

D 55

# The Carolinian

"Tie a ribbon  
around my own  
December. The frightened  
shadows of the zodiacs  
are bursting with  
peace. My God, blind  
me with the massive  
sinews of your  
mercy—cry now, cry  
The Christmas Tear".

THE CHRISTMAS TEAR  
by VICENTE RANUDO, JR.



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Christmas Issue

It is a welcome fact that we celebrate Christmas in December. More particularly do we find pleasure in celebrating it six days before the start of each year. In addition to pleasure, we might say, its celebration is very convenient for those who find in each turn of the year a time for making amends and resolutions, no matter how short-lived.

Usually, people try to behave well during the Yuletide season; of course we should not be construed to be meaning that people do not at all try to behave well before or after the season. The fact that the season kindles in the hearts of men the spirit and will to do good cannot be gainsaid. It is a time when people would want to see others happy and full of goodwill.

There are indeed some who really mean their business when they try to make amendments to their souped-up lives... so that by the time the year pivots on a new day, at least they will have started it with a mind to do good, no matter how short-lived the deter-



mination. The celebration of Christmas on the 25th of December is therefore very convenient for those who really try to bless themselves by starting to live a good life at least on the day the New Year starts.

But this habit of "reforming," at the start of each year is but a matter that should be placed in or relegated to the nooks of superstition. Just like the Chinese custom of driving away the "evil spirits" by noise and firecrackers during the New Year, the belief that one must do good on the very first day of the year so that the chances of one's falling into misfortune during the year are minimized, is of course untenable.

Faith in God, love of God, and prayer to God are all what is needed... at least, basically, of one to do... if he must desire to live happily in any kind of year. In all truth, the celebration of the birth of Our Lord on the twenty-fifth of December is only our manifestation, our expression of cognizance to Him, Our Redeemer,

... it is only a reminder that God deliberately made Himself Man, centuries ago, to give man a chance to see heaven; that He did it in order to open our eyes to the fact that no act of goodness or sacrifice, no amount of worship on our part could have been enough to atone for us when we sinned against God; that we needed a Divine Being to ask, in behalf of mankind, pardon from the Divine Being Whom we sinned against.

What did Jesus Christ, therefore, want us to do? By His humble birth in a manger, by His coming into this world as Man, by His Sermon on the Mount, by His crucifixion... what did He want us to do? Aside from atonement for our sins, He wanted us to know God, to love and serve Him well while on earth. He wanted us to do these things because a passport to Heaven and Eternal Happiness is impossible for any human being to have unless these things be complied with.

Now what has man done so far? What have YOU done? Were you able to know God in the sense that Jesus wanted you to know? Do you know enough of God that would entitle you to a passport to Eternal Glory? Secondly, did you love God in a manner Jesus wanted you to do? Wasn't that love just as fake as any other human love you pretended to give to another? Wasn't that love just as temporary as the love you gave to your wife whom you divorced? Do you not remember the time when you saw a pretty girl across the street and, without knowing her, swore to yourself that you could love her forever... do you know how silly that kind of love would have been had that girl turned out to be your brother's wife? And the oath you did swear to that pretty girl... was it essentially similar to the bogus act of contrition you once made before a priest? Did you not blasphemy God by loving Him with your head instead of your heart? Did you not receive His Sermon on the Mount with your right aricle but allow it to pass through your left ventricle? Did you not receive Holy Communion during a Sunday mass and see a Class C movie the afternoon after? In other words, were you ever sincere to Him? Thirdly, how did you serve Him? And did you serve Him well... in the sense that Jesus would have you serve Him?

It is by asking yourself these questions day in and day out and living up to the canons of the Church that would entitle you the passport promised you by Jesus. Knowing God, loving Him and serving Him fully well on this world are the things that would really matter between now and then. The celebration of Christmas then, becomes only a matter of reassurance that the passport is there and free for the taking... you only have to behave well in the performance of the three fundamental duties required of you by Christ and, even if you are a rich man, the passing through the needle's eye would be easy and effortless.

## OUR COVER



The portrait of the Madonna and the Child crosses the path of every striving and accomplished artist alike. It has not become a barrier to more glorious works of art, but then, a jeweler cannot help fondling a rare jewel, nor can a man of high spirits resist the challenge of unclimbed mountains.

Since the Madonna and the Child had never posed for any painting, there is, therefore, a wide variety of interpretations. The effect that most artists strive for is the sacredness of both Holy Persons... and that is about as easy as, say, walking on water. Since there is no real object to judge it from, paintings of this kind, are, therefore, acclaimed according to the opinion of experts... if the opinion of experts are to be entirely relied upon in such cases.

The particular portrait was done by ADOLFO CABALO, one of our Associate Editors. Cabalo rose to public notice during the Marian Congress when, among the different architectural students of the different schools, his design was accepted and he saw it stand before the Capitol building. His winning design was a glowing letter, M.

We make no claim to whatever merit is due his own interpretation of the Madonna and the Child... except, perhaps, that it is the work of a talented and acclaimed young artist.

Few in the islands can match Cabalo's subtle artistry with the etching pen. But what makes one marvel is the way a conception of an image is born in him. For whatever escapes the eyes of a writer, is always caught in the miracle of his hands.

— ranudo, Jr.

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## They Say . . .

that the mythical Diogenes was looking in vain, lamp in hand, for an honest politician. But if Diogenes were alive today, he could have found the great exception from the ordinary run of politicians. This is one man who had always looked upon public offices as a public trust; who had religiously complied with his duties in all the offices he had held; who was equally at home as a leader and as a follower; whose one great pride is his honesty and integrity.

I like to think that our Alma Mater had something to do with the sterling qualities of this man who had in his brilliant career served in all the three branches of our government—legislative (because he had served as Representative of the second district of Cebu), executive (because he had been provincial governor of this province, Cabinet secretary and board member), and judicial, (because he was once a judge of the Court of First Instance) in Negros.

Although his hair has turned to silver, he has the zeal and vigor of a teen-ager—when it comes to service for God and Country.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am proud to present our Guest Speaker, one of our most distinguished alumni for all time, the Hon. Secretary of National Defense, Hon. Sotero B. Carabug.

Atty. MARIO ORTIZ  
President  
USC Alumni Association

should condemn you for taxing their patience with such a poor speaker as I am, you would still reap the thanks of at least one person—me.

My friends: Alumni gatherings like this are always pleasant. Memories are exchanged, jokes are retold until boredom, friendships are renewed, and years long past are relived and remembered. Even the most insignificant details of a mischievous incident are called back to mind. Informality dominates the occasion, so that one poet—composing a verse on an event like this—referred to his former classmates as "the boys", despite the fact that they, like him, were all in their late sixties and were occupying positions of honor and responsibility in society.

I beg your permission, therefore, to speak in an informal manner, devoid of the stiff-necked formality and

worked under President Osmeña before jestingly baptizing a certain General, "General I" because of his propensity to saturate his talk and writings with the first person singular pronoun.

If I follow his peculiar pattern now, it is not because I think that I have equaled the magnitude of his stature and fame, but rather because one cannot indulge in reminiscing without extensively using the pronoun alluded to.

If I may be allowed a digression I would like to relate to you a memory which I fondly keep because it has had a far-reaching effect on my life. At the start of this century, I was an *interno* in that old Colegio-Seminario de San Carlos on Martires Street. Our academic schedule at that time was indeed tight and rigid. I remember that it was the one study period after another. And,

# "SAN CARLOS"

Reverend Fathers and

Colleagues:

LET MY FIRST words on this occasion be sincere greetings to all of you, fellow alumni, and fervent prayers for the continued success of the present administrators of the affairs of the University of San Carlos: the Reverend Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word.

I am indeed happy and proud to be here with you tonight, to participate in this year's reunion of former students of this venerable educational institution where I also spent many memorable years trying to gather knowledge.

Atty. Mario Ortiz, our incumbent President, should either be thanked or condemned for having chosen me as tonight's guest speaker. If I deliver a good speech thank him. If I make a poor speech, as I am afraid I might, then condemn him for a poor choice. At any rate, Mario, I should thank you for having bestowed upon me this honor. So that, even if our other colleagues



USC Alumni Homecoming Banquet held at the spacious library hall. From left to right: Very Rev. Fr. M. Koadring, Defense Secretary Cabahug, His Excellency, Mons. Rosales, Mons. Epifanio Surban, bishop-elect of Dumaguete City and Attorney Mario Ortiz, toastmaster.

protocol that ordinarily controls my present position. And in granting me this permission, I pray you not to dub me "Secretary I", as we who

the Paules Fathers would, on one Thursday every month, bring us over to a country house, for a change of atmosphere intended to



The distinguished guests, together with Very Rev. H. Koudring, USC Rector. At far left is Mr. Bernard Lavin, head of the USIS Cebu branch and Justice Fortunato Borromeo.

# ALL HAIL!"...

by

The Honorable Sotero B. Cabahug  
Secretary of National Defense

prevent us from going insane from memorizing every single page of our textbooks, as we were required to do then.

This country house was in Mabolo, where the present Pepsi-Cola Plant stands. I am, as you know, from Mandawe, just a few kilometers north of that country house.

All *internos* are hungry most of the time. You who were also *internos* during your student days will bear me out on that. On one occasion, while we were in that country house, I felt so hungry for my mother's *bibingkang initlogan* that I was led to do something desperate. With one other equally hungry but nonetheless intrepid *compañero*, I scaled the high wall, tramped through the surrounding swamps, and an hour later we were in my home happily eating *bibing-*

*ka* and *masareal* for which Mandawe is famous.

We returned to the *casa de campo* that same afternoon, on time to join the other *internos* in the hike back to the College on Martires Street. At the beginning, I believed that our escapade was not discovered because no one questioned us about our absence from the country house. We got back to the college and I was starting to feel smug and safe. But when we were in the study hall that night, the Father Inspector shot a sudden question at me.

"Cabahug," he asked in a tone that did not allow me to hedge, "where were you the whole day today?"

Truth came easily to my mind

and I answered that I went home to Mandawe. When asked why, I replied that I went home to eat *bibingka*, *tagaktak*, and *masareal*. Moreover, I stated that another purpose was to see my father and kiss his hand as I had not seen him for a long time because he never came with my mother to visit me at school.

My alibi could not prevent the imposition of the penalty of three months *sin visita*, or isolation. But I was not expelled. The good Father Inspector, after consulting my case with the Father Rector, declared that if my sole purpose in going home was pure gluttony, I would have been thrown out. But since my motive was filial love, I got off on the light penalty above-mentioned.

It would not be possible for me to deny that my purpose in my escapade was to fill my empty stomach. And yet, in answering the Father Inspector, I did not deviate from the truth. I did not lie nor prevaricate. I merely augmented the truth with another truth.

This incident, as I have said, has had a lasting effect on my life. In later years, when I was faced with similar problems, I never abandoned the truth, but neither did I neglect to consider all other related truthful facts. The formula I stumbled upon while I was a student still holds good up to this day. As a matter of fact, it saved my life during the Japanese Occupation. Captured by the enemy and asked if I was helping the resistance movement, I truthfully answered yes, but added that I gave supplies of rice and corn to the guerrillas because they came to me with guns and bolos. Of course, the guns and bolos were not part of the question, but it was another truth injected into the matter, and this saved me from possible death or bodily harm. The Japanese were not smart enough to question me further if I was forced to give rice and corn at the point of the guns and bolos, because if they did, the truthful answer would have been in the negative.

On many occasions, my formula of sticking to the truth and aug-

(Continued on page 40)

by  
BUDDY QUITORIO

# FINGER

## MOVING

### THE

*the moving finger... in this whirlwindy age of gina !O! Obrigida and mari!yn mOnrOe... is a really busy finger, being frequently used to drop coins into slot machines, press selection buttons on jukeboxes, pick the teeth, get finger-printed, and some such thing or other.*  
*about the eighteenth century (how time flies), a verse-happy yokel called omar khayyam (no relation to omar bradley or elia kazan) once said that the moving finger writes... so, my gentle readers, i sit me down to write.*

#### all quiet on the faculty front

now that our critics' tempers have gone down the ladder, this issue has all that it takes to be a dull drab number. our english reproof-essors, deciding to end all track with grammatical incorigibles like us, have finally delivered the coup de grace to what we had hoped would be a flourishing swap of communications. the spirit of yuletide must have compelled the moratorium, i guess. the absence of faculty mails isn't good for the nerves, though. we feel about as lonely and abandoned as a kraal of negritoes in times square.

well, we just had no "fan mail" this month. i almost got to writing myself one. you know, popular guy stuff like that. the ed did not warm to the idea. he said it would be ersatz hero-worship so

we must of been a pretty sight. tom and nene (ranudo) were bent over typewriters, dick hovered over a drawing board, sam's spine was arched over unedited news, joe was bent over another under-wood and i... well... just bent!

father jascchik surveyed the spectacle before him. as if to sum up the picture that we presented to him, he said: "i was about to call the police."

we certainly miss father joseph. thinking about him makes us think of that silent tribe of carolinian workhorses which never stops working even long after deadline.

#### from a flunker: confidential

"there's no sense to removals. take my case.

two weeks before R-D, the 'rushes' were posted on the bulletin boards

he nixed me on that-a-one. well, i said, what's the use?

oh, there were a lot more ideas which dropped calling cards into my thinking cabin but let me write about...

the time the staffers were working on the first issue of this mat. we started the grind along about eight o'clock, post-meridian. by twelve and with jpr leading the drive, we had demolished two bucks' worth of pansit and siopao (k'tesy of tom). by two hours past cinderella time, a man in white night garb peeped through tom's window and so surprised us all that we couldn't say anything for approximately 1 minute and 2.3684 seconds. our visitor was fr. joseph jascchik. he told us about strange sounds he was hearing downstairs. that was why he decided to investigate.

so i copied the schedules when no dame was looking at me. well, i had the sked all down pat. i rilled through the same book i used the previous term. i was confident that i would breeze through the

formality of removals. so., at the appointed hour, i whistled into the room. suddenly, i realized the exam was not chicken feed. what burned me up was the fact that the removals were a lot harder than the finals. naturally, i got a big, fat 5.

"we flunkers just haven't any chances at all..."

\* \* \*

about the campus is a guy who'd like to have his name appear in print as a writer but who does not try to write. as early as september, first semester, he made no bones about his desire to write an article for the carolinian. i fell in love with the guy so i told him to write.

last week, tommy got visited by the same guy... armed this time... not with articles... but with a set of interrogations. this bambino certainly wanted... ah nertz, you'd better read ile's caroliniana for the lowdown.

\* \* \*

#### infamous last words

- sir, i want to drop religion because it is complex with another subject
- change of subject closed; dropping continues
- never take a woman at face value. she is often expensive when rated that way.

i was thinking i'd have a lot of trips for this coo-lum. what with christmas and new year and all that. but honest in-jun, i can't think up anything... my upstairs department is so empty there isn't anything else for me to say except to wish us all a happy new year after a merry x'mas.

\* \* \*

and so it comes to pass that i stand me up to vamoose...

**M**Y FRIEND HELEN is what some people might call a social butterfly. A rabid party-goer, she never turns down an invitation to a party or jam session, or some such thing like that. No sir, not Helen. Always "on the go," she is never missing at social gatherings, and a party is never complete without her in it. So when I heard her say the other day that she simply couldn't make it to a Saturday-night dance, I was completely nonplused.

"Not going!" I exclaimed. "Why, what's the matter? You sick or something?"

"Don't be silly," she retorted, shrugging away the half-credulous look on my face. "It's just that I've been to so many social sprees lately I've forgotten how it feels to

home to soothe our keyed-up nerves somewhat. Then, again, it may be that we've got some studying to do for that exam tomorrow; or, what is even more likely is that we have nothing to do whatsoever except that we have come to a point where we are just plain bored of other people's company.

But however varied the reasons may be the fact is that we, even in our gregariousness, have always experienced that desire to seek solace and comfort in solitude. This is because solitude is "that sole condition in life which gives full play to that feeling of exclusive self-importance which every man has in his own eyes, as if he were the only person in the world!" Thus, it always gives a profound



THE AUTHOR

# SOLITUDE

# and YOU

by

LEDINILA AMIGABLE

spend an evening all by myself, constant going around with people can be boring at times, you know. One has got to be away from people once in a while, to be alone every now and then."

Knowing Helen as I do, I can't quite swallow that one. She, of all people, talking like that! She, who would never miss a jam session or any of the school social affairs for all the exams there are in the world! Trying to act sophisticated, eh? I said to myself. But then, who knows? Perhaps she was serious about what she said. Perhaps she really meant it. We know why she felt the way she did. We have felt that way ourselves.

The wish to be alone. The impulse to get away from people... away from the "maddening crowd" of the world's humanity. The desire to have a few tranquil hours all to oneself. All these arise out of a feeling which each one of us has experienced at one time or another. It happens when things don't go along so smoothly as usual, when our spirits seem hopelessly out of tune with everything else around us, and we feel as if our little world is crumbling beneath our feet. Or, it may be that coming home from school or from the office we are so "doggone" tired that our muscles ache all over. Then we eagerly look forward to a quiet evening at

tranquility of soul to the many who seek it.

"The first concrete thing likely to result from being alone," observed Charles Ferguson, "is the discovery that you are doing something you have always wanted to do." This you can never do when you are constantly with other people. But when you're alone, what a difference! Almost before you know it, you find you are now actually pouring over that mystery-thriller you've put off two years before; or actually scribbling that letter to a friend you haven't heard from for so long; or actually writing that poem you've been itching to write but never got around to it. And because you become totally absorbed in what you like and enjoy doing, you lose track of time; you lose track of your worries, too!

But far more important than the

feeling of solace and comfort and the sense of relief which solitude can give is the opportunity it affords us to be ourselves, to be what we really are. "The will to be yourself comes quite naturally," to quote Charles Ferguson again. Indeed, when you are alone, you can not help shaking off the shackles of inhibitions and be your real self. You can not help seeing your faults... and good points, as well... in their true light. It can be quite a pleasant experience to discover that what you really are is a world apart from what you think you are, or what people think you are.

The latter is merely your shadow. What you are when no one is around... this is the real you. And nowhere can you experience "the real you" save in solitude.

However, solitude gives you the  
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## Short Story



# THE Green Parrot

MARIO was running a high fever. He was sweating profusely. He had been in bed for weeks now. The village *herbolario* had given up. "The evil spirit could not be appeased", he said dryly.

"Please, Mano Dikoy, save my only son. We have still pigs and goats and chickens to appease the anitos. *Intawon, Mano Dikoy*", begged Iya Sela.

Mano Dikoy was known far and wide for his incantation. (It was said that his occult knowledge was handed to him from his great-grandfather who lived to the ripe old age of one hundred fifty). The village folks had faith in him. The *engkantos* living in a giant dakit tree overlooking the village well bowed low before his power. Rumors had it, too, that Mano Dikoy fought and killed a *capri*. The news of his feat spread like *cogon* fire to distant villages.

"Inay, Inay", gasped Mario laboriously. His face was pale and thin.

Iya Sela could hold her tears no longer. There was anxiety written

all over her face. The all-consuming fear of losing her only son gripped her heart like a vise. "Diyos ko have mercy on us," sighed Iya Sela. She knelt down before an old crucifix and closed her eyes in deep soulful prayer.

Mano Dikoy felt the pulse of the child: it was weak and slow and irregular. Death would come anytime he divined. Then his lips uttered some unintelligible Latin. Mario stirred in bed. Mano Dikoy felt confident. His Latin had never failed him before—and it would not fail him now.

"Sela I got it!" said Mano Dikoy in a low voice just above a whisper. Nevertheless, Iya Sela heard it, and in no time found herself beside her son's sickbed.

"Is that so, Mano Dikoy? And—What is it?" Her face brightened up and a faint glow of happiness showed in her eyes.

"The green parrot must be the cause of his illness. I know it—I know it," he said with confidence ringing in his voice.

"Then do something, Mano Dikoy: I would promise you my only carabao if you could save my child. Please... please!" She broke into a sob. Hysterical.

Iya Sela remembered the time when Mario, together with a group of boys of his age, went into the forest to hunt birds. She saw them off with sling shots hanging mischievously on their necks. When they returned from their hunting trip, she saw Mario fondling a bird—it was a green parrot. Mario built a cage and put the bird in it. Mario treasured it more than anything else in his little world. For him, the parrot was a symbol of peace and love and contentment. His happiness over his feathered friend knew no bounds.

Mario taught the bird how to talk. After a year the bird spoke better than a child of four.

There was even a Macabebe peddler who offered a sharkskin terno for the talking bird—but Mario politely declined the offer, not even for all the gold in the world, so it seemed.

by  
LINA BACORTA

"The parrot should be set free if you want your son to live to manhood", said Mano Dikoy. "The green parrot was the pet of an *engkanto* who is living in *barrio Puti* seven hills away. Your erring son has been the object of his anger. Let us take no chances—the parrot should be set out."

"But... but..." the words melted in her throat. Iya Sela was positive that the release of the green parrot would only send her son earlier to his grave.

(Continued on page 36)



"ELMER!" Bella's eyebrow ached, showing hilarious surprise. She strode to the door and embraced her brother.

"I know it was you. I heard the old thunder of your jeepney." He pushed her gently and gazed down at her face. Bella was pretty at seventeen.

"Bel, I'm beginning to suspect you can smell me kilometers away. What are you doing out of school?"

"It's Christmas vacation already," she protested.

Elmer could always be pleasant and funny. Now he talked and he was more than funny—with his grease-spotted jacket.

"Mer, I was worried. Where did you go?" Elmer's sole dream was to earn money and to send Bella to College. But it was quite a while before graduation and his old jeepney could not last long. Could he earn enough to send Bella to college?

"Mr. Elmer Campos." If you think you can disgrace yourself like that and yet away with it, you are wrong! Walking out with that ugly hole on the back of your shirt. Imagine!

She was right, regarded Elmer. With her hands akimbo, her chin up and looking sternly at him... she's sweet, thought Elmer.

"But Sister," protested Elmer, "This shirt is clean. Besides, what does it matter to a mere jeepney driver?"

"Don't let me hear anymore of that. Take that shirt off while I look for a thread and needle."

Elmer could not suppress his amusement. She was gone only a minute. While Elmer paced impatiently, Bella was engrossed in mending his shirt. Then she tossed up her head. "Mer, what about your ambition?"

"What ambition?"

"To be a doctor."

"Whoever put that into your head, you don't think your brother is that whimsical do you?"

"But you said so yourself!"

"I did not." He clicked his finger in perfect imitation of Costello's latest silly prose.

"You once told mother." She smiled at his face.

He remembered. Christmas eve, five years ago. They were so happy then. Telling each other's secret dream. Father and Mother's dream was to build a chalet for him and Bella. Ramon was going to be a surgeon someday. All were happy when little Bella came and

told them her dream. She was going to be a great congresswoman someday and they all laughed together.

But that was their last Christmas together. When the Americans landed, the Japanese did not give them anymore Christmases together. Now that both his father and mother were gone, he had to work to send Bella to school. They were left with some property but the bank confiscated everything except a small lot that Elmer sold to buy a jeepney. They lived with an uncle. Elmer sent her to a Catholic school. That was what his mother wanted. It took patience and sweat to earn for her. There were books, uniforms and other expenses. But Elmer was happy because she did pretty well in school. She topped

her class, but she could not be the valedictorian. Lack of residence, they said. So Elmer had to sacrifice to send her to college.

"Look Sis, look what I have, twenty pesos! With this, I'll buy you a graduation gift". She was Mama's pet and in times like this, she would have all what she likes.

"If Pa and Ma were with us, I would not take your money. Because... because I would have refused to look at the tears on her face."

"What's the name of your club? Sister Mary told me you are the vice-president."

Bella cried and said, they are dead! Elmer just stared at her with pity and Bella was first to speak.

I do not wish for a dainty dress.

(Continued on page 49)

# Windfall



## Short Story

by BELLIE DOLALAS



# The Lesson of the Straw

What men seek is happiness. Some seek it in hoarding up the treasures of earth, which they must cast aside when they are to pass beyond. Some seek in the esteem and applause of their fellow men an honor which vanishes as mist before the sun. Some think that they will find it in a life of bodily comfort, in innocent enjoyment, or in harmful pleasures. Yet all that they seek is happiness. Earthly riches, worldly honors, bodily pleasures — these three form the pearl of worldliness.

Do we wish to test the pearl which the world offers us, let us go to the expert — to the God who created riches, to the God who put honors within our reach, to the God who made pleasures possible. We have the answer in the manger of straw. At His very entrance into the world He casts riches and

honors and pleasures to the winds. He could have had the riches of the world, the comforts and the honors of the palace of the king. He preferred the manger of straw. If we seriously seek Christ in this life, we will look for Him not in the abodes of worldliness, but rather in the obscurity of Bethlehem.

Is Joseph happy in the stable of Bethlehem? How can he be? He has not riches, honors, pleasures. But if we go to St. Joseph and talk it over with him, we will get the answer. — Is Mary happy in the stable? How can she be? She has not wealth, or comforts, or high esteem. But let us ask our heavenly mother Mary and get her verdict. — Is that Infant in the straw happy? Oh, He is happy, happy with the happiness of God.

• Rev. M. RICHARTZ, S.V.D.

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*Echivarre*  
*Ranudo, Jr.*  
*Quitorio*

★ ★ TRIOT ★ ★

## *The Knight of the Round . . .*

My jersey was green and my pants trimmed with gold  
I was a member of a team that was bold.  
The house was full and the heat was worst  
Ten thousand lungs were ready to burst.  
I sat on a bench that was "seemingly cold  
With my eyes fixed on ten players bold.  
Six other players beside me were good  
For all of them sweat . . . dampening the wood.

The game was in progress and shouts rend the air  
A championship duel was one that was rare.  
Hecklers were heckling at referees blowing,  
All of them watching the cagers a-caging.

Restless was I and so was my Pa,  
I bit on my nails so did my Ma.  
I wanted to be on the game that was close,  
I wanted to jump, shoot and pose.

I wanted to go  
Like a wildcat let loose,  
I wanted to do  
Tricks like "Tatum the Goose."

I wished for my Coach to beckon me in  
I could then twist, tumble and goof  
Like our skip who was tall and aloof  
Gee, I'd like to show off for her that was Helynn.

But shucks, stupid was Coach  
Who insisted to broach  
All his faith, all his love  
To six who're dainty as dove.

*(Continued on page 46)*

● ECHIVARRE ●

## *The Maiden of Malingin . . .*

Sunday is a day for courtin'  
Down in old, old Malingin  
'Tis the day when the young blades  
strut like peacocks  
And young maidens heart beat  
pluckity, pluckity, pluck

Now there goes Narciso Bacur, oh  
what a name!  
With a face that cause his Father's  
shame

Dark as the night and four feet four  
Feet wide as the ocean and smell galore  
And who could this be, coming down  
the street

Tall as a pole and face full of dirt  
Landsakes! If it isn't Cager Tiburcio  
With a dribble, a feint and how de do  
Hearthrob of Helynn (Helynn) oh,  
you know who

And where could Helynn be, the  
dear lass,

Gait of a hen and breath like gas  
Is she by the window, munching  
luscious, ripe onions?

Or brushing her teeth of gold  
bullaions?

There's a gentle rapping at  
the door

Oh, horror! Is it that Narciso Bacur?

Oh never, never, nevermore  
For what would Tiburcio say? What  
would my Tibur do?  
(Clap his hands and coo and coo?)

*(Continued on page 46)*

● RANUDO JR. ●

## *Narciso Bacur's Second Visit . . .*

the night before he swore and swore  
like some malign'd stevedore  
he cursed himself and banged his head  
he felt that he was better dead.

"why can't i be a little brave," he said  
as he recalled his date with helynn,  
"why should i always be afraid,  
when i am face to face with women?"

he wailed and sobbed and tossed in bed  
he dreamt of helynn as his bride  
but when his eyes he opened wide  
he found himself alone, indeed.

"drat it!" he shouted at long last  
"i must work now and must work fast  
for if my steps should ever falter  
i'd never bring her to the altar."

narciso b., well, there he was  
facing the part and pretty lass  
he wiped his face and blew his nose  
to let her know he would propose.

"dearest," he said with grieving face,  
"something's been nagging me for days!"  
and whilst he spoke these words with qualms,  
his face was buried in his palms.

"helynn, my queen, since first i saw you  
i loved you every moment of my life  
but this desire i couldn't say so,  
though i desired you as my wife."

*(Continued on page 46)*

● QUITORIO ●

**T**HE LEGEND according to which GALILEO, rising from his knees after renouncing the motion of the earth, stamped on the ground, and exclaimed, "EPPUR SI MUOVE" (and yet it moves) is an acknowledged fiction. No mention of this story can be found till more than a century after Galileo's death. Yet there can be no doubt that this word expresses what must have been his innermost conviction.

To understand clearly Galileo's trial and condemnation we must not consider Galileo's case from the 20th-century standpoint, but rather from the point of view of the time in which it happened.

**The Inquisition.** The great apostasy of the 16th century, the filtration of heresy into Catholic lands, and the progress of heretical teachings everywhere, prompted Pope Paul III to establish the "Sacra Congregatio Romanae et universalis Inquisitionis seu sancti officii", in 1542. This Congregation of the Holy Office, composed of six cardinals, is the supreme ecclesiastical body for safeguarding the purity of faith and morals. It also has charge of the ecclesiastical

ensorship of books. It places books that militate against faith or Christian morals, or which appear dangerous in other ways, upon the Index, that is, the list of forbidden books.

We moderns experience difficulty in understanding this institution, because we have lost sight of two facts. We have ceased to grasp religious belief as something objective, as the gift of God, and therefore outside the domain of free private judgment. And we no longer see in the Church a society perfect and sovereign, based on an authentic Revelation, whose most important duty must naturally be to retain undiluted this original deposit of faith. Before the religious revolution of the 16th century these views were common to all Christians; that orthodoxy should be maintained at any cost seemed self-evident.

The Inquisition, in its establishment and procedure, pertained not

by

Rev. M. RICHARTZ, S.V.D.

to the sphere of belief, but to that of discipline. The dogmatic teaching of the Church is in no way affected by the question as to whether the Inquisition was justified in its scope, or wise in its methods, or extreme in its practice. The decisions of the Holy Office are not infallible, because in the decisions of a congregation, even when confirmed by the pope, there is no question of a doctrinal pronouncement of the supreme shepherd and teacher of the Church, which binds all the faithful in conscience. It is historically certain that the Congregation of the Inquisition has in the course of its history often made mistakes. And there is no doubt that Galileo was prosecuted by the Roman Inquisition on account of his astronomical teachings. This was a deplorable mistake made by persons in ecclesiastical authority, who endeavored to make a Church tribunal the judge of scientific truth,



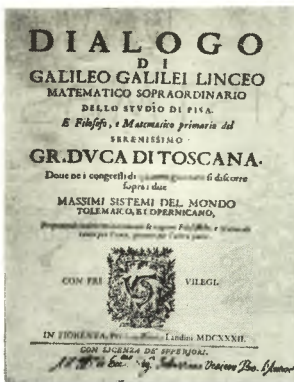
The blind Galileo with his pupils Torricelli and Viviani in Arcetri. In the background the censor watching their conversation.

"And Yet.."

a function altogether alien to its character.

**The New Science.** What was the new science that brought Galileo before the tribunal of the Inquisition? We have to realize that during Galileo's time the Aristotelian view of the Universe was taught as the unique and sole truth. But it is not as you may often read that the theologians only did teach in the Aristotelian sense; no, the non-religious sciences too, medicine, mathematics, astronomy, physics, and chemistry, were taught after Aristotle by laymen; among them Galileo himself taught "this doctrine at the University at Padua for more than a decade.

Galileo's new science was mainly based on his observations with the telescope. His discoveries revealed the planets as finite, physical bodies, full of detail and "corruption" like the earth. He was able to trace, in about every part of the lunar disc, ranges of



Title-page of Galileo's Dialogue which resulted in his condemnation.

## It Moves...

mountains, deep hollows, and other inequalities. According to Aristotle, the moon was perfectly spherical and absolutely smooth; to cover it with mountains, and to dig valleys into it, was an act of impiety which defaced the regular form which Nature herself had imprinted. Further telescopic observations — the satellites of the planet Jupiter, the phases of the planet Venus, and especially the sun-spots — these facts took the heart out of the old idea of incorruptible heavenly bodies. What Galileo saw through his telescopes convinced him of the truth of Copernicus' view that the earth rotates on its axis and revolves around the sun. This new doctrine made of the earth a tiny star, this earth which is the home of the human race, the home of God's images; this earth upon which our Savior walked; this earth, created for the king of creation. Our earth being an unimportant star at a remote corner of the Universe, revolving around an other brighter star — unbelievable, unimaginable,

being against our daily impression.

The deep-rooted idea of the Aristotelian-Ptolemaean world could not be rooted out over night. Mind has its inertia as well as matter. Its progress to truth can only be insured by the gradual and patient removal of the difficulties which embrace it. James J. Walsh, in his book "The Popes and Science", shows that there are many incidents of opposition to the progress of science on the part of scientists because of their conservatism. "There has scarcely ever been a really important advance made in science which has not met with such bitter opposition on the part of the men who were most prominent in the science concerned, as to make things very uncomfortable for the discoverer. On many occasions this opposition has taken on the character of real persecution."

This very natural conservative mood of scientists is well illustrated in a letter which Galileo wrote to Kepler about the reception that his

(Continued on page 37)

## Physics In USC

The great scientific advance in recent decades has brought about a considerable metamorphosis in man's habits of living. The material prosperity and the personal comforts, the structure of society and the way men think rest upon the development of our science. These changes for the better have been due very largely to advances in the physical science. Physics is the basis of progress in industry, in agriculture, and in health. The physicist provides the tools for the chemist, engineer, biologist, and others. Outstanding Filipino physicists are the leaders to national prosperity.

The University of San Carlos is proud of contributing to the education of scientific experts. Two Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, onetime professors of physics at the Catholic University of Peking, China, are teaching physics at USC. In their teaching, the experimental viewpoint is strongly stressed. The student should not only "know" physics, but should become acquainted with its methods and techniques. Classroom instruction is always accompanied by suitable demonstrations. Laboratory work has its particular feature. In the laboratory of General Physics the students work in groups of two or three, but they are obliged to perform each experiment individually, and to write individual reports of every experiment performed. Practical oral examinations about the laboratory problems and the handling of instruments are given at the midterm and at the end of the semester.

In the academic school year 1955-56 about 400 students enrolled in General Physics. Recently the Bureau of Private Schools laid more emphasis on the study of physics in several departments. This resulted in an increased number of students in that course so that more rooms and instruments were needed for laboratory work. Physical apparatuses are constantly arriving from abroad, especially from the United States and Germany.

(Continued on page 37)

# Two Ladies . . . Two Views . . . ON CHRISTMAS

by  
A. RATCLIFFE



by  
ALICE CURADA

IF THERE ever was a man who showed such a pitiful picture of utter wretchedness and despair, that man was Peter as he lay abandoned in a dimly-lighted room that was, more than anything else, a confusion of empty bottles, cigarette butts and dirty clothes. The pinkish rays of the setting sun and the sweet evening breeze failed to bring the least trace of life and joy into the foul room and brought no comfort to Peter as he lay sweating, turning left and right as though to ward off the devils that strove to plague him even in his sleep. A moon would pass now and then over his parched, quivering lips. It was the twenty-fourth day of December. In his pitiable state of neglect, Peter had none of the happy, peaceful gaze of the Child Jesus Whose image was on the calendar hanging from the wall across him. His features had lost all semblance of tranquillity. His face, once his mother's pride, was contorted into such ugliness that only hatred for the world and his own self could have so disfigured him. Peter hated the world and despised himself with such maddening intensity that brought him no peace. His once-pampered hair and shiny smooth chin had long ceased to feel a loving master's touch. His clothes had seen better days and was now spattered here and there with a dull reddish color. His breath, smelling of liquor like the room, was short and laboured. Laying thus he suddenly arose with a start and with clenched teeth and fists struck the nearby wall while his bloodshot feverish eyes kept roving here and there till they finally rested on a small bottle labelled "Poison". With a devilish glint in his eyes, he staggered towards it and with great effort unscrewed its cap and drunk its contents. The force of the tempest which raged within him was of such magnitude that he had to abandon all reason and resort to one of the vilest of crimes: Suicide! In that dark hour, he covered, like a defeated animal, from the impending doom. His throat was burning and his breast seemed as though it would burst. As he felt his life ebbing away, he was seized by a sudden longing for the two persons he had loved but greatly wronged. What loving parents they had been to him! How happy and carefree he was when he had them by his side. But bad company and a perverted sense of pride had severed him from the sweet haven that

CHRISTMAS brings to the world its message of cheer, peace, and goodwill to men. It takes away from the human heart any blot of hatred, malice, and resentment, and inspires men to live together in the solid spirit of humility and harmony. It gives men a new hope for the brilliance of life to come and that men who happen to be endowed with power should strive to use it for charity and construction. For Christ had He ever wished it, could have employed His Divine Might to destroy His enemies who insulted, tortured, and crucified Him to death but He set Himself as a paragon of love and virtue. He thus gave substance to the saying that whoever is on the side of love is on the side of God. Surely, His sacrifice is now happiness. It is for us to understand what the meaning of His sacrifice.

Furthermore, Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. It is a season for exchanging gifts not only materials but also spiritual. It brightens the path of our lives so that we may be prepared to encounter the intricacies athwart our goal. On Christmas, we feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought closely together by dependence upon happiness it brings. Our thoughts are more ennobled; our friendly sympathies more aroused.

Yes, happiness is reflective, and every countenance brightens with smiles and glows with joy transmit to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. . . a benevolence which lifts the spirit to a state of elevated enjoyment.

Indeed, it is the season by lofty thoughts. . . the season for kindling not only Christmas candles but the genial flame of charity in the heart. Not until we believe that man lives to achieve virtue and honor through peace can we say that we know what Christmas truly means.†

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was his home. He remembered his mother's repeated pleadings to leave his evil friends. But he let his friends lure him on further and further into sin. How clearly he remembered the day when, in a height of ingratitude, he stole his father's earnings, then abandoned God and parents to follow his friends who

*(Continued on next page)*

## On Christmas

by A. RATCLIFFE

(Continued from preceding page)

liked him for his money. He lived a wild, indiscreet life until the time he found himself hungry and alone in a strange place. Yet, these things were as nothing compared to the pangs of conscience which were hardest to bear. The memory of his father whose early death he had caused and the mocking laughter of his so-called friends were like hammers pounding upon his throbbing head, hounding him day and night, giving him no rest.

He could always have gone home but to go through a thousand deaths would have been a lot easier than to face a mother's loving eyes. To him, at least, it was that way. Thinking of his mother now was torture. How right she was. But realization brought remorse that was too late. Then, in a vision of which dying persons are usually privileged to enjoy, he saw his mother walking falteringly with bowed head and loving hands folded in prayer being scoffed at and buffeted by men who lined along her way. But she bore it all with such self-effacing silence that the vision of his mother's misery wrung his heart. Peter's nature revolted at this ignominious treatment of his mother whom he loved more than life itself. How could they have dared lay their filthy hands on her? He longed to rush to her aid and shield her from the wickedness around her but the cold hands of death held him back and he felt himself falling farther from her. Like the soft moaning of the winds, he heard his mother's pitiful cry, "Peter, my son, come back, come back!" Her cry echoed and re-echoed in that vast void into which he seemed to be falling. With all his strength he struggled to free himself while he heard a voice saying "Too late, too late." No, it was not yet too late, he convinced himself. Though his strength was waning, still he struggled. Then, from afar, he heard somebody shout "Merry Christmas" which made his heart leap with joy. With great humility he prayed to the Child Jesus as he never had prayed till that hour to have his life restored to him as his Christmas gift. He vowed never again to fall into his sinful past but to spend his life serving his mother and making amends for all the wrongs he had done. His prayers and his vows were not felt unheard for with a joyful cry he broke loose. So sudden was his escape that he staggered and fell knocking his head on something. Opening his eyes, he beheld the glory of the morning sun shining on his face. He lay on the floor (having fallen from his bed) and gave thanks to the Lord that it had been all a dreadful dream and vowed that henceforth he'd live a better life. From his window, he viewed the world with a new philosophy and he was overcome with such freshness of life as he had not known for years. Never had the world looked so lovelier as here and there people passed in their most festive moods. Never had Peter felt so gay and light in spirit. Was it the season? Was it the thought of going home at last and seeing his mother after having been away for so long or was it because a new life had really been born in him again? Only one could have known the answer to that. The answer could have come only from the Child-Jesus with the knowing twinkle of his eyes.

## CEBU SCA IN THE LIMELIGHT

by ADDY SITOY

### Onward with the PATRIA

**T**HE PATRIA was conceived in prayer; its construction has begun and will end in prayer. For could there be a more beautiful conclusion than PRAYER?

The truth is that the PATRIA project does not have any reserved funds for its completion. Its realization as the reward of christian charity hinges upon the support it can get from you — from all of us. It stands as a challenge to more charitable hearts. Before it materializes, it will need more prayers to sustain it and charity will be the final touch that will effect its transition from a dream to a reality. It is a happy fact that in the face of great odds, the construction has not been hindered by want of money. Faith attends to its construction. And faith, which is said to move mountains, can certainly move the human heart. There are so many Catholic hearts willing to back the PATRIA to completion.

Day by day, donations from all over the globe are pouring into the SCA purse. Those who cannot give money give energy, physical labor in cooperation with Student Actionists. Proof: As of this writing, 24,088 tiles were finished by the AVHS Actionists led by faculty member Alejo Camasura.

At this writing, 30% of the first unit of the PATRIA building has already been constructed. (The PATRIA is divided into 3 units: the first unit is composed of the recreation section and administrative offices; the second, of restaurant, swimming pool, and tennis court; the third, of the library, auditorium, and dormitories.) By the time the Christmas issue of *The Carolinian* comes out, 80% of it will be finished. The PATRIA completion is set for February. It is not long to see then a recreational center for the youth — a youth which would otherwise be unguided and would stray into wrongful paths. And, at least, we can heave sighs of relief, thanking the present which thinks of the future, so that the future may not be a repetition of a gloomy and lamentable past. (For, more PATRIA news, see Pictorial Section).

### Asian Conference

The Asian Congress of the Lay Apostolate was held in Manila from December 3 to 8. Almost all Asian countries participated in that huge gathering of Asian Catholic Actionists. Cebu was represented by 10 delegates.

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**E**FFECTIVE learning resolves itself into the question of economy of time and effort in the mastery of material and the retention of what has been mastered. The rate of forgetting was investigated by Ebbinghaus, a German Psychologist, in connection with his experimental work of memory. He employed the learning of a series of meaningless syllables and sought to determine how the process of forgetting would proceed when left merely to the influence of time. The re-

learned before. Forgetting is made slower by overlearning, that is by a learning over and above that which is necessary to secure a correct reproduction. The rate of forgetting depends also upon the method of learning and memorizing, that is, upon the amount of effort expended. Review judiciously spaced constitutes a more superior method to concentrative learning; self-recitation is also better than merely reading the material. The rate of forgetting depends also

The best way to improve memory is to improve the methods of learning. The following rules, suggested by Hefner, may aid in improving the ability to remember:

1. Get the meaning of the material to be remembered. Be sure that you clearly understand which you want to recall. Think of the new ideas from every angle and try to apply them to practical situations.

2. Always study with the intent to remember. Failing in this is the cause for more forgetting. Occasionally, a student copies certain

# HOW TO STUDY EFFECTIVELY

by

ANDRES BIGORNIA

tion was determined by the time saved in relearning the series after periods of twenty minutes, one hour, one day, one month had elapsed. He found that 41.8% of the memorized material had been forgotten after twenty minutes, 55.8% after one hour, 66.3% after one day and 78.9% after one month. Other psychologists, some years later, experimented with meaningful materials and found that one third was forgotten in two days, one half in seven days, and three fourth in a month.

Thus it seems that much of what is learned is lost through forgetting. For some kinds of material and over a long period the loss is almost complete. At first the forgetting is rapid but afterwards becomes slower. It may also be stated as a general principle that forgetting varies in amount and degree with different individuals.

The rate of forgetting depends on the first place on the degree to which the material has been

upon the character of the materials to be learned. Where there is meaning and understanding, the material committed to memory, will be retained longer, will be recalled more readily, and will be recognized with greater confidence. Again it may be stated as a general principle that while the rate of forgetting varies with different individuals, it is always very fast at first and then becomes slower and slower.

## IMPROVING THE POWER OF MEMORY

Most students like to have better memories. The social advantage that comes from remembering all of one's errands; the satisfaction of retaining stories from literature and the names of places visited, the grocery list, or the bills to be paid; the convenience of remembering the jokes one hears; the maintenance of scholarship by passing an examination; these and other values from good memory cannot be overestimated.

## Conclusion

lecture notes and then memorizes them mechanically. Later on he finds that he cannot repeat the notes because he simply copied them from somebody. Whenever you study, do so with the determination to remember the things studied and you will be surprised how easy it is to recall your past mental effort.

3. Make frequent intermissions during your studying and check up what you have learned. Compel yourself to recall what you have learned. Never do straightway reading but spend about 40% of your time reciting to yourself. If you cannot recall what you have read, turn back and read it again. By little practice along this line you will treble your ability to remember what you have read, turn back and read it again. By little practice along this line you will treble your ability to remember what you have covered.

4. **Keep active mentally.** Keep your mind in your work. Shun daydreaming. Let each depression be a reminder to get back to the job at hand.

5. **Use repetition.** You should not expect to recall everything unless you repeat the difficult parts over and over. In the case of definition of technical terms, formulas, dates and outlines, which have few natural clues for recall, do not



hesitate to commit them to memory verbatim. Of course parrot-like recitation is wasteful, but do not consider yourself above mechanical repetition of certain material.

6. In committing to memory it is better to read aloud than to yourself. Attention is better sustained in this way because an appeal is made to the ear as well as to the eye, and some help is obtained by the exercise at the vocal organs in producing the words.

7. Attempt to remember only important materials. Confine your effort to the essentials and relocate the non-essentials to the dictionary, encyclopedia, and the textbooks. Some memory systems give elaborate suggestions for remembering box cars numbers, foot ball statistics, or stock quotations.

8. Carry the learning of important items beyond the point necessary for immediate recall. Experiments show that we forget 60% of the material barely learned within one day after learning. This means that information necessary in your life work must be studied more than is sufficient barely to recall it the next day. The fading of impression must be met by overlearning. Superficial learning of the spelling of a word may satisfy the immediate need but it will not satisfy the immediate need of correct spelling a year later.

9. Space your study. Experiments have shown that it is better to memorize a certain amount of material at intervals than to try to complete the job in one sitting. Do not try to do seven hours on seven evenings of each work. This allows the synaptic connections to settle before mental energy is directed elsewhere.

10. If necessary invent some artificial scheme for learning and recalling materials which may serve as a learning art. If you want to commit to memory the height of the Fujiyama volcano in Japan which is 12,365 feet, remember that we have 12 months and 365 days a year.

11. Avoid cramming. Cramming is ineffectual, it results into superficial learning and quick forgetting. Cramming may be defined as learning or trying to learn a great amount of material in a short period of time. The student who crams

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# SPOT *Comments*

by SAMUEL B. FABROZ

● To give accent to some disfranchised human tendencies, a review of their actual occurrences may be the best means to quench them. Here are doses of these eventualities in the way of tidbits which were noticed off-guard in the school campus. But before anyone brands me of talking nonsense, allow me to say that I am just exhausting undesirable many affectations without any intention whatsoever of blowing smoke to get into their eyes. And so, here I go!

Ladies are, as baptized, models of everything. Proof of this can be deduced from the fact that even our world is sung about as a woman's world. In no way, can I escape to say that they get the most of everything, be it good or bad.

My recent encounter with these beings in petticoats was in the USC Drugstore. I was irritated to see that some of them gracefully resting on haunches against the Drugstore counter stools exhibiting some kind of unattractive invasion to refreshment. Lipstick on straws, glasses and napkins!

Our gentlemen don't behave any better, of course. I mean some of them... Take a scene not in the Drugstore — in the near-by restaurants, say, Sambang or Canton. Instead of lipstick on straws, glasses and napkins, they have before you cigarette butts on plates, swerving diagrams on tablecloths, cut foothpicks and squeezed napkins on the floor and ketchup flooding on the table.

● If there is anything more unsavory than being peculiarly dull in the class, it's that of being sharply "showy." Almost every ambitious student likes to feel and what's worse, show off that he knows everything; hence his desire to be just like that. Doubtless to say that the feeling comes, not from how much he knows, but from how he is regarded as such. That's why even if he still buoys on the ranks of ordinary class members he tries to adorn himself with unadmitted make-ups. Some are asking of unnecessary

and impertinent questions and giving of "far-flung" or "by-luck" answers. And he would think that everybody regards him as somebody, even if he is not, no matter how much he tries to be. It's just too bad that people don't think sublime the way he does or believes they do.

● The attempt to advertise oneself, this writer has observed, is to become an active student politician. It would only require some kind of extra-ability, extra-dignity, extra-courtesy, and above all — extra-money. Extra-ability is no uphill to reach. You can tell students that you can even contact people from Mars to act as Flying Voters. You can tell them also that you have that scholarly quality, having graduated Summa Cum Laude from the Kindergarten while yet two months old. That will not only be strange but also wonderful!

Extra-dignity is no problem at all. You can be dignified, if you want to be, in a quick and easy way. Just borrow the stand of St. Charles Borromeo, the university's patron saint located at the entrance of USC's main building. You can stand over it and begin to deliver froggy fire-brand speeches. I'm sure you will have an audience composed of snooping assistants.

You can do extra-courtesy by aggressively greeting students everytime they pass by the busiest corners of the school with a bottle of coke or with a glass of beer. A courtesy indeed! And what more... it also counts a degree higher to your units of abilities in turning the school into a free refreshment store.

Extra-money plays an important part on the matter of throwing emergency shindigs any time within the campaign weeks. It loosens your sak but in one way elevates you a number of notches above the ground, especially when the blondes and brunettes of the campus are acting as publicity posters!

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# The Filipinos and the Dutch

*A Cultural Historical Study with a  
View into the Future*

by

Rev. C. van der LINDEN, S.V.D.

THE TITLE of this article sounds truly important yet it has not the ambition to be so. It would be impossible to treat on this subject in a "few column" way. Being a Dutchman with a great interest in history which belongs to my field of specialization "Indology" and being only a few months in my new fatherland, I am forced to make comparisons. These comparisons brought me a good number of similarities in mentality, in history, and in political position. It gave me an idea that the task the Netherlands has to fulfill and fulfilled during centuries in the West might carry some suggestion for the future of the Philippines. Whereas the first part of this article comprises facts the later portion only comprises a personal view and standpoint.

It occurred to me that a few yet very important traits of character are in common and shared by Dutch and Filipinos. The people of Holland are very religious and their entire public and political life is strongly denominational. The Dutchman has a staunch faith and is even stern in it and to a certain extent disliking compromise in this field. His faith is his pride and the

Dutch Catholic has a great living belief and love for the Blessed Sacrament. "Amsterdam is the city of Miracle of the Blessed Sacraments." Because of the miraculous healing of Maximilian the Austrian Emperor, the coat of arms of the City of Amsterdam has the right to carry the Austrian Imperial crown. Every year during nights around the 30th of April hundreds of thousands of men go the ancient procession way in silent prayers through the sleeping city.

Holland is rich in places of pilgrimage in honour of our Lady and the Saints. So is Teteringen a place of pilgrimage for Saint Cornelius patron saint against fits, Boekel worships "Our Lady in the tree" and Heiloo "Our Lady Help in all Distress." The same attitude I found back in Manila and in other places where there are always people praying before the Blessed Sacrament or the Statues of the Virgin Mother.

Holland is strong in catholic activities, they have a wonderful catholic press and a catholic radio station, a catholic university of some fame, catholic action in strongly or-

ganized units. A student body that knows how to fight for the welfare of the church. I cannot say that everything is the same, but the same trends I found back in one way or the other. The radio stations of Santo Tomas, the Student Catholic Action, the Holy Name Society, and above all the Barangay the permeates life and family everywhere in these islands. I say that the mentality has some similarities. So we find in Holland the somewhat stiff and hardworking people in the north. They are the traders and sailors, the colonists, and immigrants that founded a world empire for a short whistle, there you may find the businessmen and the entrepreneurs that cover the entire world. That some characteristic I discovered in the ambitious and hardworking Tagalog and Ilocano who as a matter of fact rule the country.

But the south of Holland houses the largely catholic areas (90%) and there you have the jolly good and easy going people, somewhat lax in business, strong liking for a drink, desiring riches in an easy way and a grand way of living even with little money at hand. There you find our "kermis" or town fiestas and carnivals of great splendour where the people spend more than they can afford. That are the people of good humour and easy laugh, where everybody feels at home and where hospitality has turned out to be a supreme virtue. Considering these, I thought to find some likeness in the Visayan people, with their kindness and their ever ready laugh, good humour, but easy going as well.

In Holland family life is strong and there is a great love and attachment among parents and children, and the relatives. They are known for happy marriages and lots of children and great affection to each other. As a whole the Dutch is active, keen of learning, alert for business. A wealthy country poor in natural resources except water and water and water. They easily emigrate and make  
*(Continued on page 11)*



PRIOR to the coming of the Spaniards to the Philippines, there once lived a poor fisherman and his wife in the town of Opon, Cebu. The fisherman depended solely on his occupation for the family's livelihood.

One evening, he went out to sea to fish. He saw a school of fish that glistened in the dark waters and wasted no time in casting his net in the direction from whence it came. When he retrieved his net, he discovered not a single fish inside. He saw instead, a charred chunk of wood (aguipo) half burned. He picked it up and threw it as far as he could into the sea. Not long after, he saw a thicker shoal and once more tried his luck. He was surprised to find the same piece of wood in his net. Infuriated, he threw it to the direction of the seashore and exclaimed: "There, let me see if you can jump back to sea!"

The fisherman continued fishing. He cast his net on a small school of fish he saw. Alas! he was gratified to discover that he caught more than what he ever expected. Jubilant over his success, he went home happy. He told his wife about the incident and vowed to appease his anger by burning completely the wood in their hearth.

On the morrow, he went to the seashore to look for the wood. He failed to find any sign and decided to forget it. By nightfall, he returned to sea to fish. Again, he saw a shoal of fish. But when he cast his net, the occurrence of the first night was repeated. Filled with rage, he took home the piece of wood. To be sure that he would not be bothered anymore, he placed it inside a basket, as though having the premonition that it could find its way back to sea. He returned to fish. He had the biggest catch he ever had. In fact, he could not carry it alone. He took with him what

## A Legend of the Santo Niño of Cebu

by

FRANCISCO Ma. LABRADOR<sup>1</sup>

he could carry, and left the rest in a safe place by the seashore. On his return, his wife was along and they had with them the biggest container they owned. It took them several trips to bring home all the catch.

That evening they salted the fish and took them until the wee hours of the morning to finish. The fisherman borrowed a big sail from a neighbor and on it spread the fish to dry under the sun. While he and his wife did their daily chores in the house, a flock of crows swarmed on the fish they were drying. When the crows had what they could take, a multitude of wild fowls feasted on what remained. The fisherman found later that there was nothing left of his catch the previous evening. The following night he decided not to fish, after the sad experience.

Three days passed and on the fifth, after so much coaxing from his wife, he returned to fish. He had as much as last time, nevertheless, when he dried his catch, the crows and the fowls came. This happened several times; he thought of giving up fishing. All of a sudden, he remembered the charred wood and the terror it caused the fish. He said to himself, "If the fish feared it, chances are that the

crows and the fowl will feel the same." To try this idea, once more he went to sea to fish. As usual he caught plenty. With the help of his wife, he salted his catch and borrowed the sail of their neighbor. In the morning, they spread the fish they had salted, to dry. In the center they placed the chunk of wood. The crows and the wild fowls came. They lingered around the sail for some time but dared not touch the fish. In the afternoon, the fisherman was excited to find the fish he was drying untouched. In his jubilation he shouted, "At last I won!"

The fisherman before long got rich. In fact, the populace of Opon say that he was the only fisherman who became rich with his occupation. The charred wood and its mystic powers circulated in the village. People from far and near borrowed it. All of them bore witness to the verity of the wonderful powers it possessed. During the droughts, the villagers carried it in procession and dipped it in the sea, after. With this, they obtain rain. Almost all the wishes asked for by the people were granted, such that they endeared it as their protector. The charred lump of wood became their idol. The fisherman by virtue of his newly found wealth

(Continued on page 43)

<sup>1</sup> Francisco Ma. Labrador, *Ang Santo Niño sa Sugbu*. (Cebu City: Bacolao Press, 1947), translated into English by Mr. A. V. Siyagoo.

# Melodrama of A LAW JERK

LET'S SAY you're a law student. You lumber across the auspicious library hall with thousands of curious eyes staring at you, not because you look like a replica of Rock Hudson but on account of the tomes gingerly clipped under your arms which give you a very scholarly appearance. Murmurs of approbation, like so many songs of praise, reach your ears and you turn your not-so-handsome face to acknowledge the compliments with the sordid ardor of a judge who has just lost a bout with his wife. A meter or two away from you is a table and a chair, ready to collaborate with you in your journey into the fastness of lawbooks which bristle with confusing, unexplained provisions and riddles. You reach your destination, and, with alacrity, deposit the voluminous books now wet with perspiration. You are appalled by the kilometer assignments which you must finish despite the rationed hours. You begin to read, still aware of the envious eyes which know only one subject: You!

"You know, I couldn't even finish reading a page of our English literature in an hour. But look at him, he's practically devouring that book like..." the girl in a red dress tells her friend.

"Isn't he cute, Shirley? Boy! he must be a genius," the girl in white organdy with a pink ribbon in her hair swoons at the sight of you.

You smile feebly, monstrously elated, and to make a really big balloon of your ego, you purse your thin lips as if to suppress your not-so-humble pride. Two hours pass. The next moment, a bundle of wrinkles land on your brow and a kind of grief conspires against your desire to study. The reason: when the bell tolls... and, brother, it tolls

for you!—you are 40 articles behind in Civil Law, twenty pages in Political Law and in Mercantile Law twenty sections. That's a genius for you!

When you stop brooding over your misery, you find yourself in the gas chamber, the classroom, where the professor, who is lord and master, calls out, in accents clear, the names of prospective casualties. You fidget, squirm, get sick, choke (you should be an actor). You feel butterflies fluttering in your stomach. You're itching for the grind to begin though you're anything but ready and able. You want to be a lawyer. The professor, naturally appears to you as a terror but you are wise enough not to display any sign of fear. You envy his photographic memory of absences and assignments.

After the roll call, the professor shuffles the deck of class cards. He holds out the cards in front of you to prove there's definitely no trick, no underhanded play when he calls out the next guinea pig. By this time you have, by the application of Emergency calculus, an idea when you will be called. The prof, with his hypnotic stare, throws a glance at you but you don't bother to look back lest you catch his attention. Then he bolts from his chair and intones:

"Class, I am here to flunk each and everyone of you, indiscriminately. In this room, I am the king. It is for you to prove the contrary," he smiles sarcastically. "I am here for the kill," he adds with an insidious grin on his face.

You are stunned by the strong language he uses since the subject happens to be "civil" law. You observe that the provisions weren't any too civil to your brain vault in

the library; but then, you are struck by the realization that neither is the professor.

You wait... a second or minute seems an eternal waiting. You wipe your face with the back of your hand nervously, at the same time hearing your heart holding jam-session in your diaphragm. You begin to kick yourself for being such a stupid genius you ought to have taken an easier and lousier course. You decide to call it quits, but you're five months to graduation time. Besides, you have hoodwinked your parents long enough and you must have something to show for the allowances you asked from them. So, you stay put. Five students, having been so careless that they strayed into the prof's range of fire, have kicked the bucket already. And then the bald prof calls your name! He is smiling as he sizes you up. Helpless, you stand, nay, pull yourself up because your feet refuse to carry your weight. You scratch your neck for an imaginary itch caused by the mental vacuum. You swallow hard, shift your weight from one foot to the other (in case you have two feet). He asks a question answerable, in your opinion, by God alone. Your answer with a staccato of "aacchhhhs," followed by an interlude of silence. You simply don't know the answer even if you read the law because it is repealed by a repealing law which by itself is repealed and footnoted by a footnote which is footnoted by another footnote. Yours is a dead case, as lifeless as your grandmother's false teeth. You want to die, perhaps disappear... a possibility which is remote unless the class is dismissed. So you steal a glance at your watch. It's about time. But no! The prof insists that the question be answered. You cough a little, twiddle your thumb, and, this time, you elongate your "aacchhhhs." This makes the prof angry but before he can revile you with choice legal epithets, the bell rings. You sigh a relief.

You pick up your fat books, place them under your arms and squeeze yourself amid the mad on-rush of students along the corridors.

"Isn't he cute, Shirley? Boy! he must be a genius."

# ALUMNI CHIMES

by J. P. R.

On graduation day, a student does not completely depart from his Alma Mater. Every so often, he realizes, even when he is out of school, that part of him has been left behind — if his stay has been an exceptionally fruitful one, his achievements live in the memory of those who succeed him. His loyalty, of course, does not desert him. He is aware that his Alma Mater is a wonderful object of affection. His school gave him much of the wisdom which steers his steps as he fends for himself in this work-a-day world. His school taught him courage and culture. It taught him his faith or strengthened it. His Alma Mater, even the remembering parent, calls his name again and again — to inflame today's drama with the sparks of yesterdays. . .

**T**HE ALUMNI CHIMES a regular column devoted exclusively to USC Alumni, welcomes contributions from bonafide alumni everywhere. True, this column is a poor substitute for that happy, hilarious feeling of being in school, but this, we hope, would bridge the chasm which separates USC from her sons and daughters. Then and only then will we feel that the Chimes has its reason for being.

**To start the news of the month:** Three of USC's most outstanding alumnae were signed up recently to do their teaching stint in the high school and elementary departments. PATRICIA KRIEKENBECK, BSE '53, Magna Cum Laude is currently teaching tensens and agreement of subject and number to our

GHS students while FLORA OUAÑO, with the aid of microscopes, leads her students in unraveling the mysteries of cells and microbes. The last of the trio, ANDREA PATI-GAYON, she who topped the Teachers' Examinations given in Cebu last April, is retailing the 3 R's in our Elementary Department. Belated kudos to you Anding!

That USC is a huge reservoir of successful professionals, especially educators, is evidenced by the galaxy of Carolinians around and about Cebu. Topping our roll for this issue are two pretty, lively alumnae, Misses NANCY DELANTAR who is teaching in Daan Bantayan and JUSTINA PACIFICO stationed in Bogo. Both Nanc and Justi kid us about their hearing USC's chimes and seeing its green cross even though they are way out there where the Green Cross simply can't be visible and USC's chimes cannot be heard. Now, wait! Maybe it's no joke. Wedding candles, wedding bells . . . yes, they mean that. Right'r wrong?

In the southern area CORNELIA ZAMORA seems to be in a tight spot way over at Boljoon. "Teaching is no bed of roses" says Miss Zamora "especially when reticentory kids inhabit the classroom." Keep your chin up Nely and make them toe the mark. . . "We morms are looked down upon by a lot of professional kibitzers but it's the patience and stick-to-it-iveness which our profession demands from us that makes it noble." GLORIA

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## Report

### FROM THE ALUMNI

By M. D. O.

It wasn't easy to gather the alumni of Old San Carlos, (what with elections just round the bend) yet quite a good number of the "old reliables" came to USC for the San Carlos Alumni Day activities last November 4th. This was something special to pre-war Carolinians, because they had always celebrated San Carlos Day on the feast day of their patron, San Carlos Borromeo and they just couldn't resist re-celebrating this now that our University Day has been moved up to February. It was, of course, a tribute to Father Rector that he had so graciously consented to grant us this special date as our traditional (?) San Carlos Alumni Day.

For a beginning of what promises to be an annual reunion, we had, if I may say so myself, quite a good start. The big day started with a solemn high mass celebrated by Rev. Father Lawrence Bunzel, Vice-Rector of USC. This was followed by a liturgical-musical program and a banquet with Hon. Sotero M. Cabahug as Guest Speaker.

The one-hour program was a pleasant surprise to the alumni. Once again they heard Dra. Pacina (Fortunata) Rodil, at her best as she declaimed Faigao's "Commemoration Ode."

The singers got their encores — Mrs. Pining Tan, Phil Ruiz, and the S.V.D. Fathers' Quartette. (We didn't know they were that good). Our distinguished guest for the occasion, Mr. Bernard J. Lavin, USIS Officer in Cebu, readily contributed a number, and wowed everyone with his self-composed song (about Cebu) which immediately

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## Alumnates

One solemn morning on March 26, 1955, a Nightingale, lost in the strains of Lohengrin, treaded the aisles of the Archbishop's Palace and pledged before God her love for and faith in her benedict. When she said "I do," the man at her side answered to the name of Jorge Dosdos, a Pre-Med grad of USC's College of Liberal Arts & Sciences and now a full-fledged physician. The bride, (nee Erminia R. Reyes) was until recently a surgery nurse of the SIH and a two-year resident of USC's Liberal Arts Department. The happy couple are now residing in Perth Amboy,

(Continued on page 44)

# The Ugly Donkey

by JOSUE DE LOS REYES

Was this the ugly donkey  
That carried Christ that glorious Sunday?  
A donkey that carried Christ triumphantly  
As a prelude to His suffering in Calvary?  
It was on that glorious Sunday  
That Christ was met with cheers on the way.  
The ugly donkey stoop so low,  
For its Great Load made him walk slow.  
Ugly donkey, thou art not like Simon of Cerene  
For against his will, he carried the great burden.  
But you, you carried Him beyond your strength  
That made your back and earth an inch in length.

# A Dunce Speaks Once

by ERNIE BATONGMALAQUE

dear sir:  
why is it  
that  
your examinations  
seem to be difficult  
when  
in fact your  
difficult examinations  
are not  
examined difficultly?  
why cannot  
my cranium comprehend  
your cranium's comprehension?  
is  
my gray matter not  
grayed properly  
or is it  
not matteredly gray?  
or simply:  
is your comprehended cranium  
just comprehensible  
or  
merely  
simply  
vice-versa?



## Vignette

by P. S. CAÑIZARES, JR.

The Curtain is slowly open'd:  
Apollo will wake-up . . . soon!  
His eyelashes of beams resplendent  
Will sweep the sky to mark the Birth  
Of another Dawn!!! . . . . .

Now, the flowers and the dews  
Bloom and glimmer with the air  
And sunshine . . . with them bringing  
The challenge of a new task . . . !

The Farmer stands with his plow  
Before the Virgin Purple Plain  
As the Poet scans  
Art's Blank Millions Rows  
With his Heart, and with his Pen!!!

# That's It . . . !

by JANE VIS. CONCEPCION

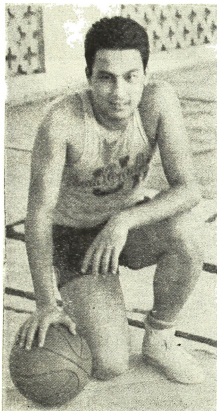
If he buries himself in books,  
He is called a bookworm.  
If he reads for the girls  
to gawk at,  
He's called lover-boy.

If he studies his lessons  
and gives the right answers  
even to wrong questions . . .  
If he greets the teachers  
applauds speakers, goes on  
excursions, takes part in  
ball games, falls in  
love! He's a student.

If he is a blend of these  
kinds — he is a  
gentleman;  
But, if he only sleeps  
and falls in love—  
(cover your face)  
he is the worst kind  
of idiot!

Meet...

## USC'S PRINCELINGS of the HARD COURT



DANILO DEEN

### ★ DANILO DEEN

When the Cebu Sportswriters Association selected Danny as a member of the All-Cebu Selection, they picked him out of the entire CCAA kil and caboodle. Some say that he is the smoothest dribbler of them all; he can throw better than any one of them and as a feeder, he's tops in the business. It cannot be said that those composing the All-Cebu Selection do not possess personality, but Danny is a standout. The instinct that flashes messages to his reflexes during fast plays, and the strength that sends the ball at flashing speed sets off an aura of color around his person which is fascinating to watch. His value as a morale-sustainer cannot be denied for it is his respon-

● by ROSS ESCOBER

sibility as captain of the Varsity to inspire his team to fighting frenzy.

When Danny works, he works full blast... baiting his opponents with invitations to fouls. A tricky player he, Danny creates melees on the hard court and, when other players tumble over each other, he is often out looking in. His aggressive plays sent many players to the showers after an overdraft of their allotted fouls. Mr. Basketball himself, Bodong Mumar, taught Dan the tricks of the trade. His adept ball-handling, under-goal shots and foul-baiting fame had its root from Mr. Mumar himself. Mumar made his foul-baiting strategy pay off and he accomplished more with it than any other player ever did. Danny was selected to the Cebu Selection because of this.

Danny broke into organized team plays when he played with the Torrereros of the St. Niño. He played as forward with the Torrereros for a year and tried his luck with Caloy (USC to the uninitiate). From the Torrereros to the Warriors, he journeyed to the top of local hoopsdom. Possessed of the innate desire for victory, he learned all he could from his mentors and as it is now, he is more "at court" during games than any player. When Dan is on the court, varied consequences arise. He is a terror broadcasting confusion to the opposition, making enemy players off-balance and converting his own team mates' erratic throws into point-makers. If a guard happens to chase him while he is handling the ball, the chances are better than even that the guard will foul out. There probably is nothing better for the enemy to see than Danny away from the bucket area.

Dan had for his coach a man who stands out all aglow in the coaching field — Mr. Baring. "He gave me the chance to ply my  
(Continued on page 22)

## ROSS COVERS...

### VOLLEYBELLES and ROUGHCATS

I have seen thrilling performances of strength and skill. You think guys exhibiting their skill, go-go and agility have any color to themselves? Nope. They are eclipsed by lady players. There is more color to ladies' game than a sky full of rainbows.

If the current rivalry in sports between USC's game queens and SIH's nurses continues, the write-up of their tangles might yet become the most beautiful sports story ever written. For, believe it than not, there are more curves to the two teams there are to a bowl of spaghetti. And as for beauty, need I say more and spoil your imagination?

Although USC girl athletes have lower caliber performance compared to the standouts of other teams, the showing which the Carolinian belles have made has a rosy story to tell: Our amazons will be out to gain recognition and plenty of laurels to show for it in the next tourney.

Sports is a compact drama, even when it involves man and fish. If the fish ain't biting, then it often becomes just the right time to dash off poetry. The blue skies, the rippling water, the caress of the ocean wind, deep throated rumble of the waves makes you philosophically indifferent to the contempt of the fish.

## Meet USC's Princelings of the Hard Court

(Continued from page 22)



**AGAPITO ROGADO**

trade. As a coach, he is tops. As a friend, he's dependable.

Some say a woman's heart is a home and a man's heart is an inn. Danny's? His is hard rubber.

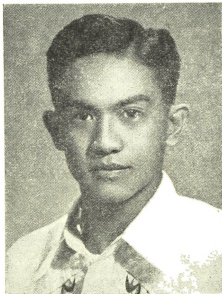
### ★ AGAPITO ROGADO

Personalities represent an interesting gamut of character and idiosyncrasies. Reading about them and recalling their exploits is like losing oneself in a great classic adventure. From among the many, one striking personality in local hoopsdom is Agapito Rogado. Bold, brilliant, quick and powerful in actual battle settings, Rogado's is the kind of play which makes him the spectators' hero on the court.

The Cebu Sportswriter Association selected him as one of the first stringers to compose the Mythical Team of the CCAA. Such an honor belongs to him rightfully for he copied the highest individual scoring, thirty-five (35) to the count, rocked up during USC's tussle with the Normal School Maestros. A diploma of merit was awarded him for his performance.

Sportswriters covering the CCAA turmoil were at a loss to explain why USC ever keelhailed CIT, since CIT conquered San Jose, a stronger team than the Warriors. This happened Oct. 2. The score for some throbbing five minutes read 50-all, 54-all, and 56-all. It was Rogado who came out as the Great Equalizer. The boys held on to that point and made a two-point advance also made by Rogado. The boys wove a curtain around CIT and took a commanding lead before CIT inched her way nearer by two points, 56-58. Rogado stretched the way to the finish and smoothed the way for another USC victory.

Agapito was spotted by Coach Baring in an intramurals game during the USP Day. The venerable coach invited him to his camp and trained him the way he is now. A superb ballhandler, a magician with the ball, wonderfully observant and a great spot shooter. He has chalked up a long and thrilling experience from rings pinned to walls and rings found in modern day gyms. "I used to watch the bigtime players romp around with the ball and I tried to picture myself as one of them. Now that I am in, I look at the side courts and wish I were out. A fellow can feel that way. But the thought of doing something worthwhile for your school and your self is a driving force greater than your own whims." An outspoken



**R. O. DE LA CRUZ**

guy Rogado is. Well, he is a talkie but not the kind who, when asked how he is, forthwith launches into a detailed explanation of his illness. No. He is a nice fella who answers your questions for the head.

### ★ R. O. DE LA CRUZ

The Warriors make a proud and daring team. Prouder still because in its roster is the name *Reynaldo de la Cruz*, a hardcourt great who amazes his spectators with his speed, quick thinking, and field goal shots. Here is one star which twinkles with speed, control, nerve and a knack for sure, unerring marksmanship.



**VIRGILIO CAING**

As team member, Boy did himself and his school proud. While each member of the dribbling sect to which he belongs is a figure, Boy distinguished himself as the master of the two-handed push shot. He is a fighting ball player who has converted near-defeats to victory. You can sense Boy's presence in the court without looking at him. His mode of operation is unorthodox and enlivens an otherwise dreary game. He hustles, often plays in some sort of nervous frenzy that is almost savage.

In recognition of his performance this year, Boy de la Cruz was chosen as a member of the CCAA Mythical Team. Amongst all the tall men that compose the Mythical Selection, Boy is an interesting character. Only 5' 5" and 120 lbs., this Colabato dazzler is an inspiration to his fellows. During the opening games of the last CCAA series he garnered 17 points and in the qualifying round, when USC clashed with CIT, he made for himself twenty-three markers. In his two years of commence with the best basketball players Cebu can offer, Boy has been rated among the CCAA top ten, a position for which many an aspiring basketball player would gladly give an eyeteeth.

### ★ VIRGILIO CAING

Should Caing pass you in the gentleman's garb (which is improbable) you wouldn't turn around. You would simply look at him, shrug your sheets and stroll away. But one minister did turn around. He was Fr. Szmukto, S.V.D., who recommended Caing's inclusion in

(Continued on page 33)



## *Graduation . . . or . . . How To Become An Alumna*



Mrs. E. Lebrado-Magallon, *Magna Cum Laude*, addressing the members of the Faculty and student body.



Miss Lilian Lagopa, delivering the address of thanks.



The Big Moment

Happy, hopeful and . . . hasta la vista.



Final Administration



# *Pictorial Section*

## **The Emerging Reality . . .**

# **What Is The Patria?**

It is a community project, built by and for the community. And since you represent community organizations, we present to you the PATRIA project ( see Photos ) . . . both as a plan and as a partial reality.

**Its purpose?** To provide the young and the old with adequate recreational and dormitory facilities under a Christian atmosphere. The project follows Pope Pius XII's advice: "Catholic leaders are responsible before God for the moral welfare of the people even during leisure time."

**What does it offer?** As of now, bowling alleys, billiards, a chess and card room, a restaurant and bar, a pingpong set, gymnastic facilities, Catholic bookstore, office for Catholic organizations. In the future, it will have a library, social and cultural hall or center for music and dramatic productions, complete dormitory and hotel accommodations for students, visitors, conventionists, and a swimming pool.

### **How does it operate?**

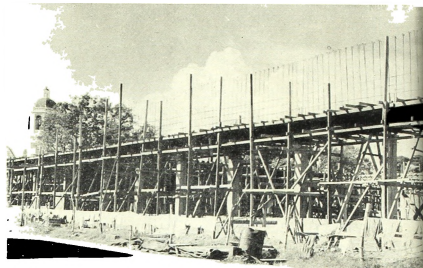
On a non-profit basis. The charge for its facilities shall not exceed the amount needed for its running expenses.

### **Who owns it?**

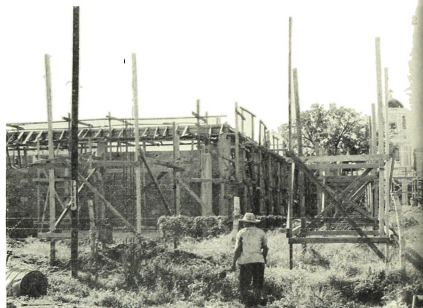
Patria. It is sponsored by the Cebu Catholic Action... owned and managed by the Archdiocese of Cebu over which the Archbishop has full authority.

### **What does it need?**

Your help and mine.

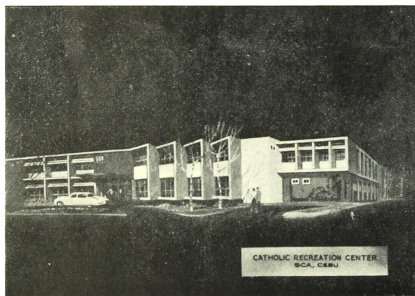


This is the side view of the Bowling Alley section. Note the steel beams for the parapets and slabs for the trusses.

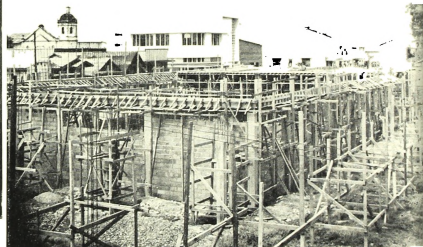


This is the rear view of the Billiard Hall. Portions of the book store and the restaurant can also be seen, partially constructed.

The Proposed Catholic Recreation Center.



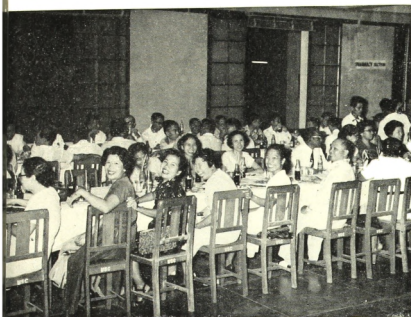
CATHOLIC RECREATION CENTER  
SICA, CEBU



Shown is the partial construction of the corner, front part, lower section of the Administration Building, PATRIA.

## **The Dream . . .**

# FACULTY DAY...AND...



This is what we call, "working up an appetite"



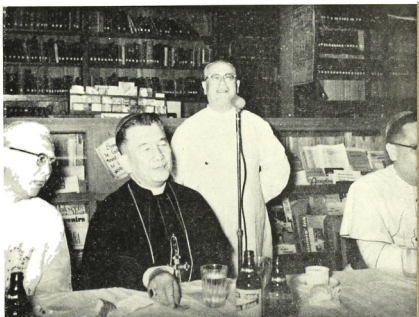
Miss Carmencita Villamor, PE Instructress, pirouettes



Sorry, no second serving



Dances always end this way



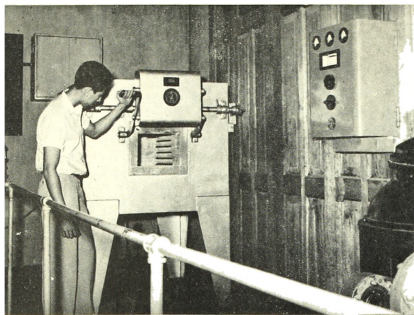
Reverend Father Alvaro Santamaria, one of the guest speakers. He represented the Paules Fathers who ran the administration of the Colegio de San Carlos in the early 30's.



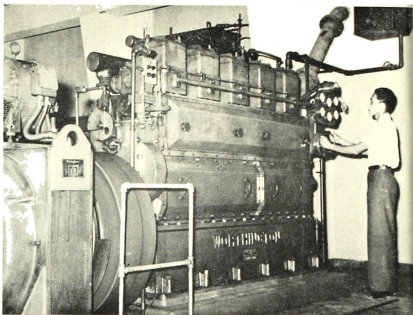
Is this what we call, "Ballin' the jack?"

# ...ALUMNI HOMECOMING

## Story of Steel . . . Steam . . . Students . . .



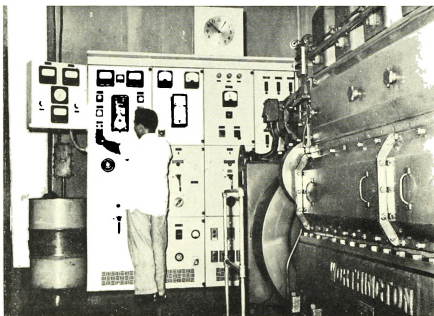
**Heat Treatment Electrical Furnace**—12-kilowatt machine that can heat matter up to 1,000 degree Centigrade. This is operated by automatic control.



**Diesel Engine** supplying the electrical powerhouse

Engineering students are lucky to be in the University of San Carlos, noted to be one of the best equipped schools outside of Manila. To top it all, this University has its own powerhouse, an electric plant sufficiently producing electricity for its own use.

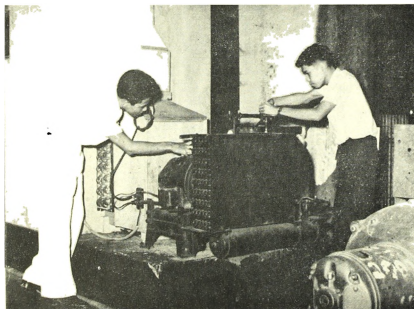
To get first hand knowledge of the different phases of its operation in connection with their relative subjects in Engineering,



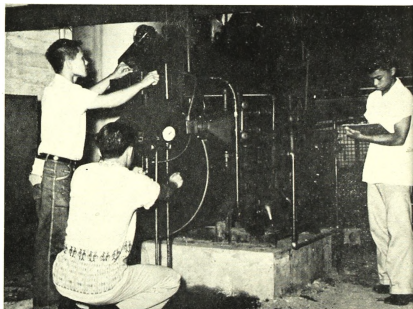
**Electrical switch board**

students, from the civil, electrical and mechanical departments of the College of Engineering, study and learn how to operate them on the spot.

The pictures on this spread show the different sections or parts of the powerhouse with the students making the rounds. It is significant to note that some of the students are actually members of the maintenance personnel of the plant.



**Refrigerating Unit**—provided with a special room. This also serves as a heat pump for heating and cooling purposes.



**Steam Boiler**—used to supply steam turbine and reciprocating machinery. It is provided with different controls for operational procedures.

## WHAT IS IN A Date?

by FELIPE VERALLO, JR.

What is in a date? Of course, figures. And the figure 25, whether written in Chinese character or in Arabic numerals may mean a lot even if they mean less to others. There is only one December 25 in the calendar to all Christians throughout the world whose attachment to the occasion and devotion to the Christmas Spirit has increased more and more during these troubled years.

Chroniclers are in accord that Christmas is derived from the medieval *Christe masse* or mass of Christ which is the feast commemorating the birth of Jesus though much is still said pro and con as to whether Christmas has always been celebrated by the Christian world every December 25. The *Encyclopedia Americana* reveals that during the first centuries of the Christian church it was the general usage to celebrate the death of remarkable persons rather than their birth. The death of the martyr Stephen and the massacre of the Innocents in Bethlehem had been already long celebrated perhaps in opposition to the doctrine of the Mani Chaeans respecting the birth of the Saviour, a feast established in memory of this event, in the 4th century. Since there appears no certain knowledge of the day of the birth of Christ, the Western world held it on the old Roman feast of the birth of Sol. Among the German and Celtic tribes, the winter solstice was considered an important point of the year and they held their chief festival of the Yule to commemorate the return of the burning wheel. The holly, the mistletoe, the Yule log, and the wassail bowl are relics of pre-Christian times. In the East, Christmas was celebrated, on January 6. The feast of the martyrs Stephen and the evangelist, St. John, were united with Christmas and a feast of 3 days continuano was thus celebrated. In the ecclesiastical year, this festival gives name to a period extending from the first Sunday of Advent to the feast of Epiphany, January 6. Most Christian churches celebrate this great festival in some way, and practically the entire community in Christian countries, including Jews and non-church-going people nominally classed with the Christian population, join in its social observance.

## Anything You Say

Dear Rev. Fr. Rector:

I would like to suggest that the "CAROLINIAN" publish the honor roll of students who have been offered scholarships for the 2nd semester for class proficiency in the different college departments.

With it the parents of the honor students would feel proud of and glad with their children. They would surely feel satisfied that their efforts, time, and money, spent to have their children sent to college, have not been in vain.

For other students, it will serve as an incentive and inspiration to strive harder in their studies.

It is strange that such a publication as the "CAROLINIAN" has not been devoting space for such an important item as the honor roll; instead it has sometimes given space to non-sensical things.

Other university and college publications carry the honor roll on appropriate issues. I think it is worthwhile doing the same.

It is hoped, Father, that the Christmas issue of the "CAROLINIAN" will carry the honor roll as suggested in this letter.

Thank you, Father.

Sincerely yours,

M. Durano

Dear Sir:

I agree with Mr. Ranudo when he said in his *Prose of Poetry* that no man on earth has the right to call another Godless. Only God has the sole authority to call a man such. It is indeed a very immoral and indecent thing to dub Ranudo as Godless, just because his interpretation of the world thru his poems differ from that of the critics. The critics might have been motivated by prejudice. They overlooked the fact that we have individual differences and because of these individual differences, we cannot expect everybody (or the critics with Mr. Ranudo) to feel the same and to have the same line of thinking. This justifies our concept that the world is of varied levels and cannot be made uniform.

I have read Ranudo's writings and found them to be good and highly intelligible—one which always portrays the link that bridges the relation between man and God. So, more power to you Mr. Ranudo.

SIXTO ABAO, JR.  
Pre-Law I

### NEW YEAR AND NEW ADMINISTRATION

Another New Year has come: 1956. With its advent, a new administration has come to the helm. The beginning of 1956 coincides with the start of a four-year term of an administration, a new one, a new trustee of the people's welfare and well-being, an administration from whom the people expect as much reform as that which God expects from people's hearts everywhere.

Years change. God changes years to teach people to change their minds for the greater good. A new year must come, so that an old one may go. A new mind, like a new year, must come so that an old mind, like an old year, may go. Years always have to change. For every year strives to be the best . . . at least better than the last. And every year must come and pass to enable men to judge which is the best of them all. In other words, the advent of a new year spells a new hope for better things to come. And since God changes years to change people's minds, then, every coming of a new year means a new hope by God for a better human mind, for an improved people. To err, however, is human. People err the whole year through. But God gives people a new chance every year. If we have been erroneous this year, another chance for improvement is to come. It is a great challenge for us to mend our ways by searching into our heart and conscience and succeed this time where we failed before. That is what God expects us to do. Every year.

(Continued on page 45)

# THE CHRISTMAS



"Tie a ribbon around  
my own December. The  
frightened shadows of the  
zodiacs are bursting with  
peace. My God, blind me with  
the massive sinews of your  
mercy—cry now, cry  
The Christmas Tear"

Because I have sinned in  
Hills and Cities, I prayed  
that my sins be the lumber  
cut from the forest of my  
knowledge. Then my eyes could  
survey and my tears be the  
tools to build it into a  
house to tell me that I should  
not sin to build a house  
again

The waters falling upon the  
strength of rocks flows further  
away into the softer sea and  
corn stalks growing by the  
seashore moves on toward  
the firmaments of Heaven. For  
everything is hidden in the  
deep sea and each stalk, cloaked  
with the smell of the sea that is  
"forgiven" and comes out  
as a shining star.

My home should be a  
dark, unlighted cave and  
my sin, a ray of Sun. For  
when my sins begin to show  
ugly stones about me, one  
by one, then I shall know  
That I belong where I am.

I wish my love song could  
be a hand touching the  
brown land, then there shall  
be music beneath His walking  
feet. For hands of love songs  
are grasses and trees that make  
my lonely home. For home is  
Heaven and Heaven is His.

I have painted myself among  
each peel of laughter and waltzed  
for him on unlighted streets with  
keen courage. If He shall come at  
all, I will be so human and He  
will be so God.

# TEAR

by VICENTE RANUDO, Jr.

*Illustrated by*

DICK CABAILO



For, The Christmas Tear is  
cried when petals of the heart is  
laid bare to the warm footsteps of  
a friend—when the eyes is an invitation  
to share whatever there is to share. When  
the cold comes and the stove is piping-hot;  
when nights are lighted with joy and  
goodwill is a tree laden with silver-tinseled.  
happiness and giving takes the place of taking.  
...tie a ribbon around my own December—swing  
wide the wings of voices... a tear from  
Heaven is upon us all.



★  
B  
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★

he was selected as observer of the PC chief in Antique in conjunction with the Army's policy of insuring clean, honest, and free elections throughout the country. Consequently, the elections in Antique were clean, honest, and free. Maj. Garcia deserves praise for that.

**CADET OFFICERS ON THE MARCH**

As I have said, the cadets are really proud to have such cadet officers as they have now. Leading the roll of our ROTC luminous top brass Cdt. Col. Melecio Ajero. He can lead the boys in laughter and in tears, in anger and in hunger, in jokes and in serious matter.

Following our Corps Commander are the men most whom were already mentioned by F.M.V., Jr. in his previous write-ups. I need not

by

**ADELINO B. SITOY**

**M**Y FIRST salute goes to our commandant, Maj. Anacleto S. Garcia, FA, 1st Lt. E. V. GANDIONKO, Inf., Sgt. S. HERRERA, Sgt. P. CARABANA, and the cadet officers who compose the ROTC staff in this university. All of them deserve the gesture, if only for the fact that I am a rookie in the ranks and a newcomer to this column.

Perhaps, a lot of questions will be pin-pointed at me, asking me why I ever dared to invade this column since Cdt. Maj. FELIPE M. VERALLO, JR. has been handling it for years. Still a little change won't hurt. Why should we not write this up from the viewpoint of a private who bears the brunt of the drills, lectures and the thousand and one things a flat-foot (like me) has to undergo? What the inconspicuous, silently-suffering cadet feels is also important because he is a member of the team.

Since the cadets need a sounding board of their own, I have been pushed by F.M.V., Jr. to speak for the cadets. But one may be tempted to ask: "Since you are just a mere cadet and you share the sentiment of your comrades, what do you feel towards or against your officers?"

I must be honest. Really, the cadets are proud of their officers.

They are thanking high heavens that they have such officers as these that compose the USC ROTC Officers' Staff. Frankly speaking, the honor they now have could not have been achieved were it not for the officers' outstanding leadership. The star would not have been theirs had not the officers led them towards the right path leading to the star.

But if our success can be attributed to the officers, certainly part of that credit should go to the cadets themselves to bring honor and glory to USC and to emblazon the name of USC's corps of cadets. But who is directly responsible for the training of cadets? The answer: The Commandant. And our Commandant? Oh! yes. He's no other than Maj. Anacleto S. Garcia.

To this man can be attributed the honor San Carlos has achieved, the glory the officers have owned, and the fame the cadets have shared with their Alma Mater.

Meanwhile, Maj. A. S. Garcia does not confine his activities to the school alone. Even in the Leyte Landing anniversary, he commanded the Saluting Battery 'of the Ill MA that gave Pres. Ramon Mag-saysay a 31-gun salute during the latter's arrival and departure.

And during the last elections,

mention their names again. Anyway, they deserve the same warm congratulations. Let me just continue to name those men in their line-up, those whom the former writer of this column failed to mention.

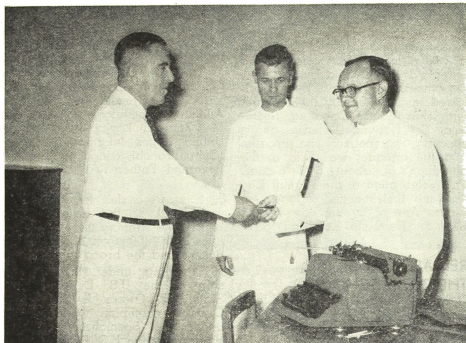
The Easy Battery is proud to present its commander, Cdt. Capt. Gregorio Alenton. Fox Battery has for its top man that bold, chivalrous, daring Cdt. Capt. Vicente Belarmino. "Where are the wise guys here?" Capt. Belarmino likes it tough, too, when the going gets irregular. Next in line is Cdt. Capt. Manuel Tomboc of the Service Battery. Capt. Tomboc usually encounters trouble with the George Platoon of Cdt. Capt. Benjamin Ferraren during parade and review. Since the latter is composed of fewer men, usually the order is to combine the two units. But the Infantry die-hards want to maintain their George. "They should not be merged with anybody!" they insist.

Want to meet the Special Staff? Here comes the tall (six-footer) and lanky Cdt. Maj. Jesus Medellin (coincidentally, he hails from the town of Medellin, too). Cdt. Maj. Felipe Tajoda is from the Instructor Staff. Maj. Tajoda is the master on weapons. He is seconded by Cdt. Maj. Antonio Ybanez, an I.S. man

(Continued on page 42)



# USC in the News



**Skrrip Limerick Contest Award Goes to USC.** Shown in picture above is the USC Rector receiving typewriter award (foreground) from Mr. Seidenladden, Atkins Kroll & Co. representative. Witnessing the affair is Reverend Fr. Bernard Wroclage, S.V.D.

## SAN CARLOS RECEIVES AWARD

A surprising delivery of one Remington-Rand typewriter to the University of San Carlos was received by the Rector, Rev. Hermann Kondring, S.V.D. last November 18, 1955. It was an Award given to San Carlos for being the school which submitted the most number of entries to the 1955 SKRIP Limerick Contest sponsored by the Taylor-Pacific (Phil.), Inc. Mr. Seidenladden, representative of the Atkins Kroll & Company in Cebu City, personally delivered the award to San Carlos University.

## NEW ROOMS FOR THE SECRETARIAL DEPT.

The Secretarial Department has now new concentrated rooms of its own at the first floor of the main building. The Home Economics and Accounting rooms including the two adjoining ones are now made as Steno, Typing, Reception and Office Practice rooms. This new arrangement will be more convenient for Secretarial Science students.

## ADDITION TO THE LAW LIBRARY

A cherished addition to outstanding books in the Law Library are the newly-purchased sixty-two volumes of the American Jurisprudence and an additional set of Philippine Reports, (eighty vo-

lumes). The American Jurisprudence mentioned cost San Carlos one thousand five hundred pesos. These important law books cover only a part of the school's huge permanent collection and exchanges of books with the world's known universities, as Harvard, Yale, Chicago, etc.

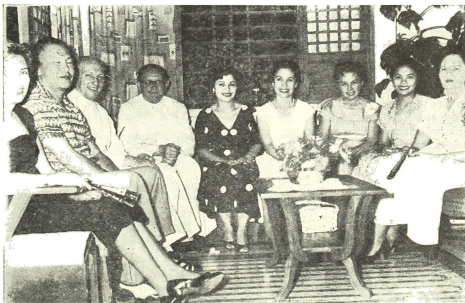
## USC FACULTY STUDIES IN MADRID, SPAIN

Miss Rebecca Martin, a faculty member and an alumni of USC, enplaned for Madrid, Spain, last October 12, 1955 to take up Doctorate studies in Spanish at the Universidad Central de Madrid. Before proceeding directly to Madrid she will pass by Rome and stay there for two days. According to her sister, Miss Miguela Martin, the Physical Education Directress, she will stay abroad for two years.

A B.S.E. and M.A. graduate from U.S.C., Miss R. Martin taught Spanish, her major subject, in the college department of this university for three years. Her good grades and high efficiency ratings underpillowed her chances for getting a scholarship award by the school.

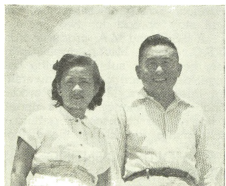
## USC HOLDS SCIENTIFIC PROGRAMS

An approach to scientific consciousness among students of San Carlos in connection with the National Science Week was made



A send-off party in honor of Miss Rebecca Martin, a faculty member who left recently for Spain to take up higher studies in Madrid.

possible by the school through a series of scientific programs sponsored by the Departments of Science, Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics, the Colleges of Engineering and Pharmacy. The first of the series (November 20) was a scientific excursion to Ludo Corn Starch & Oil Refinery Factories, Weather Bureau, Soil Conservation Projects and Egging Farm. The 2nd series (November 21) was a convocation held at the Girls' High School Auditorium sponsored by the departments of Chemistry and Physics. The aforementioned departments took turns in sponsoring the programs. Two days were exclusively assigned for the showing of interesting scientific movies. This was made possible through the cooperation of the USIS and Rev. Philip van Engelen, SVD. The convocation centered on the role of each branch of science to human welfare and progress.



He did it again! Atty. and Mrs. Pablo Garcia obligingly posed for the lensman. Mrs. Garcia is currently a fourth year student in the College of Law.

### ATTY. PABLO GARCIA COPS 1ST PLACE—GOVT. EXAMS.

Atty. Pablo Garcia added another name for U.S.C. when he copped 1st place in the Competitive Examinations for mediation attorneys held in Cebu City last September 10. Of the 800 examinees who took the tests only 12 successfully passed. For his copping 1st place, he was appointed Regional Officer in the Central Visayas, the jurisdiction of which covers Negros Oriental, Bohol and Cebu. This job is under the Department of Justice, particularly the Agricultural Tenancy Commission.

Atty. Garcia, as it may be recalled, was the Carolinian who placed 3rd in the 1951 Bar Exams.

### THE TRADITIONAL USC ALUMNI DAY

The traditional celebration of the good Old San Carlos Alumni Day rejoiced on the least day of the university's patron saint, St. Charles Borromeo, November 4, 1955. A scheduled special Alumni Mass was held in the USC Chapel at 6:00 o'clock in the morning. The affair was highlighted by the literary-musical program. It was followed immediately by the banquet with Hon. Solero Cabahug, Secretary of National Defense, as its special guest speaker. The program and the banquet was held in the afternoon at about 6:00 o'clock. This celebration of the Alumni Day was the first meeting of the San Carlos Alumni by the new Rector, Rev. Fr. Hermann Kondring, SVD.

### RELEASES FROM THE GRAD SCHOOL

The Graduate School's total Enrollment this 2nd semester, 1955, hikes up to 70 students. It's an increased showing in comparison with the previous enrolment.

Mr. Marcelino Maceda, new Academic & Research Assistant to the Dean of the Graduate School, is on an expedition tour to Panay Islands and Mindanao conducting further researches on the Negritos and Aetas in preparation for his Doctorate Studies (Anthropology).

Assuming temporarily his position is Mr. Antonio Siayngco, the former occupant of Mr. Maceda's position.

### JESSE OWENS VISITS USC

Jesse Owens, the greatest Track-Athlete of the 20th century, visited San Carlos University last November.

The towering cinderpath artist, together with Atty. Escolastico Duterte, current president of the Cebu Athletic Associations (CCAA) and Mr. Bernard Lavin, head of the United States Information Service (Cebu Branch), called on the Very Reverend Father Rector in his office.

In sports circles, Jesse Owens is considered as the fastest human being after winning three individual titles in the 100-meter and 200-meter dashes and the broad jump.

Traveling under the sponsorship of the U.S. Department of State, Mr. Owens is the second Olympic champion to visit Cebu under the Specialists' Exchange program of the U.S. Dept. of State. Major Sammy Lee, Helsinki Olympic diving champion, came to Cebu on a similar goodwill visit.

#### Mr. Owens' World Record:

100 yards	.....	9.5 seconds
100 meters	.....	10.2 "
200 meters	.....	20.01 "
220 yards	.....	20.3 "
Broad Jump	26' 8 1/4"	



Track and Field Athlete of the Century, Jesse Owens, was a recent visitor of USC last November. Mr. Owens is sitting fifth from left.



Teachers of the recently established Department of Mathematics.

## NEW DEPARTMENT ORGANIZED IN USC

In line with the policy of the University to coordinate the teaching of mathematics as well as to bring about closer and more effective student-teacher relations, the Department of Mathematics was organized recently in a meeting attended by mathematics teachers and presided over by Rev. Fr. Michael Richartz, SVD, Ph.D., head of the new department.

Under this set-up, uniformity of teaching methods is expected to give better results because concerted efforts will then be exerted to help students who are weak and to encourage those who display a proficiency in the subject.

Ways and means towards achieving the purposes of this new department will be threshed out in the monthly meetings which will be held in the University.

## 1955 SEMPER FIDELIS READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

The University of San Carlos 1955 Semper Fidelis (Annual) is now ready for distribution at the Registrar's Office. Graduates concerned may get their copies personally or through somebody duly authorized. For those who cannot come or have somebody get it for them, they can get their copies by mail provided that they inform or write the Registrar that it shall be so mailed, and enclosing with the necessary amount for mailing expenses.

## USC ANNOUNCES TO OFFER ADDITIONAL MASTER COURSES

The University of San Carlos announced that next school year new Master courses will be offered. Among these are Master of Philosophy, Master of Science in Physics, Master of Science in Pharmacy and Master of Science in addition to what the school is now offering, such as: M.A. in Education, M.A. in English and M.S. in Business Administration. Enough highly qualified professors that are probable to teach are Father Dr. Cornelis van der Linden, Father Dr. Joseph Goertz, Dr. Wilhelm Bruell, Dra. Concepcion Aranda and others with different Masters degrees.

For particulars, the university has these Admission Requirements: (1) A Bachelor's degree in Education, Liberal Arts, Philosophy, Pharmacy, Commerce, etc. (2) An average of 80% or "2.5" or all grades earned in the undergraduate studies (3) In case of Public School Teachers, the permission to study signed by their Division Superintendent (4) Ability to do superior work in the field of specialization (5) Ability to do independent research (6) Ability to speak and to write good English (7) Ability to read a Foreign Language. The maximum load in formal courses is 12 units, plus 1 unit in research and work on the thesis and students who are employed on full time, i.e., five hours a day, may carry a load of only 6 or 7 units.

## Meet USC's Princlings...

(Continued from page 26)

the Varsity Team. There were skeptics who doubted his ability even to pass the ball, but these same skeptics were convinced afterwards that for his unobtrusiveness he was a guy who did all-right-plus.

Ver is a diminutive dreadnaught. A short, bright-eyed twenty-some rookie. To those who are close to him he is a midget who forgot himself and overgrew a few inches. Physically, he is lots of muscles. He speaks in a slow, hearty way... the kind only possessed by Leyteños. Before his Cebu sojourn, he served as pilot of the Junior Basketball champion of Samar and Leyte, St. Paul's College. 1955 found him with the USC Varsity in the opening games with USP. His star shone that night and he made for himself 21 points.

One incident brought Ver to USC. Last year Coach Baring brought his squad to Leyte for an exhibition play. In the opening round the Cebu hardcourt champs were beaten black and blue by a much smaller team, mainly on the performance of Ver Coing. Coach Baring didn't bat an eye at Coing's work but Fr. Szmulko did and that's how he happens to be here.

His election as member of the Mythical CCAA Team is a testimony to his prowess in the sport he loves. He is ranked as one of the CCAA's highest scorers for this season. Ver specializes in no style of shooting. He is deadly at jump shots, lay ups and field goals. Much of his success he attributes to his left-handedness. "The players expect me to shoot with my right hand, but I burn the hoop with my left. I've been shooting with my left hand since."

When Ver makes a shot, every one is tense. He makes his shots with the utter simplicity of a fellow passing the hours of the day in backkence chat. Virgilio Coing is one guy cash customers just love. He is the picture of the little man running rings around the big man. His every motion is poetry in muscle and we love him for it.

# What do you Think...

Conducted by

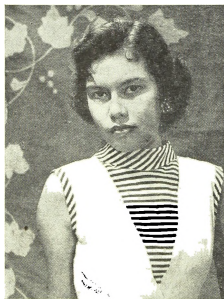
ERASMUS DIOLA  
SAM FABROZ  
W. FILOMENO

*The Philippine calendar is crisscrossed with so many national holidays and Catholic holydays of obligation that, with fiestas added to it, one would think that Filipinos are an indolent people. It is perhaps for this reason that a certain legislator introduced a bill in Congress to ban fiestas. One of the strong reasons advanced by those who advocated the banning of fiestas is the grim fact that the Philippines faces today an economic crisis and an acute unemployment problem. The proponents of the move also invoked Art. 25 of the Revised Civil Code on Human Relations which pertinently provides: "Thoughtless extravagance in expenses for pleasure or display during a period of acute public want or emergency may be stopped by order of the courts at the instance of any government or private charitable institution." They cried "autre temps autres moeurs." Customs change with the times.*

*On the other hand, equally strong objections to the proposed measure were presented and a ruckus was raised on this subject. They also countered that to stop the practice is a jiffy would be un-Philippino since fiestas form a part and parcel of our treasured past and have, in fact, been woven into the fabric of our national pattern. There is truth, we agree, to the claim that Filipinos from immemorial times have practically lived their lives in an age of fiestas and gala days. Fortunately or otherwise, the bill was never enacted into a law. And the saints be thanked for that.*

*We decided to poll the students on this subject because we are fully conscious of the fact that fiestas in no small way affect them. It has come to our knowledge that some students in a desperate effort to go home to attend their town fiestas would feign illness of various sorts and, what's worse, present fake telegrams just so they could be excused from classes. Thus... mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers have sometimes died more than once in telegrams and air-mailed letters.*

*But let's oblige them with an eyestrain on what they have to say on the subject. — E. N. DIOLA*



GLORIA RANILLO

**GLORIA RANILLO,**  
College of Pharmacy, says:

That the world has gone too materialistic — to the extent that not a few have schemed to change and undo an ageless tradition, is well manifested in their recent advocacy to abolish the practice of our people to celebrate barrio and town fiestas. Materialistic, in the sense that they base their argument upon the premise that fiestas are unreasonably a waste of time and money.

But then, life does not mainly

## About Fiestas?

consist in the hoarding of wealth, the endless struggle to accumulate gold, and to devote every minute of the day to matters of wealth and money. Life loses its purpose and meaning if such be the case. We must not forget that life, in its simple philosophy, is a continuous cycle of human endeavor, and towards the success of everyone's lot, he needs the aesthetic to feed his weary soul.

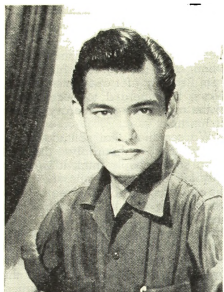
Man by instinct is gregarious. He cannot live alone, much more alone in his daily chores. He enjoys life with the company of his friends. He changes his ideas; and broadens his experience from the mutual interchange of these ideas. For this reason he prepares his daily schedules and marks his calendar for holidays. Hence, we celebrate fiestas.

If we gauge the benefits derived from celebrating town or barrio fiestas by the amount of food or quantity of drinks one can take in, or by the false vanity of the hosts, then there can be no reason why

one should contradict the reasons advanced by those who advocate its abolition. But then, this should not be. Fiestas are not celebrated with this measure. Food, drinks, and all the other things prepared by the hosts, are merely incidental to it.

The Philippines emerged from her glorious history as a bulwark of Catholicism in this part of the globe. The Filipinos are nurtured by this great religion. And to celebrate the feasts of patron saints is an ageless gesture and custom — an integral part of that great belief. One can therefore see that he who advocates the abolition of this custom borders upon dictatorship. He is paving a way for Communism.

As long as faith and religion remain as guiding lights of man's endeavor, it will be the greatest folly of the self-styled ultra modern to advocate for its abolition. If he ever succeeds (God forbid!) he becomes the devil's tool to make this land a Godless country.



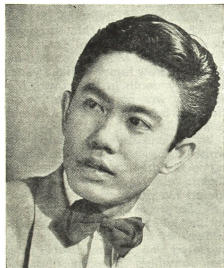
FLORENTINO SUICO, JR.

**FLORENTINO SUICO, JR.**

College of Commerce, says:

It's burning time we cease to regard fiestas as gastro-intestinal affairs and take them for their real meaning, namely, that fiestas are celebrated for their religious value and as occasions for family reunions. Definitely, fiestas are not held, or should not be held, as some kind of a build-up for that Filipino hospitality with which we pride ourselves. We can be perfectly hospitable without having to spend like Oriental potentates. Hospitality is a state of mind, not a financial statement.

The old but seemingly obsolete idea of fiestas was the intrinsic one, rooted in old Christian traditions. But modern fiesta ce-



ANTONIO AQUINO

lebrations seem to center upon the Ferris Wheel or the Coronation Ball and very often upon the basketball exhibitions. This may be the modern mode but I certainly long for the once-familiar scene of a stooped old woman, *tampipi* in arm, lighting a candle and entering the Church, her trembling hand making the sign of the cross.

**ANTONIO AQUINO,**

College of Commerce, says:

That's a ticklish question you've got there, I mean, at least, considering that I am a bachelor. Now, let me see... oh, yes. For one thing, I like fiestas just as any other guy or gal would. On the other hand, I think fiestas are a luxury. I mean the kind we are wont to celebrate. It is a truth worthy of mention that there are families who spend a good portion of the year trying to pay off whatever debts they had incurred during the fiestas.

Frankly, the only thing I really like about fiestas is the fact, taking any typical town as an example, that whenever feast days are just around the corner, streets are all of a sudden cleaned of the thick undergrowth, stray pigs are minimized, the church is extraordinarily ornamented, etcetera. If better times come, I would wish everybody would be a fiesta!

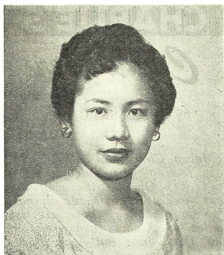
**ELENA OUANO,**

Chemistry Department, says:

Fiestas to many a Filipino are occasions of great rejoicing and the much-awaited time to display their traditional hospitality. However, nine chances out of ten, fiestas nowadays are no longer observed for their religious significance. There has most often been keen competition among places, towns barrios to outdo each other in the matter of celebrating their fiestas. Each place or town tries to put one over on the other as to which town can offer the best drama, or, perhaps, the most-attended dance.

Many do not attend a novena in preparation for the big day, but as soon as the prayers are said and the dance follows, one readily notices a multiplied multitude of young people filling every square inch of the dance hall.

Sure, everybody likes good music and good food. But I would suggest that we practice a sort of moderation in our indulgences. Too much of anything is vice. We



ELENA OUANO

should avoid useless extravagance and, for heaven's sake, let's go to church during fiestas.

**MA. MILA G. DE LOS REYES,**

Secretarial Department, says:

Are fiestas really necessary? I mean, fiestas with all their accompanying extravagance — fiestas as most of us Filipinos celebrate them? Fiestas usually leave most, if not all, of the celebrants with empty pockets, for they require a lot of useless attention in most cases and entail waste of time, effort and money. It is high time we Filipinos have a "fiesta re-orientation."

I think fiestas should be observed with simplicity, with solemnity and should no longer be observed with the usual extravagance  
(Continued on page 42)



MILA DE LOS REYES

by JUNE SALGADO

*Merry Christmas folks! Nice cozy feeling, this Yuletide spirit, isn't it? Oh, by the way... sent your greeting cards already? For your money, there are just oodles of X'mas cards in town and that does not include last year's left-overs!*

*Hey, Ed! Here's another five-cent X'mas card? Aw, be a sport, will you, and accept it!*

\*\*\*\*\*

Christmas, and with it... vacation! Wondering where to go? Why not try Manila... bright lights, crowded streets, heavy traffic, tough cops, mean characters, Rafael Yabut, and... just like any other big-town USA, except for the unescapable jeepneys, crawling and snarling, and the fighting gnarling Mayor Lacson da Great. He makes life tough for undesirable elements. He's such a K-J, but he's a blessing in disguise for your soul.

Lacson did wonders and a lot of good for Manila, and Manilans duly rewarded him... with a re-election. If you haven't been to Manila for quite a time, go there and see for yourself the Great Metropolis, in its bustling, grinding westernized ways. It's a real show window of democracy at work and you don't have to be ashamed saying it. For, unlike Cebu, Manila doesn't experience election terrorism openly. Of course gangsterism is there, as in any other big city, but goons are goons and they can be made scarce by police patrol cars, Manila's tough cops on wheels, prowling into their territories.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Manila Television: You would ordinarily hear commercials on your radio sets. With TV, you'll have to hear and see. Imagine a kind of toothpaste (... and toothbrush being waved before your eyes telling you to use them... Ugh! We'd had enough hearing gab-infested Jackals... oh, all right... jockeys, but now we have to look at their ugly faces, too. They'll practically ram yakitivity yak commercials down your throat and then probably*

*(Continued on page 45)*

## Solitude and You

(Continued from page 4)

chance not only to be yourself but also to be what God intended you to be in the first place: a thinking being. Goodness knows how real thinking is possible when the ceaseless chatter and babble of other people's voices is all around you. But where the din and the hurly-burly clatter die down to melt into an azzafly quiet, you will be surprised at the wonders your mind can do. You begin to reflect, to contemplate, to think. And before you know it, a new world opens up before you. You begin to notice things you never noticed before although they had been there all the time. You begin to see beauty in things which formerly seemed utterly drab and colorless. You find meaning in things where you found none before. And all at once you find your thoughts lose themselves in the eternal rhythm of the cosmos. Your mind is spinning fantasies about every flower, cloud, or star; your imagination is weaving poetry over each pebble, weed or falling leaf. Somehow, seated there alone in your room, you cannot help feeling the presence of the Creator of these things Himself. Somehow, you are carried away with the overwhelming nearness of that "passionless passion and wild tranquillity" which is God... a nearness which seems almost palpable.

Perhaps this is why solitude never fails to give such a profound tranquillity of soul to the many who seek it. Only when one is all alone with only his thoughts to keep him company will he ever come to know that perfect piece of mind which he can never find anywhere else.

Now, there is nothing anti-social about this. On the contrary, solitude prepares us for society. As the Abbe Dimnet once remarked, "our first duty to society is to be somebody; that is, to be ourselves; and we can only be ourselves if we are often enough by ourselves."

A look at Nature's list will show us that the men who stand high in it have always been lovers of solitude. Winslow Homer was one. Wordsworth was another. Then there was Kant, Thoreau, Petrarch, Giordano Bruno, and a host of others. The interesting thing about it is that these men, most of them noted philosophers and authors, have produced their best works after they have shut themselves in seclusion. America's own Nathaniel

Hawthorne demonstrated this when, after having shut himself up from society for seventeen long years, he emerged to become one of the most powerful literary figures of his time.

We see then that solitude is not really the unbearably dreadful thing some people think it is, as fit only for invalids, hermits, the aged, the shut-ins, or the recluse. Only the shallow and the superficial will shun it almost as if being alone by themselves is the most terrible thing that could happen to them. If need be, they must be surrounded by other people's company all the time. And they seek it in parties, dances, balls, picnics, and the like. Such people are like "the woman Arnold Bennet spoke of... alive only in public. Their whole time is spent in being in public, in preparing to be in public, and in re-

*(Continued on page 42)*

## The Green Parrot

(Continued from page 6)

"Well!" said Mano Dikoy with finality, "You can have your way," and went to the door unceremoniously. The bamboo floor creaked under his enormous weight.

"Mano Dikoy..." Iya Sela called him frantically, but the meriko was now lost among the tall cogon grass growing thick along the way.

The rural doctor and his assistant came to the village as had been promised by the good President. However the reception of the doctor by the villager was cold and suspicious. If it were a *lambalan* they would have given him a louising welcome — the whole barrio would literally meet him dragging along the sick, the invalid.

Their faith in Mano Dikoy had not waned; it grew firmer with the years. For every death in the barrio, Mano Dikoy was not to blame, for did they not have an unshakable faith in him?

When one bright morning the barrio woke up to find Mario talking to his green parrot. The rural doctor was his audience. Mario offered his parrot to the good doctor, (For was he not his savior?) but the latter refused; he perceived it deep in his heart that the boy treasured the green parrot more than anything else in his little world; to him it was a symbol of love, peace and contentment. ♯

## "And Yet It Moves . . ."

telescope met with from distinguished men of science. "What will you say", he wrote, "of the first teachers of the University at Padua, who when I offered to them the opportunity, would look neither at the planets nor the moon through the telescope? How would you have laughed, when at Pisa the leading professor of the University there endeavored, in the presence of the Grand Duke, to tear away the new planets from heaven with logical arguments." — On the other hand, it is undeniable that the proofs which Galileo adduced in support of the heliocentric system of Copernicus, as against the geocentric of Ptolemy, were far from conclusive, and failed to convince such men as Tycho Brahe, and Lord Bacon, who to the end remained an unbeliever.

**Galileo's Fate.** Prior to his telescopic discoveries, Galileo had already abandoned the Ptolemaic astronomy for the Copernican, as he confessed in a letter to Kepler in 1597, he had refrained from making himself its advocate, lest like Copernicus himself he should be overwhelmed with ridicule. In 1611 he visited the metropolis of Italy for the first time, where he was received with that distinction which was due to his great talents and his extended reputation. Princes, cardinals, and prelates hastened to do him honor. Galileo took with him his best telescope and erected it in the Quirinal garden belonging to Cardinal Bandini; and in April 1611, he showed the spots of the sun's surface to his friends. Thus the eyes of man were fairly turned towards the skies, and towards the Copernican question which they raised. The support that his discoveries gave the Copernican theory, but much more his ardent support of this view was the cause of the difficulties with the Inquisition. The Aristotelian universities moved the Church to action. Galileo, hearing that some had denounced his doctrine as anti-scriptural, presented himself at Rome in 1615. He was courteously received. When interrogated before the Inquisition, the system he upheld was declared to be scientifically false, and heretical, and he had to renounce it. This he obediently did, promising to teach it no more. Then followed a decree

(Continued from page 11)

of the Congregation of the Index dated March 1616, prohibiting various heretical works to which were added any advocating the Copernican system.

It is obvious that the ecclesiastical authorities committed a grave and deplorable error, and sanctioned a false principle as to the proper use of Scripture. Galileo rightly urged that Holy Writ is intended to teach men to go to heaven, not how the heavens go. It is sure, however, that the authors of the judgment themselves did not consider it to be absolutely final and irreversible. For Cardinal Bellarmine, the most influential member of the Sacred College, wrote to Galileo, urging that he should be content to show that his system explains all celestial phenomena but should not categorically assert what seemed to contradict the Bible. Then he continued: "I say that if a real proof be found that the sun is fixed and does not revolve round the earth, but the earth round the sun, then it will be necessary, very carefully, to proceed to the explanation of the passages of Scripture which appear to be contrary, and we should rather say that we have misunderstood these than pronounce that to be false which is demonstrated."

Then in 1624 Galileo again visited Rome, he met with a noble and generous reception. The pope now reigning, Urban VIII, had, as Cardinal, been his friend and had opposed his condemnation in 1616; but to Galileo's disappointment Urban would not annul the former judgment of the Inquisition. After his return to Florence, Galileo set himself to compose the work which revived and aggravated all former animosities, namely a dialogue in which a Ptolemist is utterly routed and confounded by two Copernicans.

The "Dialogue" is conducted by three persons — Salviati, a Copernican; Simplicio, an Aristotelian; and Sagredo, a witty, impartial, good-natured chairman. It covers four "days", during which the arguments for and against each system are set forth with apparent impartiality, and without reaching any stated conclusion. But the

general effect of the book was a powerful plea for Copernicanism. Since the publication in 1632 was plainly inconsistent with Galileo's former promise, it was taken by the Roman authorities as a direct challenge. Galileo was therefore again cited before the Inquisition and condemned as "vehemently suspected of heresy." The sentence was signed by seven cardinals, but did not receive the customary papal ratification. Under the sentence of imprisonment Galileo remained till his death in 1642. He spent altogether twenty-two days in the buildings of the Inquisition, not in a prison cell with barred windows, but in the handsome apartment of an official of the Inquisition. Then he lived several months in the house of the archbishop Ascanio Piccolomini, one of his numerous and trusty friends. The remaining eight years of his life were spent in his villa at Arcetri, Florence.

"The Crime of Galileo" is the title of a new book, written by Giorgio de Santillana, published by the University of Chicago Press. A short review given in *Scientific American*, September 1955, reads: "Galileo's trial for heresy has had many reporters and commentators, but the account given in this volume, based upon a careful re-examination of the documents and a review of the glosses, is undoubtedly the best. . . Neither Galileo nor the Church were in all respects admirable. Galileo wanted to have it both ways: to preach Copernicanism but to maintain his standing as an orthodox, faithful Catholic. . . The Church had plenty of political troubles of its own at the time, and had more important things to do than to concern itself over complex astronomical theories. It would have let Galileo alone if he had been discreet or had propagated his learned heresies unobtrusively."

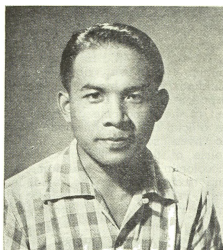
### Physics in USC

(Continued from page 11)

Since 1952 advanced physics classes have been offered and at the end of this school year the physics department will turn out its first crop—two budding physicists will receive their degree of Bachelor of Science (Major in Physics). Next school year San Carlos Graduate School will be extended to three more courses; among them the Master of Science will be offered in Physics.

# USC'S SCHOLARS

FIRST SEMESTER 1955 - 56



**CRISTOBAL PLATEROS**  
B.S. Zool. IV

## COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

### SCIENCE TYPE

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Azcona, Amparo (Pre-Med) ..	1.27
2nd. Ordoñez, Alfredo, Jr. (Pre-Med) ..	1.36
3rd. Cabinian, Rosario (Pre-Dent) ..	1.45

### SECOND YEAR

1st. Veralto, Verma (Pre-Med) ...	1.35
2nd. Cimine, Fe (Pre-Med) .....	1.36
3rd. Camomot, Teodoro .....	1.40

### THIRD YEAR

1st. Yap, Leding (Pre-Med) .....	1.27
2nd. Yu, Renato (Pre-Med) .....	1.29
3rd. Klamke, Rosario (Pre-Med) ..	1.34

### FOURTH YEAR

1st. Plateros, Cristobal (RS Zool) ..	1.50
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## ARTS-PHILOSOPHY TYPE

### FIRST YEAR

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Fernandez, Filoman (Pre-Law) ..	1.19
2nd. Abao, Sixto (Pre-Law) .....	1.23
3rd. Cenizo, Lourdes (Pre-Law) .....	1.24

### SECOND YEAR

1st. Valenzuela, Manuel (Pre-Law) ..	1.11
2nd. Bacol, Romulo (Pre-Law) .....	1.12
3rd. Creer, Gerónimo (Pre-Law) .....	1.22

### THIRD YEAR

1st. Lim, Betty (Gen) .....	1.20
2nd. Yap, Elsa (Gen) .....	1.23
3rd. Sala, Lourdes (Gen) .....	1.84

### FOURTH YEAR

1st. Amigable, Lednito (Gen) .....	1.03
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## COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

### FIRST YEAR

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Marbella, Josephine .....	1.32
2nd. Mascariñas, Fe .....	1.33
3rd. Manallil, Thelma .....	1.45

### SECOND YEAR

1st. Lebunfacil, Clara .....	1.38
2nd. Garcia, Lourdes .....	1.51
3rd. Gerona, Monina .....	1.53

### THIRD YEAR

1st. Chew, Remedios .....	1.54
2nd. Gador, Shirley .....	1.67
3rd. Manzanares, Fhea .....	1.73

### FOURTH YEAR

1st. Gomez, Leticia .....	1.35
2nd. Qulatao, Estrella .....	1.38
3rd. Celestial, Zinaia .....	1.41



**LETICIA GOMEZ**  
4th Yr. Pharmacy

## COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

### FIRST YEAR

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Uy, Angellina .....	1.22
2nd. Cambongo, Catalina .....	1.26
2nd. Quijada, Clavel .....	1.26
3rd. Dequina, Remedios .....	1.34

### SECOND YEAR

1st. Pozon, Bartolome .....	1.10
2nd. Alcantara, Benedicto .....	1.12
3rd. Yee, Luz .....	1.13

### THIRD YEAR

#### (Pure Accounting)

1st. Geonson, Winifredo .....	1.15
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#### (All Others)

1st. Batcliffe, Annie .....	1.04
2nd. Quijano, Rosa .....	1.06
3rd. Yap, Angellita .....	1.20

### FOURTH YEAR

#### (Pure Accounting)

FOURTH YEAR	Average
1st. Navarra, Natividad .....	1.31
2nd. Espinilla, Nee .....	1.38
3rd. Campos, Delfin, Jr. .....	1.40

#### (All Others)

1st. Fong, Lucio .....	1.40
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## SECRETARIAL COURSE

### Average

1st. Ang, Joaquina .....	1.08
2nd. Vivar, Bella .....	1.21
3rd. Zapanta, Celia .....	1.25

## COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

### NORMAL DEPARTMENT

#### (B.S.Ed.)

### FIRST YEAR

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Ilago, Emilio .....	1.15
2nd. Villarino, Crescencia .....	1.40
3rd. Fernandez, Luciana .....	1.54

### SECOND YEAR

1st. Sacarta, Lina .....	1.21
2nd. Bello, Bella .....	1.25
3rd. Carboalla, Amparo .....	1.50

### THIRD YEAR

1st. Cempran, Maximiliano .....	1.43
2nd. Calungad, Beatriz .....	1.55
3rd. Garcia, Anania .....	1.80
3rd. Vasquez, Aliceto .....	1.80

### FOURTH YEAR

1st. Pepino, Ma. Luz .....	1.14
2nd. Caballos, Susana .....	1.21
3rd. Quijano, Amparo .....	1.44



**FE LOZADA**  
Education IV

THE CAROLINIAN



**HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT  
(B.S.Ed.-M.E.)**

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Felicidad, Engracia .....	1.77
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Astillo, Lolita .....	1.59
2nd. Ang, Prospera .....	1.73
3rd. Trinidad, Manuela .....	1.75
THIRD YEAR	
1st. Durano, Monica .....	1.65
FOURTH YEAR	

**N o n e**

**HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT  
(B.S.H.E.)**

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Cruz, Felice .....	1.22
2nd. Omega, Josephine .....	1.31
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Villamor, Milagros .....	1.14
2nd. Tesoro, Lettie .....	1.49
THIRD YEAR	
1st. Naval, Gertrudes .....	1.24
2nd. Gabuya, Antonietta .....	1.62

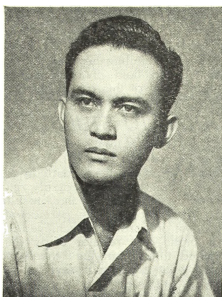


**LUZ MA. PEPINO  
BSEED IV**

**BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN EDUCATION  
(B.S.E.)**

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Ongtawco, Julieta .....	1.422
2nd. Yap, Rosario .....	1.427
3rd. Alonso, Marietta .....	1.60
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Saludo, Salvacion .....	1.14
2nd. Dakay, Concepcion .....	1.10
3rd. Vergara, Magdalena .....	1.26
THIRD YEAR	
1st. Dakay, Venus .....	1.35
2nd. Alcoras, Teresita .....	1.55
3rd. Abellar, Gloria .....	1.61
FOURTH YEAR	
1st. Lozada, Fe .....	1.00
2nd. Escatillas, Filomena .....	1.21
3rd. Merlano, Amparo .....	1.33

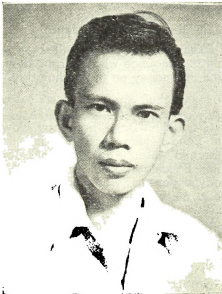
**DECEMBER, 1955**



**SOFRONIO CAPAO  
Law IV**

**COLLEGE OF LAW**

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Zosa, Francis .....	1.53
2nd. Balbuena, Vicente .....	1.55
3rd. Quilicot, Diosdado .....	1.59
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Alvarado, Eugenio, Jr. ....	1.19
2nd. Foa, Orlando .....	1.53
3rd. Draper, Felix .....	1.64
THIRD YEAR	
1st. Cerilles, Jose .....	1.90
FOURTH YEAR	
1st. Gapeo, Sofronio .....	1.42
2nd. Inting, Resurreccion .....	1.60
3rd. Perez, Jose .....	1.66



**FRANCISCO G. HO  
Mechanical Engineering IV**

**COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING  
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING  
(B.S.Ch.E.)**

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Serrato, Jesus .....	1.43
2nd. Espina, Raul .....	1.67
3rd. Cabatangan, Dennis .....	1.85
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Bendanillo, Vicente .....	1.44
2nd. Moyal, Lydia .....	1.48
3rd. Pilopil, Elsa .....	1.64
THIRD YEAR	
1st. Castro, Callisto .....	1.44
2nd. Limbago, Humando .....	1.91
FOURTH YEAR	
1st. Campos, Prudencio .....	1.91
CIVIL ENGINEERING (B.S.C.E.)	
FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Salgado, Ligaya .....	1.55
2nd. Mondillo, Natalia .....	1.74
3rd. Briones, Democrito .....	1.91
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Mella, Hipolito .....	1.48
2nd. Comiling, Camilo .....	1.63
3rd. Oppus, Democrito .....	1.90
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING (B.S.E.E.)	
FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Alvor, Virgilio .....	1.54
2nd. Abunda, Marcelino .....	1.80
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Robe, Horacio .....	1.95



**PRUDENCIO CAMPOS, JR.  
Chemical Eng'g IV  
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING  
(B.S.M.E.)**

FIRST YEAR	Average
1st. Cadera, Isidro .....	1.53
2nd. Mongcada, Carlos .....	1.71
3rd. Javier, Diosdado .....	1.81
SECOND YEAR	
1st. Lipardo, Gerardo .....	1.41
2nd. Mar, Hilarion .....	1.57
3rd. Caraso, Eugenio .....	1.62
THIRD YEAR	
1st. Inting, Cayetano .....	1.49
2nd. Bajarias, Jose .....	1.76
3rd. Labucay, Felipe .....	1.78
FOURTH YEAR	
1st. Ho, Francisco .....	1.35
2nd. Labro, Salvador .....	1.89

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## SAN CARLOS, ALL HAIL!

(Continued from page 3)

menting it with other facts whenever necessary has served me well. In public life, specially, I have found it very useful. "Veritas vos liberabit", a Latin motto says. Truth makes you free, and indeed I have been free from qualms of conscience, free from remorse, and free from fear.

One thing stands out in this life I have led, and it is this: here in this school, I learned my basic principles in Ethics. In a manner of speaking, here my conscience was moulded and steeped with the ways of Catholicism and Christianity. And all throughout these past years, on many occasions, I have looked back with gratitude to that old priest who kept pounding on us with a concept of right and wrong, to that good Father Inspector who isolated me for three months, to all the others in the old Colegio-Seminario de San Carlos who helped to train me, because the lessons they taught me are still the guide-posts of my life.

Here in this school I learned the arts and science... philosophy and letters, languages, culture, mathematics, and others. I entered the portals of San Carlos a young boy eager to learn, and emerged a young man adequately prepared to pursue superior studies in the University of Santo Tomas and later to meet the problems of life as they came to me.

The only failure my tutors had was in the field of mathematics. Today, even at this age, I still use

### HOW TO STUDY...

(Continued from page 15)

may be able to repeat but is not able to apply what he has learned. Such information is so rapidly and temporarily acquired, that results so obtained cannot be permanent. The best preparation is achieved by systematic and regular study distributed throughout the school year along with occasional reviews.

12. Vivid, definite, and exact impression of the material promotes good memory. The more vivid and intense the initial experience, the more certain will be the later recall. The student must clearly apprehend and understand what is taught in order to remember it later.

13. Reviews are most effective when the first one comes soon after the original learning, because it prevents that large initial loss. Subsequent reviews can be spaced increasingly farther apart.

14. Finally, an effective way of retaining of what has been learned is to be so alive as a student and scholar that you encounter old material in various relationships, and thus retain your grasp of much that otherwise would be forgotten.

my fingers in adding figures. But then, I am naturally dull in mathematics and my former tutors, rest their souls should not be blamed.

I wonder how many of us here, if at all, would refuse to acknowledge the debt of gratitude that we owe to San Carlos. Who of us can bear to behold these buildings and still deny the pride in his heart in being a Carolinian? I believe I am speaking for each and everyone of us here when I say that it is an honor indeed to circulate among our fellowmen with an indelible imprint of the seal of the Green and Gold in our hearts.

San Carlos gave me two very important things, two things which, in the final analysis, are the only things that count in life—religion and conscience. These two have made me strong in times of stress and trial, rich even while I lacked material possessions, proud even in defeat and disappointment, and humble and properly grateful in moments of triumph and victory.

I offer my heart to our Alma Mater in gratitude, and I ask you all to join me in this offering. And, as we celebrate this year's college day, let us join the chorus of younger voices in singing, with all fervour:

"SAN CARLOS, ALL HAIL!"

I wish that God will give me the means to get ahead in the world. A college education.

"Don't worry, someday you'll be great. You'll be a congresswoman. I... I will send you to college. Bel, I promise. Honest I will sell the jeepney. About that club you are vice president of, tell me about it?"

"I wish I had a room of my own where..."

"Bel, I'm asking about your club."

"What... oh, the club. I really should not have joined it. It is only for rich girls."

"Don't talk like that."

Bella told him that her club's aim was to help the poor in their studies. The members usually contributed large sums of money. Right now, they had quite a big sum.

"It was Terry who made me join. She pays my dues. They made me vice-president. Isn't it funny?"

### WINDFALL

(Continued from page 7)

"Is Terry your president?"

"Yes she is. She will be the one to announce what is to be done with the money on graduation day."

Graduation Day. The happy glow on Bella's face flickered as she marched through the chapel for their Baccalaureate Mass. Everybody's parents were present and Bella could not keep crying when she witnessed the happy and proud parents. She whispered to herself, "If only Pa and Ma were alive!" She saw Elmer on the corner. He approached her and embraced her.

Graduation night. The graduates were in their festive gowns. The valedictorian delivered. Bella was next. Elmer could not help shed-

ding his tears when he saw his sister, pretty and competent, delivering her speech. He thought of how he was going to send her to college. Bella finished. Terry was to speak then. She glided towards the stage to announce what the club had decided to do with the money.

... This club has done all things. But tonight it will do something noble. The club decided that the money it has will go for the scholarship in this school of a girl who need and deserves it very much. I am sure that someday we will be glad and proud of her, Miss Bella Campos.

Tears rolled down on Bella's face. Her emotion was so confused that she was oblivious of everything around her. She allowed her eyes to wander further and saw her brother. "Merl"... They embraced again. She went up and kissed Terry. †

# The Filipinos and The Dutch

(Continued from page 18)

good citizens who assimilate themselves in their new environments.

All these traits I detected in some way or the other among our Filipino people. I read that the Ilocanos are highly respected in Hawaii in every enterprise and that they are known for their tireless work and industry. Dutch captains told me that in the Philippines the dockers are the best in the Far East and they have no fear for labour trouble. They like to trade with them as they are reliable and fair without the usual chicanes of the east.

What about the history of both countries? Holland had always a longing of being its own and it fought a bitter fight against every neighbor that liked to occupy it: the Germans and the Franks, the Spaniards for 80 long years. It is therefore that just like the Filipinos we express our ill feelings in the word "Spaniard". The Dutch fought the Spaniards everywhere in the world in the British channel (The Armada) in the Mediterranean, and even in the Philippines: "the battle of Naval". In later years we fought in the open and on the sly the Frenchmen and the English in long, long and frequent wars. We like everybody, but our freedom most. We love to receive people as our guests, but we fight the intruder who wants to bring us "Culture or Freedom". We want to be our own. I think there is no need for making comparisons. You know the history of the Philippines and its battles against the "Spaniards" and against the Americans. Though once enemies, there is no reason for continuing the enmity. Who were once our foes, are now our dearest friends. If only they leave us alone.

The struggle for freedom against the Spaniards aroused even heretic feelings and it was in those years that Holland turned a nation. Is there not a curious identity in the origin of the Aqlipayan Church and the Iglesia ni Cristo?

Another trait is the high respect for foreign countries and foreign goods, mingled with a certain despise for home products. Sharp criticism on own politics and seeing paradise elsewhere. No need for

further comparisons with the Filipinos.

A last note: We Dutchmen like and love our fatherland, but scarcely know the national anthem

## SPOT COMMENTS

(Continued from page 15)

In no less time, these maneuvers are satisfactory recommendations that can best contribute to your chance of hitching your wagon to a political star and consequently making you the "Guy" of the univ's political arena!

● For purposes of identification within the school premises, our new Identification Cards can serve well. Majority of the students, however, are in the complaining mood. The common murmur is that, the photo is roughly done as if there was no desire on the part of the photographers to satisfy and please the students who are expecting to get their money's worth. For them to know, these pictures were done in the dark!

● Speaking of something new in USC... we have our new Enrollment Procedure to boast of. Personally, I like it. It's a novelty, and improvement, shall I say. Getting a little further, I shall say, I seem not to agree with that of the Originator's taste. That is, the way the Slip is worded out. It came to my notice that students, collegiate as they are, find it hard to understand and follow the provided directions, much less to fill the items due to too much use of technical terms. Somehow, that could be an insult to a college student. But considering that it is not an examination paper to be answered, why let them have a long interval of worry for it? That's precisely the reason why a student wastes four or five Enrollment Slips before he is finally enrolled. In consequence, it's all a waste of time and money. And why should we be so technical? We can be plain and be understood!

and dislike official flag-parades. I do not approve of it, but at 7:45 a.m. I feel quite at home seeing the attitude of my Filipino students. What is and has been the political position of Holland. Lying in the midst of the spheres of influence of England, Germany, and France, we always had a policy of neutrality and safeguarding the political equilibrium. The Dutch stad holders were famous for their peace policy and they even aroused wars to keep this political balance in existence. If Holland would not have done it, we would have been a land of ruins and the battlefield of all nations. Is the position of the P. I. different from those big empires as Japan, China, Indonesia, and India? Culturally influenced and lying within the sphere of political desires of all of them. A land of a few millions just like the 10 millions of Holland among the 200 million of our neighbours. A last idea to compare: Holland is largely an agricultural country. No natural resources of any importance: some coal, and oil, salt and earth gas. Water is our greatest enemy and our greatest ally. They say that the Dutchman is born with the canals and with a boat under his arms.

Would you dare to deny the similarity between Holland and the Country of 7000 islands.

What lesson can be drawn for the Philippines?

Holland is a wealthy country, prosperous again after a devastating war by brutal enemies.

We have not much to offer to the world at large in natural resources and riches. But what we offer in high quality in agricultural products and high quality of the newest agricultural methods. Engineering in every branch especially constructing waterworks, road and electricity is highly developed through our world famous technical college at Delft. To be "Delft engineer" is a certificate for acceptance everywhere in the world. Our ship-building wharfs are truly famous

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# What Do You Think About Fiestas?

(Continued from page 35)



LOUELLA LACSON

that most of us Filipinos have always been doing, and still do. Attendance at mass (with communion, if possible) should be a must item. Of course, it does not mean that we should not invite our relatives and friends to celebrate with us and partake of whatever feast we can prepare.

When I say that fiestas should be celebrated with simplicity, I mean that fiestas should be stripped of too much color and fanfare.

Simple trimmings, a few banners, a few streamers would be enough and proper. We must think of the poor street cleaners, too. Above all, if we must celebrate fiestas, we had better make sure there would be something left in our coffers. We must think, too, of the coming of the rains.

## LOUELLA G. LACSON,

College of Architecture, says:

I have been invited to several fiestas already and, frankly, I don't think I ever attended a fiesta which I didn't enjoy. It is really fascinating to watch our people celebrate fiestas to show their gratitude to the saints. But it is also high time that we come to a realization of the impracticability of our age-old practices.

One doesn't have to reach for the moon to manifest gratitude. The thing that really counts is sincerity, and no amount of money can take its place. Instead of being extravagant during fiestas, why not spend our money for such nobler cause as, for instance, helping improve our community?

## LUISA CASTANEDA,

College of Law, says:

Town fiestas were all right ten years or so ago. But I would be the first to argue against anyone who will assert to the effect that



LUISA CASTANEDA

fiestas would still be all right during these times on a number of reasons: First, the Philippines faces today a critical economic problem. Second, the practice is not in keeping with the modern trend of things for, as a matter of fact, it echoes far back into the ages of savages and pagans. Third, it is costly fun, if it is any fun at all.

Abolish fiestas for the sake of an economically progressive and stable Philippines!

## ROTC BRIEFS

(Continued from page 30)

too. Maj. Ybanez is active both in army work and in politics. Soldier-politician, Major? With the band is an imposing figure, Goliath-like Cdt. Capt. Eduardo (Eddy) Quirante. The cadets are even afraid of his shadow. Our assistant PRO is Cdt. 1st Lt. Erasmus Diola. Other heavy figures are 1st Lt. Cesar Ursal and Teresito Escario. Both are tall, big and handsome: both are sons of town mayors, too. Strange coincidence!

## CADETS AT ATTENTION

I spoke of officers earlier. Now, let me speak of the birds of my feather. Cadets, they are. May I begin with the proud, turbulent, foolosophical, George Platoon? The moment Maj. Garcia announced that honor medals would be awarded to deserving cadets who would

make good in the tactical inspection and in the drill days, these people from George were itching to have the medals all to themselves. Most of the academic scholars, however, are from this platoon. So, competition is quite keen. In the first semester, Cadet Ben Alonte topped the theoretical exams given by Sgt. Herrera. Cadet Bartolome Pozon is closely following up. While Cadets Romulo Bacol, Manuel Valenzuela, Gerardo Lipardo, Jr., and Jesus Fernandez are always eyeing the top position. Hitch your wagon, fellows!

## RED-LETTERED FEBRUARY

The USC ROTC unit will be inspected ahead of the other units. Tactical inspection will take place in the first week of February. Another challenge is at hand, boys. "If this is another star to be bagged, we'll get it!" Maj. Garcia told his men. Sure! If we did it the last time, why can't we make a repeat

performance? Remember the last tactical inspection! It's a slogan worth remembering out these days.‡

## SOLITUDE AND YOU

(Continued from page 36)

covering from the effects of being in public.

But those who are deep, those who "stand high in Nature's list," always prefer solitude to society because they alone know the blessings which solitude can give. They alone know that only solitude can offer that perfect peace of mind which we earlier alluded to... that peace of mind which enables us to probe deeper into our inmost consciousness and know what our purpose in living really is. Only solitude can fill up that barrenness, that utter vacinity of soul, which each one of us experiences at times. Thus, in solitude, you can be alone... but never lonely.

# A Legend of the Santo Niño of Cebu

(Continued from page 17)

was given the name Dato Mangal.<sup>2</sup> Dato Mangal had a beautiful daughter named Marangmarang. She was the fairest in Opon and in the prime of her youth, she became the bride of Prince Tupas, son of Hamabod (Humabon), King of Sugbu (Cebu).

One day King Hamabod borrowed the idol of Dato Mangal. He satisfied his curiosity with the supernatural feats wrought by it. At last he decided to possess the idol all for himself. To consummate this evil design, he ordered a wood-carver, Balakhoy, to carve the replica of a picture he found in a book. To change the color of the wood, he had it soaked in water with the bark of sibukaw.<sup>3</sup> He thought that after its form and shape had been altered, the rightful owner won't recognize it any longer. The image was finished and Hamabod was greatly pleased by the face of a beautiful child. It was reddish-yellow, very much different from that which he borrowed. Marangmarang, however, knew of the secret. She was urged by her father-in-law to refrain from telling her father, Dato Mangal, of what she knew. This she promised the king. It did not take long for the new image to gain popularity in the kingdom of Sugbu. It was the object of adoration and King Hamabod decided to name it *Balahala*.<sup>4</sup>

By this time, in Opon, Dato Mangal and the villagers were stirred by the loss of their idol. They could not, however, recollect the unscrupulous borrower to whom it was lent. Even King Lapulapu of Maclan was concerned over the predicament of his people. He ordered all houses in Opon searched thoroughly. No trace of it could be found. Lapulapu sent three of his ablest soldiers to look for it in the kingdom of Sugbu. They had heard much about the child-image called

*Balahala*. The soldiers returned and informed Lapulapu that *Balahala*, in spite of its altered form, was actually their lost idol. This they deduced from the unmistakable sea-odor it had.

Dato Mangal, in order to prevent trouble, went personally in the pretext of visiting her daughter, Marangmarang. He was well received by Hamabod. Gently, he asked Hamabod to help him locate his charred chunk that they adored as their idol. The latter, pretending to be surprised when told of the idol's disappearance. The king of Sugbu told Dato Mangal he knew of nobody who owned such a thing. However, he said he had *Balahala*; that the people worshipped him in his kingdom. He went inside his room and returned with the image of a child. He handed it to Dato Mangal. Mangal was moved by its very familiar odor. He immediately remembered the time when he was in the sea fishing... the time when he found the charred piece of wood. Without a moment's hesitation, he told Hamabod that it was his idol, no matter if its shape was altered. Hamabod replied that if he based his claim on the smell of the wood, then, he could have the biggest trunk of *sibukaw* found in his kingdom. The wood from which the

image was carved being *sibukaw*.

This angered Dato Mangal. He threw the *Balahala* outside the window, at the same time told Hamabod it was the end of their friendship. He said further that a day would come when he and his men should return to claim the idol at the point of their spears and lances. On the other hand, Hamabod was mad when his child-image was thrown. He told Dato Mangal that he was ready anytime he chose to take it by force.

Upon the return of Dato Mangal to Opon, he informed King Lapulapu that he was sure the *Balahala* of King Hamabod was their idol in its altered form. The Maclan king sent an ultimatum demanding the immediate return of the idol.

The king of Sugbu was not to be easily threatened. In reply, he sent a piece of wood, the size of a jar. With it was the following message: "King Lapulapu, I am sending you that which you asked."

This reply was interpreted by the king of Maclan as an insult on his person, thus started the ill feelings that prevailed until the coming of the Spaniards. The unexpected death of Magellan in the hands of Lapulapu's men, came as a culmination of this conflict.<sup>5</sup>

Dato Mangal, in order to drown his worries over his lost idol, raised some pets. He had a dog, a cat, and a monkey. He trained them to dance before him. He used to be amused by their dancing.

One afternoon, Dato Mangal dressed his pets and brought them to the seashore. He made the three animals dance. He laughed and shouted, when all of a sudden, the skies began to gloom. Clouds gathered, and before long, there was rain. Lightning and thunder struck the laughing form of Dato Mangal. He became petrified. Today, the old people of Opon will tell you that the big stone at the extreme point of Punta Enganyo, was the petrified form of Dato Mangal, the fisherman who according to legend, found the chunk of wood now called the Santo Niño of Cebu.<sup>6</sup> †

<sup>5</sup> This is the opinion of Mr. Labredo.

<sup>6</sup> This tale shows that pre-Spanish elements had entered the legendary *Santo Niño* cycle. The belief that lightning and petrification are a punishment for laughing at animals, or for making them fight, etc., is rather widespread in the Visayas and Mindanao. It is even held by many Negro groups of Southeast Asia, as far as the motif of lightning is concerned.

## Report from the Alumni

(Continued from page 19)

became a hit among the appreciative Cebuano crowd.

And of course, there was a well-executed group dance offered by the Alumni in the Girls' High Faculty, and a solo by Menchit Villamor. A perfect gesture of camaraderie was the one-act (Comedy) Skit, "If Gentlemen Should Play Cards as Ladies Play," performed by the Major Seminary artists of San Carlos Seminary. This proved to be marvelous entertainment for all.

Climax of the festivities was a banquet attended by His Excellency, Archbishop Rosales and new Bishop Surban of Dumaguete. To sum up the comments, "The food was good, the crowd just right, the speeches were quite interesting."

Among those seen at the banquet were old alumni Capt. Manuel Borromeo and Asst. Warden Melquiades Gonzales, Atty. Francino Alonso, Coné Faigao, Jesus Borromeo, Mon-

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<sup>2</sup> Mangal, a Visayan word derived from *bangsal* meaning to rescue. The fisherman having rescued the chunk of wood was thus given the appellation.

<sup>3</sup> *Cesalpinia seppan* Linn.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Labredo thinks that *Balahala* is derived from the Cebuano words, *Bal-Ab-Alo*. According to him, *Bal* was the Sun-god, *Ab*, the Earth-god, and *Alo*, the God of the winds. He believes that this has something to do with the Christian belief in the Holy Trinity. Mr. Labredo's etymological explanation of *Balahala* must be strongly doubted. The name may rather be a local form of *Bethlehe*, one of the old Philippine words for God.

LOZADA (Tuburan Elementary School) once voiced out. The latest grapevine bulletin on Miss HILDEGARDA GUCOR: She is having fine time with the pupils of Pardo Elementary School. In more or less the same happy state is NARCISA SEPULVEDA who confided that "not only is teaching lots of fun but it, really, is also labor of love." Narcising is stationed in Danao Elementary School. Included in the same roster is Mrs. CELERINA MACACHOR. Keep the USC banners waving ma'am!

"Many are called but few are chosen" and among the chosen few are Misses Juanita Ruelo and Praxides Saligumba who have decided to part ways with mundane pleasure and dedicate their lives to the pursuit of spiritual good. Before they made the big decision, both were members of USC's faculty staff. This classroom-to-convent transition is fresh proof that ours is not a totally materialistic age. From good authority, we have it that other vocationists followed the suit of Misses Ruelo and Saligumba. Among them are AVELINA ALMENDRAS, BSC '55, who, after graduation, jettisoned her sheepskin and left her folks. We are sure that Veling does not love her parents less now that she has decided to enter the nunnery. Noble work Veling! And there's DELIA TABOTABO, too, who's rumored now to be one of the daughters of St. Paul. AMPARO VISITACION stashed away her BSE sheepskin and took the same step. Faithful and aboveboard, Miss Visitacion will surely make her goal. And, as if the enumeration is not already lengthy as it is, Miss PAZ VIVERA also

New Jersey, U.S.A. Both are intensifying their knowledge in their specialized fields. They are stationed at Perth Amboy General Hospital, Perth Amboy, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Next to follow suit were ERNESTO PINEDA and NICITAS GRAPE. The two became man and wife last July 26 at the Cebu Pro-Cathedral. Both principals are blue-blooded Carolinians; the groom being a pre-med grad, while the bride-elect was formerly a Liberal Arts coed. Ernie is now a junior medical student in UST while wifey is head nurse of SIH.

Not to be forgotten was the simple but impressive wedding of Mr. & Mrs. GERVASIO RICONALLA (nee Fe Ceniza) solemnized at the Catholic Church of Oroquieta, Mis. Occ. on Aug. 14, 1955. Both are Carolinians! The benedict is presently applying his Chemistry

## ALUMNI CHIMES

(Continued from page 19)

decided to spend her remaining years in search of Christ. Fortitude and diligence are her major assets to become a good Samaritan.

**The globe-trotters:** One of two Carolinians who have just left for the land of the Pilgrims' Pride is Miss CARMEN CAMARA our H.E. specialist. Mameng will definitely be a lovely Oriental sight in one of the universities of Chicago, Illinois, where she takes advanced HE courses. She will be away for a year or two. Miss NARCISA VIVERA, the other half of USC's traveling duo and the University's assistant Librarian, will take up Graduate studies in library science at Columbia U, New York, U.S.A. A whoop and a holler to them!

From Placer, Masbate, word has reached us that LOURDES CANARES, BSE '53, has joined the ranks of the teaching profession. Conchita Botilla happily informed us that Lourding is resuscitating Shakespeare for the benefit of a bunch of wide-eyed students. SEVERINA CUIZON, another dyed-in-the-wool Carolinian, is now making use of her library "inheritance" in a local college. Our deputy scout for Opon has reported that ANASTACIA REBACA is doing wonders with the youth of Opon Elementary School, while ALMA SOLIS is connected with the St. Alphonsus Catholic School as one of the office personnel. Alma is a product of our Secretariat Department which is headed by our amiable Registrar, Mr. Jose V. Arias. She is a

member of class '55. Whatever success the graduates of this Department may have achieved, much of the credit should go to IVA and his associates Miss PERFECTA GUANGCO and Mrs. Jo Colina. This department has turned out the best secretaries that can be found hereabouts.

From Misamis Occidental comes the news that a former employee of our Registrar's Office, Cirilo R. Sario, BSC '54 is now a faculty member of the Misamis Junior College. Aside from teaching facts and figures (Accounting), he is also assigned as Tactical Officer of the school's ROTC Department. Mr. Sario, we remember, was one of the liveliwires of our DMST. In the same faculty roster the name of VISMINDA CAGAANAN, A.B. '55 is also included. She now teaches History. Mindu was once our resourceful informant on alumni doings in her home province. Now she's trapped!

Wait a minute! This one's sizzling news! After a prolonged blackout, word has at last crept in that unforgettable ROSARIO (Inday) TEVES is now glamorizing Shakespeare at San Nicholas College in Surigao, Surigao, Inday, who was a former staff-member of the Carolinian, is one girl who knows her salt and teaching English should be a natural to her. She served Carolinian for three years as literary editor. A little birdie piped in the info that Inday's literary stint with the Carolinian was one of the major assets which won for her the coveted job. For you Inday, our bouquet of roses.

Until next edition — Merry X'mas to all!!!

## ALUMNOTES

(Continued from page 19)

know-how by teaching our Pre-Med students. The happy bride is a bonafide alumna of our Pharmacy Department. Fe is the only daughter of Judge Ceniza of the CFI of Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental.

Word has reached us that ISOBEL MARTIN, campus glamour girl in her time, treaded the aisles with Engr. GREGORIO FRANCISCO, JR., on Sept. 3, 1955. Ozamis Catholic Church was the scene of their Red Letter day.

The Guihulngan folks turned out en masse last May 24, 1955, to witness Judge Trinidad gave away her daughter AILIE (INDAY) TRINIDAD to Engr. PAUL RODRIGUEZ of Cebu City. The eventful ceremony took place at the

Catholic Church of Guihulngan. Miss Trinidad is an alumna of the College of Education while the groom is a Marine Engineer.

### CONGRATULATIONS!

The Carolinian Staff wishes to extend its heartfelt congratulations to the Carolinian alumni who won the political fight last November 8. Kudos are in line for Acting Mayor Pedro clavans who was voted to the city council; Atty. Heber Catalan, elected Mayor of Duanas, Iloilo; Atty. Sergio Lacta, elected Mayor of Mambajao, Misamis Oriental; Mr. Jose Sermiento, elected Mayor of Alcantara, Cebu; Dr. Osmando G. Rama, for the City Council; Atty. Prudencio Densing as elected councilor of Lugait, Mis. Or.; Conrado M. Mercado as elected Councilor of Pintuyan, Leyte, and those victorious Carolinians whose names are not yet known to us.

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suggest baloney cough drops for your sore throat!

Anyway, if you really want to enjoy in Manila, you've got to have money, money and more money. That's what makes all the difference. And don't get lost!

Now let's go back to USC and face reality. The way some teachers run things around, you'd think they own the University. They've come to be overzealous and overbearing. These teachers can really band, too, and with the Fathers backing, you're a cooked goose if you go on the loose. Brother, you can't win and it's a smart thing to give in. After all, we can't blame them. They're only trying to protect the good name of the school.

My gang used to come around wearing low-waisted pants. Now, it's . . . "Look Ma'am, no waist!" It is only an outshirt, of course. We used to "slang" our way into print in this magazine, now we're famed down. Well, for crying out loud—uh, uh . . . no complaint! \* \* \* \*

ABR (of last issues' "Do You Know That. . ." must be Annie B. Ratcliffe): I guess you're right about the drugstore being the most congested part of the University, and the chapel, the least. Quote ". . . male and female species . . . one trying to look as important as the other . . . supposing themselves as being bracketed among people belonging to higher society. fluster about the center like professional barflies . . . doing nothing but indulge in silly conversation . . ." Unquote. Oh, well, it's true but it's mostly girls (your social butterflies) who fluster around the drugstore and do a lot of chatter. Be informed that some boys who are always there ("standbys") are actually outsiders, that's right, outsiders. We are always there too, but we only eat and we can eat anywhere we want as long as we have money to pay for it. Anyhow, that was a pretty courageous thing to say, Annie.

Love: It is a many-splendored thing for one hour and twenty minutes only. In the movies, that is!

Professor (looking at cha-cha session) comments on modern dancers: "... you spend so much effort and you're far apart!"

That will be all folks. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

(Continued from page 27)

People change. People change minds sometimes as fast as the clock ticks off the minutes. A new mind must come, so, an old one may go. In a democratic government such as ours, administrations change in harmony with the change of the people's minds. Every administration, it may be honestly said, strives to be the best. And people are the sole judge whether or not an administration deserves their support. If the last administration has fallen short of the people's expectations, the new year strikes a new hope for a better one. The coming of a new administration is a fresher hope by the people for an improved administrator.

That is what the people expect of their new government officials. Every change of administration, that is.

Whereas God expects the people to grow better every year, the people in turn expect an administration to do better in every change. But if the people really want their new administration to do better, can they, too, make better of themselves every year? If the people cannot live up to God's expectation of them every advent of a new year, then, neither can the people expect of their new administration to be true to their own expectation.

The people must, therefore, improve first. Then theirs is the right to demand improvement from the administration, afterwards. It is for the people to please God if they want the administration to please them.

Give the New Year to God. The new administration will then be given to you.

ADDY B. SITOY

Dear Sir:

There are plenty of students who tell their parents at the end of the semester that they pass their subjects when, in truth, they have a hard time in college. Let us take the instance of a student who was always telling his parents that he was doing fine in his studies.

He was taking a four-year course. But when the 6th year came, he was still far from graduation so his parents demanded an explanation. The boy answered bravely and, this time truthfully, that he was not having an easy time in class.

This is only a hypothetical case, however. But, definitely, there are many students who are alluded to in this case.

My suggestion, therefore, is that the administration should send the grades of student at the end of every term. In order not to be misunderstood, I must confess that I am one of those who have 4's and 5's. Therefore, I should not be accused of grinding an axe against failing students. I only wish to help poor parents like my own.

Galo Alvor, Jr.  
College of Law

## The Filipinos and The Dutch (Continued from page 41)

and the harbours are frequented on account of the wonderful harbour facilities and the last working dockers. Any ship is laden within 72 hours.

Our Physicists have world fame, like Zeeman, van t'Hoff, Lorentz and Zernicke, Debye-Keelson and Kamerlingh Onnes.

What about religious life? Holland has the highest number of missionaries — relatively — in the world, our press and social legislation (the corporative state") is exemplary to the world, our catholic radio, musicians and artists in the fine crafts are renowned the world over.

In short in high culture, in high quality "policy" and great religious fervour, this tiny country on earth

has to fulfill a mission and it does so. This could be a pointer for our Philippines! High culture in any branch, in learning and technique, in handicrafts and fine arts, and above all in active love for God's kingdom on earth.

Not the Dutch but our brother Flemish who have the same culture and the same language and the same qualities, good and bad, have a slogan that I would like to give in changed form to my Philippine brothers: All for Flanders, Flanders for Christ. May be here lies our greatest future in the Far East, to be the bulwark of christian culture and the outpost for the kingdom of Christ on earth: All for the Philippines, the Philippines for Christ.†

## *The Knight of the Round . . .*

(Continued from page 9)

At last I was called by our Coach who forgot  
That in between his fingers was lighted-out butt.  
I ripped off my jacket, I limbered my arms,  
I grittied my teeth and my thoughts flew in swarms.  
"I'll show you, dear rival,  
Tricks you've not seen before . . .  
I'll pile points up to twenty and four  
She'll then want me as her lover regale."  
"Tiburcio, come here!" said dear Coach once again  
In my ears it was music with a lovely refrain;  
There were thoughts that I can't utter . . .  
"Fetch me a glass, full of water!"

## *The Maiden of Malingin*

(Continued from page 9)

But Sunday is a day for courtin'  
Down in old, old Malingin  
And Narciso, the brave and winning lad  
Has let himself in . . . come good,  
  come bad  
  
"Pray be seated, Narciso,  
Comfort thyself and let yourself go  
The day is fine, don't you think so?  
The weather not too warm and sky so blue."  
  
(There is a sudden, fearful silence now  
As Narciso gets set to shake a vow  
There is a crunch, a shrill, a thud  
Narciso has fallen over the floor  
  with face so sad)

"Mother, Mother come to my help  
Mr. Bacur has fainted by his own self  
He wanted me to answer a question  
  of his  
And all I said was, 'HOW', to his face.

## *Narciso Bacur's Second Visit*

(Continued from page 9)

"and now, my dove, i'll hide it not,  
that to my heart you mean a lot . . .  
i love you lynn, it's you i worship  
for you i'd ditch my bachelorship."  
  
"i offer you my heart and soul  
my hopes, my dreams, my very all . . .  
i'll give you everything divine  
if you would only say you're mine."  
  
convinced by his smooth eloquence  
he waited for the consequence  
he knew that if she answered him  
his chances would not be so dim.  
  
". . . answer me now, helynn, my dear  
it's your voice that i want to hear."  
  
when from his palms his face he lifted,  
to reap the fruits of what he'd done,  
his eyes dilated, he then fainted  
for he found out helynn was. . . GONE!

## *Cebu SCA in the Limelight*

(Continued from page 14)

### SCA Crusaders

Cebu City was divided into different zones to be covered by the different SCA school units in the fun-collection campaign among the masses. This was done to give the people a chance to help the PATRIA.

Last semestral vacation, two groups were assigned to comb the northern and southern parts of Cebu in order to stimulate Catholic Action activity, to organize new units, and to sell the PATRIA idea. Now, every Catholic school has at least an SCA organization.

### Leadership Conference

A leadership conference (advanced course) was held sometime last month by the SCA top brass. The following subjects with the corresponding lecturers were discussed:

- (1) How to tap the potentialities of your members by Azucena Derecho.
- (2) How to handle members by Leon Gonzaga.
- (3) How to develop the Eucharistic interest of members, by Adollo Batugas.
- (4) How to conduct meetings, by Bart de Castro.
- (5) How to convey ideas, by Fr. Wrocklage.
- (6) The qualities of a leader by Herminia Florida.

Every lecturer spoke on his topic for ten minutes and the rest of the time, which lasted two to three hours, were devoted to discussions. The course was climaxed by the members submitting themselves to analysis. The series of conferences was held at the residence of Lindy C. Morrell and Azucena Derecho, respectively.

## *Report from the Alumni*

(Continued from page 43)

ching Osmeña and Victorio Perez, Doctors Bartolome Picornell, Tacing Solon and Mundo Rama, Juaning Gariga and Carlos De la Rosa.

Banquet speakers were Archbishop Rosales, Hon. Sofero M. Cabahug, Secretary of National Defense, Rev. Father Herman Kondring, Rector of USC, Ex-Justice Fortunato Y. Borromeo, Father Alvaro Santamaría representing the old Seminario-Colegio de San Carlos, and Atty. Mario D. Ortiz, San Carlos Alumni President.

Mons. Rosales took the opportunity to define the Catholic view on the proper exercise of one's right to vote in accordance with Catholic principles as enunciated by Holy Mother the Church.

Sec. Cabahug waxed nostalgic about his youthful experiences in the old Seminario-Colegio, and underscored the fact that he owed much of his training for leadership from Old San Carlos.

Ex-Justice Borromeo deplored the fact that not too many of the old alumni these days take active part in reunions with their alma mater, and expressed the hope that the new administration will continue to adopt its laudable policy of rekindling alumni interest in this great Catholic University.

All told, at least the alumni had more than just an "eat-and-run affair" this time. But they should do everything to keep alumni fires burning from now on. The San Carlos Alumni Day, November 4th, should be a permanent institution.



## Galería Literaria de los Poetas

A FIN de que los estudiantes de Castellano tengan la oportunidad de conocer a los autores filipinos que escribieron en la lengua de Cervantes, y también conozcan a varios de los muchos autores que en los países llamados Hispánicos (por conservar el idioma español como su lengua oficial) hemos inaugurado en la Revista Escolar "El Carolinian" lo que titulamos Galería Literaria en la Sección Castellana. En esta Columna desfilarán los diferentes autores, filipinos españoles y sud americanos.

Daremos principio a esta Columna presentando a Nuestro Amado Heroe José Rizal.

José Rizal fue sin duda uno de los filipinos que mejor manejó el idioma Castellano en prosa y poesía en siglo XIX. Como prueba de lo afirmado anteriormente vamos a transcribir en estas páginas — La Oda titulada A La Juventud Filipina, que obtuvo el primer premio en el Certamen poético promovido por el Liceo Artístico — Literario de Manila en 1879, y el último párrafo de su composición en prosa. — El Consejo de los Dioses que obtuvo también el primer premio en otro certamen Literario que el mismo Liceo Artístico de Manila ofreció el año 1880 en Honor de Cervantes.

## A la Juventud Filipina

Lema.—'Crece, oh, tímida flor!  
(De un natural)

¡Alza tu tersa frente  
juventud filipina, en esta día!  
luce resplandeciente  
tu rica gallarda,  
bella esperanza de la patria mía!

Vuela, génio grandioso,  
y les infunde noble pensamiento,  
que lance vigoroso  
más rápido que el viento  
su mente virgen al glorioso asiento.

Baja con la luz grata  
de las artes y ciencias á la arena,  
juventud, y desata  
la pesada cadena  
tu genio poético encadena.

Ve que en la ardiente zona  
do moraron las sombras, el hispano  
esplendorante corona  
con pía y sabia mano  
ofrece al hijo de este suelo indiano.

Tú, que buscando subes  
en álas de tu rica fantasía  
del olimpo en las nubes  
hiérniasla poesía,  
más sabrosa que néctar y ambrosía;

Tú, de celeste acento,  
melodioso rival de filomena,

que en variado concento  
en la noche serena  
disipas del mortal la amarga pena;

Tú, que la peña dura  
animas al impulso de tu mente.  
y la memoria pura  
del génio refulgente  
eternizas con mano prepotente.

Y tú, que el vário encanto  
de Febo, amado del divino Apelo,  
y de natura el manto,  
con mágicos pinceles  
trastadar al sencillo lienzo suelto;

¡Corred!, que sacra llama  
del génio el lauro coronar espera,  
esparciendo la Fama  
con trompa pregonera  
el nombre del mortal por la ancha esfera.

¡Día, día felice,  
Filipinas gentil, para tu suelo!  
al Potente bendice,  
que con amante anhelo  
la ventura te envía y el consuelo.

JOSE RIZAL

Manila, 1879.

NOTICIAS  
UNIVERSITARIAS

## ARTES LIBERALES

Aparentemente ha aumentado el número de alumnos que se matriculan en el curso de español este semestre pues parece ser que faltan cuartos para estos estudiantes. Además, tres nuevas maestras han sido incorporadas al colegio de artes liberales con el fin de enseñar en las clases que no tienen maestros. Aunque nuevas éstas en el colegio de artes liberales son ya expertas en la profesión. Merecen mención aquí para presentarlas al mundo universitario la Srta. Conching Rodil, la Srta. Miguela Martín y la Srta. Belen Japzon. Pero lo que me extraña es que ningún estudiante, a pesar del aumento mencionado, se atreve enviar para esta sección del Carolinian artículos. Por medio de esta columna de nuestra revista se ruega que procuren los estudiantes escribir articulos para poder practicar el español pues creo que es el único medio para enriquecer su vocabulario. Uno pueda en verdad aprender porque como se dice "la practica hace el maestro". No haciendo nada por practicarlo uno no puede dominarlo.

## "GRADUATE SCHOOL"—

También se registra un progreso en punto de número en el "Graduate School" según se ha anunciado por su decano el Padre van der Linden. Eso es porque hay algunos maestros que se interesan ahora en continuar y añadir unidades para su enriquecimiento profesional. Se ven nuevas caras ahora en esta escuela. Hay extrangeras no sé si son americanas o europeas que entran en el aula donde se celebran las clases de la "Graduate School". Se supone que estudian aquí mientras sus maridos estan asignados para ejercer sus profesiones en Cebu.

## OTROS DEPARTAMENTOS—

En los otros departamentos existe un status quo, aunque se puede decir que en general sufren una insignificante disminución en su numero. Pero la pérdida de los alumnos de allá está compensada por el aumento en los otros departamentos. Esta es la vida de la universidad en todo aspecto.

# THE CAROLINIAN

## RE OCTOBER ISSUE, WHAT DO YOU THINK SECTION

In our Editorial Comment, a few typographical errors (they could be grammatical infractions) appeared in the second paragraph thereof. The mistake: "... (We are able ..... Of course, they were complimentary....." It should have read thus: "... (We were able ... Of course, they were uncomplimentary.....)" Our apologies, gentle reader.

## OUR FOREIGN MAILS

Every Carolinian should know this: Every time copies of the *Carolinian* hit the streets, eighty-one of them go to foreign soil. Italy, Switzerland, Ireland, Japan, some states of the United States of America, Germany, Holland, England, Spain, Chile, India, Argentina, Indonesia, Africa, Australia, Austria and Hawaii are the countries that shelter our forty pages or so of "Carolinianing."

## THIS IS YOUR PAPER

The *Carolinian* is the official publication of the students of the University of San Carlos. This organ is run by the students of the University — and certainly not by the College of Law. It welcomes all kinds of articles written and submitted by USC students regardless of whether the contributor has graduated from a certain course or just a college freshman. Contributions from the members of the Faculty are also welcomed. Anything about human experience may be used as subjects for an article to be acceptable except when such subject is offensive to Christian morals and precepts, or the article itself contains libelous matters.

It is indeed a pity that most of the students have failed to see the importance of using the Caro-

linian as an outlet for their literary talents. During deadlines, contributions do not wait in swarms—they wait in, one by one.

We know that curiosity once killed a nosy cat. But we must pause, ponder and wonder over the mystery that had enveloped our English department lately. Seldom, if at all, do we find contributions coming from our English majors. Their response is rather weak and disappointing. We would like to be very particular about this since our impression of a typical English major is one who is particularly interested in the English language — a language that is not of foreign use in this paper. We have referred this matter to some English instructors together with the kind request that they encourage their students to prove their literary mettle by writing for this organ. Of course there are those students who are too shy or simply indifferent about writing. But we do not think that these people are many in this institution. We are very grateful to Mrs. Maria Gutierrez who obliged us in this issue with two short stories (*Windfall*, by Miss Bellie Dolalas and *The Green Parrot*, by Miss Lina Bacorta).... these stories were class projects initiated by English instructor, Mrs. Gutierrez. We wish that the other English morms and sires would kindly be as helpful as what Mrs. Gutierrez had been to us. As regards the English majors, we hope that by our next issue they will have stopped sitting on their brains and honor us with some of their brain-children. (The Christmas vacation ought to give them the inspiration they need.)

## YOU HAVE JUST READ.....

**The Christmas Tear** — a moving poem woven by the heart, hand and dithyrambic soul of V. Ranudo Jr. Tying his December ribbon with our ever-fragile, ever-delicate artist, Dick Caballo, the poem — "abstruse" as it may sound —

easily became our choice for this month's cover theme.

**San Carlos, All Hail!** — an informal speech delivered by the Honorable Secretary of National Defense, **Sotero B. Cabahug**, during the Alumni Day last November. Secretary Cabahug is also one of USC's distinguished alumni — as a matter of fact, he was the guest speaker of the traditional homecoming banquet. Just like any other soldier, he gives us samples of typical sad sack humor but after asking permission to do so. Sir, permission granted!

The **TRIOT** is up to something naughtily this time. They've decided to concentrate all the **RIOT** on a personality, Helynn — a damsel who "breathes gas" (Golly!) and who is the object of N. Bacur's (and lately, Tiburcio's) affections. We don't know yet whether their meeting was one case of love at first sight but we don't think this requires much thinking or surmising. You see, when a goose meets a gander it usually is; and when boy meets girl, nowadays, it's usually, "sloved at first sight." Ha, ha.

**Melodrama of a Law Jerk** — a Fred-Sison serio-comedy, "stream of concitedness" piece of literature. Here is another fellow who has arched our eyebrows lately. He used to write poems — and boy, were they good! But like the **TRIOT**, he must also be up to something nasty. Well anyway, we can tell by his "melodrama" (this tickles us pink!) that he has a legal sense of humor. For your information, Fred usually gets the jerks during his Remedial Law classes.

## AND SO,

.... since the brrrrr of Christmas is fast approaching, we of the staff will now lay our pens aside and say: **Merry Christmas, gentle Christmas!** and let your New Year be as happy as the last one!.... We will now behave like angels.

# EDITORIALS

## *Life*

Ranudo, Jr.

It is said that life is a circle. . . it starts and ends nowhere; that love is a gem. . . for its beauty can only be held by pure surrender. That it can be bought and owned, but can never be made to belong; that it can be powdered and blown, but can never be lost and forgotten.

If a gem had life, its name would be Jesus. . . for it was only He, since the beginning of Time, who glittered among the human race, penetrating the centuries with His indestructible light.

Jesus, therefore, is as endless as a circle, as unforgettable as a gem. . . and that is what makes a God.

He moved in mysterious ways, yet the path that He travelled was clearer than the lane of the Moon or the Sun. In the night of His life, the world shone with such Godly brilliance, for then was the giving of the Perfect Gift by the Perfect Giver. . . in His death, He bequeathed to the world a spirit with the meaning of Christmas.

## *Humility*

Echivarre

Man, in the beginning, was round and had four feet and four hands. He had one head and two faces looking at opposite ways. He was powerful and strong; but he was also conceited. He was so proud of himself that one day, according to the words of Homer, "he scaled the heavens and defied the gods." For this insolence, he and his kin were punished by the king of the gods, Zeus. Man was split in two "as an egg cut with a strand of hair." His head was given a half twist so that he could see the cross-section of his body. . . to remind him of his shameful act and the omnipotence of the gods above him. Zeus warned him that should he continue to be insolent, he will still be cut into two so that he could no longer walk but hop; and unless, he learns to love his Creator, he can never hope to be with Him in His kingdom.

Thus man learned his first lesson on humility and love.

## *Peace*

Quitonio

The world has survived another Christmas. It will outlive more Christmas seasons if its leaders would really and honestly learn to love the blessings of peace. If our warlords would only learn to knock off from their engrossment over war charts and decide to put away their many books on warfare, this world, to use an overworked phrase, would be a better place to live in.

The Geneva and Bandung Conferences are indications of man's growing dislike for the miseries visited upon the world. And if we must act as votaries of peace, it is well to take a lesson from Monsignor Fulton Sheen who said that "nothing ever happens in the world that does not first happen in the heart of man."

Ours, then, is the task of soul searching and cultivating a taste for neighborliness. No peace of mind or of conscience is ever achieved by making pretences at politesse or by being treaty-wise when all the while we go to great lengths in studying the easiest way of snuffing out the lives of men. World peace can proceed only from peace within each of us and another Christmas is here to give us both a chance and a warning.

One Christmas down, how many more to go? The answer: only God can tell us in certain terms.

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