post-graduation huddles between parents of these mental slowpokes and their professors or their deans. With their graduation assured, these jerks roar into borrowing skrimishes with more or less benevolent and gullible classmates. They borrow almost anything—your coat, tie, socks, and your shirt. Even your last bottle of foul-smelling pomade. And they don't return what they borrow!

Us? We would 'uv gone up that stage too, if that !! OO ?? prof didn't get untimely wise!

Parents, apart from forking over their hard-earned moala, must also suffer from the unpleasant task of writing notes of forgiveness for their son's or daughter's idiocy and all that! It's really too bad if the Dean concerned doesn't budge an inch. The darling pampered dottie or sonnie flunks!

Vacation days! They play a thousand heavenly symphonies in the ears of truants, loafers, small-time ruffians, idlers, bums, smart alecs and fugitives from Roman Law.

During the USC Day parade, two carloads of staffers were the objects of many a cop's ire. Even Doc Solon himself was pretty mad. These impetuous newshawks and newshens, goaded by flash-happy Pentons, tore down upon the streets to the mirth of Delia and Lilia who were with the staff. And Pentong who, to

all appearances was dead serious, climbed posts a la Cheetah to get the right angles but didn't shoot one good pix. "Unprintable!" boomed the Moderator. Banner gossip: Somebody sweated romantic during the parade. Tee hee.

"To be or not to be," was only a question until some mercenary yokel got butterflies in his breadbasket and priced the query at sixty-four dollars. So, the \$64

### PAGING THE CPC JESTERS

This should make Ripley perk up. The members of the Cebu Press Club, in an over-publicized stunt, committed themselves to offer prizes to the winners of the editorial contest which they sponsored during the local observance of the National Press Week.

Up to this writing the winners of the tilt have not received their prizes. It must have been a fat, rased joke, so it is being bralied about.

The winners, however, are still hoping that the contest would not turn out to be the year's biggest hoax.

question is: "Who was that mummy lumbering up and down the streets during the parade?"

That bandaged, plastered, castigated Roman Arch, mummy touched off a wave of snickers from the crowd. Why, sez an newshound, it even stole the whole show! Ask Lil Tobes and Delia Saguin of Campuscrots lame if the mummy did not throw the staffers into an amusing guessing game. One upped and asked: Suppose the bandages will... aw, skip it.

Here's a sizzling tip: Ting Jamiro has a fancy way of sticking cigarettes into his mouth. Gingerly, he lays the roll on his

left palm, tugs at his left pulse with the other limb and eureka! The derved smokeslick lies into the air and is snatched by his mouse... er, that is, his mouth. The rub is in the training. We are trying it and it ain't funny!

Some people point accusing (if not sore) fingers at this writer for having ah, POLITICAL ambitions! My word, ain't it all too flattering? Just because I lampooned the mail clerk, must I be flattered?

Look at me... a wine-guzzling low-brow, running for a battered seat in Congress! If you haven't played hooky in your Political Science palavers, you'll remember Congress as the house where bills are made and paid for by the people. Surely, I'd like to heaven to be a pot-bellied, lynx-eyed Diputado. Imagine, bay, I'll take hearty swigs of beer, nibble on "hot" potatoes, swipe firecrackers, expedite immigration papers, crown barrio pulchritudes who will come handy as queridas, and go on a globe-trotting rampage. It's all bravado with a modicum of li-lubsters and a good grip on chicanery, see?

Just why there isn't a Supreme Student's Council in USC is beyond us. We see no reason why there is no such council where students can learn the intricacies of government. Besides, we have in these hyar parts a chock-full of political loud-mouths and clowns who will make Congress a poor second liddle in bullooney!

Through the effort of far-thinking pen-gridders, The College Editors' Guild of this Southern dust-phall jungle was organized (Continued on page 28)



THE LETTER lay there. Its drabness in contrast to the white-starched linen sheets. Tear-drenched and crumpled but still showing the crease where it had been folded. Top edges as if torn and pinched by something thin and sharp. The date... December 24... Plain type-writing paper, the kind you can get at most office stationery stores. Typewritten. Firm and bold strokes. Clean and clear-cut lines. Determination and strength of will showed thru.

The fingers holding the letter were taut and strained. Slim fingers. The hand, pale, almost white but alive. Strained veins showed thru the well-formed forearms. Slim hands and fingers but not sinewy. Pale now

thing deep that only our two hearts can understand."

"My gift to you Lyd. Nothing much, but with it goes the glow of giving to someone so dear to me."

"The gift is meaningless, if the essence of the giving is not in the giver. Oh, Ric... it's the love that goes with it that is dearer to me."

"Remember Darling how you used to make fun of me."

"When did I, Ric?"  
 "When you teased me about my handwriting. You used to say, but how can I understand what you mean? I can only read up to the third sentence. All the others are cryptograms. And the fun we had trying to decipher all. But as you used to say the ending is all I need

confided to her our dreams and plans. You should see the glow in her eyes, her very wishes for our happiness whenever I bring us up. The girls at the office are looking forward up to this party. Lucy, Carol, Fe and Pets, will be there and so with the others. Even Vic has consented to go. He'll carry you bodily, so he promised, if you won't go."

The letter continued:

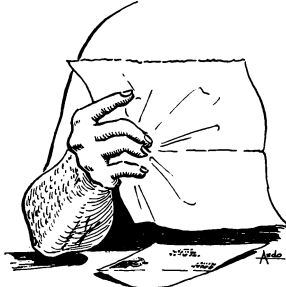
I had always my misgiving and doubts. Could this happiness last? You always knew best Lyd, and you were so set on that. I want your happiness and if it is this, so be it. I was uneasy of course, to the point of clumsiness. Who wouldn't be with those big names of the 400? Your mother, I love her for that, made me feel at home though.

You had always intrigued me. Those lapses of aristocratic mien and voice. The haughtiness you show inadvertently at times in front of our crowd. Sometimes you

## Short Story

# NOCTURNE

by Patricia C. Reynes



but could have been creamy peach without the tension, the body not in agony.

The hand clutched and unclutched, as deep and heart wrenching sobs shook the body. Sheer agony from soundless sighs. The body shaking convulsively and the hand never letting go off the letter. Clutching it as if for life itself... Why?... The letter, yes, the letter... It began...

**Darling Lyd,**

*Fervent wishes to you for the joys and happiness of the season. This should have begun with a "Merry Christmas"... but let me hope that you are in your merriest mood when you read this. I know you will open this the last. The envelope is addressed to you in my handwriting, so you will keep this for yourself alone. Could I be with you now, but please read on.*

"Merry Christmas, Darling."

"Merry Christmas, Ric. You know, how I wished I were a poet. There is something that I want to say but the words are not with me to convey to you that which is in me. Some-

thing to know... I love you."

I should not have come, Lyd, think of the time we spent. The time we spent trying to fit every minute of these few days to our plans. We should not have changed them... Now this... bitterness and regret.

"I know how you feel, Ric. But nothing will be taken away from our plans. Only the place will be different, and this would mean much more to us. Besides, the whole gang will be there. Mother will be disappointed if you wouldn't come. She had promised me this party, for us, for everything."

"Wouldn't I feel out of place, Lyd? With all the other guests? You might find me clumsy and not to your ways in their presence?"

"But we are no different from you. Mother understands that I know, she will be glad to see you. Do you think she doesn't know about us? Oh, how many times had I

make us feel rank outsiders. I could not understand you those times. I just couldn't get away from that feeling that you are not what you show to me, to us, to be. You are so high up, untouchable and unattainable. Only when together alone, and you snugly in my arms will that feeling pass away. At nights, I reassure myself that this all is not a dream, that it is real, and that you are mine... But I have always wondered.

I remember first meeting you at our annual office outing. Remember how I gaped at you openmouthed? You must have laughed at me then. You didn't show it though, but your eyes did. There was a challenge in them.

"Enjoying yourself, Mr. Villar?"

"Huh... Why... er... I mean yes... Miss...?"

"Aragon... Lydia... call me Lyd for short."

"Tired or resting?... Fine weather for our picnic and ideal for outdoor dancing. You seem to be en-

(Continued on page 18)

**I**N THE name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us. O Mary, conceived without sin, mediatrix of all graces, pray for us." (After this prayer, Father Tong turned toward a picture of President Mao, with a deep bow, then addressed the gathering.)

"Men who do not believe in God or in soul, men who do not recognize the Pope as vicar of Christ assert the movement for the triple independence to be nothing but a patriotic movement. They acknowledge religious freedom and allow purely religious relations between the Pope and the faithful. But today, in the name of that same movement, we are called upon to take a stand against the representative of the Pope, Msgr. Riberti. And perhaps tomorrow, in the name of the same movement, we may be urged to attack the Pope, the vicar of



MAO TSE TUNG

both state and Church! But the very opposite is the case. The more things develop, the wider becomes the rift between the two parties, so much so that today it has come to the point where it is no longer possible to turn back. Soon, even the last ray of hope which kept us up will be darkened. I reproach myself for being unable to change things for the better, and for that reason I think I can do no better than offer my soul to the one party and my body to the other, hoping to further the mutual understanding of the two parties. I cannot do otherwise as long as a mutual understanding will not be reached, but I do not regret any sacrifice on my part.

"Those in authority have repeatedly declared that they do not intend to resort to force. Hence, I feel obliged to speak my mind frankly and never to say what I do not mean to say. If a declaration is in keeping with my conviction,

# I ADMIRE THE COMMUNISTS!\*

By Father  
John Tong Che Tche

Christ. And the next day, why should we not be pressed into assailing Our Lord and God, Jesus Christ Himself?

"No doubt, theoretically speaking, one could make distinctions regarding these attacks. In fact, however, there is but one God, one Pope, and one representative of the Pope. No distinction, no separation can be granted in this respect. I would indeed cease to be a Catholic were I to subscribe to the triple independence.

"Gentlemen! I have only one soul, which cannot be divided; I have a body, which allows partition. It seems to me best to give my whole soul to God and the Church, and my body to my country, for I do not refuse to serve my country with my body if demanded. Materialists who are convinced that there is no soul must be contented with the surrender of my body.

"How beautiful it would be if state and Church could work together! In that case the Church would be grounded on the real triple independence, to be recognized as frankly and never to say what I do not mean to say. If a declaration is in keeping with my patriotic movement indeed. How much good would be effected for

\*Reprinted from Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Aug. 1952

For sometime the Red propaganda had been directed toward establishing a national Catholic Church in China and, as a first step, had advocated the removal of the papal representative, Msgr. Riberti. In Chungking, his residence, a big demonstration was staged against him, attended by the gross of the population. Among the speakers of the day were, almost two Catholics, one of them even a priest, who voiced their disapproval of the foreign dignitary and came out in support of the nationalist movement. The bad effect of these speeches was more than offset by the vigorous words of Father John Tong Che Tche, who roundly scored the scheme of triple ecclesiastical independence, from foreign aid for the clergy, from foreign personnel, from religious ideas foreign of Chinese thought. In consequence of his frank statement, the 45-year-old priest was arrested in the sacristy of his church, never to be heard of again (June 2, 1951). The text of his speech, smuggled out of China to Rome, is given here in full.

I'll sign it; if not, I'll never pretend to agree with it by merely giving my signature.

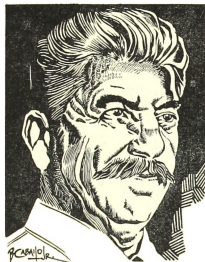
Suppose I would go against my conscience out of fear and say what I am not convinced of or sign a declaration at variance with my conviction, I would deceive the state. If I excused myself afterwards by saying that I did wrong under duress, I would likewise deceive the Church authorities. Would that not be lamentable to sowing the seeds of discord between state and Church?

"I am a Catholic indeed. This does not hinder me from expressing my admiration for the Communists. They do not believe in God or in a soul, nor in heaven and hell — in this they are mistaken. Still, more than one quality of theirs compels my admiration, rouses my lethargy to action, and reminds me of the millions of martyrs of the Church in the course of the past 20 centuries.

"I admire the Communists because they defy death, never giving up their conviction. They do not say, like General Li Ling, glossing over his surrender: 'I did not choose to die, but saved my life for my future task! And should I cling to life under the pretext of preserving

(Continued on page 38)

# What Is Russian



# COMMUNISM

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

## Ninth Installment



### COMMUNISM DESTROYS PATRIOTISM

SINCE Ruscomists avowedly aim at the violent overthrow of parliamentary government, in place of which they desire to set up a despotic communist regime, as they have already done in the enslaved countries behind the iron curtain; since these benighted fifth columnists despise the flag of their own respective countries, which they wish to tear down and unroll in place of it the repulsive banner of the hammer and sickle; since they act like automata or robots moved and directed by an alien tyrannical power enthroned in Moscow, it is evident that they spurn patriotism as they despise true democracy.

Ralph de Toledano, born in the International Zone of Tangier of American parents, and educated at the Fieldston School and Columbia University, who became a writer before he joined the armed forces, has made a detailed study of all forms of totalitarianism and has had extensive experience in field work and investigation. As a discussion leader at an experimental youth camp, he has grappled with the problem of the indoctrination of teenagers who have been blinded and poisoned by communist propaganda. In his excellent pamphlet, *How Communism Demoralizes Youth*, he writes:

"All loyalty for country, for family, for friends becomes secondary in their worship of the Soviet Union. If betrayal of their country is demanded, if they are told to spy

on their friends, if they are ordered to turn in their relatives, so all-embracing is their devotion that it is sure to be done. It is sometimes hard for us to believe this, but an abundance of evidence, incontrovertibly damning, thrusts itself at us to demonstrate its truth. The Report of the Royal Commission in Canada which investigated the theft of atom secrets is one shocking and revealing document attesting to the hold of the Communist ideology on its adherents, showing to what lengths they will go in its service." (p. 13)

But we need not go to Canada to get proof of the demoralizing influence Ruscomism exercises on its duped or knavish followers. The Committee on un-American Activities has brought before the public some astounding revelations, and will unearth perhaps still more astonishing evidence, — of the complete lack of patriotism — of loyalty and fidelity to their own country — and of mental and moral corruption in those who have swallowed the venomous dope or opiate styled Russian Communism.

### TRAITORS TO THEIR COUNTRY

A Canadian friend of mine, whose home was open to soldiers during the war; who, in fact, "mothered" them in their absence from their own home or homeland; and who will ever be gratefully remembered by many a soldier and by many a soldier's mother, told me that on one occasion, when she was entertaining a group of soldiers, the conversation turned to the possibility of war with Russia, and one of the soldiers declared that, in such a contingency, he would lay down

his arms. The good lady promptly rebuked him for his disloyalty. I do not know whether the soldier in question was a Canadian, an Australian, a New Zealander or some other national; this matters not, for all Ruscomists and fellow travellers are "tarred with the same brush." They would fight Nazism or Fascism, but not a still greater evil — Russian Communism. We must bear in mind that the war — World War II — was in progress for two years before Hitler broke with Stalin. Communists conveniently forget that for two years the Hitler-Stalin pact was in force, in virtue of which Poland was crucified.

Whilst the Nazi-Bolshevik pact prevailed, Ruscomists in every country denounced the war as imperialistic and capitalistic and condemned it in the severest terms. But no sooner had Hitler invaded Russia than the whole character of the war changed. Now it was a glorious thing to fight — for beloved Soviet Russia! The soldier I have mentioned was probably not a dyed-in-the-wool Communist, for he had volunteered to fight, but he was tainted or impregnated with the virus of Bolshevik idolatry. After Russia stabbed Poland in the back, there was a solid likelihood that the Allies would yet have to fight the Soviet forces. It was probably of such a contingency that the group of soldiers were talking in Canada.

I was in Australia throughout the war, and I vividly remember how the Communists denounced and condemned the war as imperialistic and capitalistic, and how.

(Continued on page 85)

# What Do You Think

Conducted by  
**ARISTON P. AWITAN, JR.**

*Here we go thinking again! We think of so many things especially an graduation time—sheepskins, allowances, shindigs, heart-thrills and leave-takings. And we frown as well. I did a lot of eyebrow-raising lately when I came upon my article, Vacation Reactions (February Issue), and found out that a phrase somewhere at the end was misplaced! The proofreader must have been a trifle careless because some staffers were grumbling about typographical errata. But enough's enough!*

*For this month's print, we harp on the inevitable. This thing called graduation has to happen. . . . twice a year at that! We confess that we were overly delighted to learn that USC will close shop in March. Just think again. . . . shorter days, fewer assignments (?) fewer exams! Wonderful, eh? Wait a sec, brother. Don't forget that effective February 10 to March 28, classes swing in at 7:10 in the early morning. We've to shorten our dreams and get up early. . . . eat early and dash off to school. . . . Ouch! My appendicitis! So you're graduating huh, Chico? These days should keep you moving. A lot of shekels keep pouring into the coffers of Cecil's, Regis and Robles. Gotta be glamorous in the annual, you know. Before you join the processional march, be sure you're in fine fettle—fix your cap and gown, tie your shoe laces, don't breathe at all (yuk!) and hey! Wait a moment! What d'ya think . . .*



**Wilfredo P. Manzano**

## ... ABOUT GRADUATION?

● **INEGO A. GORDUIZ**, Secretarial Dept., says: "Graduation confronts our minds with various thoughts and multiple feelings. It is a moment of rejoicing and sorrowing. We are blissful to have realized a certain course in college. We are recipients of felicitations from our parents, brothers, sisters and dear ones. But, it is a heart-breaking day of parting from our Alma Mater, benevolent teachers and dear classmates. It sets us to a great contemplation of the past and the future. We recall the difficult problems that stirred our intellectual capabilities. It marks the transition before the commencement of another hazardous task that lies ahead."



**Inego A. Gorduz**



**Marianita Tiro**

● **MARIANITA TIRO**, College of Pharmacy says: "Graduation is a time to rejoice. It is the moment of triple happiness. The first happiness is that of the student. He rejoices because he realized his ambition, after the arduous struggle that he had to undertake. The second happiness is that of his parents. The thought that their child has achieved his goal is a consoling joy. They have realized that after sacrificing, something can be reaped. The third happiness is that of our beloved Philippines. Our country rejoices in having more of her sons and daughters mentally and morally equipped, and in a better position to serve her.

● **WILFREDO P. MANZANO**, Pre-Law says: "Graduation is the moment of glorious achievements. It is a victory won after the struggle which the students hurdled during their trying years. It is a day of serious thinking and planning. Our hearts at this day are lull of joys yet, our minds are confronted with problems on how we can begin our task that lies ahead."

● **SYLVIA R. QUEROL**, College of Liberal Arts says: "For me, graduation means a realization of a student's long-cherished dream, to be geared up for the exigencies of life and livelihood, which continually had inspired him to hurdle the trials and tribulations while trudging on the irksome road to knowledge. It is a temporary break for students who had to sweat on their way and practically squeeze their gray-matter out over lessons and problems. It is a termination of the student's training in theories to which he has been engaged throughout his school years. Yet it is a mark of a new beginning, a prelude of a practical life, and the commencement of applying what he learned during his theoretical years."

*(Continued on page 34)*

# MORE LAURELS FOR USC

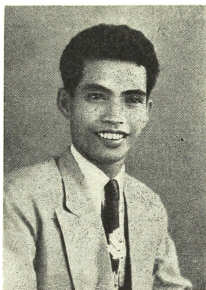
JUST as we expected the results of the editorial contest sponsored by the Cebu Press Club in connection with the National Press Week and participated in by all college editors in the city, gave THE CAROLINIAN the top-rung position with the editorial Education and our Country's Ills written by its editor, Emilio B. Aller. UV's Farnador and CSI's Mata copped the second and third place, respectively. To make things complete, our JUNIOR CAROLINIAN, the high school counterpart, also romped away with the third place in the high school division, with high school editor Bartolome C. de Castro's editorial of Letter for Little Virginia. This is a rare honor which every dyed-in-the-wool Carolinian is proud of.

The bacon brought home by our college paper, does not only justify the hitherto favorable comments received by its editor and staffers from as far north as Aparri and way down south as Jolo or from Donnelly, Alberta, Canada, to Rome itself, withal it encourages every embryo writer this side of the Islands to improve on their literary wares.

We take this occasion in commending the Cebu Press Club. The whirl of activities they sponsored during the National Press Week are healthy signs. Our local Fourth Estaters proved to all and sundry that they could stand on their own without depending upon the initiative of Manila. They had their own version of choosing outstanding men and women of the year as evidenced by their bestowal of awards upon 14 prominent individuals who have, in one way or another, made outstanding contributions to the community in their respective calling or profession. Such encouraging activities shown by our local professional writers are worth all the commendations they rightfully deserve.

But one activity they had which needs some room for improvement is in the contest of college editors. They would be extending more beneficial effects in encouraging our student writers if they could go further by sponsoring the following contests among student pen-pushers: (1) The best-edited college magazine of the year. (2) The best-writ-

By  
*Agustin B. Jamiro*



EDITOR ALLER  
He wrote the year's best college editorial.

ten literary column of the year. (3) The best-written sports column of the year. (4) The best-written short story of the year. (5) The best-written essay of the year.

Of course, these entail a lot of expenses. And it is known from reliable sources that at this writing, they even have not been able to give the official prizes for the winning college editorials. But they could show more initiative in soliciting aid from big business firms and civic-spirited groups in raising the amount they could commit themselves to give as prizes if they would not be able to foot their commitments from their own pockets. Thus, the Cebu Press Club will be instrumental in giving every student writer the inspiration and encouragement the latter so very badly needs, which would urge him to become a better writer.

If The Carolinian editor won this year's best college editorial contest, this means that the general standards of our magazine are good enough. Newspapers are usually judged by

the intelligent reader through the kind of editorial its editor dishes out.

But it is not enough that The Carolinian basks in the honor of such a passing accomplishment. A more difficult task lies ahead. If it has attained the kind of standards it now possesses, the trying obligation to maintain its standards and to keep up the good work should concern the winning editor and his successors very much. It cannot be denied that this official organ is making itself a good name in the hearts of Carolinian students and alumni alike. It has even done more than that; it has won the hearts of readers from the general public in the Philippines and abroad who have had occasions to peruse its contents. You can ask them as to their impressions about the quality and substance of this mag and they will tell you what they have been known to remark by word or by letter.

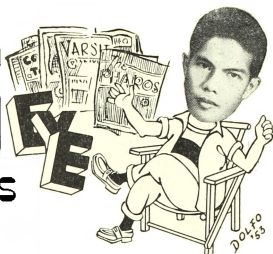
Probably, one of the greatest influences which promoted the improvements in this mag is the harmony and cooperation existing between the Administration and the student body with regard to the policies looked up to as guides in the publication of this students' mouthpiece. As long as the relation is maintained, there could be no reason why The Carolinian will not be maintained as it is now.

It may also be mentioned here that former Moderator Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld had done much in promoting the improvements in this magazine. He was perhaps conscious of the fact that in the life of a college or university, an official organ of the student body is vital. It is a dependable mouthpiece of student ideas and opinions and a good and effective vehicle in popularizing the institution it serves to prospective students and patronizers. Realizing all these, he did all he could to exert his influence in building it up into the kind of magazine it is now — his one remarkable tribute to USC. He left, and the current moderators are carrying on. It is the hope of every Carolinian that the present state of things should continue to flourish if it must help bring more honor and renown to USC.

— Comtesse Alumnae

# The ROVING REF

ALBERTO C. MORALES



**A**FTER all the hustle and bustle, the hurry and scurry of a hectic University Day, we were just about ready to junk this column in favor of a nice, long restful sleep. (He... hum...) But no... Come what may, the CAROLINIAN "must go on". And so, a-rovin' we must go.

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First to catch our eye is Manuel G. Gogola's editorial in the "WESNECO TORCH" (Bacolod City) on celebrating College Day.

*A fat or lean celebration is beside the point; the spirit counts more. Clearly evidenced by more than the tongue, the infusion of the College Day's spirit is what we expect, what the College demands.... We find no reason for indifference, but all for a cheerful cooperation.*

That what really counts is the spirit, we agree. Although, more often than not, the spirit is ever willing but the flesh may be weak.

Talking of USC Day festivities, we have yet to hear of a lean celebration. It is no exaggeration to state that whenever San Carlos U shows off, she gives all she's got... colorful floats that could vie with those of the famous Tournament of Roses, classy programs for your delectation plus educational exhibits to feast your eyes on, not to mention the several amusement booths which offer you a run for your money.

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In the light of the recent exposé on the alleged conspiracy to alienate religious instruction from our public schools, a very vocal article bearing a direct relation to this issue appears in the St. Theresa's College "ORION" (Mcnlia) and is well worth one's reading time. The author, obviously a militant Catholic parent, swears that

*...Not until the University of the Philippines gives a thoroughly Catholic education would I consider sending my child there.*

His reasons:

*Everything that has been built up all these years (referring to four years of H.S. Christian education) will be undermined. Man is not made of steel; man is plastic; reading can influence him, so can environment.*

True, Father Delaney is out there in Diliman, pitching for our Faith. Yet, the wonderful work he is doing leaves much more to be done.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Rodriguez Resigns CEG Post" — thus screamed the headlines of the CODS "ORAL REFLECTOR'S" New Section. The details:

Atty. Ernesto R. Rodriguez, Jr., CEG moderator for seven terms resigned his post following a furious controversy over the recent election of the Inter-Collegiate Girl... The nation-wide popular rift in the Guild started when CEG officers in an unprecedented move revolted against what they termed dictatorial and impartial power exercised by Rodriguez.

Come to think of it, several editorial staffers of the different school mags in this city banded themselves last month into a penpushers' club baptized as the College Editors' Guild of the South. Could this be an offshoot of the CEG shakedown in Manila? If it is, let's hope it doesn't follow the tottering footsteps of the mother Guild from whence it sprung.

\*\*\*\*\*

A. D. Cobuma of the MCU "PHAROS" sounds an appeal to those of us:

*... who are more fortunate, who are untouched by misery, who stand pat with luck and squeamish luxury, who squander with three square meals while those (the destitutes) barely exist on a single to share them some of these graces that had fallen a little too much on our lap and so little on theirs.... These little joys and helps we shared then reflect the true heart beat that are not found in bold headlines, yet depict human interest, so they are still encouraging, for 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Amen.*

Thus ends his prayer — one that will fall into the deaf ears of the society matron whose mahogany losses may run to 3 or 4 figures but couldn't spare a buck or two for charity, the government official whose junkets abroad entails expenses which could have swelled the scanty coffers of our charitable agencies, the unscrupulous businessman who doesn't hesitate to bleed the poor white in his mad scramble for profit.

\*\*\*\*\*

From the De La Salle College "LA SALLITE" comes an editorial titled "What Price Courage."

*In this materialistic world of ours where success is measured in terms of wealth, power and prestige, it seems out of place to discuss of privileges, heroes and men who died for an ideal.*

(Continued on page 19)



# The Youthful Urge

**Y**OUTH as reflected by the young is good to see. But youth as sported by the old is a spectacle. The sight of a flower in the early morning calls forth admiration, but the sight of a blossom in the first flush of evening after the sun has lost its rage" occasions is no less than wonder.

I was dragging myself home late one night when I came upon a man, obviously in his late fifties, singing at the top of his voice underneath a window. I cast a quick glance at the crowd around him and it did not take me long to notice that he was quite alone in his pursuit. Nevertheless, this did not seem to bother him at all for he stood there transfixed in the most convincing pose of adulation whilst from his throat ensued a very original interpretation of "Don't Blame Me." I'm not sure now whether what I heard and saw was a trick of the imagination, but I had the feeling then that despite its antiquated appearance, the guitar in the old man's hands responded with emotional alacrity; so much so that a few moments later the window opened and light streamed full below where the man warbled his love melody.

I can't rightly say what happened to me then, but somehow I felt a surging back of my ertwhile lagging spirits and the buoyant enthusiasm I witnessed to have affected the briskness of my footsteps for before long I found myself a stone's throw from home while all the time I was valiantly calling to memory a passage I had read somewhere.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety; other women cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry where most she satisfies."

How these lines could have possibly any connection with what I saw, I wouldn't rightly know. But it was most probably because I was wondering why the phenomenon of being young just clings on and stays put on people who apparently

know only how to abuse it or is this so because they know how to make the most use of it?

Good for Cleopatra because the

youthful aura became her. If wrinkles did come at all, these only served to heighten the fullness of her maturity if the voice did drag and wobble on its edges, this but only made her tone acquire the seductive resonance which had rendered men her willing captives.

But this same aura sticks at  
(Continued on page 15)

By  
**Feliciano Alegredo**





## Compscripts

by

MARIA DELIA SAGUIN

At last all the hullabaloo is over... after those three full days of merry frolicking, going back to our books and messed-up notes seems awfully strange... everyone is simply tired and hesitant in resuming his studies... but why feel utterly gloomy about it? For all we know our Summer Vacation is almost here!!

The Parade which initiated the formal opening of our USC Vanity Fair was truly spectacular... it was rather an arrogant display of artistic and symbolic floats by the different departments of this University. These floats were a true portrayal of the ingenuity and cooperation of the students who made them. Because all the floats were beautiful, it must have been hard for the judges to choose the best.... Aw! let's talk no more of these rollin' structures, huh? Let's rather concentrate on the "big-crats" perched on them... they're more important, aren't they?

The Lib' Arts float, as you will read somewhere in this issue, was chosen the most Symbolic float. It featured Communism as a menace to this world and to the Philippines in particular. There was a make-believe iron curtain and behind it was a bunch of Liberal Arts studs who represented the different peoples of this universe... there was BILL BOWLER who even while the float was already moving was still busy scanning for a stand-in... poor Bill, but there was no other yankee around... so in the name of America he had to stay blushing up there with a rake in his hands.

A certain on-looker couldn't help but giggle when he saw CRISTINO CANCA clad in a priest's attire... no one could imagine that a mischievous and noisy guy like him will look as reserved and saintly as only a holy priest can be. Cris, you're not only a smart-aleck, but also an actor! This could be some news to Miss LOURDES VARELA.

The beautiful mermaids... ROSITA TY, ADELAIDA VAILOSIS,..... fresh from Neptune's kingdom took their time in adding artistry to the Pharmacy float. These Queen and princesses of the Undersea did look lovely relaxing on their rocks... but poor sirens, how they must have suffered the excruciating heat of the sun!!

Legs!... Legs!... my eye!... Roman legs... classic legs... aristocratic legs... frog's legs!... nope, not that! You should have seen those Roman Warriors on the Engineering — Architecture float exhibiting their classic gams... there was CARLTOS ALVAREZ who in spite of the heat of the sun stood there as valiant as a true Roman Emperor. Beside him stood his beautiful and dignified lady, JUDITH GARCIA... that was a lyre she was bringing, I suppose. SUSING de la SERNIA seemed willing enough to cut one of his auricles just to have someone take his place up there... to sketch a model is easier than to do the modelling yourself, no JESS? Roman manhood at its best (and I do mean at it's best) was well represented by ARTURO LARAZABAL... sigh... what an Adonis this guy is!

The Education float was chosen as the most artistic float. What could be more artistic than giving us a picture of the Garden of Eden itself?... ah! nature at its best!... Never had an idea that lots of teachers-to-be could look pretty angelic too. CITA SALAZAR... who looked rather cross because she had to hold a golden trumpet steady until the parade was over. EDITH BELARMINO... who looked as if about ready to fly up there... she

(Continued on page 35)

ception. Uncle at once obliged because here would be a chance to really test the Robutler's effectiveness. If Robert made good, Uncle would certainly get his patent claims. We were invited to the reception and so we started training Robert in his chores.

Miss Fuddle was a beautiful bride. Even Robert kissed her, which isn't quite the thing for a butler to do. But we were all amused. However, little did we suspect that Robert was sneaking drinks at the reception. He was syphoning ethyl gasoline from one of the guest's cars. I was the first to notice his wobbliness.

I was horror-stricken with the thought that Robert was getting tight. Instead of going hic he went cick. He spilt a tray of cocktails on some ladies, then started chasing one young blonde girl. Robert was completely berserk. He started to eat the wedding presents, including some expensive silverware.

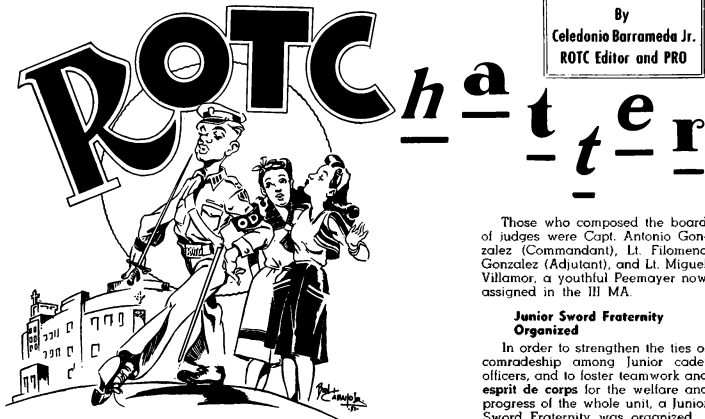
Uncle remained cool throughout it all and sneaked up behind Robert to turn him off. Robert fell to the floor with a sickening crash. Meanwhile the panic-stricken guests had fled. One had phoned the police and soon we could hear the siren approaching the Fuddle residence. Of course, they had to arrest Robert. We all went to the station house and Uncle turned Robert on again. His first words were "Where am I?"

Robert had quickly recovered from the ethyl gasoline but it was too late. Mr. Fuddle was very angry at Uncle and wouldn't help put up any bail. Uncle and I had no money so poor Robert had to go to jail.

It might be interesting to note, that while Robert was rusting away in jail, Uncle was once again busy down in his workshop. Once more I saw him bring home metal junk and once more I heard him clanging away into the small hours of the night. I thought this had cured Uncle but I was wrong.

I finally went downstairs to his cellar worship and there I saw him making another robot. I asked him if he didn't create enough havoc. Uncle looked up and merely smiled. "I'm making an even smarter robot, Airwick, to be Robert's lawyer and get him out of jail."

By  
**Celedonio Barrameda Jr.**  
 ROTC Editor and PRO



#### Film on Rifle Marksmanship Show

In order to acquaint the Cadets with the techniques of rifle marksmanship, a film was shown at the USC audio-visual hall. The phases of instruction illustrated by the film were correct trigger squeeze, range and windage adjustment, sighting and aiming exercises, and actual firing in the range.

#### Military Competition Held

In conjunction with the U-D celebration, the Corps of Cadets staged a competition on close order drill and disassembling and assembling weapons.

#### Results:

##### Company Drill

- 1st—"B" Btry, 2nd Bn  
 CO: Cdt. Capt. Dellin Pengson  
 2nd—"B" Co, 1st Bn  
 CO: Cdt. Capt. Eutiquio Colon  
 3rd—"C" Co, 1st Bn  
 CO: Cdt. Capt. Carlos Tajoda

##### Platoon Drill

- 1st—2nd Pltn, "C" Co, 1st Bn  
 Pltn Ldr: Cdt. Lt. Constanco Mahinay  
 2nd—1st Pltn, "B" Btry, 2nd Bn  
 Pltn Ldr: Cdt. Lt. Segundo Gonzaga  
 3rd—2nd Pltn, "A" Btry, 2nd Bn  
 Pltn Ldr: Cdt. Lt. Jose Salingua

#### Weapons (Assembling & Disassembling)

- Carbine Caliber 30 Ml  
 1st—Cdt. Cedric Tan, "B" Co, 1st Bn  
 2nd—Cdt. Crisostomo Torres, "B" Btry, 2nd Bn  
 3rd—Cdt. Cristino Canga, "C" Co, 1st Bn  
 Garand Caliber 30 Ml  
 1st—Cdt. Felipe Tajoda, "C" Co, 1st Bn  
 2nd—Cdt. Jacinto Godardo, "B" Btry, 2nd Bn  
 3rd—Cdt. Domingo Cabinong, Jr., "B" Co, 1st Bn  
 BAR Caliber 30  
 1st—Cdt. Felipe Tajoda, "C" Co, 1st Bn  
 2nd—Cdt. Cedric Tan, "B" Co, 1st Bn  
 3rd—Cdt. Manuel Medel, "B" Co, 1st Bn  
 Machine Gun Caliber 30 Hvy  
 1st—Cdt. Teotimo Accento, "A" Co, 1st Bn  
 2nd—Cdt. Nideas Intong, "A" Co, 1st Bn  
 3rd—Cdt. Ruben Penserga, "A" Co, 1st Bn  
 Best Marching Unit (Parade) — "A" Co, 1st Bn CO: Cdt. Capt. Pedro Patalinghug  
 Best Performance, Manual of Arms (Inter-Battalion) — 2nd Bn  
 Bn Comdr: Cdt. Lt. Col. C. Sario  
 On the whole, the "Blue-strippers" had a slight edge over the "Reds."

Those who composed the board of judges were Capt. Antonio Gonzalez (Commandant), Lt. Filomeno Gonzalez (Adjutant), and Lt. Miguel Villamor, a youthful Peemayer now assigned in the III MA.

#### Junior Sword Fraternity Organized

In order to strengthen the ties of comradeship among Junior cadet officers, and to foster teamwork and esprit de corps for the welfare and progress of the whole unit, a Junior Sword Fraternity was organized.

The elected officers are Cdt. Major Demosthenes Gumalo, President; Cdt. Capt. Dellin Pengson, Vice-President; Cdt. Capt. Natalio Yuzon, Treasurer; Cdt. Capt. Desiderio Ando, Auditor; Cdt. Lt. Celedonio Barrameda, Jr., PRO; Cdt. Lts. Rodulfo Gustilo and Anthoniges Blanco, Sgts.-at-arms.

The Fraternity plans to fete the graduating advanced cadets with a farewell party. Developments will be announced later, and by the time this issue gets off the press, the shindig will have been realized.

#### Summer Training for 2nd Year Basic Cadets

The D.M.S.T. recently disclosed that all prospective graduates of the Second Year Basic Course are to undergo summer training in Fort William McKinley, Rizal province. No second year Basic Cadets can qualify for graduation from the basic course without undergoing this training.

In a telegram recently received from the G. H. Q., AFP, the cadets are to provide themselves with the following accessories before reporting to the training camp: — Six pairs of drawers, six pieces undershirts, six pieces of handkerchiefs, two towels, two caps (overseas) six pairs of socks (green) two suits khaki, one belt khaki, toilet articles, and sewing kit.

(Continued on page 12)

## Nocturne . . .

(Continued from page 9)

joying this. . . . . must be a novelty to the rich to be with us. . . . the working class, I mean." "Seems to me, I have seen you somewhere. . . now. . . could that be you I saw featured in the issue of Pictorial Review?" Featured at the Manila Hotel or some other swanky place. Fashion girl of the years' debutantes."

"But I'm not what you are thinking of, Mr. Villar. Can I call you Ric?"

"Are you not Evelyn Orozco?" the Real Estate Magnate's daughter?"

"No, Ric. . . She's a distant cousin though. We look alike to be twins. But you flatter me though. . . comparing me to Eve. . . Evelyn."

I should have known then when you stammered thru that Evelyn business. You couldn't be any other. But I was dazzled by your nearness.

You had a patent on slacks. The way you filled your slacks with superb form and grace. The amiety, the grace you held your body. The unseemly tilt of your face towards me. Those eyes of mirth and laughter. Of challenge. Those lovely red lips, so near. . . to taste those half opened laughing lips. I held on to myself.

You must have noticed my agitation. Take it easy Ric, myself to me. You might get burnt fingers. You are just fun to her today. Tomorrow you are just of the train of admirers. You must have plenty of them then, even as you have now.

"There's the music again, you dance, don't you Ric?"

"Would you? It would be a pleasure. . . . May I call you that?"

"But you are."

I had you in my arms. I didn't dare count the seconds the music will last. I closed my eyes, lost in heaven. The very nearness of you. Near the end of the music, I opened my eyes, and your's were there, silently laughing at me, daring me. Mysterious and intriguing. Not of pity though nor of compassion. I love you for that Darling. How many times did we dance, Lyd? I was a bit clumsy at first, but you made me feel at ease. Easily and snugly you fitted into my arms.

Vic saw us and so with the others. Fe and Pete sat out watching us. At the end, Fe, called out "Ric, must

## An Appeal To All Students

A well deserved project offers itself to the University of San Carlos. The project would consist in building up a literary collection of the works composed by prominent Visayan authors. The execution of such a plan however is beset with a serious difficulty owing to the nearly complete destruction of Cebu City during the last war. In consequence of this obstacle, we appeal to all students of San Carlos requesting them to review the book collections of their parents, grandparents, other relatives, and friends in search of any preserve editions or manuscripts of Visayan authors. The knowledge as to whether such books and manuscripts exist, and where they are to be found would be of immense service to our information, for the time being. It is hoped that later on the USC may build up a microfilm collection of these works which are practically unavailable.

The expenditure of such effort is truly worthwhile, since valuable literary works may get lost completely. Incidentally it may be remarked that our Graduate School intends to make these works a special object of its studies.

Teofilo del Castillo's "Brief History of Philippine Literature" mentions the names of the following Visayan writers:

Fernando Buysar y Aquino	Manuel Laserna
Salvador Clocan	Angel Magahum y Merle
Valentin Cristobal	Jose M. Nave
Jimena Danato	Amado Osorio Naverate
Celestino Gallares	Herberto Remauldez
Erlerto Gumban	Serapion C. Torre
Cornelio Hiledo	Vicente Sotto
Jose M. Ingallo	Pablo Zorogosa
Peregrino Javalana	

Any information about the works of these and other Visayan authors will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,

—The Dean of the Graduate School.

I remind you?" Your eyes looked up to mine with an unspoken query. . . Who is she? . . . I could see the relief in your eyes when I told you that she was a cousin of mine.

Fe and Pete who was with her were getting married by next June. She's working with us and she is getting the feel of an office with the hope that she can be of help to Pete in his law firm. That is after the honeymoon. You looked relieved. Lovely she is, you told me. All women are lovely when in love, I answered. Your eyes were quizzical. There was a hint of coquettiness in them. Could you mean me? Your eyes asked.

How they made fun of me on the way home. Specially Vic. He is my roommate. Don't be a fool chum, he admonished me. You should see the stag line. You know, Vic continued, the trouble with you is that you are grinding your nose at your work all day. You haven't even noticed her until now. Or have you. You haven't noticed the glances she throws at you at times.

Were these true, Lyd? Vic continued. . . Sometimes, I wonder. Mr. Montano, the boss shows a distinct difference to her. Could it be that her family owns this firm? Mr.

Montano is all hands when near her, or is he the favored one in the stag lines.

Oh, but I answered Vic. She's not the one you're thinking about she has just told me. Could be, countered Vic. But she definitely is an image of Miss Orozco. Vic had me there. It was both an answer and a question.

Monday after. All day and you didn't even give me a glance. Was Vic perhaps right? You were cruel that day. Everybody seemed to be expecting something from me, they were watching us. Fe was all pity. I couldn't get the courage to walk over and talk to you. So near and yet so far. Were you thinking of me then Darling? But you saved the day for me.

"Feeling low down Ric? You asked.

"Why No. . . I wanted to hurt you." Glad you still remember me. Though it all ended up yesterday."

"How can you say such? . . . There was a hurt in your voice.

"Please forgive me, Miss Aragon. Let me invite you to a coke to make up for my rudeness."

(Continued on page 38)

... If we place the corridors of the first, second, and third floors end to end and begin walking from one end, we would have to walk 585 meters to reach the other end. That's more than half a kilometer! You'd walk a mile going back and forth and you wouldn't know it! (we wonder why some "sigh-seers" never get tired. Maybe "Campus-crats" here could give us the answer.)

... Of the whole student population, only a daily average of 11% make real use of the library, that is, 11 students out of every 100. The would-be lawyers have the highest rate of daily attendance with a record of 42% of its enrollment. Then it goes down to the Commerce department with a record of 3%, as the lowest. Of course, it would be unfair to include the Secretarial department with its one year course... it counts with 2%. Going inside the library? Yep, to read news-



by IGNACIO SALGADO, JR.

papers! (that's the biggest unrecorded percentage!)

... It costs a lot to be mischievous! That is what is costing the University on repairs, repointings, and replacements on damages done by the students. You should see Fr. Engelen blow his top when he catches a student red-handed—with shoes on the railings or with pencil in hand busy on a make-believe "canvas" (Ops... Engineers and Architects—look out!) It's a good thing his bodyguard... er... rather, his police dog does not blow its top too! ... Now, don't be surprised if you hear about the King of England

reading about our "Herbie" here — with a giggle at the corner of his royal moustache! You see, our "Carolinians" do not circulate around this part of the world only, they are sent to Universities and Royal Families in Europe. So if they ever hear about the Philippines, they could also see about us thru the University of San Carlos. "Frauleins" could be writing us in the Carolinian fan mail.

... Just in case — ROTC second year basics, you better get ready. A summer training is in the offing! Gosh, it sounds like a severe and heavy thunderstorm brewing on the horizon! Brace up, boys, it's going to be rough and tough sailing ahead! Hey, ain't our sponsors going along? Uh, uh... guess seein' us off will be good enough, how about it, cuties?

Well, so long! Who knows, our paths may cross on top of the Marikina hills around Fort McKinley!!

## THE ROVING EYE

(Continued from page 14)

*Rizal was such a man. Rizal believed in principles. Rizal died for such principles.*

Such a man also was our own Dioscoro Nacua. May he rest in peace! He "knew his law too much" and died for it! This is on election year, and if we are to believe the political dopsters, blood will once more flow freely in November. It is for us; therefore, to stand up for our rights, to fight for our ideals and die for them if need be — or else, Rizal and Dioscoro will have died in vain.

In the common tao's limited dictionary, a *filosolo* is a brass, outspoken person who reasons without Reasons. To correct the misconception, Dr. L. Enriquez, Dean of the St. Paul's College Graduate School in Dumaguete City, writes in the "PAULINIAN ECHOES":

*Philosophy is seeing things things whole, seeing them as if the eye of the mind could see through them and beyond them and know what it was in the past before things were. It is placing values on things, labeling them as it were, writing the price tags of ultimate values and making a mental of them — what to hanker for, even die for, and what to leave out as bagatelle though the rest of the world should break its neck on the rush for it.*

Ergo, to be called a *filosolo* in the true sense of the word is more of a compliment than an insult.

With the 1952 Yuletide season over, the Rizal Memorial Colleges "RIZALIAN" editor-in-chief, Jose T. Amacio, looks back to tell us of certain Christmas absurdities...

*Noteworthy among the Christmas celebrants are those who passed the day in debauchery, profligacy and some kind of contumelious and licen-*

*tious acts without delving into the real significance of that magnificent event. Still many absorbed by the mundane lustre, did not even spare a time to pause and meditate what is Christ here for.*

Indeed, the ends for which Christmas is observed have been overshadowed by the less important means. It has become a question of the "tail wagging the dog."

On the lighter side, Peemayer RBM (R. Maryargus?) of the "CORPS" up in the Pines City allays the ladies' suspicions that

*... accepting an invitation to the Ring Hop is tantamount to accepting a marriage proposal. They do not know that an invitation offered to a girl is merely an act or an expression of a cadet's simple desire to have her as a drag, just like an invitation to an ordinary dance...*

Some women, though, would rather have such an acceptance mean what it should not really mean. Do you follow us?

Among the leaves of the AU "ARELLANO STANDARD" in an article by Melecio Molina, Jr., explaining why students leave school. Major causes are:

1. poverty owing to the typhoons
2. instructors' indifference to the individual pupils and students
3. lack of consideration toward the students and pupils.

If we might add a fourth cause, it's wedlock (it really "locks"). You'd be surprised to learn how many have quit school to devote more time to raising "a boy for you and a girl for me."

(Continued on page 28)

# ALUMNI CHIMEST

Edited by "BERT" MORALES  
Alumni Editor

## ALUMNOTES

### Alumni Homecoming

On the last day of the University Day festivities, USC alumni in and out of Cebu City gathered at the Library Hall for the traditional homecoming under the auspices of the alumni association headed by Atty. Cornelio Faigoo.

The reunion program, which started with a sumptuous dinner, got into full swing after everyone had his fill. In his characteristic Canto Voice wit and humor, USCAA Pres. Faigoo opened the after-dinner speeches with the remark: "I'm sorry this party turned out to be a dry one. There seems to be something lacking." (A voice from out of nowhere hollered, "Beer!")

Everyone present was then given a chance to speak his or her mind. But nobody wanted to say anything about anything, not even the lawyer-alumni. So, Representative Zosa, one of the invited guests, took the floor to denounce the alleged conspiracy of top education officials to obstruct religious instruction in the public schools. He claimed that the appointment of these school officials to their present positions was deliberate.

The fiery speech ended, Atty. Faigoo put before the body three motions which were automatically seconded and approved. Namely:

1. That USC non-alumni faculty members who have taught in San Carlos U for two or more years be considered honorary alumni.
2. That a commemorative plaque containing the names of all alumni who perished in the last global war be put up in the school premises.
3. That there will be a yearly selection of the Most Distinguished Alumnus of USC, the award to be presented during the annual USC Day celebration.

Immediately after the approval of the third resolution, Atty. Fulvio Pelaez was empowered to appoint the members of the so-called Tower Committee, the function of which is to be on the lookout for prospective awardees.

Last speaker for the affair was Rev. Fr. Lawrence W. Bunzel, SVD, Acting Rector, who expressed his thanks to those alumni who, in one way or another, have contributed to the success of the USC celebration. He further told them that they must be alert about political developments regarding religion, continue to keep a more than passing interest in USC doings and, above all, to pray for the Alma Mater always.

The latter and Dr. Dosdos have laid down tentative plans to take up post-graduate work in the States when the opportunity comes. Dr. Kaimo was until recently connected with the Tajong Clinic; Dr. Ybañez finds time to teach at SWC while ministering to the sick at the Sacred Heart Hospital; and Dr. Capobres is on the Southern Islands Hospital Staff. Of Dr. Mesina, no word is available as yet.



USCAA Homecoming Banquet.  
"What, no beer?"

### Nine Ex-Carolinians Pass Medical Board Examinations

Among the 224 candidates who successfully hurdled the last Medical exams are eight new doctors who finished their pre-med studies in San Carlos U last 1947. Kudos are in order for Jesus Camara, Prudencio Camara, Leon Casals, Jorge Dosdos, Graciano Du, Corazon Kaimo, Gumersindo Mesina, and Caridad Ybañez. The ninth successful examinee is David Capobres who, however, spent only one year in USC.

Dr. J. Camara, P. Camara, and Casals are with the Valez Clinic while Dr. Du is practicing at the Borromeo Clinic.

### February Weddings

First wedding news for the month was the Segarra-Araneta nuptials solemnized at the Cebu Metropolitan Cathedral last February 11. After the rites, the just-weds entertained their friends and guests at an early breakfast at the CNS Building. Engr. Nick works with the BPW; Carmelita is an AB degree holder from USC.

Engr. Herminio Valencia could not have chosen a better day to take unto himself a wife, Milagros Zayas, than eve of Valentine's Day. The quiet wedding ceremony was held in Cagayan de Oro, home of the bride. The new benedict is with the BPW here in Cebu.

(Turn to page 21)



## ALUMNOTES

(Continued from page 20)

But topping everybody else is Paulino P. Amora and Rosa U. Gimarino, both Carolinians, who picked Valentine's Day itself to "love, honor and cherish" each other forever. Sponsor for the bride was Mrs. Magdalena Israel, USC faculty member, and, for the bridegroom, Atty. Pascual Garrido of the Cebu Internal Revenue Office. The "I do's" were pledged at the Sto. Rosario Church officiated by Rev. Fr. Bunzel, SVD, USC Acting Rector. The groom is finishing his BSC course this year while the new Mrs. Amora is a BSHE student. The couple received their well-wishers at the La Suerte Hotel.



Amora-Gimarino Wedding Breakfast.  
"The cake's the thing!"

### Pelaez and Valencia Elected Officers of Cebu Pharmaceutical Association

During the annual elections of the Cebu Pharmaceutical Association officers last February 15, Charito Pelaez, one-time USC ROTC Sponsor and youngest sister of Law Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez, was chosen treasurer. She is presently employed at the Cebu Public Health Laboratories.

The PROship went to another USC alumna, Bing Valencia, who incidentally, fills prescriptions at her brother-in-law's drugstore, Farmacia Borromeo.

### Four Ex-USC Hoopsters Featured in Prisco-White Gold Tussle

At the Eladio Villa Memorial Stadium last February 22, four former USC BB big

Why are we still tracking down the alumni despite Atty. NAP RAMA'S election as "ALUMNI CHIMES" ed? Our good friend and former colleague, NGR, says he's a very busy man. What with a law practice to attend to and a deadline to beat now and then as editor of the "ANG LUNGSURANON." Can't blame him, can we?

That Attys. Ramiro Attilo and Jesus Lim are assigned as special investigators at the SIS Office in the Capitol? Our big surprise was learning that "Boy" turned out to

be a lawyer instead of a doctor. We knew him to be a pre-med student in the then Colegio de San Carlos. Well, "only fools don't change their minds" eh, Boy? And for a bit of belated info, Atty. Lim decided to ditch his life of single blessedness last December 10 in favor of connubial bliss with a Florence Nightingale, Alicia Migallos. Incidentally, there should have been three ex-Carolinians at the SIS Office but for the resignation of Atty. Ricardo Abella, who, immediately after, joined the legal staff of the Lu Do and Lu Ym Company.

Who the present occupant of the deputy governor's seat is in the Third District? Atty. Guillermo Lazo, Class '50. Even as a student, the qualities of a dynamic leader were already evident in him. He was voted President of the Senior Class Organization in his last year of law studies. BB fans saw him captained the Law Five to victory in the 1950 Intramural Cage Series. We remember that last year he made the FP headlines when he bitterly assailed the authorities' utter indifference to the Nacua case.

What's happened to the four beautiful Garces sisters who, at one time or another, graced the USC campus? Dinday, who, in social circles, is treasurer of the select Femina Club, holds an executive post in the Cebu Girl Scouts Council. When asked about future plans (if you know what we were driving at), she blushing threw us an enigmatic smile. Jesusa busies herself with social work in Manila. The other two find time to mix household chores with office jobs. Clarita is engaged in Red Cross work in the Big City and has been happily married to Liberato Casals, another San Carlos product, since January 2, 1952. CPA "Bering" juggles fig-  
(Continued on page 41)

guns showed their wares before a record crowd that yelled itself hoarse throughout the thrilling minutes of play. Ironically enough, three of them played with White Gold against the Priscoons, newly crowned National open champions, captained by Bodong Mumar, the only ex-Carolinian on the opposite basket. Having former teammate Naring Fernandez and two ex-USC star players, Nap Flores and Joe Espeleta, to reckon with was simply too much for Bodong, even with Nano Tolentino's helping hand.

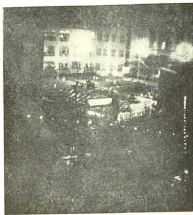
Guntime found the White Gold Five ahead by 6 points, 38-32. Mentor of the victorious quintet was no other than Coach of the Year, "Herr" Silva.

Two PAF Lieutenants Visit Alma Mater  
"Home is where the heart is." So, the first thing Lt. Manolo Mercado and

Lt. Lino Abadia did during their 5-day stay in Cebu City was to visit their Alma Mater, USC, in order to renew old ties.

A little more than ten months ago, they left Cebu for the Lipo Air Base in Balangas to start their grind with the Philippine Air Force. Despite the tough training sked dished out to them, they managed to come through with flying colors and got their wings and gold bars last January.

Both are now fighter pilots in the 8th Fighter Squadron, 5th Air Force Wing, Basa Air Base. Keep 'em flying, boys!



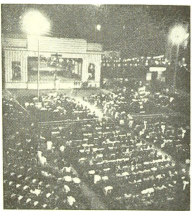
The U.S.C. Quadrangle at 6:30 p.m.

WHAT had been looked forward to with anticipation and a tinge of excitement was now slowly forming into exuberant reality. Hosts of student class officers and their helpers were puttering around their cars and floats, putting on the finishing touches with colored crepe paper, paste, ribbons, balloons and tape. On either side of the street were parked cars — shining, newly-washed automobiles, topped-down jeeps, convertibles, a decorated scooter and an adorned Jeepster. The time was running on into the schedule for the start of the annual USC parade.

And, suddenly, it was on. . .

Unwinding slowly to the beat of a stirring martial music, the horde of participants eagerly uncoiled from the campus where they had been massed into orderly formations, out into the street amid crowd-lined sidewalks and packed streetcorners.

Earlier, the Physical Education crowd had put on an amusing show. A field demonstration whipped up after weeks of sore legs and tired arms. . . and exasperated P. E. instructors. High school girls and



At 6:40 p.m.—Tricking in.

college coeds wearing varied costumes for varied numbers, stretched and tip-toed on the campus before a throng of bemused, interested spectators. So, that's what had been distracting the 3rd floor Law boys on those windy afternoons before the start of the evening classes!

Now the parade was well out into the parade route and stretching further. . . passing the crowd-lined streets, interrupting the traffic, being the object of curious, admiring and indifferent and absorbed gazes.

The floats were done with touches of lavishness, ingeniousness, painstaking labor. The persons assigned to ride on them were chosen for appeal and for grace. The floats, again, were, as usual, symbolic and eye-catching, elaborate,

# We Celebrated USC Day

By VNL

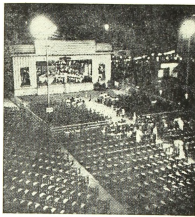
both simple and ornate, modern and reminiscent.

The gay and colorful parade wound through its route and finally returned to the take-off point. The ROTC cadets, glad to be rid of the burden of rifle and marching cadence, hastily deposited their Springfields and Garands and Carbines in the armory, and flocked to the street, mingling with the crowd, participating in the stares and calls, the expressed admiration and the laughter.

And, as suddenly as it finally started, the parade — the highlight of the day — ended. The crowd broke up into a disordered, wandering mass. People went home to change, others went inside USC, some loitered outside. Nearby parlors enjoyed a brisk, sudden boom in cool drinks and second-rate cigarettes.

The awaited, anticipated USC Day was on!

In the evening, when one got past the guards at the entrances and went on into the bowels of USC, one was, it seemed, in a dif-



At 6:35 p.m. A Concert number.

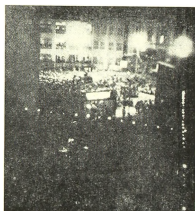
ferent world of lights and feminine make-up. USC was alive and throbbing with people—youngsters, Carolinians, visitors, adult men and women—sightseers, all. From the ground floor up to the third story, there was an endless wandering through rooms and booths. There was the search for friends, the quest for a special one, the aimless, uncaring search for anything or anyone at all.

The stage, downstairs, was like a theatre. Seats had been lugged from rooms and placed in neat, walled-off rows in the basketball court. There was the idle chatter while the people waited listlessly for the program to begin.

Of all the booths, perhaps the Engineering room was the most unique. The booth was drenched in a bluish-gray color the shade of a bruise, imparting the eerie tint on the people within. Special bulbs, they said. The color of the people in that room attracted more notice than the display.

For two nights the pattern was more or less the same. There was always the crowd and the interminable buzzing, the pretty laces and the pretty shapes, the empty eyes

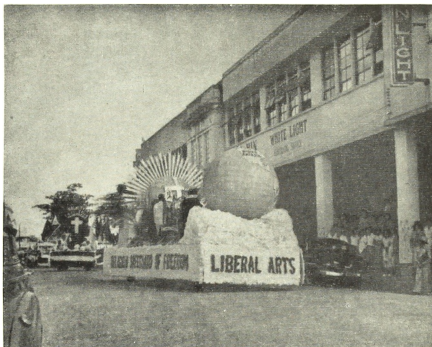
(Continued on page 37)



At 6:50 p.m.—Full-house.

# PICTORIAL SECTION

The  
University  
Fiesta  
Sights



Left front view of the first-prize most symbolic float



The most artistic float against the skyline

# University



**Girls' High second-winning most artistic float**



**Boys' High placed second most symbolic float**



**Another view of the first prize most symbolic float**

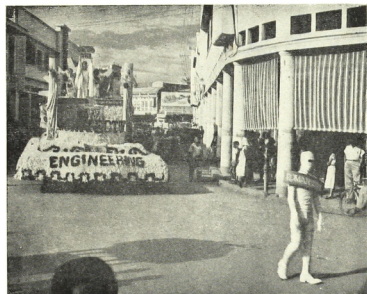


**With lower facade of the main building as background,  
Education float gets home**

# Day '53



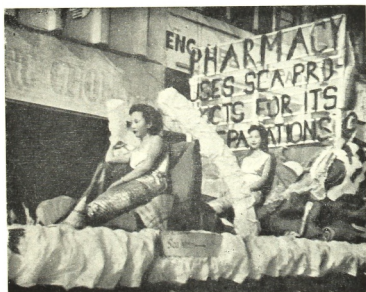
Law float — exquisite but did not get a prize



Third prize-winning float as most artistic



Commerce float — masterfully wrought but disqualified due to technicality



Third-ranked float for symbolism



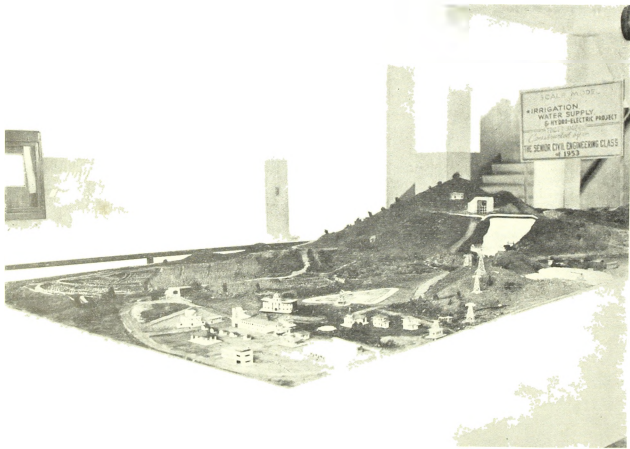


The Ancient Greek amazons could not have done better in beauty, form and poise. . .

# More USC Day Sights



Junior Normal-Elementary float — crowd-drawer not prize-winner.



Senior CE's First Prize-Winning Exhibit—a perfect landscape with all the modern accoutrements of a progressive model poblacion.



## Details about

**O**LD USC entertained again from February 20 to 22, with approximately 15,000 spectators consisting of the public and Carolinians as guests and eye-witnesses. USC Day is an annual celebration which the university population offers to the public. This time it commemorated the 368th birthday of USC.

It took weeks of preparation to usher in the grand affair. The administration, the faculty and the

### By Ariston P. Awitan, Jr.

students practically left no stone unturned to insure the completeness of preparations. When finally, Feb. 20 came, spectators and guests were treated into the brand of USC Day 1953 could offer. A literary and musical program was had on the first day and the demonstrations, the mammoth parade, and the formal opening of the Fair was had on the following day, Saturday, Feb. 21. Sunday, February 22, found USC practically flooded with grueling crowds from top to bottom. It was the last day of festivities.

Different reactions were registered by the Cebu City population that turned out en masse to witness the grand parade-molocrade. Starting from the USC Parade Grounds and hugging the route through Jones Avenue, Juan Luna, Carmelo, Magallanes, D. Jakosalem and P. del Rosario Streets, the paraders went back to home grounds. During the parade, the Carolinian Stallers were busily dashing off, with cameras and notes while covering the different features of the Parade. The floats were symbolic and artistic, and all that could be desired by spectators. Artful hands shaped out the floats which represented all Departments and Colleges of USC, so that the applauses, the praises and the admiration of the crowd were only matters of consequence.

The float of the College of Liberal Arts copped the first prize as the most symbolic. With "Light of the East" as its symbol, it simply conveyed the idea that the Philippines where Peace and Freedom is safe-guarded by Religion has

weathered the menace of Communism. On one side of the float, Stalin is featured representing either slavery or death, and on the other side of the Iron Curtain were the symbols of Peace and Freedom

which Stalin has always sought to destroy. God-fearing people, China and Korea, were represented as victims of ruthless Communism. Atty Catalino Dornio together with Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig, S.V.D., Liberal Arts Dean, some spirited members of the faculty and the Liberal Arts Student Body, for two days before USC Day, rolled up their sleeves and worked on it to catch up with the parade's deadline. They made it and won.

"Hit your wagon to the stars," ...that was what the allegorical

# USC's 368th BIRTHDAY

## The Fete's Honor Slate

### FLOATS:

#### Most

##### Symbolic:

- 1st: College of Lib. Arts
- 2nd: Boys' High School
- 3rd: Pharmacy

#### Most

##### Artistic:

- 1st: College of Education
- 2nd: Girls' High School
- 3rd: College of Engr.-Arch.

### BOOTHS:

- 1st: Girls' High School
- 2nd: College of Engr.—Arch.
- 3rd: College of Law

### ONE-ACT PLAYS:

- 1st: "The Valiant" —  
College of Law
- 2nd: "Marriage Proposal" —  
College of Lib. Arts
- 3rd: "Suppressed Desires" —  
College of Commerce

### EXHIBITS:

- 1st: College of Engineering
- 2nd: College of Home  
Economics
- 3rd: Elementary Dept.

### AMATEUR SINGING CONTEST:

- 1st: College of Lib. Arts —  
Eddie Pascual
- 2nd: College of Commerce  
Sinea Catingub
- 3rd: College of Education  
Lydia Meran
- 4th: Girls' High School —  
Milagros Paigoo

### ROTC COMPETITION

(See ROTC CHATTER p. 17)

float of the Boys' High School copped. Four classically garbed students symbolizing their respective ambitions rode in a chariot. They had three horses, INDUSTRY, PERSEVERANCE and DETERMINATION, pulling the chariot towards the stars of success and accomplishment. The chariot-driver depicted USC. There was also an angel to guide them, signifying Catholic religious instruction. This well-planned float won the second prize as the Most Symbolic.

The float of the College of Pharmacy copped third. Its design depicted the Sea Kingdom, where also life and riches are found. Sirens that portrayed visions of beauty, sea plants and animals, sea shells, and other sea products were shown. "We use sea products in our preparations," that's what the Pharmacists said.

The College of Education presented the most artistic float. There was a big snake that wound around a beautiful tree while on the other side, maidens like berries were growing and languishing at the wayside.

That of the Girls' High School copped second. It portrayed the dignity of Christian Womanhood. There was a big white cross planted on a deck of flowers upon which ladies representing different professions stood. Flags of peace-loving countries adorned both sides.

Third prize (for the most artistic float) went to the College of Engineering. They put up an arch of Roman Architecture. The gadgets were rarities to the layman's eyes and naturally, curiosity begot inspection and approval.

(Continued on page 50)

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," said Dorothy Dix. But I know better than that. I believe that the way or the shortest way, rather, is by way of the kitchen. It is in the kitchen that a housewife concocts the food that caters to the gastronomic whims and caprices of the lord of the house.

Webster defines the kitchen as a room set apart for the preparation of food. To me it is more than that. To me it is the stage where the marital drama starts. It is the room where the young husband recites his famous speech, "You do not know how to cook the way my

*You'll perk up  
when you scent*

mother does." It is also the place where young husbands discover to their dismay that what their wives have really studied is not home economics but home extravagance. Now-a-days wives cannot be contented with a kitchen without an American stove. "Why in heaven's name can't they cook with the old native stove, when just a short time ago Nancy could do wonders with one?" is the common complaint of many husbands.

The kitchen is sometimes the barometer of one's financial status. One can always be sure of something broiling if he sees smoke emanating from the kitchen of a house. Or have you been once invited to a town or barrio fiesta and approached a house with misgivings and fear? What if the host has given you the vanishing act? But you felt relieved when actually you noticed culinary activities with spiced smoke coming out from the kitchen.

But alas! most kitchens today are no more than a showroom where the housewife displays her smart kitchenware, up-to-date imported American stove (most probably bought on the installment plan), and the newest thing in gadgets, for the people of the house mostly sit it out in fashionable restaurants and the well-appointed kitchen is used only once in a blue moon.

by Purificacion N. Lim



## The Smell that Fills

It is in the kitchen that the male of the little woman as a cook rests. It is the place where the anxious young wife sweats it out either to dish out a masterpiece or bring out a burnt offering.

This part of the house is not so romantic as others have thought it to be. On the contrary it is the place where the romance of the kitchen maid and the handy man around the house begins. It is where the Jack-of-all-work whispers sweet nothings to his kitchen love, and presto! the next thing you know your home will be minus a maid and handy man when the romantic pair so decide to take French leave.

So many people think of the kitchen as a lowly room, unworthy of their notice and attention, where nothing ever happens. On the contrary it is from this very room where exciting things happen, where the thrill of the party is first felt. "What if the soup is not right? What if they won't like the way this studded chicken is cooked?" are some of the questions the lady of the house will ask. In fact many people want to be near the kitchen when a party is going on just to be on hand in

case something turns up from that direction. Who says that a kitchen is not glamorous? It is and I think that many will agree with me that as a culinary objective, it is as glamorous and as exciting as Hollywood itself.

### THE ROVING EYE

(Continued from page 19)

Here's something for the professors' books:

Some instructors disregard the individual rights of pupils and treat the students as inferiors. Many instructors even hate to be asked questions by their students regarding their lessons. They consider the asking of questions as an insult to their abilities as instructors.

We wonder if instructors refuse to be questioned not because it is insulting but because they themselves do not know the subject matter well enough — blind leading the blind.

The Roving Eye is but an eye and can rove only so much. The strain is getting us and so, we take time out to inform you that, God willing, we shall be seeing you again in print some school year 1953-54. In the meantime, our eyes will continue to rove or, to quote our Ed, eyes were not made for seeing.

# The Magna Carta of Godless Education

(Continued from page 3)

secution, bigotry, Church intervention and what-have-you, when the recent controversy exploded, would be eating back their words (without vanilla) if they bothered to investigate the issues.

Up on the high perches of the education department are three men who since 1949 have been members of the masons' "Special Committee for the Elimination of Religious Instruction in the Public Schools." The document — the

unbearable, Dr. Putong, alter two weeks of hemming and hawing, turned up with a lame statement that "he did not recall having signed the special committee's resolution. But he looted no one. The loophole he cut thru his denial (he was relying on recollection)—a sort of escape route — was much in evidence. However, Dr. Baradi, head of the special committee, was man enough to disclose that he had conferred with Dr. Putong before the commit-

tees, and set up the defenses: 1) it meant merely to combat the "concerted move in 1947 to implement compulsory religious instruction," 2) a hierarchy owing allegiance to a foreign state should not dictate the Philippine government on appointment and removal of officers, 3) the Lodge is really for religious instruction, 4) we should unite in fighting the common enemy Communism, instead of engaging in minor bickerings.

The Grand Lodge had no alternative than to evade the issue. The defenses could be knocked off, one by one, by its own special committee resolution. The title and the third paragraph of said resolution had said a mouthful and had made the Lodge's position in the present controversy, hopelessly untenable.

It would be mightily interesting to learn just what are the "dangers and adverse effects of religious instruction." The masons' devout protestation as to belief in God and the Constitution would look ridiculous and bizarre alongside the resolution's third paragraph. It was not against compulsory instruction merely, but against religious instruction itself.

Was the famous resolution (dated 1949) really meant to put a halt to the "concerted move in 1947 to implement compulsory instruction or is the Grand Lodge kidding? They have built a reputation for alertness. The line about the hierarchy's allegiance to a foreign state is too silly for comment. Everyone knows that our affairs with the Vatican relate merely to Faith and Morals. Catholics in all countries have such relations with the Vatican and no state had kicked about it except the communists-run states.

The Church-State separation doctrine is grotesquely irrelevant to invoke here. Apart from its true legal concept and application, the matters involved relate to and affect directly the vital interests of the Church. In the light of the uncovered policy of the education department to obstruct religious instruction in the schools — a violation of a constitutional provision — it is sounder to say that the State had meddled in the affairs of the Church rather than the Church having gotten in the way of the government.

Senator Esteban Abada arrossy

(Continued on page 32)

## SPECIAL COMMITTEE FOR THE ELIMINATION OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Last year, it was recommended to appoint a Special Committee for the Elimination of Religious Instruction in Public Schools. For this purpose, it appointed the following:

Mansu Baradi	Chairman
Venancio Trinidad	Member
Cecilio Putong	Member
Genito Pangilinan	Member

Its Chairman submitted a complete report with the following recommendations:

1. That we adhere to the provisions of the Constitution of the Philippines that "Optional religious instruction in the public schools shall be maintained as now authorized by law. (Article XIV, Section 5).
2. That we be ever vigilant and fight any and all schemes to circumvent the Constitution of the Philippines on the question of religious instruction in the public schools; and
3. That on proper occasions and if and when circumstances warrant, we must show the dangers and adverse effects of religious instruction in the public schools.

I concur with all the recommendations stated in the said report and recommend its approval. Said report is in the files of the Grand Lodge.

### FOR A MORE EFFICIENT DEGREE WORK

To encourage the Brethren of a Lodge to become more efficient in their work, I wish to propose...

Photostats seldom lie; if, at all

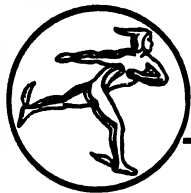
Magna Carta of Godless education — is still found in the files of the Grand Lodge (see cut). In the third paragraph, the officials, Sec. Cecilio Putong, Director Pangilinan and Asst. Director Trinidad pledged that, "on proper occasion and when circumstances warrant, we must show the dangers and adverse effects of religious instruction in public schools." These same men, upon taking their oath of office, swore solemnly and publicly to defend the Constitution, abide by the laws and work for the general welfare.

Despite the extensive publicity whipped up by the Manila papers on the exposé, the three officials never dared to categorically deny the story. When the heat became

too intense, thus scuttling what-ever was left standing of Mr. Putong's denial.

The wave of indignation hit a new high when Pres. Quirino after having been apprised of the whole situation by Mons. Madriaga, took the remarkable *faux pas* of promoting Mr. Pangilinan, another committee member, to the undersecretaryship of Education. Obviously he underestimated the overwhelming Catholic population, by a long shot.

When the investigations went underway, the Grand Lodge (society of masons) rushed to the aid of the officials under fire. In paid newspaper spaces, it made known its stand: 1) belief in God, 2) in brotherhood of men, 3) in civil liber-



# SPORTS Round-up

By "TOMMY" ECHIVARRE  
Sports Editor

## MAN to MAN<sup>+</sup>

With Tommy ache

Fausto Gardini, the Italian tennis king, was literally delirious by his own temperament. Tch. Tch... what a way to lose a crown! The way things were going, it seemed to have been Gardini's game all the way through until a linesman crossed his path... The *Gazzetta Dello Sport*, Italy's biggest sports paper, washed Gardini's hands by shoving the blame to the Italian Tennis Federation for not having untempered the racquet ace, ... and the Philippine press, for "over-dramatizing the incident. (For gosh sakes... can we help it if it's true?) ... and whoever heard of Federations curbing down tempers? Waal... I'll be dawgone!

\* \* \*  
The EVAAPS meet is over. There were no Gardinis nor GDSes to create tantrums and alarums. Everything was okay and everybody deserves two whoops and a holler. (What, no medals?) \* \* \*

Lady Luck was making faces at our CAAL artists again. Maybe she saw the gut-dusted (or disgusted) look our big-headed basketeers were sporting while putting on those numberless jerseys. And what's more their monkey suits cost 49¢ (tax included) on the local market. Hnnnnnnnn... pretty fancy things for a choosy outfit (and what's more, beggars are not choosers). And three leading Catholic schools each with fat coffers were supposed to have looted the bill. (Me and my big mouth!)

Our valleybelles nearly snatched the pennant away from the CCAA ers. Had they kept their pretty heads instead of losing them everytime a service came whizzing by, they could have used them door-knobs to keep the ball on play. At least, the other side was using it. Next time I'll put up a conifuring shoppe for them — exclusive... and for free!

(Continued on page 37)

## SHINBUSTERS MAKE GOOD IN '53 NATIONALS

THE SAN CARLOS U eleven, fighting it out with all heart and soul, finally lost their grip on their last game of the National Inter-Collegiate soccer championship title. They had to give in at the semi-finals while trading boots with the de la Salle green archers and present NCAA football kingpins. The soccer tilt started on February 27 at the Rizal Track-Football stadium.

Making mince-meat out of the University of the Philippines in their first engagement, the San Carlos booters, "Indomitable squadron of the South", moved on to the semi-finals with new hopes of repeating

their glorious 1951 achievement. Three successive goals by Sofronio Mondragon, inside right, and a beauty by skip Alfredo de Jesus made it 4-0 at halftime. UP's lone point was registered by Valdez. At the next half, the last two markers to make the final score 6-1, was annexed by Luis Salas. Then the de la Salle team took over.

The Green Archers were not so good. But they managed to keep their shirts on throughout the game on a fifty-fifty basis. Score: 1-all. On the extension period, it looked like San Carlos holding the driver's seat for the whole route. It ended on the same basis, 2-all. Then a replay was called for the next day. By then, it was doomsday for San Carlos. Three of its prized players were in bad shape after the

(Continued on page 37)



THE USC SHINBUSTERS:

Standing, l to r: W. Chiongban, (Coach); D. Jimenez; G. Layunas; S. Mondragon; A. de Jesus (Captain); E. Ballesteros; C. de Jesus; S. Moposo; A. Veloso. Kneeling, l to r: J. Omadjay; Bonogon; A. Gomez; F. Somergido; G. Velmayer; L. Salas; F. Diaz; T. Jamattile.

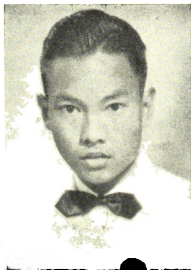
# Vacation...

## Aaaahhh!

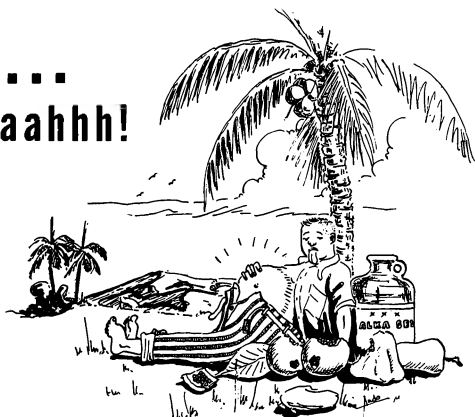
By  
Neslor M. Morales

OH BOY!! "Let's put our books away... study time is over... gaily tripping... homework skipping... soon we'll be at play." Yes sir!!!

Vacation, the greatest dream of dreams for students. The time to go slow and hibernate. The time to adjust our minds and store away our acquired knowledge in school (if there is any) for future use. Vacation is like a soothing balm designed to put our body and soul into a state of relaxation. It is like mentholated steam siphoned by people to clear their clogged noses and shaky nerves plus a hysterical loggy imagination after a monotonous school grind. Like an invigorating sea breeze slapping and kissing our faces or maybe *tuba-tuba* leaves plastered on our monicker... excuse me... sides of our foreheads, vacation is unanimously approved as the student's Utopia or one boy's garden of Eden, without Eve, that is of course like many other cases it has its advantages and disadvantages.



The author



I will miss the library, the place where boys are visibly curtained from the girls but who still manage to cast shy glances at each other. I will miss the lobby, the place where *wolves* meet *wolves*. I will miss the coop, the chapel, the *halo-halo* stores. But the sentimental and tragic part of it all is the parting between me and my inspiration, my guiding star (Margorine) and the source of my... burp... well-being and... burp... happiness. She will be leaving for Jolo where she will spend the vacation in pearl-diving and making knives. For recreation, she says, she will help her buyo-chewing and kris-brandishing relatives fight the army. Atta girl!

I will not see that Boris Karloffish clerk again, at least for a while. I will not encounter questions which will set my mind jay-walking into the territories of... 4's and 5's. I surely will not miss that prof who gave me a grade that was just a wink away from the island of doomed men. On the other hand, I will save money, energy and clothes. I can erase from my mind that thought of reviews for quizzes and exams. No more doggone heat -- absorbing and pitiful ROTC drills and double-times, carrying those rifles of ancient models sometimes mistaken for elephant guns, that could make your limbs go jelly. That lousy ax-toothed, loudspeaker-nosed company commander who could land jetplanes on his oversized

forehead can go to Korea and get himself pulverized with our regards.

I have planned to spend my vacation on grandpaw's farm and thrive on grandmaw's superexcellent cooking. I am not going to give low-life there any peace. I will relax under the swaying coconut palms, gaze into nature's wonderland, munch giant guavas, *tambis*, *chicos*, *cimitos*... *alka-seltzer*... please. I can see my ever loyal flea-covered dog sleeping beside me. I can see the verdant rolling hills in shawl of green, I can hear the murmuring of the brook and the shrieking cries of agony of murdered chickens for dinner. I can hear the toothless whistling of the leaves, and the unlimited, uncontrolled, high-pitched voices of the fair maidens washing clothes and bathing themselves in the brooks. I can hardly wait to ride my favorite carabao who runs like a cadillac convertible over mountains and molehills, over valleys and plains. At long last the city life cannot bother me then.

For more interesting objects, I will stray among the brooks where I can see the truly virgin, typical Maria Claras washing clothes clad in multicolored *patadions* and healthfully *palapaloing* their laundry. A scene so truly Philippine. Our ROTC sponsors have got nothing on these women. Except for the fact that these highland girls

(Continued on page 38)

**Corps of Cadets Participate in USC Day Parade**

Adding more color and martial animation to the USC Day parade, the Corps of Cadets marched with the participating elements. In full-dress uniforms, they showed their wares to the impressed public. The artillery units presented a spectacular sight as they were mounted on trucks (weapon carriers) which dragged ponderous howitzers behind. The Infantry sweated it out on foot. But their reward however was satisfying beyond measure as "A" company (an infantry unit) obtained the acclamation as the "Best Marching Unit" of the whole corps.

Not to be outdone, though, were the Corps Sponsors. While sitted demurely in their respective cars in their white uniforms, they were recipients of applause and ovation from the public.

**16 Cadets to Graduate from Advance Course**

Sixteen cadets are to graduate this year from the advanced course of the R.O.T.C. it was disclosed by the D.M.S.T. (Department of Military Science and Tactics). Eleven are graduating from the Infantry while the rest will graduate as cannoners.

They are Cdt. Col. Cosme T. Mirabueno, Cdt. Lt. Col. Cirilo Sario, Cdt. Lt. Col. Eleno Ybanez, Cdt. Lt. Col. Pedro R. Patalinghug, Cdt. Major Honorio Aranas, Cdt. Major Jose Villanueva, Cdt. Major Eutiquio Colon, Cdt. Major Dionisio Capuy, Cdt. Capt. Uswaldo Cayoncong, Cdt. Capt. Amancio Cuaresma, and Cdt. Capt. Bienvenido Revilla. They all belong to the Infantry Unit.

Artillery men are Cdt. Lt. Col. David Dulanas, Cdt. Major Eutiquio Valmorira, Cdt. Capt. Modesto Palmores, Cdt. Capt. Diamelo Borromeo, and Cdt. Capt. Restituto A. Bacalso.

For these cadets graduation means the termination of four solid years of gruelling work. It will effect the change from silver discs to golden bars and from swords to 45 cal. pistols.

At present these cadets are waiting for the approval of their applications for commission to officership in the Armed Forces.

**ROTC Femmes Personalities**

By Cosmirabueno

FELLOW CADETS! To amuse you once again, here I'm gonna introduce to you the line of additions that grace the upper bracket of the ROTC *feminina*.

Certainly the College of Education is not far beaten in filling up the gaps in the ROTC reel of beauties. Modesty aside, our lone department accepts only about ten to fifteen coeds, who, of course, must meet all the necessary qualifications, or shall we say, could make shabby-dead cadets move like birds on the wing.

First on the roll, we have here an American-Filipino cutie, born a Cebuana but tentatively residing in that wonderful city of Panguil Bay. It's worthwhile mentioning that the position she occupies now is not new to her, for during her high school days she held the apex position of her institution's garden of beauties. That's why when the unprecedented resignation of our former Corps Sponsor surprised us it came to my mind to approach this assiduous church-goer with beauty and brains rolled into one. When we requested her to accept the position, she declared, "I am willing to do my best in order to foster the morale of the cadets." So, my fellow cadets, wipe off that sweat on your brow. Let those frayed nerves rest for a moment. There's no use getting excited, for our Corps Sponsor is friendly. Miss Isabel Martin is the name.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Eleno Ybanez, probably the handsomest guy in our staff, became a little hopeless when his sponsor left him a while ago in order to represent Cebu City in International Fair in Manila. All his hopes vanished but he found another. The search is history. G-2 agents stood fast but ready before launching actual operations. We posted all combat operatives (talkatives) on all corners of the University. Finally, at exactly ten hundred hours one of the rangers sighted and encountered her. She registered heavy resistance (objection). A pre-arranged signal initiated envelopment. At eleven hundred thirty hours, the enemy surrendered (the chosen sponsor agreed). She hails from the place of the terror Tawantawan — CARCOM, beside Panguil Bay, facing that famous Malindang Mountain. She is Miss Leah

Lacuna of the College of Liberal Arts, who now holds the second highest position in the corps.

For the Red Strippers (FA) they have that girl with dreamy eyes whose sigh is, for me, as deep as the ocean. Her refined ways and manners have won admiration and respect among the Field Artillery Battalion cadets and friends. She is no other than Cadette Lt. Col. Rosario P. Reyes daughter of Dr. Valeriano Reyes and Josefa Pelaez of Medina, Mis. Or.

Here's a mighty sweet gal from the Eastern Visayas. Keeping you in suspense is not just. But I tell you, she's cute. She is shy, yet admirable. ANNIE RATCLIFFE. Annie first got into the pages of the CAROLINIAN sometime ago when she won first place in a declamation contest sponsored by the University. Then, her name lit the pages again when she was appointed assistant news editor of the same organ; and the third time, by being unanimously elected as SWEET-HEART of the Officers' Fraternity. By virtue of this, she serves as the inspiration of the "USC ROTC CADET OFFICERS' CLUB." She is as young as her face portrays, a maiden of sixteen summers. Academically speaking, Annie rates number one among Secretarial students.

**MAGNA CARTA. . .**

(Continued from page 29)

distorted the issue when he assessed the situation as that of the majority persecuting the minority. Framed correctly, the question would be: Must the will of the majority be frustrated by a handful of people? Should the minority be allowed to impose upon the wishes and will of the overwhelming majority (Catholics represent 85 per cent of our population) without their consent and against their interests? Are we under a democratic or a dictatorial regime?

Let's not kid ourselves. No mountain is being made out of a molehill. The case against the education officials is real, tight and tremendous. The task of molding the lives and characters of millions of school children and generations of Filipinos have been thrust into the hands of those who had secretly pledged to expel God out of the classrooms.

## OUR FIGHT . . .

(Continued from page 7)

places in the Philippines, the general complaint assumes alarming proportions. We hear of the law at times thwarted by a technicality. Here we have a clear case of deliberate, calculated suppression of all good intentions underlying the law on religious instruction by three Masons sworn to eliminate religion in the public schools.

As a matter of fact, these "honorable gentlemen" do not (for they cannot) categorically deny their membership in the infamous "Special Committee For the Elimination of Religious Instruction in the Public Schools," nor successfully repudiate its chairman's report of their activities. That report was recently confirmed by the author and chairman of the said committee, Dr. Baradi, who virtually admitted the authenticity of the published photostats and the veracity of the contents therein, implicating Messrs. Putong, Trinidad and Pangilinan. For their activities, these three honorable Masons received a special commendation in the December 1951 issue of the "Cabletown," official organ of the local Masons. Yet, true to form, Putong and Co. now shout "Fresure" and "Persecution" against the din of the people's indignation that followed the exposé of their treachery. They want us perhaps to fold our arms and leave them to their worst designs. They would rather have us play the role of the legendary monkey who pretend to hear not, see not and know not — while the three wisecracks play their neat little trick of "The Vanishing Religion" upon the plastic minds of our youth.

We liked to think we had only the Communists to reckon with in our fight for justice and truth. But these three top educators turn out to be just like Communists, for they operate in much the same way. They live upon our institutions, take shelter upon our freedoms, glibly quote our laws. . . even as the devil would quote the Scripture to serve its own purposes. A Communist would infiltrate into a munitions plant, maneuver himself into some key position and, if you're lucky, you catch him all set to burn the plant down. These three public officials are, in their own surreptitious way, just as guilty of Sabotage as the Communist intruder. Like Greek warriors of old, they ride concealed in the wooden horse of liberalism and infiltrate unnoticed

## Editorials . . .

(Continued from page 1)

*Why did Senator Abada try to grossly distort the issue more by asserting that the situation is that of the majority persecuting the minority when the Catholics are only availing of legal, justified and reasonable means guaranteed in a Democracy to petition for the redress of grievances as vouchsafed for by the Supreme Law of the Land? He is trying to pull the wool over our eyes, perhaps believing that we are too naive to detect it.*

*And why should we entrust into the hands of those who have secretly pledged themselves to expel religion out of the classrooms, the most delicate task of molding the lives and characters of our youth and generations of Filipinos? This should wake us up from our lethargy. Don't let it be said of us by posterity that we simply shrugged our shoulders with indifference or stupidly blinked our eyes with resigned unconcern at the very moment when the future of our youth and that of our children's children were at stake. Preposterous!*

*Emilio B. Aller*

into the citadels of our faith, the better to perform their bizarre mission — the annihilation of a people's creed.

A Filipino, like all other men, is composed of body and spirit. Kill the spirit, and you have less than a man. Deny that spirit the nourishment for a healthy growth, and you will have at best an automaton, schooled in the three R's, but weak in morals — ruthless, hopeless, aimless. A nation of such men cannot last.

It was, to be sure, a measure of common protection, at once a credit to the vision and the genius of our founding fathers who moulded the Constitution, that the provision for optional religious instruction was included in our fundamental law. Surely they were not joking when they inserted that. A Constitution that invokes the guidance of Divine Providence in its Preamble cannot but reveal the sincerity of purpose and the loftiness of the spirit of its framers. The provision on religious instruction is certainly intended for just that — religious instruction, regardless of whether the religion to be taught be Catholic, or Protestant or *Iglesia ni Kristo*. But the triumvirate of Putong, Trinidad and Pangilinan, for what are now known to be obvious reasons, prefers to leave the youth free from religion in much the same way that a man with murder in his heart would leave a drowning child free of a life-guard's assistance.

Protestations of good faith or promises of reform from these people are entirely useless. Their dual personalities, their faithlessness to a public trust and disregard of a bounden duty, render them unfit for the positions they now hold. As

Masons, they took an oath to obey its laws and resolutions. As public officials they subscribed to another oath — to enforce the laws of the land "without mental reservation or purpose of evasion." Which oath is stronger to these men? Good Masons, the Masonic organ has cited them for "faithful and inspired service" . . . hailed them as "genuine sources of inspiration" for all faithful Masons. But what is their record as public officials? Did they not pervert the law on religious instruction when they subjected it to the option of public school officials rather than that of the parents? Did they not stifle its benign objectives when they considered religious instructions as an unwelcome extra-curricular activity intended to be taught "as part of the curriculum?" Which oath did they foreswear? As Masons, they complied with their assigned mission (to eliminate religion) . . . a mission which is inconsistent with their oath as public officials to uphold the laws of the land (including that which provides for religious instruction). Isn't there a case of perjury here? And is a perjurer an honest public official?

But where do we Catholics come in and what are we supposed to

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## PASSING THROUGH . . .

(Continued from page 4)

down vanishes. Or make one up yourself and mail me the tongue twister. And don't make it a twang tester!

It's been nice, showing YOU what a crackpot a joke like a Law freshman can be, eh.

S'long, people. . . hope you do better with your attempts at college than I did with my Roman Laws 1 and 2.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

(Continued from page 12)



Nenita Po

● **NENITA PO**, College of Education says: "Graduation? To me it is something great that carries with it a feeling of achievement. It is an event in one's college life worthy to cherish and remember. The fact that at graduation your school announces you to the public for having successfully passed your course makes you happy, especially if you have been an honest student. However, you cannot help feeling insecure and afraid if you have played the role of a truant."

To an honest student graduation is surely a happy occasion. He has the secured feeling that he has not cheated himself. The talent and graces given to him by God are enough inspirations to buoy up his spirit when he begins to see life, not from a student's angle. When his Alma Mater sends him out to the world to commence life outside of school, he is not afraid to go. As our college days culminate with graduation, let us make this a happy occasion — an event to remember by."

## The Youthful Urge

(Continued from page 15)

times on the wrong people and this is when it becomes distressingly interesting. A very good friend of mine tells of a story in his tender years which, according to him, always makes him feel a little younger by its recollection. There taught once in his barrio school an aging woman. Only thing was — she did not wear and act her years. She dressed within the latest fashions and danced the current versions. Rumor gained ground

that teaching for so long had enabled her to accumulate a fortune. It was not unusual therefore that all the barrio's Certified Experienced Bachelors vied against each other for her favor. It turned out, however, that this lonesome daughter of Eve took a fancy for our young friend. "I was only a boy," our friend recalls, "and I couldn't quite comprehend then why of all the eligibles around, she had to pick on me. She practically made me do all the recitation in class while all the time she would plant her eyes upon me with a kind of peculiar intensity born perhaps of the treatment given her by the years. I am not by nature an observant fellow but when she called my name and spoke to me, somehow, I couldn't rid myself of the impression that her voice suddenly acquired the cuddling huskiness of a sleep mother in the dead of night when she urges her little one to be asleep. The climax of the affair occurred late one afternoon when she bade me remain after classes. She had a good many things to eat in her lunch basket and I was helping myself to them when she began assaulting me with questions which would have been interesting had Time been a little kinder to her. Then she began a girlish essay on her attractions for me so that, unable to cope with the embarrassment of the moment any longer, I exclaimed, 'But, Madam, I am afraid my mother wouldn't want me to hear such things, yet.'"

"And to this she answered, 'But, Josito, young man, the calendar of my years hasn't really started until the day I met you and since it has only been three months' time from thence, don't you think I'm a little younger myself than you think you are?'"

Just what it is that makes one say and enact things in his peculiar way and in his own peculiar time may prove rewarding to comprehend, but what it is that compels one to do and say the same things outside the province of his custom and day is not only very entertaining but highly refreshing as well to both the senses and the spirits. This must be truly so, because men, wherever they are, have been known to have resorted to devices just so they could prolong, if not suspend, that brief, fleeting moment in a lifetime when "All is dear and sunbeams bless."

There is such a thing, for instance, as Plastic Surgery whereby thru a process of eliminat-

## CAROLINIAN MOUTHFULS

● **Atty. CORNELIO FAIGAO** (after "fasting" the different menu at the "G" staff's send-off party): "I'm already weakening."

● **Atty. BONIFACIO YUSON** (warning his students against pitfalls in the provisions on Sales): "Boys, it is very peiggors."

● **Anecdote in the College of Law:** Prof. Yuson's term for capable students is "copy-ble."

● **Mr. MARIANO FLORDELIZ** (admonishing a student in Physiography 1): "The question with you is that you know too many wrong things."

● **Alumni and Exchange Ed ALBERTO MORALES** (going home late one night with fellow staffers): "I'm very happy tonight but my future looks terribly dark."

● **NARCISO SACUR** (leaning dreamily on a primed-up cutie): "Why, your hair will make a nice ash tray!"

● **AGUSTIN JAMIRO** (after knowing that Leo Bello won a cash prize of fifty pesos for the best editorial): "I came here to see how you let fifty smackers slip through your fingers like Mercury."

● **Mr. REMEDIOS SORDO** (irked by repeated questions from a student): "You must clean your ears before coming to school."

tion and addition, one is made capable of defying the laws of time and for which all one has to pay is not the desire to be an actor. Then there is an innovation under the name of Max Factor which thru a series of painting and ornamenting, perhaps, learned from scalp-hunting Indians, one becomes a Betty Grable provided, of course, she doesn't move as fast as does her contemporary. And there is, too, a kind of school the curriculum of which guarantees one, if she is spirited enough to be able to speak

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# Caroliniana

(Continued from page 2)

publications on **The Carolinian** exchange list. The spirited **maestro** is a dynamo personified. He runs the **Alumni Chimes** besides.

Another newcomer to our mag's pages is Feliciano Alegre with his **The Youthful Urge**. He must be an ardent believer in the truism that youthfulness cannot be determined by one's age but in the way he feels.

Our Delia Saguin cracks a healthy joke or two at **Campuscrats**. That way, she makes people happy, if not with her contagious smiles. She is the energetic Secretary of the College Editors' Guild of the South.

Our Corps Commander writes about femmes. He must be so deeply engrossed about them. Why, he can even write a good cross-section of their cute personalities. It is an ordinary case of a rooster crowing about the hens in his backyard.

Two features are written about USC Day by VNL and Awitan, Jr. This year's affair is the most completely covered, if it can be said that way at all. We had to make sure that nothing could be missed by assigning all members of the staff on the coverage. Result: There are a lot of facts doubly reported. Well, somebody in the staff remarked that it is better over-done than misdone. So, we have them all, with pictures as well.

The Dean of the Graduate School appeals to students to help build up a collection of vernacular literary works written by old Visayan writers as mentioned in Teofilo del Castillo's **Brief History of Philippine Literature**. Now let us see what we can do about it: are there any callers?

You'll perk up when you scent **The Smell That Fills**, says Purification N. Lim. She ought to know it from experience. I bet she must know how to cook into a man's heart, through the kitchen, of course.

When Tummy Ache writes a column, he means business. His sports column can take a dig on sport's great and near-great alike. **Man to Man**, he speaks straight from the shoulder. Tommy Echivarre is that frank and reliable.

Nazi Salgado, Jr. is a new hand in the Staff. We never knew why we did not pick him up and

avail of his services before. When it comes to nosing for news, he is a regular go-getter. Bud Qutorio must be happy with his valuable assistance. And Bud has acute Annie Ratcliffe besides under his wing. That pokerfaced news ed is sure lucky and Nazi too, in spite of the hard time Bud is giving him on beats.

Ah, **Vacation**. Ah . . . smart-alecky Nestor M. Morelos drools. This guy is always at it. If not making fun of girls, he makes fun of himself. This time, it is a better bargain. The girls no longer feel they are being hunted down and lampooned, because our smarty even lampoons himself.

The Pharmers, the most glamorous girls in USC, celebrated. Their presentation of an **Interpretation of the Principal Seasons** of the year is something new. That Junior-Senior Prom must be a swell affair. But we missed the invitation, so we told a Pharmar off, in the most chivalrous manner, of course. Although that time we could not be serious: we were only kidding to lighten our deadline burden.

Of all things, the College Editors Guild of the South is a reality. By the time this gets off the press, **The College Temper**, official publication of said guild will have been well-circulated. We are members of the guild itself. Pretty soon there will be social activities on tab. But the one thing we are proud of is the official publication. We are publishing it on practically nothing at all to start with except a lot of pluck, nerve and grit. Elmo Famador is one that inspires cooperation. He is that serious-minded and sincere in everything he does, we feel that with him as President, the CEGS is in good skipperish. We? We are only the 2nd Vice-President of this guild, and that is not much to crow about. We can only become President if Elmo and Frank drop dead or incapacitated. And we don't want that to happen. Ben Fred and the rest of the members will bear me out in this. The present set-up is good as is, and we have pledged that we will do our utmost to promote harmony, understanding and unity and strong student opinion among ourselves, if only to prove that we can do better than Manila.

## CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 16)

seemed unaware of the admiring glances thrown at her direction.

My goodness, I almost forgot the staffers' cars... they were decorated elaborately in technicolor! They couldn't help but steal the show... one would rather think they made it a point to attract the attention of the on-lookers by speeding-up and stopping suddenly like nobody's business. Well, you can't blame these people... they're a bunch of newshounds and photo-maniacs!! nosing its way in and out of the swanky convoy. INTING HERBIE LIM sat between two worlds... at his right was sophisticated CHONG VELOSO and at his left was sweet and charming INDAY TEVES... lucky guy, JOE DE LA RIARTE said. Our Ed seated himself in front and PENTONG with his side kick... er... camera sat beside him. Inside the other car was a merrier group... what could be more

exciting than speeding your way thru the enormous crowd! BUDDY QUTORIO... who had no use for his coat because of, he sez, "the sweltering calidity" and the crowd inside the car. ARISTON AWITAN... cursed himself for forgetting to bring a Carolinian copy with him. He said people would have even noticed us better. He was not a bit contented with the blatant "Carolinian Staffers" sign! LIL TOBES... who said: "I wouldn't miss this grand parade for all the basketball games in this world!!"

It would be unfair if we talked only of the floats. What about the people marching? Aye, the whole Corps did add grandeur to the parade. Band Master SELERIO, followed by his drummers,

trumpeteers, et al, marched arrogantly down the street. All the members of the band were donned-up spic and span in white uniforms... that's class for you! But they looked more of elevator boys and busboys in swanky hotels, so a staffer cracked.

A brief survey on the programs presented at the USC quadrangle during those three nights... they were all successful... every participant did his part wholeheartedly... that's the true Carolinian spirit!!

ISOBEL MARTIN, the Fraternity's Corps sponsor was also doing her full share in the program. In the dance presented by the College of Education, she was an enchanting ballerina flitting gracefully around her garden while the birds of nature twittered gaily about her. Joining this gay spring mood were a group of

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## I Admire the Communists

(Continued from page 10)

myself to be of use to the Church in times to come? The Communists like to say: 'For one man who falls, ten thousand will rise.' Should a Catholic, then, forget that the blood of martyrs is the seed of christians?

"I admire the Communists because they are not afraid when they have been accused of foul deeds. They will say: 'The eyes of the people see clear and cannot be deceived in such things.' That's why they proudly march to the place of their execution. And should a Christian shrink from being accused unjustly, from being persecuted? Should he regard it as worthless and absurd to die innocently? Then he would be oblivious of the fact that our supreme Judge is God Almighty, Who is full of wisdom and goodness. Who is justice and right personified.

"I admire the Communists because of a third quality. When they feel they are right and cannot convince others, they still know how to stick to their belief without wavering. When they are unable to refute their opponents at a discussion, they do not capitulate and make concessions to them regarding their ideas, nor do they despair of their party and desert it. Is it possible for a Christian to forget that his Faith derives from God? Why should he, when unable to defend his cause successfully, give up his viewpoint and declare that he is

wrong? In the end, he would twist the truth of his doctrine, upset the order of the Church, and become a traitor to God and his own soul. And if I should perchance be a traitor to God and my soul, who could vouch that I would not betray my country and my people? Therefore I will not waver in my Faith and, still less so, shall I make other Christians waver in their convictions or abuse my position as a priest to undermine the Faith of the faithful.

"The Communists, whom I admire, and their government genuinely respect our Catholic Church, which I love. They endeavor to win the support and aid of Christians. I must say I feel honored because of this. Must I not double my efforts to be a steadfast Christian, who can also meet the noble purposes of the Government?

"I have a great desire to invite you also into my dearly beloved Church, in order to lead you to God and make you our brethren in the Faith. Do not consider me a fool talking nonsense, nor think that I am not serious. I am fully convinced that idealistic Communists, once they get to know the Catholic Church, will become Catholics living wholly by their Faith, far superior to a Catholic of my caliber. So I pray to God to turn many Sauls into Pauls within the Communist party, far surpassing the miserable priest that I am. This is my view of the

situation.

"I beg your pardon for the faults of this address, which it was impossible for me to prepare as I would have liked to. I wish to point out, moreover, that my speech has not been authorized by the Church authorities and hence cannot claim to give the viewpoint of the Church. Nor has my talk been approved by the government. My words are merely an expression of what I conceive to be an ideal, which perhaps will remain my own beautiful dream for the time being.

"To sum up: I am a Chinese Catholic, I love my country, I love my Church too. I reject emphatically whatever is at variance with the laws of my country and the precepts of my Church, and I refuse to cooperate with whatever may cause discord. But if the government and my Church cannot come to an understanding, there remains nothing for a Chinese Catholic but to die sooner or later. Why not offer one's life even now, in order to bring about an early understanding of the parties now one against the other? If my proposals are rejected and any mutual understanding is declined, then any peace move is blocked. If, despite the desperate situation, a solution is attempted courageously, the objective, namely, reconciliation will be reached. Once more, pardon all the deficiencies of my speech."

## What is Russian Communism?

(Continued from page 11)

from the moment Russia was invaded, they completely somersaulted, praised the war, and demanded that the allies should open a second front. A certain Australian member of Parliament replied to a Communist objector at a public meeting: "Yes I am in favor of a second front — in Siberia!

To speak of Russia as being "our gallant ally" during the war is to utter sheer nonsense. Russia was never an ally in the accepted sense of the term. This I emphatically pointed out in a lecture in Australia during the war: "Let us suppose that three nations, A, B, and C are allies. This means that, if of the three is attacked, the other two will come to their assistance, and that, if two of them are attacked, the third will come to their help. Now, Australia has her back to the wall, fighting Japan, and what does Russia, our so-called ally, do? She fails to lift even a little finger

against our most dreaded foe; she has even a trading pact with Japan!"

I have no wish to revive the cruel memories of the terrible war — the most terrible in history. But I could not refrain from pointing out the fact that Communists throughout the world viewed the struggle not with the eyes of national patriots, not with the eyes of their own country, but with jaundiced eyes — with eyes, implanted in them, as it were, by Moscow.

### A COMMUNIST'S FIRST LOYALTY IS TO SOVIET RUSSIA

"The first requisite for a Communist," writes Louis Budenz, "is to understand that he is serving Soviet Russia and no other nation or interest. Never will he be permitted to express one word of reservation or criticism of the Soviet Government, its leaders or their decisions. Whatever they say or do is always 100 per cent right, and America can be right only by being in complete

agreement with the Soviet Union. Never, during the twenty-five years of its existence, has the Daily Worker deviated from that rule; never has it ceased to prostrate itself before the Soviet leadership." (This is My Story, p. 234.)

"The Communists in the United States openly admit their allegiance to the Communist International at Moscow, and glory in the fact that they obey all the orders issued from there immediately and implicitly." — H. R. Report No. 2290, 71st Congress, 3rd Session, Jan. 17, 1931, p. 9.

The *International Communist*, French edition, August 5, 1935, declared: "Those who say we do not take orders from Moscow are against the proletarian state. It proves they are allied to the bourgeoisie . . . and are the enemy of the proletarian class. . . . To receive orders from Moscow, as Dimitrov said, is to follow the example of Lenin and Stalin."

## Sports Round-up

(Continued from page 30)

### MAN TO MAN. . .

I'm quite sure that our shinbusters got it pretty hard when they had to lose the semi-finals against the Green Archers. But they were not the only ones hard hit — USC got it straight in the heart. Three of our heroes, spilled their blood on the green — for good ole' USC. But a game is a game — even if somebody gets killed! How those three got it — we don't know. But there must be something more to it than meets the eye.

The varsity brought back from Cabadbaran the bacon all right... inside their bloated tummies (Now look who's talking!) Yeah, very funny! But I didn't know that them boys have a vulture's appetite, er, ah, of course, not to mention the Reverend Manager. (Nix, Father, I was only kidding). And imagine this: they had to eat at least ten meals a day plus merienda. Brother! No wonder they nearly lost the other game.

Before the boss gets wild ideas about this high falutin' page and yank me off, I'd like you sportsmen (not to exclude King Gardini, sir) and muscular myrrimions to eat and digest some food-for-thought tips from a regular brick, an authority on PE, about decorums on the field.

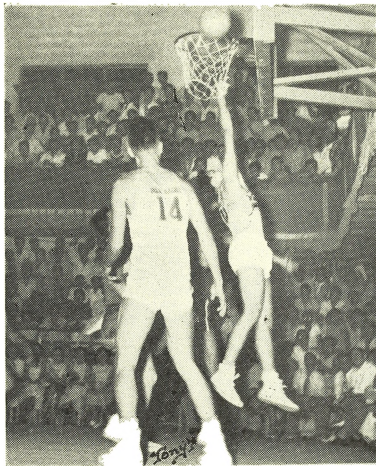
"One side or the other has got to lose. And the boys that make the right kind of men are the boys that go into play as hard as they can to win, play fair but play hard — take a whipping without a whimper and come back for more. Win if you can, lose if you must. That is the sort of men we want to develop."

### USC DAY. . .

(Continued from page 22)

and the absorbed ones, the tramp of feet and the shuffling of shoes. Gum-chewing and chain-smoking was part of the order of the night.

And when it was all over, and the chair had been lugged back to the classrooms... and the floats had been stripped of the pretty, colorful things... and the cars had been rewashed to remove the paste and the imprint of tape... and the specimens had been removed from the walls and lecture tables moved back into place... when all that remained of the carnival that was USC were removed... there still remained a nostalgic but short-lived impression of the happy days and gay, busy nights that were USC Day.



Former USC skipper, Joe Espeleta, sinks a twin-pointer from under the basket for White Gold in the Prisco-White Gold bustle last February 22. Local quintet upset the national champs, 38-32.

draw. Center half *Alberto Quiño* suffered a foot injury and *Anastacio Gomez*, who took his place was in no better condition. But he stood his ground until the final boom. Inside right *Sofronio Mondragon*, A-1 scorer and mainstay of the team, was benched due to an ankle injury the epic battle.

These gummed-up condition of the team finally showed signs of a crack-up in the last half of the replay. They had the initial lead at the first half, due to *Alfredo de Jesus's* sneak-in marker. Halftime score was 1-0. Then the fatal fall came.

A guy named *Benito Razon* threw the monkey wrench on the Carolinian set plays and superb passing. He registered two goals in a row during the last twenty minutes of play and San Carlos went tailspinning like a busted egg-beater. They had to go. The final tabulations: 3-1.

### WARRIORS BACK FROM MINDANAO TOUR

Gracing the pages of Mindanao athletic history, the USC dribblers brought home the mythical bacon after posting impressive victories against Mindanao's first-rate BB teams. They were playing under the auspices of the Candelaria Institute in connection with their three-day town fiesta.

In Cabadbaran, Agusan, the "C" boys were billed to angle with the Mindanao Mother Loders outfit and the Mabuhay Basketball League. Their first encounter with the Mabuhay Basketball Leaguers was not so impressive as rough weather and showers doused the game. The Carolinians were goners from the start to the finish until they finally caught up and shoved over the Leaguers to the tune of 35-32.

The next billing was well attended from the first. The reputation of the Mindanao Mother Loders as

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## ON DA LEVEL . . .

(Continued from page 8)

in a conference held at a local university. We have high hopes for this association because we believe that the CEGS means turkey in local college journalism. In fact, the different editors that compose the CEGS have come up with the maiden issue of their official organ, THE COLLEGE TEMPER. It is published once in every two months. For the record, it may be said that the CEGS out-CEGED the CEG of the Philippines. Please repeat the line and please examine your tongues. . . . .

At press time, the Catholic populace is still boiling over the revelation in the Sentinel, purporting to show that three top Education officials are hatching on a macabre plan of eliminating Religious Instruction. Tch, tch. . . If the charges be found to hold water, we respectfully suggest that these officials be awarded charity tickets to Moscow with our sincerest compliments!

Students are showing healthy signs of interest for newspapers. They are showing. Period. Just inch over to a serious-minded newspaper hog and you'll find him in inter-stellar hazards with Buck Rogers or Exmark. He doesn't give a dee about news items, you know. And what's more, if you just wait long enough, he'll tap you on your shoulder and borrow your pen. Don't frown. Just give with the pen so he will not purloin the crossword puzzle section. The writer knows whereof he speaks. . . . .

Many a recurrent theme of gripes from certain quarters is the alleged domination of law students on the pages of the Carolinian. The E-in-C himself was a law student, now turned Liberal for reasons unknown even to the missus. Ssssh!! Bulldozing for four grueling years of student-lawyering, he was just about to get the sheepskin when he found out that he wanted to be a loyal Liberal first. Wonder what took him so doggone long. In the present set-up of the "C", most of the pen-sloshers are Law students to boot.

(Continued on page 39)

## NOCTURNE . . .

(Continued from page 18)

There you were, with the voice I longed to hear all day. You smiled your forgiveness and the world was forgotten. Did I really hurt you that afternoon? There was fire in your eyes, that too ended suddenly. Your husky and soft voice always makes my heart go thumping and alfluter. . .

How many times had we been together after that? Or had you already picked me out. I was madly in love with you. You must have sensed it. Sometimes you were far from me. Sometimes so near and so enticing. Nights I slept listlessly. Wanting the morrow to come. The day's end seemed so long. Walking with you. Talking with you.

Yes, I had told you about my girl friends when you asked. Of Gloria, the daughter of the richest man in town and why I couldn't dare say to her how I felt. There was that unseen barrier that separated us with a finality. Gloria and their kind took it for granted that their life was the only kind. They don't know and care to know how the others lived. If ever that should come to me, it should come with a meaning. There has to be a reason for it. . .

How the days and weeks flew by. Nine to five weekdays. Eight to two Saturdays. I kept my nose to the daily grind for I wanted to learn more. Saturday afternoons. Sundays. Again with you. The surcease to the pace I have been setting for myself. Times when you begged leave not to be with me. Insane jealousy reared its head within me for no reason at all. You had headaches or you've got to be with your mother to the province. . .

And then December. Cool nights and balmy days. The world awakening to something joyous. The sense of anticipation in the children's eyes, the hustle and activity in everyone. Misa de Gallos. Our first Christmas together. The Office crowd's Christmas eve party. . . and you were mine. . . remember?

You gave me your package. Each one of us had one. We were to exchange gifts together. Just a small one, with all the pretty ribbons. "Merry Christmas Ric." I took the package and opened it. Your eyes were on me. Questing eyes. Slowly I unravelled the lovely ribbons, inside. . . a handwrought!

## VACATIONS, AAAHHH! . . .

(Continued from page 31)

like to talk about those days when Andres Bonifacio and Tandang Sora were still in circulation, or they talk about those days when swimming was had in balintawaks. Well. . . well, it's good to be re-viewed on Philippine history. Signs of city life are however shown there. Like for example, pedal-pushers and jeans. These are always in vogue but they are worn by old men while plowing fields and harvesting. With these various mountain sceneries, the international fair booths can start packing and leave for their respective countries. . . *sour grapes*.

However, I will bring along with me treasured copies of *The Carolinian* as souvenir to lessen the longing and yearning for the school and faces of dear Carolinians. It will also bring back memories of the serenading of dormitories, counting posts in the streets, the parties, jam sessions, excursions, picnics, born dances, and miscellaneous activities in school and out of school.

So, friends and classmates, graduates and undergraduates, ends another schoolyear. With a Shakespearean "Parting is such sweet sorrow" attitude I wish you all a very happy vacation. Don't grow too fat, for you might have a difficult time enrolling yourselves. You know what I mean. Just pack up your things and take it on the lam. Good-bye, I hate to see you go butaaaaa. . . have good time!! *Bueno . . . somos diferentes . . . er. . . er. . . Mi cafetal. . . hasta la vista!!*

heart-shaped locket of solid gold. "Open it Ric" you asked me. A cameo likeness of you inside and the inscription. . . From me to Ric, with love. . .

There was love in your eyes, lips half parted. I just took you in my arms. The hunger of you was in that kiss. You didn't resist. You kissed me back. "I love you" that was all that I could say. Soft and warm, you snuggled up to me whispered my name. Pushing me gently from you, holding me at arms length, your eyes shining with me. . . I'll never forget that night.

And now this. You are Evelyn Orozco. Evelyn Maria Lydia Orozco y Aragon. The year's debutant. (Continued on page 39)

## THE YOUTHFUL URGE

(Continued from page 34)

with the gentleness of a dawn breeze, and to draw! with a permission *a-la* Patricia Neal. Finally if worse comes to worst, one can only go to the nearest dentist and with the cleanest of brand-new-teeth smile her way on to eternity.

There are those, however, who maintain that age not only can be restrained from passing by a clean, cool bath from the good, old Magic Fountain but also by sustaining the original form and symmetry of limbs and body. Thus the birth of Diet-ing. Those under this school start on a valiant mission of self-starvation and if one really likes to be a hero, one gets a coffin for a medal. Hero-casualties of this invention, however, are becoming less and less with the advent of another science aimed at achieving the same end—the preservation of the “morning glory.” Here many novelities are introduced ranging from coffee, chocolates, multi-vitamins, pills, massage, to early mornings and late evenings.

While it is true that this diet-ethical device for capturing perpetual exuberance really has its merits and possibilities, still there is to account the forever youthful fact that Nature always has her own way of showing no matter what, and considering that nowhere in this world is there a clime wherein everybody isn't crazy about eating, it is no small wonder to note why some would rather be funereally young than gastronomically old.

te, voted most lovely and charming by all society editors. You must have had your fun. Why didn't you tell me Lyd? Why did this have to go on?

I should have known when you give me the address yesterday. And I shouldn't have come. That would have been better. The full impact didn't fall on me until I was at the gate to your mansion.

I stood there, how long? Dizzily I heard you call me. Ric, Ric. You were radiant in all your beauty. You pulled me inside. You said you were waiting for me to be sure. My head hadn't cleared up then. You presented me to your Mother, your circle of friends. They acknowledged the introduction with an

## CAMPUSCRATS. . .

(Continued from page 35)

light-footed dancers who pirouetted and twirled around this enchanted garden.

PHIL RUIZ entertained the audience immensely with his singing. He appealed especially to the teen-agers who were simply crazy over his rendition of modern hits.

To introduce something novel and radical some commerce studes decided to transform the stage into a cotton field in ol' Virginia.... they gave us a picture of the niggers breaking the monotony of work by top-dancing. Brother! it was so hard to recognize the real identity of the dancers. You know who those pink-mouthed, colored folks were? Here they are: GEORGE ARCILLA, LOLONG PASCUAL, ELIZA STA. CRUZ (star-dancer) ROSARIO REYES, ANNIE RATCLIFFE, ADELAIDA, LILIA CORCUERA, AURELIA JADULCO, INDALECIA ANDO, and ESTRELLA ZAPANTA.

"Tummy" Echivarre... he thought the parade to be too short. "Gosh!" he said "It took us only a few minutes speeding 'round the City."

A coed and a rogue introduced for the first time Ballet Moderne here in USC. The dance which was entitled: "She is working her way thru College" was danced on toes by ESTERLINA MAN-CAO and EDDY PASCUAL. It was certainly an entertaining repertoire.

Now it is not only going to be a mere so-long but a good-bye to you all. Say how about joining us in saying: Vacation here we come!!... Exams!... pooh! why think about 'em? Pooh! Pooh!

## Nocturne

(Continued from page 38)

indulging mien. Did they acknowledge the man? the unknown one? Could this be the latest plaything of Eve? What they had in mind, I don't know and don't care to know.

Now I understood all with the full impact. The nights you pleased headaches. The days you were away. Then that day, a year ago before two days before Christmas. That could not have been anybody else but you coming down the car. You were with your society clique. I rushed up to you, calling you.... Lyd... Lyd... You just stared at me and thru me. In a haughty voice you asked me if I was addressing you. I felt so small.

## ON DA LEVEL. . .

(Continued from page 38)

However, through no fault of our own, some students got cold feet. Others didn't give two chips about unveiling their journalistic talents. We assure our readers that we (not I alone) would only be too glad to eat our words (bunk!) if we come back next year and find windfalls of contributions—not sickly doggerels and smelly prose like we have in this column.

Pentong, our flash-happy photographer, perks on the same sour tune ever since the USC Day Parade was over. With the agility of a chimp, he had the temerity of staging an acrobatic one-man show by climbing a concrete post just so that he could give an unusual angle to one of his shots. In so doing, the poor joker crushed his watch against the post, to the sadistic delight of the other staffers. Poor Pentong, tch, tch! Later, he went to the extent of requesting the other staffers to chip in to pay his bill for the repair of his ailing gadget. No dice, no soup, ergo, drop dead!

Before we end this drive, we'd like to know if Flor Bombawa from out there in Pangasinan still scans the pages of The Carolinian.

And to our McKinley-bound boys, we give this parting advice. Remember that Armi is explosive stuff. BASTA...

Again I had mistaken Evelyn Oroco for Lydia Araoz. That was just unbearable, I fled from the scene. I could imagine the fun your friends had. How did you explain that to me the next day? You are a borned actress, your eyes were expressionless and questioning when I related to you what happened. You looked surprised. Is this a game amongst you?

A clock chimed eleven o'clock. Almost midnight and the midnight mass. Church bells merrily ringing. The night was clear and cool. The air was soothing to the tired mind and body of Ric plodding to nowhere. Shoulders down and feel!

(Continued on page 41)

## SPORTS ROUND-UP

(Continued from page 37)

a classic team and San Carlos U's big-time playing, loaded the gym with eager beavers. The Lodgers were not a team to be laughed at. They fought and bounced like wildcats, giving St. Charley's cagers a heck of a time protecting their lead. Then, the final quarter came and phfftt. . . there was a tie. The game ended on a 50-50 basis—the score being 50-all. The Lodgers turned down a five-minute extension. In Butuan, an exhibition game between the *Father Urios College* and the Warriors cancelled classes. The Warriors won easily with a big margin. . . 48-22.

### EVAA'S INITIAL MEET SUCCESSFUL

The five-day sportsfest of the East Visayan Athletic Association of Private Schools wound up in a grand slam last February 22. The maiden issue of the biggest meet to be held by private schools in the Visayas and Mindanao blew its lid off with a band concert on the first day and made its exit on the fifth day through colorful dances en masse.

### PE STUDES DISPLAY WARES ON U-DAY

Students of Physical Education had their day when they presented to the U-day celebrants mass and group dances of the *tinikling*, moto dance, square dance, stick rhythmic, modern gymnastic and the freehand exercise. The grand demonstration owed much of its success from the tutelage of Physical Directresses Miquela Martin, Gloria Aleonor, Mrs. Luz Santiago and Mrs. Gloria Cabahug. Miss Aleonor's students performed the pyramid building which featured the different phases of the play. Mess-dames Luz Santiago and Gloria Cabahug pitched in the hotch-potch with their students from the Girls' High drawing oohs and aahs from the audience, the result of many an hour's practice of the "balance beam."

### LAW REGENT BB MANAGER

Reverend Father Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, current regent of the College of Law, takes over the seat of Team Manager of the popular USC cage team. Future plans for the team were not disclosed but indications of touring the neighbor islands of Bohol and Leyte were materializing.

## Details about USC's 368th Birthday

(Continued from page 27)

Aside from the floats, other participating elements added spices to the parade. Led by Capt. Antonio Gonzales, Commandant, and Lt. Filomeno Gonzales, Adjutant, the ROTC and PMT proved themselves equal to the expectations of the onlookers.

The International Fair which currently is giving a colorful show in Manila, must have loaned impetus to, those responsible for the construction of the different booths. These booths occupied all floors of the main building. Classrooms were converted into bazaars of recreations, frolic and exhibits. Getting inside was like losing one's self in the land of fairy tales.

"Throw a dart and win a heart," appeared in red letters on a poster that hang on one of the walls of the Girls' High booth. Their darts really pierced the hearts of the judges. The GHS booth was ranked the best of them all. Aside from being a place of games, this booth was also a garden of flowers. Artificial flowers with real leaves adorned its walls and refreshed the eyes. "Say it with Flowers." These words on the wall met every eye that craved for the beautiful. Orchids for remembrance, Pansies for thoughts, Hyacinths for memory, were means to express words for anyone was there to enjoy the sight.

Those interested on how things are drawn beautifully, how buildings are planned well, how machines work and how electric bulbs glimmer, found satisfaction at the Engineering-Architecture booth. The marvelous skill of the students in Architecture under the supervision of Mr. Jumalon and Architects Beltran and Ruiz, fed the eyes of the lovers of art; the mechanical set-up guarded by engineering students who willingly explained the types of machines displayed when called upon; the ability of the electrical engineers-to-be, in making ways to make electric bulbs twinkle, won much acclaim with the sight-seers. Their efforts in setting up the splendid show, were more than compensated if the booth arbiters adjudged it the best.

The booth of the College of Law, The Lex Circle and the Portia Club joined hands in making it a remarkable one. Flowers that sprouted from vines adorned the walls.

On the screen. . . er, I do mean on the stage, Atty. C. Faigao, Mr.

A. Ordoña and Mr. V. Medalle took turns in presenting literary-musical programs. While ballerinas and ballerinos were performing flashy swings, hops and graceful strokes to music, the audience was jam-packed with hooting, applauding and impressed crowds who were practically standing on their chairs most of the time. Groaning protests arose from those at the back. At tense and dramatic moments when the show was good, they could no longer see the footlights.

From curtains to footlights, the stage set-up was embellished by changing light colors. But let's get to what were really shown.

The first night's literary-musical program featured the USC Symphony Orchestra and Choir led by our well-known USC musician, Rev. Fr. Joseph Graisy, S.V.D. Dancers who knew their high-land flings entertained the crowd. Then, two nights more of stage enchantments followed. The one-act plays presented by students representing all departments showed top attractions.

The "Valiant," directed by Atty. F. Pelaez and presented by students of the College of Law, copped the first prize of the one-act play contest. It portrayed the life of a man who, though sentenced to die in an electric chair, still refused to divulge his identity.

The College of Liberal Arts was victorious again. "Marriage Proposal," the one-act play its students presented, directed by Mrs. B. B. Valenzuela was adjudged second.

Who said that Commerce students give special attention only to salesmanship? You could eat back your words now that the play entitled "Suppressed Desire" presented by the College of Commerce copied third.

Over station DYRC the Amateur hour is a feed to the ears of music-lovers every Thursday night. But we staged our own version for Carolinian vocalists on the second night. Eddie Pascual who may have been born when Frankie Sinatra's star shone, came out as the year's best singer.

The last number of every night's program was the rolling of the raffles. Lady Luck ruled supreme as night-cap appetizer.

A Playground Demonstration was dished out on the second day.

(Continued on page 11)

ures in the Manila SMB Accounting Dept. Not to be outdone is four-some's youngest, **Nena**, an RFC bookkeeper in this City. On March 7 of last year, she decided to cast her lot for good with an HS alumnus, **Fernando Lozada**, a chemical engineer at the Bois Central in Negros. To date, Clarita has not yet

## Do You Know...

(Continued from page 21)

presented Father with his "little dividend" — neither has Nena.

That talking of sisters, the **Hubahs**, **Espananza** and **Exaltacion** have their own share of marital bliss? **Fansang** has changed her

name to **Mrs. Medardo Martinez** and is presently running a rooming house near the Pontifical U. On the other hand, **Naring**, a school-marm in Cagayan de Oro, wears on her third finger, left hand, the ring of **Dr. Pacifico Casilo**. Keeping the home fires burning? for another

(Continued on page 46)

## DETAILS

(Continued from page 40)

"Slimnastics for molding the body beautiful" were shown. Also there was a military competition for the different units of the USC ROTC.

And now, swinging the lens to the different exhibits put up by different departments...

The College of Engineering did a good job in putting up the best exhibit. The Senior Civil Engineering Class of 1953, skillfully rigged up the scale-model of irrigation, water supply, hydroelectric project and town planning, complete with power plant, commercial and residential houses, hospitals, airport, green rice fields, etc.

"The constructors of this set-up are what the nation needs," said some sightseers.

Marked as the second best exhibit, was the one shown by the Home Economics department. Different types of houses, beautiful yards, gardens and lawns, home arts display, products of handicrafts, shell craft, embroidery table setting for different parties and cookery were featured. If I were to say something about it, I shall say that the exhibit really proved that home is really the place for the woman and its wholeness results from her influence.

The Elementary Department showed the indomitable spirit of Baby Carolinians by ranking third on exhibits. Congratulations to these young people and to their teachers too! Their clan can teach those who still are suffering from lack of it.

But those were not the only ones that impressed the spectators. There were other exhibits put up by the Zoology, Botany, Chemistry, and Physics Departments.

Although they were not able to get prizes, their booths evoked a lot of praises. They also deserve kudos and congratulations for their efforts.

With the USC Day past, Carolinians go back to their serious role of professor, teacher and student. But they look back with pleasant thoughts to all the glamour, gaiety

## NOCTURNE

(Continued from page 39)

ing dejected. Hands in his pockets. Listlessly drifting along with the crowd. Mind benumbed with grief. Ric stopped beneath a street lamp, pulling out matches and cigarettes. A piece of paper crumpled around a small package fell down.

He stooped down and pick it up. He opened the piece of paper. Inside, a small daintily ribboned package. He caught sight of his signature on the paper. What is this? he asked himself. He smoothed the paper. It was the last page of his letter he gave to Lyd just this evening. He opened the package. Inside a man's gold bracelet. Two hearts pierced by an arrow within a Cupid's bow. Two names. . . Ric and Lyd. . . He turned it over "FOR-EVER DARLING."

\* \* \*

...Ting... Ting... the mantel-clock chimed in eleven o'clock. Outside church bells ringing merrily. . . Lyd stood up. Began dressing listlessly for the midnight mass. Choosing a simple dress from among the dozens. . . Lyd sat down in front of the dresser. . . turning. . . looking up unseeingly thru the window. . . A soft cooling breeze drifted in. . . playing hide and seek among her tresses. . . now touching her face. . . caressing her lips. . . softly drying away the tears. Unfeeling she sat there.

Why must this be. . . Oh my God. . . but why? . . . Sometime. . . someday. . . somewhere a woman must sit down and wait. . . waiting for that loved one. . . Heart at breaking point. . . reaching out with her thoughts. . . perhaps. . . why oh why. . . Dear God in Heaven. . . .

\* \* \*

"Lyd, Lyd, I haven't realize, forgive me. . ."

"Ric, oh, Ric, my love. . . You have come back. . . nothing matters except that you have come back to me."

and magnificence of USC Day, 1953 brand, with both gladness and nostalgia in their hearts.

## OUR FIGHT

(Continued from page 33)

do? Well, I suppose we are still living in a democracy — a constitutional democracy, if you please, where the voice of the majority is, barring emergencies and fraudulent elections, the Voice of God. We Catholics form that majority. Hence we can and do demand that we be heard in the all-important issue of religious instruction. "We ask no special favors" for our group. We merely seek to vindicate a hard-won right to be free to teach our religion in the public schools where the Filipino youth need religion most of all. In order to achieve this end, we need the support and encouragement of officials who are sympathetic with our cause — impartial, able, free officials (and I don't mean Free Masons), consistent, honest and patriotic; officials who will give life and substance to the law on religious instruction with an eye single to the greater good of all rather than the predominance of a sinister minority's dubious purposes. We seek to eliminate from their vantage point those very people who have, in the ugly fashion of fifth-columnists, undertaken the infamous mission of eliminating religious instruction.

It is high time for us Catholics to assert ourselves. . . to fight Sabotage with all our resources. . . in self-defense. The principle of separation of Church and State has been unfortunately construed today as separation from the Catholic Church only. . . a divorce from God in our public school system. The times call for action — active, militant, determined Catholic Action. We're not doing this for ourselves. We're fighting for the moral and spiritual survival of this and succeeding generations. It's our duty — the duty of every man, woman and child baptized in the Catholic faith, noy, the duty of every citizen, to work and fight, through democratic processes, for the recognition and vindication of our trampled rights. We must act now or it will be too late. It would be tragic folly to lose our best legacy — our father's Faith, by default.

## Administration

### • Summer Classes Open April 14

In line with the administration's policy of keeping up with students' needs and demands, the University of San Carlos will open summer courses in all departments. The opening of these courses on April 14, based on the quarterly system, was announced by Rev. Fr. Francis Carda, SVD, USC Secretary General. Review classes in Law, Pharmacy, Engineering and CPA will also be offered, the same announcement indicated.

Registration will commence on April 6 and regular classes will open on the fourteenth of the same month. The regular school calendar for 1953-54 begins on June 15, 1953.

### • Invite Gov. Osmeña, Jr. Commencement Speaker

Cebu Governor Sergio Osmeña, Jr., will be the main speaker at the USC graduation rites to be held on March 27, 1953. This was revealed by Rev. Fr. Carda, SVD, in reply to a query posed by this reporter regarding the commencement activities. Elaborate plans are underway in preparation for the coming graduation ceremonies.

It was further disclosed that the commencement exercises of the Secondary department will be held on April 10, 1953.

## Graduate School

### • Eleven Complete Graduate Studies in Two Years

The Post-Graduate School graduated a total of eleven successful

candidates for the Master's Degree within the last two years, according to records compiled by the Office of the Dean. Of this batch, three students finished their studies in the Summer of 1952. The rest finished their courses during the first semester of the school year 1952-1953.

The three summer grads with their theses are: (1) *Emma Casals*, who wrote on "A Study Purporting to Suggest a New Approach to the Study of George Eliot's 'Silas Marner' Using Shakespearean Technique with Philippine Law and Cases"; (2) *Antonio M. Aguilar*, whose thesis was "The Financial Social and Educational Status of the Philippine Veterans Enrolled in the Different Schools, Colleges, and Universities in the Visayas and Mindanao"; (3) *Eugenio Viacrucis*, who took up "A Comparative Investigation of Parent-Teacher Association in the Philippines and those in the United States," as his thesis.

Those who completed their course during the second semester of 1952 were: (1) *Romana Manalo*, whose thesis was about "A Critical Survey of the Conditions of Living of High School Senior Students in Bohol and How They Affect Students' Welfare in General"; (2) *Constancia Farnador*, who delved into "The Teaching of Patriotism. Its Problems in Post-War Philippines"; and (3) *Dominador Floreto*, who wrote about "The Sixth Grade Classes in Cebu City in 1948-1949".

Included in the list of successful M.A. candidates for the first semes-

ter of the school year 1952-53, with their respective theses are (1) *Sulpicio Tinampay* — "Integration of School and Non-School Experience in Character Foundation"; (2) *Dominador Trocio*, — "The United Nation's Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization and Its Educational Work in the Philippines"; (3) *Lucio Tumalak*, — "A Critical Study of Co-operative Trade Training in the Cebu School of Arts and Trades"; (4) *Severiana Garcia* — "The Status of the Public School Teacher in the Philippines" and (5) *Petra Y. Tolibas* — "A Study of the Present Status of First Public Secondary Schools in the Division of Leyte."

## Law

### • Seminar Members Featured in Radio Program

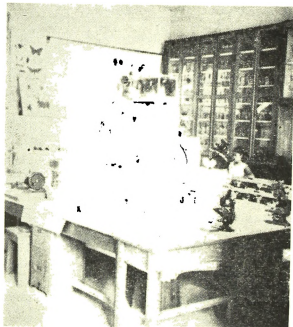
A radio program sponsored by the local unit of the United States Information Service featured the USC Seminar members in a roundtable discussion of "Democracy and Religion". The recording of the different discourses delivered by the Seminar team was done at the office of the USIS.

Among those who participated in the program were: *Vicenle Delfin*, *Johnny Mercado*, *Johnny Baromeo*, *Noli Cortel*, *Manuel Arañas* and *Buddy Quitorio*.

Fr. Wrocklage who founded and organized the USC Seminar, acted as moderator.



Visibly impressed as the show was on.



One of various booths . . .



● **USC-FEU Debate Set  
For March 14**

"We are ready for the debate with Far Eastern University. We are only waiting for the final word from them. They wanted it and asked for it." This was the disclosure of Law Regent Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, when queried about the developments of the proposed USC-FEU forensic tilt.

The debate which is slated for March 14, 1953, will be held at the USC Quadrangle at seven o'clock in the evening. Members of the USC panel of debaters are Expedito Bugarin, Autemio Gebana and Augusto Derecho. Noli Cortel was designated alternate.

Fr. Wrocklage averred that practice debates have been conducted on the proposed subject: Resolved, That the President Be Elected for a Term of Six Years Without Re-election. The USC debating team will defend the affirmative side.

Manila Mayor "Arsenic" Lacson has been proposed as the guest speaker.

● **CL's "The Valiant"  
Wins Top Place in  
Dramatic Contest**

Superb acting and excellent portrayal of "The Valiant", a one-act play written by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass gave top honors to the College of Law thespians during the dramatic contest held in consonance with the observance of

the USC festivities. This is the second consecutive year the College of Law wins the first place in dramatics.

The play, directed by Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez and assisted by "Kit" Borromeo was the unanimous choice of the Board of Judges for the top-notch berth. Second place went to the College of Liberal Arts, in a play entitled "Marriage Proposal", while third honor was awarded to the College of Commerce which adapted "Suppressed Desires".

Those who took part in the play were: Vic Delfin, Noli Cortel, Nop Mabaquio, Lydia Moran and Autemio Gebana.

**Liberal Arts**

● **Liberal Arts Play  
Gets Second Prize**

The play presented by the College of Liberal Arts entitled, "Marriage Proposal" was adjudged as the second best play during the College Day festivities.

The cast of characters was composed of Aniano Desierto as Stepan Stepanovitch, a Russian farmer; Delia Saguin as Natalia Stepanovna, Stepanovitch's daughter, and Jose Cerilles as Ivan Vasilyitch, a neighbor. Jose Cerilles was chosen as the best actor of all the thespians who showed their wares during the USC Day.

The play was directed by Mrs. Bernardita B. Valenzuela.

● **USC-Made Chemical  
Apparatus Attract  
Crowds in USC Fiesta**

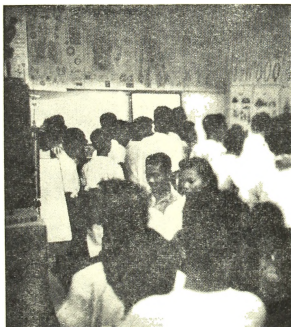
The Department of Chemistry offered one of the main attractions during the USC Day when it exhibited a number of USC-made chemical apparatus. These devices include special burners for melting glass at high temperatures, apparatus for the determination of diluent measure, condensers, a lenscope which is used for determining vapor pressure of liquid, cold finger boiling point apparatus, Cloisen flasks, and gadgets for gauging vapor density including Hempel fraction apparatus. The last mentioned device was modified by Rev. Fr. Oster, SVD, who is now in Europe on vacation and is expected to be back by July.

Products and beverages derived from corn, peanuts, coal and sawdust were brought out in the display. The derivatives consist of whisky, pluscose, plastic, wine, alcohol, soft drinks, benzene, methyl alcohol, acetose, glacial acetic acid, acetic anhydride and ethyl.

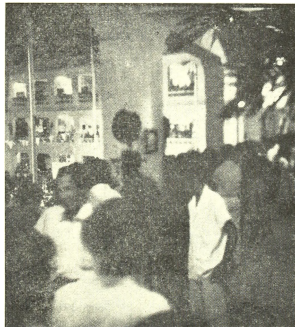
● **Liberal Arts Float Wins  
First Prize**

The College of Liberal Arts captured the grand prize in the Float Contest when its float was adjudged the most symbolic.

With its theme as "Light of the East" it depicts the whole world in its present situation. The theme emphasized the prevailing peace in



... [impacted corridors. ...



Spectators at another booth. ...

the Philippines safeguarded by Religion and menaced by Communism.

The float featured the differences between one and the other side of the "Iron Curtain" separated by a gale. Inside the curtain were the symbols of Communism, represented by Stalin holding the chain of slavery and death, and threatening the security of the family life, the practice of religion, and the freedom of the working class. Communist China and Korea were represented as the victims of Redism. On the other side, were peace and freedom which Stalin seeks to destroy.

## Liberal Arts

### ● *Biology Dept. Bares Exhibits*

The different phases involved in the study of Zoology were successfully illustrated during the last USC Festival by the exhibits of apparatus, models, specimens and scientific charts.

The first section of the exhibits demonstrated the preparation of slides for microscopic studies. This was followed by a display of different magnifying devices among them being lens, dissectoscopes, stereoscopic-binocular — dissectoscopes, specially designed pocket, or field microscopes, and a powerful binocular research microscope with a magnifying power of 1824 times. With the help of these magnifying devices the development of a frog could be followed through the different stages up to the emergence of the tadpole. The important systems of a fully developed vertebrate, a frog, were actually shown on dissected and meticulously labeled specimens.

The second section of the exhibits showed the different phyla of the vast animal Kingdom. Aquatic and terrestrial local specimens as well as those from other countries followed in an orderly way.

One section of the room was transformed into a booth dedicated to the crown of creation, man. Various expensive models of organs and systems and their functions impressed the visitors with the walking skeleton of "Johnny Apollo" scaring the weaker sex.

In the last section, the exhibits of Ecological apparatus and working devices, illustrated the relationship between organisms and their environment. Also on display were scientific charts, collection of butterflies, the Aquaria with tropical fishes and the exotic "souvenirs" made out of shells, corals and scales

of fishes.

The onlookers showed a particular interest in the bioscope which magnified living organisms on the screen.

In the Botany section, charts of the plant kingdom as well as specimens of living plants from diverse phyla were shown. Various classes of pressed leaves were conspicuously displayed. A well which was artificially made at the center of the room was surrounded by different plants.

## Pharmacy

### ● *Junior-Senior Prom*

The traditional Junior-Senior Prom which took place Sunday, March 1st, again marked the most colorful celebration of this year's activities in the College of Pharmacy. As usual, the Roof Garden was the setting of the bequeathal by the Seniors of their legacy to the up-and-coming Juniors. *The Interpretation of the Four Seasons of the Year—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter*, in music and dance directed by Miss Milagros Urgello, adviser of the Seniors, highlighted the event. The participants in their proper attires actually portrayed the four different phases of Nature and their garbs: spring-green, summer-pink, autumn-brown and winter-white.

The giving away of the Torch (by the Seniors to the Juniors) to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" was the solemn part of the ceremony. Rev. Fr. Hoepfener, Regent of the College, emphasized in his speech the worthy examples shown by the Seniors for the Juniors to emulate. Rev. Fr. Bunzel commented, "This is the only party wherein I could see almost all of the Fathers present." Incidentally, the Rev. Fr. Provincial was able to witness the Prom. He arrived on the morning of the celebration. Rev. Fr. Provincial talked about the "8th Capital Sin—SADNESS." He explained how SADNESS could affect the business standing of any profession and how cheerfulness could comfort and enlighten the customers who, if sickly, need to be pepped up. He added that pharmacists should practice "the coating of pills" with a smile.

### ● *Wonderland in Pharmar's Booth*

With the celebrated Alice and her gilt-edged wagon sketched on the facade, the visiting public found a veritable Wonderland inside the Pharmacy booth.

It showed a miniature castle, a witch, gaily tripping elves and clusters of flowers. Colored bulbs provided the desired lighting effects for the display.

### ● *Undersea Realm Depicted in Pharmacy Float*

The realm of the underseas was pictured by the Pharmacy float that showed off in the parade last USC Day. With Rosita Ty as the "Queen of the Mermaids," eager onlookers saw a bevy of appealing "princesses" reclining among seaweeds and seahorses.

Miss Milagros Urgello was the spirit behind the construction of the unique float.

## Engineering-Arch.

### ● *Seniors Get First Prize In Exhibits*

The Senior Civil Engineering project romped away with the first prize in Exhibits when they showed their "know-how" to the public during the University Day festivities. They presented a small scale model of a general scientific project. It was a complete model of a town with a water and electrical supply system that included a dam, irrigation facilities, and a hydro-electric plant.

Among the features of the dam were the reservoir, the headgate, the spillways, and the diversion canals connecting the irrigation system to the rice fields. Electricity generated by the dam's water power, was conducted through the town by "high-tension" wires supported by "steel towers." The town itself was complete with commercial and residential buildings, a hospital, an airport, recreation centers, and thoroughfares.

The seniors did all the work by themselves leverishly for one week. It was a wonderful job of model engineering and, as a result, attracted a round-the-clock fascination of crowds.

### ● *USC Science Workshop To Expand*

Fr. Richartz, SVD revealed that the Science Shop of the University of San Carlos may expand so as to extensively manufacture science instruments. These instruments may be extended for use by other schools. Some of the instruments used in the various science departments in this school are made in the U.S.C. Science Workshop.

### ● *Instruments for New Course Exhibited*

Main attraction of the Physics Department was the "show of lights" which was put up during the U-D. Other crowd-drawers were the optical instruments which were exhibited for the first time.

Those shown were the spectrum analysis, Interference and Diffraction, Polarization, Optical instruments, and Vibration waves. However, Fr. Richartz head of the Physics Department, disclosed that these instruments are for advanced use in Physics and will probably be used next school year when the school will offer Bachelor in Physics.

### ● *Architecture-Engineering Float Places Third*

The Architecture-Engineering float captured the third place pennant for the "Most Artistic Float" contest.

The float featured the ancient Roman Architecture of beauty and glory. With a mummy pacing the float to make the introduction, six bugle-toting and be-haloed Roman legionnaires, dressed in style, stood and sat beside the float with two "Roman beauties" fondling apples and grapes in their hands. On the top rung of the float was a "Roman Goddess," glorifying Architecture. The "Goddess" was Miss Judith Garcia. The two beauties were Misses Maria Nita Tire and Isabelle Achas, while the muscular tough-looking Romans were Melecio Ajero, Carlitos Alvarez, Arturo Larazabal, Bernardo Olavides, Rudy Ratcliffe and Jesus de la Serna. The mummy was F. Miola.

Architect Jose Ruiz was responsible for all the ideas depicted in the float. The bulk of work done by the Architecture students were lessened with the help of those from the Secretarial Department under Miss Guanco.

### ● *Architecture Course to Be Completed*

A full four-year course in Architecture will be offered next year with the addition of the third and fourth years. Currently, the University offers only the first and second years in Architecture. This was revealed by Jose A. Rodriguez, Dean of the College of Engineering, in an interview.

## College of Commerce

### ● *Commerce Booth Drags Praise*

Spectators and visitors during the USC Day were favorably impressed by the exhibits shown in the Commerce Booth. The Booth



**BARTOLOME DE CASTRO**  
He wrote year's 3rd best High School Editorial

which depicted a bank had a unique facade and housed pictures made by typewriters. Also displayed through the kindness of Max Factor agents were a variety of Max Factor products. Samples of powders were given to visiting ladies. Counted among the attraction in the Commerce booth were the parlor games which offered tempting prizes to players.

### ● *Commerce Float Depicts Labor-Capital Relation*

Through the supervision and guidance of Miss Cabatingan, USC faculty member, the College of Commerce put up a float portraying labor-capital relation during the celebration of the USC Day.

The float, consensus indicated, was the neatest and most symbolic but failed to win a prize on account of a technicality.

### ● *Commerciantes Go "Harlem" in Dance Number*

Joint Secretarial and Commerce department students performed a dance number entitled "In the Old Cotton Plantation." This was one of the presentations of the College of Commerce during the observance of the USC fiesta.

Considered unique was the rendition of a top dance featured in the dance number. The participants had to blacken themselves to look like niggers.

The offering was suggested by Miss Guanco.

## Library News

### ● *Equipment to Bolster USC "Filipiniana" Division*

Definite and positive steps have been taken to obtain Microfilms and

Micro-cards from the UNESCO. Responsible government authorities directly concerned with the UNESCO have been prevailed upon to aid the university in the procurement of these equipment. This course of action was taken by the Librarian owing to the incapability of the University to deal directly with UNESCO. Private schools, according to Rev. Fr. Baumgartner, SVD, cannot make transactions of this kind with the UNESCO. "Government aid must be sought," he added.

Through the use of the devices now being acquired, the *Filipiniana* division of the USC Library will be put up which will enhance researches on things Philippine.

### ● *Exchange Library Materials with Washington Library of Congress*

In a formal statement released by Rev. Josef Baumgartner, SVD, USC Librarian, an agreement between the USC Library and the Library of Congress in Washington D.C., to exchange library materials has been recently entered into. The materials sent by the University includes the *Law Review*, catalogues and *The Carolinian*. From Washington, bibliographic helps such as *Cumulative Book Indices* and the *Publishers' Trade List Journal* are received.

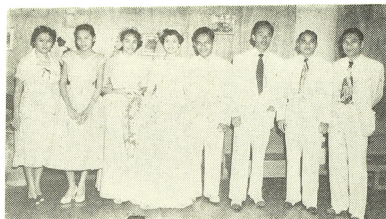
This recent agreement was hailed by the student body as well as the administration as an indication of the prestige enjoyed by the USC Library.

## Religion

### ● *Report Marriage Validation Cases*

Members of the Legion of Mary in this university, particularly those from the Praesidium "Cause of Our Joy," have gone on extensive surveys of slum districts of this City. The results of their interviews with slum residents were submitted to the mission group which has taken upon itself the task of validating marriages.

Indications are to the effect that indifference towards Church requirements re-marriages have been greatly dispelled. The members of the Legion of Mary have, consequently, been commended for faithfully carrying out their obligations and duties as Legionnaires.



SEGARRA-ARANETA Nuptials. L to R: Nady Segarra, Anita Cabahug, Carmen Camara (Maid of Honor), the newlyweds, Nene Segarra (Best Man), Hermie Cabilan, Eking Hermosilima.

## Miscellaneous

### • University Day Boards of Judges

There were four Boards of Judges all in all for the different contest that highlighted the USC Day celebration.

The panel that composed the judges for the float were Fr. Alfred Rennix, ORSA, Mrs. Rosario Messa, and Mr. Ramon Melgar.

For the Exhibits and Booths, the board of judges were Mrs. Rosario Messa, Fr. Dennis McKillip, SVD, Fr. Alfred Rennix, ORSA.

Another board of judges selected

the best plays and actors. They were Mr. Morton Gordon, Dra. Flora Piñero, and Mr. Jesus Chanco.

The judges in the Vocal Solo contest were Dra. Flora Piñero, Mrs. Conrada Pingol and Miss Angelita Fortich.

### • Erratum

Alejandro Tantoco, one of the Civil Engineering graduates of USC who recently hurdled the Board got 99% in Mathematics and 94% in Hydraulics instead of 96% and 92% respectively, as inadvertently reported in the Engineering News of the February issue. Our apologies to those concerned. —ED.

## Do You Know . . .

(Continued from page 41)

MD. Dr. Solomon Abarquez, is Esme Resuena.

Why Atty. Celso Veloso is seldom seen around town? His legal services demand his presence not only in Cebu but also in the neighboring islands. If he happens to be in town, he can be found at the Jayme Law Offices but, more often than not, he can be seen tele-telting with a lovely *colegiala* in one of those Lahug mansions. Our most obliging informant further tells us it won't be long now before Celso has to give up the Bachelors' Club presidency to become a bona fide member of the Benedict's Club.

That the faculty roster of the Abellana Technical High School contains the names of several USC alumnae? The ATHS English Dept. alone has *Ludy Morales*, *Baby Agoncillo* (nee Fe Sarthou), and *Paring Morales* (nee Amparo Rosal). Preparing the Abellana lassses as future homemakers is *Jovita Ouano*, 1949 Proxy of the USC Home Economics Dept. Club. *Ludy M.* was then handling the purse strings of the said Club.

Who is "intalicipating" for the third time? *Finy Lucero*, the former *Fineza Gimenez*, Hubby *Roland Lucero* is USC Lex Circle Vice-President but is better known to us and to you as Law's funnyman.

Where *Droning Azurin* (nee *Andronica Torrelranca*) has established residence? In San Jose, Antique. Fact is, she represents that province in the nationwide WWM Mrs. Philippines Contest. Gifted with a prima donna voice, she probably doesn't spend too much time in lulling her two kids to Dreamland. Two other Mrs. Philippines candidates are *Nana G. Belo* and *Florita O. Madamba*. May the best missus win!

That *Mary Moran*, now *Mrs. H. S. Carroll*, lately sent her Cebuana friends Stateside greetings? She writes from sunny California where she resides with her hubby and her son, Pat. When she was still pursuing the Secretarial Course in this university, she was known to all for her beautiful song renditions and terpsichorean abilities.

Republic of the Philippines  
Department of Public Works and Communications  
Bureau of Posts, Manila

### SWORN STATEMENT

(Required by Act No. 2489)

The undersigned, EMILIO B. ALLER, Editor-in-Chief, of THE CAROLINIAN (title of publication), published six (times a year (frequency of issue), in English and Spanish language in which printed), at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City (office of publication), after having been sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2380, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) EMILIO B. ALLER  
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of January, 1953, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibited to me his Res. Cert. No. A-1549482, issued at Cebu City, on January 14, 1953

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## SECCIÓN

# Castellana

### *Debe cumplirse el artículo de la constitución que incluye la religión como asignatura opcional en las escuelas públicas.*

LOS filipinos queriendo hacer de sí un gran pueblo hicieron una constitución y adoptaron como una de sus provisiones la Disciplina Moral dejando así a los encargados del gobierno su implementación. Estos para implementar lo mandado legislaron la instrucción opcional de la religión en nuestras escuelas.

La gran cuestión ahora es — ¿se cumple la instrucción opcional de la religión en las escuelas públicas? Muchas respuestas en pro y en contra se han emitido sobre el particular. Nosotros decimos que obstaculizar y privar ésta enseñanza es ciertamente un acto anticonstitucional. Relegarla horas envirosimiles en que tanto discípulos como maes-

tros desean un momento de descanso es ciertamente obstaculizar. Señalar trabajos a los niños como la limpieza de los cuartos y corredores en la hora en que deben estar en la clase de religión es sin duda privarles de este derecho. Y, ¿qué diremos de la tolerancia de algunos maestros sobre los ruidos que hacen los niños en los cuartos vecinos a la sala de clase de religión? Prácticas como esas, de parte de los que están encargados de la implementación de la constitución son sobremedida dañosa porque están creando en el ánimo de los niños la idea de que la religión no es necesaria en su vida. Así crecen, fallos de verdaderos principios morales, principios que deben servir de freno

a las malas inclinaciones de la voluntad y desordenados juicios del entendimiento... Se hacen juguetes de los caprichos de la vida, fáciles de corromper y frágiles en sus disposiciones.

Pero este estado de relajamiento moral de los estudiantes en las escuelas se puede mejorar todavía si la instrucción opcional de la religión, por insuficiente que sea, se cumple debidamente dando preferencia a su enseñanza, considerándola como el base de todas las ciencias, señalando la hora más conveniente, proveyendo maestros, en número suficientes y en preparación capaces de desempeñar tan noble cargo y animando a los niños a asistir la clase de religión.

—Bienvenido Billanes

## *A Nuestros Lectores*

La inesperada marcha del Rdo. P. Luis E. Schonfeld para la Argentina, dejó huérfana a la Sección Castellana "El Carolinian" y por ello se ruega a los lectores de dicha revista que juzgen benignamente esta sección, que carece desde la edición pasada de Editor en Castellano, el cual era el alma de la mencionada sección.

"El Carolinian" no puede carecer de una sección Castellana, y por lo tanto desde esta columna se ruega encarecidamente a todos los estudiantes de español que procuren contribuir con sus escritos para que dicha sección no quede extinguida por falta de material para la misma.

## *La Fiesta de la Universidad*

En estos días, hemos podido admirar y apreciar los grandes progresos de este Centro Docente Católico de Cebu, en el corto espacio de siete años contados desde la rehabilitación del mismo después de la 2ª guerra mundial que dejó arrasada, dicha institución.

El progreso de la Universidad de San Carlos no debe apreciarse solo por sus magníficos edificios, no, todo Cebu ha podido ver en estos tres últimos días durante las fiestas, que el verdadero progreso está en lo que en el interior de estos edificios se elabora.

Todos cuantos han visitado los pabellones de exposición han podido ver el trabajo realizado en nuestra universidad y el valor educativo del mismo, y sin duda alguna habrán tenido una excelente impresión, al ver las exposiciones de la Elemental, Intermedia y Superior de ambos sexos, quedándose admirados al contemplar el proyecto de los estudiantes de cuarto año de Ingeniero Civil, y las exposiciones de los pabellones de Biología y Física.

La cabalgata magna que reco-

rrio las calles de Cebu admiró a todos cuantos pudieron verla, como lo prueban las diferentes reseñas de los periódicos locales.

En cuanto a buen humor y medios para atraer a todos aquellos que quieren divertirse U.S.C. lo demostró en sus pabellones de juego, que se vieron con curridísimos los días que duró la fiesta.

Desde estas columnas la sección Castellana de "El Carolinian" felicita a todos aquellos que contribuyeron al éxito obtenido en la celebración del Día de la Universidad.

## I.—SPRING

Mother Earth awakens from her long, deep slumber and discards her wintry blanket of ice and snow. The hills gleam with hope of beautiful days to come, which bring joy of expectation to the hearts of all living creatures, like watching the dawn break, the darkness of the night to herald the brightness of the morn. The birds are twitter on the boughs that quiver as they feel the sweet sap of life coursing through their veins. And the streams and rivers freed from their cold, icy shackles rush down to renew their friendship with the warm blue sea. The surge of life and the urge to grow are felt everywhere, while the gentle rain from the snowy clouds, and golden sunshine from the blue sky above, turn into reality what the first breezes of spring have promised the children of the earth — that the joyful season of resurrection is here again! Hearing the sounds of activity, in the world outside, the buds quietly and shyly peep from their brown encasements, and seeing the magic all over, happily burst

chirp and play with no thought of the future, while the ants labor all day long to prepare for adversity.

In the far north where the sun is usually frugal with his golden treasure, he suddenly goes into a reckless mood and pours out his riches from early morn until midnight. A nature keeping time with the new luxury, displays her most magnificent colors on the horizon. The pale forgotten moon looks on the glorious scene with disillusion, however, in the distant lands of perpetual summer, her lowly highness reigns supreme over the cloudless skies and blue lagoons. The sweet scented tropical flowers burn incense to her shining beauty, and as the samogaita and champaca odors bathe the night, while a love song drifts through the moonbeams, we exclaim like Shelley in the midst of moonlight magic — "I die, I faint, I fail!"

*(Music starts and at the end of the duet, the narration continues.)*

Like a song, summer gradually fades away, but not before it has displayed

## Story by MILAGROS UNGELLO Faculty Member College of Pharmacy

dreary days of winter seem remote and far away.

*(Happy dance starts — narration goes on.)*

## IV.—WINTER

The world is now quiet and sad, and mother earth grieved by the loss of her happy children, covers herself with a cold mantle of ice and snow, to forget and sleep over her deep sorrow. But, in the hearts of men there is rejoicing, because one wintry night nearly two thousand years ago, an angel from heaven brought the glad tidings that the Son of God would be born of a Virgin to save the world from sin. Men can now triumph over the forces of evil and regain para-

In DANCE and MUSIC, The College of Pharmacy presented

# The Interpretation of the Four Seasons of the Year

into bloom, covering the whole countryside with fragrance and myriads of color. The apple trees stand like snowy brides in their wedding array, and the cherry blossoms and wild flowers on the broad meadows and hillsides, complete the bridal ensemble with their delicate hues, like the happy bridesmaids around the bride. The lilies in their dazzling purity, concerned not with worldly happiness, raise their heads heavenward like the gentle virgins who dedicate their lives to worship and adore the Man who gave Life Eternal through his resurrection on the first Easter morn. Ah! life is sweet and God is good to give us the beauty of His creations to see and enjoy, while the music from the songs of birds, the bubbling of the brooks, the rustling of leaves in the breeze, the laughter of happy people blend harmoniously into a symphony, that would make the heart soar like the skylark at dawn, as it pours forth its canticles of praise and thanksgiving to its creator. As birds sing and poets write verses to express their delight in the beauties of spring, fairies and maidens dance to the accompanying music of the swirling, dancing waters of the Blue Danube.

*(Music immediately starts and Dance begins. Then dance ends, narration continues.)*

Like the child that has blossomed into a young maiden, spring passes on to summer.

## II.—SUMMER

As the days lengthen, and the skies turn bluer and the air balmy, nature basks in warm sunshine, heightening the colors of the flowers, and deepening the green of the grass. Meanwhile, the bees capture the gold of the sunbeams and steal the food of the gods; (nectar) from multicolored flowers. The grasshoppers

its riches in the luxuriant foliage of God's noble creation — trees, silent and lofty like sentinels of the earth's hidden jewels, content with the changing beauty of the sunrise and sunset, graceful like ballet dancers as they bend and flutter in the wind.

*(Music and dance start and the narration continues after they end.)*

The fruits of summer have ripened and the season of harvest has come.

## III.—AUTUMN

Nature has reached the peak of her activities and looks back with pride at her numerous accomplishments, musing gladly over the wealth that she has gathered from the generous earth, the grapes ripening on the vine, the trees heavy with fruit, the fields golden with grain, the pastures alive with contented sounds. And then the realization that soon she would lose all this bounty as she would depart like Proserpina from the face of the earth, changes her aspect from sobriety and decorum to recklessness and extravagance. She plucks the gold leaves from the trees and scatters them with abandon over hill and dale. She burns her possessions and takes delight when the whole countryside is aflame with brilliant colors of orange, gold and copper. She drives away her precious songbirds, and scares the shy creatures from the woodlands. When she has divested herself of almost everything, and stands naked in the cold, the snows fall gently over her to cover and erase the ugly scars of her dissipation.

Meanwhile, the pygmies on the hills making the most of the last warm days of fall, make merry by the campfire, putting into music, dance and song, their estimate of life for life, making the blood run like sparkling wine, and the cold,

dise of eternal bliss. The joyous feeling is all over the land, and homes blossom out with holly and bright red berries; Christmas trees sparkle with silver stars and multicolored lights, while out in the snow the pines and firs stand in regal grandeur adorned with frosty diamonds glinting in the sunlight, transforming the landscape into a fairyland. Sleigh bells

# SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER

tinkle merrily as Santa Claus drives his reindeers across the wintry skies to bring gladness into the hearts of millions of homes. In the stillness of the night soft voices drift gently like snowflakes from heaven, singing the story of that wondrous night when the holy infant was born in the manger, adored by kings and humble shepherds alike.

*(The singing of Christmas carols — and then the narration continues.)*

As the last sounds of Christmas die away, the cold north wind cruelly blows into oblivion the farewell song of the dying year, recounting the past joys and sorrows, success and disappointments, the beauty and ugliness of reality, and the unending struggle of life against time. But as night is followed by day, and winter by spring, the death of the old year is forgotten by the birth of a new one; a new year that brings promises of high hopes and great expectations and perhaps a richer and more beautiful life for each of us.

THE END

# The Seasons

## Interpreted



SPRING . . .

"Blue Danube"



SUMMER . . .

"Trees"



AUTUMN . . .

"Hungarian Dance"



WINTER . . .

"Oh Holy Night"

*In The Pharmacy*

*Junior - Senior Prom*

**NEW!**

**NEW!**

**NEW!**

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