

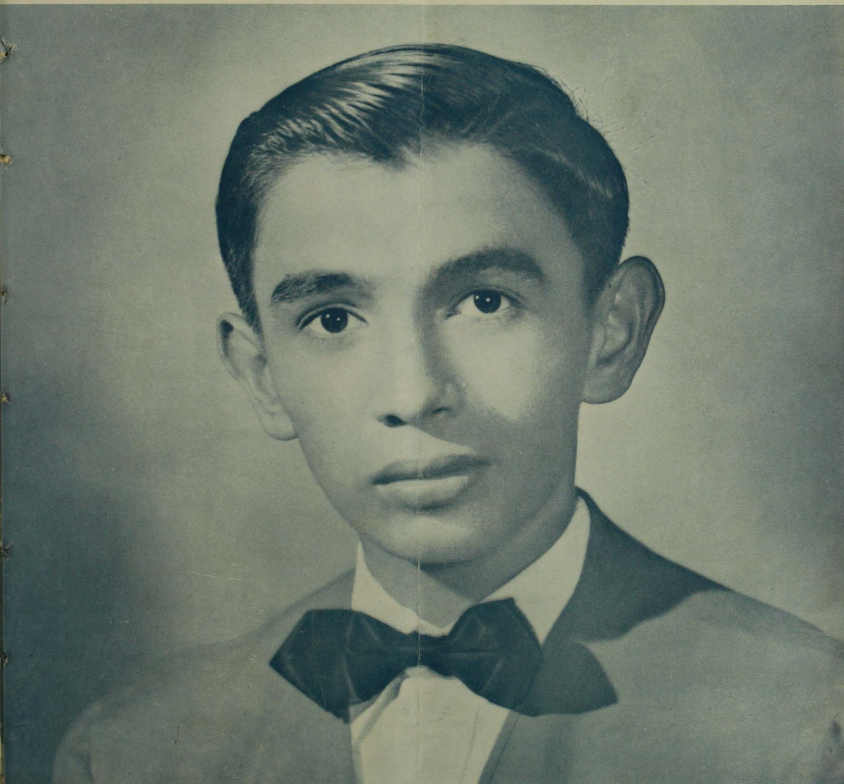
*The*

# Carolinian

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



*Mr. Frederick Kriekenbeck*

Vol. XV

September  
1950

No. 2

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# CAROLINIAN

\* Published by  
the students of the  
University of San Carlos  
Cebu City  
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NAPOLEON G. RAMA, editor; EMILIO ALLER, VICENTE W. LIM, associates; R. VON BARRIGA, literary; HECTOR ALCOSEBA, ARISTOTELES BRIONES, news; JESS VESTIL, ALBERTO MORALES, literary; RAMON TUPAS, sports; VICENTE PANLAGAN, artist; TUDORO CADUNGOO, circulation; JOSE PENALOSA, technical; DOMINADOR RAY, GUILLERMO ANG, MANTUEL EJEROME, photographers; JOSEFINA N. LIM, contributing editor.

C. FAIGAO, ADVISER  
Rev. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, SVD  
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Entered as second class mail matter at the Post Office of Cebu City, March 20, 1950.



The following is an excerpt from a letter from Hongkong. It speaks for itself; any other comment sounds trite and banal beside it.

Hongkong, Aug. 4, 1950

*The boat bringing me to Japan is a luxury liner of the US but for me it is a rather dreary boat since it carries me away from the Philippines where my heart still is. The president's son is traveling with us... Right now a Filipino boy is playing the piano for me.*

*Hongkong is a shopper's paradise...*

*At night it is a fairyland: a big lake in the center with boats and ferries crisscrossing the waters and lights all around the border and high up the mountains. How long might it last until some catastrophe will plunge it all into darkness? That is the sad but also wholesome truth of everything beautiful in this world — but it will end in death and destruction.*

*Just live in a way that God will consider you worthy to participate in the beauty of the New World which He has prepared for all those who love Him.*

*With best regards to all friends from Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann.*

Speaking of participation, Carolinians are in for it should anything come out of Fr. Oster's experiments, from which may emerge great things. Scientists laboring in university laboratories, and discovering wonders which make the university richer in money and fame, are not unknown today. Ernest Orlando Lawrence maker of the world's first cyclotron, is a member of USC (University of Southern California.) Dr. Waksman discovered streptomycin, in his laboratory at Rutgers University. The laboratories of Yale, Princeton, and other universities are the spiritual home of scientists. Dr. Einstein and Dr. Oppenheimer, two of the world's brainiest persons, belong to university staff. So you see "Physics Can Be

Fun." Read about it in E. Aller's San Carlos version.

It is not always that one enumerates the achievements of a living person. Usually this is delivered at funeral obsequies but when a notable Carolinian gets a Harvard scholarship there is no deathwatch, sorry. Frederick is as real and true a friend to us as a brother and together with his enviable good luck we wish him success, more and more of it every year in choosing him, Lady Luck did not use her proverbial blindfold.

Hear ye, hear ye! The ladies are "Catching Up With Adam"! Read all about it in Corazon Jamerol's splendid exposé on page 21. As a columnist has said it, it certainly is all right for the ladies to vie with the men in the professions: medicine, law, business, engineering, and what have you: provided she remains essentially the woman—gentle where he is tough, soft where he is rough, tender where he is coarse, the heart where he is the head. For she may wear pedal-pushers, her hair shingled boy-like, she may even smoke! Yet she must remain feminine lady, positively not a manly woman.

Now that the lofty shady acacias along the Avenue have been felled, (who was it who said that it takes Nature ten years to grow a tree and man ten minutes to cut it down) there are five more spots left of mild and mellow vintage. One of these of priceless value, is the "A Tree Grows on Magallanes Street." NGR has focussed the spotlight on this precious heritage, more precious and symbolic when we consider the world situation. Indeed, to stroll in that vicinity, with the tall trees lending terrestrial shadows, is a treat for the pilgrims who come from far and wide.

Ancient another type of pilgrim who come from far and wide, Leo Belo's "Where We Come From" is statistics presented, for a change, in a mightily interesting way. Now if some enterprising soul would add one more item; how many men and how many women?—JNLim

## THE PRIMARY THAT'S NO LONGER FIRST

Editorial

## The Grade School Takes The Backseat As The Tide of Illiteracy Mounts

Since the postwar normal days the stocks of the elementary schools have consistently gone down in steep slumps. At the start of every school season, a cry goes up that there is not enough funds to keep the school going and not enough seating space for the swelling school population. And invariably, the hardest hit are the grade schools.

Take this province which, by many standards, is far more prosperous than most places in this country: two years ago 30,000 grade tots were turned away from classrooms, another 70,000 were thrown out last year and this school season deprived 15,000 school children of the rudiments of civilization. How many tots are denied their ABC in other parts of the country? Any good guess is a good guess.

Surely, there must be better excuses for turning out year after year a bumper crop of illiterate Filipinos.

Our educators have apparently resigned themselves into accepting the school crises as an inescapable evil—something that can no more be helped than the tropic heat. All these years they have kidded themselves into the bland belief that things are going to turn out all right in the end—and that the sorry situation will repeat itself eventually into a condition approaching normalcy. A matter of getting used to it.

The repetitions, in some way, have lately blunted the edges of public consciousness and civic-mindedness, at the same time, affording the inept officials a shield against the onslaught of public criticism and conscience. Fewer people are horrified at the fact that more and more children turned loose in the streets will grow up illiterates. And in the meantime, they drift farther from the solution of the school problem.



*There never was a prison as secure*

We should realize that many do without a high school education or may become president without getting near a college sheepskin but he will get nowhere who has not learned to read and write. It's just that in our time people don't consider you normal until you have overcome illiteracy.

The plight of the illiterate is more serious than most people realize. In the present-day world, who has not learned his ABC has not started to exist. Society hands him down a stigma that will make him wish he never was born. He shuts himself up in his immediate world; for him there will be nothing beyond the horizons. He will never know what wonderful world is inside every book. There never was a prison as secure, as desolate and as terrible.

The illiterate's qualification amounts to nil. His eligibility to a place under the sun is pegged down by convention to that of a domestic servant or a pier hand. In ancient times, his counterpart was the serf. Even in our enlightened age, he is stripped of political rights—the right to suffrage, the right to look in the eye and not up at the other members of the community. And

come to think of it—the number one item of our Bill of Rights embodied in our constitution guarantees the right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Our class-conscious society will make his life unbearable and the discriminations he bumps into will stop him in his tracks even before he starts the hunt for happiness.

Those charged with the education of the public should shake themselves awake to the fact that we have no more right to raise these illiterates anymore than we have a right to breed criminals. And that something must be done about our perennial school crises. Our problem is not one that calls for a special genius or a topflight mathematician. A little common sense and imagination will go a long way towards the solution of the educational crises.

Let us not kid ourselves with the notion that illiteracy among the masses is unbeatable. Many may have not thought of it but it takes only a primary school to lick illiteracy! It is a sorry commentary that, to our bright time, there has been a remarkable lack of intelligent, let alone, inspired, honest-to-goodness educational program calculated to meet the problem head-on. No fund-raising campaign on the scale or even approaching the proportion of the anti-TB drive has ever been launched to salvage our tottering primary schools and, incidentally, democracy.

To loost our elementary schools, a bright, bold program is in order and, we believe, this job does not require specially bright boys, even politicians can do it.

*Napoleon Y. Rama*

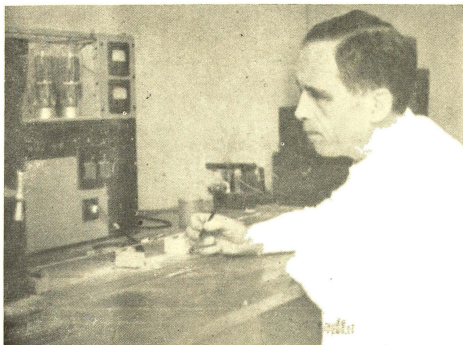
Physicist Fr. Oster proves that

# Physics Can be Fun

*The Physics Dept. gets a shot-in-the-arm with the state-side methods and know-how brought by an alumnus of the University of Chicago*

To the layman, Physics may only be classroom stuff or a hazy remembrance of haphazard experiments in high school days. To the average student it is one of those subjects he would catalogue as a "necessary evil." But to Father Oster, physicist, and the students taking physics under him, it means other things. To learn Physics from a real physicist who studied it under the atom wizards at the University of Chicago, Physics becomes a rewarding experience, an absorbing pastime.

A master of Science in Physics at the University of Chicago Father Oster is the moving spirit behind the



*Between classes, Fr. Oster locks himself up in his study to grapple with supersonics problems. He is shown above with a supersonic oscillator.*

effective reorganization of the Physics Department. The department and its laboratories underwent readjustment and changes as soon as he took over a few months ago as the new Physics head, to such an extent that the new arrangements are a lot more conducive to the study, research and experiments in Physics and conform more to stateside standards.

Besides carrying on with his duties as professor and as head of the Physics Department, Father Oster also devotes his spare time to some

private experiments of his own in his exclusive research laboratory.

## NEW SYSTEM IN THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT.

The system availing now after readjustments were introduced by Father Oster in the USC Physics Laboratories is novel for USC. The Physics students are divided into small working groups of two or three equipped with necessary apparatuses to undergo any assigned experiment. This way, there can be no doubt that the individual student has a better chance to become acquainted with both experiments and instruments used. He is trained to record scientific data accurately and to deal with them properly. The student of Physics is made to undergo the rigors of actual scientific work by this system. A much-needed change from the former set-up, this new system is in accordance with the ordinary methods of any Physics laboratory in any good university in the United States.

The requirements of the new set-up on the part of the students might be a bit more taxing. It necessitates a relatively heavier work and more concentrated attention than before. More preparational work initiative and individual skill are needed to do the experiments correctly. However, the majority of the Physics students have started to appreciate the new stateside set-up upon realizing the

(Cont. on page 20)



*Physics enthusiasts Genara Martinez and Paz Ouano operate a centrifugal force apparatus.*

# Frederick Kriekenbeek: Model Carolinian, Harvard Scholar

By C. TAN TE

**Whatever it takes to win a Harvard scholarship, Frederick has got it all and a lot of other things, besides.**

Frederick B. Kriekenbeek told me that he was attracted to San Carlos because of its reputation as the best school in the South. As a Carolinian, Frederick not only bore the privilege with distinction, but made it his personal concern to contribute to the greater glory of his alma mater. And his three years in San Carlos are filled with achievements which carried not only the name of San Carlos University far and wide, but also his own.

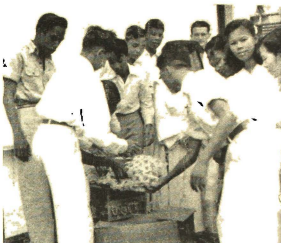
When enrolled in San Carlos as first year high school student, he had just made the remarkable record of finishing the elementary grades in two years. His leadership was immediately accepted by his classmates when they elected him president of the freshman class. For the first time the freshmen did not need to feel apologetic for themselves because their president could stand his ground. In an oratorical contest, Frederick wrested the Governor Cuenco gold medal from the seniors, by defeating more seasoned and bemedalled orators.

But what brought Kriekenbeek before the eyes of the public beyond the limits of the school premises was his work in soliciting aid for the lepers. His school boy size was a disarming screen for the irresistible man-to-man approach he had even with the "big shots." Armed with an introductory letter from Father

Gries, Frederick went from office to office and from house to house till he practically met all of Cebu's four hundred. In that year's drive for the lepers, Frederick solicited more than a thousand pesos all by himself. That record has never been surpassed nor equalled either before or after.

One of the extra-curricular activities in which Frederick Kriekenbeek brought honor and glory for San Carlos is Scouting. Soon after enrolling in San Carlos he appeared before the Scoutmaster to register as a scout. The way he talked and smiled was more than enough to show that here was a boy whose pep and vigor promised great future for Scouting in USC. The tenderfoot, second and first class ranks were passed by Frederick in record time. In acquiring merit badges he was indefatigable, and he did not spare any efforts to fulfill the requirements. In all Scouting activities Frederick was always present in his good looking uniform. In a group he was a distinct figure. He always had a topic to talk about, from religion to politics, from science to education, from sports to books. In camps, his brother scouts never felt lonesome for home, for Frederick always entertained them.

Partly due to Frederick's drive and energy, the USC Boy Scouts established an unbroken chain of Firsts in all competitions in provincial and regional camporals. In the many competitive examinations, Frederick invariably came out tops. Within two years after he joined the Boy Scouts, Frederick achieved one of the highest ranks in Scouting, the Life Scout, being the first one to receive this award in Cebu. The second Life



Led by Frederick, the students of the USC Training Department prepares their gift packages for the lepers at Consolacion.



Frederick's students and the Religion Sisters at the Leper Asylum beam happily at the high point of the successful Leper Drive. Frederick collected over P1,000 all by himself.

Scouter is also from USC, Bienvenido Tudtud, '50 valedictorian of the Boys' High School.

Toward the end of the school year 1947-48, Frederick's name was carried over the length and breadth of the country when he obtained 137 subscriptions to the *Philippines Commonwealth*, which was then conducting a subscription contest among the schools in Manila.

But all these activities did not in the least endanger Frederick's top position in his class. In his academic standing he was head and shoulders

over his nearest rival. After taking summer classes, he joined the class of the Juniors where he came face to face with no less than six former valedictorians of the elementary grades. With characteristic energy he went at his books. Not only did he capture the top place in his own class, but also became the first Junior to be elected president of the Student Council. In that year, the principal, Mr. Medalle, made him editor of the *Green and Gold*.

At the beginning of the school year 1948-49, a strong effort was made to support the Catholic weekly, the *Philippines Commencement*, for which purpose a Cebu Bureau was organized. In the staff of the local bureau, Frederick was made advertising manager. His technique was so effective that given the chance to come face to face with the manager of a firm, there was no denying him an ad. Thus the big men of business in Cebu kept an eye on him. More than one were heard to say that they would give Frederick a job any time.

In his last year in San Carlos as a senior in high school, Frederick was unquestionably the acknowledged leader. He was named business manager of the *Junior Carolinian*. As president of the Student Council, he proposed various measures for the improvement of studies among the students. He organized the *Carolinian Stamp Club*. He was made general manager of the H.S.T.D. drive for the lepers, which was made largely by selling Christmas Cards, and by singing Christmas Carols around Cebu City. In dramatics, he performed an important role in the benefit drama for the missions, sponsored by the High School Department of the University of San Carlos.

All this time, he maintained his place on the top position in the honor roll. His grasp of every subject matter was remarkable. His thirst for knowledge could not be satisfied with merely what he learned in class, but he got hold of every book that could give him additional information on any question treated.

In no other way could Frederick's *Carolinian* spirit be better seen than in his sincere piety. His naturally keen intellect found the greatest satisfaction increasing his knowledge and understanding of the Christian truths. In a religion test which was designed to find out who among the students of the High School Training Department possessed the widest information about the Catholic Religion, Frederick scored more than

## CAROLINIAN MOUTHFUL

**MANUEL AMIGABLE** (Liberal Arts student, in the Summer Class in English 12)—"Home is where the heat is."

**ANTONIO CLIMACO** (Commerce student on being asked who came out of the doors, the Lady or the Tiger?)—"I think, sir, the Tiger-Lady came out."

**MR. C. FAIGAO** (On being asked to start the dance in the Education Junior Prom)—"I have already started it."

**LEON R. GENSON** (To student who confessed he was dieting to reduce his waistline)—"You are fighting the Battle of the Bulge."

thirty points above the second highest. But his love for his religion was not confined to the theoretical. He was a weekly communicant, and on vacation days he received Holy Communion daily. As a member of the Legion of Mary, he put all his in-born initiative into his assignments. In his hospital visitations, he was able to bring almost the whole hospital to confession and Holy Communion. With truly touching charity he promised to trace the house of an unknown person with only a general direction supplied him by a friendless patient in the hospital. After hours of search, he found the man.

Frederick ended up as valedictorian of the High School Training Department, and impressed everybody as the best speaker at the combined commencement exercises of the University of San Carlos High Schools.

Toward the end of the school year, Frederick applied to Harvard for a scholarship. The Harvard Committee on scholarships sent him questionnaires and blanks to be filled by the school authorities and other responsible persons under whom he had worked. While these papers were on their way to the States, Frederick began preparing for his entrance and qualifying test. With all the final exams closing in, and the hurry and worry of graduation, Frederick budgeted his time strictly and read up on all matters which he thought would come up in the test.

He took the test at the American Consulate in Cebu in May. The re-

sults were very satisfactory, considering that he is a pure product of a Philippine high school, the University of San Carlos High School Training Department. In physics and biology, he scored above two-thirds of all who take the test; and in aptitude and mathematics he scored close to the top of the lower two-thirds. Since the test had to be sent back for evaluation to Educational Testing Service, Berkeley, California, and from there to Harvard, Frederick had to wait for the final word from the Harvard Scholarship Committee. In the meantime, Frederick enrolled in the University of San Carlos, College of Liberal Arts. When the word came that he was awarded a Harvard scholarship, he rushed his final preparations for the States and finally took leave on August 8.

One of the last remarks of Frederick was that he had learned very much, and had received a very good education from the University of San Carlos. He is very grateful to the excellent faculty, referring especially to faculty of the High School Training Department where he studied his whole high school. He is going to Harvard with the consciousness of carrying the name of San Carlos University with him, of which he will ever be proud, and for which he is determined to win further honors. In the departure of Frederick Kriekenbeek, San Carlos University lost its best bet in the bar exams of 1956.

## A SHORT STORY

By

David S. Villagonzalo

"Don't sail now, Doy," Tatay Andong warned, resting a shaky hand on Tando's broad shoulders.

The old fisherman leaned against the bamboo mast of the fishing baroto and intently scanned the horizon. "The weather is uncertain, Son — looks like a storm in the offing."

Tando heard Tatay Andong's grave, serious voice. He turned west; the sun barely showed through the murky sky. He heard him say something again; but this time he did not listen. It was time to go; the baroto was half-launched in the muddy edge of the shore.

"Doy, please — please don't, Doy!" his wife Sarya broke down in sobs. "You must believe what Tatay told you. You don't have to sail now. Anyway, we still have enough



"The wind grew raw and the sails swallowed wind and fattened..."

## More Terrible Than Fire

corn meal and salted fish to last us another week. Doy, if... if... Why not tomorrow or the next day? You... you... Tay, please don't let him go!"

Her long black hair fell loosely over her worn-out *kinema* down to her red-and-green striped *patadyang*. She managed to mumble something again; but Tando scarcely heard. He stood up and reached for the sail. Sarya grabbed his hand and Tando reeled about on the gunwale, cursing inaudibly.

"Many things can happen in the sea, Doy, believe me," Tatay Andong murmured, "in the worst weather, especially at night."

What was he waiting for? Inside him he heard the strange wild call of the sea and the wind and the wave. He paused. Then slowly, he shoved the boat forward.

"Doy, please don't leave me alone!" Sarya shouted, running after him. "You must not go. You believe in *merida*. No, don't! Or else, I'll follow you!"

A stubborn man, Tando was. He remembered there was something the

matter with him that day. Premonition — the product of the sixth sense —, he recalled what his *Kumpay* Eduardo, the high school teacher from the city, had explained to him the night their only son died. He knew that what Tatay Andong and his Sarya said was in some sense credible. He believed in ghosts and demons. There is the *santelmo*, for instance, he thought. The maestro had told him that science has discovered what it is. Phosphorescence. Tando did not believe that.

He remembered the stories of weird sea monsters, ghostly skeleton ships, and driftwood spurting blood. The not-too-comforting voices of a drowned man, of a mother wailing for her daughter being devoured by a shark.

He believed that cursing and swearing at sea would bring ill luck. He believed in omens. *Merida*. He remembered what Sarya had told him. And the black butterfly that alighted on the sacred altar. The blood on the third rung of their ladder to the kitchen that Friday afternoon on the thirteenth day of that fateful No-

vember. The dogs howling mournfully far away when he left. He knew all these meant something grim and ominous. But he was stubborn, reckless.

Two hours after the Southern Cross disappeared above the rim of Tañon Strait, Tando could not exactly determine where he was. Black storm clouds hang oppressively low on all sides and the sea lay under a blanket of impenetrable darkness. Overhead, low thunder squalls scurried southward.

The wind grew raw and pointed. A slight drizzle started falling. Better stop throwing the line and hit for home. Tando muttered to himself. Three *kinsans* will do for the night, anyway, he consoled himself. Slowly he drew the *lascota* with his left hand and at the same time began paddling. The sail swallowed wind and fattened heavily.

Somewhere through the blackness, he guessed, lay Cataman. Some twelve miles away.

The drumbeat staccato of the raindrops pattering on the sea increased. Soon the waves mounted higher. Tan-



do-y suddenly turned around. A shark slid thinly nearby and disappeared.

The wind billowed hard and strong. The bamboo mast bent under the strain. The sea churned and growled.

Darkness was an indestructible thing. Tandy cursed again. Suddenly a twisted flare of lightning ripped the blackness. Thunder roared. Tandy's ears twitched and strained. He heard them all right. Faint ripples of the shrouded sea, voices from afar. Foreboding. Then the rains poured thickly and obstinately.

Painfully, he pressed his wet hands against his forehead. Thoughts, words whirled off hazily and passed in review inside his head. Things can happen at sea. Cursing and swearing. Weird sea monsters, skeleton ships, driftwood spurting blood. *Don't leave me, Doy!... merida.* Black butterfly. Blood on the steps. Friday the thirteenth of November. Dogs howling. *Don't leave me alone, Doy!*

Suddenly Tandy stood up, his sharp bolo unsheathed. There was no mistaking it. There dangled from the right outriggers what appeared to be a child's wrenched arm still bleeding. He could see its fingers clutching the bamboo balancers. Nearest it moved. He leaped toward the mast and the boat shook. Shivers went up and down his spine. Then suddenly he remembered he always carried a charm, just in case. The arm now dangled comfortably from the side. He fumbled for the vial containing the *lana sa pangulang*. And there was a sudden laugh. Kind of jesting. While jerking open the bottle he slipped and fell overboard. When he finally clambered up, the charm was gone.

The rains still poured in crushing-ly. Nobody was in sight; all the other fishermen had gone home before the storm struck. He took his *budyong* from the hold and pressed it tight against his lips. It might perhaps help. *Tooooot!*

Nobody answered. Again he blew a loud long blast. The wind blew fiercer.

The storm passed and the rains slowed down to a drizzle. Wearily, Tandy kept on padding, destination unknown. Somebody must be near by now, he thought. He pressed the shell horn tight to his lips. This time he heard voices from afar. There was somebody coming his way—and with a fight.

"Manoy!" Tandy shouted hoarsely. "Manoy! Light, please, Noy!"

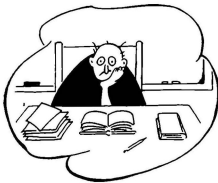
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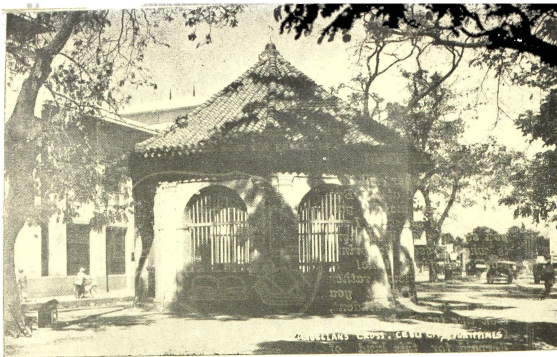
## SWING IT

words & music by Jesus Crisostomo  
cartoons by his wife Mercia

### LOOK AT YOU!

**I** AM the teacher. All day long you look at me. But while you see me, do you know what I see when I see you seeing me? Well, here is what I see! In print! For the first time! A teacher's eye view, rather a dog's view of what you Juan de la Cruz student, look like to me, Juan de la Cruz teacher! Am I underpaid for this kind of work? You bet!





# A TREE GROWS ON MAGALLANES ST.

By N. G. R.

On a dry day in May each year a thick crowd would cluster around the bleak, moss-covered, brick and tile structure in the middle of Cebu's riskiest business street. Traffic is snarled for hours. The cops stand helplessly by as the number of galgarbed, blackveiled devotees continues to swell.

Inside the ancient kiosk a familiar ceremony takes place. A small altar has been set, luminous with candlelights, delicately decked with flowers. Against the altar is an immense, black cross dwarfing the altar, the candles and the priest. A memorable event is reenacted and a mood to reminisce sets in.

They call it the Cross of Magellan in tribute to the intrepid navigator who planted it four centuries ago. Hallowed by history, tradition and worship of countless generations the very spot on which rests the Cross witnessed a touching ceremony and a moving drama. Here the first altar was set for the first holy mass celebrated in Cebu. On this ground Rajah Humabon and his queen and the rest of the blue-blooded kin were baptized to become the first Christians in this neck of the woods. Here Christianity was born in the Philippines.

*Wide-eyed Wonder.* The first of them who trekked back into a skeleton city on the morrow of Liberation allowed themselves a moment of wide-eyed wonder at the sight of the desolate, stone and paste construction that stood like a sullen sentinel against a backdrop of dirt and fallen buildings.

In the faces of the homecoming Cebuans stood surprise not because they were seeing the ancient kiosk for the first time but because they saw it all too often before and they

*Like an oversize traffic cop booth the country's oldest shrine stands in the middle of Cebu's riskiest business street.*

had to see it again. For certainly, the last thing they could imagine to find on Magallanes street after the fire and the bombs was the Cross of Magellan. What they could not understand was that a construction held up together by materials of dubious durability — already too old to be catalogued an antique—had stood the test of terrible times and outlived, by a long shot, the solid, sturdy buildings of steel and cement that once crowded its neighborhood.

The pious and the more religious called it a miracle. Those with a vein of poetry in them perceived a symbol; gloried in the exquisite study in contrast between the ephemeral and the imperishable, the decayed and the indestructible, hope amidst desolation. The fussy analysts and experts in natural sciences pulled the tight rein in the steam of excitement, offered solid explanations based on theories of natural occurrences and accidents. But the man-in-the-street could never get over his surprise that a moss-covered shrine that harbors a precious relic of a gone and glorious age remained unfallen in the vast expanse of waste and sprawling structures.

*Square Peg in Round Hole.* Like an oversize traffic cop booth, the shrine stands in the middle of Magallanes Street which is Cebu's busiest commercial street as Escolta is Manila's. Caught amidst the whirlwind of a modern city rush routine, it presents an out-of-place, utterly

odd sight. It never fails to stump the city's visitors and strike tourists as something awfully quaint.

The Cross bears visibly and proudly its years upon its seared, scratched surface. Where once it was mauve, it has turned deep brown, and where it was brown once, it has become inky black. It towers almost four meters from the ground. One can see that it was a sturdy tree out of which it was hewn. Despite its age, it betrays no sign of decay and bids well to stand many more scores of years to come.

*Tales, True and Tall.* The shrine has spawned a lot of legends. Some are plain tall tales, but even these are charming. One story that enjoys quite a currency among city folks is that the cross is growing everyday like a live tree. The original as stuck up by Magellan was only two feet tall. But it has since flourished and thru the centuries grown to its present stature. The merit of the story is of course as fabulous as its source. The truth is that the original cross — probably in an advanced stage of decay — is encased in the big wooden cross that we see standing to this date. The need for this big cross, according to the records of the Augustinian Fathers, was felt a century ago to preserve the precious relic and save it from avid souvenir-hunters who would chop pieces of it.

Another story recounts an odd incident which attributed unnatural powers to the Cross to stick to its foundation. It seems that a band of super-nationalistic natives embarked on a sacrilegious design to uproot the Cross as soon as the Spaniards pull out of the island. They carried the plan to the letter but there was a

(Cont. on page 14)



"There are more people here than Nokors have divisions"

#### NO REST FOR THE WEARY

While the ROTC cadets are sweating it out in the parade ground, the BB team sweats in the court. New Coach Johnson has been teaching our cagers basketball tricks, and it ought to pay off in future tilts. Watch them pass the ball and operate like clockwork, and watch that center do his stunt. Boy, am I awaiting the CAA tournneys.

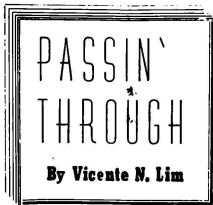
#### RIPE GRIPE

I can't understand why they don't employ loudspeakers during lectures. At least a megaphone, silly or not. Unglamorous but practicable. And, for the Iuvva Pete, why do some Profs go to pieces when the students ask them to slow down??

I understand the students' conduct reflects on the Instructor. So, when a bunch of disgruntled Sophs want to shift teachers, the Prof from whom they want to flee (shall we say) must be not-so-good. But a transfer of classes — or transfer from one teacher to another — in this University would take some Houdini trick. Anyway, if others can keep on in the same class, why not me? But they are there because they have to be there; they can't move out because of that newfangled regulation. The point is, we want to respect and like our teachers. Not fear them.

#### MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Yeh, even that local "Cumbancher" racket. Music is the best balm to frazzled nerves—of course I don't mean those mushy, irritating commercials. I mean that practised, harmonious blend of several instruments and voices. When I lie back with a pencil and crossword puzzle look in one hand and a fag in the other, and with the Pied Pipers juggling a sweet sander... brother, Anacin can go bankrupt for all I



care! There are times when a military band playing martial music fits the mood. And that Afro-Cuban rippling voodoo tune from a jawbone of an ass and drums can set toes tapping up and down in rhythm. Sometimes Spike Jones' pots, pans, automobile horns, cowbells, firecrackers, and washboards lift the drudgery of mood and transport the spirit into a land of hillbilly melody. Yessir, lissen ta music when you're feeling 'down under', and you'll realize how true it is: that "Music hath charms."

#### WANTED: CORRIDOR TRAFFIC COPS

The USC guards downstairs ought to be equipped with fog horns instead of whistles and recruited to direct traffic upstairs and on all three floors of this magnificent, crowded institution everytime the bell rings. Or maybe we ought to install fire escapes down

the sides so the boys can clamber down them in their hurry to get to their next class (from Room 306 all the way down to the ground floor). And how about a water cooler in every story? Everytime I make for the ONLY drinker I get there only to find it surrounded by people on three sides and a concrete, impassable wall on the fourth side. Downstairs, in the drugstore, the salesboys are so busy and all the stools are occupied. Yes, this happens everytime I feel thirsty, and, gosh, there are more people here than the North Koreans have divisions.

#### FACULTY POPULARITY POLL

Maybe everybody ought to be in this little game. Ask every student to send in his and her nomination for best and worst so-called "educator". That way, the Administration will find out why some teachers are better liked than the others, and can subsequently straighten out the errors and thereby promote better faculty-student relations. The day of students seeking easy and soft teachers is not over; but, as my friend puts it, "We wish to like our teachers — not to fear them." That way, everybody will be happy.

#### S. O. S.

Anybody who'd write in and give me his or her opinions would be welcome to do so. That way, material for this column would be easier to get, and become everybody's dumping ground for anything on the mind.

(Cont. on page 23)



Secretarial cocs Lillian Young, Lindo Zosa, Marilyn Young, Rosa Peña who get the most votes for best uniform. Front row: L. Alazas, D. Capay.

*A survey of the home-provinces of the college students who flock to USC*

# Where we Come From

By Leo Bello

Had we been recipients of rumors at the beginning of this school-year that the students enrolled in the Collegiate Departments of the University of San Carlos hail from nearly all over the country from Cagayan (Luzon) to Sulu, we would be inclined to be skeptical about them. But sometime ago, we were shown a list prepared by the USC Registrar's Office showing the distribution of enrollment by provinces of USC Collegiate students this school-year. The list was a real eye-opener. We were confronted with statistics gathered from the Registrar's Office. And the said list reveals that students have come to enrol at USC from as far north as Cagayan province in the island of Luzon, and as far as Sulu province, the southernmost group of islands in the Philippine archipelago.

Diving into the list, we find that Cagayan province is represented by two students with us, while Sulu barely misses us with only one.

When we first mention Cagayan province, we are reminded of the Ilocano regions. After all, Cagayan is a part of the "saluyot" provinces. All in all, we have with us eight Ilocano students: the two from Cagayan, one from Ilocos Norte, three from

Ilocos Sur, and two from La Union.

There is no doubt that Manila has more institutions of learning than Cebu City. In spite of that, we have not only a few Tagalogs enrolled in USC. Manila alone still shares us with fourteen of its youths. In a way of speaking, the fountain of wisdom does not only spring from the capital of the country. Tagalog, Bulacan; and Batangas with Quezon province have obliged us with two students from each one of them. Pampanga, although definitely "capang-mangan" and not Tagalog, is close to Manila. Yet, it still sends USC four students.

Catching up with the Tagalogs, the Bicolanos are contributing eight students to USC, two each for the provinces of Albay, Sorsogon, Camarines Norte, and Catanduanes. The provinces of Mindoro, Masbate, and Palawan, not to be mistaken as Bicolano, have enrolled with USC three, eighteen, and two, respectively. And

not to be overlooked, stormy Romblon, our Faigao's home-island, gives USC three students.

Coming down to the Visayas, here's where we really juggle up with our numbers. But first the Hilonggo bailiwicks which comprise the provinces of Iloilo, Capiz, Antique, and Occidental Negros. These have contributed to USC twenty, four, three and one-hundred, respectively, of their wide-awake sons and daughters. If and when you may pass a student group at the lobby or elsewhere in the University campus with a characteristically enthusiastic and boisterous conversation, you cannot be wrong, brother, that's them.

In the eastern Visayas, we should come to the "waray". Storm-blown and wind-blown but still stocky Samar, has enrolled in USC fifty one of her swains and lasses. Leyte which is only half "waray" because the other half is Cebuano-speaking

(Cont. on page 23)



*Cecilia Nena Dorotheo, Tite Valencia, Carmelita Araneta are part of the motley crowd that make up the USC population.*

# Impressions and Expressions

conducted by **Rvon Barriga**

*This department will accept questions regarding matters of current and vital interest to the students. Any entry of significance will be published with the name of the winning questioner.*

This month's question is: Are the chances of a "Professional Student" for success greater than those of a "Working Student"?

**HILARIA L. ARQUIZOLA**—*Second Year, Education* says:



It depends largely on the nature of his employment. Take for instance a manual occupation which entails a maximum of physical exertion. After the day's work one is so worn out to further enable him to study effectively. In the case of a light job, however, enough stamina is left for the school task. The employe-student hits two birds with one stone. This is a double guaranty for success.

**CELESTINO M. ABAO** — *E. S/ Sgt. (US Army), Death March Survivor, Third Year, Law*:



I still hold that working does harm to the student, be it to a greater or lesser extent. Although I may add that were one in the row's service, there would be enough opportunity to read one's lessons, which may not be true in most

private firms where one is kept continuously occupied during office hours. In most cases, a job means poor students and eventually half-baked career men.

**ADELINA T. DERECHO** — *Secretary, Senior Class, Commerce*:



It would be difficult for the student to maintain a scholastic standing while working during off-school hours. Exhaustion is almost always the result of the day's chore, and one cannot simply be resting when in the classroom. Working produces benefit if only to avoid the attendant mischief of vagrancy.

**MARIANO DEL MAR** — *Law IV*:



I don't believe that working and studies mix for the benefit of the students. I subscribe to the idea of taking things one at a time. This is my sure-fire formula for success.

**TEODORO V. MADAMBA** — *Ex-Staff Member of the Pioneer Press, Research and Evaluation Asst. of the U.S.I.S. (Cebu), Manila Daily Bulletin Correspondent, General Course, Liberal Arts*:

I think working and studying at the same time gives one a feeling of achievement and a sense of responsibility which a professional student would not feel as keenly as one who has to work his way through college. Of course, 24 hours seem not to be enough for a working student's day but if he budgets his precious hours wisely, he can study his lessons, do his homework still have some time left for fun — picnics, dances, movies, etc.

A working student who knows the value not only of hard-earned money but also of time and efforts spent cannot afford to get 4 or 5. A student working his way through college inevitably acquires the traits of determination, self-reliance, courage, hard work, perseverance and a greater sense of responsibility. From the seemingly insurmountable difficulties and obstacles, a working student (re)creates and overcomes in the pursuit of a college degree, comes the wonderful feeling of genuine satisfaction and achievement.

**ENGR. TEODORO P. CRUZ** — *G-and-Epsilon, Sigma Kappa Epsilon, Third Year, Mechanical Engineering*:

Engineering is a near-impossibility to the working student. The laboratory and field work requirements of the course alone are sufficient to scare away the notion of being employed from the student. But there are some successful engineers who were able to get away with it.

**JOSEPHINE D. LACANIETA** — *Second Year, Commerce*:



If one applies enough honest to-goodness effort to one's books, I don't see any reason why working would discourage or hurt one's studies, and vice-versa. An employment broadens the individual's concept of life. One gets to meet and know persons of diversified walks of life. A positive cure for inferiority complex is to have a job wherein you deal and talk with people.

**J'SRELLA VELOSO** — *President, Senior, Lea Apothecaries, Fourth Year, Pharmacy*:

A student who must have to work has less time to study than professional students for there are in-  
(Cont. on page 14)

## A TREE...

(Cont. from page 10)

nitch: the Cross refused to be wrenched out of the earth. It seemed to have roots of steel and no matter how they tried they could not move it an inch. "At least," wrote the ship historian who covered the Magellan expedition, "they could not remove it while we were still within sight."

*Eye-opens and Souvenirs.* One of the country's truly historical spots; the Cross of Magellan rates as Cebu's top tourist-drawee. Sightseers and cameraddicts frequent the vicinity of the shrine. Local souvenir peddlers keep large stock of the Cross postcards that still sell at a steady and a profitable rate.

Once in a while one gets a kick of seeing kids with noses stuck between the shafts around the kiosk, looking intently at the top of the Cross, obviously hoping to see it grow. The kids may never see it grow but someday they will know another kind of growth of which the Cross is symbol. That time will come when they start looking back and discover that Christianity was born in this country the same day the Cross was planted in a small, sunny town. Christianity which arrived here with Spanish adventurers had come to wreck: it had thrown eager roots and kept growing ever since the day a certain Ferdinand Magellan steadied a wooden cross in the middle of a road in Cebu.

## IMPRESSIONS...

(Cont. from page 13)

stances when he must have to prefer one over the other. What I mean is that a working student sometimes has to neglect his studies to give more preference to his work—or abandon a part, if not the whole of his job, for urgent cramming or other academic activities.

Yes the working student has proved more than once that he has more zeal, patience, and self-confidence than the professional ones: He develops punctual and methodical habits of studying and is more prepared to meet life's challenge.

MATHEW B. ROBLES—First Year, Commerce:

Working is not exactly incompatible with studying. It is all a matter of attitude. If one puts his whole heart into the accomplishment of both, there is no excuse for failing if any one.

## IT'S A HERB'S LIFE

by VNLim

Dear Herb,

*If there was a contest for the best-styled uniform, the girls of the Secretarial course would take the cake. And what girls! Now I know why there are a lot of cartoons, stories, anecdotes, and movies about secretaries (pneumale) somehow having to do with or being the cause of bosses' troubles (domestic and financial.) I mean, there are a lot of pretty girls in the Secretarial course this semester and pity the gullible weaklings they'll work for in the future. I know I'll have a hard time dictating a business letter to one of this semester's crop of Secretarial girls. I'd much rather have a business of my own with them—eh!*

*The Pharmacy girls are not bad, either. They make me wish I were a bottle of nitric acid or a test tube. They handle them so daintily. In other words, notice the new faces lately?*

*Come to think of it, whenever I go up on the roof garden and look down on the construction below, I always remember Fr. Hoerdemann, the builder, the Foreman, the Boss. It seems as if those walls are to be reminders of him and of his stay and his accomplishments here. Now I suppose he'll do more building and erecting there for more SVD schools. And, surely, he'll also build respect, admiration, and gratitude there as he did during his stay here. Let us not forget him.*

*Herb, how is my favorite nurse? Sometimes I feel like getting sick and having to be hospitalized so I'll see you and be with you. Corney, huh.*

*This is enough yakata for now. Rest those weary eyes and go back to those books and notes, you dumb crumb.*

Who do you think?

Alex



At USC Summer Resort at Talisay, the coeds enjoy the breeze and the famous cool, sweet Talisay waters.



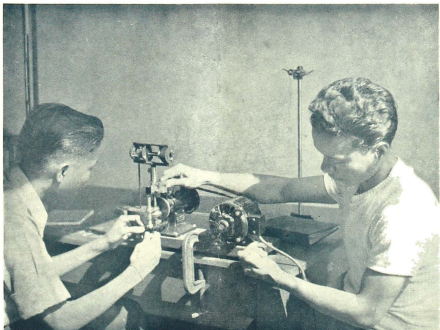
The Physics department gets a boost with the coming of Fr. Oster, a physicist, who got his master's degree from the University of Chicago. Above: Fr. Oster's students engrossed in their experiments.



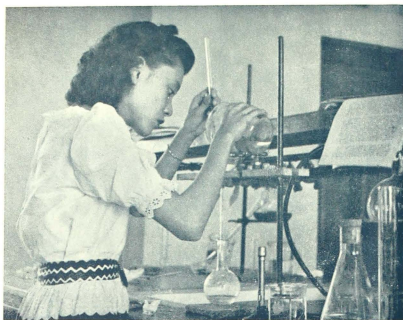
The Pre-medics on a binge at Talisay to forget the stench of the week-old cat whose insides they used to examine.



Fr. Violeta and Francisca of Miramar. The girls will someday annex the M.D. initials after their names, barring of course, unforeseeable events like war or marital entanglements.



More of Fr. Oster's students tackling the intricacies of another valuable gadget in the USC Physics department.



**LAB LABOR.**

A Pharmacy senior tackles a Chemistry problem.

**OFF-HOURS.**

Home Economics instructress, Mrs. Rosario A. de Veyra takes last look at USC Summer Resort before leaving USC for Quezon City.

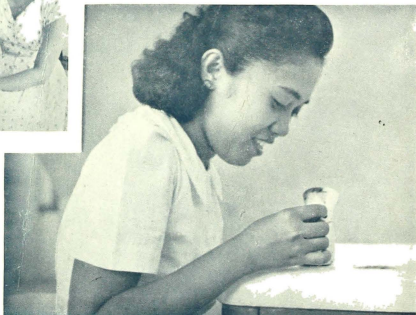


**MARMS WITH CHARMS.**

Lady Instructors turn on the smiles after a hard day's work.

**PAUSE THAT REFRESHES.**

Coed takes a drink of ice-cold water from one of USC's water-coolers.





**TETE-A-TEETH.**

A variation of a lawn picnic, students enjoy their party on the stairs and chat while they crunch.



**ALL SET.**

Pharmacy sophomores set the table before party starts with an eye on the number of guests and gatecrashers.

**IT'S NO FUN.**

Sometimes lab work makes forget about your figure and your paints.



**COOL COED.**

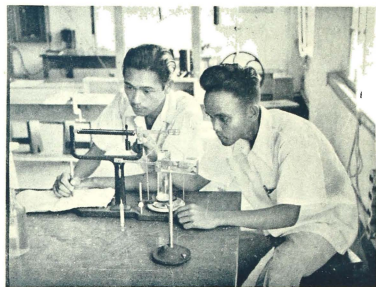
Popular law coed Nenita Saguin drops the Codes for a cool dip into the USC swimming pool at Miramar.



**SO LITTLE AND SO MUCH.**

Using those precision instruments in  
Physics department you soon realize  
that so little makes so much difference.

*It's a scoop. Whether it be a micro-  
scope or a telescope you get a peep  
into the realm of the unknown.*



Another of those scientific instru-  
ments which puzzles the layman but  
delights the experts.



Life in the part begins when the chow commences.

Who says the corn-cob pipe is exclusive property of that UN police army top man now in Korea? We've got one ourselves. You see, it isn't just a pipe—it's a solid assertion that the puffer has got something with which to get farther than his nose. See what I mean? Threshing it out, it's what the bluebook calls "discipline". The first day in ranks was when we got that word forced down our throats; and call it reflex action or a disbarment of instincts, but we had that thing riding in our blood when we marched the parade grounds in our first public performances.

Take that send-off pass in review for Fr. Hoerdemann last July 22. We had to operate behind doors, of course, but Dame Fortune gave us a pat on the back which brought the commandant out, exclaiming: "A superb performance, boys! The fact of the matter is, we thought so too. It didn't end there. The officers were at the airport when that Reverend Father took his plane for Nagoya, Japan. And my partner here says, "They braved the rain to put up cross-swords." A sweet one, if you ask me.

Well, at about the end of July the cadet officers got to claying their brains together for three hours or four and finally came out with the organization of a sort of a clawy club they called "USC SWORD FRATERNITY". By viva voce, the following officers were elected: Cdt. Col. Ciriaeo Bongalos, President; Cdt. Lt. Col. Rene Espina, Vice President; Cdt. Lt. Col. Celso Macacocher, Secretary; Cdt. Maj. Cesar Jamiro, Treasurer; Cdt. Capt. J. Ventil, Auditor; and Cdt. Lt. Col. Rudy Alonso and Cdt. Capt. Arturo Aliño, Peace Officers.

So, for the first time, we came out to the open, officers with uniforms on gala and 4th battalion cadets in their

# ROTC

hotter putter

JV/AM

usual khakis. The latter earned merits, yet we can't daresay it was on account of the way they willingly trodded the busy streets from this school to the Maholo Church where they snaked along with the religious procession for the inauguration of the new Carmelite Monastery. That was a swell show. The officers were



MISS NIMIA DOROTHEO  
Corps Sponsor

guards of honor to the Blessed Sacrament. I guess they've got pictures of the affair: somewhere in this magazine.

We want to say something about Lt. R. Fulon, FA. He left last August 16 for F. McKinley. That

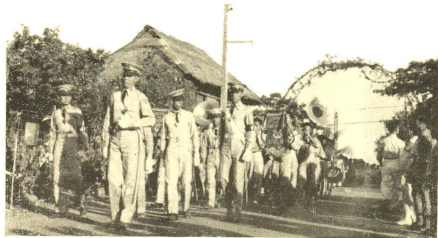
must be a bigger job, or sump'n. You know, the Phil. getting an expeditionary force for Korea, and so on. Lt. Garcia, FA, is even going to leave anytime now. "It's like that in the army," he says, "you make a headway on something good and they pick you out and dump you somewhere else to start another something good."

Anyhow, somebody has now taken over the department adjutant job. He is one local USC campus boy making good. A gentleman from Carcar. His name is 2nd Lt. Jose Villaroza, Inf. He's got a story behind him. At the outbreak of the war he served with the 83rd Inf. Regiment. As a guerrilla, he joined the Cebu Area Command, Southern Cebu Sector. At liberation, he was at the MP Company stationed in Cebu City. He got through the four-year ROTC course at USC in 1949, after which he made the six months probationary training at Ft. McKinley, PGF. At the start of 1950 he was assigned with the 42nd PC Co. in Burauen, Leyte. Now he's with us—a good promise.

Incidentally, Capt. Manuel Gonzalez, FA (former department adjutant) is on duty in this ROTC Unit awaiting further orders from the FGF.

Last Sunday, August 20, this Cadet Corps went out to meet the public again. That was a big show they get in for. And they surely made the entry big enough for discomfort the whole two thousand and a half (count 'em) strength of the four battalions complete with Pershing caps and rifles. We couldn't have thanked our lucky stars more than when that pass in review pulled out remarkably well. But they had to march in mass formation because even the wide Normal school grounds

(Cont. on page 22)



USC ROTC cadets leading the Carmelite Procession

## PHYSICS CAN BE...

(Cont. from page 5)

great advantage they can derive from it.

### FATHER OSTER'S SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

Outside of his obligations and duties in the USC Physics Department, Father Oster delves deep into the field of experimental Physics in his off moments. He performs his experiments in his exclusive laboratory at the ground floor of the Science Building. He avers that his current experiments on supersonics might be one of the many being undergone on the same field in other scientific laboratories of other countries. He started his experiments on this field when he was a student of the University of Chicago.

Supersonic speed is not the subject of his current experiments what he is particularly concerned with are supersonic vibrations in solids, liquids and gases, although he concentrates his efforts on solids. He explained that supersonic vibrations are being termed so because they are vibrations with frequencies which are much higher than the frequencies of sounds audible to the ordinary human ear.

He intends to find out the special resonance conditions occurring when longitudinal and radial vibrations are suitably combined on different metal-rod specimens. What he may have discovered already he cannot reveal as yet in any definite statement. It may consist of valuable data he is most carefully investigating further, more exhaustively searching into, and more definitely verifying.

As a practical outlook of Father Oster's experiments, it is hoped and expected that these special resonance conditions he may be able to conclusively find out what might furnish a means of testing the homogeneity of some metallic materials for use in the construction of important machinery parts.

### FATHER OSTER'S EQUIPMENTS

Out of practically a junk-pile of seemingly useless spare parts which USC had bought from army surplus depots, Father Oster was able to assemble part and part together in constructing the apparatuses he needs for his scientific experiments. Now he avails himself of a powerful high voltage DC supply unit and an oscillator of a wide frequency range out of the parts he salvaged from the junk-pile. Some minor apparatuses he was able to rig up sup-

(Cont. on page 23)

# On Waiting



By Rosario Rodil

Have you ever tried waiting for someone who never showed up? Have you? I bet my little finger you'd much rather go through boiling waters than repeat the same experience. Not surprising.

I waited once for my friend Perla. She promised very solemnly to pick me up at home. One o'clock! Of all hours. I missed my beauty nap. I sat in the rocking chair on the porch, watching the minutes pass into eternity with each single *crack brook* of the chair against the floor. The minutes dragged. Still no Perla. I went into the sala to take a magazine, The Reader's Digest. I went back to my rocking chair and read an article. My mind was half on air. Where is the blessed Perla? Another article. And then another. Where, oh where? My eyes were salty and watery. I'd rather sleep, I said. I placed my head against the hard chair and closed my eyes, but half of my brain was reeling.

The clock in the sala struck two. I startled. A sudden itchiness ran over me. I rubbed my eyes. I pinched myself. Where is the turtlefooted Perla? I craned my neck and scanned the stretch of road visible from the porch. A woman was coming in this direction. My heart eased up. Closer, closer came the lady. No, not she. I slept again, that is, I tried to. I open my eyes slowly. From under my half-closed lids I surveyed my surrounding. The Kitten curled up in one corner of the porch. How cozy was the little dear! How envious her lot! No waitings for her. Outside the porch the bushes glistened in the sun. I wish I were a bush. How

dare I wish for that, I thought. The air in the porch was clean and cool against my skin. No cool against my brain. Will that lady ever come?

The clock struck three. I picked up the Reader's Digest. The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met. Hmmm... I'll try this one. The first paragraph was interesting. Must be an interesting character. I don't know. Must be.

Terrible drowsiness swallowed me. I placed my head against the chair and the Reader's Digest across my face. Oh sweet forgetting!

Scenes began to float before me—clear, vivid, like balls of crystal on a golden chain. The mother waiting for the coming of her first born. The wife waiting for the return of her husband. The lover waiting for his beloved. The bride waiting for the strains of Lohengrin. The devotee anxiously waiting for the fulfillment of her prayer. The penitent sinner waiting for the absolution. The pilgrim waiting for the benediction. The bored student waiting for the bell. The examinee for the bar. The sick man waiting for the nurse. The caretaker waiting for the hearse. The farmer waiting for the rains. The father waiting for the prodigal son. The child waiting for Christmas. The office boy waiting for the holiday. The socialite waiting for the ball. The nun waiting for the voice... Waiting, waiting. Almost everyone is waiting. Who does not wait? Who does not wait? Who has not waited?

I woke up to the honking of horns below. Perla had arrived. Oh happy waking! Oh blessed waiting! Oh for forever waiting and then finding, oh!

\*\*\*

# Catching Up With Adam

By Corazon Jamero

Ever since woman's place as man's equal in the general whirl of human activity was recognized some hundreds of years ago, she has evolved several changes in her life. And it has become general knowledge that woman's gradually expanding role in human existence developed from her place in the home, in the community, and then to the world at large.

In the past, woman's place was strictly in the home, rearing children and attending to household chores. She only helped her man a wee bit in his activities outside of her department but seldom. Her usefulness was confined within the walls of the home which she tried with her level best to make worthy, lovable and blessed to live in for her folks. Although she did not have as much education then as the woman of today, she nevertheless acquired an ideal preparation for life which lay before her through her actual experiences in her striving to make her man's house into a real home.

At present, modern inventions have made household work simple and easy. Household management has become lesser than a problem. Evidently, her home is made to function efficiently by the introduction of new-fangled ideas and drudgery-saving gadgets. So that the diminishing need of her back-breaking labors in the household has stimulated every woman to extend her vision much farther beyond the little space of her abode. She is getting interested in nearly everything outside of rearing children and keeping the household. She thinks she can no longer be confined within the monotony of household chores as in the past, for she has found some extra time she would like to use outside of her traditional sphere of action. In short, she has been weaned, and she has looked up to wider horizons! These changes in her attitude and in her original circumstances have effected striking differences between the woman of yesterday and the woman of today.

Nobody in the past, perhaps, ever gave a thought that unusual changes in man's mode of living would cause to evolve a brand-new Maria Clara as we have in the Philippines today. It seems to be shocking to contemplate the differences between the ideal Maria Clara of yesteryears and her modern counterpart which we now have. The former has been ad-



In A Man's  
World, A  
Sturdier  
Variety of  
Maria Clara

mired for her absolute, unquestioning docility to her man, her devotedness to her home and children, her modesty, prudence, humility and shyness. But the latter has been educated to shun that inferiority complex which in the former was unconsciously developed. She has grown up in a new world with a practical sense of values. But she is not superficially trained in order to thoughtlessly relinquish her womanly virtues. In the relentless pace of the modern world, she might sometimes realize that the going is not so soft and easy, but she has learned to gird up for the situation by reinforcing her sweet and gentle nature with the armor of virtue and morality. Sometimes, she may falter, being of the weaker sex, but she has no choice other than to fight for her place as an essential counterpart of man in human endeavor,

in the home, in the office, in politics and in every field of activity she has tried her hands on.

In love, the present ideal woman is frank and constant with her affections without being unfaithful. In religion, she is practical in her faith without becoming less pious. In her daily contacts with the world and its daily problems, she is reasonable without being less sensible. To man, she is less docile and considers him her equal; but on this account, she is never the less lovable, loyal and faithful as long as she finds the same reciprocal fidelity, love and respect from him.

These new facets of her character were obviously acquired in order to replace the old quaint ones, arming her with a morally watchful awareness against the malignity, snares and

(Cont. on page 23)

**MORE TERRIBLE...**  
(Cont. from page 9)

His voice stoppèd short. Then suddenly, his mouth opened wide and a violent shriek rent the dismal stillness of the midnight air.

"Demongo!" Tandy cursed vehemently. "Go away! Go away!"

The *santelmo* came nearer. First, it was just a tiny and harmless speck of blinking light following wearily from behind. Nearer it came and as it crept, it gained size and luminosity. Suddenly, Tandy poised his paddle high. This was it, he muttered inaudibly. What was there to fear about this devil? he asked himself. But now... wait! Tandy's teeth chattered injuriously. Slowly he managed to stand up and brace himself against the bamboo mast; his knees knocked fast. Soon the sparkling horror was whirling rapidly around the baroto in an unending vertiginous band of weird colors. And as if one magic word was uttered, the band consumed itself to form one huge ball of greenish-blue incandescence, about the size of a carabao's head — in the center revolved what should have been a skull.

"Manoy! Manoy!" Tandy cried, "please go away!"

Slowly the *santelmo* came down and settled just in front of Tandy. Inch by inch it crept nearer; inch by inch Tandy knelt down painfully.

"Forgive me, Manoy!" he hugged the gunwale, "please leave me alone!"

Suddenly there was a laugh. That kind of a laugh mortals seldom hear. They are dead who once hear them. "Tandy!" a still voice leaped from the fire.

"Ah, ah... Oh!" Tandy quailed. "Who are you?"

"Tandy! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" his laughter died in the wind.

Again Tandy cursed loudly. Why should this demon ever horrify him? Curses!

Once again the *santelmo* jumped some two meters high and stayed lightly on the breeze. A very familiar figure stood beckoning from the water; he could its arms and legs, but instead of the usual head, there was the *santelmo*. It was Sarya all right; there could be no mistaking it. Her hair fell loosely over her kimo-

na. She had the red-and-green striped *patadiang* on — as he had left her!

He took his *sarok* off and threw it forcefully towards the headless woman, as if to scare her away. It fell harmlessly to one side. A thousand tumbling thoughts ran wild inside his head. Sarya must have followed him all the way then, pretended to hand an arm around the outriggers and answered the horn call. Quite a raw deal! Or were all these just mere products of the mind?

Darkness makes harmless things horrible and when in the face of such imagined horrors man dies about in fear, darkness laughs. It may be that the laughter is inaudible, but anyway it's there — sneering, insulting, and mocking man of his powerlessness in the face of the seemingly unexplainable mysteries.

This should be Sarya. Nobody else. Suddenly Tandy stood up. This was the supreme moment.

"Sarya! My wife! Sarya!"  
Then for one brief instant he bal-

anced himself on the gunwale and flung himself blindly towards the beckoning figure. The driftwood stank deep blow as two sharks fought savagely for a new prey. The red splash died out.

ROTC HOTTER...  
(Cont. from page 19)  
was not big enough.  
Present were the Rev. Fr. Rector Albert van Gansewinkel, honoree, the USC faculty members, the Corps of Sponsors (they were cute, little darlings), and the handsomest group of spectators as you've ever dared see. We'd like to say we're very sorry we (might've) scared them when that 105 mm gun was fired at retreat. That was the highlight of it all. It was both impressive and effective.

After that parade the Sword Fraternity somehow managed to treat the sponsors to a snack at the Yarrow. Speaking of the sponsors, we're giving a page about them at the next issue.

For now, GET THOSE HEELS KICKING, you snippy lugs!

lanced himself on the gunwale and flung himself blindly towards the beckoning figure. The driftwood stank deep blow as two sharks fought savagely for a new prey. The red splash died out.

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

**SWORN STATEMENT**  
(Required by Act No. 2580)

The undersigned NAPOLEON G. RAMA, editor of the CAROLINIAN published eight times a year in English and Spanish at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City after having been duly sworn in accordance with law hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) NAPOLEON G. RAMA  
Editor in Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of April 1950, at Cebu City the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1535817 issued at Cebu City, on April 1, 1950.

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Book No. IV; Series of 1950

FULVIO C. PELAEZ  
Until December 31, 1950

## WHERE WE COME...

(Cont. from page 12)

has contributed to USC quite a number in three hundred and forty nine young blades and cuties.

In the middle of the Visayan group, we come to the Cebuano-speaking Bohol. This ubi-shaped island of Dagohoy gives USC two hundred fifty one. This is in spite of the many schools and colleges that are found in its capital and big towns.

Lastly in the Visayas is its heart which is Cebu province. It bears a mark of distinction in an all-out show of numbers in its contribution of students enrolled in USC. It has enrolled two thousand two hundred fifty one strong. (Lapulapu must be responsible for this, "may his tribe increase!") This number is the highest any single province has contributed to swell the ranks of Carolinians. And this is regardless of the fact that there are quite a lot of universities and colleges to be found in Cebu City where USC is located. Oriental Negros which has a university of its own and a few colleges for her Cebuano-speaking brood still comes around at USC with ninety five enrolled students.

Mindanao, the famous island of promise is not only promising USC some more of its conglomerated youths to study with us in the coming years, it is actually contributing to USC five hundred and fifty four of its exotic roes with the inevitable sharp thorns thrown into the bargain. Misamis Oriental leads the Mindanao rush for USC with one hundred thirty nine enrolled. This is followed by Misamis Occidental with ninety six. Surigao puts in one twenty nine. Then comes Zamboanga with seventy three of its colorful and quite versatile students. Lanao comes in with a sixty-one student representation. Auzan contributes forty eight. The up-and-coming province of Davao accounts for thirty three. Quite low for Davao, but it has opened a lot of new colleges in Davao City recently. Cotabato is good enough to send USC nineteen. While Bukidnon, an inland province which is as mountainous as its name signifies takes out for USC six to represent it in our classrooms. Recapitulating, Mindanao island is contributing to USC quite a satisfactory number of students, what with about half a thousand all accounted for here with this school-year, the Collegiate Dept.

USC can't help but be gratified with the patronage it enjoys from the

## PASSIN' THROUGH...

(Cont. on page 11)

Any answer to this call (Sing Or Scream)??

## NEW CHAPEL BRINGS OLD MEMORIES

A chapel in an institution always marks that institution from the others. A chapel in a school gives that school dignity and grace and distinction. My best memories in pre-war USC (CSC then) are the early morning before-classes prayers we had every day. The freshness of the morning then blended with the voices of the youngsters holding hymnbooks and trebling hymns on their knees, the sunrays streaming through the tall windows illuminating their fresh young faces, adding splendor, beauty, and holiness to the atmosphere. We went to our classes then fresh from communing with our God, not fresh from bed or from the poolroom. And on Sundays we heard Mass there. We felt as if we were members of a special fraternity and that God gave that chapel specially for our use and convenience. Is He giving us this new chapel again?

## Watch For

*The Moral of Anonymous Letters in the next issue*

## PHYSICS CAN BE...

(Cont. from page 20)

placement him further with his needs in his scientific laboratory.

What Father Oster is experimenting on cannot be definitely explained in details at present while his data have not yet convinced him beyond doubt as conclusive. The task he is undergoing is an attempt in the field of experimental Physics, which a young university such as USC ought to be interested in.

Father Oster is definitely a valuable asset to USC. The application his scientific and highly technical know-how will ultimately prove to be of incalculable value to the university.

people all over the islands. It is especially grateful to the Catholic families throughout the whole length and breadth of the Philippines from Cagayan in the north down to Sulu in the south for the enthusiastic spirit they have shown in sending their children to the halls of dear old USC.

## CATCHING UP...

(Cont. from page 21)

wives of modern life and in order to meet the inevitable pitfalls she may confront with an admirable fortitude. The widening of her sphere of action has brought about the cultivation of her latent abilities which have been dormant in the past by force of custom and tradition. New doors of opportunities have been opened for her to prove her usefulness, to exercise her talent in rendering social, religious, economic or political service to humanity.

She believes that she must have not only an intelligent mind but also a splendid personality. She realizes that she must always be fit to work. She is convinced that she must serve God and His Church. She is continually training herself to think effectively. She is striving endlessly to maintain her important social positions and usefulness equal to man's without losing her sweetness and her charms. She knows she is an essential factor in life. She plays a great influence in improving social conditions of the masses. She has been instrumental in minimizing misfortunes with the influence of her gentle nature. And last, but not least, she is ever conscious of her most benevolent task of all: the moral education and up-bringing of her children.

The belief that modesty and purity sets stained through contact with the outside world has already been brushed aside as a myth as far as woman is concerned. She has acquired a certain tenacity to face and solve her own problems, and the propensity of helping to remedy the problems of our ailing world.

Nevertheless, with everything that has been written about woman and her required powers and importance, it is only fair to admit that woman will never excel man, for when she was created by God, she was not taken from the head of man to top him. She was only taken from man's side in order to be his equal in some ways, and under his arm so that he may protect her. Thus, it can never be denied that both are essential to existence. And after that is said and done, let it be said again as Longfellow said before, "As unto the bow the cord is, so unto the man is woman... useless each alone without the other". These words echo testify to the indispensable role which woman plays in the drama of human existence ever since Eve never dreamed of catching up with Adam at the Garden of Paradise.

# USC in the News

## USC FACULTY ANNUAL PARTY HELD

Spiced up with the typical Dr. Protasio J. Solon's antics, the faculty year celebration turned out to be a gay, noisy party. Prize-awarding programs and vocals by Jesus Concepcion enlivened the party. Among the recipients of awards was Dean Jose Teeson who received the biggest fan this part of the country for being the "sweatingest" faculty member, hot, cold, or stormy day.

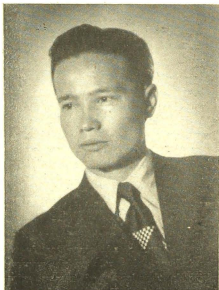
The Faculty President Doc Solon led the merrymaking after the dinner and program with a dance number of his own creation.

## PELAEZ IS LAW DEAN

Simultaneous with the promotion of Hon. Zosa to Dean Emeritus Atty. Fulvio Pelaez was appointed Dean of the USC College of Law.

Atty. Pelaez joined the law faculty before the war, and is the University legal counsel since 1944. A San Carlos alumnus and the driving force behind every College of Law activity, he has his share in maintaining the scholastic standard on a high level. His administrative ability and unselfish devotion to service have earned for him the deanship.

Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez can be right-



LAW DEAN FULVIO C. PELAEZ  
First "CAROLINIAN" Editor

fully called as San Carlos' own. He acquired most of his education in San Carlos. Very popular in his student days, he ably skippered and consistently booted to victory the famous San Carlos eleven in the field of sports in pre-war years. In the literary field, he was the first Editor-in-Chief of the CAROLINIAN way back in the thirties. It has been proudly pointed out that San Carlos moulded him, consequently, he is only too willing to give all he can to the University, especially to the College of Law as Dean.



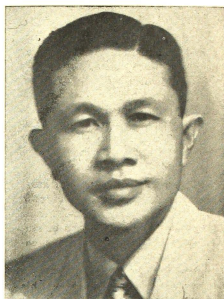
MR. FRANCISCO NEMENZO  
A respected oldtimer comes back

## FORMER CEBU COLLEGE DEAN HOLSTERS LIBERAL ARTS

Former USC faculty member and lately dean of the state-run Cebu College Mr. Nemenzo has joined the faculty of the College of Liberal Arts. He taught Sciences at USC in pre-war days and enjoys an enviable reputation both as a scholar and as a professor. He graduated summa cum laude with the degree of B.S., M.S. at UP, Manila. Just after the war he was sent as government pensionado to US to pursue his studies.

At the University of Michigan he finished his master's degree in Arts.

USC hails the coming back of a respected and truly learned professor.



HON. MANUEL A. ZOSA  
Dean Emeritus

## ZOSA APPOINTED DEAN EMERITUS

Congressman Manuel A. Zosa was appointed Dean Emeritus of the College of Law by Rev. Fr. Rector Albert von Gansewinkel.

The appointee was recipient of congratulations from the faculty and students for the promotion he fully deserves. He has a long-standing service and loyalty to the school.

Among the pioneer organizers of the USC College of Law, Dean Zosa contributed much to the progress and prestige of the University's law department which started out with a handful of students in 1937 and wound up with the city's biggest law school population (over 300 students currently enrolled). He was Acting Dean before the war and was appointed Dean upon resumption of classes after liberation. Due to his present responsibilities in Congress which require most of his time, and in recognition of his valuable work which accounts for the excellent record of our law college in the bar examinations, Fr. Rector Gansewinkel conferred on him this new title.

## USC ADMINISTRATION DIRECTLY UNDER SVD GENERALATE

The administration of the University of San Carlos is now directly subject to the SVD Generalate at Rome. Exempt from the SVD Philippine Provincial administration, USC's immediate superior now is the Superior General at Rome, it is announced by Rev. Fr. Rector Albert



# USC in the News

van Gansewinkel.

This privilege has been granted to insure greater stability and more expeditious administration. It will mean also scudder financial backing for USC.

## ENGINEERING GRAD COPS UNIVERSITY MEDAL

Mr. Victoriano Gonzales, Jr., graduate of the USC College of Engineering was recipient of the University Medal, the highest USC award.

The University Medal is awarded to any USC graduate who places among the first ten in any government examination. It is an incentive for the students to make good in their studies before taking a flog at government examinations.

## NEW COMMANDANT ARRIVES

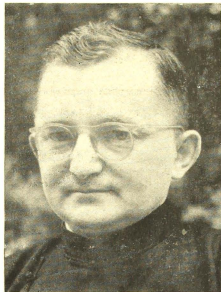
Death March-survivor Major Victor M. Jaar, Jr., FA, is the new Commandant of the ROTC Unit of this University. Formerly ROTC Commandant of the Philippine School of Arts and Trades at Manila, he was assigned to USC ROTC Department last August to relieve 1st Lt. Anaclito Garcia, FA, and arrived last September 12 to take over his new post.

Assigned as adjutant is former USC ROTC Cadet Lt. Jose Villarosa. Lt. Villarosa finished his training at Floridablanca the other summer and had been assigned to Leyte before his appointment as

USC ROTC adjutant.

As a tactical officer, soft-spoken but firm Major Juan has a wide military experience behind him, having served as Field Artillery instructor in the University of the Philippines, the Philippine Ground Force School at Camp Floridablanca, and the University of Santo Tomas.

Queried as to his impression of the Cadet Corps, he says, "I am glad to be with this unit".



Rev. Herman Joseph Schablitzki  
New arrival

## REV. SCHABLITZKI JOINS USC SVD STAFF

The latest arrival at USC is Rev. Herman Joseph Schablitzki, SVD, who came recently from the Catholic University of Peking via Europe to join the SVD community here.

Father Schablitzki was born in Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, on February 24, 1909. He entered the SVD order in 1926, studied his priesthood at St. Augustine Mission House in Germany.

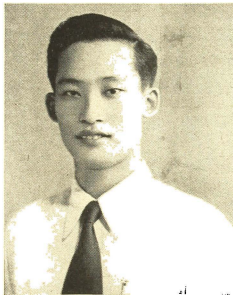
Aside from his ecclesiastical preparations, he spent four years specializing in Electrical Mechanics at the world-famous Voight & Haefner factory in Frankfurt. After his Ordination in 1939 he was sent as a missionary to China where he worked for five years in the Diocese of Tsingtao. Later he was transferred to the Catholic University of Peking where he worked as a technician. In 1949 he went to Europe for a rest.

With Fr. Schablitzki's knowledge and training in Mechanics, the engineering department gets a real boost. He is an expert in precision instruments.

## LIBRARY HALL & DEAN OFFICES NEAR COMPLETION

The finishing touches are being applied on the new USC Library Hall, a roomy and well-ventilated affair which covers 18 x 45 square meters on the second floor of Administration annex.

Next on the blue print scheduled to be finished are the offices of the deans. The administration will be systematically departmentalized and

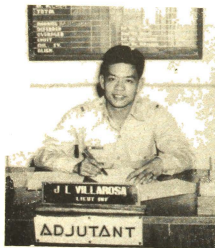


MR. KASIAN LIM  
First in UST Exam.

## CAROLINIAN TOPS UST ENTRANCE EXAMINEES

The pre-medicine graduates of the USC made a remarkable record in the entrance examination given by the University of Santo Tomas College of Medicine. Topping the list of successful examinees was Carolinian Kasian Lim while the sixth place was copied by another USC graduate Dick Lim and Jorge Ragoc made the ninth place.

All colleges with pre-medicine graduates were represented in the UST examination as a requisite for admission to the UST College of Medicine. Six hundred took the examination, and 150 of them passed. All the Carolinian examinees passed the examination.



LT. JOSE VILLAROSA  
ROTC Adjutant

# USC in the News

at the same time placed under an efficient central control

## CHAPEL & NEW WING TO BE FINISHED DECEMBER

The USC chapel and the new extension of the Administration Building are scheduled to be finished by December of this year. The blessing of the chapel and the college building will highlight the occasion. Other fitting celebrations and an open house will be among the main features.

To make it an extra-special occasion, the Diamond Jubilee celebration of the SVD, which was due September 8, will be held simultaneously.

## INDIVIDUAL PHOTOS REQUIRED BY LIBRARIAN FOR NEXT SEMESTER

Students intending to enroll for the next semester must present their individual picture before they are given their identification cards, it was announced by the Librarian.

The size of the picture should be 2 by 2 inches. Students can have their picture taken by the USC photographer.

## GRADUATE CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The members of the graduate studies convened and elected the officers of the Master of Arts Club at a meeting held last month. The officers-elect were:

- President—Atty. Cornelio Faigao
  - Vice-Pres.—Primitivo Lara
  - Secretary—Esperanza Velez
  - Treasurer—Mrs. Adelina Gil and Carmen Rodil
  - Representative to the Student Council—Erlinda Villanueva
  - Sgt. at Arms—Paulino Pilones
  - Press Relations—Mariano Vale
- The club plans to have an outing in the future as part of its well-ordered agenda. A proposal for a separate reference room for graduate study was being discussed.

## LEX CIRCLE CELEBRATES, HONORS NEW MEMBERS OF THE BAR

Subpoenaed to the Court of Social Relations holding special sessions at

the PC Recreation Hall, the College of Law students, USC, trekked into the Hall to celebrate the annual Lex Circle affair. The reception and ball was held in honor of the new members of the Bar together with the formal induction of this year's officers of the Lex Circle. Hon. Judge Vicente Varela of the Court of First Instance, Cebu officiated at the induction of the new officers to office.

Lex Circle 1950 President Pablo Garcia, spoke for the student body while 1949's College of Law prexy, Atty. William Buquid, made his response and thanks in behalf of the new attorneys and honorees of the evening. An inspiring address was made by Lex Circle Adviser Atty. Wenceslao Fernan.

The Reverend Father Rector's message to the law students climaxed the program.

## USC WILL OFFER ARCHITECTURE NEXT YEAR

The first year of the course in Architecture will be offered by USC in the school-year 1950-1951.

Currently, there are two other institutions in Cebu City offering Architecture. With the opening of this course in USC next year, it is believed that enrollment in the College of Engineering will be bolstered further.

## ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT HOLDS WEEKLY MOVIES

In line with the educational trends of leading American universities, the USC College of Engineering initiated the holding of weekly movies as part of its curricular program for more effective learning.

The films shown are technical and instructional in nature to supplement what the student learns in the classrooms and the laboratories. The schedule of showing is Saturday every week in the ground floor library.

## EDUCATION FRESHMEN HOLD PARTY

The USC Education Freshies held a rollicking acquaintance party at the USC Miramar Resort last August 15. It was their organization's



LT. EDUARDO JAVELOSA  
Onetime Corps Commander

first big affair.

An impromptu program was had and the merry-makers had a good time of it all and everybody really got acquainted with everybody else. Mr. Medelle, the energetic Adviser of the group headed the affair.

## FORMER CORPS COMMANDER GRADUATES FROM US OFFICER SCHOOL

Lt. Eduardo Javelosa, onetime ROTC corps commander who won the government scholarship in the US Officer School on the excellent record of the USC ROTC, comes home after 8-month training at the next exclusive US officer school in Texas.

Of the original 85 enrollees in the same school, Javelosa with three other Filipinos was among the 25 who finished and passed the course.

## USC'S NEW ENGINEERS HONORED

The first graduating class of the USC College of Engineering that hurdled the last Board examinations for Civil Engineers one hundred percent was honored by the Sigma Kappa Epsilon last August 19.

There was a formal ball and program of which the presentation of the feted Engineers and the induction ceremonies of the new officers of the Sigma Kappa Epsilon were the highlights.

Dean Rodriguez of the College of Engineering, spark-plug of all Engineering activities extolled: "We are proud of our Engineers who successfully passed the Board one hundred percent. The signal achievements of

# USC in the News

cur new Engineers will serve as an inspiration of future graduating classes to make good in the Board exams."

## PRE-LAW STUDENTS ORGANIZE

Under the supervision of its Moderator, Father Luis Schonfeld, SVD, and its Adviser, Atty. Mario Ortiz, the Pre-Law students of USC convened and elected their officers.

Elected were: Luis Ruiz, Jr., President; Lorenzo Dimataga, Jr. and Sofronio Ursal, Vice-Presidents; Esmeraluna Lepasana, Secretary; Maria Lilia Dorotheo, Treasurer; Leonora Lianza and Catalina Manlosa, Asst. Treasurers; Buddy Quiñero, PRO; Petronio Roa and Vicente Varela, Sgts-at-Arm; Eustatoniciano Ariano and Francisco Pilon. Reps. to the Student Council.

## PRE-MEDICS ON A SPREE

It was Miramar again when the Pre-Medics forgot awhile about books and lessons the whole day of August 6. They had a spree at Miramar.

Dr. P. Solon, class Adviser, headed the group. Special guests were Father Schonfeld, Miss C. Rodil, Mr. V. Gonzales, and Mr. Sol.

Clear, hilarious fun was had by all whether in the cool, sparkling waters of the two swimming pools, in the basketball, volleyball and badminton courts, at the pingpong tables, or in the healthful surroundings of our famous "Miramar by the sea." A hearty lunch was served. The merrymaking ended before sunset.

## CCC HOLDS PARTY AT YARROW BEACH

The Chinese Carolinian Club, organized last August 13, held an Acquaintance Party at the Yarrow Beach Resort on August 20. It was the initial affair in the CCC's calendar of activities.

Officers of the CCC are: Vicente Tiu, President; Sotero Go, Vice-President; Alfonso Go, General Treasurer; Anthony Co and Eugenia Lim, Secretaries; Vicente Dy, Business Manager; Catalino Chua, Public

Relations Officer; George Guy, Press Relations Officer.

## MIRAMAR OBLIGES EDUCATION SENIORS

August 20 saw Miramar obliging the whimsicalities of the Education seniors and their guests to a well-entertained party. It afforded to the group of book-tired students its wholesome facilities and healthful environment.

A sumptuous dinner was enjoyed by the bunch of merry-makers and a program was held immediately after dining. The Misses Languido, Rendal, and Gogo wowed their audience with vocal renditions of popular current tunes during the program. "Something new and something old", the square dance was introduced to dance addicts by Miss Martin.

Some of the guests were the Rev. Fr. Rector, the Fathers Punzel and Beck, Mr. Ordoña who is Adviser of the Senior Class organization, Mr. Bigornic, and the Misses Rodil, Velez and Villanueva. Mainly responsible for the success of the affair were the newly elected officers of the Senior Class.

## JR. NORMAL SENIORS HOLD PARTY

The Junior Normal seniors held an acquaintance party and induction of officers of the "Moulders of Youth" organization at the USC social hall last August 26.

The officers were presented by the Adviser, Mr. Jesus Roa, and they were inducted into office by Miss Suico, Dean of the department.

Some parts of the program were a welcome address by the President of the organization, Mrs. V. Alvarez; three vocal solo numbers separately sung by the Misses Villafañe, Martinez, and Esquera; and exhibition dance by Miss Rivera and partner; declamation of a poem "Mother and Poet" by Miss Rosario Pondevida; a guitar solo by Faustino Menguico; a lively piece by the Cumbancheros; and the message delivered by the Very Reverend Father Rector.

The Fathers Schonfeld, Bunzel, Beck, Engelen and faculty members of the department honored the occasion with their presence. Ice-cream was served while the dance was held in the evening.

## Sports

### USC LEADS IN CCAA

The USC varsity five, which is the team to beat this year, has won its first two assignments in the current CCAA Basketball Series. This makes our local five lead in the tournament.

The first game played on Sept. 10 was won at the expense of the USP team to the close score of 50 by 48. Morales was top-scorer for USC with 13 points, and Uy for USP with 16 points.

In the second game played by our boys, which was scheduled last Sept. 17, the CIT dribblers were routed to a one-sided score of 90 by 36. Jerusalem top-scored for USC with 12 points, while Caballero got 17 points for CIT.

The USC congratulates the varsity five and Coach Johnson for the team's good showing in the CCAA. Coach Johnson's efforts in shaping our basketball team into a formidable five are taking USC back into the limelight in the field of sports. Most of the credit is due him.

### FR. PROVINCIAL TOSSES FIRST BALL AT INTRAMURALS

The Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring, SVD Provincial opened the intramural games last month amidst the traditional fanfare, band music and shrill voices. The cheers rose to a din as the teams marched around the court with their sweet-faced sponsors and loud-colored uniforms.

The Law team and the Commerce Hoopsters was the drawing card of the initial game's exciting top-flight basketball and playing on equal terms, both teams had all the quarters the roaring audience on its toes. The score saw-sawed from first to the third quarter when the rain came and broke off the game. At this point the Comerciantes were ahead one shot. The grudge battle will be played again in the last day of the schedule Sept. 27.

The second intramural game saw the Pre-Medics mowed down by the top-seeded law five, as the Education hoopsters handed the highly-fouted Comerciantes a beating. The succeeding games got in a groove; Law Team licked the Education and licking their wounds, the Education five vented their spleen on the Pre-medics. That brought Law and Education on the top of the team standing, but law's' games gave a beating to the Education five at the hands of the Engineers.

# Sección Castellana

Editorial.

## IGLESIA Y LIBERTAD

Algunos dicen: "La Religión Católica quita la libertad."— ¿A quién haréis creer este error? A los que no conocen la Iglesia, tal vez, o a aquellos, cuyo espíritu está falseado o lleno de prejuicios a su respecto.

¿Qué libertad quita? Ninguna. No me haréis creer que yo no soy tan libre como los demás hombres; casi más libre, porque el cristiano goza de la libertad de los hijos de Dios. Dios prohíbe el mal; la Iglesia está ahí para enseñarnos a conocerlo, para prevenirnos, así como una buena madre previene a sus hijos para que no sucumban. Y ese mal, ya seáis católicos o no, no tenéis derecho a hacerlo.

En cuanto al bien, la Iglesia no nos quita la libertad de hacerlo, al contrario, nos lo hace conocer y nos insinúa que lo cumplamos sin obligarnos por eso. ¿Qué mejor? Vuestra objeción no tiene sentido confesado.

Además que Dios no quiere nada por fuerza. Lo que El quiere, lo que le honra, es un homenaje libre y libremente hecho. Tampoco la Iglesia obliga jamás. Ella indica el homenaje que Dios exige, nos compromete a seguir de buen corazón la vía del bien; prepara nuestras almas para el bien, y se esfuerza en separar de nosotros todo mal; pero la Iglesia Católica no quiere esclavos, ni hipócritas que aparentan hacer el bien. Ella prohíbe la mentira y la hipocresía. Todos sus hijos son libres con la libertad de los hijos de Dios, la más grande de las libertades.

Y es precisamente esta libertad la que atacan los impíos y los malhechores de nuestros días que no pueden comprender que un cristiano rehuse humillarse, rehuse abdicar sus derechos, su libertad y rehuse lamerles las botas... como ellos querrian en su despotismo ocioso.

La Iglesia, el catolicismo, no es el libertinaje, es la libertad.

## AUNQUE TODOS HICIEREN LO CONTRARIO

Por LUIS J. ACTIS

Y aunque todos hicieren lo contrario, haz tú lo que te dicte la razón, te imponga el deber y te hayas propuesto en tu ideal... Si quieres ser algo, debes pasar por sobre las carcajadas e ironías de todos los que te rodean. Te llamarán hipócrita..... Tú muestras con el silencio y con tus obras que no lo eres.....

Te dirán con sus ejemplos lo alegre y feliz de la vida relajada..... Tú demuestras con el tuyo que es más hermoso y sublime oponerse a las olas de todas las relajaciones, como el peñasco inmovible que baten los mares....

¡Sé la sombra que nuble sus algarazas!..... ¡Sé la protesta viviente del que sabe el camino que anda y no vaga desorientado por el mar de la vida!.....

Si buscas obrar como todos nunca darás un paso de elevación en tu camino.

La generalidad de las almas procede sin principios fijos, por caprichos, por gustos, por pasión....

Tú, aunque todos hicieren lo contrario, obra por convicción, iluminado por la cumbre orientadora de tu ideal!...

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Qué hermoso es ver a una persona despojada de todo apego, pronta a cualquier acto de virtud y de caridad, dulce con todos, indiferente a cualquier ejercicio, igual en los consuelos y en las tribulaciones, y totalmente contenta con tal que se cumpla la voluntad divina.

—San Francisco de Sales.

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# Religion Para Los Hombres

Por Luis Eugenio

"La Religión es buena para las mujeres", dicen algunos. ¿Y por qué no para los hombres? Hombres y mujeres, ¿no son iguales ante Dios? ¿No tienen la misma naturaleza, los mismos deberes, los mismos destinos? Los hombres, ¿no son criaturas de Dios, y no deben, como las las mujeres, proclamar su adhesión al Creador? Si Dios tiene derecho a las adoraciones de las mujeres, ¿por qué no ha de tener el mismo derecho a las adoraciones de los hombres? ¿O es que porque tenéis barba os creéis con derecho para tratar a Dios de igual a igual?...

*O la Religión es verdadera o es falsa. Si es verdadera, tan verdadera es y, por lo mismo, tan buena para los hombres como para las mujeres. Si es falsa, es tan mala para las mujeres como para los hombres, porque la mentira no es buena para nadie.*

La Religión es necesaria a la mujer; pero lo es más todavía para el hombre que ha recibido más beneficios de Dios y le debe por consiguiente más agradecimiento. En una familia, el hijo mayor, por ser el más favorecido en el reparto de los bienes patrimoniales, ¿no debe a sus padres mayor reconocimiento y amor que los demás hijos?

El hombre es el primero en todo: el primero en la sociedad, el primero en las artes, etc. Es conveniente, pues, que sea también el primero en glorificar a Dios y en practicar la Religión. El es el jefe de la familia, y ha recibido la misión de guiarla a su destino, que es Dios. ¿Acaso podrá hacerlo si no le da

ejemplos de piedad, si no marcha el primero, como un capitán al frente de su compañía, bajo la bandera de la Religión?

Diréis: La Religión es cuestión de sentimiento. La mujer vive con el corazón, necesita emociones; el hombre es más positivista.

¿Y qué cosa hay más positiva que la Religión? ¿Qué cosa más real que vuestra existencia? Vivis, *esto es positivo*, y debéis interrogaros *para qué* estáis en la tierra. Vuestra ra-

zón os contestará: Tú vienes de Dios, tú eres su siervo, habitas su mansión, te calientas a los rayos de su sol, te alimentas con sus dones y no existes sino para ejecutar sus órdenes. El es tu Señor y Dueño. Si no quieres acatar sus leyes, sal de su casa... Pero ¿adónde irás que no te encuentras en su casa?...

¿Qué pensaríais de un servidor que dijera a su señor: "Yo soy alimentado y vestido a vuestras expensas; muy bien. Pero no os debo obediencia y respeto; vuestros mandatos son cuestión de sentimiento; buenos únicamente para vuestras sirvientas que viven del corazón..." — El lenguaje de este servidor, ¿no sería un insulto a su dueño? Si no practicáis la Religión, ¿no sois criminales con respecto a Dios?

¿Qué queréis de más positivo que vuestra alma que salvar, que el cielo que merecer, que el infierno que evitar? Para conseguirlo, ¿no es necesario vencer vuestras pasiones, practicar las virtudes, cumplir, en fin, con todos vuestros deberes? Ahora bien, nada de esto podéis hacer sin la ayuda de la Religión. La Religión es necesaria para los hombres también.

## Sobre Educacion Religiosa

1. Un sistema de educación nacional no basado sobre el conocimiento de la religión produciría un desastre nacional; fuera del cristianismo illegáremos a una disolución de las costumbres y de la moral. — DISRAELI.

2. La causa de verse convertida la instrucción en instrumento de desmoralización y criminalidad es la irreligión.—MOREAU.

3. Crear escuelas sin enseñanza religiosa es organizar la barbarie que sigue a la civilización y prepara su decadencia.—GIRARDIN.

4. El cristianismo ha de formar la base de la instrucción del pueblo.—COUSIN.

5. Sería necesario condenar a la cárcel a los padres que mandan sus hijos a aquellas escuelas en cuya puerta está escrito: "Aquí no se enseña el catecismo". La enseñanza religiosa es hoy más necesaria que nunca.—VICTOR HUGO.

6. Para que sea verdaderamente buena y provechosa, la instrucción popular ha de ser profundamente religiosa.—GUITZOT.

# AMPARO

Por Visitación C. Reyno

Sollozando y con palabras entrecortadas la moribunda Felisa decía:

—Hija, comprendo que tengo muy contadas horas de vida. Resignate; sobre todo sé buena. (Suspira con dificultad) ¡Cumple con todos tus deberes de una buena hija! Res... peta... a tu... pa... dre... y a los tuyos. ¡Cumple con... tus deberes... a D... os!!!

Y exhaló el último suspiro.

Amparo, agobiada de dolor, besó por última vez a su tierna madre. Sufrió la huérfana con resignación.

Pasaron largos y tristes años desde que la dejó su madre, llegando a ser Amparo una bella joven cuyos soñadores ojos sabían cubrir su dolor, mostrándose hermosos y fascinadores implorando amor y protección. Era en fin Amparo una joven huérfana, privada de las tiernas caricias de una madre, privada del calor de un beso maternal.

Su padre, cansado de encontrar la casa vacía, se casó por segunda vez con una mujer de carácter pronto e irascible; sin embargo, Amparo la respetaba y la trataba con cariño. Un domingo llegó Amparo de la iglesia algo más tarde que de costumbre, y no pudo preparar el almuerzo para su padre. Esto exasperó a su madrastra que en tono seco y sin admitir réplica condenó a la sufrida joven a no salir en todo el día de su cuarto. El padre comprendió la injusticia pero calló para no empeorar la situación, confiando en que el carácter dulce y cariñoso de su hija llevaría al fin conseguir la armonía que faltaba en el hogar. El que se había casado por no encontrar la casa vacía, la hallaba ahora llena de disgustos.

Amparo se retiró a su cuarto y allí comenzó a llorar en silencio. Girando la joven huérfana, dijo para sí:

—He cumplido mi deber con Dios; la misa era cantada y no pude lle-

gar antes; cumplo lo mejor que puedo el encargo de mi madre; amo y respeto a mi padre y a los suyos, y por eso respeto a mi madrastra. Sin embargo, por causas ajenas a mi voluntad, ella se disgusta siempre conmigo, y hoy al fin me ha confinado, sólo por haberme retrasado diez minutos. ¡Qué haría yo porque no fuese así conmigo y no disgustarla siempre!

Así andaba en su soliloquio la joven, cuando de pronto se iluminó su cara. Su madre desde el cielo le asistía y una voz interior la consolaba diciéndole:

—Eres inocente, acércate a ella con dignidad pero con maysdumbre y dile que desees comprenderla y que te comprenda. Es buena y ahora, pasado el pronto de su carácter impetuoso y despotilla, comprenie que eres inocente.

Al terminar de oír esa voz rezó al ángel de la guarda de su madrastra pidiéndole que le inspirase un poco de amor hacia ella. Miró después sonriendo al hermoso mastín, su compañero inseparable, que al oír ruido de pasos en el pasillo comenzó a ladrar. A los ladridos del perro, acudió la madrastra y abrió la puerta entrando en la habitación. Amparo se levantó para recibirla y ofrecerle asiento diciéndole:

—Siento mucho, tía Adela (así llamaba Amparo a su madrastra) lo ocurrido esta mañana; procuraré en adelante que no vuelva a ocurrir.

Miró su madrastra y al ver la humedad y cariño de su hijastra la besó por vez primera y le dijo:

—Eres ya una joven de 17 años, yo tengo solamente 27; luego, ¿quieres que desde hoy en adelante nos queramos y ayudemos como hermanas?

Amparo, a quien una sola mirada de cariño tornaba de esquiva en ca-



riñosas, abrazó a su madrastra con efusión diciéndole:

—¿Podré tener mis pájaros como antes y arreglar la sala con flores, y cantaremos juntas al piano cuando toque papá?

La madrastra, a su vez conmovida, le dijo:

—¡Ya lo creo! Pero no me llares ya "tía Adela"; llámame Adela solamente. Voy a hacerte ahora una confesión. Después de la escena de esta mañana he comprendido que todos aquí somos buenos, pero que mi carácter es la culpa de todo. Al ir a misa, rezando, pareció que mi ángel me decía: ¡Tú felices que seriais las dos! ¡Lo alegres que podríais vivir! Y entonces pensé en que quicío que seamos todos felices y así tu padre se encontrará bien en casa y yo como hermana mayor te guiaré has: que tomes estado.

Amparo no sabía cómo expresar su alegría y sólo exclamó:

—¡Qué buena eres! Ya no estoy sola, ya tengo quien me comprenda.

Y desde aquel día Amparo pudo gozarse con el triunfo de su carácter bondadoso y humilde y vivir feliz en casa de su padre hasta que al cumplir veinte años se casó con un joven bueno y honrado para crear, sin duda, un hogar cristiano y feliz.

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