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• Editorial •

Our Greatest Concern

When Judge Guillermo Guevara, counsel for the three top Philippine educational officials (namely, Putong, Pangilinan, and Trinidad who currently are under fire), ventured a haphazard opinion that the lack of religious instruction in the public schools is not among the causes of crime and immorality, he must not have known it but that he was talking through his hat.

To what cause does he ascribe the rampant criminality and gross immorality of our youth and of even some people in our highest public places who are products of our godless educational system? Are not a person's actions judged from the kind of education made available to him during his formative and impressionable years? Where do our country's children and boys and girls of school age principally imbibe their education? Is it not from our schools that dish out the kind of heretic education which our current educational system fosters and promotes?

These are questions we would like answered by those concerned. In answering these, we surely hope that they do not pervert their sense of values. And whether the answers are satisfactory or not, we still have to reckon with a lamentable fact that stares us on the eye: millions of our young citizens are being made to cram into their mind and spirit a godless education not of their choosing, but forced unto them by irresponsible and seemingly unconcerned elders.

And unless something is done to revamp the whole set-up, there will be hell to pay in the moral decadence and general criminal tendencies of a misguided, miseducated people, now and in the future.

ON A BAMBOO SLATE

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Our Cover: Dr. Fortunato F. Rodil, granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Education (honoris causa) by USC, returns to USC. (Story on page 3)

Entered as second class mail matter at the Post Office of Cebu City, March 30, 1950.

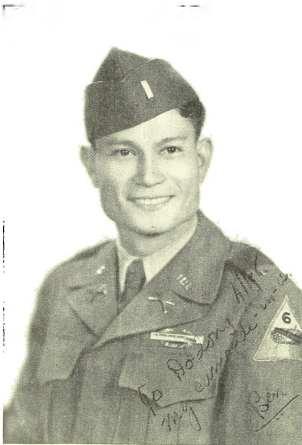
Caroliniana

By LEO BELLO

Once a Carolinian, Always . . .

It was a pleasant wind which blew a true-blue Carolinian to town straight from his triumphs at the Korean battlefields. Ben came when least expected. The First Cavalry Division, U. S. Army unit to which he now belongs, was on its way back to the United States after seeing action in Korea. But Ben took time in flying south to see the land of his birth, his folks, his friends, and above all, . . . San Carlos, his Alma Mater, while his unit was at rest in Japan awaiting transportation for Stateside. He is that debonair Lieut. Benito Wallingsford Alpuerto, ever a Carolinian by heart.

Ben was doubly lucky when he came over last month. Atty. Panfilo W. Alpuerto, his brother and one of USC's brand-new lawyers who hurdled the last Bar exams took a wife in the person of the former Miss Yolanda Villamor, a Carolinian coed by her own right who hails from Carmen, Cebu, and who is a younger sister to Engr. Bienvenido Villamor of the USC Engineering faculty. Lieut. Alpuerto himself acted as one of the sponsors for the veil. (Incidentally, the members of the Gang Internationale, an exclusive clique of wide-awake



Lieut. Benito W. Alpuerto, a Carolinian, now an American citizen, is a go-getter, and how! A Missourian bride awaits him after his recent stint in Korean battlefields with U. S. Army Cavalry Unit.

Carolinian coeds and alumni to which the bride belongs was most amply represented in the wedding ceremonies. Miss Lily Borromeo sang the Ave Maria; and to mention the other gang members, there were present the Misses Milagros Sol, Paulina Borromeo, Luisa Jatico, and Josefina Montebon. The last will have her happy event in due time when she becomes Mrs. Bonifacio Corsiga. Miss Sol is an HE coed at USC, Miss P. Borromeo is already a dental surgeon, Miss L. Borromeo is a future Porto, and Miss L. Jatico is a Pharmacist and product of the USC's famous College of Pharmacy.)

Lieut. Benito Wallingsford Alpuerto studied at USC during his high school and pre-medicine years before the war, like ourselves, although we only took Pre-Law then and we were ahead of him a couple of years. But that's that, like ourselves too, he was adventurous and shiftless then. Ben and us got ourselves enlisted in the Philippine Scouts of the U. S. Army sometime in February of 1941, about ten months before the last World War was declared. Like ourselves, he went through Hell in Bataan, that beleaguered peninsula which won fame and praise and accolade for the fighting spirit of the Filipinos, that resounded all over the world; although at present, the thought-to-be living heroes who are survivors of that glorious struggle have already been forgotten. The Death March, and then escape from that file of death and starvation, and we saw each other again in Manila in May of 1942, peddling soft-drinks to be able to live. We went together to the Camarines Norte and Tayabas boundary road and were employed as Capotax and Time-keeper, respectively. But Ben went home to Cebu earlier, leaving ourselves behind. Eventually, though, we met again in December, 1942 at Dumanjug, his birth place, right after we went home to Cebu from Manila. He was a guerrilla officer when we saw him, but he was the same old pal, still musing over his student days at San Carlos whenever he had occasion to do so. Later, we lost contact of each other when with Ben connected with the Cebu Guerrilla, we evacuated Cebu for security reasons only to be practically forced to join the Negro Guerrilla, and eventually commissioned Second Lieutenant ourselves.

In 1946, when he reported back to the U. S. Army, after terminating his services with the Philippine Army, we banged against him again. But then, we had already our honorable discharge from the Army of the United States, so that we could not be together long. We joined the U. S. Army Transport Service (USATS) while Ben slugged it out with the foottroops. And we heard that Ben was granted his American Citizenship sometime before Independence was given to the Philippines in July of 1946. He applied for and was given commission with the Army of the United States after passing through rigid examinations. While ourselves, we were not as plucky as the go-getter.

Ben and us had to meet sometime afterwards, whether we liked it or not, despite the differences in our respective callings. We bungled into each other again at Okinawa in 1947. We learned that he was stationed there with the 44th Infantry Regiment of the Philippine Scouts. 'Twas a small world, we thought. From then up to 1948, we used to see each other whenever my ship would dock at Naha Har-

(Continued on page 28)

She Comes Back a Savant

by

Emitio B. Aller



At Liloan with pupils in Sociology, the Doctor bows down with undergraduates.



The Doctor drinks what can't be had in books.



Equally chummy with her ilk, she poses with other USC faculty members.

WHEN the Pontifical University of the Philippines (UST) awarded to a spirited, vibrant-looking girl who can easily pass for an undergraduate with her naturally compact vim and vigor, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Education last March 20, 1953, that famed institution was undeniably more than eager to give it to her, because the degree was granted *benemeritus*. And more, it was reliably bruited about that for the first time, UST has given away that top-rung mark of educational distinction to a girl below her thirties. But in spite of her high achievements, she comes back to teach at San Carlos.

Fortunata F. Rodil who was born 29 years ago in Cebu City talks without affection and acts with simplicity. She has no flare for showing-off her mental worth, as a person in her enviable circumstance could be prone to have. When asked about her feelings now that she is a Doctor of Philosophy, she declared point-blank: Frankly I don't feel any different now that I have a Ph.D. degree than when I finished high school. The only change is that I am now more conscious of the weight of my responsibilities. The load is heavier now than ever."

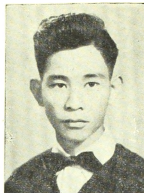
Dr. Rodil (Pacing to her intimate friends) belongs to an educationally affluent family of degree-holders and honoring kinfolks. Her father is a retired Clerk of Court of First Instance. He was chosen as Cebu's model father of the year 1952. Five other professional sisters, most of whom graduated at USC, grace the Rodil family circle. Amparo finished her BSC magna cum laude at USC, is a Certified Public Accountant, and currently teaches at USC's College of Commerce. Concepcion got her BSE magna cum laude and was awarded her MA last March at USC. While Carmen took her AB magna cum laude and BSE magna cum laude both at USC. Rosario took her BSC magna cum laude also at USC, and passed the CPA Board exams given last February. A friend reading the list above, astounded, exclaimed spontaneously: "What a family!" We had the same reaction when apprised for the first time.

USC is justly proud of Dr. Rodil. She is a model of diligence and efficiency, not to mention that she has talent inherent. She has acquired the signal honor of being the first Carolinian to ever attain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Education. And yet there are three institutions of learning who may equally claim the honor of having nurtured her into the lady of achievement she has become. She finished her High School at the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion of Cebu City as head of her class. In 1940, she enrolled for the first time at the College of Education of the then Colegio de San Carlos. She finished BSE at the University of San Carlos magna cum laude. She took her MA at UST and graduated *benemeritus*. Finally, last March, she garnered the latest of her laurels, that of Ph.D. in Education, *benemeritus* at UST.

Of the lighter side of her, we have this to say: She plays the piano; swims like a fish; smiles all the time to everybody; laughs freely; prefers the fragrance of "Desert Flower"; loves distant music, shaded lights, scent of roses, abiding friendships, pastel colors, pretty frocks, high heels, well-turned phrases, coke and lazy afternoons; has a deep

(Continued on page 25)

Some-mer!



Vicente N. Lim

You know, Alex—

Every term, especially the summer term, they come in. New students, fresh young females right out of high school or another school, they come hip-swinging and bright eyed, making male temperatures climb and soar (as if the heat wasn't enough).

As always, the secretarial department gets an office executive's share of these delightful eyelids. Why so many dames want to become secretaries—I wouldn't know. Give a gal a facelid and a disturbing frame... and she wants to take dictation! Not to be out-glamorized, the Lib. Arts attracts its batch of pulchritude, all prospective lady lawyers, women doctors or female generals (meaning those in the General Course). The college of Pharm, too, always gives the college of Commerce the bum's rush when it comes to looks. It's a sorry world when most lookers decide to want to become secretaries, face-sicians, lie-yets or pharmacists' apprentices. Of course there are some prize winners in H.E. and Education, and even in Architecture and Engineering (gal-amour couldn't have been the cause of slight scandal in the city engineer's office—could it!). Too bad they don't have girls in the ROTC ranks. Panic!

Oh yeah, speaking of the ROTC... the two-month sentence most 2nd year Basic grads drew can't be narrowed with time off for good behaviour! Could be we need so many second louies, eh Alex.

Say, did you ever hear of this stale gag: during an exam the pro told his lady students, "The girls will please see that their slips are showing," meaning of course their admission slips! Yak yak. Or the unmitigated classroom boners on history which said that "Apolinario Mabini was an outlandish figure of the Filipino Revolution... Jose Rizal was of humble accent..."

Alex, we'll be glad when the summer term is over; as a matter of cold fact, we'll be glad when summer is over. The heat has made most of us bakeheaded and hail there. Didia notice how many felonious delinquencies and petty crimes pop up in the front pages of local tabloids? The heat has got some wires crossed!

And, before you get loose in the bean and go balmy, nets, screwy or plit (gone...), let's drag the curtain down on this boff. Ho hum...

who else but,

h E r b i e

Passing THROUGH

● by VNLIM

● Everytime a new crop of Bar graduates get ready to hand their shingles, some people make snide remarks about the growing number of lawyers, etc. Others go so far as to invent remarkable cracks like attorneys brewing trouble deliberately to insure work, more etc. Humph. There's only one thing about it: There is nothing certain about law-suits except the expense of it (said the judge who heard the case of Carlton v. Rockport Ice Co., 78 Me. 49, 2 All. Rep. 676 ... by the way, can you decipher that legal doubletalk?).

● What with the interval before classes and people tramping off to vacation farms and homesteads, one had the rare opportunity of loafing in some rural "paradise" where the air and food is good but the beds are no better than Fuente Osmeña's park benches. Also, a horse-opera thrill of bareback horse riding which makes one wonder how anything filled with grass could be so hard. Bareback or saddled, and even in a rig (over a rocky, rut-marked dirt road), a nag can bounce you up and down, sideways, front- and backward in such a manner that were it done on a dance floor to a toe-tapping mambo, beat, why, you'd be a sensation!

● In this pulp magazine I borrowed the other day, it says that "a cannibal is a friendly savage who shows his hospitality by constantly having people for dinner." Probably with pickled heads, stewed arms and fried legs on the menu! We, really wonder if there was a time in some jungles when white missionaries were such delicacies for G-stringed gourmets.

● It'll probably turn out to be a cold pitch, but the stuff is on edge now about recent hot kicks regarding CAROLINIAN staffers' breaks. At last the moderator is going to bat for us... talk has it that he'll try to wangle some privileges supposedly coming to us... like free feet, mebbe?... our fingers are not only crossed, crisscrossed, double-crossed and intertwined, they're practically welded —Siri!

The Rescue

by
Marina F. Diño



ELISA looked at her time piece. She was thirty minutes late. She hurried with her footsteps and gripped her umbrella tighter. She did not bring any books this morning. She thought the moment she arrived, she would lose no time making her lesson plan. Mr. Vasquez, the supervisor, might come for a surprise visit.

She had been late many times before. That was one thing nice about her job. Being the only teacher in the barrio handling the first two sections, she could come and go as she pleased. No one in the barrio would report her. They were very good to her.

She remembered the first time she had been there, her first look of the barrio. She hated Tabis on sight — barren, lonely, so utterly lonely she could hear the crickets in mid-afternoon, and only a few houses were here and there. There were no movies, no friends, and when she wanted to read her fa-

vorite magazines — Love Comics and True Life Romances — it was agony in the flickering light of one candle.

The people all but idolized her. Since she came, their concern had always been for her. Everyday there was something for teacher — bananas, bibingka, jackfruit, macapas. Sometimes one pupil would bring her two or three eggs, another, a hen. When she had a headache, one of the parents would bring her some hot coffee or a steaming bowl of hot soup. Everyone, old or young, knew her and called her simply, "Ma'm."

But Elisa hated the people as much as she hated her work! She was filled with nausea if they came to her with mud in their feet, foul-smelling from their work, and smeared with chewed tobacco. She did not like their rowdy manners, raucous voices, harsh laughter.

She even hated the children. They were as dirty as their parents,

and as ignorant. They could not distinguish a radio from a piano. Each day was endless misery for her — teaching them to read the alphabet, showing them to scribble their names on paper. When she took her practice teaching, the children were not as restless and dull as these. After she graduated from college, she thought she could teach in the Surigao Central Elementary School. Her qualifications were high. But there were many applicants, and when at last notice came for her to teach, she was assigned in the barrio.

It was revolting! The place, the people, the children, and this — this walk every morning to school — across swamps, in open corn fields, across the Magcasa river. She heard the rapids of the water now and closed her umbrella putting it under her arm. She raised the end of her skirt and waded. Ugh! The water was particularly cold and very swift. Instinctively she looked up at the sky. It was going to rain.

When she neared the schoolhouse, no one was about. The children must have gone home, thinking she was not coming. The moment she was at the doorway, however, a loud chorus of "Good morning, Miss Piamonte" greeted her. The children were all clustering around Ingco Doro, father of one of the boys. He was explaining something in a book to them.

"I told them to wait a while for you," Doro said by way of greeting, "I was afraid they might stray far so I told them to sit quietly on their seats."

Elisa barely nodded. She did not smile. She only looked at the mess inside the room and her eyes told the children, "You all deserve something for this."

She went to the table and began to write on her lesson plan. Ingco Doro merely smiled his good humour to the children and went out the door catching Miss Piamonte's words through the window, "If you don't want to be whipped, don't make any noise. I don't want to

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summer... being what it is... stuffy, prickly hot, dusty and oppressive... would be nice time to dogtrot for some cool, shady nook and forget about wicked clerks, nasty professors and yawping quizzers.

but if we were to indulge in that sort of affair, the Carolinian would wind up at the losing end of a summer remnant sale and trouble is it would be a monstrous letdown for some people who get a wallow reading what our writers have stashed away in their cranial precincts. Actually, this here explanation is a very lame excuse for mo-seying around USC's premises instead of going home and showing the old folks how to pour soda into a glass of rum or teaching them the latest slant on belly gyrations, to be kind, modern dancers. All we have to do is to give three easy lessons to the home folks and they will feel glad we didn't squander their money on books and test tubes (awrrkk!)...

well... we are turning that over in our minds, that is, the idea of skittering homeward, until the record clerk—that discrepant habinger of doom — took the wrappers off our funeral tickets. Believe you us, we jettisoned all and sundry thoughts of going home. At least, we expected the underling to tell us about the weather or something before giving the flunkers' list. Or talk about Marilyn Monroe straddled in a Bikini creation. But that's that. And it ain't any fun at all. We aren't showing our craggy mugs to Papa and help us Hannah, we don't aim to wag our report cards!

everything told, we need not extenuate this blarney by moaning over lost week-ends and girl Fridays. Suffice it may be that we didn't go home for reasons real good. Frankly we have a hunch that our dotting parents will be downright anti-dotting on our allowances, to make no mention of the hot reception awaiting us on arrival. There will be direct and cross (no doubt about the CROSS) examinations on how far things went with that dame or why it took a coon's age for us to tell them that we sunk in Roman Law I and II. And then there is that old warning that unless we get brutally serious in our studies we will be yanked out of school in less time than it takes to holler "Camilo Osias!" And the neighbors will warn their

ON DA



LEVEL

with
BUDDY QUITORIO

daughters not to cotton with buck-toothed, overgrown morons like us. Waah, if it ain't bad enough, an MVD chopper isn't so hot after all!

as we go to press, the Recto-Castelo till is still keyed up to something of a delirium tremens pitch. With a sleazy deadline no better off, we ought to have a bally lot to bally-hoo. But it seems that the metropolitan newspapers have stuck their paws on the cream. Besides, we pledged to handle politics at two-arms length. That still leaves us clawing away at our noggins on what the heck to bluster on.

wimmin... aside from dressing, talking, feeling and acting like men, also want to smell like brewers. And they go to Church oftener! Now really, that's the damndest yet in feminine downgoing. We can forgive them if they want to wear the pants in the family but we will never condone a hellcat who goes for bellywash... That's what. Wimmin should not thirst for wine.

rumors are wheezing thick and fast that the summer conference of the College Editors Guild will be staged in this southern dust-phalt jungle. Mighty big honor on the lace of it. Cebu, the eternal sucker for conferences, conventions, parleys, powwows ad infinitum, will once again dust off her motherly arms to welcome a bunch of up-and-coming journalism tyros. All because of the much-vaunted brand of Cebu hospitality. We figure the local chapter of the CEG will plunge into a lizzy — perhaps a welcoming committee of rig drivers will be on hand and an out-of-town band will blare with the welcoming riot. Then the delegates will be entrusted to the custody of carbon-market-eatery owners.

the conference will be held in

different schools and always, after the huddle, a generous helping of dugo-dugo will come to the fore. It's a good guess the visitors will grimace unashamedly and might snivel on each other's shoulders in tearful protest against such a slur on journalistic diplomacy. Meanwhile, the local pen-hawks will go out of their way to make certain nobody misses a glass of dippy-doodle between speeches. With everybody imagining handwheels in their breadbasket, that is to say drunk, we dare to conjecture there will be an election. Sort of revamp or reshuffle. Then there will be protests, mass defections and bedlam. Disgruntled elements will come up with their version of an Osias or Christine Jorgensen or what's your kick. Let's see...

we Cebu guilders are down and out financially, among others. The visitors should not expect so much as the shadow of a luncheon chalked up on our piggy banks. Mama's going to get mad but hard. That's why we are getting sweet on the Lions and Jaycees and others. If it doesn't click, we're sunk!

NGR, that suave lawyer-editor, was visibly disturbed by the burden of playing host to the delegates. He commented wryly: "If they can't afford to come, why not forget the conference?"

yeah, why not?

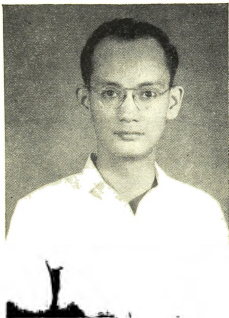
of common knowledge is the bitter and long-drawn-out rivalry among schools in this city — a rivalry, by the way, which breeds hatred and enmity. Many an otherwise auspicious interscholastic activity quickly takes a header because each school wants to be first fiddle in everything. This desire is quite understandable. There is joy or something in being first. What is some-

(Continued on page 31)

First Prize Winning Oration in the Annual
Lex Circle Oratorical Contest held
last March, 1953

I NEED not tell you how bad things have been going on in this country. I am a Filipino; you are Filipinos. And this fact makes my task of conveying a message to you very much easier. We are peace-loving people. We hate wars and all the destruction and carnage that follow in its wake. We love our country tiny as it is and all its scattered islands lying in the vast Pacific like pieces of broken glass on the map of the world. We love it not only because its fertile valleys give us corn and rice; its seas give us fish; its sylvan forests homes to protect us against the tropic sun and the cold heavy rains, but also because we believe it gives us all the opportunities of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

All of us are cognizant of the ever-widening chasm that divides the rich from the poor, the powerful from the weak, the fortunate from the miserable. The enemies of our country are only biding time for the opportune moment to strike. To widen more and more that chasm, our country's enemies go to the rich and tell them not to better the conditions of the poor because the poor are many and to improve their lot would be giving them much power. They would become a



The Author

LET'S BE HONEST by Dito Bugarin* ABOUT IT

grave threat to the rich. Instead of reminding them to love the poor they incite them to hatred. Then these same saboteurs of our Republic go to the common man and exaggerate to him how the rich are exploiting him, depriving him indirectly of his God-given rights which the rich too are fighting tooth and nail to enjoy. And deep down in the hearts of these two extreme classes are altars burning with the incense of hate against each other, fanned by communist propaganda, abetted by agents of a foreign power they will come into the arena when both classes lie prostrate, bleeding, helpless, dying...

Ladies and Gentlemen:

There you have the picture of the problems besetting our country today. What shall we do about it? It is not enough that we have made a diagnosis of the malady. We must propose a remedy if we hope to become strong and happy once more.

But our Democracies have bungled time and again. Communism on the other hand has been spreading out fast and has been putting

the democracies in the defensive. Does our weakness lie in our institutions and systems? Some say, let the Minimum Wage Law operate and workers will no longer be discontented; others say, reform

the Presidential Government into a parliamentary type and public officials will no longer be powerful without any direct and defined responsibility; still others say, conserve our dollars by cutting down our imports and then our country will no longer be threatened by economic collapse. In each and every instance the remedy is on something outside the Filipino... his wealth, his government, his economy. Never once is the Filipino blamed for his country's disorder and never once does the remedy apply to him. This outlook depicts today's tendency of making man fit institutions and systems instead of institutions and system fit man. Instead of making the pants fit the body, modern critics make the body fit the pants, which is only another way of saying that institutions, governments, and systems must survive even at the cost of man's life, liberty and happiness.

We believe that the right place to start a general reform is here... the Filipino heart, the Filipino personality. We believe that the blame

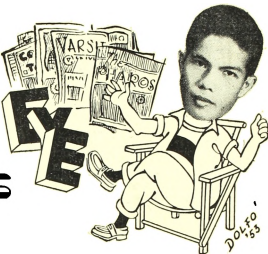
(Continued on page 11)

* DITO BUGARIN is of the Freshman class of the College of Law, and will be a Sophomore come July. His number of years as a student in a Jesuit Seminary has made him cultured, versatile and humble. A lot has been told about his capabilities and accomplishments. Suffice it to say that he was elected Lex Circle Vice-president without half-trying and won the Lex Circle 1953 Oratorical contest with Candidate Magsaysay as Guest of Honor.

—EDITOR

The ROVING

ALBERTO C. MORALES



FOR sticking our necks out re-religious instruction, we got a lusty kick in the pants from a UP miss who, in no uncertain terms, told us we deliberately misrepresented facts about Fr. Delaney's work at Diliman. All we said was the good Father is doing all right, only it doesn't end there. The point we wanted to drive home is the need of a thoroughly Christian education in private as well as in public schools. It is common knowledge there is an apparent lack of this in State U. Why she should be riled up over that is beyond us. Well, this is a free country and she is just as much entitled to her own opinion as we are. Enough is enough. Suffice it is to say that somebody reads us after all. And we're flattered.

Let us behave, the FEATI TECH NEWS ed asks of his readers. In the presentation of candidates of a popularity contest sponsored by the school, there were wolf calls, whistles and even indecent exclamations. Some distorted minds would give excuse that these were all expressions of appreciation of beauty. These were outward manifestations of undisciplined minds.

If it should soothe the writer's conscience, we would like to state here that letting out wolf calls for a beautiful face or figure is a disease plaguing even the so-called higher echelons of society. Blame GI Joe for it. Although, as a nation of imitators of anything American, we should blame ourselves more. Like the common run of apers, we bungle the model through exaggeration.

Essaying on hypocrisy, E. T. COCSON in the AGUSTINIAN MIRROR (Universidad de San Agustin, Iloilo City) avers there are myriad types of hypocrisies you would wish you did not know arithmetic at all. Day in, day out, you see them pretending to be unpretending in their parade of pretensions. There is the nobody who pretends to be somebody, a nothing who vainly attempts to be something. Then there are those who see themselves as the never-dying glories on the pedestals of society... when they, in reality, are in borrowed plumes.

Indeed, there are all sorts of hypocrisies it would be futile to type them adequately. But the worst of the lot is the society climber. In putting up a front, he sacrifices his self-respect for the opportunity of hobnobbing with the "400". The moment one loses his regard for himself, he's gone to the dogs.

More exhortations. Let us be chaste, appeals P. L. Ronquillo of the PURISIMAN (Colegio de la Purisima Concepcion, Roxas City). It is deplorable that unbecoming and immodest conversation is very common in our country today. He who can relate the most shameless anecdote or make the coarsest witticism and lowliest play upon words is considered the best entertainer.

These are not empty words. Read them once more, sleep on them, and then find out whether you count among those referred to by the author. If you are, it's never too late to change your moral perspective. Scandalous stories may make you the life of the party but where does that honestly get you? Yes, your listeners will enjoy every minute of it, but at whose expense? YOURS.

Whoever scribbles Sour Notes in the BEDAN (SBC) certainly puts murder in his lines in denouncing MIT's V. Naccario. If you then insist on writing lies, Mr. Naccario — keep in mind that you never can reach nor lower RSG's stature (referring to Raul S. Gonzalez, a BEDAN columnist) — for lies and lice can always be exterminated by truth and soap, and you sure have a long bath to take before a mosquito would even dare perch on your skin.

The inside story of the BEDAN-BUILDER battle of words is only partially known to us. It would be sheer folly, therefore, on our part to take sides. Besides, who wants to be at the receiving end of barbed, slimy backtalk? The pen has been, is being, and will be abused. That it should be used, however, as a tool of assuaging the hurt pride of a sensitive few is abuse with a capital A, particularly in a college paper.

When a person acts to protect a right which is guaranteed him by the law he acts properly. When an association, institution, or group of persons does the same, they are acting within the bounds of propriety... When the Church acts to uphold this lawful right (right to teach religion), it is acting in the same way that any other society would if placed in similar danger.

This is the LETRAN NEWS' refutation of the recent blasts of religious bigotry, fanaticism hurled at the Catholics in connection with the religious controversy currently raging. Some extremists

(Continued on page 28)

Everything I Have is Worse!

by
v n l

THE TROUBLE began, as trouble often begins instead of ending, with a romance. It was when an introverted sophomore like me fell for a stunning vision like Helen. Alright, alright, so she's not a vision — she's a girl! To be more precise, it really started one warm day when I walked into Sociology 1 and saw her sitting there — a pint-sized but effective little Helen of Troy (nominal coincidence, eh?), quietly sitting there like a stray lamb. We were all waiting for the teacher, a Miss Roberta O. Dil, and most of the students were watching the door for her. Not I, of course. I was watching Helen, delighted at the luck for being in the same class with her. She was apparently thinking of something because the pink tip of her tongue peeked out the side of her small well-formed mouth.

Well, needless to say, I was right then and there thoroughly conquered, smitten and aroused like you-know-who at the sight of the windmills. At first I thought it was the humidity. But then the symptoms were unmistakable: the first startled notice of a pretty girl, then the frequent uncontrolled glances at her, then the perturbed thoughts and unanswered questions as to her identity and address, and, realizing that it would be a hopeless fight to resist thinking of her, the drafting, therefore, of calculated plans to make an acquaintance, execute an approach, strike up a friendship, etc. etc.

Then the teacher arrived. Miss R. O. Dil, Sociology instructor, was the type who didn't waste time dilly-dallying with unnecessary preliminaries. At once she launched into an exhausting lecture. Now the gears in my brain started turning, grinding out ideas which went through a series of examinations, cross-examinations and counter-examinations as to their feasibility. Of course I couldn't decide. I only sat there looking at Helen while she scribbled Miss Dil's lecture, the tip of her tongue still a pink blob at the side of her little mouth. I could have "borrowed" some paper from her for the lecture (like we

used to do in night high school — and besides, I really had NO paper!). Then I thought, maybe I could ask her to lend me her notes the moment we went out when class was over (another standard operating procedure typical of the bashful, high school variety of prospective wooers). No soap. Helen strode out lithely when the bell clanged, and I couldn't even follow her. Helen standing up was even more destructive than Helen sitting down!

After a few more seconds of seeing Helen at the next meeting, I was frantic! My mind was already swirling with thoughts of her, my appetite had begun to be affected, I was beginning to actually know how an insomniac feels... and, to the extreme dissatisfaction of Miss R. O. Dil, I began to forget answering my name at roll call. I thought, another week of this run-around and I'll be talking to myself on the street! Unless I can do something about it... like, perhaps, sitting next to her, or behind her but not, for the love of Mike, in front of her. And so the maneuver started. It still didn't pan out. How the heck can you establish a beach-head when there's no beach? Every chair surrounding my dream dome was occupied. It was a cold pitch.

I thought I'd have a break at last when I'd made myself a bit notorious by having to be called constantly to sit in front of the prof. Surely, I marvelled, she'd notice me now! And so everytime I wanted to be publicized, why, I'd merely make a racket from my seat at the rear and, sure enough, Miss R. O. Dil's commanding voice would demand that I sit up front.

What a goon, her eyes said instead.

Oh well, there are other chestnuts (or was it irons?) in the fire, I thought. But unless something hot comes up — there won't even be a fire anymore! All my madcap schemes, crack-brained and precarious, fizzled off like a stale glass of soda. The ferment was bottled for a time, and now it was getting to be aged, or bonded, as they say in the distillery business. Oh Helen,



I groaned, after I nearly flunked my mid-term exams for you!

The real break — I imagined — came when the prof announced one day that there would be a weekend excursion. Why, she even made me a sort of class treasurer (it was then that I knew why bill collectors die young). Well, the anguish of the job of chasing after stubborn excursionists and broke classmates was transcended by the prospect of being able to talk with Helen finally. I had decided to make a heroic last try. This time the plans were more carefully laid, from the opening remarks (which would open our acquaintance) down to the

(Continued on page 31)

TWO SONNETS

By EUGENIO J. ALVARADO, Jr.
Graduate School

A Prodigal's Prayer

*I've trodden on the pathways dark, Oh, Lord!
Thy way is bright, but I was lost, for I,
Against Thy law, have sinned, against the word
You gave to Prophet Moses on Mount Sinai.
Though I was lost and knew not where to go,
I still proceeded on that darkest way;
To grope my way back was a thing to do,
So easy, yet I found myself astray.*

*Now I am at the end of life's dark road.
Ah, what a dreadful spectre I foresee:
The fires of hell in utter wildest mood,
Out of their abyss leaping far for me!
So, Lord, reach out Thy Wounded Hands for one—
A prodigal, a sinful, worthless son!*

Upon Learning about the Death of my Friend, C.L.R.

*She, dead? Who told me she is lying still
Beneath the earth; beneath her cold, cold grave?
Shall I not once more hear her voice, or will
I never see the features I did crave
To see in her each time we met: her eyes,
Which sparkled like twin pools of beauty; her hair,
As numberless as the stars up in the skies;
Her lovely visage, looking smooth and fair?
Who told me she is dead? Come, tell not me
That she is so; It would be mighty vain
And futile an attempt on me to be
Convinced; for I would give the reason sane:
Though she had but to Death one life to give,
Forever in my memories she'll live!*



Dear Lord, I Love You

by

NELLIE PATALINGHUG

Dear Lord

I love You!

*So were the nights long, sleepless, and drear;
So was there no music for me in the air;
So was everyday's glad not of cheer*

faded . . . because

I love You!

*No light save that which my heart was burning;
No tears save those for You I've been shedding;*

*No hopes for joy save that which in You I've
been keeping*

confident . . . because

I love You!

Dear Lord,

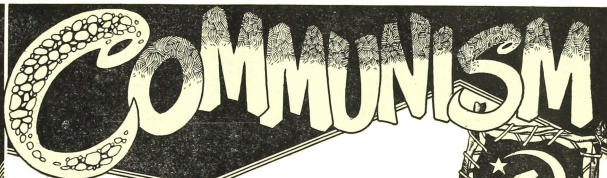
because I love You

*Your home — my home; its bells — my bells;
Your cross—my cross; and its joys—my life's joys
in this home because*

Dear Lord,

I love You!

What Is Russian



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

Tenth Installment

CANDID ADMISSION

BEFORE the House Investigating Committee, in 1930,

William Z. Foster, twice the candidate of the Communist party for President of the U.S.A., gave the following testimony. I take only those answers which refer to the present matter. The testimony has been officially recorded and is also given by Mr. Hamilton Fish, who was chairman of the Committee, in his book, *The Challenge of World Communism* (pp. 157-159).

Chairman: Can you tell us more definitely if the principles of the Communist party, as advocated in this country or anywhere else, are the same?

Mr. Foster: Yes.

Chairman: Do the Communists in this country advocate world revolution?

Mr. Foster: Yes, the Communists in this country realize that America is connected up with the whole world system, and the capitalist system displays the same characteristics everywhere — it makes for the misery and exploitation of the workers — and it must be abolished, not only on an American scale but on a world scale.

(Writer's note: It would be interesting to know exactly, or, rather, to get Communists to tell us exactly what they mean by the "capitalist system." Why, for them any landowner, shop-keeper, or banker is a capitalist, as Mr. Bebrits, a Communist editor, admitted in his testimony, and Foster should well know that, if there is one system that most signally "makes for the misery and

exploitation of the workers" and reduces them to the condition of helpless slaves, that system is assuredly the putrid system that prevails in the U.S.S.R.)

Chairman: They (the Communists) are opposed to our republican form of government?

Mr. Foster: Most assuredly.

Chairman: That is, what you advocate is a change of our republican form of government and the substituting of the Soviet form of government?

Mr. Foster: I have stated that a number of times.

Chairman: Now, if I understand you, the workers in this country look upon the Soviet Union as their country; is that right?

Mr. Foster: The more advanced workers do.

Chairman: Look upon the Soviet Union as their country?

Mr. Foster: Yes.

(Writer's note: Why not ship them off to "their country" and let them get a taste of the appalling tyranny and slavery that prevails there? In three months they would be begging Uncle Sam to bring them back to the land of the free!)

Chairman: They look upon the Soviet flag as their flag?

Mr. Foster: The workers of this country and the workers of every country have only one flag and that is the Red flag. That is the flag of the proletarian revolution; it was also, incidentally, the flag of the American Revolution in its earlier stages. The Red flag has been the flag of revolution for many years before the Russian revolution.

(Writer's note: Mr. Foster should

revise his notion about flags. There was a variety of flags in America prior to the Revolution; the evolution of the present U.S.A. flag is a very interesting study. New England had a red flag with a white square in the left top corner while it was peacefully living in union with Old England. Whatever significance can be attached to the few red flags — I know of none which was completely red-adopted in certain territories, certainly nothing approaching the abominable meaning of the Soviet flag was signified by any of them. And to imply any identity or even true analogy of signification between any one of them and the Red flag to which Foster professes allegiance is about as sensible as to state that priests who hold their hands outstretched in an ordination are giving the Fascist or Nazi salute!)

Chairman: Well, the workers of this country consider, then, the Soviet government to be their country. Do they also consider the Red flag to be their flag?

Mr. Foster: I have answered quite clearly.

Chairman: Do you owe allegiance to the American flag? Does the Communist party own allegiance to the American flag?

Mr. Foster: The workers, the revolutionary workers, in all the capitalist countries are an oppressed class who are held in subjection by their respective capitalist governments is the abolition of these governments and the establishment of Soviet governments.

Chairman: (after proposing three more questions) I do not want to
(Continued on page 21)

Manila Calling Cebu

DESTINATION Manila — that seems to be the by-word nowadays of Carolinians, mentors, alumni, and students alike. Manila is literally crawling with familiar USC faces who are daily passing through the World Fair gates into a world of the best in Philippine arts and culture. Not to mention the various impressive booths and pavilions filled with the most exquisite exhibits to be viewed for the first and last time. And, of course, no one would pass up the chance of ogling at lovely, gazelle-looking Armi Kuselska, now b.h. of V. Hilario (the lucky stiff) and beating time to Cugat's South American live. Or, hear-the world's most famous talking bird, John Tio, give out an imitation of the Groaner or Jimmy Durante. For thrill-seeking goers, the Amusement Zone with all its fancy rides and sideshows furnishes the answer.

World Fair Crowd-drawers: Francisco's large murals depicting milestones in Philippine history... the **Lagoon of Nations** and its underwater searchlight... Gateway to the East, Fair motif, with its Eternal Flame... the huge lighted bell housing the U.S. booth... the Catholic Church Pavilion, exhibiting among other things Jose Alcosaba's painting tracing USC's history and, also copies of the **Carolinian** and **Semper Fidelis**... the Japanese geishas... mat-woven portraits of MacArthur and Queen Elizabeth II (Leyte's air-conditioned booth)... flying lemur (Bohol booth)... giant eagle (Davao booth)... trick faucets and a miniature of the Balara filters (MWD)...

On board the Don Victoriano, we spotted four damsels exchanging pleasantries. They turned out to be **LOURDING GANDIONCO**, **MENG NAJARRO**, **PACING NOEL**, and **PRAX SALIGUMBA**, off on a sight-seeing spree. Last time we heard from them, they were headed for Baguio on a Benguet Auto Lines bus. Manila-bound also to be officially admitted to the Bar were **ATTY. RESTITUTO** and **SOLOMON MACOY**. Sipping a coke by the ship's drinks counter was **JOE AZCARRAGA, Jr.**, taking it easy before he tackles the bar exams come August. Going to the upper deck,

we came across **EUGENIE LIM**, **FE-LICIDAD CAYONGCONG**, and **CONCEPCION PAULIN**. No exams for us, they say. Strictly on a pleasure jaunt.

Docking at the North Harbor, three smiling fellas waved to us — **EDDIE GANDIONCO**, **STEVE POLANCOS**, and **FERNING MORALES**.

The exposition and fair would have bit a big slump if **PENTONG CASAS** forgot to bring his taker along with him. But luckily he passed up nary a chance to take pixes of the booths and the people, swarming around the fair ground. (In this case people means girls). Also back from Manila are **TOMMY ECHIVARRE**, **JOE de la RIARTE** and **BUDDY QUITORIO** who confess they had a very harrowing experience in Manila's swank night spots. Big boss **LEO BELLO** went on a jaunt to Baguio with his three-fourths.

So this is the Big City! My, but people here are always hurrying and scurrying. Where is everybody going anyway? And the cars, buses, and jeepneys. They surely travel fast up here.

Manila Craze: 3-D movies plus polaroid glasses — not only height and width but also depth on the screen... Yabut's gibberish chatter over **DZBB**, mercilessly lamponing the Apo's administration... Porto Rican mambo perfectly timed to the music of **Polytechnic Mambo**... ballads on everybody's lips, **How Long and Pretend**... 7-Up and **Wa Nam's spring chicken**.

Elbowing our way through the Escolta, we bumped into **Mrs. AVELINA GIL**, doing some real shopping... Us? Just window shopping. Waiting for the green light at the next corner was another instructor, **Arch. PAULO BELTRAN**. And guess who was wolfing around in such a busy section? **ATTY. N. G. RAMA**. With all the rush going on about

us, we lost him before we could catch his eye. Rounding a curb at the Avenida Rizal, we ran smack into **MILAGROS** and **LUCY GABRILLO**, both looking as chic as ever. After crossing the Quezon Bridge, we found ourselves in front of the Office of Private Schools. Curiosity got the better of us, so we invited ourselves in. Here, we were greeted by **Mr. D. P. MORALES**, former USC Normal Dept. head, now a Private Schools supervisor. According to him, we missed **ATTY. C. FAI-GAO** by a week. At the Records Section were ex-USC teachers, **Mrs. ADELFA PENALOSA** and **RAFAEL GUANZON**, with his usual stoop. Out of the corner of our eye, we saw **FR. ENGLEEN** deeply engrossed in conversation with **FR. PAULSEN**, liaison officer of all SVD schools in this country. At the dinner downstairs was **ROSE SANCHEZ** who came a-visiting her kinkof, one of whom happens to be **DULCESIMA SOMOSOT**. For religious purposes, however, Mammie has changed her namesake to **Sor Auxiliadora de San Agustin**.

Speaking of **madres**, who should turn up right outside of the Sta. Isabel College with a truckload of **Inmaculadistas** but **SOR RUFINA BAGADIONG**. The group had just gone down from Mt. Province and were on their way to Balara for a swim. We also stopped by the Philippine Normal Hall. Reading the list of transient boarders, we fingered the names of **LILY TUMULAK**, Nurses **JOSEFINA SANCHEZ** and **ALETA MENDOZA**, education coeds. Seated in the visiting room was **PUREZA AYSON** who informed us she was now teaching in Cagayan de Oro.

Seen here and there: **FR. BAUMGARTNER**, translating chinese characters with fellow SVD priests at the chinese Pavilion... **FR. HOEPEPNER**, USC delegate to the Philippine Pharmaceutical convention... **ROSE CHEW**, in a red, red tailored suit... **NEVA GONZALEZ BELO**, wearing smoked glasses and dressed to the teeth... **ATTY. VINCENT FRIAS** with his inseparable mustache... **MEDING MARQUEZ**, a schoolmarm at the Philippine Dental College... **MENG CAMARRA**, fresh from a Baguio trip... **INDAY BORROMEO** and **NENE REGNER**, the latter to wing her way soon to Rome... **Emma CLIMACO RAMAS**, probably on a belated honeymoon. **Barfly TRINING MORELOS**, on a brief stop-over before leaving for Hongkong... **1950 ROTCorps Spon-**

(Continued on page 33)

by
Bert Moore

The Necessity of Teaching Religion in Public Schools

THE investigations recently made by the government in connection with the charges against our three top Department of Education officials of obstructionism of the constitutional provision for the religious instruction of the youths in public schools have just been completed. Whatever may have been said, whatever judgment on the case will have been passed, there remains the fact that one of the primordial necessities in our schools today is the teaching of religion.

The need of religious instruction is especially imperative at the present time, in the face of the grave perils of Godless communism which threatens our very national survival. Dr. José P. Laurel emphasized the necessity of religious education for the Filipinos when he said, "Today, we are in the midst of an era of intense ideological conflict in which communism attempts, through devious ways and means, to destroy and completely annihilate human personality and its divine endowments, the better to make of peoples it can subjugate slaves and automatons who shall blindly serve a godless and ruthless government, established through class hatred and strife, in a supposedly classless and godless society."

"Thus, the Philippines, caught at the vortex of the continuing movement of communism towards the Far East, must respond to the imperative need for an educational

philosophy whose sublime purpose must rest on the bedrock of a moral hypothesis — the recognition and dignification of the human personality; the worth of the individual as an individual, created by and answerable to God, whence springs his faith in his uniqueness as the source of all the possible good, and the possible contributions that he may make to himself and to his kind — to society."

This imperative need for an educational philosophy can have its ready answer in the teaching of religion in our schools besides what are being taught today. Unfortunately, in the Philippines, the teaching of religion in the public schools has been relegated to the background because of the constitutional mandate that religion may only be taught in our public schools upon the option of the pupils' parents or guardians.

As a result, the implementation of the teaching of religion has not been carried to such an extent as to make it a contributing factor for the betterment of the individual and of the nation. In this regard, Dr. Pedro T. Orata, one of the leading educators in the country, said, "I believe it is safe to say that of all countries the world over, Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or any other, the Philippines stands unique in regard to the so-called religious instruction. . . . In enrollment, it is almost negligible — less than 350,000 in a total school population

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*Eugenio J. Alvarado, Jr.**
Graduate School

of 4,879,979, or roughly 7 pupils out of every 100. In other words, 4,537,592 or 93 of every 100 pupils enrolled are without religious instruction. Compare the ratio with Buddhist Thailand, Catholic Ireland, Protestant Scotland, to say nothing of France, Egypt, Israel, and Burma, where nearly every pupil enrolled in school is given an effective and well supervised religious instruction."

Dr. Orata continued, "That is quantitatively speaking. In quality, ours is also unique. We place high value in the fact that we are a Christian nation, but instruction in Christian principles is less, much less effective, than instruction in arithmetic or geography. We pay more attention to folk dancing or physical education. In fact, we pay more attention in everything else we do in school than to religious instruction. We give to God 'un-Godly hours,' and of course, supervisors are either eating lunch or taking a nap during these hours. We do not have courses in the teaching of religion in normal schools and colleges of education. In short, in theory we value religion in our lives, but in practice, religion is unimportant as a school subject."

Consequently, due to this lack of religious instruction in our schools, there has been moral decadence and increase of lawlessness in our country. Justice Luis P. Torres, chairman of the Integrity Board, assailed the inadequate provision being made for the religious or at least moral education of our youth, thus neglecting the formation of the character of our young citizens. Stressing the important role of the youth as future leaders, he stated that with the lack of religious education, one cannot say that "the Filipino youth is the hope of the country."

Justice Torres said, "I am concerned particularly about those boys

(Continued on next page)



The Author

* Mr. EUGENIO J. ALVARADO, Jr. is finishing his M.A. course this year. He studies at USC during summers and works as Registrar of Immaculate Conception College of Baybay, Leyte during regular semesters. He is an experienced school teacher having taught in the public elementary schools two years, in public high school for three years, and in private high school and college for three years. He is also poet by his own right, preferring classical poetry style to modern poetry. See his two sonnets on page 10.

—EDITOR

Complicity's

by
Vic Paras

It's summer time folks, and here's a grand parade of U.S.C.'s 1953 Summerians. . . .

Gracing the corridors every summer is ENDRING AÑOVER, . . . a public school marm of Leyte. Endy hopes to finish her B.S.E. course by the end of this term to brace up for the grind ahead. ROSETTA FERNANDEZ, VIC LEE, and PAT KRIECKENBECK, armed with elevated I.Q.'s are rainin' for top honors. Still at it, girls? Summer's offensive y' know.

Bright-eyed PANCHING NUÑEZ, is back again and for good measure. For one semester she made her exit and matriculated in Ateneo de Cagayan. Why, Ching? Can't make USC your alma mater?

Even a post-grad student (whose supposed to peer absent-mindedly behind specs and to appear old as grandma) isn't safe from prowling wolves who give whines at every pretty lass they least their eyes on. And Hildy Gocor is no exception. She's decidedly wolf-bait!

LETTY REYES is a new addition to the Carolinian world but she's beginning to like it here. Sweet and companionable Letty has told us that she has been bitten by the Carolinian bug. (We wouldn't know if the bug was a he or she).

KEILAN PALACIOS. . . gunning after the 1953 Mr. Philippines trophy with his extensor femoris and such stuff, breezed thru to the finals but failed to land a berth. Too bad, huh? A walking chunk of masculine eye-catcher is RAMON MECIANO whose gait is strictly PMA-ed. Planning to fight Huks, Ramon? Or wuzzit Korea. Tall, slim PORTIA BUNJUAN, conspicuous in her inconspicuousness. [How's that again?] Portia is back from heaven knows where. Some drawing card must have attracted her here. What's the low-down, Porf?

Morolandia's kind donation for this summer's parade are the twin glories—PADILLA and CARDONA. Glor Padilla intends to stay here only this summer. . . unless she changes her mind. Which is not unusual for a woman.

FRUCTUOSO RODRIGUEZ, that handsome, curly-haired jam-session habitué. Fruc talks like an authority on women and their idiosyncracies or whaddayacallit but at the end of every discourse on the obverse sex, he will confess that he has no g.f. [grandfather?], and that he would to heaven like one cute dream gal. Very nice companion certainly. . . Fruc, you need more legwork. ANITA CLAVERIA, whose mild and engaging disposition is a rarity hereabouts. Nice girl too, otherwise VENCIO [yaki yaki] wouldn't be hankering for her. Terribly in love, huh? Gosh, we never knew what was brewing all along. We need to poke our noses into more people's businesses. . .

LO VARELA. . . the enigma in black who seems very inscrutable in her simplicity. Highly intelligent and reads books avidly. We want to be in on who's the fortunate benefic-to-be. NGR. . . tall, fair and smart. Lawyer and editor of a local weekly is a very kind soul. [Ask Narciso Bacur. . .]. A hard-hitting penpusher who makes no bones and minces no words. ESTRING JAO comes to bone up on summer classes. Combine beauty, brains, a bank note and an impeccable grace in dancing and you have in your mind. Quite a combination, we would say.

PACHING BOLLOZOS will have her last stint in note-taking, this summer. Gosh, it was fun to have you in USC ching!

For music lovers, Little Menuhin, DANILLO CAÑETE, always has the welcome rug at his feet. One fling at his rendition of Massenet's "Thois" and you'll swear it was a sure-fire weapon to disarm stubborn hearts.

A group of would-be commerciantes find lots of headaches in their ac-
(Continued on page 22)

The Necessity of . . .

and girls of indigent families, of those who are in the slums of the big centers of population like Manila, and of those who have little or no notion of Divine Providence. Under this situation, youths easily fall prey to criminality and the vultures of communism. It seems that the sole purpose of our educational system is to cultivate only the mind of the pupil or student, to make him a wise man, a scientist in his own profession or calling, thus neglecting the other and most important part of the human being, his soul. Under such a system of instruction, it is not strange that a highly educated man, instead of being a worthy member of society, instead of using the knowledge acquired by him for some worthy purpose, becomes a criminal or an enemy of society.

The writer maintains that it is necessary that religion should be taught by compulsion in the public schools, for three main reasons. In the first place, from the viewpoint of the individual, religion should be taught, because it makes him feel secure in his relation with God. With this feeling of security, he can have peace of soul, and positively, as long as he is in good terms with God, he feels all right and is guided in the right path in life.

In the second place, from the standpoint of the State, divine security is important. The individuals in the State, who have no feeling of kinship with God, as can be established by the teaching of religion to them, will have no inhibitions in themselves. Within this kind of State, one does not have respect for the rights and property of others, because nothing will inhibit him from trespassing over these rights and property not his. The result would be chaos and disorder in the State.

In the third place, from the point of view of the Creator or Maker, religion should be taught. Religion is important because it IS so; it cannot be otherwise. There exists God; God must exist and this **must** is so strong that He insists on His honor. Therefore, we must give Him that honor, and to give Him that honor, we must have religion, which, to have adequately, must be taught in our public schools.

Religion cannot be separated from education. Sectarianism must be kept out of the public schools, but it is neither possible nor desir-
(Continued on page 24)

ROTC



By
Celedonio Barrameda Jr.
ROTC Editor and PRO

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ELEVEN USC ROTC GRADS GET AFP COMMISSIONS

The latest graduates of the Advanced ROTC course of USC has been given commissions as Second Lieutenants by virtue of Special Orders 90 and 105. All in all there are eleven who are experiencing the thrilling evolution from merely being cadets to actual, real Louies of the Armed Forces of the Philippines. The Special Orders also effected a change from cadet silver discs to choice, shining, golden bars, and the prefix **Cadet** before their names will be eliminated forever, giving way to the title **Lt.** or **Lieut.**

The successful former cadets are as follows: (Under General Orders 90)—Eutiquio E. Valmorla, AFSN O-86389; (Under General Orders 105)—Cosme T. Mirabueno, AFSN O-86390; Jose E. Villanueva, AFSN O-86391; Daniele P. Borromeo, AFSN O-86393; David B. Dulamas, AFSN O-86395; Restituto A. Bacalos, AFSN O-86397; Modesto R. Palmores, AFSN O-86398; Usualdo T. Cayongcong, AFSN O-86401; Cirilo R. Sario, AFSN O-86402; Pedro R. Patalinghug, AFSN O-86403; Eutiquio P. Colon, AFSN O-86404.

CANGA BREAKS THE RECORDS ON CARBINE

In the recent annual tactical inspection of all ROTC units under the 3rd Military Area, one of the most

signal achievements ever attained by any cadet single-handed was that outstanding performance re-

gistered by PFC CRISTINO CANGA of B Battery who dismantled the Carbine in 6, repeat 6, seconds. It is not fully known if this is a record-breaking performance for carbine dismantling among all ROTC units in the whole Philippines. But one thing is known: PFC Canga's feat has thrown all other records to the rocks as far as the San Carlos ROTC and the 3rd M A is concerned.

PFC Canga will only be a second year basic course cadet come July. He carved his spurs with the carbine while only on his first year.

HEADQUARTERS 19th BATTALION COMBAT TEAM
AFP, PHIL. EXPEDITIONARY FORCE TO KOREA
PAPO 6000

12 February 1953

GENERAL ORDERS NUMBER 4

AWARD OF THE MILITARY MERIT MEDAL

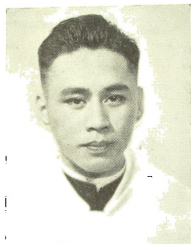
By the direction of the President, pursuant to par 2h Section 1 par 600-45, GHO, AFP, Camp Murphy, Quezon City dated 16 Dec 1948 and by special authority of the Chief of Staff, Armed Forces of the Philippines content memo tag, dated 10 Jan 1951 a military merit medal is hereby awarded to the following named Officers, 2nd Lt. Dominador Seva O-3350 F A and 2nd Lt Ernesto S. Digno O-8365 for heroic achievement against the enemy in Karhwaqomil, Chrowo, North Korea at 19-20 June 1952. *Lts. Seva and Digno members of FA Battery, 19th BCT in company with 2 enlisted men respectively they were earlier ordered to establish and occupy a Forward Observation Post at Hill 191 and Hill Geri. At around 1300 hours 19 June 1952 these 2 hills were subjected to intense enemy artillery and mortar bombardment full on friendly units occupying Hills 191 and Geri, but with the interest of the service foremost in their minds, these 2 Officers held their positions tenaciously and continued sending fire missions which not only prevented enemy loottroops to overrun friendly position but also inflicted tremendous casualties upon the enemy. Their inspiring leadership, their professional ability and their extreme devotion to duty all in keeping with the noble traditions in the military service these 2 Officers earned great credit upon themselves and the Armed Forces of the Philippines.*

BY ORDER OF COLONEL AGUIRRE:

Zozimo S Cruz
Capt Infantry
Adjutant

A Carolinian is Ordained Priest

By J. L. Echivarré



Rev. MANUEL SALVADOR

THE most an institution can do for a student is to cultivate and polish his spirit, mind and body for the bizarre and hazardous excursions he will meet upon embarking on a new unrehearsed life from school. His alma mater can give only these to him... and nothing more. Diplomas, medals and scholarships... they are mere mirrors to reflect what the school grades the student. A diploma serves as an official record of what the learner has learned. Medals may signify one's achievements while doing schoolwork and extra-curricular activities. Scholarships are given to him because the school feels that he should be rewarded and because the school is proud to have him. A student graduating with so many *laudes* to his name accentuates the fact that he was, after all, wide-awake in his classes.

But all these boons are mere accessories to the principal. The basic bone of all these accessory achievements is, that the student terminated his studies fully prepared, mentally and spiritually. He is ready to absorb Life's above or below-the-belt punches. His medals won't help him roll these wicked punches... it is his training in school that would ultimately come out to parry.

On the other hand, the best a student can do for his alma mater is singular. Whatever he achieves with blaring trumpets and flying colors in his calling is always a great honor for the school. That is the only thing he can do to recompense what he received. The school is sensitive to whatever he does; if he makes good, it is another feather added to its cap; if he fails, the reputation of the school goes with his downfall.

Of the past achievements in the fields of law, pharmacy, education, engineering, athletics, etc., of San Carlos, a new name had been added by one of its products, this time in the field of religion, on its roster of fame. This particular person's remarkable feat as a student in topping his classes has always been the pride of every Carolinian who had known him well in his student days in San Carlos and even when he resumed his studies in the University of Santo Tomas during which he was also able to maintain his high scholastic standings. Not one to take school-work lightly, he always topped every class where he happened to be in... valedictorian from primary to high school in the then Colegio de San Carlos, preserved his high scholastic record in the San Carlos Seminary and completed his Licentiate in Philosophy and his Theology, *summa cum laude* at the Pontifical U. This impressive record held by a true-blue USC alumnus is what every would-be scholar would give his right ear for. Such a kilometeric string of achievements is rare for an individual to have these days.

Reverend Father Manuel Salvador was ordained on March 21 in Manila and subsequently held his first solemn mass in Dalaquite, his hometown, last April eighteenth. He comes from a pious family of intellectuals. He is the younger brother of Reverend Father Veronico Salvador, parish priest of the Santo Rosario Church. Amidst a throng of well-wishers and indulgence-getting crowd, he solemnly said his initial mass with soul-stirring proficiency.

Thereafter, as an honorarium to

his scholarly achievements, he was given the sublime honor of preaching the Seven Last Words of Christ at the Cebu Cathedral during the Lenten Week. The inspiring lessons he elucidated to the Lent-observing public cut deep into their very hearts. The way he stressed his points showed his brilliance as a one-time scholar. It revealed to the public the learned aspect in him as a man of rank. But he did not only unveil himself in his sermon as a profound thinker and a well-grounded man of learning but, as well, a man of the people. His childhood ambition was always to become a priest... to serve the people through Christ's teachings. And apparently, he reached his zenith as a priest after he finished his eloquently delivered sermon. As an active sentinel of Christianity we can see that the Reverend Father Manuel Salvador will be, in no less time, be one of our advocates in Catholicism and a vigorous contender against Redism. We will not be surprised to find him in his evil stints of Communism and glorifying the spiritual truisms of Christ.

We dare say that this good-for-the-soul preachings are just routine numbers for a priest in the discharge of his duties. BUT it is not "just another priest" we will be facing... we would be opening our ears to welcome the words coming from that of a genuine Carolinian... from the lips of a learned scholar we once knew... from the heart of one whom we knew so well as a classmate. That indeed, would make the difference!

Father Salvador will be out of the Islands for at least four years to pursue his studies abroad. He plans to study further the intricacies of Canon Law in one of the leading universities of Rome by which he will enjoy a scholarship offered him. From the Vatican City he will proceed to the United States and take up English in one of the institutions of learning there.

Such is the dynamic character of the man. After accumulating a wide span of knowledge and so

(Continued on page 34)

The USC College of Law ★ ★ ★ Scores Again!

It may be recalled that class 1951 of the USC College of Law cornered the third and fifth places of the 1951 Bar exams given to candidates from all over the Philippines. The 1952 class did not duplicate the same feat. But it has a distinction all its own.

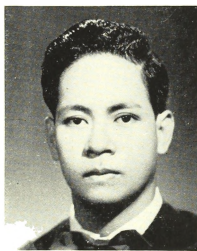
The USC College of Law this time hugs the top of the scoring board in point of general percentage of candidates who passed. Out of the 29 graduates of Law Class 1952 who took the last Bar exams, 28 breezed the finishing tape with the resounding general passing percentage of 96.55%. Only one failed.

In these pictorial pages are shown the new lawyers including those who graduated in the past years who finally made the grade in the last Bar exams together with the candidates of class 1952. We proudly present —

USC's Latest Lawyers



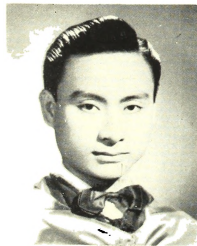
Atty. HERMILANDRO S. TOCMO
Corella, Bohol



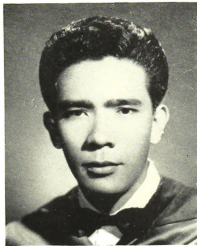
Atty. BIENVENIDO P. JABAN
30 J. M. Basa St., Cebu City



Atty. NENITA R. MALAJACAN
Cebu City



Atty. RAFAEL L. BELARMINO
Badlan, Cebu

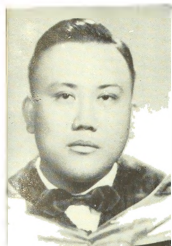


Atty. EVERGISTO M. CALYO
Balamban, Cebu

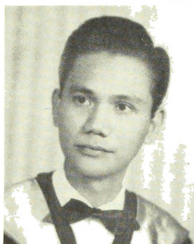


Atty. SOLOMON A. MACOY
Dumanjug, Cebu

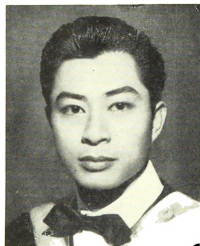
We Proudly Present



Atty. JOSE C. BORROME0
Cebu City



Atty. VICENTE M. REQUILME
Ronda, Cebu



Atty. CESAR A. RODRIGUEZ
Cebu City



Atty. LUCIANO SAYMAN
Bacoln, Baganga, Davao



Y. Crescenciano N. Peroline
Toledo, Cebu



Atty. MAXIMINO YLAYA
Pardo, Cebu



Atty. ANTONIO R. AVILA
Cebu City



Atty. LEONARDO M. BUTALID
Tegbitaran, Bohol



Y. ANTONIO T. BACALTOS
Tabunoc, Talisay, Cebu



Atty. ISMAEL B. SANCHEZ
Butuan City



Atty. FRANCISCO G. GODENIERA
Cebu City

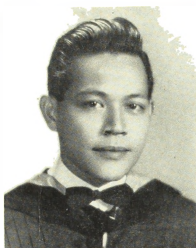


Atty. FEDERICO B. MERCADO
Marayag, San Francisco, Leyte

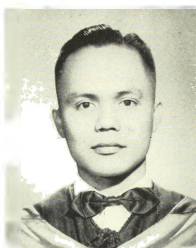
ISC's Latest Lawyers



Atty. PAULO A. EQUIPILAG
Pintuyan, Leyte



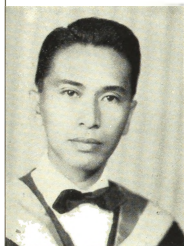
Atty. QUIRINO A. BACALTOS
Cebu City



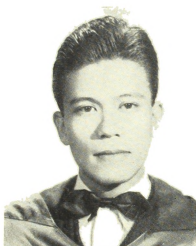
Atty. CORNELIO B. BESINGA
Guindulman, Bohol



Atty. JUAN A. DELDA
Cebu City



Atty. ELISEO DE LA SERNA
Dumanjug, Cebu



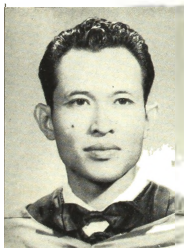
Atty. PANFILO ALPUERTO
Dumanjug, Cebu



Atty. DEMETRIO D. SARIT
Selvacion, Ormoc City



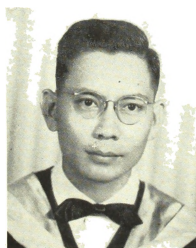
Atty. FELIX A. SAVELLON
Seaside Mambaling, Cebu City



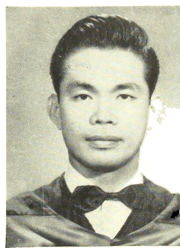
Atty. RESTITUTO A. MACOY
Dumanjug, Cebu



Atty. JOSUE L. GELYOSA
Guihuligan, Cauayan, Negros Occ.



Atty. MARIANO S. FLORDELIZ
Bato, Leyte



Atty. MAKIMO G. VILLARIN
Maulboal, Cebu

*Some of the Repeaters; but just the same,
they are some of USC's New Lawyers.*

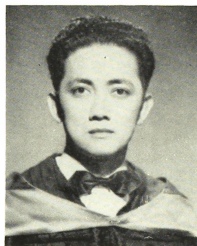
INOTE: Atty. Aurelio Fernandez is not a repeater; he only failed to take Bar exams immediately after his graduation in 1951.



Atty. AURELIO FERNANDEZ
Carmen, Cebu



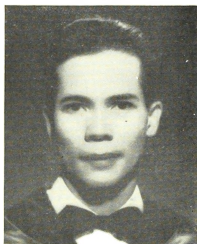
Atty. RAMON L. OSMERA
Cebu City



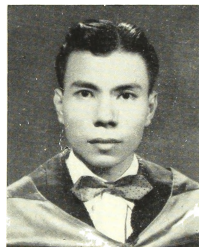
Atty. ANTONIO SOLON
Cebu City



Atty. CRESCENCIANO DAYANAN
Carcar, Cebu



Atty. AUGUSTO F. PEREZ
Kalibo, Capiz



Atty. RAMON B. TUPAS
Mambajao, Misamis Oriental



Atty. HORACIO G. ADAZA
Dapitan, Zamboanga



Atty. EUFEMIO V. RUIZ
Tagbilaran, Bohol



Atty. ANANIAS H. RAMOS
Larena, Negros Oriental

ALUMNI CHIMES

Edited by "BERT" MORALES
Alumni Editor

ALUMNOTES

FLORETO, KINTANAR AWARDED MERIT CERTIFICATES

In recognition of distinguished service along educational lines, Mr. Dominador Floreto and Miss Kintanar were awarded Certificates of Merit by a grateful alma mater last March 7 during the luncheon and program which highlighted the Cebu Normal School Homecoming Week.

The two recipients are on the USC faculty roster. Mr. Floreto runs the Night High School while Miss Kintanar teaches "Output = input" in the Girls' High School. Both mentors are holders of the Master of Arts degree from the San Carlos University.

KNOT-TYING

The knitting of Florentina Morales, a San Carlos education coed, and Rustum Eduave, a movie actor, as Mr. and Mrs. took place last March 8 at the Cebu Pro-Cathedral church. Veil sponsor was Jess Roa, USC faculty member. After the ceremonies, breakfast and luncheon was served at the bride's residence.

Of interest to Cebu and Leyte social articles was the Asuncion-Aberasturi knot-tying solemnized in Leyte last April. Engr. Pidoy Asuncion is a BPW man in Cebu City; the bride-elect is an alumna of the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion. Standing as best man was Dr. Graciano Du who, they say, will soon be one of the principals at his own wedding.

Former USC coed, Nora Florendo, skipped to the altar with Isaias Lorenzana in Manila's Central Church last April 26, followed by a reception at the Manila Hotel. During her stint in this university, she was singer, declaimer, dancer ... all wrapped in one cute bundle

... aside from her versatility in the emoting game.

450 GRADS TAKE USCAA OATH

In the cap-and-gown exercises last March, some 450 graduates were inducted into the USC Alumni Association by Atty. Cornelio Faiqao, alumni head, swelling once more the alumni rank and file. During the same occasion, Estrella Veloso was awarded a medal by Very Rev. Bunzel, SVD, Acting Rector, for placing second in the 1952 Pharmaceutical Board exams.

On the top of the heap of second semester graduates were Edna Lim, *suma cum laude*; Lovita Dy, Julieta Bermudez, Editha Roxas, Carmelita Moran, *magna cum laude*; Aurora Usman, Cesar Villalor, Erlinda Mañalac, Socorro Aviles, Amparo Montecillo, Alicia Cadavos, Eustaquia Panes, Anio-nina Mendoza, Ruperta Unabia, Araceli Lasola, Jesusa Pua, *cum laude*; Aniano Desierto, Angeles Manaog, Annie Ratcliffe, Carlota Sevilla, *with highest honors*.

POLITICALIMELIGHT

With elections in the offing, the political spotlight is once again focused on alumni aspiring for public office. Among the almost so hopefuls for Cebu's seven congressional seats are Atty. Ramon L. Osmeña, son of Cebu's Grand Old Man, second district; Atty. Mario Ortiz, San Carlos faculty member, fourth district; Atty. Robustiano Dejaraso, pioneer-graduate of the USC College of Law, fifth district; Atty. Jesus Garcia, former USCAA prexy, and Col. Jesus Mercado, sixth district.

With the exception of Atty. Garcia and Col. Mercado who, up to this writing, have not as yet shown their political color, all are running under the Nacionalista banner. It may be recalled that Atty. Osmeña, one of the successful examinees in the last bar exams, was the personal representative of his illustrious father at the tumultuous NP convention held last April 12.

(Continued on next page)



Mr. Floreto receiving his Certificate of Merit from the CNS.

ALUMNEWSETTES

Elected recently as officers of the Philippine Institute of Accounts, Cebu Chapter, were several USCAA members, namely: Jesus Martinez, vice-president; Amparo Rodil (USC alumni veep); secretary; and Teotimo Abellana and Benjamin Borromeo, members of the board of directors.

Be-dimpled Inday Vivera, after a 4-year absence from her alma mater, has finally come home to roost. She is teaching prospective librarians in this university the intricacies of Library Science. Younger sis, Ramona, an ex-USC sponsor, is a senior in the UST College of Pharmacy.

June Dejaresco is one alumnus who is keeping the Green Cross of

THE UNKNOWN CAROLINIAN
Parents of USC alumni who died in the battle for freedom in World War II are earnestly requested to communicate the names of such soldier alumni, and other data thereof, to Atty. C. Faigao, president, USC Alumni Association, University of San Carlos, Cebu City.

USC burning bright in the Bohol horizon. Aside from his newspaper work, he is a law professor of the Holy Name College in Tagbilaran and secretary of the laycee chapter in that province.

Intern-physician at the National Orthopedic Hospital is Monching Borromeo, one of the new doctors who passed the November board exams. He plans to take up post graduate work in the U.S. in the near future.

After toe-breaking days of whipping into shape her Students' Ballet Recital, Luz Mancao Sandiego put up a show last March 15 which packed the USC Quadrangle with ballet-lovers from Cebu's elite. Among the ballerinas featured were Campuscrat Delia Saquin and Sawatri Gurbuxani.

Of 41 candidates who took the tough exams for cadetship to the PMA in Baguio, only two passed. One is a Carolinian, Gregorio Alenton, a Commerce I student.

Our condolence goes to Lily A. Escario and Betty A. Derecho for the death of their father, the late Jesus Alburo, last March. Also to Bingbing, Herminio, Jose, Demosthenes, Leonora, Nilo, Olivia, Ramon, and Tita Valencia for the demise of their father, Dr. Pio Valencia, on the 8th of March.

Campuscrats

(Continued from page 14)

counting subjects. Debit that, credit this, and balance them. It's tough work and Miss LILIA CABATINGAN is ready on her grading sheet. One serious discrepancy means bankruptcy and kerplunk! You enroll in the same subject. So, there it is in a nutshell. Headaches, head-ache and backaches are expected. That must be why... ALMA ESCARIO, PURA CIMAFRANCA, CONSUELO GO, and FLORIT DELGADO are sweating it out with all seriousness.

Love to taste samples of native delicacies? MILA SOL, CELING BULADO and CHINGEH JAKOSALEM from the H.E. department will make you perk up with their preparations of tasty native meals. Only proves the truism that "the best way to win a man's heart is through the stomach...."

From the Villegas clan, we have Norma and Nena. By the by, Nena has already add prefix to her name... Mrs. Ramirez. Fast becoming a model among young men JOHNNY MERCADO, tall and deeply religious prefers to be in the chapel during free times rather than loiter around. Alta boy, Johnny! Show'em how to be hard-hitting and at the same time humble.

Scion of a moneyed family of Dumanjug and acclaimed one of the best dressed and well-groomed gentlemen of USC, FLORO RICAMORA proudly presents his varieties of nylon shirts as his daily wear. He is not only fond of nylon shirts, but of classical music just as well. When asked to play Buencamino's "Luba" he refused saying that he wanted to prevent tears from being wasted. [Sigh and double sigh!]

CONCHING BAWASANTA keeps her body slim. How d'ya do it Suelf? No matter how puzzling schoolwork becomes, Suelf or Conching never winces a bit. Guess that pretty head is chock-full of gray matter! Mind giving us some Ching?

Speaking of curves and figures... MERCING GANTUANGCO, TERESING MIRAFUENTES, CARDING TANGAN, AMPARING ROSOS, LILY MAHINAY, NENA CONCEPCION, and ROSE DAIG are taking slimmatics under Miss CARMENCITA VILLAMOR. Purpose: to obtain and/or maintain the figure that ticks. Right? We incidentally bumped into a die hard "Magsaysay-for-President" gal... ELIZABETH BELCINA. Proudly wears the "Magsaysay is my guy" pin, and superbly dances the Magsaysay mambo. How about the Magsaysay poodle Liz?

Lovely sisters Linda and Lilia CINCO always sport smiling eyes. Mind you, it's no optical illusion. It is down-to-heart honest-to-goodness reality. LINDA and LILIA are simply adorable in their friendliness and companionship.

The college of Pharmacy has a trio of happy-go-lovelies... There's PERLA TORRES who is simply buzzing with everything that can be spoken about on the face of this globe. She's a bit childish too. Some guy is planning to tug at her apron strings. What sez you, PERLA? There's HELEN CUE who is the perfect antithesis of PERLA. Wonder how they get along fine and dandy? EVA ESTORCO, being dress-conscious makes people (mostly men of course) goggle-eyed at her.

Regular Library-browser is CHARLES VANAUSDAL, tall, blue-eyed and serious. Enigmatic as a problem in math. Easy to befriend, though. He's merely reticent. We would like to know what's in his mind. Must be interesting.

As I live and breath... cute and incandescent ALMIRA PEREZ with her come-and-get-in smiles whirled into USC classrooms after a riotous four-year rump session at CIC. So this time it's USC, eh, AL?

When CIONY "CHOY" MUÑA flashes a Kuselale smile on some lucky stiff misters in da' campus start to let out quizzers that kindles midnight candles such as who "could that be?" "Where's the Jaguar?": Yeah, where is it CHOY?

Juniors are presented to be spoiled brats... at home, in school, in public places, in billiard halls, or even in politics (know what I mean?). But here's a Junior who's tryin' to prove the fallacy of the presumption. Anyway, he could be an exception to the rule. Joe Lucero, Junior, that debonair chunk of masculinity is the guy. He asserts that he doesn't take a second look at enticing coeds just so that he won't be disturbed in his review. The guy means business with mind and heart all set to becoming a lawyer.

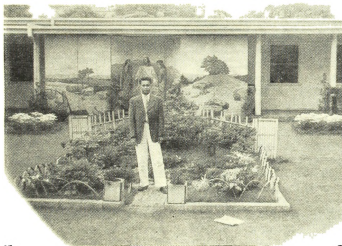
But whew, it's too hot in the City of Cebu. Now we go to cooler spots by vicarious experience if we can. If our locale were a desert, we would like to dream of a Hammerfest or a Northpole. Anyway, the parade's over and done with. Bye!

From USC to Stanford

**With Engr. Victorino Gonzales
Fullbright-Smith-Mundt Scholar
and Alumnus of USC College
of Engineering**

Leaving the University of San Carlos last May, 1952, our Engineering Scholar went on his way to Stanford University of California, U. S. A.

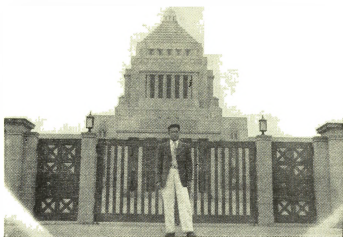
He bid goodbye to Manila on the SS President Cleveland which sailed via Hongkong, Kobe, Yokohama and Honolulu before docking at Frisco. From Frisco he only had to motor 33 miles to the south to



**The garden of chapel center (where we attended mass) at
Yokohama, Japan.**



**The Waikiki beach, showing the Royal Hawaiian Hotel on
the background.**



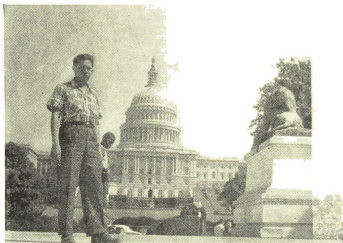
**The Imperial Diet Building, where the Japanese legislators
meet in session, at Tokyo, Japan.**

reach Stanford University wherein he enrolled on June 18, 1952 for the summer quarter taking the course of Master of Science in Civil Engineering majoring in Hydraulics. The term lasted until Aug. 30, 1952, after which, he spent a month's vacation travelling transcontinental over 22 states of the Union from Frisco to New York via the northern route.

Engr. Victorino Gonzales resumed his Stanford University studies on September 30, 1952, and was awarded his M. S. in Civil Engineering degree last April 3, *en absentia*, because he was then on his way back to USC having actually left Stanford U last March the 23rd yet. A professorship in the USC College of Engineering was awaiting him when he arrived back home in Cebu City.

As a holder of a Fullbright travel grant and a Smith-Mundt maintenance and school grant, Engr. Gonzales has acquitted himself honorably in his studies at Stanford U by having been ranked as third in his class in point of grades, although it could not be shown on graduation because in Stanford U, no honors are awarded in the Graduate School.

On this page are only a few of the shots taken of him on different occasions at various locations when he was on the way to the United States and when he visited Washington, D.C. on his continental tour.



**The Capitol Dome evokes blended emotions to anybody looking
up at it — it's a symbol of hope and peace and democracy.**

The Necessity of Teaching . . .

(Continued from page 14)

able to keep religion separated from education. The opponents of the suggestion for the compulsory instruction of religion in the public schools advance the theory that this would result in chaos and turmoil. They say that the group in the majority would force their will on the minority. They aver that if a Catholic public school teacher is assigned to teach religion as an additional subject, it will make him feel prejudiced to the pupils in his class who might be Protestants.

However, the writer believes that there is no difficulty of teaching religion in the school even if the students belong to different religious sects. The objection of prejudice is only theoretical and does not actu-

ally exist. Let us say a Catholic teacher teaches English only, and he does not feel any prejudice towards his Protestant student. If this teacher is assigned to teach religion, will it necessarily mean that he will feel prejudiced towards the Protestant students? Will the assigning of religion as an additional subject for him to teach change his attitude of non-prejudice and fairness towards his Protestant students? The answer is "No." Hence, the objection of prejudice is only in theory.

With all the foregoing arguments, we can, therefore, say that if the aim of education is not to produce children and youth who are merely well-informed and skilled but without moral and reli-

gious; if the aim of education is to produce citizens of deep and intelligent convictions; if in this age of materialism, in this period of human life when the struggle for human existence seems to be the only goal towards which humanity's efforts are directed to attain its happiness, all other considerations, particularly those of spiritual value, are ignored and forgotten; if we are to prevent the tide of communism from engulfing us; if we are to maintain rightfully our place as the "only Christian country in the Orient;" then, religion must be given a paramount place in our national life, and the teaching of it must be made necessary, better still compulsory, in our schools.

What is Russian Communism?

(Continued from page 11)

force you to answer if it embarrasses you, Mr. Foster.

Mr. Foster: It does not embarrass me at all. I stated very clearly the Red flag is the flag of the revolutionary class, and we are part of the revolutionary class.

Chairman: I understood that.

Mr. Foster: And all capitalist flags are flags of the capitalist class, and we owe no allegiance to them.

(Writer's note: This last answer means plainly that Communists in the U.S.A. claim to owe no allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, and profess allegiance only to the flag of the proletarian revolution, which is guided, controlled, and ordered from Moscow. In other words, Foster's admission means that Communists throughout the world own no allegiance to the lawfully elected government of their respective countries, but, on the contrary, profess unwavering allegiance and blind obedience to Soviet Russia!)

USING FREEDOM TO CRUSH FREEDOM

Here in free America, as in other free countries, we find a contemptible organization, the Communist Party, taking advantage of democracy to overthrow democracy; using freedom of speech to exterminate freedom of speech; availing themselves of freedom of assembly to eliminate freedom of assembly. Just suppose that in Soviet Russia a party attempted to organize in order to introduce the American form of government and destroy the Soviet system! We cannot make

everyone who is conversant with the Soviet system knows well that no such attempt would be tolerated, and that even those who, without aiming at the overthrow of the Soviet government, merely strove to introduce a truly democratic system of voting would be promptly liquidated. No papers could possibly be published advocating any but the despotic Soviet system; no meetings could be convened to launch a democratic system; no speeches could be delivered to advocate free elections. To suppose such an investigation in the U.S.S.R. as I have been describing, which was a reality in the U.S.A., and to imagine in addition that, as in the advocated another form of government was allowed to pursue his way and continue his propaganda, would be to suppose or imagine an impossibility.

Yet here in our midst, in "the land of the free and the home of the brave;" here in a country that is known throughout the world for its democracy and liberty; here in a land where workmen have singular advantages and effective means of redressing any grievances; here in a Republic where flourish freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of voting for whom one wishes, freedom to express one's opinion and to criticize the government and even the President, we find despicable traitors who, while refusing to give allegiance to the flag of their homeland which guarantees such freedom, pledge their complete loyalty to a

horrible alien power and use (or, rather, abuse) the very freedom of their homeland in order to crush out the vestige of that freedom and establish in its place the Soviet system, which has emerged from the bowels of hell and strives with diabolical ingenuity and infernal power to pollute the entire world.

America is very tolerant; but there is such a thing as being too tolerant when it comes to the question of dealing with the worst kind of criminals. Freedom must not be allowed to grow into unbridled license. As the gangster and the murderer are checked by drastic laws, or at least severely punished by the State, so also those who are disseminating the worst kind of disloyalty to the State, the most terrible form of treachery to their country, and the most awful species of enmity to society, and who are actively striving to attain their iniquitous ends under the aegis of an alien government, should be effectively checked and, if they strive to persist, put where they can no longer exercise their baneful influence. By all means let them, if they so desire, migrate to their beloved U.S.S.R. — and remain there "for the term of their natural lives."

A mother gives her children whatever religion is advisable; but we cannot imagine any sane mother allowing a wayward child to take from a shelf his father's razor when she knows that the child's intention and avowed purpose is to slash her own throat at the very first opportunity!



SPORTS Round-up

By "TOMMY" ECHIVARRE
Sports Editor

MAN TO MAN

by TUNNY ACHE

A salubrious plan had been hatched by City officials to construct a gymnasium as one of the many projects in store for the city beautiful. To start its wheels rolling, the Playground Commission invited whizbang teams from Manila to play exhibition games for a fund-raising rampage. So far, nothing has been built to signify an athletic house probably due to political reasons. But whatever those intriguing reasons might be, the bare fact is: There is still no sign of constructing a gamehouse for the city. Because of political tomfoolery, there is a maddening deadlock in proceedings.

St. Charley concocted the same plan of gym-building long before those city officials took up their respective jobs. A similar stew was brewed but somehow it ran stale. We don't know why. Surely politics should be out of the question!

You do not have to question us why gymnasiums are important. Even a kid in knee pants knows that. YOU know it well enough.

We wonder how those shapely PE students feels upon being raided by a dozen Peeping Toms. Transparent screens wouldn't do much in keeping those nice legs from wolf view. . . they even help stimulate curiosity! We do not object on seeing beautiful things on the stage but it usually robs us of our appetites when the contrary is shown. Now Reverend Fathers! US do something about this!

Aside from those things which by the way, are bad for the eyes, we have another that could drive us nuts while in the classrooms: the persistent ball-thuddings in the basketball courts. Father Engelen has been trying his best to minimize

(Continued on next page)

NEW FACES

In this coming CCAA season, the San Carlos U team will make its 1953 bid for cage leadership with a younger and fresher crop of gamesters than that of last year's. Tactician Baring did not say that this group of hoopsters was stronger than that of the previous year but he opined that the 1953 team would surely give a good work-out to the opposing teams. Most of the recruits have seen action in the hard-court during their past years.

Out of the picture would be Rudy Jakosalem, skipper and point-maker of the team, who finished his regulation period of four years of playing in the CCAA (collegiate level). Jakosalem played for USC for approximately seven years—three in high school and four in college; Jesus Cui Jr., set-shooter and a defensive player, who quit basketball for his flying lessons; Tiburcio Umasas, rookie and rebounder; Amado Rubi, jump-shot artist; and Carlitos Alvarez, back-board specialist.

Geared for battle are: Roy Morales, playmaker and most probable captain of the team; Martin Echivarre, Jr, keyman and versatile shooter; Evaristo Sagardui, long-armed hook-shooting center who usually breaks the spirit of his opponents by his uncanny way of sledging the ball; Vicente Dionaldo, whose neat one-hand flips, tells the difference between defeat and victory; Fausto Arche, whose hunting grounds for points never excels the foul line; he just waits under the rim to tip in missed shots. Antonio Young, although untried in the CCAA wars, a battle-scarred center who makes points mainly on twisting "jump-shots". He was a former star of the Intramural champion Commerce team. T. Echivarre, who is entering on his fourth year of college playing in San Carlos; Dellin Sestoso, the team's broomstick who still lacks seasoning but

has proven himself murderous on undergool shots.

To be tried on the court will be, Danilo Deen, lynxed-eyed guard of the Sto. Niño Juniors; Rudolfo Arcello, captain-ball of the Abellana High School squad which captured the East Visayan pennant for public schools; Sotero Castañeda, fleet-footed forward of the AHS; Chute Ballesteros, making a switch from football to basketball; and Celestino Larrazabal, a fresh hoopster from Omoc.

TO HOLD VOLLEYBELLES INTRAMURALS

The opening of the regular school-year will feature another athletic event for the students. The women will be given the chance to prove their mettle in volleyball.

The plan however is still under study by the school exponents in athletics. All the departments will be required to form an all-female volleyball team to represent their respective colleges. Out of this departmental game, the best players will be chosen by competent savants to compose the varsity team.

TWO CAROLINIANS HELP FORM "REST" TEAM

Two football stars from USC were picked by the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation (PAAF) to compose a collegiate football team which was to trade kicks with the visiting Singapore shinbusters. Chosen were: Alfredo de Jesus, captain of the school team and Solronio Mondragon, right winger and point maker of the team.

WARRIORS CONQUER HOLY NAME

Playing their last of a series of goodwill tours, the Carolinians gave a nice ending to their 1952-53 story. That was their last official game for the school-year. A smooth and well-timed shot, two-handed as his usual style, by Rudolfo Jakosalem, leader of the aggregation, clinched the

(Continued on next page)

Sports Round-up

(Continued from page 25)

Warriors Conquer . . .

game for San Carlos with a thin margin, 34-35. That was also Jakosalem's last official shot for San Carlos; he will be out of the official line-up next year having swelled up his quota in the CCAA of four years.

COACH BARING TAKES AN ASPIRIN

The near-great spheroid maestro is on the loose again. This time a smaller needle is in the haystack. He is beating his brains out trying to make a champion team out of last year's debris. As it is, the looks of the team is not much to bet on judging from the calibre of the try-outers that have splurged the basketball court from the start of summer training. Additions as well as subtractions have been the characteristic feature undergone by the prospective 1953-54 cage varsity. For the moment we can not enumerate the bunch that will don the Green and Gold jersey in this coming CCAA tussle for it is yet early to guess and we do not know what surprise packages the mentor will unwrap. But we can say this: With bitter rancor in our hearts, San Carlos will once taste the cellar unless Mr. Baring performs a real Houdini job. What he needs is a man that can outump and outshoot anybody on the opposing team. If he will depend only on the average players he had last year then he is a goner. At present he has nobody to pin all his hopes on.

Gone were the days when USC used to spread a strange fascination over local basketballdom when it came to winning gonfolons. Yes those were happy days for Coach Baring. In 1946, the name USC was lord all over the country outplaying Manila teams with satisfying margins. The National Intercollegiate Championship trophy went to them in no less time. That was the highest peak of achievement in athletics USC got. And from there, their luck began to ebb. The following year the line-up was badly crippled by the loss of Genaro Fernandez to the UST Glowing Goldies. Although Lauro Mumar was still on the team together with Vicente Cortes, Jimmy Bas and Joe Abella, yet the one-time perfect teamwork that they had as a fighting five was broken. And in the CCAA they were able to

content themselves with the runner-up position. From 1947 to 1949 it was a period of hibernation like a bear licking his wounds that was incurable. No cups went to the USC cabinet in that span of time. Then came 1950. New faces in the varsity marked the incoming of fresh crops from the high schools. Mumar followed Fernandez to Manila and enrolled himself in Letran College which he became readily the skipper of the team. Added to the time-worn, battle-tested vets of the previous year, these group of youngsters piped in the tricks of Mr. Raymond Johnson, an All-American basketball star who tried his hand for the first time in coaching a team. He was then assisted by Mr. Manuel Baring, current coach of the team. Johnson's brand of basketball, was genuine American. He labored for his team night and day teaching the now famous "Johnson push shot" and the effective weaving during man-to-man defenses. The team steamrolled in the first round encounters of the popular CCAA fight flattening all the teams that came their way. But they had one weak spot — a weak offense on zone defenses. This weakness was soon discovered by the clever coach of USP and in the second round series, Johnson's team lost success-

Man to Man

(Continued from page 25)

ize this racket by confiscating balls used on the wrong time. It's no use Father. The Varsity seems to have enough privilege in this school with those mysterious permits they get. But they have their reasons and in a way they are right. We want a team to represent San Carlos but we don't want them to represent poorly. We don't want them to lose a game because they lack practice. So they have to practice!

And so, we need a gym. . . that bad. We can hold our varsity scrimmages, PE instructions and other kinds of leg-work—even the Intramural games—without disturbing classes. Flyweight reasons such as, lack of funds and on space should be shoved aside. We can do it if we want to. All we need is a Father Hoerdemann for the moment. And that is a dare for the strong-hearted to take for the love of good old USC.

ively to the wily Panther coach. They dropped to second place. The next year, 1951, luck was still with them. Although there were a few upsets suffered yet they managed to gain a berth for the championship round. By that time the paleface coach left the team to Mr. Baring while he took his vacation in his hometown in the States. "Maning", as he is often called by the boys, pulled several tricks from his sleeves and culfs to baffle the wily tactician of USP in the championship fight. Out of the smoke of the tense battle for leadership of the league, the Green and Gold banner came out bruised but not broken. They were proclaimed champions of 1951. Added to the enormous trophy, USC got the following honors: Cleanest playing team of the series, highest scoring team, Coach of the Year awards to Mr. Manuel Baring, Honorable mention in the Most Valuable Player award which went to Skipper Jose Espeleta of USC. It was a proud day for Mr. Baring and Father Constante Floresca who tutored the victorious team with parental care.

The following year, 1952, the defending champions lost Jose Espeleta, skipper and playmaker. Rudy Jakosalem took over where Espeleta had left and finished his four-year quota in the CCAA with flying colors. Although no champion was proclaimed in that year due to verbal altercations and unbecoming behaviour of two rival institutions, local sports cognoscenti still predicted that USC was a team to be reckoned with. They said that the team gave no quarter nor asked for one.

This is 1953. To make crystal-ball guesses is our job. But unless, Mr. Baring do something about it, the team will head to the rocks. He is still trying to gather what remained of last year's garbage and add a little speck of "promising" recruits to answer your questions in the forth-coming CCAA brand-new hoop session. The overhauling started last April and the Coach has been buying aspirin tablets by the dozens to bog down that nauseating headache of selecting with gambler-like precision.

As the Maestro is also mentoring the high school bunch, adding more pains in his neck, it really is a tough assignment for a hardworking old feller that he is.

What Do You Think

Conducted by
B. K. TORIO

A good many savants boldly claim that politics is the science of good government. Why that isn't the craft of misgovernment, which is a more apt if not less generous term, we leave entirely to the more painstaking realist. That's his fodder.

By whatever standards, twists and quirks, politics is definitely in the air. The truth is that it has never disappeared from the national scene as far as we can kick a tin can. As if the temperature were not bad enough, the political cauldrons are beginning to boil while the eyes of a curious world are peering mischievously behind our country's backdoor.

For the first time in Philippine political annals, all the inhabitants of the Upper House attend the sessions — some of them hot-footing to Congress two hours before session time. Camilo Osias, the pipe-toting La Union solon, scooted twice to the Senate Presidency, each time for thirteen unhealthy days. And always after every jet-propelled about-face. Zulueta came up next with clandestine nocturnal hops, skips and jumps into the Presidential yacht "Apo." L'Offaire Castelo is now history. So will be the MAGSAYSAY MAMBO and Recto's keynote speech. A historical people we are, sons historians.

This column's theme for the current issue has the political touch, not to say, bodyhold. Student opinion on the Recto-Castelo quarrel is presented in this page. It is hoped that the political muddle will not raise panic and unnecessary nightmares. We are merely undergoing a transition into heaven knows best.

ABOUT THE RECTO-CASTELO IMBROGLIO?



Caridad Abao

● **CARIDAD ABAO, College of Pharmacy,** says: "Personally, I don't approve of all these charges and counter-charges which scream in the press and blare in the radio. These things are making people panicky and their minds pounce upon speculations and conjectures. We are on the verge of political insanity. Things happen so fast and so unexpectedly that we get lost and confused. There must be an end to this and I dare say that there is a means of clamping down on these monstrosities. The scoundrels should be yanked out of their positions and the decent, moral men should be elevated to

high offices. Honest men are what we need. If there were a moratorium on politics in the first place, the Recto-Castelo verbal tug-of-war would have been fiction."

● **FRUCTUOSO RODRIGUEZ, College of Education** says: "The Recto-Castelo affair is a blessing in the guise of press releases and privilege speeches. It has done a good deal of eyebrow-raising on the part of the layman. Such grave charges should be probed for their veracity or falsity. We cannot keep them dangling before the bar of public opinion.



Fructuoso Rodriguez

The truth should be known. People want to know who is persecuting whom or if both are persecuting each other. Whoever is found to have run afoul of the law should be hied where he belongs — behind bars. And in the name of justice, the innocent should be left in peace. If both are guiltless, they should be told to bury the tomahawk. If guilty, they must be prosecuted without fear or favor. That's the way Democracy survives."

● **GENARA MELGAR, College of Commerce,** says: "Sometime last year, Speaker Perez and Vice-President Fernando Lopez were after each other's necks. A lot of nasty epithets were swap-



Genara Melgar

ped between the duo. Charges of hidden wealth and official dishonesty were levelled against each other in news reports. The verbal wrestle was getting so that no holds were barred. Each man was apparently for his own while skeletons rattled in each other's closets. The Vice-President upped and dared the Manong to bare his assets. The Manong hurled the same challenge. Just when their treasure chests were about to be unlocked, who do you think swished in? The Apo who reprimanded the protagonists for being childish. The more-moro closed like a clam.

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Caroliniana

(Continued from page 2)

bor, Okinawa. In our reunions then, I found out how deeply he loves San Carlos. He was always in contact with Carolinians and inquiring for developments at USC. Johnny Mercader who sometime during that period was editor of *The Carolinian* was his regular correspondent. Ben wangled a mealy poem out of us which he sent to editor Johnny Mercader who had it printed as *Ode to My Alma Mater* in one of the 1948 issues of *The Carolinian*. We were outside of the Philippines, and we thought then that we could never be back again at USC.

By the early part of 1949, we had to quit our stint with the USATS as Chief Radio Operator, so that from that time on, we thought we could not see Ben anymore, for we went home to Cebu ostensibly to resume our very-much-delayed studies. And we thought we won't hear from Ben anymore and his usual musings about San Carlos, for he was steady with his doughboys at Okinawa. But through Filo, his brother, who was by that time a law undergraduate at San Carlos when we re-enrolled, we kept posted on the goings-on of Ben, the go-getter and the charmer.

It was Filo who told us that Ben, after getting tired of the biting winds of barren Okinawa, asked to be discharged from the U. S. Army at the "zone of the interior". He got what he wanted. From a separation center in the United States, he proceeded to look for Dr. Wallingsford, his maternal grandfather who is living in Missouri. The reunion must have been tear-filling.

And Ben did not waste time loafing around in a country new to his eyes and perspectives. He availed himself of the G-I Bill of Rights and tried to resume his Medicine Course at a college in Missouri. But he was human too; and although he was quite absorbed with his medical books (for that time, Ben already meant business), he was only but human in looking around making friends. Social creature that Ben is, he could not help but be popular with his classmates and neighbors. It did not take him long to fix his eyes on a pretty Missourian coed. He was betrothed to her before long.

But then, at the eve of his wedding, he received Army Orders to report at once to an Army Center, thus leaving everything again behind. In camp, they were geared to move at any moment's notice, for somewhere. When the Army Transport which took them aboard was already churning the broad waters of the Pacific, that was only then that he knew they were proceeding to Korea and its battlefields.

Hawaii, Wake, Midway, Japan, and finally, Korea and fight! The rest of what he went through will consume pages. But anyway, we cannot tell it ourselves even if we want to. For gregarious and showy as Ben was in the past, he did not give us any inkling of whatever deeds he performed in combat. The U. S. Army must have ingrained in him indelible lessons in secrecy discipline, even if he could already have told about his doings without violating regulations. Or he just did not have a chance at all to reveal to us any of his doings below the 38th parallel due to the limited time he had with us when last we saw him.

He arrived Cebu City on a Wednesday and had to leave the following Sunday. But we were able to bring him

The Roving Eye

(Continued from page 3)

even condemn the Church's stand as something that smacks of dictatorship. Since when has it become undemocratic for a majority to insist upon its constitutional rights?

* * * * *

A certain LeRoy of the CENTRAL ECHO (Central Philippine College, Iloilo City) campus newspaper treats of the fiesta evil in the Menckeness manner. *There is no country so bedeviled by fiestas as ours is. The idea is to have a big splurge today and starve tomorrow. We, Filipinos, by sheer force of habit induced by centuries of pernicious Iberian influence, fiesta-away our time and substance and fool ourselves that we are a happy people.*

We're not digging up any bone of contention with LeRoy but, if we may say so, fiestas also have their merits. Take, for instance, their spiritual values. What are fiestas primarily held for? To honor patron saints. How about the biggest of 'em all — the Philippines' International Fair? Here is a very effective means of selling our country to foreigners. Believe us, it's going to have far-reaching results in boosting our foreign commerce and tourist trade. True, making the rounds of the Fair sure burns a hole in your pocket. But let it burn. It's worth it anyhow.

As a matter of fact, we are now right in the heart of the World Fair... our Roving Eye feasting on the many eye-filling exhibits displayed in the various pavilions and booths... to mention nothing of the wimmin! Ah... the Eye is a sucker for a better face and an hour-glass figure. But before we continue gabbing, we just hate mixing pleasure with work. Tsk, tsks, tsks.... So, g'bye now.

around for a look-see on the sights of present-day San Carlos and the evolution it went through from the time he left it in 1941. Impressed, he was, and happy to be under the roof of his Alma Mater again. He thought everything physical in San Carlos has changed. But then he met Dr. Protasio Solon, an old friend, on the corridors; and with the most cordial handshakes he took and the open smiles he was offered by nearly everybody, whether acquaintance or non-acquaintance, while he with his flashy-uniform was walking with us through the corridors and lobbies new to him, he knew inside of him that he was "home" again.

We introduced him to the Rev. Fr. Carda, USC Secretary General, who must have marveled at the enthusiasm of a former student absent for about a dozen years, but still feeling that San Carlos is still his "old home", even if that alumnus knows that by fate and circumstance of his calling, he won't be able to go back to it again, ever.

And with Ben gone, we can't help but emote that wonderful truth lodging in every Carolinian heart: "Once a Carolinian, always a Carolinian."

Graduate School

● Three Complete Graduate Studies

Three students were graduated from the Graduate School last March, according to a report released by Rev. R. Rahmann, Dean of the Graduate School.

The report disclosed that Miss Trinidad P. Dosdos was awarded her Master's degree in English. Her thesis was "The Characteristic Features of the Short story with Special Reference to the Post-War Prize Stories of the Philippines' Free Press, 1949-1951."

Awarded their master's degree in Education were Miss Concepcion F. Rodil whose thesis was "The Influence of the Spanish language upon the Cebuano-Visayan Language and the Effect of This Influence upon the Learning of the Spanish language by the Cebuano-Speaking Students," and Miss Tecla Revilla who wrote on "A Study of the Difficulties of Student Teachers in the Cebu Normal School and of Beginning Teachers in the Province of Cebu as a Basis for the Improvement of Elementary Teacher Education."

Law

● Review Classes in Full Swing

The review course offered by USC for bar candidates went into full swing with the start of the summer quarter, it was reliably learned from the Office of the Dean, College of Law. It was likewise revealed that the professors who handled the review course last year are conducting this year's review.

"If chances do not miscarry," it is being bruted about that the new crop of law graduates will make a better showing than the candidates last year.

● Bugarin Wins Gold Medal in Annual Oratorical Tilt

Dito Bugarin, a be-spectacled freshman from the College of Law, won first place in the annual oratorical contest which was sponsored by the Lex Circle last March.

A total of six finalists vied for honors in the competition with NP Presidential candidate Ramon Mag-saysay as main speaker and guest.

Bugarin's winning piece which appears in this issue, is entitled "Let's Be Honest About It." Other winners were Noli Cortel, also a

try. BS Zoology tops all other Liberal Arts departments with an enrollment of 88 students.

● Scholar Back from Advance Studies

Engr. Victorino Gonzales, the first product of the USC College of Engineering who captured fifth place in the 1949 board examinations, recently returned from the United States where he took up and completed his Master's course in Hydraulics at Stanford University.



3 in 1: USC Graduate School certified three MA graduates last March 27, 1953

freshman who copped second place and Vic Dellin, Lex Circle prexy who took the third place.

College of Liberal Arts

● Increase in Summer Enrollment Noted

An increase in the enrollment for the 1953 summer quarter has been noted in the College of Liberal Arts, it was gathered from the Office of Rev. Enrique Schoenig, Dean of the Department.

This was considered significant in view of the reported slump in enrollment for the current summer term which has been felt in various schools all over the country.

A total of 171 students in comparison with 155 as of last year are presently attending summer classes in Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law, General Course, BS Zoology and BS Chemis-

try. BS Zoology tops all other Liberal Arts departments with an enrollment of 88 students.

Engr. Victorino Gonzales was sent to the United States by virtue of his Fulbright and Smith-Mundt scholarships. He was away for one year.

In USC, where he is a member of the faculty of the College of Engineering, he will handle hydraulics this June.

Engineering

● Open Night Classes in Eng'g. Dept.

In a move designed to accommodate working students who desire to enroll in the College of Engineering, the University of San Carlos will offer night classes in Architecture, Mechanical, Civil and Electrical Engineering from the first to the senior year.

The night course outlined by Dean Jose A. Rodriguez which is in consonance with administrative poli-

cies. will be conducted daily from 5:30—9:30 p.m. inclusive. Dean Rodriguez underscored the ample opportunity given to working students by this new policy.

"Students taking the ROTC course will have little trouble except those taking surveying which is undertaken every Saturday morning," Rodriguez averred.

Hopes were expressed in administration quarters that the plan will result in increased enrolment in the College of Engineering.

Pharmacy

● *Partial Shipment of New Equipment Arriving*

Fr. Oster, SVD, who is expected to arrive shortly this week from Germany will bring one-half of the P1,000-equipment which the university ordered last year. The shipment consists of pharmaceutical manufacturing instruments which will be utilized to make assorted varieties of drugs, tablets and ointments from local materials.

The rest of the imported laboratory materials is expected to arrive to this university with the return of Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel from Europe.

● *Conduct First Review Course in Pharmacy*

In a recent announcement issued by the Regent of the College of Pharmacy, it was learned that review classes are being conducted daily from two o'clock to four o'clock in the afternoon in preparation for the Board Examinations which will be given early next year.

The same announcement indicated that the university has, as yet, no standing policy with reference to graduating students who desire to review in other schools. At the same time it was disclosed by Rev. Fr. Hoepfener, SVD, that none of the new graduates took their review course in Manila. It was also announced that 23 of the 27 new graduates in the College of Pharmacy are presently taking their review in this university.

● *Fear Pharmacy Best Bets' Disqualification from Board Exams*

Grave concern over the impending disqualification of two top-notch graduates to take the board tests



in view of their Chinese citizenship was expressed by members of the faculty and the Regent of the College of Pharmacy.

It was stated that Edna Lim and Jovita Dy, two of the four new graduates with Chinese citizenship and who are rated as this year's best bets for the coming examinations may be refused admission in line with established policies and rulings laid down by highly-placed authorities. The disqualification of USC's top-ranked candidates will mean a slim chance for the university to place in the examinations among the first ten, it was stated further.

It may be recalled that the same ruling constrained the Board of Examiners to withhold the examination papers of Basilia Lim, one of USC's highly-rated candidates for the board last year.

● *USC Secretary-General and Pharmacy Regent Back from West Visayas Trip*

In a combined vacation tour and comparative survey, Rev. Francis Carda, SVD, USC Secretary General, and Rev. Robert Hoepfener, Regent of the College of Pharmacy, sailed early last week for Iloilo and Bacolod.

Fr. Hoepfener, in an interview, was particularly impressed by the wide school campus of the University of San Agustin. He also observed that there are more Catholic institutions in Iloilo than in Cebu. While in Bacolod, Father Hoepfener said that he had occasion to visit the Occidental Negros Institute which, although owned by a layman, is employing a full-time Catholic chaplain. The school, he explained, is non-sectarian but caters to the demands of Catholic students.

A new technical school called the Don Basco Institute is operated by Italian Fathers in Victorias, Negros Occidental. Fr. Hoepfener expressed the belief that the DBI will

eventually expand because the Italian Fathers operating it are known in the States and Europe for their efficiency in maintaining technical schools.

Religion

● *Afternoon Masses for Philippines*

In an Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XII, officially termed as Constitution for the Entire Catholic world, dated January 6, 1953, afternoon masses are allowed in the Philippines beginning this year.

In that Encyclical mentioned above, the Holy Father gives permission to celebrate afternoon masses on the following days!

1. Feast Days of Obligation
2. Formal Feast Days of Obligation
3. First Fridays
4. On any one regular day during the week if necessity requires.

There are a number of conditions under which afternoon masses can be celebrated. In all cases, the Archbishop or the Bishop, as the case may be, must give his consent. (As far as Cebu Archdiocese is concerned, our Archbishop has already given permission to celebrate afternoon masses to the priests of the Archdiocese). Those who receive Holy Communion should abstain from solid food and alcohol three hours before the mass which gives the communion. Abstinence from liquid should be had at least one hour before communion.

● *USC Chapel To Celebrate PM Masses*

On first Fridays of month and on feast days not observed by the Government, afternoon masses will be held at the USC chapel. This is to give an opportunity for working students to receive the monthly sacrament of communion.

According to Rev. Fr. Schoenig, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, masses will probably be said between five and six o'clock in the evening.

The permission to celebrate afternoon masses was formerly granted only as a privilege to particular countries. Now, however, the Holy Father has extended the permission to the entire Catholic world.

Let's Be Honest About It

(Continued from page 7)

should not be on politics but on politicians; not on economics but on economists; not on our Congress but on our congressmen; not on things but on persons, not on property but on man; not on our government but on our conscience. We are always inclined to blame someone else; from earliest childhood we threw and kicked the ball because it hurt our nose and in games we cursed the devils because we lost the prize. The ball was not to blame nor the devils of hell; we ourselves were to blame. And transferring the blame is no solution; the fault is always in man. What is the use of transferring the administration of a public trust from a group of commoners to a group of aristocrats if we still leave both greedy and dishonest? Why blame the house when its occupants do not endeavor to make it a home? Why blame the piano for the single false note struck by the musician? Why blame Congress and the Administration when the actions of these two bodies are really the actions of the human beings who compose them? In other words, we must first remake the Filipino if we hope to remake this country and its institutions.

I am not saying that political, economic and social reforms are useless, insignificant. I am only saying that they come next to the remaking of the Filipino. No wonder, cognizant of the predicament the Filipino is in today, a big shot of the Liberal Party bluntly disclosed to his boss that the people are looking up to the "Glamour Boy" for a rallying point for a return to our old moorings and moral values as we knew them before the war. In his impassioned speech last night at Fuente Osameña, the "Glamour Boy" himself told the immense crowd around him that the Filipino people of today from every walk of life and from every corner of the country are clamoring for the return of ethics and honesty in the government, the establishment of an efficient government dedicated to justice and service and the renewal of our moral values. Do you think the two so-called prominent gentlemen of our government would engage in throwing invectives against each other, one dubbing the other as hiding in his so-called "Vested Interests", while the other hits back with more

bitter accusations that the other fellow has enriched himself while in Office, if deep down inside there was love instead of hate, forgiveness instead of revenge? "Out of the treasure of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When we see that aged and sickly woman dressed in rags slowly and weakly picking up the grains of corn covered with dust and dung down there in the harbor, placing them one by one into her can, perhaps her only faithful companion on earth and returning to her hovel in silence and loneliness, our hearts ache for her. What, we ask, are the afflictions of the rich? They have their loved ones to cheer, comforts to rejoice in, wealth to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the worries of the fortunates? They have their mansions to protect them against the weather, doctors to watch their health, treasures to buy power, prestige and honor; but the tribulations of the poor, who have no outward devices to mitigate the heartaches, of the cargador to whom life seems best when there are sacks to load and unload and who can look for no soft couch after the day's fatiguing work — the miseries of economic slaves, sick, underpaid, unhappy, clinging to the single thread of uncertain life. These are indeed the sorrows which make us realize the ever-widening chasm separating the rich and the poor — afflictions that communist agitators can easily turn to violent anger, a destructive whirlwind that will carry all of us into slave camps or into our untimely graves.

Unless we face honestly this grim reality and do something with it, unless the rich stop exploiting the poor and the poor cease envying the rich, unless the Filipino reform within himself, unless we shall be honest to our selves by boosting to the presidency a man whose tested honesty and justice have won many a disillusioned Huk back to the faith and government of our ancestors and have evoked a world-wide acclaim and admiration among the democracy-loving peoples of the world, we can never hope to save our Ship of State from going to the rocks.

There are more dark clouds than sunshine, Ladies and Gentle-

men, in today's picture of our country; yet in it, there, too, is the silver-lining. Our country believes much still can be done to brighten her picture. This is why she is appealing to you to rally behind her cause. She needs your help: moral, mental, physical and material. If you are a genius, she needs your brains; if you are strong, she needs your strength; if you are poor, she needs your spirit; if you are rich, she needs your generosity; if you are a saint, she needs your prayers and your virtues, and if you are truly a great countryman like "Glamour Boy" there who was only to bold to court the anger of a mighty President as well as the displeasure of his fellow party-

(Continued on page 34)

ON DA LEVEL . . .

(Continued from page 6)

overlooked, deliberately we suppose, is the carriage of the spirit of fair play, of good clean fun and fellowship. Activities sponsored jointly by schools are intended to enhance better understanding and to promote harmony and at the same time to determine the standards of each. This is some kind of comparison which allows for improvement. It is unethical to employ foul and underhanded methods to get on top of the heap. . . . college editors in this city have started with the right foot in organizing the CEGS. At the rate things are going, we expect better things to happen.

* * * * *

the tempest over the religious controversy has simmered down considerably although people hereabouts — some of them at least — have snapped quite frequently with quaint "I don't-want-the-Church-to-be-over-bearing injunctions. They point out that the more than thousands of school kids should go find an accommodating padre and swamp his convent. The school-house is government property. Of all the . . .

* * * * *

well, now . . . the Cebu Press Club should chide the editorial contest-winners for being so damned serious. The college editors couldn't take a rib, we suppose. Nothing like raising a laugh once in a while, eh?

The Rescue

(Continued from page 5)

be disturbed. I have a headache."

Towards mid-morning no Mr. Vasquez arrived, and Elisa decided to dismiss her class early. She would go home and take a nap. She lacked sleep because of the barriada dance last night. The supervisor might come in the afternoon. So she told the class, "Everyone should come early this afternoon, ha?" There was a warning note in her tone. The children nodded.

She was awakened by the clapping of the window panes against the sides of the house, and by rain dripping from the leaking roof. Manding Meona, her landlady, was busy patching the roof in the kitchen.

"Sounds like a storm, a heavy one, too," Manding said. "Sus, I hope Polen is no longer out in the field. What time is it, Lisa?"

Sleepily, Elisa looked at her watch, "Two-thirty."

She suddenly sat up. The children. They were waiting for her this time, trapped inside the dilapidated schoolhouse in the storm. She felt her hands grow cold and like one dazed, she got up to dress.

Manding Meona asked faintly from the kitchen, "Where are you going?"

Elisa did not answer. With trembling hands, she tore at the zipper of her dress and groped for her old shoes. She put a sweater on top of her head, and ran down the bamboo stairs almost tripping.

The winds were very strong. Elisa had a hard time keeping her feet on the ground. With lowered head, hands gripping her sweater, she followed through the haze the torn-beaten path to the schoolhouse. The coconut trees shook violently, swaying to and fro no longer beautiful and caressing but deadly. She ran blindly on.

The rain fell in torrents now, making the way doubly hard for her. When she reached the corn field, she stumbled many times along the slippery trail. And every time she thought she would stop and just lie there. But something urged her on! Was it fear of the consequences? Supposing, supposing, — oh, God, let her not think! She got up dazedly, the angry wind lashing against her cold, wet body.

The wind, the rain, and the mud made progress very slow for her. She got a stick of old bamboo in the corn grass to help her across

the way.

Soon she reached the bank of the river. She saw in the confusion of her mind that the river was almost impossible. The rapids were now one curling, swirling torrent, bringing in its wake twigs, boulders and tree trunks. But Elisa was unmindful of this. She only saw a vision of crying, frightened tots around each other's arms shouting, "Incy! Incy! Itzy! Itzy!" Lord! Let them be so afraid that they won't venture out, that they hadn't ventured out! Elisa twitched involuntarily. At the same time she put her feet in the water. The current almost carried her away! She regained her balance and planted her feet firmly into the sand. She moved one step, two, and fell. The wind and the whirling waters were too much for her. She clutched at a big boulder. Half dragging, half carrying her body, she moved on to the next boulder. She was now in the middle of the stream hugging the boulder tightly when she saw the danger. A big log, almost the width of the whole river, was coming her way! She tried to get up, to run the remaining distance, but it was like running in quicksand. She could not even drag herself up to await what was coming.

Manding Meona was worried sick. She cursed herself for a fool! Why had she never thought Elisa would go out? She must have been gone full thirty minutes while she was in the kitchen. Elisa must have tried to save her books and her lesson plan! These teachers! When her Candida grew up, she would never let her become a teacher.

There was panic in her voice as she shouted to her nearest neighbor, "Tasyo! Tasyo!"

Tasyo, who was putting a prop for his house, cried, "What is it?" "Ma'm Piamonte has gone out in the storm! Perhaps to get her books in school!"

"Susmariose! Sepa, Sepa!" Tasyo called his wife. "Call Tonio to finish this. I'm going after Ma'm Piamonte."

On the way, Tasyo met Polen and Teban soaked to the skin. He told them about Elisa.

"I was at Ingco Leon's for sometime after the storm broke," Polen explained. "Else I would have seen Elisa in the field. Quickly, double your pace. She always passes this way."

When they reached the bank of the river, they saw no one.

"Teban, you go downstream," Polen directed. Teban ran all the way. "Tasyo, up the river. I'll try to cross somehow. Perhaps Elisa is in school by now." But as he looked at the hungry, slashing waters, he doubted it.

Presently, Teban was shouting, "There she is. Hurry!"

Polen and Tasyo ran. They saw her, barely hanging on the big log, her face partly hidden in the water. She was still conscious.

"A rope, quick!" somebody cried. Polen uncoiled the rope at his side with nervous fingers. He had to hurry. When those currents take Elisa further downstream, it would be too late.

"Lisa!" Polen shouted. "Lisa! grab the rope!"

With the first throw, Lisa's limp hand could hardly reach the rope. Polen tried again, while the waters carried Lisa down, down — The men ran ahead and Polen threw the rope with all his might. The rope landed at arm's length of Lisa.

"Grab it!" The three men shouted simultaneously.

Elisa heard that about as if from a dream, so faint it was. Through blurred, stinging eyelids, she saw Ingco Polen, Teban, and Tasyo excited, signing her to hold something. A rope. Yes, she saw it and took hold of it. But she was so tired and she wanted to sleep. She closed her eyes. She heard the men again. Why were they shouting and why was she in the water? She looked around her — at the raging elements. And she saw the log she was hanging on to, and she remembered. Strength surged through her whole being! The kids, those innocent kids, must not suffer on account of her! She held the rope tighter and felt it tugged hard.

When Elisa awoke, there was no more echo in her ears, no more swishing and snarling. And she was no longer cold. She was in her own room covered with thick blankets, and when she opened her eyes, Manding Meona was bending over her.

"Drink this hot ginger, dear," Manding said.

But the children — Elisa tried to get up. Manding held her down gently. "It's all right, it's all right. Drink this first."

Manila Calling Cebu

(Continued from page 12)

Manding did not seem to understand. She must get up and ascertain if, if — she sank her head into the pillow.

"It was one awful storm," it was Doro's voice in the veranda. "When I recalled that Ma'm Pamonte had a headache, and might be late, I went to the schoolhouse, fearful that that naughty lad of mine would wander off with the rest of the kids. The rain blew harder instead and the winds shook the trees terribly, that I decided to stay till after the tempest was over."

"The children," somebody asked, "did they not cry all over you?"

"Oh, no. They thought it was fun. We even played hide and seek."

There was general laughter.

"Some parents came to take the children away," Doro continued, "but I advised them to wait till the storm subsided."

"Say, Doro, how clever is your boy?" one of the men wanted to know.

"Huh? As clever as I am. Says two plus two is live. Isn't that cute?"

Elisa smiled in spite of herself. These people — these dear good people — serious, gay, human, all human. They gave her back her life and with it, another chance. The tears came, and she buried her face in her pillow.

"What is it, child?" Manding asked.

"Nothing," Elisa whispered.

Manding touched her forehead and stroke her hair tenderly.

EVERYTHING I HAVE . . .

(Continued from page 9)

last lines of dialogue and oratorics, including the ad libs (which would clinch things — I thought).

I couldn't wait for the weekend to come last enough. When finally it staggered in, I was feeling like a knight going into a pitched battle with ten dragons and a row of windmills after that. Dressed and perfumed like any lovestick, gibbering adult-lescent (that's a combination college sophomore, wallflower and deadbeat), I sallied out to where the trucks were parked waiting for the excursionists. If I could only manipulate things so I could sit beside her, I thought... she knows by now: it shouldn't be difficult to begin... well, she smiled at me last week, maybe there's

sor, NIMIA DOROTHEO, who is going to kiss her Cebu days goodbye by enrolling in a Manila university come June... DELIA SAGUIN, snooping around for Campusrats... LUZ MANCAO SANDIEGO, here to do the Fair-way... MIKE CELDRAN, an intern at the PGH... JIMMY DUMON, plodding out of Quiapo, heaping with bundles... Mrs. SALUD SANTOS, walking down the Elizabeth's gangplank... EMMA DEL ROSARIO, LUDY AND ROSE MORALES, Central Marketing, Shinbusters DE JESUS, POMAR, QUINO, BALLESTEROS, VALMAYOR, et al. of William Lines XI... 1950 USC ROTC Commandant, Major JUAN, on duty at FT. MCKINLEY...

No tour of Manila would be complete without a trip to Balara. Traipsing around the place, we caught glimpses of JUAN TANATO, a Society of St. Paul seminarian... ROSITA TY, USC campus cynosure... Miss BUENCONSEJO (we're ashamed to admit her first name escapes us for a moment), an ex-USC ROTC kaydette gal... CAMILO DEJORAS, playing bings with relatives... SOCRATES PILAPIL, a C. E. Junior at MIT. Esquiring the GURUXANI sisters were GEORGE ARCILLA, BRAULIO ARRIOLA, DOMINGO ZABALA, EMETERIO ALLEME — all sporting the Ft. McKinley army cut. They say they've got quite a team in camp, spearheaded by "cover-boy" SAGARDUI, DIONALDO, RUBI, and ARRIOLA. Watching passers-by from the Baby Quezon Terrace were MOMMY CAMACHO and her kid, CAROLINA.

To escape the Manila summer heat, we boarded a BAL bus for Baguio. Within an hour, the Central Plains lay sprawling before us. Luzon's sore spot was peaceful enough, what with BCTs at every

hope... by golly, it's now or never!

They were there already. They were chattering and laughing, expectant, eager — and perfectly at ease. It would be quite a day! Then the teacher arrived. Miss Roberta O. Dil, with two sisters, a cousin, a maid and about a half dozen invited friends (what, no pet dog? I mused). And we went off — all but Helen.

She didn't come along.

turn of the road. In Bulacan, we passed orchard after orchard of mangos and towering bamboo grooves. The smell of burnt sugar cane engulfed us when we hit Panganga. Next stop was Tarlac, CPR's home province. Upon crossing the Florida Bridge, longest span in the Islands, we knew we were already in Pangasinan, the beyaco province. From here, we began the slow climb, zigzagging our way to the Pines City. The air gradually became cooler and cooler. One-lane bridges, down-to-earth road signs like "Drive like hell and you'll be in hell," and luggage in multi-colored outfits flected by. A few minutes more and then, we were in the heart of the Simla of the Philippines — truly the cleanest city this side of the globe.

From the Kennon Hotel where we roomed during our stay, we lost no time in trekking to the SVD quarters at Sunnyside. Lady Luck must have been with us for all the SVD Fathers then on vacation were in, it being dinnertime. Because they were on retreat, we merely got passing nods from FR. WROCKLAGE, FR. CREMERS, FR. LAZO, and FR. FLORESCA. But FR. SZMUTKO and FR. TSAO lorsook their chow if only to be able to say howdy to us. In the course of our tee-a-tee, we learned that Atty. AURELIO C. FERNANDEZ and FABIAN VILLORIA were recent visitors, that LOURDES DEJORAS is a member of the Canonesses of St. Augustine order. Taking a bus back, who do you think sat beside us? Former USC Rector, Fr. DINGMAN, who stunned us when he called us by our given name. Gosh, after these years! With Mrs. E. C. MORALES, we dropped by the convent of the Most Blessed Sacrament to call on NELLIE PATALINGHUG. She's a Pink Sister now, whatever that means. Downtown, we met Atty. MAX MACEREN, whose job with the Court of Appeals keeps him headquartered in this city.

Well, we've travelled many a mile, seen all sorts of people and places; yet, for us, Cebu is still the best place there is. Come dust, bugs, flies, and what have you, it will always be home — and that spells all the difference.

She Comes Back a Savant

(Continued from page 3)

ment for everything that is beautiful in thought and feeling.

Faculty member Miss Leonor Borromeo of the USC College of Liberal Arts, Dr. Rodil's former teacher, when asked to comment on the subject of this interview, enthused: Looking at her and thinking of the many things she has accomplished, I feel like one standing before a shop-window on a raw Christmas night and feeling empty-handed and poor!" And she had to admit Dr. Rodil's efficiency as a student under her when she further said, "I wish I can have even just one-fourth of her diligence!" And that from her former mentor and dear friend.

Dr. Rodil is likeable and friendly. Anybody in her presence feels at home with her contagious sense of humor and charming reports. In the course of this interview, she had more than amply given evidences of her agile thinking powers. We could not pin her down into committing as to which institution she loves most out of the three which has nurtured her. But she was profuse in her avowal when she enthused that she loves all of the three equally. And yet, a particular meaning can be deduced with her coming back

to USC. . . that she loves this alma mater more. This summer has seen her doling out what she knows about Principles of Education and Ethics to undergraduates and Socio-Educational Situation of the Philippines to the students of the Graduate School.

We did not need to fathom out the Doctor's impressions about USC. She was open about them. She believes that, generally speaking, USC compares very well with any institution in Manila. She likes the kind of environment we have at the USC campus which is conducive to study, and the high standards which the University has safe-guarded and maintained. But finally, perhaps without intending it, she crowned San Carlos with her last words: "Of course I like San Carlos or I would not have come back." And her words are in themselves a pledge of love and respect for San Carlos. . . an eloquent proof as to the reason why Carolinians are so acute in coming back to this home where precious memories live, and whose hallowed walls evoke in every true-blue Carolinian heart sublime feelings of loyalty and devotion.

WHAT DO YOU THINK . . .

(Continued from page 27)

"The Recto-Castelo fight should be continued, even, I would say, to the bitter end."



Felix Eamiguel

● **FELIX EAMIGUEL**, College of Law, says: "It is useless of Recto and Castelo to be hurling brickbats at each other when the country needs more constructive efforts. People become so engrossed in intrigues and imbroglia that they forget about the more essential and delicate tasks they should render to their country. We are forced by internal and external dangers which need close and careful attention if we must protect our ideology. There is no time for puttering around picking quarrels. Right now, a big bully is trying to stub our corns. We ought to fight him and teach him a lesson in meekness.

Besides, much as we would like to know the truth about the Recto-

A CAROLINIAN . . .

(Continued from page 16)

many degrees and doctorates, still, not satisfied of all these beads of achievements, he plowed further to delve on the mysteries of tomorrow and the unseen gyrations of yesterday. His unwavering thirst for more knowledge knew no bounds. To cultivate his mind fully, to enrich his spiritual capacities, to furnish his moral endeavors. . . these are the true marks of a well cultured man. . . Reverend Father MA-NUEL SALVADOR.

To all these we can meekly say that there is a seemingly perpetual attraction in this man to that pot of knowledge at the foot of the rainbow. To the layman, with all these bundle of learning tucked safely in him, it is time for him to settle down in a comfortable corner and rest. He has come to the point of earthly satisfaction, armed well enough to clash with the forces of hardships and virtuous sacrifices. For us, the preparation is met; now, for the real battle. For him, it isn't even the beginning of the preparation. . . he is yet to step on the first rung of the ladder.

We do not know how many honors are there yet for us to avail by way of his restless strive for perfection. We do not know how

Castelo battle, it usually never comes out. The combatants are not on even terms and it is very unlikely that they will ever be. One is so low he can crawl under a lizard's belly.

LET'S BE HONEST . . .

(Continued on page 31)

men and who could still with child-like sincerity, even risking assassination, disclosed to the citizenry the hurting truth which caused so much misery and confusion of this once peaceful country, if you can be that other man, then let you also be our guiding light until all the forces within and without us shall have subsided. And then when you and I and every true and faithful son and daughter of our country shall be standing beside her and shall lift her chin in pride and confidence; when you and I can proudly present her to the noble and dignified society of free nations, then can we withdraw from this earthly stage bowing with joy and peace in our hearts, carrying the happy thought that we have left an everlasting souvenir to the world, that we have given our share in making a solid bastion in these beautiful islands of ours, a realization of the only outpost of Christian Democracy in the PACIFIC.

many laurels he will yet garner; and by these, San Carlos will rejoice at the sight of a man once her child, and has come back once again to her laps with a ransom of knowledge.

And we should await not only with fervor and admiration of the man but also with prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty that as he had left us with honors, he came back to us with more honors.

Summer

• 1953

SECCIÓN

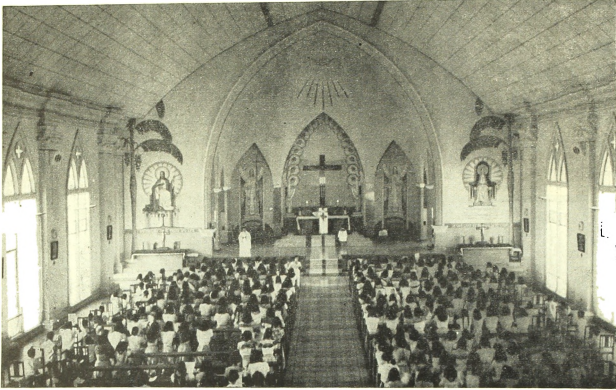
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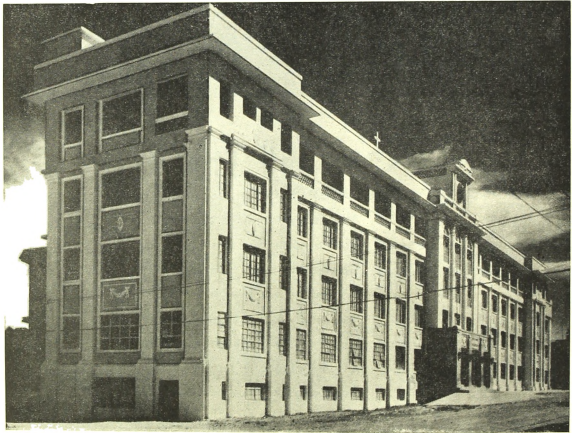
SAN CARLOS

AN CARLOS Institución anciana—
Alta sembradora de sabiduría,
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Colegio de cabal nombrada.
Ardiente y firme es nuestro amor.
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Lustrosos son sus alumnos con honor
Orgullo escolar y también nacional,
San Carlos vivira y adelante ira!

Por CATALINO M. GONZALES
Post Graduate



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE U.S.C. CHAPEL ON THE THIRD STORY OF THE ANNEX BLDG.



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LET'S "PRACTICE HOUSE" HOUSE"



Start the day right...



Art appreciation applied — take it easy, Ling, it might slip!

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What's more to be added in the market order? Refrigerator empty! That's bad!

Others are still wondering what the activities are between the walls of the practice house. So here goes...." (quoting Miss Millogros Sol).



R-I-N-G- classes commence. Watch the house, Deng!

—And that is how a coed of the USC Home Economics Department revealed, with these pictures to illustrate, when queried as to what goes on with the H.E. Practice House.



Hungry after classes? Hm-m- Wonder what's cookin'!



Leisure time is pleasure time. Before turning in — read, embroider, macramé, and what else — think of the "Kings"?

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