

USC DAY REPORT  
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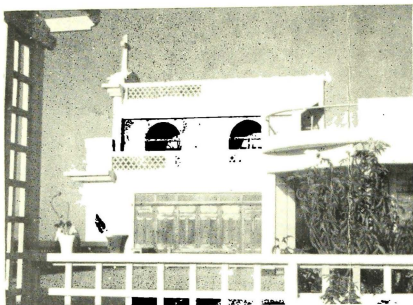
*HIS EXCELLENCY*

**Most Rev. Julio R. Rosales, D. D.**

*Archbishop of Cebu (Story on page 6)*

**CAROLINIAN**

*Official Publication of the University of San Carlos*



A stone & paste structure 365 years ago, today USC is a massive, eye-filling job that stands head & shoulders over the tallest in Cebu City. Above is partial view of roof garden

## IT'S D-DAY AT USC

By J. P. Vestil

On February 24, the University of San Carlos threw in a beauty of a chip to the entertainment world while 15,000 spectators and Carolinians gathered around to watch it blow the 365 stiff, puissant candles on its anniversary cake. The festivities yanked out three days from the school calendar. Every minute counted. The campus was abuzz with activities and every effort of dean and teacher and student was spark-plugged by enthusiasm and Carolinian spirit. By-standers perceived the bright torch of tradition still mightily ablaze despite the centuries.

The first day was mantled with dust about the basketball court where nifty and fleet feet followed the ball around to get it close and into the ring. The teams were photo-finish matches and elicited some well-deserved cheers from the spectators.

In the blooming part of that evening Atty. C. Faigao had to run the gamut of handshakes after the literary-musical program made a big hit. On the other

hand, Dean Jose Rodriguez, Mr. Jesus Roa and Mrs. de Vega were to blame, too, for the decorative art they put up to the two-thousand-peso stage. The place was gorgeous. The affair turned out a gala display of the latest in show business. And topping the evening off, the USC Dramatics Club presented a Broadway hit, "Thank You, Doctor", a one-act comedy directed by our all-round brain, the Rev. Fr. Hoerdemann. The crowd blew open its sides when the presentation set-to-speak placed itself on the level with a Red Skelton novelty.

And so Saturday afternoon the city traffic force apparently got the aches for the eager crowd had to be kept back from the avenue so the parade could snake along easily. But for ticker tapes, the sight was an grand. Colorful floats littered the column while on them the... er... daughters of Venus sat strategically poised. They were a feed for hungry eyes. The most came from the college of Education when a huge paper peacock came along holding its head in fowlish dignity. It won as Most Artistic, thanks to Miss E. Velez, Mrs. Calderon and Mr. M. Flordez. (See cut on page 15.)

The Girls High School Department under Mrs. Lilia M. Tabotabo and Miss Fideliza Tinazas pushed in a string of rosy beads, played the most adornment on it and won the prize for The Most Symbolic Float.

And as of originality, Mr. J. Tesco, Commerce Dean, put one over them by getting his boys garbed according to pre-I. C. and post-I. C. (Import Control) conditions. They won the Most Original Float title.

Speaking of neat, starched trimness, hand it to the boys who compose the USC



The country's oldest school puts on gaudy garb to celebrate its 365th birthday

ROTC Corps well-led by Cdt. Col. A. Abatayo under the competent guidance of Capt. Antonio Concepcion, FA, commandant.

As early as four o'clock that evening visitors and spectators came pouring in. The feria was dazzling. Booths were all over the place. We can't help thinking of how a couple of days before the student body made attempts at helping solve unemployment when carpenters and painters had to be hustled in. Incidentally, the College of Education scored again when their "Garden of the Moon" was adjudged Best Booth. While from the Junior Normal Vocational Course Department, Miss Maria Gutierrez had something to cackle about. "Nice morsels for the nuptial market, those ladies are," came a casual remark incited by the sight of the unforged ladies behind the exhibits.

Warm congratulations are coming to the General Fair Manager, Fr. Hoerdemann. By his own whiff of economic cunning he had pointed out that by disposing 3120 bottles of Coca Cola at ten centavos each one could make P312.00. That is simple if you know how.

Those drinks remind us of our metabolic processes when Mrs. Gonzales of the Home Economics force set her culinary staff to action producing the stuff we unconsciously devoured right as it reached the delicatessen at the USC Drug Store. That was cats unlimited.

Come to think of it, there was a field competition shown by the ROTC cadets too. Those whole regiment of flatfoots booted their feet hot for three hours trying hard to avoid demonstrating the Sad Sack act while Inspecting Officers from the III Military Area looked on and after the last dot-ii of command and execution.

Finally, Cdt. Capt. A. Manriouez proved his Baker Battery had no match. His boys made good linkings with the guns and made points. They made it. The champs, Charlie Battery, won the Best Battery award. Cdt. Captain I. Reduln momentarily lost his voice but gleefully won merits. Cdt. Lt. E. Samson leading the be- (Cont. on page 11)

# CAROLINIAN

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the students of the  
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...

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## This Side of the Articulate

By Josefina N. Lim

The circulation in our public schoolrooms of Dr. Rafael Palma's biased book, "The Pride of the Malay Race" will be perpetuating a deception against the Filipino people. Movements, petitions and protests have been initiated by youth groups in the country. This is a good sign. But do we know why all the stirring-up? Dr. Manuel Lim has set down the bases of the Catholics' opposition to the book. "First, it contains historical distortions of fact regarding Dr. Rizal's retraction and return to the Catholic Church. Second, D. Palma's treatment of this important phase of Dr. Rizal's life cast unjustified and malicious reflections on the honesty, integrity and honor of the Jesuits, ... third, that the adoption of the book as a supplementary reading and the use of public funds for its acquisition is violative of the principle of Church and State."

In this issue "Freedom and the Palma-Ozaeta book" throws a new angle on this questionable book. Mr. Vicente F. Delfin of the College of Law is a former Atenean and speaks with that popular Atenean accent.

Few Carolinians can tell about what the *whole* of USC did during the preparations for the University days. We were either preparing a booth or helping with the floats or keeping busy with the many preparations for the festivities. Who but our able Rev. Rector, Fr. Albert van Ganswinkel can tell of the beehive that we virtually turn the University into. In Fr. Rector's words we recapture the busy at-

nosphere and the spirit of those memorable days.

E. Aller's "Free For All" is a department that is distinctly Carolinian. Notice that the topic is "DEMOCRACY" not the shingle, the uniforms, or the import control — topics that have worn thin. Let us know on what topic you want to give your opinion the next issue.

The "Herbie" series is augmented by one more missive in this issue — subject; find out, m'boy. Alex says he's going to develop a philosophy next mail. In the meantime we are holding our sides with the chuckles that his latest letter evokes.

On our menu are short stories with a sociological slant. C. F. Plattring's "The Hankering Heart", A. C. B.'s "Her Mother's Only Daughters" and G. Najarro's "So Well-Remembered" dig into disturbing social problems prevalent in cities and big towns. It takes a lot of guts to wrangle with the sophisticated, tin-plated metropolitan societies and incidentally, they are the fact on which short-story writers thrive.

Luis Gonzales of the third year law who ducks behind glasses and pen-names (this time, Ismael Leyva) distracts the movie-fan's interest off the screen and invites him to the livelier antics of flesh & blood actors around him who don't "act", i.e. his fellow-movie-goers. In "Study in Boredom", he points up the way to make every centavo of your movie fare count and enjoy a double-program in any movie, any day.

## Carolinian Editorials

### Dignity and Integrity

**F**EW welcomes were as rousing and spontaneous as that accorded Cebu's second archbishop, Monsig. Julio R. Rosales. The whole city, almost to a man, fussed about and rose in tribute to him who will be their spiritual leader in these uncertain times. From pier to church, the street sides were alive with long lines of cheering crowds that melted into the Sto. Rosario Church, filling every square-foot of it.

Less visible but as real was the Cebuanos' unflagging interest in the affairs of the Church. The general fluttering on the whole was a heartwarming as well as wholesome sign. It is another evidence that the buffeting of war years and hard times have not dimmed the people's consciousness and fervor for the Faith.

In this cock-eyed world and at times when plush receptions are tossed around for all kinds of bigwigs—whether of deserving or of dubious probity—the grandiose greeting for a truly great and good man as Archbishop Rosales, did a lot in restoring our faith in the people's essential integrity and sense of proportion.

A man whom neither personal ambitions nor conceit has touched, Archbishop Rosales is among the dwindling number of dignitaries who could place the welfare of the people above his own. On his remarkable record as a minister and a prelate of the Church, he stands out as model to all those who are or profess to be leaders of people. In a world shot through with corruption, hypocrisy and greed, he becomes a sharp rebuke to the wielders of power whom power has also drunken. The great affection in which he is held by his former flock gives the lie to the popular notion that a high office is the remotest point from the people's hearts.

In the recent past there was an unflattering indication that the Filipino sense of values was getting a bit too blunt on the edges. The people seemed unable to see deeper than the garb of authority and only too quick to be dazzled by any gaudy display of power. The time has come to draw the line between the crooked official and the one who combines dignity with integrity. We should detect the wolves behind the sheep's wool. We should learn when to pinch our praises. For the deserving officials there should be warm welcome and bouquets but for the disguised wolves, ripe tomatoes. This is not funny. It is proper.

With such high tribute furnished one truly a man of God and of the people, the Filipino deep sense of pride and of values got a shot-in-the-arm.

### Never Say Good-bye, Graduate

**L**IFE's scheme is made up mostly of a constant going away and arriving. You simply cannot stay put to lead a normal life. You either push forward or are left out in the back. In life's fast-paced game nobody ever stagnates. The fellow who chooses to cool his heels will find himself actually beating a to-the-rear. Getting in life's race is much like driving a fast car. There are but two directions, one opposite the other: the car shooting forward and the whole world in front rushing to your rear.

To a college student, the rush becomes a routine until he steps on the commencement stage, all dolled up in cap and gown. The graduate can hardly escape the solemn feeling of having arrived. He pats himself on the back and let a lot of other well-wishers tap the conquering-hero feeling into his system. That makes him feel good and—cocky. The congratulations that come thick and fast are apt to swell his head.

For your own health, graduate, you should not let this happen to you. For all this and the big talk by commencement speakers about you "reaching the goal" and "making the homerun" is bunk. Truth to tell, you probably have not got to first base yet. Commencement exercises do not happen to be the end of the strip. It is precisely where the starting point is. The race hasn't started and all the kicking is merely getting in a warm-up.

At graduation you don't say good-bye to hard work and examination ordeals. You are actually saying hello to real life and more work. You have to take on a lot more odds than you ever stumbled on in college. For life outside the classrooms is no picnic. Here, examinations don't come in midterms, they arrive much oftener and in rous. When you reach out for your diploma, you accept a challenge more than you do a reward.

Happily, a college degree is more than enough guarantee that you are eventually going to grab success and security by the tail—if you did earn the sheepskin. But to those who swiped it or got it through some kind of hocus-pocus, beating the odds of life with a diploma alone would be much like tilting at windmills with a rolled piece of paper.





*Rizal's retraction was the theme of the Training Dept. float at USC Day celebration.*

It is unnecessary for us to explain how the seemingly intricate question of Justice Ozaeta's translation of Rafael Palma's book, the "Pride of the Malayan Race", arose. The papers were simply lurid about it. But the truth is, the question is not intricate. Neither is it "dogmatic" nor a question of faith. It is plainly and simply a question of veracity. But it is indeed very strange to note the innumerable attacks and blasphemous outrages hurled by the anti-Catholics and masses against the Mother Church, in the course of her actualizations to safeguard the trust of Dr. Rizal's retraction.

Time after time, the question of whether or not Dr. Jose Rizal actually retracted has been dug up from dusty heaps of recorded memories. Masons and their satellites showed by mere denials that he did not retract. It stands to reason, however, that anyone who asserts facts contrary to what is obtaining, should naturally prove and support his assertion. But what is queer is that what the Masons are trying to do is quite allegorical to what the Communists are trying to do. It is to be expected that the Communists who advocate the non-existence of God tend only to prove more that there is God. Because they cannot deny what they believe does not exist. Thus, in parallel order, the Masons and the enemies of the Catholic Church cannot deny a retraction which they think does not exist. If they should, and that they are trying to do now, we would be inclined to believe that the retraction either truly exists or the principal defect lies inherently in themselves.

Supposing that Dr. Rizal did not retract, or granted for the sake of argument that he had died a Mason without going against his virtues of good citizenry, chivalry, heroism and martyrdom, it should be quite perplexing to understand why he received the sacraments of the Catholic Church willingly and voluntarily immediately before his last hour came.

It should be quite perplexing to understand why he did so. It would be utterly ridiculous and malicious for a "would-be-hero", martyr and idol of the youth of the land to go against his own will and conviction, much more against the principles of Masonry if truly the Masons are sincere in their much-vaunted up-holding of such principles which they pretend to uphold. Why did Rizal, an extraordinary man of conviction permit himself to be influenced by a priest, an arch-foe of Masonry? How is it possible for a faithful, venerable (excuse the wrong use) Mason to be deserted and left alone by his colleagues at such a time as when he needed them most?

Perhaps he really retracted. Maybe he was forced to. But goodness sake, here is a man who is about to die and his death known to him. Here is Rizal, a courageous, fearless advocate of freedom, who would be discouraging to know that all his life Rizal had fought for freedoms and yet allow himself not to be free with his personal convictions during the last moments of his life. It would be absurd and misleading to understand why Rizal tolerated a minister of the Catholic Church to be his constant and never-failing counsellor of the spirit in those last moments if he were forceably intimidated beyond what he really needed to face his known end, knowing Rizal as he is, fearless and unflinching in what he thought was just and right. Decidedly, Rizal could not have tolerated the same force and duress to personal liberty he was always fighting for in life to intimidate him. And yet, the truth remains that a Jesuit priest was his counsellor until his end came. Did Rizal die gloriously because he died a Mason? Preposterous. Facts should tell what is and why.

The petition of the "Grand Lodge" headed by the highly-spirited and well-known minority Senator was centered against the beloved Archbishop of Mani-

# Freedom And The Palma-Ozaeta Book

*By Vicente F. Delfin  
College of Law '53*

la. We could stop to wonder more strangely than more inclined to affirm, that Masons all alike forget themselves and misunderstand things in their haste in evading the truth. For example, there is such a thing as the obligation of a good father of a family to perform the ordinary diligence in the choosing of reading matter for his children. The Archbishop, in exercising this due diligence, was accused as a perpetrator of a grievous act by the "Grand Lodge". It seems that a good analogy can be drawn from Jesus Christ falsely accused by the High Priest. Very well, our Archbishop is not Jesus Christ. But why should anyone, especially the Masons, intervene in the affair of a father exercising his parental care over his children in religion and morality? Why should this be?

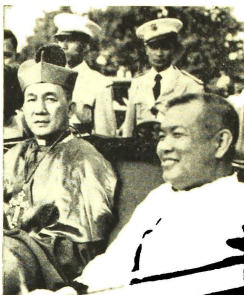
There is no doubt, therefore, that the Catholics should abhor the reading of the Palma-Ozaeta version of Rizal's biography. It tries to slur our religion and seeks to destroy our faith by base and foul means.

And when the Government would try to recklessly have it that the same book be included in the approved list of home-reading for the students of the Philippine public high schools, the Catholic Hierarchy is right in exhorting the faithful that Catholics shall not read this book. Doubtless, this action was prompted by the popular protests of the Catholic population of the Philippines against the reading of this book. In Manila, for example, there were public rallies protesting against the use of this book in our public high schools. The Catholic Bishops, the Priests, the common laymen, the professionals and the students all seemed to band together for the same purpose: to ban this book as reading matter for all members of the Catholic Church. The ways which the Catholics have chosen are strictly legal and constitutional. And yet, the enemies of the Church are trying to raise the false

(Cont. on page 26)

## Julio R. Rosales: Man of God and of the People

*He blends episcopal  
office and the pioneering  
hard-driving role  
of the missionaries*



*Monsig. Julio R. Rosales arrives to be installed Cebu's second archbishop. Background: USC ROTC his guards of honor*

The altar of the Santissimo Rosario was densely but delicately decked with flowers. The voices from the choir mounted in brilliant crescendo; the master of ceremonies bustled around in great fuss; red-capped dignitaries line the sides of the sanctuary. Before the altar knelt a kindly-looking prelate, lost in prayer, visibly overwhelmed with humbleness. A hint of surprise still stood on his face. He could hardly believe the great things that had happened to him: he was being installed as the spiritual leader of over a million souls and was to become the second Filipino archbishop of the Philippines.

In another fateful day twenty years ago, he experienced a kindred emotion as he was anointed minister of Christ. Only one dream has obsessed him: to be a good parish priest, a true "fisher of men." It was so much even to work as the least of them who labor in God's vineyard. No grand ideas nor great ambitions had moved him; he had no time to lift his eyes to scan for vast power and authority in distant horizons. There is so much work to be done for God, he once said, even for the simple cura parroco.

But God how has a way of exulting the humble, had another design for him. In less than 17 years after ordination he became a bishop and three years later, an archbishop. Only 44 years old, he is among the youngest prelates in the Philippines. Jumped over many his seniors, Monsig. Julio R. Rosales is undoubtedly among the youngest archbishops of the Catholic Church.

His priestly career was not unusually spectacular, but it was a very active and fruitful one. He seemed to have carefully packed every day of his life with some

kind of religious work that one is apt to marvel at his endurance.

Wherever he went, a crusade was always in the offing; religious organizations were formed; Catholic Action got a fresh impetus. His great passion is the Catholic education of the young. As prelate of Bohol, he was able to build 13 schools in three years—a feat never approached even by the government there. Before he became Bishop of Tagbilaran, there were only three struggling Catholic schools in Bohol. Three of his biggest schools are managed by the SVD Fathers.

His superiors had since kept an eye on him. He exhibited unusual capabilities and competence even as a young priest. Right after ordination in Calbayog, he was appointed assistant parish priest at the capital of Samar. Later he assumed vaster field at Tacloban, Leyte where he became the logical successor of the deceased parish priest. In Tacloban, he raised funds to rebuild the dilapidated Cathedral, became director of the best school in town, St. Paul's College, the management of which was transferred to the SVD Father. Our own Father Rector Albert van Ganssewinkel was Rector of St. Paul's before he came over.

Archbishop Rosales combines the virtues of a monk and the enterprising heart of a missionary. Piety and zeal are his most marked stamp. As prelate of Bohol, he revolutionized the episcopal office into one assuming the hard-driving role of the missionaries. He has no patience for those who wait and hope. He organized the Bohol Mission Priests, composed of 8 newly ordained priests. Under his directions, these young clerics spread all over the province in teams,

holding spiritual retreats, baptizing infants, solemnizing marriages, preaching the gospel, otherwise bringing religion to the people in far-flung towns. The venture is credited to have stirred religious fervor throughout the island as never before.

At Cebu, hardly a few weeks after his installation had passed than he embarked upon the crusade of popularizing the Holy Rosary. At every evening at 9:15, his voice can be heard over the radio, leading the prayer of the Holy Rosary. It is not common to pray with a prelate. The effect it had on the masses bordered on the electric. The response to his call mounts in enthusiasm day by day; the radio program is on its way to be the tops in the local radio.

Monsig. Rosales elevation to the Archbishopric of Cebu was no surprise to those who know him. The people of Bohol loved him like a father; many of his flock cried unashamedly when he left for Cebu. He gave them schools, a seminary, a K of C Council and a fresh fervor for the Faith. With his proven resourcefulness, initiative, courage and vision he will no doubt be equal to his new task in Cebu.

We who have lost a champion and a benefactor in the elevation of Monsig. Gabriel M. Reyes to Manila Archbishopric, have also gained one who fills his shoes and fits them so well. In a memorable speech before the USC Alumni, Archbishop Rosales virtually declared himself a Carolinian. Said he: "My ambition is to see someday the University of San Carlos not only a flourishing school in the Visayas and Mindanao, but also the best school in the whole Philippines."

# Her Mothers' Only Daughter

By A. F. B.

Iyo Ange said she was crazy. "What would Juanita do when she got there?" he demanded. "They don't play softball or volleyball in parties like that, do they? Why, Meling, Nitang won't be ready for that kind of stuff for years."

"Listen, dear," Iya Meling said patiently "that kind of stuff" is what an Orchid lives and breathes for!"

The Orchid Club, composed of high school teenagers, was a very plushy organization whose doings were recorded in the local society column. The Orchids gave three or four formal dancing parties a year — parties which began too late and consequently lasted too late. Each teenager invited two boys, one to be the date for the evening, one to lengthen the stag line. Each girl had her hair "set" at the beauty shop and a new, long party dress for at least every other party. A year or two ago those same girls had been playing with dolls.

Iyo Ange was aghast when Iya Meling finally convinced him of all this. But he said firmly that the remedy was simple: "Just don't let her join this cadena-de-amor, or whatever they call them selves!"

Iya Meling shook her head. "You can't keep a child out of something that all her friends will belong to. Being an Orchid is the most important thing that happens to teenagers in this city. . . . But I know this," she added, "as soon as I'm the mother of an Orchid. I'm going to move heaven and earth to calm things down."

Suddenly, like sleight-of-hand, "Next year" was now. Dodong, the eldest of the Longas, embarked upon his first year at college; Carlitos, the youngest, assumed the dignity befitting a fifth-grader; and Nitang was now exposed to the Orchids.

Iya Meling picked up the newspaper and turned idly to the social page. ("Just to see whether anybody had a party or an operation or a baby," she always explained.) And suddenly an item about the Orchid Club flashed up at her:

*The Orchid Club met yesterday afternoon at four o'clock with Aurelia Cosmo. The new members of the club are: Corazon Armas, Milagros Villana, Linda Mendoza, Lilia Cruz, Rosario Reyes, Lourdes Narona. . . .*

Iya Meling's eyes jumped back to the beginning of the list and read it through a second time, more slowly. Nitang's name was not there. "Well!" she thought blankly.

She was still sitting there, staring at

the paper, when Lucia Armas called up. They had dreaded the Orchid Club together, she and Lucing — planned together how to combat its influence. "We'll organize!" they had told each other firmly. "Persuade the rest of the mothers to back us up!" And now Lucing's Corazon headed the list of new Orchids. . . . and Nitang was not mentioned at all.

"Meling? Have you seen the paper?"

"Yes, I've seen it. I feel —" she paused. How did she feel? "Thank goodness I didn't do my worrying in front of anybody but you and Ange! But oh, Lucing, think of the grief I'll be missing!"

"I know. And I won't be able to do a thing alone. But Meling — there's honest concern in Lucing's voice — what about Nitang? Do you think she minds? Those silly little fools!"

Iya Meling laughed. "Oh, you know Nitang. She's so busy with her muscles, she wouldn't know it if you did hurt her feelings!"

But that night Nitang's supper of fried chicken, a prime favorite of her: lay untouched; and swift, pitying knowledge clutched at Iya Meling's heart. "She's trying so hard!" she thought, with a sudden sting at her eyelids. Trying gallantly to cover up, trying to carry on an old argument with Dodong as if nothing had happened. . . . But she could not eat.

"Papa," Dodong was asking, "just off hand, do you know of any good safe investment that will pay seven per cent interest?" Weeks ago he had persuaded Nitang to lend him five pesos in her savings bank, and she was still trying to get it back.

"You listen to me, Angel Longa, Jr.," said Nitang somberly. "For the last time, are you going to pay me that five pesos, aren't you?"

"Sure I am. Right away, maybe next month."

"So that's how you feel," said Nitang. And added darkly, "Don't say I didn't ask

*Mama's tomboy missed the local Social Register, and it breaks her heart*

You!"

Berta, coming in to clear the table for dessert, discovered Nitang's uneaten supper. "You coming down with something?" she demanded with the familiarity of a servant grown old in the family's service. "I'm not hungry," Nitang answered listlessly. "Don't bring me any dessert, Berta."

The rest of the Longas looked up in unflattering amazement. Berta looked shocked. She held her hand testingly against Nitang's forehead. "Well," she said doubtfully, "it isn't natural, Señora, you know that."

"She's not sick!" Dodong protested. "She got jarred down to her own size last night, that's the matter with her. Those kids had ping-pong tournament over at the Armas' and Luis Ramirez beat the lady champ to a pulp. Berta's Armas was telling me about it."

After supper Iya Meling listened to the radio, and remembered a remark she had once overheard: "Isn't it too bad! The Longa boys so attractive, and the only girl so plain!"

"Ange," she said as soon as they were alone that evening, "remember the Orchids, that club I've been telling you about? They didn't ask Nitang to join."

"Well, they must be hard to please!" Iyo Ange grinned. "A girl who can climb trees, play first-class indoor baseball and volleyball, and champion ping-pong — what more can they want?"

"Ange, she's the only one," Iya Meling said slowly, "the only one, out of her whole crowd, who isn't an Orchid now."

"Oh, you think she feels it? Well, now, Meling, it couldn't have gone very deep, or she'd have said something about it."

"Not this. She'd be too proud. . . . Ange — she didn't eat any supper tonight. Remember!"

They looked at each other soberly. Clearly, a Nitang who was not hungry must be mortally hurt indeed!

Iyo Ange granted. "She did pretty well at dinner today."

"It's supper I'm talking about. She never seems really hungry. And that's not all. She spends too much time at home alone. You know how she used to bring dresses of children home with her. Well, nowadays she spends hour after hour — whole Saturdays — outside, aimlessly batting ping-pong balls around."

"All by herself?"

"Except for Carlitos. I suppose he

(Cont. on page 24)

# USC, 1949-50

(By J. N. Lim)

The schoolyear began with a new Father Rector, new Fathers as members of the faculty, and new buildings trying to outshine the old ones. Through the official magazine of the student body, Rev. Fr. Rector Albert Wilhelm van Gansswinkel made known his message to the Carolinians.

Of our official organ, he stressed that it has... "an important mission to fulfill... it should give a training to future journalists... foster the 'esprit de corps' which lives and pulsates within the walls of the venerable old buildings as well as in the magnificent new ones... Go then again, dear "Carolinian" under the new staff... spin the threads... weave the ties to foster friendship and fasten the hearts with the bonds of affection for one another and for the school."

To all Carolinians, he exhorted the necessity for every student... "to do serious work in class and at home, cultivating good manners, taking delight in a noble friendship with companions and teachers."

And now, looking back at the perspective of ten months, has our student organ fulfilled this "important mission" as voiced by the Father Rector in his message at the magazine of his Rectorship of this University and when this magazine was first taken over by the new staff?

Some members of the staff and a few frequent contributors to these pages have broken into national and local papers, while some others have become, within a year, professionals in the field of journalism. NGR, L. Gonzales, F.G. Arreza, R. Guanzon, and J. L. credit their ability to the training made available to them in writing within these same pages. J.L. has a regular column in a local paper besides having an enterprising finger in some journalistic pies. A Carolinian editorial WHAT'S CAESAR'S AND GOD'S (by NGR) battling for religion in the classroom was reprinted by the Knights of Columbus paper, "Council Tidings."

Esprit de corps has been fostered by our various articles distinctly Carolinian in tone. There were other articles spaced

with college humor and bravado tending to promote good-fellowship among Carolinians. And just as the glory of a race or people are in the telling about their notable forbears and contemporaries, in narration of interesting lores and traditions, so the esprit de corps of the students of the University has been fostered by such articles as Luis Eugenio's "Venerable Arnold Janseen"; L. Kintanar's "SVD Story"; E. B. Aller's "Back in This Old Home" and "Carolinians Who Arrived"; J.N. Lim's "Author Within Our Gates" and "USC is Where the Heart Is"; J. Vestil's "This Is Our Story" and a score of others, if we are not to mention the inspired editorials of NGR. The Herbie series portrayed the average freshman in college. There were the usual number of selected fiction. Ismael Leyva, alias Luis Gonzales, catalogued the coed and coods into comic, courageous, or pathetically lovable characters in his "Hold Everything" series. One poem which had the principal theme of love devotion for the Alma Mater was E. B. Aller's "Supplication". The "Carolinians" column has helped a lot in portraying snapshots of the activities of present and past Carolinians in the current hour. All these have contributed in no small measure to the strengthening of our esprit de corps.

Within the same kaleidoscopic perspective of ten months, students and ex-students of this University showed some concrete signs of growing up to the standard's expected of them. The University administration has afforded the incentives we need to be able to attain what she expects of us.

"Serious work done in school and at home" has manifested in this year's successes of Carolinians. A. Maglanang topped the competitive examinations for teachers at Bacolod City. B. Borromeo P. Niere, and J. Martinez passed the CPA examinations. Successful Carolinians in the board exams for Civil Engineering are C. Limchiu, A. Asuncion, and T. Limchiu. The last is Cebu's first lady Engineer. The roll of Carolinians who have "arrived" gets longer every year.

Courtesy with Carolinians has bloomed into flower. The individual student's

realization that we are carrying on our shoulders the time-honored prestige and tradition of this University has influenced us to be gentlemen in our attitudes and actions.

A "spic and span" policy was instituted. As a direct result, our classrooms and campus have become neat. When all the other constructions still in process should have been finished, then we should be able to see for ourselves how "spic and span" we shall be.

Noble friendships have waxed luxurious in our midst. Intimacy has brought about mutual respect for each other and beneficial cooperation. Our missing Rev. Fr. Hoerdemann for a number of months and the excited expectation for his return from his educational tour abroad was felt by all. Also USC suffered great loss in the elevation of their Board of Trustees President and benefactor Mgrs. Gabriel M. Reyes to Manila archbishopric. The magnanimous and unaffected condescensions of our Father Rector, Father Moderator, and the Fathers Norton, Baumgartner, Schoening, Oster, etc. — great and good friends all, have enlightened and enlivened numerous hearts. Such are the effects of an environment made healthy for good-fellowship as being afforded by the kind of atmosphere we have in San Carlos.

The threads that fasten the hearts of Carolinians into a perfumed bouquet of affection for one another have manifested themselves to have grown stronger in the events, both joyous and sorrowful, which have further unified our interests and impulses as Carolinians. The deaths of Professor Embradura, J. Caballes, D. Nacua, C. Pañares, and a few others were a common grief. The feeling of common loss on the catastrophe wrought by the November typhoons was shared by everybody, even those who philosophically, if not good-humoredly, pretended that it was a blessing in disguise in that it was instrumental in forcing the planners of our constructions into adding a third story and a roof garden to our Science Building sooner than originally planned. As in the moments of grief and loss, the festive University Day celebration which ran for three days have put us closer together animated with a community of interests, activity and feeling. It was the 365th anniversary of San Carlos and the grandest celebration that has ever been held.

In the field of sports, Carolinians have put in some effort which contributed to more honors for San Carlos. The USC high school swimming team won the secondary swimming championship for this year. The USC swimming team took third place in the national open swimming championship. The USC stronce-

(Cont. on page 31)

Across my flower-yard to the left, Iya Silay was taking down her washing from the clothesline, and as soon as she spied me, she called out excitedly, "Have you heard? It's about Melly," she added, when she saw me shaking my head.

By the mere mention of Melly's name I knew that my moments of blissful lassitude were over, at least for the rest of the afternoon. Melly's escapades never fell short of the sensational. "What is?" I called back.

"Just wait," the old woman admonished critically and disappeared with her basket of washing behind the gumamela hedge that bordered the yard.

Peals of laughter issued from the house next door. I could recognize Melly's voice and was rather surprised because it was unusual for her to be home at four o'clock in the afternoon. She was a waitress at a downtown cafe and she usually got home past midnight in the much too merry company of G. I. Joes or of local boys who seemed to have come from drunken brawls.

After what seemed an interminable while, I saw Melly walking jauntily along the uneven pathway which led to my porch. Right behind her was her cousin Nena with whom she lived. I settled relaxedly in my wicker chair and waited for the girls to come up. Melly and Nena had fallen into the habit of coming to me either to ask for advice or just to exchange the commonplaces of the hour. Iya Silay, their housekeeper, proved to be too garrulous to be a good listener to girlish woes and problems.

I watched them as they approached and I thought of how young they were and how much they still have to learn about life.

"I'm getting married," Melly seemed to swagger. She enjoyed immensely my evident surprise and added with proper emphasis, "I am marrying a wealthy businessman, and good-looking too!"

Utter incredulity must have been on my face for Nena hastened to re-assure me. "It's true, Manang. It's really true. Melly is leaving tomorrow and they are going to be married in his province in Capiz."

As to who this "he" was, the girls would rather not tell me. Melly promised to me as soon as everything had settled down to normal. From Melly's endless chatter I gathered that this man was also handsome and debonaire. "You wouldn't catch me with an unsightly fellow for a husband," Melly bantered.

It also came out that she had known this man for only three weeks but he had proposed and, of course, Melly was not one to let her chances slip away.

"My final reaction to this piece of news, incredible as it seemed, was one of im-

mense relief. Relief? Oh yes, I suppose so, as I could not quite keep pace with Melly's going on. The stories that went the rounds about her were thoroughly upsetting. Once, at the risk of being called a meddling old fool, I asked her if these things were true, because if they weren't, she had better do something to vindicate herself. Instead of being outraged, Melly had laughed right off and told me not to be such a prude. Such things were being done she had said and, what was more,

months before. They rented the house next to mine and hired the voluble but industrious Iya Silay for housekeeper. Melly and Nena, personable and comely as they were, immediately found jobs as waitresses in a cafe downtown.

After a couple of weeks, however, Nana left the cafe and became cashier-girl for a thriving bakery and store. It was not long afterwards that she became engaged to Nilo, a young man whose wholesome character anybody in our neighborhood

# The Hanking Heart

By C. F. Plattring

*Nena was getting bored  
of being a good girl because  
fun-loving Melly had hooked up  
a rich bachelor*

she could take care of herself.

She could take care of herself, all right, I thought for here she was getting married and well married at that. "Then you are at last in love, really in love this time, Melly?" I persisted.

"Why, Manang, you sound old and terribly silly!" Melly was never a hand at respecting her elders, and her expression appeared almost malign. "Must we always marry because of love? There is, for instance, comfort." And with this she prattled lengthily on the merits of marriage made not for love alone, but with an eye towards comfort also; nay, even luxury. Her candor was disarming and it was difficult not to admire her self-confidence and gay optimism.

"Don't ever let your daughter make a romantic marriage. She will end up by hating herself and you," was Melly's parting joke as she and Nena were about to leave.

"No, I won't," I jested back half-heartedly. I could see through Melly's joke and it embarrassed me. Somehow, I had always known in my heart, perhaps, that if ever Melly should marry it would be because the man could clothe and feed her in the way she wanted. But after she had behaved herself I rather expected she would come out badly in the end.

I had known these two girls since they came down from the province some five

months before. Everybody declared that Nena and Nilo were well-matched.

I, for one, was secretly happy for Nena's sake. Somehow, I had taken an instant liking for this slight soft-spoken girl in preference to her cousin Melly with the bold laughter and easy confidence.

From the first, Melly had shown an experienced hand, and her tireless gaiety established her at the top of men's favor. It soon became evident that she did not believe in individual integrity.

The purely automatic quality of Melly's love disturbed me and made me, more than ever, anxious for the moral welfare of Nena. I had grown fond of Nena in a personal way and I liked to think of her as my own blood and kin. I have a daughter of my own, now grown sixteen years, rapidly shedding off awkward joints and manners for the more womanly grace and charms, and somehow, I had come to feel that the success of Nena as a woman was necessary to the ultimate triumph of my own career as a mother. I would have felt gladder, I knew, if it were Nena who was getting married.

As I was busy preparing supper, I could scarce rather than hear the subdued excitement of my young neighbors. The fact that Melly was finally going to get married gave me a comfortable feeling. For Melly, for me, and for the entire world of women it meant security.

When, later that same evening, Nana came back to the house, I was mildly surprised. She seemed quieter than ever and it was a long time before she spoke.

"Do you know, Manang," she asked abruptly, "why I left the cafe?"

I did not know, of course, but I re-

(Cont. on page 26)



# Study in Boredom

*L. S. G. alias Ismael Leyva  
takes the floodlights off  
the screen and trains them  
on the teeming tribe called  
movie-goers engaged in their  
peculiar theatre manners.*

By Ismael Leyva

It was Jose P. Rizal who proclaimed that we are an indolent race and it was himself who proved that we have some potentials nevertheless. A study of our race at present would not be complete without considering that portion who are always huddled together daily in the dark oblivion of a movie theatre. Now this is not the indolence Rizal talked about fifty years ago nor a proof that we have not changed since your days.

Going to the movies is purely voluntary and legitimate pursuit of human happiness. At least, it is not viceroyalty to inhabit the film-houses of the city 365 days of the year. Our ersatz civilization is justification enough for most of our fellows to seek fulfillment in the dramas enacted on the silver screen.

Our object here is not so much to dissect the impelling forces that drive all of us to contribute to the worthy cause of the box-office. Our short dissertation will deal with the true nature of the infinite variety of individuals in a cinema. Here everyone is himself because he doesn't feel himself watched. He is relaxed and natural for he is fed what he wants and deserves. Before a main feature there is a newsreel and a cartoon. We need not mention that the swiftly moving events of cinema always follow a familiar pattern disguised in costumes and other screen devices. Of course, the appeal is always universal, otherwise the film is a flop.

So let's not mind what's showing. Let's just get a ticket and look around and inspect our company in dimlight. First we encounter the inevitable city-bred from who gets his breath of fresh-air from the rambling technicolor forest of the Northwest. He gets into the oversized sweaters of a husky killer-diller

like Joel McCrea or John Wayne and starts shooting the props out of a couple of mountain rowdies. Just watch his boneless muscles erupt with atomic power as the brawl scene ascends to unprecedented violence.

Next we stumble upon the inhibited mimosa who seeks the soothing effects of screen melodrama. She dissolves into the person of the jilted heroine who gets sweet revenge later by not marrying the cad. Occasionally, we sit beside her and in her tear-stained eyes we perceive that she is reliving a past episode of her own life. She is the kind who would rush out of the theatre and slam the doors to the overly sentimental world created for her by Hollywood. Then she snks back to her own make-believe world.

Compare her to the unperturbed lady who goes in alone scorning all escorts. An atmosphere of serene gloom surrounds her. We dare not probe into the mysteries of her aloofness but we won't object to sitting two seats away from her and watch her slightest reactions when Laurence Oliver makes love to a dying Merle Oberon. Our before and after observations on her facial expressions is a blank continuity.

Let us wander to the business executive who steals a few hours from his office work. His sales chart in all likelihood has taken a power dive due to import control. He has not shaken off that marble column coldness he maintains in his office. We would rather not watch him lest we get caught sizing him up. We would rather see the slapsack of Abbott and Castello than get a stare that will turn us into a frozen asset. Let's proceed to more human subjects.

Take the inspired messiah with a redeemer complex (redundant) who sallies

and conquers with his ideals through a Juarez or a Jeff Smith. He hangs to every high flown phrase of his hero until he ultimately triumphs against the forces of evil, decadence and tyranny. Of course, in our uncertain times, his inward Quixotic pastime is rather forgivable and commendable in the name of peace and order.

We shall now consider the repressed toe-tapping jitterbug whose Fred Astaireish ambitions are achieved through the medium of the screen. Blame it on paucity of dances or import control, if you please. Ginger Rogers or Rita Hayworth will make such adorable partners for him although in actuality, the closest he gets to dancing is assuming different ballet-like contortions on the inevitable bar of a ballroom.

An average movie house seats some 3,000 persons and to release us from the daily tension of living, we might write about all of them sometime. However, like all humans and lightning strokes, we follow the line of least resistance and settle down to the business of joining the devotees of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer and Lupulapu pictures (unpaid advt.) instead. It is a relief to find out that we are not really alone in a theatre. We will really begin to enjoy the show when we realize that we are only one character with peculiar characteristics beside 2,999 bored characters in a cinema.

## Aptitude

A judge reprimanded a husband for letting his wife support him while he just loafed around the house. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself having your wife make your living by taking in washing?"

"Yes, I am," the man answered, "but she's too dumb to do anything else."

## Shady Lady

Toofyl Gorcey had just returned from his summer vacation and the boys in the office asked him.

"Hey, Toofyl, how'd you and your wife enjoy that desert dude ranch?"

"No trees," sez Toofyl.

"Whatsa matter with no trees?"

"Too hot," sez Toofyl.

"But what did you and your wife do in the two weeks you were there?"

"Took turns sitting in each other's shadow."

by v n l

# Uniforms Hit The Campus

Dear Alex,

*The girls here are taking a ribbing — all on account of their uniforms. Y'see, every college has its own distinctive uniform. And that's exactly where the designers slipped. It seems the designers have our girls doctored up in different uniforms all of which bear startling resemblances of waitresses' and salesgirls' uniforms. So when a girl — any girl — passes by, there is always a wise guy who cracks, "There goes a White Gold sales-girl" or "I saw that dress on a waitress at the Alite yesterday." The College of Pharmacy girls are tagged as fugitives from the Salvation Army. What, no bonnets?*

*Alex, it is a pip! But, come to think of it, suppose they also has a cockeyed notion of letting us boys wear uniforms? Say, the pre-med boys should come to school wearing striped pants and crimson shirts. And obliging all pre-law men to wear polka-dotted trousers and scarlet shirts. And suppose all Engineering boys had to wear plaid pants and orange shirts. Alex, the result would be definitely disastrous! The ensuing conglomeration of color would turn this University into an animated Mardi Gras and cause an unprecedented mass sit-down strike or even a rebellion — eh.*

*Of course that is all bunk. But that about the girls is incontestable fact. And, Alex, they can't strike back! That's what fills us with fiendish glee! I imagine some girl is wishing with all her might to hgh heaven that she will have the impossible chance of seeing a boy wearing one of the above fancied ensembles and remark, "O, that uniform, he's a pre-law barfly" or "That uniform means he's one of the pre-med freaks." Now can a girl say of an Engineering lad: "He's wearing the traditional uniform of a carpenter" even if the chap happens to be wearing overalls and a soiled, greasy T-shirt.*

*However, there are some of our fellow-brothers who are taking the Junior Normal or Education course, and I hope they won't become the butt of feminine reprisals — if any. Ladies, keep your tempers! Remember your blood pressures! Just reethe quietly inside, honey, and grin on' bear it. The heck with tempus fugit or fempus tugit or sempit tugif or whatisit.*

*..So that's how it is, Alex, that's life in this man's college world. Poke fun at the girls and they swarm all over you. Touch them and they climb all over your neck. I hope I don't get murdered for this. Ha ha.*

Your Pal,  
Herbie

(A Symposium of Student Opinions)

Conducted by EMILIO B. ALLER

# FREE FOR ALL

## FOREWORD.

Students are supposed to know better than the average citizen the current issues affecting our political, social and moral life. That is why there is a sore need of a strong and reliable student opinion. With this in view, we introduce this FREE FOR ALL department hoping that our magazine might be instrumental in the building-up of intelligent and effective student opinion in our own community.

Our Constitution guarantees us the right to freedom of thought and conscience. It affirms our rights to the freedom of expression, to hold opinion, and to impart information through whatever media. And we believe that all these rights, being inalienable, cannot and should not be curtailed. If opinions disagree, it only clearly manifests that the other fellow in his own right as a citizen in a democracy, is enjoying a personal right. Voltaire has more fittingly expressed it when he said, "I disagree with everything that you say, but I will defend to the last drop of my blood your right to say it." We may congratulate ourselves, therefore, for this rare privilege to live in a democracy, with our "supreme law of the land" fully guaranteeing us the blessings of the free. And if we sleep on our rights and privileges as citizens, we have nobody to blame but ourselves.

## "WHAT CAN YOU DO TO PROMOTE DEMOCRACY IN YOUR OWN COMMUNITY?" OPINIONS:

I will help eliminate discontent among the masses. One of the ways of doing this is the extensive instruction of practical Americanism in our midst. This means the implementation of socio-economic and educational reforms which would effect the social amelioration of the masses.

—Jaime S. Dunque of Cebu City  
College of Law.

The question is not how to promote democracy. It is rather how to revive democracy. I will start from the individual citizen by making him fully aware of his rights and the freedoms guaranteed by our laws.

—Fanny Arroz of Bacolod City  
College of Liberal Arts.

I will cooperate with every movement aimed at the educational and social upliftment of the common masses. This will make them immune to the misleading inducements of the "isms". Stress should be placed on preventive measures in the fight against the enemies of our democratic beliefs.

—Agustin B. Jamiro or Busilan City  
College of Commerce.

Ours is a "mockracy". Our moral values have degenerated. We need a rebirth into genuine democracy. Not until then can we promote its noble principles. To do so, it is imperative that all of us should live according to its true principles in thought, word and deed.

—Filomena Rivera of Cebu City  
College of Education.

# SO WELL-REMEMBERED

A Short Story

By GENOVEVA NAJARRO

From where Erica was sitting in front of her mirror, a faint scent of lavender stole up and trailed its way outside her room.

She stood up and looked at herself fully in the mirror. "Surely," she thought, "I do really look becoming in this dress." She pirouetted round and round, casting sidelong glances at her dress and figure. Yes, there was a wisp of thread on low-cut neckline which fitted her bodice snugly. She pulled it over so gently lest the soft flimsy material get crumpled.

She gracefully lifted her left hand in order to get a better view of the beautiful bracelet which her Tia Soling had given her as a graduation gift. Tia Soling was her mother's only sister; they had never been in good terms since her mother married her father. Even when her father died, her aunt did not reconcile with her mother. But Tio Pietro, Tia Soling's better half, was a person of extraordinary good character. A kind and understanding man, he did not know how to nurse grudges against people.

He never forgot to give something to Erica on special occasions — occasions like this. Strange, Erica mused to herself, that her Tia Soling remembered her today. Did she have in mind to reconcile with her mother at last? Of course not, she smiled doubtfully. Her aunt was one woman who would never admit of her pride, nor could it be Tio Pietro's idea either. Or maybe, her aunt had at last been guided by her own conscience — this she thought, was the nearest possible answer.

She looked again at the mirror and smiled contentedly to herself. She remembered one of Leo's favorite passages which came into her mind suddenly.

"Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it.

We are happy now because God wills it."

Thinking of Leo, she smiled dreamily. He was sweating it out this time with his final examinations in Manila: this was his last year in college and he would be home next week. He had promised to

"Erica, are you ready, dear?" a soft weak voice called from the other room.

"Yes, Ma, I'll be ready in a minute," she answered suddenly, breaking herself away from her reverie. A dab of powder here and there, and she strolled out

of her room.

Her mother was lying in her bed. Her eyes, full of pain and suffering, listless and blackened around the lids, sought Erica's figure eagerly.

"Why! Erica dear!" she exclaimed happily, straining her voice, "you look very beautiful in your gown — and how you've grown up, too! My baby girl now turned into a lovely woman! Sometimes dear, I wish you hadn't grown up; now, don't think I'm selfish."

"Selfish?" Erica interrupted, kissing at the same time her mother's pale cheeks. "Believe me, mother, may that day never come when I'll think you're selfish. You who have given Marc and me everything we desire — your happiness, your sufferings, and above all your love, which we don't deserve..."

"Now, now, Erica," her mother said.

"Mother, don't you like this beautiful bracelet that Tia Soling gave?" she asked, looking admiringly at the bracelet.

"Yes, it's very nice. Your aunt is very generous and kind. You must always be good to her, Erica," she said with a sincere note in her voice.

The sound of a slow rhythmic thud from below was heard as Marc drove the car out of the garage. At the honking of a horn, Erica knew it was time for her to go.

"Come closer, dear," her mother whispered, "I want to give you something... a present." From underneath her pillow she took out a small heart-shaped box of ivory satin. She snapped open the lid and Erica uttered a sharp cry of delight at what she saw. It was a necklace of pure gold, fine, but yet heavy and twisted beautifully. Attached to it was a small golden locket encrusted with small diamonds; at the center was a lone, sparkling ruby.

She bent closer as her mother fastened the necklace around her. "Your Father's gift on the eve of our wedding day," her mother whispered wistfully with a far-away look in her eyes.

The warmth of the necklace from her mother's hand brought a sense of comfort and peace to her mind.

"Dearest Mother, how can I ever thank you?"

The horn sounded again, now impatiently.

"Goodbye, Ma, Marc's in a hurry to drive me off, but I promise that you shall

have my first graduation kiss." She happily hugged her mother and kissed her for the second time.

"Goodbye, dear, take care of yourself. God bless you my child."

At the door, Erica turned once more to look at her mother who was clutching firmly at the empty jewelry case. She waved her right hand gaily — and then she was gone.

Erica sat beside their guest speaker on the well-decorated platform. Below she could see the happy exultant faces of the graduating students. Behind them were their parents, brothers, kid sisters, and relatives, all suffering the heat of the setting sun in order to catch a glimpse of their dear sons or daughters. She felt a surge of tears rushing thru her eyes when she remembered her sick mother. But she must not cry in front of the public, she thought to herself; it was childish. Besides, Dr. Perez had said that her mother was getting well. Just that morning, instead of taking her half glass of orange juice as usual, she finished the whole glass. Dr. Perez was right then and she felt happy again.

Her thoughts went back to Leo. He was going to be a farmer, but with a real diploma from an agricultural college. Once he told her lessingly, with a serious look in his eyes, "I'm going to build you a big modern farmhouse, far from the noise, far from the dust..."

"And far from civilization," she said jokingly.

Three years ago she refused to believe she was in love with Leo — she did not believe in love at first sight, but now it was a different thing.

She secretly admired his quiet and manly ways, the determined set of his chin and above all, the sincere and honest look in his eyes. In his previous letters, he told her he was going to give her a real gift. "Something small but which would hold all the certainty and hopes of our future." She smiled wistfully to herself; she wondered if she had guessed the right answer.

Tonight she would tell her mother about her engagement to Leo. Maybe her mother would not object to Leo. Both families were old friends but for some reasons, no one dared to set foot on each others' house not until Erica's father died. That was how they met each other.

The clapping of hands and the subdued murmur of voices broke the still silence of the place as Erica finished delivering her well-planned valedictory speech.

(Cont. on page 24)

# Sports

## USC WEIGHTLIFTING SQUAD RETAINS TITLE

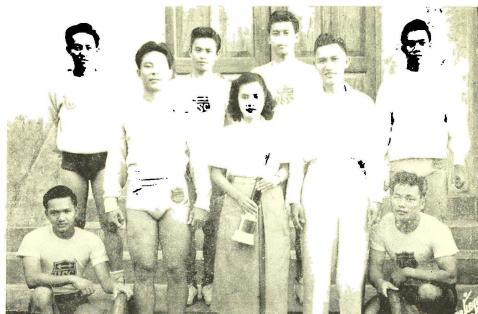
In spite of injuries which plagued it throughout this year's iron tossing season and the loss of the services of its co-captain, the champion USC weightlifting team successfully defended its intercollegiate and regional (open) diadems. This marks the fourth year of its reign as Cebu's strongest, a feat which no other team has even approached.

Spearheaded by the sensational and record-breaking performances of teen-ager Ricardo Bagano and team captain Narciso L. Aliño Jr., it edged out the greatly reinforced and vastly improved CIT strong men by scoring 11 points to the Technicians' tally of 10 points during this intercollegiate tilt held at the CIT basketball court last January 27.

Taking the platform minus the services of the Boltron brothers, the younger Aliños and cinder path star Raulo Salazar who were all temporarily out of competition due to injuries received during the recent CCAA field meet, the Warriors were tied by the CIT muscle men in the PAAF regional meet staged last March 5 at the latter's home grounds.

Bagano, runner-up in last year's Nationals in his division, created three open records. His 185 lb snatch made in the regional meet, 245 lb clean and jerk in the inter-collegiate tilt and three-lift total of 590 lbs established in the regionals are all new open records. These lifts are all higher than those made by national champ Capila in the nationals of last year. Bagano's clean and jerk of 245 lbs. at bodyweight of 121.5 lbs is double his bodyweight. This makes him the first lifter to perform such a feat in Cebu and the first to date only about ten men in the whole world have done it makes Bagano a stand-out and almost fabulous. His total of 590 lbs is greater than that established by the fourth place winner in the last Olympic games and last year's world championships held at the Hague, Holland. Barring accident, Bagano is sure for a berth in the Philippine team in the coming Olympics if he continues to improve as expected.

Team captain Narciso Aliño Jr., intercollegiate and regional lifting and wrestling champion, smashed the long-standing clean and jerk record of San Lorenzo in the lightweight class with his lift of 250 lbs. His 180 lbs snatch and 605 lbs total created in the intercollegiate tournament are new records.



**USC MUSCLE MEN** who won the recent intercollegiate and regional weight lifting championship with sponsor Nimia Dorotheo. In the picture: —R. Balagot, N. Aliño, Jr. (Captain), sponsor, E. Dorotheo (manager), L. Boltron, V. Boltron, M. Cola, G. Aliño and J. Du.

The CIT mainstays, San Lorenzo and Dorotheo, and SWC's Real established new records in their respective divisions.

New-comers Leoncio Boltron, Vicente Boltron, Mirardo Cola, Tom Balagot, Godofredo Aliño contributed to the Carolinian victory and bear watching in the future. Carolinian featherweight Joe Du put up a spirited fight to dethrone Real and only the latter's record breaking performance denied Du's attempts.

The five champions, San Lorenzo and Dorotheo of CIT, Real of SWC and Aliño and Bagano of San Carlos will leave for Manila this week to compete in the National meet.

## USC TANKERS SCARE UST GOLDEN SWIMMERS IN NATIONAL OPEN

The defending champion UST swimming squad, scared by pre-meet forecasts of the mighty USC fleet, successfully bore the canthara of the Padre Faura boys in the Manila Swimming Club's 20 pts and USC's seemingly amemic 13 pts in the recent National Open Swimming Meet held at the Rizal Memorial pool. The USC tankers, who previously copped runner-up position in the National intersecondary meet, did fairly well considering that they were only four as contrasted to the other teams who put in complete teams. Mapua Tech, UP and Sulu finished fourth, fifth and sixth behind San Carlos with 8, 2 and 1 points respectively.

Sadder but wiser is national record holder, olympian Sambio Basanung, USC skipper, who was upset by perennial rival Mala of the Manila Swimming Club in the 1500 m free style and beaten by Alcantara of the Padre Faura boys in the

400 m freestyle. However, Basanung's national records in both events are still intact and were not even approached. Better practice more, Sammy boy.

The rest of the USC quartet, the Colmenares brothers, D. Yuson and R. Midel, acquitted themselves creditably. Yuson finished fourth in the finals of 400 m freestyle after taking runnerup position in his heat. R. Midel was with the leaders up to the finish in the 100 m freestyle and finished fourth in the finals, beating veteran sprinters from Manila and Sulu in the process.

To make it a near perfect day, the USC flaming sharks trailed the UST relay squad and almost beat the champions from Manila in the 4 x 200 m relay. The powerful Manila Swimming Squad which boasted of Mala, Villanueva and Rogers in its line-up was third. Mapua proudly bore the rear.

## USC SOCCERITES CONQUER UP FARBOTS IN NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

Coming from behind, the USC football squad trounced the powerful UP booters during the National football championship held in the Coliseum. Skipper Alex Chiongbian boosted in the winning point barely 10 minutes before whistle time. Score 3-2. Incidentally, the UP booters are conceded to be among the best in the country having among their victims the FEU and NU Bulldozers. In the semifinals, the Warriors had the misfortune of meeting the UAAP champions Santo Tomas Eleven. The Warriors held the Thomasites at bay and limited them to

(Cont. on page 24)

# I Wash My Hands

*During USC Day, Fr. Rector was face to face with the bustling, unbeatable thing called "Carolinian Spirit" and he tells us how it feels to be before it.*

*By Very Rev. Albert van Gansewinkel, SVD*

Was it cowardice? May be it was prudence. I wanted to observe, to learn, and I wanted to enjoy, carefree. I strolled about from room to room, from place to place, eyes open, ears open.

Was I surprised to find in the Home Economics kitchen the Dean herself and an Instructress busy with baking little cakes for the canteen! Oh, that's the way things are being done!

Having a look at the new stage under construction, I saw another instructress hanging curtains, and putting "finishing touches", artistically, in the afternoon again, in a special attire.

Coming to Room 211, I met some ladies and gentlemen of the College of Law turning the Faculty Room into a Nipa inn. And soon the whole school was like a beehive. Others were working on the floats. I thought they could not finish them on time. But the parade started punctually—with a little allowance to tradition. The floats were splendid, almost too splendid. I missed the most symbolic one, but the most artistic one kept my camera busy! I was glad that I had declined the honor to be a judge—in my wish to wash my hands.....

At the Parade the boys marched, ROTC, PMT, Scouts, Poor boys, untiring. In the morning they had had competition in the field—with probably some youths for the annual. Their com-

mandant served as grand marshal, efficient, enthusiastic. It was worthwhile rowing for him with the traffic-cop.....

The drug store refreshment-parlor was crowded. Patiently the girls served, for hours on end. I happened to be on the roof garden at about 7:00 P.M. when the manager came up to request some girls in gray to release the team downstairs. A few understanding glances—I met the same volunteers after 10:00 P. M. working hard, selling drinks. Esprit de corps, grand! And how many raffle-tickets they distributed—well, military secret!

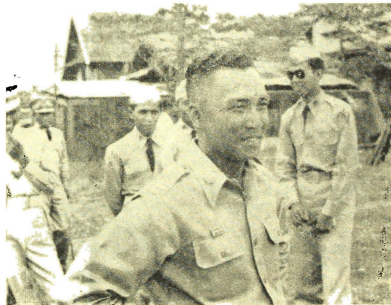
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job; that I saw clearly. But just the same—"veni, vidi, vici".....

The band was a sensation. They say, "The best band in Cebu!" Friday, Saturday, Sunday—always first class! "The song that welled forth from my throat is my reward." Only that?

Late one night, on my way home, I found the door of the Science Building closed. But at once gloved hands of an ROTC guard opened it most courteously. That moment something stirred in me: I was face to face with the Spirit of the University Day, and I am deeply grateful for it!

Must I wash my hands of this?



*Fr. Rector picked a row for the ROTC Commandant*



# USC DAY PICTORIAL



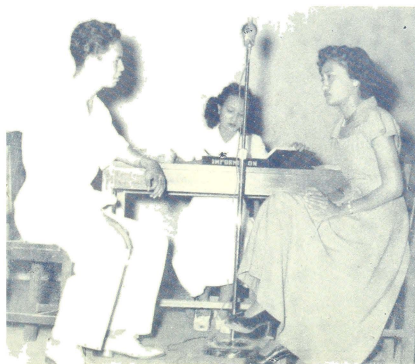
Prize-winning pompous peacock float, an offer from College of Education.



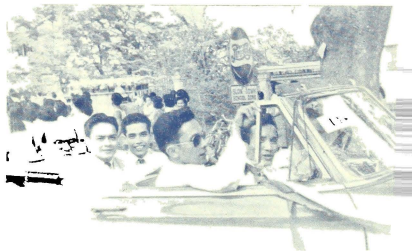
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CANONEERS, P-O-S-T! 2nd Yr. Basic cadets with u looking 105 mm., their weekly bread.



Flor Borromeo, Nena Dorotheo and Nene Uy working on the crown of the program in the sun-packed, lightly dramatic one-act play, 'Thank You, Doctor.'



The Chief Ed, Moderator with the rest of 'em in the gaily garbed Carolinian Staff sedan snaking along with the para

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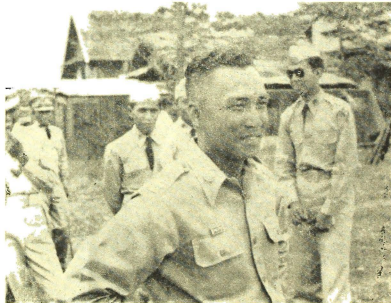
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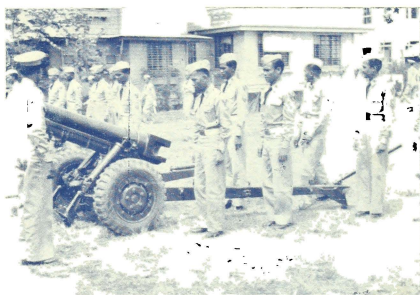
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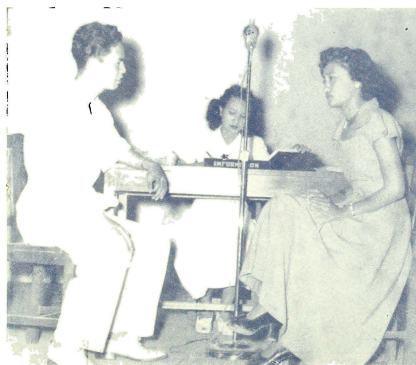
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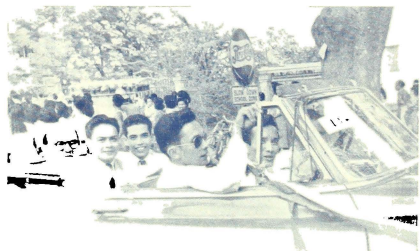
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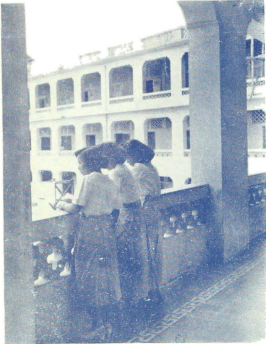
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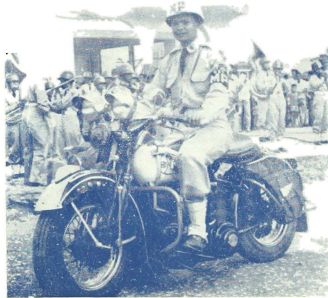
*ROTC cad Seeks enjoying 5-minute break from drills for USC DAY competition*



*Pharmacy co-eds on a pause from booth-decorating strike pose a la semi pin-up version.*



*Education Misses So-and-So's busily doing nothing.*



*MP Cdt. Sgt. M. Borronco obliges camera while tough task of clearing streets for USC parade awaits him.*



*Miss Villanueva and Miss Ortiz flushed with smiles as Education float wins award.*



*Archbishop responds to USC ROTC*



scoop



Archbishop Reyes attends send-off program in his honor at USC with Fr. Rector, Fr. Hoerdemann, Fr. Schonfeld and Fr. Hoepfener.



Archbishops Reyes and Rosales, on latter's arrival; flanked USC's ROTC top brass.



Cebu's new Archbishop receives hearty welcome, inches through city streets between gala-attired USC ROTC officers.



Hitler, Papal delegate to P.I. receives acclam from Cebu public as he stands by as escorts of honor.



Incoming and outgoing Cebu archbishops enjoying USC ROTC cadets on parade and review in their honor



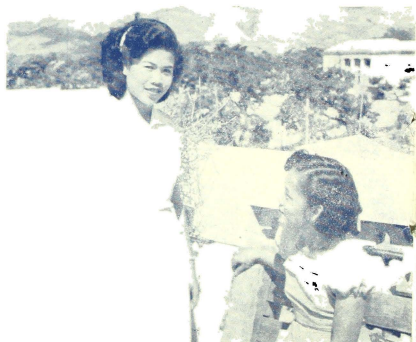
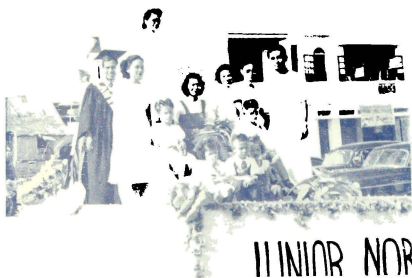
# CAMPUSCOOP

## Paging the Normalites

Least-publicized Normal Department gets a billing on this page.

Upper right: Normal girls take test peeps into recently acquired microscopes from States.

Right & under: Normalites during a recently held party & program on the USC roof garden.



# Goose Leaf

## Poems

By Jose Garcia Villa

### Darking I Listen

For the usual reprint, we are giving the regular readers of this page of the Carolinian a neat, little shocker, — a little shock now and then is good for mental health — one of the much-discussed comma poems of the distinguished Filipino poet in New York, Jose Garcia Villa.

The piece is reproduced from his latest book of poetry entitled Volume Two, published by New Directions, 333 Sixth Ave., New York City, and a copy of which Villa has so kindly sent us.

Making no reservations about his latest opus, JGV says in his preface: "These poems were conceived with commas, as 'comma poems,' in which the commas are integral and essential part of the medium: regulating the poem's verbal density and time movement: enabling each word to attain a fuller tonal value, and the line movement to become more measured."

Among the collection of Villa's poetic "Villa-inies" are two cute little sonnets. One he calls "Sonnet in Polka Dots," composed merely of fourteen lines of capital O's. Another, called the "Centipede Sonnet," has nothing in it but fourteen rows of commas, each row like half body of a myriapod gone wrong — and poetic! A real centipede — Ugh! — and a polka dot dress rocking with cheap perfume and thrown among the students in Introduction to Literary Criticism could have caused a similar furor!

But such is art. Movie fans will at once recall Harold Rouvke's fantastic creations in the movie, The Fountainhead.

Personally, we believe that Villa's commas are mere ceremonies. No Villa poem, and no great poem for that matter, can be read without commas, but the commas do not need to be written. The commas have to be in the mind to mark off the sheltering places where the reader can watch the spurtings of the poet's inner genius.

1. *If, Jesus, had, had, a, skeleton,  
Someone, would, throw, it, a, rose,  
Someone, would, throw, it, a, stone.*

*The, rose, would, strike, like, a, rose,  
The, stone, would, smite, like, a, rose!  
For, the, skeleton, would, stand, like, Jesus.*

*Rose thrower, stone-thrower,  
Led, to, grace, by, divine, bone.*

2. *In not getting there is perfect Arrival.  
Success is too much defeat!  
The laureateship is the Way as Rival  
To the defeatless Feet.*

*Jesus never got there: He arrived,  
Perfect. The obstructive Cross  
Uprose as Rival and contrived  
To laurel the defeatless Ghost.*

### Lenten Poem

N. G. R.

*Sucars cannot kill You  
Nor nails, nor scorns  
Not even Time.....*

*You, the ageless,*

*You know no death; when helpless  
the whole world trembles*

*On Your fingertip.*

*And yet You died—remember?  
You once died, and Love  
was the Murderer.*



### Prayer

By C. Faigao

*If a prayer had body, what  
would it be?*

*It would be a white rose  
where the dead leaves  
are.*

*It must be bright, so it would  
be a star;*

*Fragrant, for it must soften  
and make free;*

*Effulgent, for its deep rays  
must lead thee*

*On the long road though the  
road's end be far.*

*Flower, light, prayer, they be similar.*

*How would I know that you would pray for me?*

*Ah, I would know because when you do pray,*

*I'll smell the scent of flowers. A prayer only*

*Takes the paths of incense censer-swayed.*

*And a strange light not of the night nor day*

*Will seem to guide me though the path be lonely.*

*Then in my heart I will believe you prayed.*

## USC IN THE NEWS

### PHARMACY REGENT US-BOUND

Rev. Robert Hoeppener, regent of the College of Pharmacy, will make a trip early next April to the United States. He expects to stay at Chicago where he is going to pursue his studies in chemistry and other sciences.

It was also learned that Rev. Phillip van Engeien and Fr. Schoenig may follow Fr. Hoeppener. Both priests intend to further their studies in US universities.

### STEEL AND EQUIPMENT DONATED TO USC

Twenty-six thousand pesos worth of steel was donated to USC by a generous benefactor in the United States. Said steel will be used in the construction of the big all-concrete Office-Library-Chapel building which will compose the middle annex to the Administration Building. Falsework are now being laid and the building is scheduled to be opened to the Carolinians by the middle of this year.

Another good news for us is the recent arrival from the same donor of forty more new microscopes, a projecting camera, epidiascope, and twenty typewriters of a popular make.

### TO OPEN GRADE SCHOOL AT JONES AVENUE

To relieve parental worries over having to send their children to distant elementary schools, USC administration decided to open a grade school at the old Administration Building. Grade tots in the P. del Rosario—Jones Avenue vicinity stand

to benefit from this decision.

In the meantime, the USC elementary at Mabini St. will remain open for the kids of this district. Headed by an able, young principal, Mr. Victorio Labunot, the grade school at Mabini, opened shortly after Liberation, has since tripled its enrolment.

### USC ALUMNI CELEBRATE HOMECOMING

Into the USC lobby a forthright ago trekked over 200 young and old homesick Carolinians to attend the annual alumni family reunion. They have come from all parts of Cebu and neighboring provinces, high in spirits, and with a mood to reminisce. It was a motley crowd, the ages ranging from 25 to 75. There were the clergymen, the doctors, the lawyers, the dentists, the accountants, the businessmen, the planters, and the clerks. They could be sorted out to different times, but they belonged to one Alma Mater. They form part of the big Carolinian Family.

The loudspeaker blared old classics. The air bristled with hail greetings and backslapping. There was a general propensity to lapse into the past, the good old days. But it was the old folks who got the bigger thrill. Just to celebrate and recall their schoolboy days half a century ago had set them on new springs. "When I stepped into the San Carlos portals for the first time as a boy," reminisced septuagenarian Filemon Sotto, "I remember very well the awe that the school inspired in me. The atmosphere was so different from outside and I could feel it."

Four long tables crowded the lobby. Over ham, chicken and salad, the alumni Over ham, chicken and salad, the alumni Over ham, chicken and salad, the alumni presidential table was the newly installed Archbishop of Cebu Julio R. Rosales, the guest of honor, between Fr. Rector and



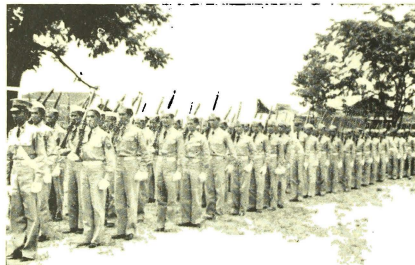
Archbishop JULIO R. ROSALES, guest of honor at the alumni banquet.

Alumni President, Hon. Fortunato Borromeo.

After approving the final draft of permanent statutes of the Alumni Association, the celebrants proceeded to conduct the elections. The presidency went again to Ex-Justice Fortunato Borromeo. A promising lawyer, Atty. Jesus Garcia was chosen vice-president; Vicente Medalle, secretary; Atty. Silvano Jakosalem, treasurer; Eustacio Chong Veloso, accountant; Jose del Mar, PRO; Col. Jesus Mercado, sergeant at arms.

The high point of the celebration came after dinner in the form of after-dinner speeches. Fr. Rector Albert van Ganswinkel stood first to thank the alumni who have not forgotten their Alma Mater. In an impassioned speech, he called for a more active support and a steadfast allegiance to USC. "This is your school," he declared, "and this is the school of your children. You owe all the love, goodwill, and cooperation to this school... The great thing that should stand before our eyes — our one goal, is Catholic education." He stressed that Catholic youth should be educated in the Catholic way. "This is your responsibility," he told the alumni. "The Catholic Church calls you to it and even more, God himself bids you to take such responsibility." The alumni's response to Fr. Rector was a long spontaneous applause.

Jose del Mar, editor of a local paper in Spanish, spoke after Fr. Rector. He waxed nostalgic over his school days and thanked God he was a Carolinian. "If I were to be born again, I would like to be a Carolinian again." Facing Fr. Rector, he pledged his devotion to San Carlos and in fervent tones he finished his speech with: "Mandad". (We are at your service.)



USC ROTC cadets—neat, well-trimmed. Flat-foots hot-footing it behind the colors in USC-day parade.

## USC in the News

Guest of honor. Archbishop Julio R. Rosales, wrung the biggest ovation of the evening. Never a San Carlos student. Monsir. Rosales nevertheless turned out to be the greatest carolinian of them all. "Even as a little boy I heard of San Carlos as the seat of intellectual aristocracy," he declared. "My ambition," he went on, "is to see someday San Carlos University not only a flourishing school in the Visayas but also the best school in the whole Philippines."

One of the gayest alumni parties, the affair broke up close ten in the evening.

### USC CELEBRATES BIG DAY

On the 24th, 25th, and the 26th of last month, USC was ablated with much fanfare and activity. Carolinians were celebrating the year's biggest holiday — the USC University Day.

Featured on the three day affair were literary-musical programs, parade, field mass, the ROTC Inter-Battery Competitions, and other athletic field events.

(Report on USC Day on page 2)

### USC LIBRARY TO OCCUPY TWO-STORY QUARTERS

Two stories of the Administration-Library building now under construction

are designated for the library halls and stockrooms. The construction went underway this month and will be finished in June.

The first floor library hall will be located in the middle of the Administrative-Library building with a stockroom at the rear. On the second floor the library hall will contain textbooks and other readings strictly professional in nature, while the basement library hall will house general library readings.

The present Librarian head is Fr. Josef Baumgartner who succeeded Fr. Bunzel, now Dean of Education (CAROLINIAN, February issue). The assistant librarian is an oldtimer Carolinian who was connected with the library since before the war, Mr. Jose B. Peñalosa. After graduating with honors at the Ce-



Hon. FORTUNATO BORROMEO  
President, Alumni Association



Mr. JOSE ARIAS  
USC Registrar  
Head Secretarial Course

bu Provincial High. he took up law at San Carlos. Now a third year law student with five solid years of experience in library science, Joe manages the library with great efficiency and competence.

### SEND-OFF PROGRAM HELD FOR MONSIEG. REYES

A farwell literary-musical program was held in honor of Monsie. Gabriel M. Reyes, archbishop of Manila who recently came to Cebu to attend the installation of his successor, Monsie. Rosales. Archbishop Reyes was formerly the President of the USC Board of Trustees during his incumbency as archbishop of Cebu. USC owes much of its progress and spectacular achievements to him.

The program highlights were speeches by Fr. Rector and response speech by Archbishop Reyes. Other numbers were folk dances, vocal duet, classical dances, USC band selections, speeches by Florinda Saguin and Ramon Osmeña.

### MECHANICAL-ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DEPT. ACQUIRES NEW HEAD

Lawyer-Engineer Salvador E. Sala, supervising engineer and director of the Visayan Electric Co., will head the USC Mechanical-Engineering Department in the next school opening.

Engineer Sala finished his BSME and RSEE at UP Manila. In 1947, he finished his LLB and passed the Bar in the same year. He finished his high school at San Beda, Manila as valedictorian.

He acquired varied experience and practice in the engineering works and factories of Switzerland, Germany and Sweden within the years 1933 to 1937, before taking the job of Supervising Engineer of the same company.

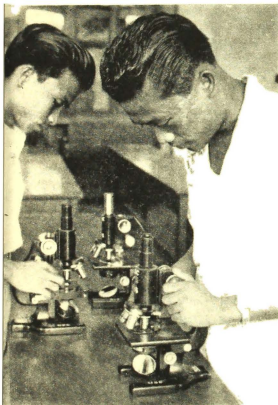
Engineer Sala is no doubt a very valuable addition to USC.

### ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT, BOOK SHIPMENTS ARRIVE

A large shipment of brand-new and modern equipments and reference books for the Physics, Civil Engineering and Mechanical Engineering departments arrived recently from the United States. Room 104 of the Collegiate Science building is now the new library on Technological subjects.

### AUDITING CLASS HOLD CONVOCATION

The auditing class under Mr. Lolito Gil Guzmán held a convocation with Mr. P. Escandor as convocation speaker. He spoke on Public Utilities Accounting. A traveling auditor of the Bureau of Audits on Public Utilities, Mr. Escandor proved well-versed and interesting on the subject-matter.



Rector's clerks tinker with the brand-new microscopes.



## USC in the News

### EDUCATION JUNIORS HONOR SENIORS

The USC Roof Garden and Pavilion was bright with colored neon lamps last month. The occasion was a program, party and dance held by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors of the College of Education, USC. In a simple ceremony the Senior class relinquished the "Chain" of duties and responsibilities to the Juniors to the tune of sentimental music. The faculty and a host of other invited guests witnessed the celebration.

### FRIAS WINS MANILA INTERCOLLEGIATE ORATORICAL TILT

Popular alumnus Vicente Frias, actor, debater and bemedalled orator, formerly with the University of San Carlos College of Law, won the inter-collegiate oratorical contest in Manila. Mr. Frias was awarded a gold medal and loving cup. His prize-winning oration was, "Philippines, Incorporated".

### LIBERAL ARTS DEBATE ON IMPORT CONTROL

In a battle of wits held March 14 at the USC Court, the debating teams of the Liberal Arts Argumentation and Debate classes under Mr. Mario Ortiz clashed on the live topic, "Resolved, That Import Control should be lifted". On the affirmative side were Floriano Beltran, Jesus G. Rama and Norma Labalan while Dionisio Flores, Virginia Camacho and Cesar Vergara composed the negative. The latter Medie team upset the Pre-law.

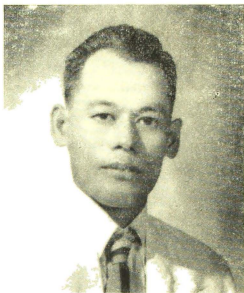
A gold cup was awarded to the winning team, a gold medal from Monsig. Rosales to F. Beltran as best speaker and a fountain pen set from Fr. Hoerdemann to Virginia Camacho as best debater.

### TWO-WEEK RETREAT HELD

The annual spiritual retreat for the students was held after USC Day. For lack of space in the chapel, the holy retreat was conducted in four sessions. Mostly day students had their retreat in the first week while the night students in the succeeding week. The retreat master was Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD who also officiated the holy mass and general communion for the students.

### USC POL SC 3 CLASS ORGANIZED

Political Science 3 students under Attorney Cesar Gonzales organized the

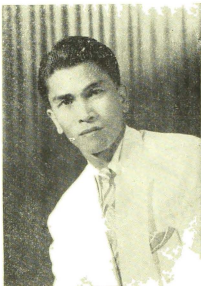


Mr. JOSE B. PEÑALOSA  
*Able, competent Asst. Librarian*

### "YOUNG CITIZENS".

Highlights of the meeting were the acceptance speeches of the nominated candidates of two junior political parties, namely, the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, and the YOUNG PHILIPPINE PARTY. The following officers were elected: President, Bonifacio G. Alviso, Democratic Part.; Vice-President, Josefina Samson, Young Philippine Party; Secretary, Ermenia Reyes; Treasurer, Clarita Valencia; PRO, Desiderio L. Ando; Pedro Caracho; Sgts.-at-Arms, Teodoro Sabay, Bruno Gultia; Adviser, Atty. Cesar Gonzalez.

The aims of the young society shall be, to preserve and promote mutual understanding, justice, and educational security among the members.



Mr. VICTORIO LABUNOG  
*Principal, USC Elementary Dept.*

### COLLEGE OF PHARMACY FETED

Beauteous girls of the Pharmacy Dept. were feted by Fr. Rector at Miramar, Talisay, USC summer resort the other week as award for their work during USC Day. The Pharmacy girls run a very profitable restaurant on the roof garden and sold the biggest number of raffle tickets during the USC celebration.

In the party given by the administration for Archbishops Reyes and Rosales and other church dignitaries during Monsig. Rosales' installation, the Pharmacists were called upon to serve the dignitaries and did an efficient job.

### PHARMACY JUNIOR PROM HELD

In a very inspiring and elaborate ceremony, the Juniors of the Pharmacy Department bid good-bye to the graduating class. The celebration featured a program, a torch-handing ceremony and dance. Attended by the USC faculty, the affair turned out to be very gay and successful.



*The Spanish enthusiasts who formed the exclusive "Club de Retorica y Poetica" with Fr. Rector and Spanish Instructors Abad and Messa.*



## USC TURNS OUT 493 PROFESSIONALS

A bumper crop of 493 professionals will leave USC portals on graduation day, March 31st this year. The bulk of the graduates come from the Education and from the Jr. Normal Depts. The Post-Graduate course has 3 candidates for graduation, College of Law 39, Liberal Arts (AB) 35, Education 158, College of Engineering 5, Commerce 32, Pharmacy 20, Junior Normal 186, Secretarial Department 12.

Aside from these professionals, 675 high school graduates will make up this year's harvest from the three high school departments of USC: Boys' High 500, Girls' High 90, and Training Dept. 85.

There will be 234 Associate in Arts graduates that will don the cap and gown this year; it was gathered from USC Registrar, Jose V. Arias. One time assistant to Registrar Fr. Philip Beck before the war, Mr. Arias is a holder of B.S.E., A.B. and B.S.C. degrees. Conscientious and energetic, Mr. Arias became registrar upon resumption of school after Liberation.

### MISS URGELLO TO JOIN PILGRIM SHIP

Miss Milagros Urgello, faculty member of the Pharmacy Dept. will leave early April for Europe in the pilgrimage ship to attend the Holy Year celebration at Rome. She expects to girdle the world after her visit to Rome and arrive here on time for the next school opening.

### SUPERSONIC RESEARCH TO BE HEADED BY FR. OSTER, SVD

Father F. Oster whose arrival at San Carlos was reported in our last issue, plans to resume his research work on supersonic vibrations in solids which he left unfinished at The Catholic University of Peking when he gave up his position there as head of the Department of Physics last November. He is confident that the laboratory facilities available at San Carlos for the production and measurement of high-frequency oscillations are well suited to build up the experimental equipment for this kind of research.

### USC BOYS SCOUT CAMPORAL CHAMPS

The USC Boys Scouts from the Boys' High and the Training Dept. chalked up the biggest score in the competition held at Abellana High grounds. They took the lead in signaling, marching, and uniform inspection and were second in knot-tying,

pling a total of 45 points with their nearest rival getting only 39. Rev. Stephen Szmuto, Director of the Boys' High and Rev. Constante Floresca, Director of the Training Dept. High warmly congratulated Scoutmaster Cardenas and his boys.

### THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SCIENCE BLDG. COMPLETED

The reconstruction of the Science Building has just been completed. An all-concrete affair, the building with its fine architecture acquired another floor, a story to house the increasing population of USC. Its main attraction is its wide and spacious roof garden which joins that of the Administration. This will be used as a recreation terrace for the students.

## QUARTERLY AGAINST SEMESTRAL SYSTEM

Some are apt to take things for granted and jump at conclusions about the merits or demerits of the quarterly system as against the semestral.

Upon closer study, we found some very interesting points that will explode popular notions about both.

1) Which is shorter? Both may take the same time. In quarterly terms, with 12 units to a quarter, you pile up 144 units in 3 years. ( $4 \times 12 \times 3 = 144$ )

In the semestral system, you can acquire the same number of units in 3 years, if you take summer courses. With 18 units to a semester plus 12 units summer load, you have 144 units. ( $2 \times 18 \times 3$  plus  $3 \times 12 = 144$ )

2) Which is better? The semestral system. The studies are done more slowly and therefore more thoroughly. (Less vacation inertia, too!)

3) Which is more expensive? Usually, the quarterly. Matriculations and other miscellaneous fees are paid 4 times a year.

## Mid-Term Honor Roll

### EDUCATION

1st yr.:	Cadavos, Alicia	1.17
2nd yr.:	Ruiz, Paz	1.10
3rd yr.:	Pelaez, Gloria	1.18
4th yr.:	Guanzon, Rafael V.	1.10

### GENERAL

1st yr.:	Alvizo, Bonifacio	1.30
2nd yr.:	Serafica, Alice	1.45
3rd yr.:	Polanco, Federico	1.29
4th yr.:	Morales, Alberto	1.14

### PRE-LAW

1st yr.:	Lepasana, Esmeraluna	1.43
2nd yr.:	Gonzales, Jose	1.50

### PRE-MEDIC

1st yr.:	Yu, Geraldo	1.25
2nd yr.:	Lim, Kasian	1.12

### PHARMACY

1st yr.:	Lim, Edna	1.10
2nd yr.:	Alcuino, Victoria	1.00
3rd yr.:	Veloso, Estrella	1.14
4th yr.:	Catal, Luz	1.19

### COMMERCE

1st yr.:	Tan, Eugenio	1.14
2nd yr.:	Coloyan, Romeo	1.26
3rd yr.:	Derecho, Adelina	1.18
4th yr.:	Amores, Rufo	1.41

### JUNIOR NORMAL

1st yr.:	Tumulak, Felisa	1.25
2nd yr.:	Scoto, Caridad	1.15

### JUNIOR NORMAL Home Economics

1st yr.:	Tiampo, Secundiana	1.54
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### BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN HOME ECONOMICS

1st yr.:	Briones, Teresita	1.47
2nd yr.:	Trinidad, Milagros	1.51
4th yr.:	Bernaldez, Consuelo	1.96

### SECRETARIAL

Fernan, Vicenta	1.69
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### MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

1st yr.:	Jarolan, Sergio	1.96
2nd yr.:	Feraren, Antonio	1.57

### CIVIL ENGINEERING

2nd yr.:	Butalid, Jacinto	1.59
4th yr.:	Tan, Eduardo, jr.	1.53

### LAW

1st yr.:	Legaspi, Bonifacio	1.52
2nd yr.:	Derecho, Augusto	1.73
3rd yr.:	Garcia, Pablo	1.40
4th yr.:	Morada, Fernando	1.13

## HER MOTHERS...

(Cont. from page 7)

thinks she's teaching him to play ping-pong; but all she does is smash one ball across the table after another, and poor Carlitos trots his legs off retrieving them for her. And Ange, Dodong still hasn't paid her that five pesos. Sometimes he mentions it himself, just to tease her. But she doesn't say a word — just looks at him. Now you know there's something the matter!"

One Saturday morning Lucia Armas called up. "Corazon's having a party one week from today, Meling, and of course: we want Nitang and Dodong."

"That's nice. They'll be delighted," murmured Meling — wondering if Nitang would.

"And Meling, Corazon wants it to be a dance, but that's not all. She says the party has to be from nine to twelve — and she says she has to have a long dress!"

"Well!"

"Oh, I don't know." Lucina said unhappily. "I thought I might compromise, and make it eight to eleven. But when it comes to the dress question — you know that good old everybody-but-me gag!"

Yes, Meling knew. "Oh, well," she said, "if a few extra inches will make them happy..."

But she was feeling panic-stricken instead of cheerful. It would take more than a long dress to make Nitang a success at a dancing party. And to be a hopeless wallflower at her first party! "Wny on earth haven't I seen this coming?" she thought desperately.

Nitang left reluctantly for the party with Dodong. When they were gone, Iyo Ange took one look at Iya Meling, and he began to laugh. "So your little girls' gone forever, is she?"

"Why, no she isn't," said literal Carlitos in surprise. "She's coming back."

"I think so too, Carlitos," said his father. "I never did believe that clothes make the man, nor a dress the girl. She'll be back, Meling."

"She will this time," agreed Iya Meling and blow her nose. "It's bedtime, Carlitos."

Iyo Ange pulled an envelope from his pocket. "This seems to have got into my mail by mistake," he said, and handed it over to his wife. It was a bill for five pesos from "La Suerte", and Iya Meling's eyes widened with surprise. "Why, I haven't bought a centavo's worth there!"

"Look at the name."

The envelope and statement were addressed to Angel Longa, Jr. Jr! that was Dodong. She lifted a shocked face. "Oh, but Ange, five pesos! There must be some mistake."

"There'd better be," said Iyo Ange grimly.

"Five pesos, five pesos," said Carlitos

## SO WELL...

(Cont. from page 12)

After the ceremonies, she quietly went down the stage and made her way to their car. Her friends were waiting to congratulate her, but she remembered the first kiss she had promised to her mother. Someone thrust her a bouquet of crimson roses and she was just on time to catch it.

"Where did you get that gold thing hanging on your neck, Eric?" her brother asked teasingly, as they were driving home.

"From Mother, of course. Look!" she said, and she opened the locket and held it close to Marc.

"Marc," she said suddenly, "drive faster please, I have a strange feeling something ... something... has happened. I want to see Mother at once."

"You have always funny ideas in your mind," her brother answered teasingly. "When will you learn to grow up?"

She did not answer but instead moved closer to her brother.

Then the old house came into view — the rusty iron grills surrounding the well-kept garden, the majestic bogo trees, swaying like silent sentinels and the outline of the twisted campanilla tree which formed a hideous shadow, like that of a

dreamily. "Nitang used to have five pesos."

"Did she?" asked his father absently, and then: "say, Meling! You don't suppose—" Iyo Ange stared into space with dawning suspicion. Suddenly, without explaining that he meant, he got up and went to the telephone. Then he began to laugh. "Know what Nitang's been doing? She's been stopping in there on her way home from school, and charging things to Dodong. Five pesos worth!"

"You mean she's got her money back that way?" asked Iya Meling blankly.

"That's probably what she figures, though she's forgotten the interest he promised her. Know what she's bought? Waffles, with maple syrup and a dip of vanilla ice cream on top of that. No wonder she hasn't been hungry!"

"But is it ethical to collect a debt that way?"

"That," said Iyo Ange severely, "is an angle that Nitang and I will go into pretty thoroughly tomorrow." But the corners of his mouth curved upward and again he exploded into laughter. "Meling," he told her, "when those speels of worrying come on you, don't you waste any time on your

(Cont. on page 25)

coiled snake.

Erica noticed that the house was dark except for her mother's room which was lighted and the dim light in the sala downstairs. Strange, she thought to herself, that her mother's room should be unusually bright this late afternoon. Unconsciously she was afraid of something she did not understand.

"Erica, look at that," March said calmly, pointing to an old car parked near the campanilla tree.

"Oh, it's Tio Pecto! it's Tio Pecto!" she exclaimed delightedly, all fear vanishing from his mind. "I knew he would never fail to come today."

"Maybe Tia Soling is there too, I sense it," her brother remarked with a triumphant glitter in his eyes.

"Do you think so, Marc?" she asked eagerly. "That's why Mother's room is brightly lighted. I've been looking forward to a family reunion — long at last — Oh God, you're so good..."

The car entered the gateway noiselessly and stopped in the middle of the driveway. She crossed the small lawn as fast as her legs could carry her; her precious diploma and the crimson roses nestling

(Cont. on page 26)

## SPORTS...

(Cont. from page 13)

only 2 goals to the Carolinians 1:

## USC CINDER PATH STARS FIGURE IN CCA FIELD MEET

In spite of fielding in the least number of entries, the USC Track and Field squad placed second in the track and field championships. Ranulfo Salazar, all-round athlete, took second place in the 100 and 200 m dash after making the best time in the century in the trial heats. "Flash" Salazar, although comparatively new in the game, missed the red ribbon in the century due to his poor starting. Roy accounted for San Carlos' only red ribbon by winning the hog, step and jump. Roy placed third in the running broad jump. New-comer R. Fuentes nearly took the tables on the UV Kangaroo in the running; broad jump. Only his erratic take-off due to his inexperience prevented him from doing so. In the weight-throwing events, Dan Micanie hurled the discus far enough to capture third place. In spite of the loss of the services of Leoncio Boltron, who was hit by a stray bullet, the USC relay team nearly beat the UV quartette in the 4 x 100 m relay.

# ROTC BRIEFS

## ROTC UNITS TO HOLD JOINT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AND BALL ON MARCH 25

A joint ROTC Commencement Exercises and Ball for the second year advance graduates of all the units in Cebu City will be held on March 25. The Commencement Exercises Program will be held in the afternoon at the PC Recreation Hall and the Graduation Ball at Club Filipino.

To make the affair a success, various committees were created. Capt. Antonio N. Concepcion, USC Commandant, heads the Executive Committee, with all the corps commanders as members.

## TRAINING FILMS SHOWN AT USC

The Department of Military Science and Tactics, through the courtesy of the United States Information Service, gave a series of military shows last week at the USC BB Court. Among the pictures shown were Cadets' Life at the US Military Academy, The Battle of St. Pietro, Italy, The Invention of Garand Rifle, and College Life at the University of California, Los Angeles.

## NEW ADJUTANT AND S-1

Good-natured, publicity-shy 1st Lt. Manuel C. Gonzaga, Inf., is our new ROTC Adjutant and S-1. Formerly ROTC Commandant of SVD's institution, St. Paul College at Taaloban, Leyte, he was assigned to USC ROTC Department by Hq. III MA, Cebu City, last January to relieve Capt. Florencio Romero from his multifarious desk job. Capt. Romero still remains our Ex-O and Plans and Operation Officer.

Lt. "Mening" Gonzaga, as most of his friends call him, hails from Surigao, Surigao. He graduated the 3-year ROTC course at the Visayan Institute (now University of the Visayas) on March, 1941, and entered the Army just as World War III broke out as Junior Officer of "B" Co., M.P. Regt. under Lt. Pio Camano, USC pre-war Commandant. He joined the guerrilla movement in southern Leyte under Lt. Col. Ruperto Kangleon as adjutant of 1st Bn. 94th Inf. Regiment. On November, 1943 up to the latter part of liberation, he was designated head of Combat Co., LAC. On November, 1944,



Lt. Manuel C. Gonzaga  
New ROTC Adjutant

his unit, in close cooperation with an American gunboat shelled and annihilated a Japanese garrison off the coast of Maasin, Leyte. He saw action with an American task force which landed at Camotes Island on February, 1945 in its mopping up operation drive against the Japanese. Shortly after the war, he was sent to Officers' School at Camp Floridablanca, Pampanga. One year later, he was assigned to St. Paul College as ROTC Commandant, and on January, 1950 by Special Order No. 5, he was assigned to duty as ROTC Adjutant of our University.

## "E" BATTERY COPES FIRST PLACE IN USC DAY COMPETITION

In the recent USC Day competition conducted by the DMST among the different units of the Corps, "E" Btry, commanded by Cdt. Capt. Carponio Manriquez, copped the general championship prize, which was a penant. "B" Btry garnered a clean 75 points. The following were also winners: for the best Btry Drill performance, went to "Charlie" Btry, under the leadership of Cdt. Capt. Isidro Redulla; in Weapons, to "B" Btry; and for Platoon and Gun Drill, to M.P. Btry, commanded by Cdt. Celso Macaboch.

## ROTC HONORS ARCHBISHOP

### JULIO R. ROSALES

The ROTC Units of Cebu City gave a joint military welcome and street parade last month in honor of His Grace, Julio R. Rosales, on the occasion of his arrival from Tagbilaran, Bohol and installation as Cebu's new Archbishop.

The USC cadet officers, in their spick and span gala uniform, together with the M.P. Btry, served as escorts and

## HER MOTHER'S...

(Cont. from page 24)

only daughter. She can take care of herself."

When Nitang and Dodong came home from the party, Nitang was ecstatically happy. "I beat Luis with his own truck. Look Papa, he's got this tricky kind of serve, that you can't tell where the ball's going. It's awful. Well, I practiced and practiced—you know how hard I worked, mama!—and finally I got on to it. He wasn't used to having balls like that sent at him, didn't know what to do! And was it fun! I had a swell time tonight, mama, I thought it'd be like one to those dopey parties." Nitang said.

"It's very bad taste of you to say anything like that about the Orchids, Nitang. After all you've never been to any of their parties," said her mother.

"I'll say I haven't. I took care of that!"

Iyo Ange cleared his throat inquiringly.

"You took care of it! How?" asked her mother.

"Why, I just told Salud Bustamante—she's the president—not to let them waste a bid on me."

Iya Meling gasped. "Oh, Nitang! How awful! Maybe they don't have any intention of asking you!"

"Well, what if they didn't? Didn't do any harm. I'll bet they did, though."

We've got a nice new house to give parties in, and you and Papa get around quite a bit, and Dodong's captain of the basketball team."

"But Nitang, why didn't you want to join?"

Nitang looked a little blank. "Well, why should I? They don't have any fun at all. Mama. It takes a whole afternoon a week, and all they do is sit around and talk about boys, and plan and plan and plan for all those dopey parties they have!"

"Well—" said her mother limply after a moment, her voice trembling with irritation. "I do think you might have bothered to tell me all this in the beginning. I've been worrying my head off because I thought you wanted to belong and weren't asked!"

guard of honor for the honoree.

Local universities and colleges, public schools, civic spirited and Catholic organizations participated in the welcome.

Later, the Corps gave an impressive military evening parade and review last month in honor of Their Graces, Julio R. Rosales, new Archbishop of Cebu, Gabriel M. Reyes, Archbishop of Manila, (Cont. on page 31)

THE HANKERING...

(Cont. from page 9)  
 membered feeling very happy that she did. It told her so.

I could feel the girl's eyes probing me in the semi-darkness, and when she spoke there was a hint of a sigh. "Manang, I left the cafe, because I was afraid of the attentions the men were giving me. Men tried to be familiar with me and I was frightened. I think now that I have been a coward."

As I could not quite follow her line of reasoning, I kept silent and waited for her to continue. When at last she spoke again, it was with vehemence, "I have tried to be good and above reproach and where has it got me? I have never had a real good time in my life. But Melly has had her fun. She always had better clothes than I had. She has gone to many parties and has had her fill of the excitement and gaiety. Now she can marry and settle down for the rest of her life without so much as a backward glance for an empty past. For her there will be no regrets."

For a moment I was dumfounded. I had difficulty in framing my next statement.

"Nena," I began slowly, "you don't realize how lucky you have been. You have stayed good in spite of everything. For any good girl that should be enough."

"Bah! What's the use of being good without being happy?" she cried fiercely. "Has being good given me those things a girl has always hankered for? Has being good brought me riches or beautiful clothes or anything?" A sob broke from her and soon she was weeping heartbrokenly.

In a voice strangled with tears Nena took her leave, and I let her go without a word. I was anxious not so much for Melly, as I was for Nena. Melly, I felt, could take care of herself in any situation. But Nena, what did she know about that gay and abandoned life which she seemed to yearn for so much? I could sense, however, that she was caught in a deep surge of rebellion against drabness, monotony, and the mawing hunger that comes from futile dreams. Once or twice in a woman's lifetime it must come, and Nena was hopelessly in its maze. Yet it was not the beauty of freedom she longed for. What she wanted was indulgence, and I was frightened for her sake. I wondered whether the time would come when she would go the way Melly had gone in order to achieve what she, in her present frame of mind, thought was the real and lasting happiness. It seemed to me that Nena was grasping at the pretense of happiness with only the courage of ignorance and of defiant inexperience to protect her.

Melly left the following morning in a

station wagon which was said to be that of her betrothed. She was in a very jovial mood and before the car started off she called out to me gaily, "Goodbye, Manang, all has been for the best." And with that she was gone.

As for Nena, she kept pretty much to herself, and I even sensed that she was trying to evade me. However I saw Nilo one evening and I had a chance of talking with him. He looked sullen, grim, and spare.

"I just can't seem to understand women," he complained. "Nena is very bitter all of a sudden. Since Melly left she has become very contemptuous of my presence."

"Last evening she talked of going away to Manila. She wouldn't say it in so many words, but I understand enough to know that what she wants is a gay good time and lots of fun."

I tried to laugh off Nilo's fears and said that I seriously doubted Nena's courage for adventure and enterprise. "She is not that kind of girl," I assured Nilo as we parted.

In my secret heart, however, I had my misgivings. The pity of my position was that even now I could not give her the benefit of my wider comprehension. I wanted to tell her of the more enduring and integral love, a love that knows how to be chaste, patient, and loyal. I have always believe that true happiness only comes from being good. Everywhere, of course, there is the sale of souls to gain the whole world. Yet I had hopes that Nena's peculiar trouble was but superficial and a product of momentary delusion.

On the fifth day after Melly went away to get married, Iya Silay came to me, seething but voluble as ever. Nena had gone to Manila with a few other girls. They were to be hostesses and entertainers of a newly opened nightclub in that city.

About two months later, I received a letter from Melly, postmarked Iloilo. It was written on a common sheet of paper in an almost untidy airmail envelope. After the usual amenities it ended ironically thus:

*Please give my kind regards to Nena and Nilo. How happy they must be. I wish I had been like Nena. She has always been a good girl and she deserves the best. Manang, I am a taxi-dancer here. As to my marriage venture, I'll have to confess that everything has been a farce. Whoever would want to marry me!*

FREEDOM AND THE...

(Cont. from page 6)

issue of freedom of information to cover up the real issue which concerns the present situation: freedom of religion and of conscience. The anti-Catholics who think that the action of the Catholics is a violation of the freedom of information will do well to cry against the violators of the freedom of religion and of conscience.

What we hold is that the Catholics are not against anybody who wants to distribute the said book to the public. For it is up to the public to decide whether to have it or not, or read it or not. Undoubtedly, the sole objection (and we still have the freedom to object), lies in the use of public money for the purchase of a book which is inimical to our religion. Yes, the public's money. And take into account that 80% of the public's money are the Catholics' contributions. That is so, because 80% of the population of the Philippines are Catholics. With this in mind, by all the rules of democracy, this majority of what we call "the public", cannot be deprived of its inalienable right to speak out its mind and to make rallies or "peaceably assemble for redress of grievances." The principles of freedom are what we are exercising, no less and no more, in legal protest of what we honestly and righteously think is prejudicial to our religious, moral and educational interests. Can we be accused of bigotry if we are that democratic in our practical use of democratic processes in the most legal and decidedly constitutional way? The anti-Catholics ought to know these considerations.

SO WELL...

(Cont. from page 24)

tightly against her bosom and the golden pendant on her neck brightly as it caught the deepening dusk of twilight.

She opened the front door swiftly, when Pepang, the old cook met her and held her arm. The old woman's pale face was speechless for a moment.

"Erica," she began awkwardly, trying to hold back her tears, "your Tio Peto and Tia Soling... they are here..."

"Oh, I know, I know," she exclaimed impatiently, "I've waited long enough for this day, our family reunion at last—." Without taking a second look at the old woman's face, she dashed excitedly up the long flight of stairs to her mother's room. With flushing face and lips parted in a happy smile, she called out eagerly, "Mother, I'm here, already."

"Erica, Erica, stop!" Marc's voice was hoarse as he ran after his sister. But it was too late. Not even their speechless uncle who stood unnoticed at the far corner who had planned to break the news

(Cont. on page 31)

## SECCION

## Castellana

Editorial

## Dia de Graduacion

**J**óvenes graduandos termináis vuestra carrera de estudiantes y vais a entrar en la vida activa del hombre. Os halláis en toda la plenitud de la esperanza y de la ilusión. Os despedís de estas aulas para emprender el camino de la montaña. La Universidad, vuestra madre intelectual, ha provisto vuestro bagaje, y con cariñoso cuidado ha puesto en él todo lo que la lección y el consejo pueden dar de útil, para fortalecer el espíritu y salvar las asperezas del camino. Ella os conduce hasta la puerta del hogar común, y allí, besándoos la frente y estrechándoos la mano, os indica la senda; y partís.

La amistad nacida en la vida común de las aulas, entre niños que compartieron los primeros afanes y las primeras ilusiones, que juntos velaron en las horas dedicadas al estudio, y que unidos se lanzaron en las primeras aventuras juveniles, es el vínculo más grande que une a los hombres, es el sentimiento más resistente a las vicisitudes de la vida.

A medida que los años avancen, ese sentimiento fraternal os servirá para salvar muchos abismos, suavizar muchas asperezas, y os ofrecerá aliento y apoyo en esas horas difíciles en que el ánimo más firme se siente desfallecer. No permitáis jamás que las pasiones de la vida pública destruyan esas amistades, que no serán reemplazadas; conservadlas como tesoro de vuestra vida íntima y defendedlas contra la acción destructora de la lucha de ideas, aspiraciones y propósitos antagónicos, que es condición de la vida democrática.

Lo que se os deja dicho no tiene otro mérito que la sinceridad de un deseo que veáis colmadas todas las nobles y altas ambiciones que hoy agitan vuestra alma; vuestro provenir es el gran anhelo del patriotismo, porque lleváis en vuestro corazón y en vuestro cerebro el secreto del provenir de nuestra patria.

En este día, uno de los más hermosos en la hermosa primavera de vuestra vida, vais a despediros de la aulas y emprender el camino de la montaña. Lleváis la palabra de estímulo y de aprobación de vuestros profesores; sobre la frente, como bendición divina, el beso de la madre que ve colmados todos sus afanes. Entonad el himno de todas las alegrías. Adelante y sed felices. La sociedad y la patria os esperan.

## GRATITUD

Por LUIS EUGENIO

Somos los hijos que nos vamos del hogar.

En el recinto grave de la iglesia, junto a los altares, como una ofrenda, quedan las horas silenciosas de la oración y de la paz.

En las aulas, muchas inquietudes nuestras seguirán palpitando; en los patios, muchas voces de alegría, y en las canchas la huella de nuestros pasos ligeros en el frenesí del deporte, perdurará por mucho tiempo todavía.

Dejamos muchas cosas. Dejamos, entre tantas, un número indecible de recuerdos pegados a cada muro, a cada árbol, a cada delicioso momento de los tantos que pasamos en cada sitio de la amada universidad.

Dejamos a aquellos que nos hicieron agradables las horas del recreo e interesantes las clases, a aquellos que nos aconsejaban si faltábamos, nos alentaban si desmayábamos: nuestros queridos profesores y maestros; más que eso: nuestros amigos.

Gratitud a ellos, por las penurias que pasaron para hacernos más dignos del epíteto de "soldados de Cristo y de la patria"; gratitud a ellos por el néctar de ciencia con que ilibarón la miel de nuestra educación intelectual; gratitud por el amor con que pusieron en nuestras almas jóvenes el aliento divino de las aspiraciones ultraterrenas.

Gratitud inmensa por todos; por los que no conocen esta palabra del agradecimiento que en este caso es un deber; por los que se olvidaron de esa palabra sagrada y no supieron modificarla; por los que no concibían los grandes sacrificios que por nosotros hicieron y gratitud por los que abrimos los labios, cada día, y elevamos una oración, un Padrenuestro por los "amigos" que quedan y esperan que pasen estos meses para empezar de nuevo a brindar los efluvios de sus grandes corazones.

Nos vamos de la universidad como los hijos del hogar.

Han madurado los frutos y el jardinero los arranca de sus ramas; y como sufren las ramas, así sufren los que quedan.

Que Dios bendiga ese viadoso sufrimiento de las almas de nuestros maestros, haciendo que los frutos que recoge el estío, contengan las semillas que las ramas alimentaron con la savia amorosa y vivificante!

# Su Excia. Reoma. Gabriel M. Reyes, D.D.

La Archidiócesis de Cebu ha perdido un arzobispo y la Universidad de San Carlos constata con profunda pena la ausencia de un generoso bienhechor y de un gran amigo. De ahí que me he decidido a trazar unas cuartillas que hablen con toda sinceridad de Su Excelencia Reverendísima, que sin duda merece más que estos mal hilvanados renglones, pero que vienen dictados por los sentimientos más profundos de simpatía, respeto y admiración.

La vida de Monseñor Reyes revisita todas las características del arroyo que baja sin pretensiones de la altura, que no recibe más aguas que las que le suman las fuentes o las lluvias de los cielos, que no brama en las quebradas, que no arrastra árboles o piedras; pero que da su linfa mansa y cristalina a las flores que bordean sus márgenes y un discreto murmullo, apacible y sedante, que acentúa la tranquilidad.

Nadie ignora que si en los albores de su santo ministerio cura párroco; si, joven aún, fué Vicario General, Obispo diocesano, Arzobispo, no sólo no pretendió esas prelacías, y correlativos honores, sino que positivamente trató de rehuirlos, dando pruebas de una superioridad de alma tanto más relevante cuanto que había en él una suma grande de condiciones y virtudes que aseguran, como sucede, de su cabal y brillante desempeño.

Monseñor Reyes es hombre de acción, de febril actividad. Harto bien conoce la tremenda responsabilidad que prima y gravita sobre sus hombros; y las dificultades que le salen al paso en el ejercicio de su augusto ministerio, son, a veces, sin cuento. Pero Monseñor Reyes no se amilana ante estos problemas vitales de su dilatada vida, sino que se encara con ellos con toda la entereza de su carácter de batallador, no como si

Por LUIS E. SCHONFELD, S.V.D.

estuviese convencido de sí mismo, ni con esa petulante jactancia como es dado observar tantas veces en el mundo, sino en cumplimiento de su sagrado deber de Pastor de almas.

Su acción pastoral no se extiende sólo a las numerosas parroquias y a sus respectivos párrocos. Su actividad alcanza toda entidad, toda institución, toda corporación donde se trabaja por el bien común de nuestros semejantes, y dondequiera se promueve la salvación de las almas y la mayor gloria de Dios. De ahí su constante preocupación por la conservación de los templos, modestos o importantes, y la acción de los colegios, de las congregaciones y de los centros católicos con su infinita escuela de pequeños y de grandes problemas; ausculta permanentemente las necesidades espirituales de su clero, cuidando de su prestigio y eficiencia; consagra sus mejores energías al servicio de la obra de su Seminario, y no en último lugar a su querida UNIVERSIDAD DE SAN CARLOS, cuyos progresos impulsó con juveniles bríos, con fe tenaz de iluminado, en medio de las contrariedades más diversas.

En esta época incierta y caótica, de odios feroces, de incertidumbres, de intranquilidad social, de desorden en las almas y en las cosas, podemos aseverar que Su Excelencia Reverendísima Monseñor Gabriel M. Reyes es obispo de su tiempo y de su tierra. Ama a su país entrañablemente y le sirve en sus más altos intereses espirituales, cumpliendo escrupulosamente los deberes de su alta investidura. Dice, y con razón, que no hay patriotismo más racional que el que nos lleva a vivir la propia vida con la derivación ine-



Monseñor Reyes en su último visita en Cebu con motivo de la instalación de Monseñor Rosales.

vitable de los sacrificios que comporta.

Todos esos afanes que en el mundo nos reúnen y nos separan, el duro deber de cada día, el sudor fecundo del obrero, la áspera lucha del hombre público, tiene un sentido y una finalidad trascendentes. Nada de eso se pierde si le anima el bien de los hombres, si en cada cosa que acometemos palpitan la fe, el amor y la bondad. Monseñor Reyes vive despertando energías, alentando iniciativas, secundando propósitos y premiando esfuerzos. Las necesidades ajenas le afectan el corazón. El hombre en desgracia, el huérfano sin techo, el seminarista pobre, el sacerdote enfermo o indigente encuentran en Monseñor Reyes no sólo recurso material que salva una situación precaria, sino el apoyo moral que alienta, que ensancha el corazón y que abre horizontes de resignación y de esperanza.

Mons. Reyes es un adalid de la leyenda de su escudo, aspiración de su alma sacerdotal, que se emplea a fondo y sin medida hace efectivo el reinado de Cristo en sus amados hijos. Tiene como pocos el don de la palabra — fácil, evangélica, sencilla, clara, y emotiva. Es la suya una elocuencia tan particular, tan personal que es sólo suya.

¡Es orgullo santo del Clero de su Patria, timbre de honor de la Jerarquía eclesiástica filipina!

# MI MADRE

Mi madre es para mí la mejor mujer del mundo y la más ilustre. Este juicio vino a mi mente cuando apenas contaba yo ocho años.

Chiquitilla traviesa y descuidada, teniendo en casa cuanto necesitaba, asociaba a mi madre única y exclusivamente con el trabajo de la casa, y niña imprudente y atrevida, la consideraba buena sólo por esos quehaceres a los que la veía inclinada.

Por ello, sin duda, no era yo para ella lo que debía ser; pero un día, que como de costumbre, andaba yo removiendo la casa por no encontrar lo que para mí era de un valor máximo, mi libro de primer grado, en ese trance — para mi desesperado — acudí mi madre solícita y con la sonrisa en los labios y sin refírme, dijo: "Ching, aquí tienes tu tesoro; pero no lo dejes más en la escalera; yo te lo he recogido varias veces; ayer una de nuestras vecinitas lo cogió y se lo llevó, sin duda para estudiar. Al verte tan desesperada he ido a buscarlo y aquí lo tienes." — Al ver tanta dulzura, no pude resistir, le dí las gracias, y, aunque pareciera imposible, la besé por primera vez con mucho cariño. Desde ese momento vi en mi madre una amiga cariñosa y solícita a la que amé con toda la fuerza de mi alma de niña.

Otro día al buscarla, vi con asombro que leía un documento oficial, y como todavía creía que mi madre sólo servía para el trabajo doméstico, le pregunté con ingenuidad que quizá otra madre no hubiera comprendido. "¿Quién te enseñó a leer? ¿Sabes escribir también?" Mirándome con cariño y con su característica sonrisa me contestó: "Aprendí a leer, a escribir y muchas cosas más cuando era niña y, como tú, asistía a la escuela. Más tarde, cuando tu papá se casó conmigo, era yo maestra en una escuela elemental." — "¿Y por qué no solicitas ahora una plaza de maestra?" le pregunté. "No necesito ir a la escuela a enseñar; Dios ha puesto mis discípulas en casa; vosotros sois mis discípulas en el hogar. Vuestros maestros os enseñan en la escuela, desenvolviendo vuestras facultades intelectuales; yo os enseño aquí las virtudes del hogar formando vuestra alma y vuestro corazón para que seáis más tarde buenas esposas y madres solícitas." — No comprendí yo muy bien todo eso, pero admiré a mi madre y desde ese día, como mencioné al principio de mi relato, fué ella para mí la mujer más grande y la consideré como mi madre de gran ilustración y prudencia.

Pasando los años, empecé a saborear las alegrías y los sinsabores propios de la vida juvenil; y entonces comprendí cuán fácil sería para mi madre en su juventud, y en su primer encuentro romántico con mi padre, atraerle con una de sus sonrisas, que debían ser, entonces, tan salerosas y expresivas como lo son ahora, cuando quiere conquistar el corazón de sus hijas que en número de siete y cada una con su diferente carácter, ocupan su pensamiento, ambicionando para ellas no riquezas ni lujos, pero sí la rudecía y talento que a ella la distinguen.

Creo mi madre que la misión más noble es la maternidad. Y por eso, madre y esposa modelo, todos sus desvelos se dirigen a inclinarse a sus hijas al estado del matrimonio, para que formando sus hogares cristianos, pueda cada una de nosotras ser madre verdaderamente cristiana y la educadora de sus hijos.

La diligencia es otra de las virtudes características de mi madre. De madrugada ya se la ve preparando lo necesario para que al levantarse su esposo y sus hijas tengan ya servido un rico desayuno y puedan de ese modo llegar a sus respectivos puestos con puntualidad, pues ella no olvida que nuestra casa se halla lejos de la ciudad.

Otra de las aficiones de mi madre, es la costura y ella considera esa afición muy necesaria para un ama de casa. Es mi madre amante de las flores de las que cuida con esmero en nuestro jardín, pues como quiere que la casa sea para nosotras un lugar atractivo, la tiene siempre limpia y ordenada y poniendo flores en cada una de las habitaciones, contribuye a alegrar el ambiente familiar.

Si mi madre es la primera en levantarse, no creáis que sea la primera en darse al descanso; no, ella es la última en acostarse y no lo hace sin visitar una por una las camas de sus hijas y cerciorarse de que el descanso ha empezado ya para todos. Este es el único tiempo que ella puede llamar suyo.

POR CONCEPCION F. RODIL



La Autora

Ahora que ya estoy a punto de terminar mi Bachillerato en las ciencias de Educación, comprendo aún mujer ideal en el título que yo le doy; la considero como el prototipo de mi mujer ideal en el título que yo le doy: **Mujer católica filipina.**

Su estatura regular, su blanca tez, su cuerpo gracioso que sabe llevar con elegancia, su negra cabellera, y su sencillez le revisten de una elegante simplicidad que cautiva a cuantos la conocen. Mi madre no aprueba todos los secretos de tocador (que ya no son secretos en la mujer moderna), pero tolera en sus hijas un poco, y ella usa también polvos y lociones, y algún que otro perfume.

En una palabra, mi madre es como el rayo de sol que vivifica e ilumina nuestro hogar aún en las oscuridades de las situaciones inciertas. Ella es mi amiga íntima, la amiga buena, la amiga que me espera todas las noches a mi regreso de la universidad y que sabe leer en mi semblante de cómo me hallo, conoce mis dudas, mis pesares y abrazándome con cariño, en ese abrazo comprendo todo, y ya confortada, le digo: "Mamá, ya estoy aquí, a tu lado, no necesito más. ¡Qué feliz me siento!"



# "Adios, Muchachos, Companeros De Mi Vida"

Por Lino Dominguez, A. A. '50

Ha terminado el curso escolar y hemos aquí para despedirnos. A pesar del dejo de amargura que hay en toda separación, nos sentimos dichosos por el feliz término de la labor realizada en el año. Este día final, clásico para todo el que se somete a la disciplina del estudio, cierra tal vez una de las etapas más importantes para la juventud. Para unos, porque han completado los conocimientos que los capacitan para dar cima a las aspiraciones de su vida. Para otros porque han ascendido un peldaño más en esa misma ruta.

Muchos de nosotros volveremos de nuevo a esta casa, en donde, gracias a la labor benéfica que realizan los profesores, religiosos y laicos, esperamos desenvolver aptitudes y adquirir la competencia necesaria para dar mayor eficiencia a nuestro trabajo. Otros entrarán seguros en el camino que han elegido para aplicar sus actividades. Para todo: me permito un consejo: **Trata siempre de seguir estudiando.** No olvidéis que el estudio aumenta las probabilidades del éxito; que os hará mucho más útiles a vosotros mismos, a vuestra familia y a la sociedad, y que es, además, una fuente de deleites espirituales incomparables.

Ayudad a combatir la ignorancia.

Tened en cuenta que nadie es ignorante por su propia voluntad, sino tal vez porque ha carecido de medios para ilustrarse.

Un ignorante es un multitudinario espiritual.

Siempre tiene que vivir a expensas de los demás y nunca podrá as-

pirar a sobresalir del nivel en que vive. Si lo hace, irá seguro al fracaso, por falta de fuerza moral. Si encontráis alguno de esos desgraciados, tratad de ilustrarlo. Haréis una obra humanitaria y pagaréis así el bene-

ficio que os han hecho los que os dieron instrucción. Debemos pensar y compenetrarnos bien de que si el Estado consagra a la preparación de la juventud una parte tan grande de su presupuesto y si tantas otras instituciones particulares, como la Universidad de San Carlos, por ejemplo, cooperan en esa grandiosa obra, es porque el beneficio individual acrecienta la prosperidad de la Nación.

Además, en estos centros de educación se vigoriza el patriotismo. Aquí es donde deja de ser instinto y se transforma en culto; donde se crean los vínculos fraternales que hacen la unidad de la patria. Porque la comunidad de miras y de actividades enlaza simpatías y afectos que se atan a nuestro recuerdo, y el sentimiento del amor, grato es decirlo, es el gran móvil de todas las gestas humanas. Ojalá todos los que han frecuentado estas aulas lo comprendan así y sientan la responsabilidad del porvenir de la Nación.

Pido a Dios que estos momentos aciagos porque cruza la humanidad, no turben el optimismo y el empuje de la juventud filipina, que debe capacitarse y unirse para que nuestra querida patria cumpla en paz su destino.

Y al hacer un voto porque las vacaciones que se inician sean fecundas en sucesos felices para todos, pido a mis compañeros un aplauso; pero muy ensordecedor! para nuestra idolatrada Alma Mater, la UNIVERSIDAD DE SAN CARLOS, cuya obra es para nosotros un caudal tan grande de beneficios.

## MI PATRIA CHICA

A una Boholana

*Es una tierra de limpidas  
playas,  
Cielo azul y de verdinas mon-  
tañas,  
Del dulce azúcar y hósptas  
cabañas,  
De lindas dalagas y flores  
gayas.*

*Gran titán de las comar-  
cas malayas,  
Fimbre de gloria y blasón de  
hazañas  
Que con lauros lidió fuerzas  
foráneas:  
Ella es joya, orgullo de Vi-  
sayas.*

*Mi patria chica es por to-  
dos amada;  
Es jardín de ensueños, dichas,  
honoros;  
Esta es mi tierra, Musa ido-  
latrada.*

*Su recuerdo me borra mil  
dolores;  
Su brisa, me sonríe tras mi  
jornada;  
Ella es dulce, grata como las  
flores.*

—Rafael V. GUANZON

## ROTC BRIEFS...

(Cont. from page 25)

and Egidio Vagnozzi, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, at the Cebu Abellana Parade Grounds.

Among those present were the Father Rector Albert van Ganswinkel and faculty members, Knight of Columbus members, other catholic organizations, and students from different colleges and schools.

Success of the ceremony was credited to Capt. Antonio N. Concepcion, USC Commandant, Capt. Florencio Romero, and Lt. M. C. Gonzaga, adjutant.

## USC TACTICAL INSPECTION TO BE HELD ON MARCH 23

The annual tactical inspection for the ROTC was being definitely set by HPGF on March 23. Heading the inspection, will be Team III from Hq. Philippine Ground Force. Various phases of military quizzes and instructions will be covered by the inspectors.

USC 1949-50...

(Cont. from page 8)

men are CCAA regional champions. In football (soccer) our own team is the CCA champion and qualified for the national semi-finals landing fourth place against the country's best.

Poetry has been given a boost in our pages and there were marked improvements in the way our bards sang the music. Free verse has become the craze with a smattering of measured lines now and then.

We beg to be excused for patting ourselves at the back. But the excellent impressions made on visitors and inspectors who have placed San Carlos under their evaluating perspectives will, I think, justify our little back-patting. Together, we Carolinians: scholars and athletes, good Christians all, with the memories of this year's joys and sorrows, we shall work, study and strive on with fervor inside the hallowed buildings surmounted by the gleaming symbol of Christ to whose name and service the University is dedicated.

## USC IN THE NEWS...

(Cont. from page 23)

## JUNIOR NORMAL ORGANIZE "SOCIAL CRUSADERS"

The Junior Normal students in social study under Mrs. C. Tan formed an organization "THE SOCIAL CRUSADERS", the aim of which is to develop democratic ideals and promote social relationship among members and new generations to come.

The following were elected officers: president, Mr. Felicísimo Besinga; vice-president, Mr. Benecio Paghubasan; secretary, Miss Adelaida Gabales; treasurer, Mrs. Angelita Estrada.

## USC D-DAY...

(Cont. from page 2)

helmeted, strapped-legged 2nd "MP" Platoon wasted no time barking orders and subsequently harking to decisions which brought his platoon up to BEST PLATOON.

On stage, Mr. V. Medalle and Mr. A. Ordoña took turns presenting literary-musical programs. That open theatre plus the four corridors were jampacked, 1,600 chairs on USC grounds incessantly registered groaning protests when the audience refused to thin away while on the platform were ballerinas enacting the eye-fee'd of the South Americas. There appeared the picturesque presentation of a harem shown in dance form. And there also was a snatch from our own local scene during a barrio fiesta complete with a piping hot roasted pig sitting palatally on the center.

"Harvest Interlude", an offer from the History Department, College of Education, and directed by Miss Villanueva passed as the Most Appreciated Dance. A big hand was in order for Fr. Luis E. Schonfeld for the most consistent big hit of the 3-day festival — the programs which he prepared and organized.

Well, that did it. But, as from the riotous din of human follies there always is a conclusive return to piety, so early Sunday morning saw Carolinians all attending the field mass. The holy mass was officiated by the Rev. Fr. Rector, while Fr. Constante Floresca led the prayers and singing.

We don't know what our esteemed Father Rector, Very Rev. Albert van Ganswinkel, SVD, has to say about the entire proceedings. (Fr. Rector has his say on page 14—Ed.) But we had put down our cards and we wish to say we did our best.

## SO WELL...

(Cont. from page 26)

to her, had the courage to do so now:

She opened the door breathlessly and ran across the room towards her mother's bed with outstretched arms. Yes, her aunt was here at last, standing near her mother's bed! — but she stopped in the middle of the room; she could not believe what she had seen.

A pair of strong arms lifted her gently. She cried violently on Marc's shoulder. "Marc... my promise... Mother... did not even wait... for that." she whispered brokenly.

"Don't worry, Eric dear," Marc's voice was assuring, though there was a bitter note to it, "your big brother will take care of you and leave you the more, I promise this before God and Mother and you know that. After all," he whispered comfortingly to his sister, "Mother has only returned to God."



Medics who bore noon heat to decorate their float during USC Day



Vestil & Kho brought roof down in hit play. Below: Education girls relaxed after booth work.



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*The century-old pride of the Visayas and Mindanao*

# The University of San Carlos

CEBU CITY

## OFFERS THIS SUMMER:—

1. The *Summer Quarter* — 1950  
For Liberal Arts, Commerce, Education, Home Economics, and Junior Normal begins *APRIL 17* and lasts 55 days.
2. The *Summer Course* — 1950  
For the Postgraduate Studies, and for Law, Engineering, and Pharmacy begins *MAY 4* and lasts 36 days.
3. The Summer Course in *High School* — 1950  
Begins *APRIL 25* and lasts 45

## FOR THE NEXT SCHOOL OPENING, USC offers the following courses:—

1. Postgraduate Course in Education and English (M.A.)
2. Law (LL.B.)
3. Liberal Arts
  - Pre-Medicine (A.A.)
  - Pre-Law (A.A.)
- General four year course (A.B.) with any of the following fields of specialization: English, History, Mathematics, Biology, Chemistry, Philosophy.
4. Commerce, with either Accounting or Management as major subjects (B.S.C. or B.S.B.A.)
5. Education (B.S.E.) with the following majors: English, Spanish, History, Mathematics, General Science, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Home Economics.
6. Engineering,
  - Civil Engineering, (B.S.C.E.)
  - Mechanical Engineering, (first to third year)
  - Electrical Engineering, (first to third year)
7. Pharmacy (B.S. Pharm.)
8. Home Economics (B.S.H.E.)
9. Junior Normal, both General and Home Economics Type (E.T.C.)
10. Secretarial Science, one year course, collegiate level.
11. High School, Academic, General and Home Economics Type
  - One High School exclusively for Boys
  - Another High School exclusively for Girls
  - A Third High School as Training Department
  - A Fourth High School for Night Students
12. Intermediate, Primary, and Kinder garden