



Noontime on Saturday, April 21, 1955, was like 364 other noontimes of the year. But a sudden blast of explosives of high noon gave it a peculiar mask of fear and tragedy that deluged a city in its wake. The people's shouts of "Fire! Fire!" soon drowned in a wail of sirens and the hurried clang of firebells.



The fire, now full-grown with branching tongues, soon found new victims to leed upon. Fanned by strong winds and abetted by the rays of a scorching summer sun, it toyed with puny wooden houses and licked the entrails of nipa shacks.

Pictorial Story

T R A G E D Y . O F . A . C I T Y



Alerted to a common danger, people hurried about in all directions, bringing what worldly things they owned into the streets.



As the conflagration spreads, the terror-stricken inhabitants flee from the scene of destruction. Soon, their homes will join the little mounds of glowing debris.



While some are beside themselves with grief, others view the raging spectacle with awe, others with alarm and still others with resigned indifference. The vagaries of human emotions change and every heart registers its own reaction.



Finding itself without food, its head shrunken and its tongues cut, the fire starves to a smoldering death. In one spurt of anger, it sends balls of smoke to mark its dying moment. Its last act of fierceness fails to save it.



Two young victims return to prospect for odds and ends which the fire, for all its deadly abandon, may have failed to destroy. On the ash heaps, tears will fall. But in a moment the eyes will become dry to bid new hopes enter the heart — a chance to build upon the ruins.



This is my city. Ugly with the scars and sores inflicted by a horrible force that laughed at man an hour ago. The brute is dead now and so are many things that people used to love, to go home to, to play in. This is the face of sorrow.
(photos on this page by Cris's).

A Historical "First"

Last March 23, 1956, the University of San Carlos conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, upon its Most Distinguished Son, Don Sergio Osmeña, Sr. The award was a tribute to the Grand Old Man and a recognition of his "many-splendored" achievements.

THE BIG FOUR. Ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Sr., honoree; Father Herman Kondring, SVD, USC Rector; Monsignor Julio Rosales, Archbishop of Cebu and Solicitor General Ambrosio Padilla, guest speaker.



The Grand Old Man receives his diploma of merit from Father Rector while Hon. Padilla and others look on approvingly.



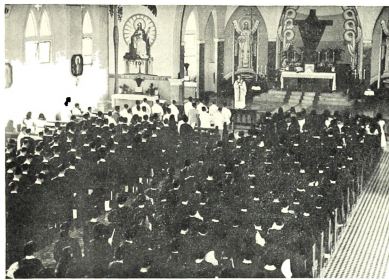
THE SAME FRIENDLY CSC CAMPUS AIR. At honoree's right are his wife Doña Esperanza Limjap Osmeña and Major Anacleto Garcia, USC Commandant. Our own Father Rector beams with pleasure.



THE INVINCIBLE LINEUP: From left to right, Prof. Antonio de Pio, Law Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez, Don Sergio, Prof. Jesus Garcia, Prof. Arsenio Villanueva, Prof. and CFI Judge Manuel Mejia.



THE GUESTS. The solemnity of the occasion is reflected in the faces of the guests who strained to catch every word said, every act done.



Divine guidance to buoy up the spirit when the world turns out to be too tough.



They, too, shall have a place in the scheme of things.



"Less politics, more public service..."



The faculty in a collective grin.



To a happy heart, a night to remember...

Graduation! The joys it brings are many and varied.

... happy is the father or the mother who sees the fulfillment of a dream and a wish

... happy is the school to find a son prepared for a truly Christian life

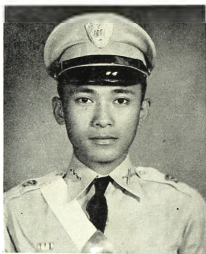
... but happiest of all is the graduate whose tomorrows have become today.

Moments to Remember...

The New Echelon...



Homage to the National Anthem...



Cdt. Col. FELIPE LADUCAY
The heir takes over...



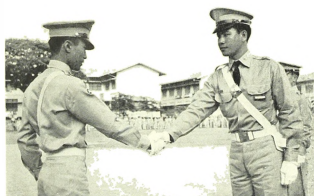
The parting shot...



Cdt. Col. MELECIO AJERO
For services rendered...



To carry on, from henceforth...



Good luck and goodbye...

When the year ends, many things end. Or change. The dog-faced rookie faces a new master — perhaps meaner, perhaps kinder, but it's a new master he faces who has been installed at the end of an old regime. There will be other masters. And who knows but that someday, the nervous neophyte might shout his own command?

... With an Old
Mission