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The Assumption of Our Lady

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The Dogma of the Assumption

A lucid and an authoritative analysis in the scholarly but straightforward style of a Doctor of Theology.

Editor's Note: We feel a bit guilty for having high-pressured Fr. Rector for a contribution in the worst possible time for him to do it—at the start of a semester when business at the Rector's office is at its peak. But this piece is not so much a credit to our resourcefulness for wangling contributions as it is to Fr. Rector's versatility and fond interest in the university magazine. Departing from the usual long-faced, knit-browed treatment by most theologians, Fr. Rector approaches the subject in his fresh, readable manner that brings to the doctrine a warm and a vital significance even for the layman. For this, the CAROLINIAN thanks Fr. Rector and is specially proud to offer this issue's cover-story.

1. THE DOGMA

When in 1931 Cardinal Bellarmín was canonized, I was present in St. Peter's, and listened to the solemn declarations of Pope Pius XI. Next to me stood a woman with a child about 6 years old, and when the Pope with a distinct and clear voice had finished his infallible pronouncement that the Cardinal enjoys the Beatific Vision of God, the child whispered to his mother "Adesso é santo (Now he is a saint)!" We smiled at the child's remark. Robert Bellarmín was a saint long before that moment. New was only the degree of certainty with which we knew it. After several miracles, after insistent prayers, the Pope made use of his prerogative of infallibility, and presented to the world a new model and guide on our way to heaven.

Something similar happens at the proclamation of a new dogma. The Blessed Virgin was taken into heaven with body and soul about 2,000 years ago. God Himself informed the Apostles about it, and we learned it through the long chain of tradition. The fact was certain all the time, and ever since did the faithful all over the world with great joy and love venerate the

By VERY REV. FR. ALBERT
VAN GANSEWINKEL, S.V.D.
USC RECTOR



Blessed Virgin as the Queen of Heaven.

The truth is old; the dogma is new. The dogma adds to the truth the infallible knowledge that the assumption of the Blessed Virgin was not only a fact, but that this fact was revealed by God. Hence we accept the dogma, not only because it is true, not only because the church teaches it, but because God Himself revealed it and because the church (the Pope) assures us of this revelation with infallibility.

2. THE THEOLOGICAL BASIS OF THE NEW DOGMA

It seems to be certain that Holy Scripture does not offer any argument for the new dogma. Neither does written tradition offer a clear one, although some authorities have expressed their hope that a Patristic argument may become possible with progress of historical research. A few facts, however, are already certain and worthwhile considering. The first feast in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary was in honor of her death, dormitio B.M.V. This was celebrated in the Orient already in the 4th or 5th century, on January 18; it seems that quite soon on the 19th of Jan., a feast was added in honor of the assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary to heaven. At about

650 A.D. the feast was introduced into the Roman Liturgy and spread soon to Milan, Spain, and France. The feast was found in Syria and Egypt, too, although there existed no liturgical relations between Egypt and Syria on one side and France and Spain on the other.

The first clear and explicit statement of the assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is found at about 580 A.D. by Gregory of Tours and another statement at about 600 A.D. by Modestus of Jerusalem. It is to be noted that these two bishops when speaking of this mystery in no way intended to propose something new, but they spoke of it as of something generally known and long ago accepted in tradition. In the subsequent centuries many statements of Fathers and leading Theologians are found. There has been of course also opposition which, however, was quite negligible.

Significant is the fact that no town ever claimed to possess the precious remains of the Blessed Virgin. Another interesting instance is that in the 13th century for the lessons of the second Nocturne of the Breviary a text was chosen which was quite against the assumption, but Pope Pius V changed the text and placed there a homily by John of Damascus which clearly teaches the assumption.

At the Vatican Council about 200 bishops proposed and postulated the definition of our dogma and ever since their claim and request have been intensified. In 1946 Pope Pius XII asked all Bishops and Theological Schools to submit to him their opinion of the definability. The consensus of opinion which is practically a perfect one, the concord of pastors and flock in the willing acceptance of, and pious enthusiasm for, the doctrine of the Assumption is the basis for its definition. Since it

(Cont. on page 4)

The Dogma of the...

(Cont. from page 3)

is not a matter of philosophical speculation, but a positive fact, general acceptance can satisfactorily be explained only by an act of positive revelation, which thus must have taken place at some time during the earliest years of the Church, although we do not know the date and circumstances.

This indirect way of falling back to a revelation, not known in itself, but only in its effects, is used also in the case of other dogmas. The dogma e.g. that Jesus Christ instituted seven sacraments, not six, and not eight or twelve, is based on the same kind of certainty of Revelation.

If after knowing about the fact of revelation, we search in the Bible for a doctrine in which our dogma may be contained "*formaliter implicite*", we are led by our theologians to the proto-evangelium. All theologians agree that it is a revealed truth, that both the mother of the Redeemer and the Redeemer Himself were absolutely and completely opposed to the devil and his reign, to such an extent that neither of the two ever were siding with the devil or under his command. The reign of the devil comprises sin and death. Therefore, as the proto-evangelium teaches perfect absence of sin (Immaculate Conception) so also the absence of the penalty of sin which is death. If the Blessed Virgin, like her Divine Son, died, she nevertheless was not subdued by death, i.e. her body did not decay, but was soon after separation reunited with her soul.

Another revealed truth in which the assumption may be found is the perfect virginity of the Blessed Virgin, which gave her body such an integrity, as would exclude its corruption in death. It is noteworthy that this thought is stressed in the Marian Liturgy; the choice of the Gospel for the feast of the Assumption was the typical gospel on the feast of virgins, the gospel about Mary and Martha.

Considering all this, theologians long ago and quite unanimously have pronounced the definability of the assumption, whenever circumstances would make the definition opportune.

3. THE PURPOSE OF THE NEW DOGMA

According to the practice of the church, dogmas are not proclaimed unless there is a reason, or even a necessity, and this reason or necessity is seen, whenever there is an attack either against the revealed truth in particular or against the Church and her basic tenets in general. This was the case in 431 A.D. when by defining the Divine Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin the Church solemnly and powerfully rejected the attacks of Nestorius against the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

This was more clearly the case in 1854 A.D. when by defining the Immaculate Conception the Church refuted the errors of liberal Rationalism which claimed that man by nature is good, that he can work his salvation by the efforts of his will under the guidance of his reason, that he is not weakened by the consequences of the Fall of Adam and Eve, etc.

Now-a-days nobody denies the assumption of the Blessed Virgin; nobody inside the Church; they all believe in it, nobody outside the Church; they do not care for it. Yet, now-a-days there is a concentrated and systematic attack against the basic tenets of the Church in the different forms of atheistic humanism. According to both Pius XI and Pius XII, this movement of atheistic humanism aims at a "world without God". God is being ignored and denied, man with his dominant drives of power, pleasure, and possession reigns supreme, without religion, without law, and, as St. Paul says already, without mercy. Man who has lost his respect for God, loses his respect for man. Man is often deprived of his inalienable rights, condemned to prison and slave work, his body is degraded to a breeding animal, tortured and killed at the whim and will of a few, for the sake of men who in lustful power enthroned themselves as gods.

The dogma of the assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven is the efficient, concrete, personal refutation of all these errors which now trouble and endanger the world. It shows and emphasizes that there exists a God who takes an active part in the affairs of mankind and of the individual; it shows that

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man on earth is not his own aim and goal; it shows that this earth of ours is not a paradise, not even for a few, but a preparatory place for the greater beyond.

The new dogma stresses the greatness and kindness of God and the dignity of man. Even the body of man is something so noble that it will be reunited to its soul which is destined to enjoy the very love and beauty of God forever.

In this way the new dogma is put up against atheistic humanism: Great things are expected of the definition. It will increase solid piety and deepen the love for Christ and His blessed mother. Catholics all over the world will know that the fight against the powers of hell will be bitter, but that a merciful God will not suffer them to perish in misery. Mary will serve as a model and example, compelling the faithful to renounce the devil, to resist the diabolical efforts of a godless 20th century and embrace the doctrine of Christ. Mary shows that personal integrity and holiness are the shortest and safest way to happiness. Especially the women will rediscover that integrity and unselfish love will be crowned in heaven with eternal glory.

LONE RANGER WAS HERE

Carolinian Editorials:

Citizens of
USE

Pulling the "Lone Ranger" stunt, a kid of 7 years galloped up and down the USC corridor one late afternoon as if it was a Texas trail. He was yelling *Hi-yoo, Silver* at the top of his tiny voice and tremendously enjoying his rodeo antics. The din "rew CAROLINIAN Moderator Fr. Luis Schonfeld out of his class to hunt for the carousing culprit. But just then he ran smack into our young cowboy. In a booming voice calculated to scare the boy off his short pants and the premises, Father Luis growled: "What are you doing here, young man?" But the kid stood his ground and refused to be intimidated or chased out. He looked up at Fr. Luis, and in a teeny-weeny, high-pitched voice he chirped back with an air of importance and immunity: "I am a Carolinian, Father!"

That one stumped Fr. Luis. The boy belonged to the grade school tribe at the USC Primary School a street away.

Here's one kid who realizes the privileges and fortune of being a Carolinian. He might not know exactly what rights a Carolinian is entitled to but he certainly senses from what he hears and sees around him that there's something special about being a Carolinian, and a lot to be proud of, and feel important about, belonging to the great Carolinian Family.

The kid reminds us, by the way, of the gone and glorious Roman age when to be a Roman citizen gets you the privileges of present-day senators.

The boy should furnish us the right frame of mind in evaluating our worth as citizens of USC. It would be good to remind ourselves once in a while that we are part of the great school with a great tradition. We have had an ancient and a glorious

history, and many of the illustrious men of the Philippines were here before us. Like the kid, we should wear our badge of Carolinian with a high pride and share in the responsibility of giving it all the time a high polish.

All The
Difference

The proclamation of the Dogma of the Assumption has touched off some commotion among Protestant quarters. From the Church of England it drew a sharp dig.

"We must at once state publicly," chorused the archbishops of Canterbury and York in a joint statement, "that the Church of England does not and cannot hold this doctrine to be a necessary part of the Catholic belief of which may be required by the members of the church. . . We profoundly regret that the Roman Catholic Church has chosen by this act to increase dogmatic differences in Christendom and has thereby gravely injured the growth of understanding between Christians. . ."

The kindest that can be said of the episcopal gambit is that it is an utterly impertinent statement. In the first place it is not within competency of the archbishops of the Church of England to decide what doctrine is or is not a necessary part of

the Catholic belief. Whatever decision they make on this score has neither weight nor consequence and amounts to nothing more than an irrelevant gobbledegook. It is, if we have to be picturesque, a fine piece of a foot-in-mouth statement.

As to their concern about the "increase of differences in Christendom" it is quite regrettable that the archbishops have chosen to scratch the surface of the rift between the Catholic Church and the Church of England rather than dredge up the root of the matter. For the real division between them lies on a more fundamental ground — which is the recognition of the infallibility of the Pope. If we do not see eye to eye on this doctrine, it is unlikely that we would agree on any other dogma. But if we could shake hands on this score, then there could not be any disagreement on the rest of the dogmas. It is here that we meet or part. And having made our respective stands on the authority of the Pope to declare dogmas, there could not be between us any further "increase or decrease of differences" on subsequent doctrines.

The archbishops went on to justify their stand, asserting that while they "give honor and reverence to the Mother of God" they find nowhere in the Bible that refers to her being carried bodily to heaven. The obvious implication is that no proof other than furnished by the Bible is admissible to them. If we toe their line of reasoning, there can be no truth or fact other than those recorded in the Bible. For the archbishops it would be startling to hear that the Bible, like all recording of history, did not and could recount every event in that period. Incidentally the feast of the Assumption can be traced back to the dawn of Christianity. But of course the Anglican theology does not have room for tradition and there isn't much Anglican tradition to talk of, in the first place.

Napoleon Y. Rame

When the Bells Begin to Ring

*The real mirth
and miracle of Christmas
are not there for
those who take it for
granted or as a mere
excuse for a celebration*

By V. N. Lim

Once more the air is alive with the glad tidings of the Yuletide season. The air is getting cooler, carols and soft songs are beginning to permeate the airlines, stores and shops are sporting hollies, boughs and greens in their display windows, next year's calendars are coming off printing presses and circulating. Christmas greeting cards — the easiest, commonest, most convenient — instruments of good-will are as usual straining cash register bells and making Christmas merrier and more profitable for the store owners and shop proprietors. The best things seldom occur. Like Christmas. It comes only once and at the end of the year, stays for a few days and when leaves, leaving behind new memories, new things like cards and wrappers for the sentimentals to paste to their scrap books.

In the scramble and flurry of the season, in the gay chase of gifts and thank-yous, in the sappy parties where wine and hangovers go hand in hand, in the whole twisted, stirred, mixed-up business of Christmas people forget its real meaning. They wrap themselves up so completely and wholeheartedly in the business of having a marvelous time; they take Christmas too for-granted. As if it were just like any other special event. Like Easter or the Fourth

of July or the Olympics. Nobody says Thank you, Lord, for your birthday. Everybody simply goes around expecting to receive something for the occasion from a friend, others go around window shopping, gift hunting, lugging bales of merchandise, and the majority of the people who cannot expect for something just stand at the curb and watch it all.

At the stroke of twelve of Christmas eve people flock to the churches. Why? They don't usually go to church in the middle of the night. But because this is Christmas and all the others are there, so they go. A hundred to one, not all the people who go to church hear mass. Sure, the older ones and some younger ones are up front on their knees, praying and giving the Lord His due. The above-adolescents are near the exits of the church or outside in the plaza lounging against the big acacia trees or dozing in the cars parked there. Of course hearing the midnight mass on Christmas is not limited to the senile and the children. There are the properly schooled young men and young ladies who courageously shoulder, elbow, nudge, excuse-me, push,

and wriggle their way through a mass of pious, sleepy, indifferent, sober and drunken louts to a place where they can hear and follow the mass. Still, there are those who are in (or merely in the vicinity of) the church mainly to, shall we say, enjoy the scenery. Or just formality. It's Christmas, one is supposed to go to church for midnight mass; a good number of people and one's friends are there... so, one joins the crowd and trods, rides or totters toward a church. When he reaches there what does he do? He looks around for a quiet, dark place to sit and doze off. Finding one, he lights a cigarette, blows smoke rings, and fall into the arms of Morpheus. A few snores later, feeling cramped, he awakes and rises, mooches another fag, and spends the rest of the early morning on the butt. And then he goes home ready to call it a real nice Xmas.

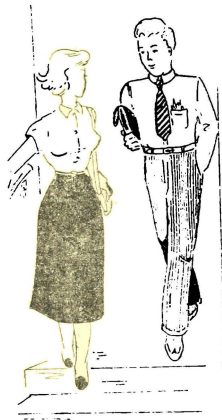
Buddy, how do you spend your Christmas? Regarding that going to church part of it, that is. I wish you a merry Christmas and hope you're not one who thinks a papal bull is a holy cow.



Short Story

HELLO, STRANGER

By L. S. Borromeo



"Now, isn't it funny—I talking to you without knowing your name?" she teased.

"I hope, you didn't think I was bold..."

Lorna did not see a familiar face as she strode down the tiled corridor of the University ground floor. But that was not so odd, she told herself. After all, she had been away for three years. People change with the years, especially in a university where students come and go in a continuous, flowing stream. But the faculty members... she felt a little amused... they are like permanent fixtures—they stay on and on. She knew almost all of them, at least the ones she left three years ago.

Father Rector was still there—the same penetrating eyes, the same warm smile that had always greeted her. "The prodigal daughter comes home... and with one more degree, I'm sure," he beamed.

Lorna blushed prettily. "You make me feel like that Biblical character, Father," she said, "but unlike the prodigal son. I've come home with something useful. That is, if an M.A. degree is of much use to a woman like me."

Father Rector's face broke into the old familiar smile. "That depends on how you intend to live the next ten or fifteen years. If you plan to grow old teaching, an M.A. degree provides some sort of guarantee, other things notwithstanding. Well, I suppose you will take up where you left off. See Mr. Libron for your program. The place has not changed—you'll find him in the old Faculty room."

Lorna nodded briskly and thought about Eli and Flora. Surely, they must be the same old pals. She thanked Fr. Rector with a broad grin and went out into the corridor towards the corner.

A few boys loitered outside the classrooms. They eyed her with frank curiosity. They were strange faces, so she went past them feeling a little embarrassed. She could hear a brave one send out a mischievous wolf-whistle. In spite of herself, she wanted to take it as a compliment. She knew she was good-looking and that crisp Alice blue pique casual she had on did wonders to her complexion. She was fond of dresses—they were almost an obsession with her. This pastel shade she had chosen was one of her favorites.

She half-smiled. Eli and Flora would break into exclamations, she knew. They had gone around often together, wasted many an hour at the soda-fountain, gone on preets to Miramar.

It was going to be different now. She was three years older—and wiser. She could almost hear them. "Lorna! You've changed marvelously. Eli, watch out, don't let the boy friend see her or you are bound to have competition." And Eli would say, "Better start mending your own

Oddly enough, after the years of absence it takes more than old friends and familiar surroundings to feel really home again.

fences, Flora, she can give you something to worry about, too."

Lorna tried to suppress a chuckle. Absurd, that Eli and Flora should worry about boy friends. They never gave men so much importance or if they did, they had not been so open about it. But, of course, three years can make a lot of changes.

She saw Letty coming up the steps. Letty had been one of those faculty members who kept aloof but managed to maintain cordial relations with her. "Hello, Letty," she called out.

"Why, hello, Lorna!" said Letty in her big husky voice, "When did you get back?" She smiled broadly, showing two rows of beautiful teeth, and Lorna thought that asset was the only redeeming feature in her—it held a lot of promise for the future!

Letty was looking at her sharply—and hesitating. Lorna almost regretted that she had hailed her for now Letty might want to take her all over the school. Then she would miss Eli and Flora. But Letty went right down the hall without stopping. It was not surprising, Lorna thought. Letty was the same snob.

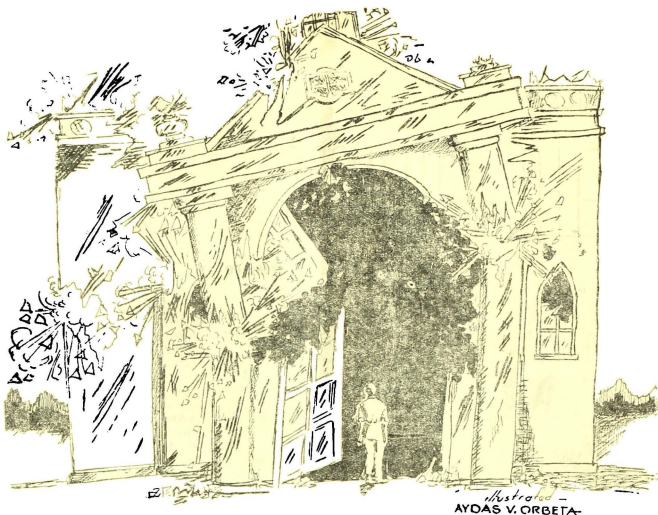
The soda-fountain was packed—a bright, swirling pattern of confusion. The boys were yelling for coke and the girls' chatter rose above the noise. Lorna took a high stool at the end of the counter near the door. A group of unfamiliar faces came inside and somebody exclaimed, "Hey, look who's here! Lorna!"

She turned around but she couldn't tell who had spoken. She flung a bright "hello" and turned back to her coke. Eli and Flora had not showed up. Lorna felt lonely in that big crowd. Her uneasiness was mounting every minute.

She wished she had written to the girls about her return. But then she wanted to surprise them, and...

Suddenly, her eyes lighted up. From the farthest end of the corridor she saw them coming—Eli, the same slender liss figure—Flora with her inevitable smile. Lorna took two

(Continued on page 11)



The Church of Glass

Literary

Last night I dreamt of a big and empty church on a hill of sharp, live stones. It was an old church made of glasses held together by sticky mud hardened by the rays of the sun... its transparency blotted by the thickening dirt that found home on its surface.

Inside... there was silence... strange, eerie silence—an enormous place of worship, hushed by the ghost of a forgotten prayer—in me, I felt a wave of reverence for the quiet I knew nothing of. Silent still were the things around it. The winds had suddenly stopped from its eternal plight as if in wonderment—and the leaves of the surrounding trees weeped in silence; weak and weary of the soundlessness of its environment, hopelessly, needlessly, clinging to its branches... there wasn't a moving thing in sight... as if within, was an unwritten rule outlawing the causing of sound that would disturb the hollow, meaningless silence it had always known. There was silence—strong, undisputed blanket of silence.

Then it came... it came silently

There was an immense temple of worship blown to bits by a laughter

and settled gently in front of the dilapidated altar.

A long, lean face... thin and cold as blade—yet smiling, as if slightly amused. It came alone and with its drabness, it suggested nothing—absolutely nothing.

But slowly, I began to look up attentively; I began using my senses and my ears grew big... for there was laughter. There was slow, doubtful laughter.

I saw the face growing layer by layer; thicker and thicker until oil cozed out of its shining skin... until it gave a slight quiver to the leanness of its fat.

But its laughter was no longer soft, no longer withheld. Its throaty voice came smashing and tearing down like one big blow and the church of glass came crashing down in one moment of intense fury... and there was laughter; boisterous

laughter booming in its throat... savage, untamed laughter, shrilling despite its gigantic volume like one big effort of thunder careening thru the silent air—fierce and wild like the swift, deadly slash of a knife on a sleeping flesh. There was wild laughter, mocking laughter; releasing all sounds stored in that kingdom of silence—wailing out the silence and sadness of its being...

I woke up when the sun got into my eyes and dressed up hastily and went to church. I looked at its thick ancient walls and heard the murmur of prayers from different lips. It did not have the vastness of silence as in my dream, but it had the serenity that comes from peace that the church of glass did not have.

I knew then that my church was just as right and strong as my faith. It is tough and unyielding to temptation that is in the fascination of a laughter. I know that it would not break for my religion is resilient as steel to the point of perfection... ever ready to bounce back when crashed—ever ready to strike when bowed... and inside me, it has left a deep sense of security for the coming years.



They were descending the wide, comfortable steps of the Library. She stole a glance sidewise at Nick. He looked perfectly unruined. There was not the slightest indication of the anger that must have been surging through him. She likewise glanced at her cousin Tita. The poor girl was candidly troubled. Good gosh, she told herself silently, what a scream. Here she was the heroine, and taking it just like that.

Nick was saying, "Lets have something," looking at the side-walk cafe, "to cool our heads off," he added.

Well, so he really was angry! Then something happened to her, inside. She was surprised at herself, heading towards the refreshment place for the lighting change of mood. It was one thing to suppose that he was angry. It was another—knowing that he was angry. All right, she decided, I'm going to be angry, too.

What was the matter with him, anyway? This was an eye-opening discovery. Isn't a girl entitled to some tight minutes of tardiness? Couldn't he remember that afternoon when he kept them waiting for a good half hour? Besides, she had tried to make amends for the eight minutes. She had been extra nice and sweet to him when they played "bingo", but he had glued his eyes on his game and never minded her. Then, she had snatched up the "bingo" things and dragged Tita some way off, where they played by themselves, leaving Nick leaning on the wide veranda, looking down at the strollers and the cars.

"Ren, you should go and make up," Tita whispered during their game.

"Ruh, should I?" She countered laughingly. "Let him have his fill. He seems to be the very Devil himself, this afternoon." And they had gone on playing, growing misery

slowly blotting out the bright pretense she put on, until finally Nick went to them and said rather coldly, "Let's better get going now, don't you think?"

They had seated themselves, and Nick was ordering the drinks. She didn't try to catch his eyes, nor did she pay any attention to him and the waiter. She was going to show him, she thought grimly.

"Orange for us, coke for Tita," Nick told her.

"Us?" shot Rena's eyebrows upward. "I am not having anything this time." Nick looked uneasy and she added, "I'm not thirsty. And I don't have any heat to be cooled off, she could not help the scorch showing in her voice while she riveted her eyes on two new-comers—two smart mestizos who showed their interest, too, so she anchored her gaze there, knowing exactly its effect on Nick.

What is it now, his eyes demanded.

You shouldn't ask me, after the way you've behaved this afternoon, Rena's answered defiantly.

The drinks came. Tita and Nick took up straws and started sipping theirs. Rena continued playing eyes with the taller of the two mestizos.

Bang! It was Nick's bottle. Rena was now smiling with her eyes, and took up straws and started sipping

"See here," Nick's voice was very quiet, "shall I throw yours away?"

"Why don't you?" her voice sounded as if it was such a bright idea which she thoroughly approved, and letting her eyes play on his hair for a spell, she turned them back slowly, gracefully, to the table on her left.

"Look. I'm going if you aren't." Nick was signalling the waiter. He had pushed away the half-consumed bottle.

Rena looked at Tita who was mi-

serably trying to fit into the situation. She, too, had put her drink away, altho' almost untouched and was preparing to stand up.

What would happen now, she wondered, if I were to link my arm through his and smile up at him softly, lovingly—the way he liked me to? He would weaken down, she knew. He would become as helpless as a blind man and everything would be all right once more. But she had no need for a blind man. She wanted one who love her not because she made him weak and helpless, but because she made him strong and sure.

So she kept her eyes ahead and never uttered a single word until they came to the Redemptorist grounds. It was almost six and the Fathers had gone up, leaving the chapel open to evening visitors.

"You're dropping in for a while. You can go ahead," Rena said to Nick and he knew what that meant. She was telling him that the afternoon was to be ended without explanations, forgiveness, or the ecstasy of saying, "Bless you, I love you so much!" with their eyes.

"Let's stay here, I've something to say. Tita can go in if she likes," he indicated the chapel.

"It's too late," she shook her head, "I want to go in, too."

"All right," he voiced defeat, and his shoulders drooped in a pained way as he went on ahead.

They were not alone. Somebody was praying the Angelus and in a right loud voice. She did not stifle the temptation to turn her head to the sent near the window from where it evidently came.

He looked young. As young as she was perhaps and very earnest. She studied his lean face. He could be handsome, she thought. Only—only there was something too intense and fanatic about him. He had not taken notice of them. Rena found herself strangely attracted, until Tita nudged and whispered, "Come on, let's get out," and the urgency in her voice was startling.

"Why, what's the matter?" Rena whispered.

"Tell you outside. C'mon," and Tita hurriedly made the sign of the cross and as swiftly plied out and away past the holy water stand to the gathering shadows outside.

"Hey, Tit, wait for me! You're acting so funny, you know," Rena called in a semi-whisper.

"Funny! I was afraid if we stayed a minute longer he might decide to chase us."

"Chase? That fellow, you mean?"

(Continued on page 30)

A story that went up in smoke

Journey of a Smoke

By Vicente Almira

I am sitting on my rocking chair. Between the middle- and fore-fingers of my left hand is clipped a burning cigarette. A pen is in my right hand. Ten minutes have elapsed and nothing comes into my head.

Shall I write about music, morals, politics, or modern dances? No. They are trite and much too common. The reading public is fed up of them. I want to scribble about something unusual. But I just can't make up my mind because I can't think of anything to make up my mind on.

Deep meditation... and... "Ouch!!!" The middle- and fore-fingers of my left hand are scorched.

My cigarette has burned up half-way of its length and the lighted end got in contact with bare skin. As I instinctively push the unlighted end to relieve me of the burning sensation (I held on to my remaining stub of a cigarette for dear life and cannot afford to throw it away for spite, cigarettes being so costly nowadays.) I begin casually to notice a seemingly inconsequential thing as the smoke continuously emitted from it in a swaying wraith of white. Yes, the smoke. It gets my fancy.

Smoke looks nimble to me. A vagrant breeze passes and this frail wisp of haze sways left, right, forward and rearward. It has been said that smoke is lighter than air, and that it is hot. Some book said so. That is why, it added, that it goes up and not down. But in my current fancifulness, I don't think smoke

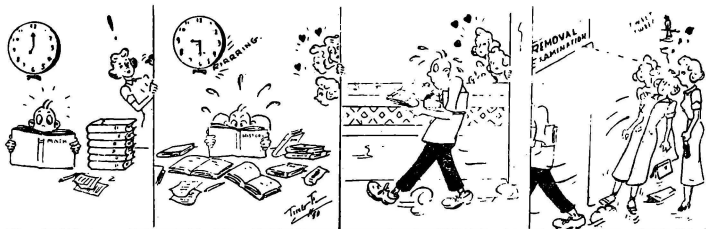
rises on account of its weight. Nor do I think that it is on account of heat. I am now more inclined to think that this frail-looking creature moves consistently upward because it has a rendezvous with someone somewhere. No doubt the place is Above, and probably the rendezvous is to be with its Creator. And who knows? For why does this thing insist on going up? See? It seems to make haste in its ascent as if to escape from some breeze who might be envious of its journey upward and wants to arrest its heavenly journey. But see how agile it is. How it curls and dives and reshapes and rises again! Each time it rises, it becomes thinner and its color whiter. The wider it expands, the thinner it becomes until it dissolves in thin air and you see it no more. Perhaps it wants to be invisible like its rival, the vibrant but vacrant breeze. Probably it does not want to reveal its sure path toward its rendezvous with some Power.

My cigarette has nearly consumed itself between my fingers. I put it cut and throw it away. I can no longer see that determined traveler but I still can imagine that it is still rising, rising, and rising. The cool breeze blowing gently seems to show that its intermittent rival has gone upward to escape from its clutches.



Hey, wait a minute! Did I say I want to write about something unusual? Aw, pshaw! How could I when that evanescent creature conjured by my lighted cigarette stole away the show from my concentration? I can no longer think of something else, and I have nothing to write about. But, yes, the journey of a smoke!

—Swing it!



HELLO, STRANGER!...

(Continued from page 7)
more sips of her coke, hurriedly deposited a ten-centavo piece beside her half-empty bottle, and was almost running down the corridor the next instant. Flora had grown slimmer, and Eli had made her lips prominent with vivid lipstick.

"He...ll...oooo!" Lorna sang out. "I'm back." The two girls stopped. "Why, it's Lorna," exclaimed Eli, "You've been gone for ages." "Isn't it longer than that?" said Flora.

"Well, here I am," Lorna said delightedly. "Back and for good, too." "You look different," said Eli. "For a minute, I didn't know you." "I am different," admitted Lorna proudly. "So different. And there is so much to tell both of you."

Without thinking about it, the three girls had begun to walk forward slowly. Lorna looked at them in surprise, as if somehow she had made a startling discovery. She pursed her lips. "But I'm doing all the talking—I guess because I'm so glad to be back."

"You know nothing happens in this dead end, Lorna," Eli sounded disgusted.

They went up to the second floor in silence. Lorna felt that silence bearing down on her, she found something quickly to fill that tiny void. "How's the love life? Any new find?"

"Love is still a 'fata morgana' to us as it has always been," Eli muttered, "but we—" Eli broke off. "There's Father Rector," she said excitedly, "I have to see him about something awfully important." It was half explanation, half anxiety.

Something icy crept through Lorna's heart as she saw Eli hurry down the corridor. Just like that. Hello—and goodbye. Her mouth tightened at the corners.

"Have you ever taught Junior Normal English, Lorna?" Flora's question melted the frost around Lorna's heart. Three years ago Eli and she had shared almost everything. But people change. Instinctively, she expected the same change in Flora.

"Yes," she answered, hiding the hurt beneath a smile. "It seems I'm going to teach it again. I dread the ordeal. It's excruciating, to say the least."

Lorna still smiled, and as the warmth melted away, she held her expression until she could feel the

(Continued on page 14)

Three Spring Notations on Pigeons

By Carl Sandburg

1
*The down drop of the blackbird,
The wing catch of arrested flight,
The stop midway and then off:
off for triangles, circles, loops
of new hieroglyphs—
This is April's way: a woman:
"O yes, I'm here again and your heart
knows I was coming."*

2
*White pigeons rush to the sun,
A marathon of wing feats is on:
"Who most loves danger? Who most loves
wings? Who somersaults for God's sake
in the name of wing power in the sun and blue
on an April Thursday?"
So ten winged heads, ten winged feet,
race their white forms over Elmhurst.
They go fast: once the ten together were
a feather of foam bubble, a chrysanthemum
whirl speaking to silver and azure.*

3
*The child is on my shoulders.
In the prairie moonlight the child's legs
hang over my shoulders.
She sits on my neck and I hear her calling
me a good horse.
She slides down—and into the moon silver
of
a prairie stream
She throws a stone and laughs at the cluglug.*

Snapshots from the Rock Garden

by Martin F. Antepuesto

*Yes, a feeling akin to gladness there is
Out in the open..... in the country quiet
At the approach of darkness and twilight,
A feeling of worship from within comes,
When Nature changes her face
In the inextinguishable glow of her sunset.
Then as the heart takes wings
Among the yet unchartered space,
And soars to the heavens to gather dreams
Among the unnamed and forgotten stars lit again,
A resurgence of juvenile tumult is in
The heaving breast as the heart beats faster
With that language undecipherable
Yet understandably sweet . . .*

*Every passing jeep below, in every rooftop,
Yes, every breadth, depth, height
The heart can reach; there is a feeling
Borne by every homing warbler winging
To its nocturnal roost.*

*Yes, all in a day at closing
For such is the nugget of the Beauty
Of God Eternal!
Framed in the smile of each transient day*

FROM TROPIC HEAT TO THEATRE PESTS

Take the sweltering heat and the suffocating dust of our hot summer months. Add to these discomforts the maneuvers of flies and other unclassified insects that nose dive on you during your siesta. You can be driven into that kind of frenzy and panicky search for a haven where you can rest in peace. You would wistfully think of the park you saw in the movies. But that institution which the Americans are broad-minded enough to provide for popular comfort and enjoyment are lamentably unknown here. Then there is the USC roof-garden but the unending flight of stairs would discourage you and your weak heart.

Yesterday, I met a friend who said he had the formula to beat the heat and the dust. Why, in Manila, he used to doze off inside the theatre through two showings and see the picture on the third. That is, whenever he felt the discomforts of that city's own atmosphere on sweltering afternoons intolerable. Manila's theatres are swank, we don't doubt about it. But Cebu is not Manila. Our Tazalor friend failed to realize that at the outset.

On that particular instance, sure of himself and confident in his formula to successfully escape the summer bedevilements, our friend be-lined for the nearest theatre where an action picture was showing.

With ticket in hand, he crossed the narrow lobby for one of the doors leading into the show-hall. The usual girl who should collect the tickets before anybody could enter was not at it. He had the diffidence to look around for her for fear of being mistaken by the management as a gate-crasher. Suddenly, a streak of bouncing femininity rushed from inside and, in no time, his ticket was snatched from him before he could

realize what happened. That rascal who was supposed to be the "portera" rushed inside again, as suddenly as she came, maybe to catch up with whatever was depicted on the screen at the moment.

He had no time to say what he had in mind. For he was himself in a hurry to get inside. In the darkness inside, he stumbled against people, chairs, posts and what-had-they. Why, there were no ushers. Our friend stifled his cussing under his breath. In his home-city, theatres have handy ushers guiding movie-fans to their seats with their little red torch-lights. But he was wrong, there was an usher all right, only, she too must have been engrossed in the story on the screen to be able to attend to what he was paid for.

Our friend had to stay put awhile to adapt his eyes to the darkness before bungling again for a seat. Soon he was used to the twilight and sighted a vacant seat at the extreme right of a row. He sidled into it; and propping himself up on his seat, he thought he was set for a whole evening's recreation amidst good and peaceful surroundings as a haven

OH YEAH!!!

- *The fellow who first advised against putting all your eggs in one basket probably sold baskets.*
- *Those who tell you they wouldn't think of stooping to gossip may be loving enough already.*
- *When a boy doesn't even look at girls, he's beginning to notice them.*

By E. B. Aller

His escape from summer heat to the local movie-house was as memorable as from frying pan to fire

should be.

When he first looked up on the screen, the action picture was ending. He did not mind concentrating on the fragment so much. Next came the inevitable advertisements of this thing and that, a bit of added attractions; and then, the main picture again.

Just behind our friend were seated an elderly couple with their boy. The husband could be either deaf or illiterate, for every time a character on the screen spoke, the obliging wifey repeated or explained the words to him in the dialect. And their over-size child used to squeal with glee and clap his hands with delight, or sit onto the arms of his theatre seat to the great annoyance of the audience around him. And there was that man who rushed our friends row of seats stopping on his pet corn in the process. In trepidation, he transferred to another vacant seat about five rows away from the elderly couple and his scion's antics. But, even there, too, our friend had to be amidst some more rackets. There was that prodigy of a teenager who wanted to impress the others by volunterly telling aloud what was going to happen next in the story, stealing away the thrill and suspense from its plot. Occasional wolfish howls, cat-calls, piercing whistles and lusty guffaws with loud remarks got mixed up with the "talkies." Peanuts were cracking in three or more seats.

Our pestered friend was about decided to call it quits and give up to his milder persecutors outside of the theatre. But he noticed on time some vacant rows of seats just in front of the screen. He lost no time in exiling himself from the rest of the audience by occupying a seat too near the screen even if he had to strain his eyes from looking up on the picture (he being no near-sighted friend).

In his new location, he was sure he would no longer be bothered except for a little eye-strain which to him was a bit more bearable. About half-way of the action-picture story,

however, he felt something cross his upper legs, and then another, all in a flash. He easily dismissed the vagrant thought that some theatre ghosts must have been commuting past him and lightly stepping over his thighs. In fact, he did not mind it. But the third time it happened, by the reflex action of his quick hand, he was able to brush aside with his palm a dark hairy thing about a half-foot long which was thrown away a few paces from him. It hit the cement floor with a thud and it squeaked lustily, while rolling over and scampering to the safety of the theatre's darkened recesses. It was strange, our friend said, that even rats should have to see an action picture.

And then, too he felt a scratchy sensation on the skin of his thighs which got in contact with his seat. He began to scratch with gusto. Before long, something stunk. He recognized the unpleasant odor of bed-bugs (this time, seat-bugs) which he must have unwittingly crushed when he scratched his thighs.

But he had to carry on somehow after the pains he went through. By that time, he was convinced that the temperature inside the theatre was worse than that outside. Proof was that he was wet with sweat all over. No air-conditioning system he realized.

When our friend thought that he had his fill of the brand of entertainment with its incidental ac-

U. S. C.
By Vicente Ranudo, Jr.

BOLD answer to standards,
Champion of the South,
Symbol of centuries of crusade,
A Christian King on an elevated highway,
Tall, clean, angular machine,
chugging with constant energy,
rebuilt, remade, regrown beyond expectation...

Maker of Men, creator of a Faith,
Far-flung outpost of the religion of a million cathedrals,
A wish, a hope, come true...
A monument tall and clean-browed,
still, beneath its thick concrete feet,
conceals red blood of yellow invaders—
was's were's and would-have been's
soaked in one big hunk of buried soil.

And in its heart,
Along its high-wide halls and corridors,
Rooms buzz, like some shiny home of honeybees,
Grinding ceaselessly with mechanical precision,

grim,
determined,
cocksure,
While above, its clean-slatted-shoulders form a permanent
gesture of aristocracy
Rising up straight and over temples...

Bold answer to standards,
Champion of the South,
Symbol of centuries of crusade,
A Christian King on an elevated highway,
Tall and monumental, proud-browed and firm-chinned...

countroments he was martyred to go through, he was only too willing to get out of it all. He came in as a fugitive from the discomforts awaiting outside but was dismayed; and he went out haunted by the exper-

ience he had with theatre parts, human or otherwise. He was quick to recount that he went inside to be entertained, only to be made to endure an hour and a half of incidental torture.

Are You Really in Love?

When you say you fall for her or him like a ton of bricks, how would you know you aren't acting or thinking just like a brick, too? One Dr. Adams uses this test to indicate quickly whether a person is actually in love or just infatuated by good looks and sex appeal.

1. Do you have a great number of things that you like to do together?
2. Do you have a feeling of pride when you compare your friend with anyone else you know?
3. Do you suffer from a feeling of unrest when away from him or her?
4. Even when you quarrel, do you still enjoy being together?
5. Have you a strong desire to please him, or her, and are you quite glad to give way on your own preferences?
6. Do you actually want to marry this person?
7. Does he, or she, have the qualities you would like to have in your children?
8. Do your friends and associates admire this person and think it would be good match for you?
9. Do your parents think you are in love? (They're very discerning about such things.)
10. Have you started planning, at least in your own mind, what kind of wedding, children and home you will have?

If you can truthfully answer Yes to at least 7 of the above, then Dr. Adams's diagnosis would be that you are in love.

HELLO, STRANGER!...

(Continued from page 11)

shape of the smile. She tried to swallow the tightness in her throat before it would become a lump. "Going anywhere, Flora?" she asked weakly, as Flora looked at her watch nervously.

"Oh, it's one of these Master's Classes. It's purgative to me. I'm sorry I have to run along now, Lorna. See you later." Flora left the words trailing behind her.

Lorna suddenly felt a wave of frustration sweep over her like a mighty flood. Something hot and moist gathered in her eyes. She had to do something to keep from feeling like a stray child—something definite. She opened her white bag and pretended to dig into it. She did not know what she was looking for, but that bag was a wonderful companion. It gave her a chance to recover her bearings. She drew in her breath to fill up the emptiness inside her.

"Hello," cut in a voice.

Lorna looked up and stared into a pair of almond-shaped eyes. She had seen those eyes before, she thought. And that smile! It radiated so much warmth.

"Remember me?" he asked. "You taught here before, didn't you?"

"Yes, I—well, let me see—you look familiar but I can't remember where I saw you last." Lorna fumbled for words.

"I've joined the Faculty," he said. "I was a Senior when you left."

"Oh, no wonder, you do not look so strange." Lorna felt the ice inside her had thawed.

"We'll be together again, I hope—I mean, in the Faculty," he grinned. "Now isn't it funny—I, talking to you without knowing your name?" she teased.

"Oh, I'm Roberto Campos. I should have introduced myself in the first place." He sounded apologetic.

"That's all right. I was just curious."

"I hope you didn't think I was bold but I saw you standing here, I thought there was something I could do to help you somehow."

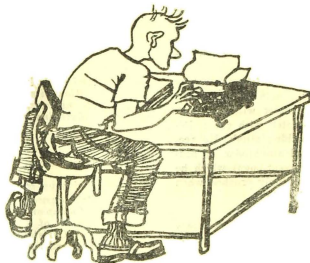
"Yes, I need help badly at the soda-fountain. I'm terribly thirsty," she said with a chuckle.

"Great! I need the same kind of help, too."

Both of them broke into laughter. Together they went down the long flight of stairs to the drugstore.

By V. N. L.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY EXCEPT HIS CUR



alex my friend,

here i am sitting before my portable Underwood with a deadline to beat and a blank mind. This happens all the time, especially when the boss starts screaming for the pieces to come in, and then i go into the routine of sitting before my machine like a client before a specialist waiting for maybe a handout or some dressing down. while the gray matter works up some choice morsels my hand flits over the keys like nervous, frantic pistons and what do you know? half the page is filled (with air, usually).

you know, this pen pushing trade can be disillusioning sometimes. it's a sickness, an obsession, a mania, like the habit of smoking or shooting pool. you enjoy it and get damaged by it. i suppose that's the way the world works, eh. with this racket there's the danger of talking out of turn

or letting the sappy idea that one is a regular pen pusher get into one's head. and then, buddy, your name is mud.

well, alex, this is the second semester. which means that in our ROTC last semester all we did on drill days was trudge up to classrooms in the third floor and pretend to listen in rapt attention to our instructors going into spiels about Signal Communication and machine guns. this term we flatten the campus grass in gun drills, battery-platoon-squad drills and drills on weapons. all right, flat feet, hop on to it. if you dog-faces work like slaves maybe we'll astonish the Tactical Inspectors when that time comes.

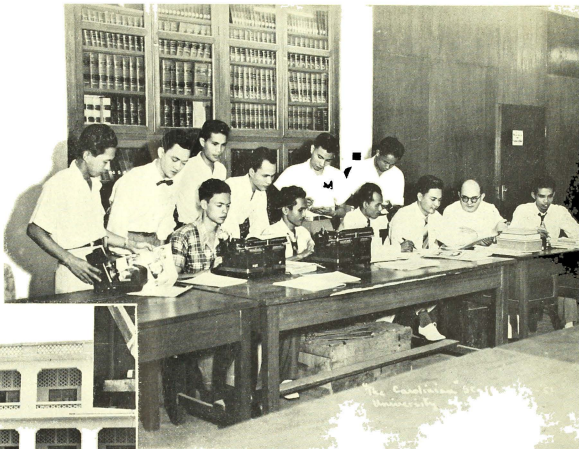
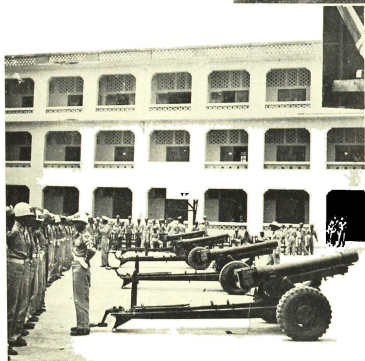
a hot tip: rumors are crawling that next year there'll be no more summer terms and Saturday classes. what took them so long to come to that?!

*yores respect/foolishly,
herbie.*

Campuscope

INSIDE U.S.C.

The MP gun crew is given the once-over.



The CAROLINIAN Staff beating the deadline. The Ed-in-chief is flanked by moderator Luis E. Schonfeld, SVD, and Librarian J. Peñalosa. L. to R. (sitting) are J. Vestil, military; A. Briones, news; J. Peñalosa, technical; Napoleon G. Rama, editor; Rev. L. E. Schonfeld, moderator; Emilio B. Aller, managing. (Standing), D. Soy and G. Ang, photographers; A. Morales, military; H. Alcoseba, news; R. Tupas, sports; V. Delfin, feature.

Not in picture: Adviser C. Faigao; V. N. Lim and V. Ranudo, associates; Sally Valente, society; Josefina N. Lim, contributing editor.

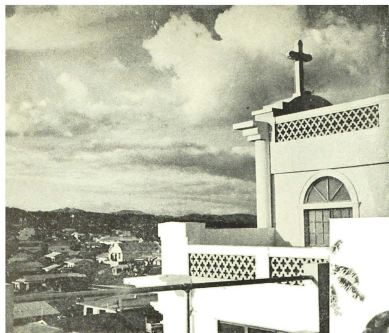


University of San Carlos
Science Building

The Science Building facade and part of the Boys' High School Department across it.



It's croquet time for these Education cads on a weekend at Miramar. With the mallet is Antonina Mendosa.



Eye-filling view from the roof garden. At lower left can be seen the newly finished Redemptorist church's twin bell towers.

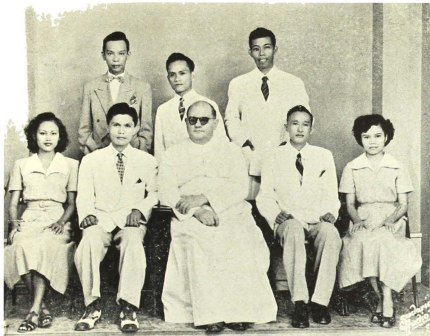
Stills For Souvenirs



Probably some fancy diver doing his stunt at Miramar.



Fourth Year Class of BSHE with Dean Caroline Gonzales, Class Manager Felisa T. Gico and Treasurer Pilar Vergara.



It's a Wonderful Life College Life, that is--

Pre-Law Class Officers with Liberal Arts Dean Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld and Adviser Atty. Mario Ortiz. Flanking them are Miss E. Lepasano, Sec.; Mr. L. Ruiz, Jr., Pres.; and Miss C. Mantosa, Asst-Sec.



The Engineers with Dean Jose Rodriguez and faculty-members B. Villamor, E. Yap, P. Beltran and P. Yap cluster around statue in annual Bohol spree.

Miss Nenita Malajaca (Law III) ancoming modern Portia graces the Miramar sidewalks.



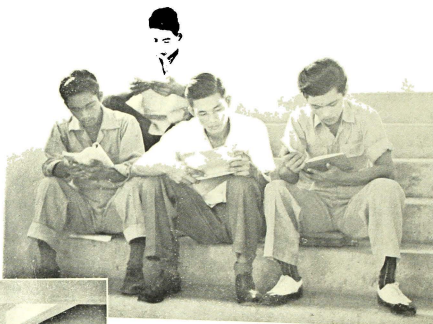
Education coeds giving the lensman the smile that dazzles. L. to R. are Misses Rosita Buagas, Elvissa Magallos, Concepcion Justinaui, Carolina Cabrera and Asela Quirante.



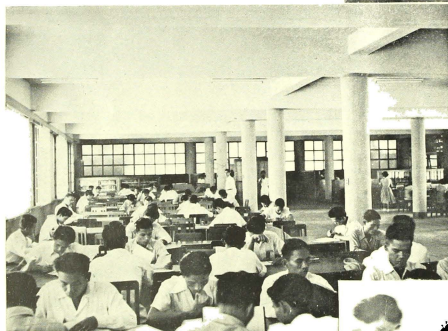
*When the Exams get around
the corners, it's all quiet
at the USC Front*



On test days, even the stairsteps make good seats to cram in on. Coed Perla Pangilinan really doesn't mind the "seat-up".



Cram time for these gents. Domingo Tan, middle; Artemio Meson, right.



Pleasant surroundings in the USC new Library Hall make review a lot easier.



The pause that perplexes. In the picture are: Fe de Cerna, left; Rufina Manosa, right; coed Avanceña, upper right.

OH BROTHER!

By Sally Valente

Veddy Santos and Leedee Reyes were quite alone in the house, since Veddy's mother went to her Grand-ma's for some secretive gabfest. Yes, the two cousins were alone—alone, to tackle the great tragedies and great comedies and other "greats" of Shakespeare. They were going to have their final exams next day, so, they took off their coats, so to speak, rolled up their sleeves, and gave old Shakespeare the works. At the crucial moment of beginning the first verse, the doorbell rang. Upon opening the door, the girls ran smack upon Aunt Concha and their two-year-old niece, Tootsie. Veddy was to baby-sit Tootsie!

"Oh, no!" muttered Leedee under her breath with that famous oh-throat-apin-look Leedee had quite definitely severed all diplomatic relations with Tootsie ever since the latter, making a B-29 of a big fat lizard, maneuvered it to make a four-point landing on Leedee's face. Now Leedee, has a definite phobia against lizards, so none can blame her if she still carries a big chip on her shoulder, exclusively reserved for Tootsie. An ordinary child would have used paper for an airplane, but, you see, Tootsie is by no means ordinary. She has the decent number of legs, arms, eyes, etc., but her normalcy ends in her physical appearance. Her real name is Mary Elizabeth and why she came to be called Tootsie is the eighth wonder of the world. Anyway, by any other name she is as sour! Her hobby is to hunt for such ferocious animals as mice and lizards (no, she's not a kitten, she's a baby). To make a long description short, you can just imagine Tootsie as a pocket-sized dynamite.

Aunt Concha deposited the "TNT" into Verry's arms after a tirade of "now remember's and toodle-dooded herself outside the gate to the place where she plays Mah-jong. If Veddy didn't like the idea of baby-sitting on the eve of their exams, she did not show it. After all, Aunt Concha always gave her allowance a boost if she needed it, didn't she? But Leedee! Oh, no, she made no bones of her hell-bent arm's-length-holding of Tootsie.

"What great big teeth you have grandmal!" was her first volley.

Veddy, smelling the reek of battle in the air, rushed to Tootsie's rescue saying, "Are you trying to al-lude by any chance to this child, Leedee Reyes? Why, you should be ashamed of yourself, letting your temper get the better of you towards this child as innocent as a lamb!"

"No, I'm not hinting at Tootsie," Leedee retorted, "but to a certain wolf in Lamb's clothing!" And with the air of what could have been that of the "Noble 600" she marched upstairs.

Veddy's first technique of baby-sitting was to let the baby loose and let her do what she wanted. One broken vase and two torn books later, however, she decided that that was not a solid idea after all. Method No. 2 was locking her in the guest-room where no vases were to be broken and where the only furniture were a big bed and a small bookcase. Then, only, did Veddy proceed to do her rudely interrupted cramming. All was hunky-dory the following five minutes. Then, there issued a slam-bang crash in the emergency jailhouse! Two heads buried in moth-eaten books bobbed up like jack-in-the boxes. The girls flew to the guestroom. A small mountain of books, apparently from the up-turned bookcase, acted as the self-appointed welcome committee to them. Tootsie was nowhere to be found!

"There are more things in this than meets the eye—because Tootsie is buried in it!" remarked Veddy as she made a nose-dive for the pile while Leedee momentarily forgetting her grudge (that was one of those moments for all good men to come to the aid of their pet peevs), racked her already battered gray matter trying to recall whatever her instructor in First-aid taught her on how to give artificial respiration to people drowned in books. She was squatting on the floor facing the big bed, when a chubby arm thrust into her face something gray—and as history is known to repeat itself, Tootsie, again, was holding in her face a big fat lizard. Leedee's phobia zoomed straight to her head! She dashed

How a coed tried to mix Shakespeare with baby-sitting and made a hilarious mess of it.

to the window and was about to jump when she remembered that the window was two-story high. She then decided that it was "far nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" (through the lizard's stare) than to "shuffle off this mortal coil" (through the two-story window). Veddy, seizing the best opportunity to play the heroine, took the lizard and gave it the fate that would have been Leedee's had she jumped from the window.

A minute later found Veddy locking the door to the guest room, making sure that the key was inaccessible to Leedee, since the latter seemed to mutter "revenge is sweet" to herself.

"Ah, peace and quiet at last—" "Baw-w-w!" Before Veddy could reach the exclamation at the end of her sentence Tootsie began bawling so loud, it made more din than a seven-alarm fire in Washington Square! That was the last straw for poor Leedee!

"Veddy, do you have, by any chance, a good rope somewhere in your storeroom?" shouted Leedee in between those of Tootsie's.

"Why?" asked Veddy in the same vocal volume.

"I'm just in the sweet mood of strangling somebody."

"Hey, wait a minute! I know how we can use that rope!", snapped Veddy. With this, she dragged her cousin to the storeroom.

Later in the evening, Aunt Concha found Tootsie tied and gagged cowboy style! Her surprise certainly beggars description. At the head of the bed was pinned a note, explaining that Veddy and Leedee have gone to the latter's house to burn the midnight candle. "...We could not possibly study Shakespeare with Ophelia on the loose..." the note further explained.

But Aunt Concha's surprise couldn't beat that of Veddy's when, on Christmas, her mother presented her with a baby brother (so that's the subject of the mysterious gabfest with Grandma!) while her Aunt Concha gave her a book entitled "The Fine Arts of Baby-Sitting".

"Well, say something dear!" said her aunt with cloying sweetness. "What could the poor kid say but "Oh, brother!!!"

As usual, Ed passed by the Carbon market. That is the shortest route between his office at the Gotioco building and his boarding house which is situated near the Visayan Electric Company power house. He was trying to cross the corners of Calderon and Progreso streets when he caught sight of people gathered about a passenger bus. Acting on impulse, he hurried to the scene of the commotion. It appeared to him that someone had met an accident.

"Someone hurt," he thought.

What Ed saw amused him, however. A young woman, barely 21, was having an argument with the conductor of the bus. He noticed the girl was well-dressed. Nobody in the crowd could have mistaken her worth. On her left dangled a white purse. Ed eyed her again. She was not a perfect Filipina beauty, her face showed some unmistakably exotic features.

A whistle dispersed the crowd immediately.

"*Tana lang, Dong*," the driver called his conductor to hurry as he saw a policeman approaching towards him in menacing long strides. The bus had gained ground before the officer could reach it.

Ed approached the girl with a broad smile. He tried to tell her something. He wanted to say something but his tongue got tangled. The girl caught sight of his eyes and she smiled back.

"Mind if I help," Ed finally stammered.

"No thanks. Incidentally, I need no more help," the beautiful mestiza smiled again.

"Bound some place?" Ed asked her.

"Going home," her reply was as short.

"Which way?" he became a little inquisitive.

Another bus stopped before the two.

"Mandawe?" she inquired from the driver.

"T. Padilla, Carreta, Mabolo, Mandawe, Consolacion, Liloan," the conductor shouted at the top of his voice:

The girl commanded the conductor to load her bundle in. She got inside the bus. She was in great hurry. She even forgot to say goodbye to the man with the broad grin.

In the stampede for the noon-day rush for home the girl had not noticed that the man she had talked with, had also taken the same bus. A last-minute decision had prompted Ed to take the bus for Mandawe. He was hungry and that irritated him. But he wished to know more of her. He

A young man in love puts up bravely with his impossible in-laws



reached for his pocket. He had still three pesos.

"This would take care of the lunch," he thought.

It did not take long for the girl to take notice of Ed's presence. He was seated immediately behind her.

"Why, I thought you weren't going to Mandawe," she twisted her face so that she could see the man's face again.

"Ed is my name. Eduardo Castro," he introduced himself.

"Well, Chocoleta Kanaka. Choling for short," she replied warmly.

"Incidentally I have an appointment in Mandawe," Ed told her.

"You mean an invitation, perhaps." She remembered that a neighbor of hers had a party and she thought that Ed was invited to that particular party.

"No. An appointment. or shall I say an engagement," Ed tried to be clear.

"With whom?" queried Choling.

"Well, with a client," he answered without revealing something unusual in his physical expression. He knew he had no client in Mandawe.

Choling kept silent for awhile. She tried to regroup her thoughts, her hopes. She could not believe Ed was a lawyer.

"He is young—still young to be an

attorney," she thought to herself. "Furthermore, he is too handsome to be a lawyer. She could have been in the movies. The fans would have been mad, especially the bobby-soxers, Choling included. In fact she was getting awfully conscious of him. He

had that wonderful, big, booming, oh so masculine voice that'd make her close her eyes when listening. She lowered another glance backward. "He towered over the rest of the passengers even when seated. A broad smile is always handy in his small mouth."

Ed had no client in Mandawe. He had just come from Manila to join the Cuaremas - Abriel - Castro law firm, which had its new branch offices at the Gotioco building. He had expected quite foolishly Choling to invite him after they were acquainted. In fact he hoped to be invited.

"By the way, which did you say was your house?" Ed pushed an opening to break off her silence.

"Oh, still far off from here. It's about one kilometer away," Choling answered, trying to be accurate.

"You mean you'll give me the pleasure of knowing your folks?" Ed realized the illogical connection of his query.

"I did not mean anything. You will be disappointed meeting my folks."

"Indifferent, I guess," Ed twisted his tongue.

"More than that. They don't seem to like anybody, especially people of your age. They are queer ducks. There

was a noticeable change in her voice.

"Well, it's not hard to parry insults if one has brains and a tongue," Ed assured her.

"I know. But when words ran out, they really employ physical force."

Choling emphasized the word *really*. "It's in our blood. We were born like that."

"That's a commendable trait," Ed countered. "One has to fight for his right."

"Yes," Choling nodded approvingly as she instructed the driver to stop.

Choling wished that the bus won't stop. She had wonderfully enjoyed Ed's company inspite of the noise created by the motor. But the bus had already stopped dead. The other passengers began to murmur over the excessive heat. They wanted Choling out of the bus immediately so that they themselves could proceed home.

Ed did not sleep well that night. The thought of Choling was bothering him.

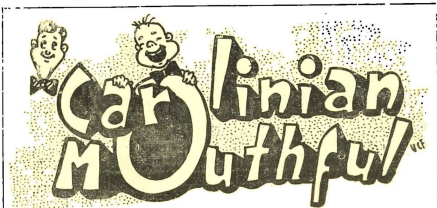
Choling was Ed's first love. Since his father's demise, Ed's mother had repeatedly asked him to settle down with a girl. He had told his aged mother however, that women are not found in his dictionary. He was already twenty-seven but women had no special appeal to him. On this account he went to Cebu to form a law partnership with the Cuarema-Abrial law firm. But a few days after his arrival in Cebu he was snared by the charms and beauty of a native Cebuana. Perhaps he loved Choling by coincidence. That first impression she made to him was enough. He admired her impulsive trait, her obstinacy, her fighting spirit.

Choling was alone in her store when Ed visited her the following day. It was about 12:00 noon. Her helpers had gone home for dinner and for a little siesta before resuming their jobs at two. Ed was seated in front of Choling. Between them was anxiety, hope. For the second time their eyes met — no longer the eyes of suspicion. No longer timid but resolute, articulate with love.

"Choling, I love you." A lump blocked Ed's throat. He wiped his forehead. He felt it with his finger. It was sweating cold. "Wow, love can be so powerful," he whispered to himself as he waited for a reply.

"Hm... do you mean to propose Ed?" A silly smile set on her lips.

"Yes," Ed answered seriously. A laugh from Choling. "I hope



Mr. Mariano S. Flordeliz (*on removal examinations*): In the removal exam, you are going to remove your condition or you are removed by your condition.

Atty. Jose Brines (*on seeing a student glancing at the clock during the last period in the evening*): That's a usurpation of my prerogative.

Contributed by "Snooper"

Mr. Alfonso Dalope, Law IV: (*to a coed who was just dated up*): Are you working on your MRS degree?

Boys' High Teacher (*to students boisterously entering the room*): Don't come into the room voice first.

Cecilio Seno, Law IV (*about a classmate who always disagrees with him*): He is my pest friend.

Fifty percent of the world are women, but they always seem a novelty.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

you will realize that when you marry me, you marry my folks too."

"I'll take you away from your folks if that's what you like, so they won't bother us." Ed meant just that.

"Oh, you're wonderful Ed," Choling said. That was exactly what she wanted too; a lover who could take her away from home. Her folks were just too cruel to her, too impossible to get involved with people of Ed's type.

That evening Ed drove Choling to Mandawe.

"Pa, this is Mr. Eduardo Castro, the one I told you about last night," she introduced Ed to her father who eyed him sharply in the face.

"So this is the brute," he snapped back like a provoked bulldog.

Ed's face became red. He wanted to jump at the throat of Choling's father but he remembered his mission and Choling's caution to him to

observe patience before her father and brothers.

"What is your job, Mr. Castro," Ed was asked.

"Me, well... I'm a lawyer, Mr. Kanaka," Ed stammered. He was not prepared for the question. He had thought Mr. Kanaka would ask him another tougher one.

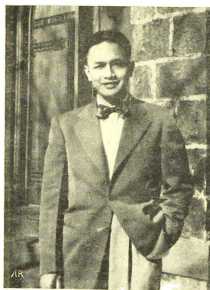
"How much did you get in the bar exams," Choling's pa continued. Ed was embarrassed again but he remembered that he was one among the ten topnotchers so he quickly answered. "Oh, not very high Mr. Kanaka, but I'm sure I got... well, above the average."

Meanwhile Herbien and Julian who were within hearing distance eyed Ed as if he was a police character.

Ed was on the point of flying at the two brothers, but again he managed to bear the insult. On the other hand his mission to ask Choling's hand from Mr. Kanaka was still far from accomplishments. A little more patience was necessary. A broad smile emerged from his small mouth. He had never been treated like a rascal since boyhood. He was a respectable man in his own right and a lawyer at that. Now he is standing before brutes, men who have no

(Continued on page 24)

Fordham Graduate Joins USC Faculty



MR. HONORIO GARCIA
Backdrop: Fordham Chapel doors

The latest to join the USC faculty is a young, likable instructor, Mr. Honorio Garcia who finished his M.S. in Chemistry in Fordham University, New York. He majored in Organic Chemistry.

In pre-war days Mr. Garcia did a teaching stint at the Ateneo de Manila where he had graduated at the head of his class as a bachelor of Science in Industrial Technology. His excellent record earned him a teaching position in the same school as instructor in Organic and Analytical Chemistry. Post liberation period found him head of the Chemistry Department of C. I. C. at Vigan.

During his stay at Vigan, he applied for a scholarship at Fordham University under the Fulbright educational benefits given by the US Educational Foundation in the Philippines. On the strength of his teaching experience and scholastic records he won the scholarship at the famed US university.

In Fordham he took up M.S. in Chemistry and on the side taught Gen. Chemistry and assisted in lecture demonstration. The head of the Chemistry Department at Fordham gave him a special training in administration of chemistry department. Immediately after his graduation he sailed home and arrived in Manila last September.

Despite tempting offers from different universities and colleges in Manila, Mr. Garcia who came to pay a call on old friends at USC was persuaded by Rev. Fr. Rector Albert van Gansewinkel to join the USC faculty.

READINGS TO REMEMBER

From the PROPHET by Kahlil Gibran

Then a woman said, Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.
And he answered:
Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.

And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises
was oftentimes filled with your tears.

And how else can it be?
The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the
more joy you can contain.

Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that
was burned in the potter's oven?

And is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very
wood that was hollowed with knives?

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and
you shall find it is only that which has given you joy.

When you are sorrowful look again in your heart,
and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that
which has been your delight.

Some of you say, "Joy is greater than sorrow," and
others say, "Nay, sorrow is the greater."

But I say unto you, they are inseparable.
Together they come, and when one sits alone upon your
at your board, remember that the other is asleep upon your
bed.

Verily you are suspended like scales between you:
sorrow and your joy.

Only when you are empty are you at standstill and
balanced.

When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold
and his silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or
fall.

And the weaver said, Speak to us of Clothes.
And he answered:
Your clothes conceal most of your beauty, yet they
hide not the unbecomful.

And though you seek in garments the freedom of pri-
vacy you may find in them a harness and a chain.

Would that you could meet the sun and the wind with
more of your skin and less of your raiment,
For the breath of life is in the sunlight and the hand
of life is in the wind.

Some of you say, "It is the north wind who has woven
the clothes we wear."

And I say, Ay, it was the north wind,
But shame was his loom, and the softening of the si-
nens was his thread.

And when his work was done he laughed in the forest.

And forget not that the earth delights to feel your
bare feet and the winds long to play with your hair.

On The Binge With the Engineers

By Tony Geronilla

When our energetic Class President, Pedong Duran Jr. called a meeting, we knew that he had something up his sleeves. That "something" turned out to be an excursion. And, since we had but few occasions to hold it, we wanted to make this excursion the best we could have and make the most out of it.

By a unanimous vote, we decided to hold our excursion in Bohol. It is a new place to most of us, and we wished to see its famous and beautiful sites. Our modern version of a "Rockefeller", Ben Lim by name, took care of our transportation problems.

We left Cebu City at midnight, all enthusiastic and eager. We had refreshments on the way because Engineer B. Blando saw to it that we had some. The ship-ride was uneventful, and yet, we could not sleep with the unusual sensation caused by the throbbing of the ship's marine engine.

We hit Tubigon pier at dawn; a truck took us to church where we heard mass. Fr. William Neuhofer S.V.D. obligingly said a special mass for us upon knowing that we are Carolinians. USC has quite a good name there. And Fr. Neuhofer flatteringly remarked, "I see, the San Carlos Engineers-to-be are invading Bohol."

Miss Andresa Pasco could not be disappointed. She had something for the bunch. She called it "paint" but it was something special. By the way, Miss Pasco is not an Engineering student. But this pretty coed takes Calculus with us, and she thinks that is reason enough for her to play the role of a very engaging hostess for us at Tubigon.

Our one and only Engineering coed, Miss Remedios Salazar also invited us to her home at Calape. All her folks entertained us; and again, another chow for the whole company was served. The boys dug their forks into the fried chickens and, presto!, the delicacy became a "has-been". We went out for awhile to take a peek at the Parish church. Manila's San Sebastian architecture has features which are to be found in the Calape church.

Thence, we were off again for the long way to Tagbilaran, a hundred or more kilometers away. Enroute, we saw the beautiful sites of Bohol. We imagined that the different structures we saw by the roadside could inspire Architect Paulo H. Beltran to evolve architectural features which might serve well in supplementing what already must have been planned for the USC chapel. Engineers Pedro M. Yap and Eusepio Yap could not help but admit there is nothing in their hometown Bogo to match what we have seen on the way in Bohol. We wanted to strike up some conversation with Engineer Bienvenido Villamor, our Surveying instructor, but we felt he should not be bothered. He was concentrating on the scenes we passed by. Engineer Benjamin Blando tried to make use of

Radio has a lot of first-grade comedy in it. Trouble is most of the audience has gone beyond the first grade. **FRANK LEBURSE**

his 22-caliber rifle at one of the birds on the way, but we were in a hurry. He had to reserve his bullets for the game in Maabong, Garcia-Hernandez where birds and monkeys were said to be abundant.

At Tagbilaran, we met Nilo Peñalosa and Godo Formiliza, who told us that our basketball team had a date with the Holy Name College varsity.

We drove to Maabong where the famous Roxas Park is located. Their version of a swimming pool has something to compare with USC's Miramar at Talisay. One party decided from the bathing beauts by preferring hunting to swimming. In a few minutes, they were back and had something for us—not a bird nor a monkey, but a great, big bat. Our friends, Aris Tumanpos, Ben and Nilo Peñalosa were missing for a moment. We thought they were hunting in their own way. When they were back, however, they brought lechon, pansat, pansit and so many other gustatorial delights we could not help

giving justice to.

We hurried up to keep the date with the HNC varsity five at 4:00 P.M. We left Roxas Park not before we took pictures of the place.

However, we had to stop at Valencia where Fr. Agapito Apudhan invited us to take some refreshments at the convent. We were well entertained, and we admire his hospitality.

We were just on time when we hit Tagbilaran. Our Engineering five gave a good showing in spite of the fatigue and sleepiness which were weighing inside of everyone in the Happy-Go-Lucky bunch which were us. Incidentally, the HNC had just started celebrating with their carnival fair. There were a few USC Girls High students who cheered for our team.

Nilo Peñalosa brought us to his home for a merienda. His mom was happy to greet us. We had to give in to their hospitality.

When it was Godo Formiliza's turn to entertain us, he did not stop short of a dance to put on the spice and iciness of the whole trip. The girls were friendly, and we soon found out that they are students of the Holy Name College. We readily overcame our initial shyness and had a swell time. Some tried "skipping ropes" or what others called Mambo. The foremost dancer of the night was our Bogie Boy, Magencio Rojo. Engineer P. M. Yap took the Physics part of it all—only the sound and mechanics of dancing.

Our spirited wizard, Dodong Cadunog and the up-and-coming philanthropist Ben Lim went ahead to the boat to arrange and prepare everything for our accommodations in the return sea-trip to Cebu.

The success of this annual excursion to Bohol is attributed to the Engineering Dean and his staff for their ray companionship. The boys did their part by their unselfish cooperation in sticking to the spirit of unity during the whole trip. And that is not to mention the big Five: Pedong Duran, Jr., Dodong Cadunog, Ben Lim, Nilo Peñalosa and Maestro Cesar Villareal, our foremost pianist, who furnished the best they could do to make everybody contented and happy.

Our Bohol excursion must be the best outing ever had by any USC student group. We benefited by it both socially and educationally. We hope that the likes of it may happen again. And it certainly will happen again because our amiable Dean Rodriguez says that the Bohol excursion for Engineering students, has become a tradition which is observed yearly.

THE KANAKAS...

(Continued from page 21)
 hearts, uncivilized men with no acquaintance at all with Emily Post's niceties. But in later weeks his patience and true love broke down the love barriers. He won Choling's father over to his side who finally consented on their marriage on condition that they immediately leave Cebu after wedlock.

Ed brought Choling to Manila for the honeymoon and were very happy. Choling forgot all about her father, Herbien and Julian, in her newly-found heaven. She found great relief and a new freedom outside of the family iron curtain.

But on the thirtieth day of their honeymoon she suddenly became turbulent. It seemed that she had forgotten all her happy moments with Ed. She even refused Ed to her room.

"What's the matter, dear?", Ed asked her one morning.

No reply. She kept on trashing her clothes inside her bag.

"Choling, darling, I'm Ed, your Ed," he pleaded, surprised.

"Nonsense! I'm going home," she cried.

She took the first airplane home. Ed followed her. He was lucky enough to have taken the same plane she was taking. They reached the house of Choling without saying a single word. Ed was carrying her bag. She had insisted to carry it herself but Ed snatched it from her.

They met Herbien and Julian in the garage. They laughed.

"How's the honeymooners!" Julian sneered.

"None of your business," Ed thundered.

"Tough, eh," joined Herbien at the same time rolling his sleeve. He swung a heavy right to Ed's jaw. Ed was unprepared for it and he fell down. Julian joined in the fray, but Ed extricated himself from both of them. He answered them blow for blow. He had one advantage over his enemies. He was tall and his fists were hard. He was convinced that it was a fight for his life and this thought gave him enough courage. In less than ten minutes he was able to stop his opponents. Herbiens' eyes were black. Julian's mouth was bleed-

How's the old gang and where

ALUMNOTES

By Nillo

We could hardly believe it, but we have just come to realize that this column has a rich source of materials and just within an arms' length from us. Take for instance those series of benefit shows sponsored by the different classes in this University last semester (now don't say that by mentioning benefit shows, I'm making a detour). The College of Pharmacy sponsored a benefit show at the Avenue Theatre, Dr. Faust that was—and this is where I really take off.

Who of the full-blooded Carolinians can't remember the pre-war San Carlos version of this great Tragedy? No, let's not talk about the drama, let's talk about the cast in Dr. Faust when this was staged by the then Colegio de San Carlos sometime in 1938. Now let's see... Atty. Mario Ortiz, presently adviser of the USC pre-law organization played the title role. He was Faust and every inch he was! Then Hans, was personified by the now DYBU's announcer with that honeyed Mexican accent. That's right, Roque Aviles. Jose Castro, Class 1948, College of Commerce played the part of Gretel. But, we could have done it better, San Carlos then was an exclusive "Colegio" for niños and "muchachos," therefore, sans women (oh! them days!). Ricardo Trebol who is now in Spain, finishing his course in Medicine depicted Mephistophelis competently, Rolando Tan (Tanic to you) SMB route salesman sprouted wings and appeared as an angel. The devils were well portrayed by Benedicto de la Cerna, now a big-time farm owner in Mindanao; Angel Doroteo, at present with the Philippine Airlines' Office in Manila, and

Norberto Tan, deceased. See! that's a long string of alumni already, but those are not enough.

With our career women, we have the following to crow over; all from the College of Commerce: Nany Cabañatingan is with the Standard Vacuum Oil Co., Nena Garces with the RFC Caltex, Luisa Dodos and Puring A. Avila with the East Asiatic Co.

Sh! Sh! Oh, well, you can pass this around if you care to but do you still remember a Carolinian couple, both Commerce graduates of this University? Hmmmm, that's right, there are too many couples but not many Mr. and Mrs. Crispin Villarosa (nee Niting Solon). Well, there's really nothing to it. It is just the misis is expecting the stork sometime in December. Would that mean the coming of a prospective Carolinian?

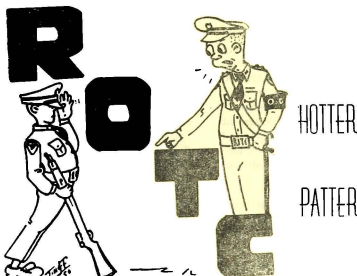
The UST College of Medicine this year will turn in a new bunch of Doctors to-be, some of whom are members of Class '46: Leon Casals, our then Class Valedictorian is expected to graduate this year with honors; Antonio Lozada, Jorge Dodos, Graciano Dr. Tenoy del Rosario, and Monching Borromeo. Celso Veloso and Jesus Gabuya are still brushing up their law studies in Ateneo de Manila, College of Law, will hurdle the next Bar.

Don't you think it is fun knowing about former Carolinians? Watch for this column we'll have a truckload, next time.

"You follow me, or else," his voice was rough and commanding.
 "Where to, Ed?" she asked sweetly.

"Back to our honeymoon!"
 She followed him down the stairs into the open where a car was waiting.

Ed bolted open the door. He grabbed her by the hand.



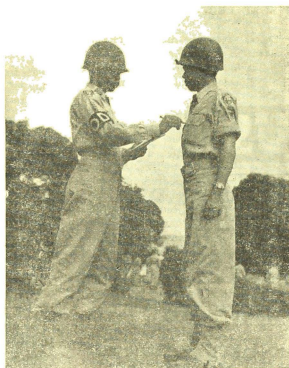
SCREENING THE CADET OFFICERS—

An executive can never competently size up his men from just the way they look and later taking double aspirins at two-hour intervals when the fresh, cultured looking gentleman be placed behind a top desk knew no more than biting his thumb before a handsome heap of unfinished business that he will never get to finishing at all. So, for better measures, Major Victor Juan, Commandant, and Lt. Eduardo Javelosa, Adjutant, joined hands in getting desks lined up fit and ready for what is to be a Troop School. This school will be busy the next few months getting rid of applicants for the cadet officership who don't have the necessary silver-platter qualifications. Reshuffling of assignments is coming up which will result in placing deserving cadet officers where they best fit.

By A. M.

THE JOINT ROTC ACQUAINTANCE BALL—

When one thinks a flatfoot is at the same time a stiff-back who won't know a Latin-American dance craze when he gets tangled up in one, that joint acquaintance ball last October 21 at the Club Filipino where the different ROTC units of this city got together from the call of Hq. III MA, should have been open and public after all. My dear friend, you could have felt your eyeballs jumping wild at the slick, well-trimmed gala uniforms (preferably that of our boys) "flattering" loose and easy to the gay strains of Latin cumbanchas.



How satisfied can you get, seeing that Militarism and society get along fine.

ON CHRIST-THE-KING PROCESSION—

Last October 29 the whole Corps — from the Commandant down to the stiffest Sad Sack turned religious when they got to road-marching with the kilometer Christ the King procession. They were in such a saintly turn-out candles at the left of them. Pershing caps at the right. Incidentally "colegiales" lined up their left and right flanks.

DOWN WITH SLOPPY JOES—

By the way, in an exclusive interview, Major Juan disclosed the receiving of reports that some cadets are griping against his insistence on the proper use of the uniform. He wants the cadets to understand that his demand for the strict compliance of this order is for the good of the Corps. According to him, the uniform stands for the unit to which the cadets belong and, as such, must be worn properly. The Commandant further said that Sloppy Joes are definitely taboo in this outfit and that neatness must absolutely be a "must".

CONDOLENCE—

Switching to a gloomier vein of doleful sympathy, we express our condolence to Cdt. Col. Ciriaco Boncelos, Corps Commander, for the death of his beloved father; and to Cdt. Lt. Col. Vicente Fortuna, Corps Ex-O, for the same loss.



FINISHING TOUCHES ON AUDIO-VISUAL LECTURE HALL

Latest feature in the recently constructed right wing of the Main Building is the audio-visual Lecture Hall. Spacious and well-ventilated, the hall will seat 250 persons on modern, collapsible chairs designed and made in US. A public address system and screen-projector facilities have also been installed. Keeping abreast of the modern trend of instruction, USC Administration is facilitating and encouraging holding of classes thru combined lecture and demonstration methods with educational and scientific films.



FR. OSTER'S SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH LAB MOVES TO NEW LOCATION

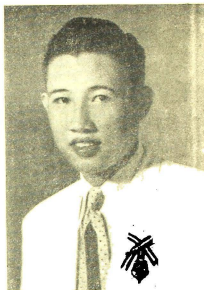
Physicist Fr. Francis Oster's scientific research laboratory at the Science Building where he is doing an important research work on super-solids, has been transferred to the basement of the right wing of the collegiate building, next-door to the audio-visual Lecture Hall. A big order of scientific equipments and precision instruments have recently arrived to complete Fr. Oster's laboratory. Between his research work, Fr. Oster teaches physics in the Engineering and Liberal Arts departments.

NEW DRAFTING ROOM FOR THE ENGINEERS

A well-lighted and well-furnished drafting room for the Engineering Department is readied for classes. Housed in the newly-constructed wing of the Main Building it occupies the first floor in the extreme right. Unbroken lines of fluorescent lamps furnish the room ample and excellent lighting system. It is also provided with comfortable collapsible chairs.

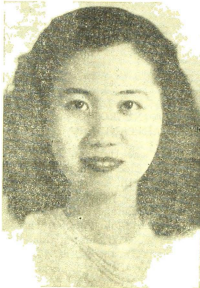
ENGINEERING GRADUATE TAN LANDS BIG JOB

Last year graduate from the Engineering Department Eduardo Tan has been appointed by Engineering



Delfin Pengson, Commerce First in declamation Tilt

Dean Jose A. Rodriguez project engineer in the one-half million construction project of St. Paul's collegiate building in Tacloban, Leyte. Mr. Tan graduated last year summa cum laude from the College of Engineering and took the last July's board examination for Civil Engineering.



Aveceli Kuan, Education placed third

USC TURNS OUT OVER 200 GRADUATES LAST SEMESTER

At the close of last semester, over 200 Carolinians trooped into the USC campus to receive their degrees and titles from Rev. Fr. Rector Albert van Gansewinkel, SVD.

Highlight in the commencement rites was the speech of Secretary of Justice Jose Bengzon who was the commencement speaker.

The other features of the USC

USC FOOTBALL TEAM. Standing: William Chiongbian (manager) R. Lopez, M. Del Mar, J. Pomar, A. De Jesus, E. Valdivia, F. Diaz, Gandionco. Kneeling: V. Espino, Alex Chiongbian (Captain) R. Zosa, Quiño, S. Mondragon, C. De Jesus.



commencement exercises were the address of petition by Amparo Buenaventura, introductory speech on the guest speaker Secretary Bengzon by Law Dean Fulvio Pelaez, and investiture of graduates by the Deans.



The pledge of loyalty was administered by Vice-Rector Rev. Fr. Lawrence W. Bunzel, SVD. The master of Ceremonies was College of Commerce Instructor Rafael Ferreros.

The bulk of the graduates came from the Normal Department which had 125. Two graduated from the College of Law; the College of Liberal Arts offered 14 graduates; 13 from the College of Commerce, finishing the Bachelor in Business Administration (BSBA) and 14 finished the Bachelor of Science in Commerce (BSC). The College of Education had 25 successful candidates while the Home Economics presented 10.

COMMERCE WINNING TEAM FETED

The USC College of Commerce faculty headed by Dean Jose Tecson and the officers of the USC Junior Chamber of Commerce honored the comerciantes' public speaking team and the coaching staff at a dinner

held at the Times Kitchen last October 24.

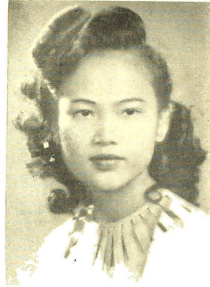
The occasion was in celebration of the comerciantes' triumphant participation in the recent USC Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest, an annual event sponsored by the Education Senior Class Organization, in which Delfin Penson first year Commerce, won the first prize and was awarded the Governor Manuel Cuenca Gold Medal.

Penson's prize-winning piece was a toast entitled "To The Ladies." Another prize-winner from the College of Commerce was Amparo Gogo who was given the fourth prize. The 1950 declamation contest was the first public speaking affair in which the College of Commerce was represented and it proved to be a pleasant surprise to the audience when the Commerce declaimers victoriously accounted for themselves.

The prize-winning College of Commerce entries were coached and managed by Rafael Ferreros, faculty member and holder of a much coveted Civil Liberties Union of the Philippines Award for excellence in oratory, assisted by Atty. Bernardo Solatan, debater and student leader who is Vice-President of the Commerce student organization.

NEW SUBJECTS OFFERED BY COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

The College of Education offers



Esmeraluna Lepasana, Lib. Arts
Second best declaimer

this semester Dance 2 (Philippine Folk-dancing, advanced course), and group games for Physical Education minors. Miss Martin will teach Dance 2.

It has been announced that Library Science 2 (Classification of Books) is also offered under Mrs. Francisco Nemenzo. Formerly of the University of the Philippines (Cebu College) faculty, Mrs. Nemenzo joined the USC faculty very recently.



Education Seniors under whose auspices the Annual Declamation tilt went on schedule. L to Ri: Mr. Satiña, Misses Cabigou, Yap, treasurer, Mr. Morales, president; Miss Rendal, representative to Council; Mr. Pelausa, vice-president. Standing: Mr. Ferraren, peace officer, Mr. Cabigou, PRO; Nuñez, peace officer.

Sección Castellana

Editorial

Menores En La Pendiente

La sociedad ha sido conmovida con harta frecuencia por las repetidas noticias de sucesos delictuosos, en los cuales los peores y más tenebrosos protagonistas eran menores de edad. Hechos de la más ingrata resonancia fueron cometidos por jóvenes, por adolescentes, y aun por niños. En todos estos casos quedó evidenciada una predisposición verdaderamente asombrosa para las más perversas actividades.

Estamos frente a un problema de dramático significado.

El ambiente en que se recogen las pésimas enseñanzas que se aplican en la vida cotidiana debe ser objeto de una acción profiláctica que destruya los gérmenes que corroen el organismo social y lo debilitan moralmente.

Hay una tarea responsable asignada a todos los integrantes de la sociedad que tienen la noción exacta de la trascendencia extraordinaria de este problema, cuya subsistencia comprometería nuestro porvenir. Es menester, por consiguiente, analizar cuidadosamente la cuestión y promover la adopción de aquellas normas saludables que sirvan para contener, primero, el impulso expansivo de esta delincuencia semiinfantil, semijuvvenil y extirpar de inmediato, con medidas preventivas y profundas un mal que hoy avanza.

El impresionante espectáculo de esos mozalbetes que se habían especializado en las turbias artes del robo, con sobrada petulancia profesional, tiene que llamar a honda reflexión. De alguna parte han debido extraer ellos esta perniciosa inclinación. Alguna influencia debe haberse ejercido sobre su tierno espíritu para que surgieran como sorprendentes y consumados maestros en actividades que reclaman capacidad de organización y de ejecución.

No sería difícil, desde luego, descubrir entre todas las que pueden contribuir a formar un in-

salubre clima moral, algunas de esas fuentes. El exceso de deplorables ejemplos que se presentan ante el inexperto e ingenuo espectador o lector infantil, incapaz de discernir sobre sus valores y de despreciar o apartar lo inconveniente, no tiene poca ingerencia en la preparación de una mentalidad en que se da excepcional importancia a la violencia, a las tramas truculentas, al uso de recursos mágicos, de ardidés y de maniobras habilidosas en las que a menudo se sirve sólo un objetivo materialista y sensual.

No es el momento de examinar todos los aspectos del grave problema. Este tema pide la amplia atención de los estudiosos. Pero cabe señalar, porque es muy importante decirlo, que hay una misión improrrogable que puede exigirse, que debe exigirse, ante la realidad circundante, a todos y cada uno de los jefes de familia, de los padres, de los que poseen algún ascendiente en la esfera hogareña y se percaten de la gravedad que reviste. Y esta misión es la de velar, directa y permanentemente, por la educación de los hijos, por la orientación de los jóvenes, para desviarlos de todo camino equivocado y reservarlos de los peligros que los acechan, muchas veces disimulados en brillantes ropajes.

Por que, indiscutiblemente, la responsabilidad primera corresponde, en esta materia, a los padres. Son ellos que deben evitar que los hijos recojan todos esos influjos embriagadores que enervan la voluntad para el bien y conducen, insensiblemente, a los abismos de la delincuencia, de donde no siempre es fácil rescatarlos.

Hay que establecer, esta es la consigna de la hora, murallas infranqueables, comenzando desde el hogar y siguiendo en la vida social, completarla con toda otra acción, preventiva y represiva que debe desarrollarse, intensamente, para destruir cualquier agente pernicioso que conspira contra la salud moral de la juventud.

La Universidad de San Carlos: Baluarte de Ciencia y Artes

Con el *Congresista Miguel Cuenco*, como orador principal, el *banquete de los ex-alumnos de la Universidad de San Carlos*, el 4 de Noviembre, fué muy concurrido. Hubo más de 200 conensales, entre los cuales estaban el *Alcalde Raffiñen*, *Ex-Senador Sotto*, *Ex-Representantes Urgello*, *Alonso (T)* y *Alonso (J)* y muchos prominentes vecinos de los pueblos cercanos.

Hablaron el *Magistrado Borronco*, que actuó de presentador, *Don Filemón Sotto*, el *Rector de la Universidad*, los *abogados Jesús P. García* y *Mario Ortiz* y el *Congresista Cuenco*.

Así como de las aulas de Oxford y Cambridge, en Inglaterra, han salido los líderes nacionales de Gran Bretaña, y de Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Massachusetts Institute of Technology y de las universidades de Chicago, California y Cornell, en Estados Unidos, han venido los grandes capitanes del comercio, las lumbreras de la judicatura y del foro, los científicos que han impreso una nueva y vigorosa orientación en las ciencias aplicadas y un ritmo acelerado en el progreso industrial y técnico del maravilloso pueblo norteamericano, estoy confiado en que en los moldes de la Universidad de San Carlos, nuestra querida Alma Mater, se formarán ciudadanos modelos, con aptitudes que respondan a las necesidades imperantes de la época.

Como ha observado atinadamente la Misión Bell, el defecto básico de la economía del país es la poca producción. Nuestra población aumentó en más del 25% en los últimos diez años; pero proporcionalmente producimos menos que hace crece años.

Filipinas es muy rica en recursos naturales. Tiene la reserva de maderas de primer grupo la más grande en el mundo. En ninguna otra parte crece el abaca mejor que en nuestro suelo. Es el único país civilizado en el Extremo Oriente que no tiene exceso de población. Según un banquero local que ha vivido muchos años en las Indias Holandesas y Malaya Inglesa, Filipinas tiene mayor riqueza, más minerales y más variedad de productos agrícolas que cualquiera de estas naciones.

Pero como buenos malayos, a quienes los portugueses colonizadores del Oriente, han calificado de caballeros de la naturaleza, hay mucha indolencia entre nuestra gente. Trabajamos poco y producimos escasamente. Por

nuestra inacción y falta de iniciativas, vivimos sufriendo las estrecheces de la vida, si no arrastramos una existencia harapososa.

Por una extraña paradoja, el sistema educacional nuestro es obstáculo grande al desarrollo de la agricultura. El graduado de high school es, por lo general, un hombre inútil y es gravamen de su familia y de la comunidad. Mira con desdén las faenas del campo y es la razón porque es difícil encontrar a jóvenes de menos de cuarenta años de edad entre nuestros labradores. Faltan brazos y muchos terrenos permanecen incultos. El área cultivada en todo el país representa una proporción insignificante. Según la Misión Bell, hay cuatro millones de hectáreas de terrenos cultivables que yacen baldíos.

El programa de los festejos de la fiesta patronal de Dumanjug. Cebú, del mes de octubre pasado, contiene datos interesantes. Informa que de sus diecinueve mil habitantes, cuatro mil estudian en las escuelas. Dumanjug es un pueblo representativo de los municipios de todo el Archipiélago. Hay muchísima gente joven que pierde los mejores años de su existencia adiestrándose en estériles disciplinas académicas, comprometiéndose gravemente su porvenir y el de sus familias.

Hay número excesivo de escuelas, sobre todo colegios y universidades en Filipinas. Según me dijo mi excelente amigo, el Decano Conrado Benítez, el mayo pasado, en Filipinas hay más colegios que en Inglaterra, Escocia e Irlanda juntos. Y en Cebú hay más universidades que en Madrid, una de las ciudades más cultas en el mundo.

La Universidad de San Carlos no permanece estacionaria. Vive y progresa y se acomoda a las exigencias

Por el *Hon. Miguel Cuenco*
Representante del 5º Distrito de
Cebu

y necesidades de los años. Ha respondido, con actos positivos, al reto de ofrecer a la juventud cursos vocacionales. Hace un año y medio estableció una escuela de ingeniería mecánica. No escatima esfuerzos ni gastos para propulsar esta escuela y ponerla en buenas condiciones. Ha aumentado sus equipos y reforzado su profesorado con nuevos maestros idóneos, uno de ellos recientemente venido de Alemania. La Universidad tiene el plan de levantar un edificio especial para esta escuela.

Las escuelas de ingeniería mecánica de San Carlos y de Cebú Institute of Technology son las que suministrarán personal técnico a las fábricas que irán estableciéndose en Cebu. Estimulados por las restricciones a la importación, capitalistas filipinos levantarán fábricas en Cebú empezando el año próximo.

De buenas fuentes se ha sabido que San Carlos establecerá una escuela agrícola en Mindanao. Quiera Dios que se traduzca tan loable proyecto en hermosa realidad. No dudamos de su éxito, una vez establecida. En Estados Unidos hay buenas escuelas agrícolas dirigidas por religiosos, entre ellas la de Minnesota, de los Padres Benedictinos. La mayor parte de los sacerdotes de la Orden del Verbo Divino, que con gran acierto dirige San Carlos, viene de Alemania. No sería difícil traer a Filipinas religiosos alemanes de esta orden entendidos en agricultura. Está muy adelantada la agricultura en Alemania. Uno de los recuerdos más gratos de mi viaje a Holanda y Alemania en 1926 fué la vista de extensos campos de trigo bien cuidados.

Un mal social muy extendido, que requiere un inmediato correctivo, es la carencia de urbanidad de nuestra gente joven. Falta de respeto a personas mayores en edad y dignidad, la grosería de no expresar agradecimiento por favores y atenciones recibidos y otros varios actos de descortesía son escenas que a diario pro-

(Continúa en la página 30)

LA UNIVERSIDAD...

(Continuación de la página 29)

Así como el hombre no sólo del pan vive, tampoco se completa su personalidad si al cultivo de su inteligencia no le acompaña el enriquecimiento de su corazón con nobles sentimientos. Por eso, hombres hay que son en el mundo social, los primeros por su poder y riqueza, pero los últimos, por sus conciencias turbias y sus corazones petrificados por la maldad, la ambición y el egoísmo. Y no es grato tener trato con personas ingratas, desleales y sin formas sociales.

La escuela católica, y particularmente, la Universidad de San Carlos, está mejor preparada que cualquiera institución para formar el corazón del escolar. La escuela católica no se ha fundado para fines de lucro. Muchos de sus fundadores, directores y profesores son extranjeros que han abandonado su hogar y seres queridos, riquezas y buena posición social para venir a Filipinas, no como mercaderes, sino para ganar almas para el cielo y ayudarnos a formar ciudadanos instruidos y buenos, educados en las tradiciones de la hidalguía y caballerosidad. De seguro que el centro docente católico se consideraría fracasado en su misión cultural en cada estudiante que, por desgracia y como hay del todo en la vida del Señor, saliese de sus aulas ignorante de las normas de la buena crianza o sin sentido de honor, sin patriotismo o sin lealtad a Dios, a la nación y al prójimo.

Antes de terminar, quisiera mencionar un asunto de actualidad. Me refiero a la enseñanza del castellano en San Carlos. Creo interpretar bien sus sentimientos, mi respetado Padre Rector y queridos Sres. Profesores, si dijese que el pueblo de Cebú, de Visayas y Mindanao, en general, y nosotros, los ex-alumnos de San Carlos, en particular, quedarían muy felices si se enseñase el castellano en nuestra venerada universidad en todos los cuatro años de high school y dos de preparatorio, por lo menos.

No encaja en el reducido marco de este discurso una larga defensa del castellano. Bástame decir que el castellano, por mandato de la Constitución de Filipinas, es una de los lenguajes oficiales del país. No se puede concebir que nuestra Universidad querría colocar a sus escuolas en condiciones desventajosas, por no hablar el castellano, cuando ya terminados sus estudios, ejerciesen la profesión de abogado o fuesen hombres públicos.

Los nombres propios de los filipinos están en castellano. Por desconocer el alfabeto español, nuestros jóvenes de hoy no saben escribir Filémon, Porfirio, Felipe, Filomena, Anastasio, Elpidio, Felisa, Remigio, Miguel y otros nombres que sería prolijo enumerar.

La ortografía española es similar a la de los lenguajes nativos filipinos. Por no saber ortografía española, que es muy sencilla y fácil, nuestros jóvenes inclusive no saben escribir correctamente el bisaya.

Las leyes substantivas nuestras tienen sus antecedentes en la legislación española. Es imposible que el abogado filipino pueda comprender el Código Civil y el Código Penal sin leer los Comentarios de Manresa y de Viada en su texto original español.

El castellano es un lenguaje universal. Filipinas perdería el prestigio que ha ganado en la Sociedad de Naciones Unidas y en el campo de la diplomacia si sus futuros prohombres y caudillos no supiesen el castellano.

El castellano es un lenguaje cabal y hermoso. Es capaz de expresar los más dulces y tiernos sentires y los más profundos pensares. El filósofo alemán Hegel lo ha calificado de "coliar de perlas". Es un lenguaje elegante y claro. Por otra parte, el inglés es breve, directo y aunque no tan exacto como el francés, es bastante preciso. Los escritores y oradores filipinos que conocen bien los dos idiomas, han producido un estilo que sintetiza las más elevadas cualidades de las ricas fablas de Cervantes y de Shakespeare, un estilo bello y conciso, flexible, conceptuoso y vigoroso.

El progreso del inglés y del castellano en las escuelas de los religiosos en Filipinas ha dependido, en cierto modo, de la buena o mala voluntad de sus directores. En los primeros años de la dominación americana, no se han hecho serios esfuerzos para enseñar el inglés en los colegios regentados por sacerdotes españoles, algunos de los cuales calificaban el inglés como lenguaje de perros. Hoy, en pleno 1950, y no obstante la Ley Sottó que hace obligatoria la enseñanza del castellano, hay high schools de sacerdotes americanos que por cualquier pretexto no han incluido el español en su currículo.

Abegamos, como filipinos, por la enseñanza eficaz del castellano tanto en las escuelas públicas como en las privadas. No queremos ser partes en las rivalidades y prejuicios entre españoles y sajones, que son sedimen-

tos de odio engendrado por pasadas guerras y, como observa el historiador norteamericano Carlton Hayes, también son legado de la oposición heroica de la católica España a la Reforma Protestante. Queremos solamente que nuestras futuras generaciones hablen el castellano, además del inglés, para conocer la historia y cultura patrias. La causa del castellano en Filipinas es causa de cultura. Y en la Universidad de San Carlos, su defensa está encomendada a sus distinguidos Rector y Profesores pertenecientes a la benemérita Orden del Verbo Divino, hombres de vasta erudición, cuya universidad de conocimientos rebasa lindes raciales y territoriales y se sobrepone a estrecheces de criterio y muchos de los cuales son hijos de la culísima Alemania, representantes de la Miñerva Germánica, cuyos preclaros hijos Humboldt, Schmidt, Jaeger y otros, en el ejercicio de generosa investigación científica, esclarecieron la historia y geografía de diversos pueblos en el mundo, incluyendo nuestra propia Filipinas.

AS BUTTERFLY...

(Continued from page 9)

Rena had to laugh her bewilderment.

"That was the Velez boy." Tit turned to her. "Haven't you ever heard of him?" Then went on as Rena shook her head "He's insane."

"Tit—you don't say? Then why do they let him loose?" and before Tit could say anything, she added, "So that was why that was something so wild and, frightening about him. And the way he prayed!"

"He does not always bother people. They say he's dangerous only when he sees anyone whom he thinks resembles somebody he seems to have known before. They say, he calls out 'Taling!' and then rushes at the girl or woman concerned. So you see, I was afraid he might find a resemblance of his lost Taling in either of us. There's no telling." Tit teased.

"It was a girl then?" Rena asked. "So it seems. He comes from a good family, too. The Velezes, as I told you, I wonder what must have happened. Poor fellow! It's most often a girl, isn't it? I mean," she amended, "there always is a somebody, somewhere."

Six o'clock prayers in a chapel—alone—so incomplete and pitiable. All that he had been and no longer is. Rena shuffled.

Tonight, she was thinking, I shall write Nick. I shall tell him I am sorry—sweetly and humbly.

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