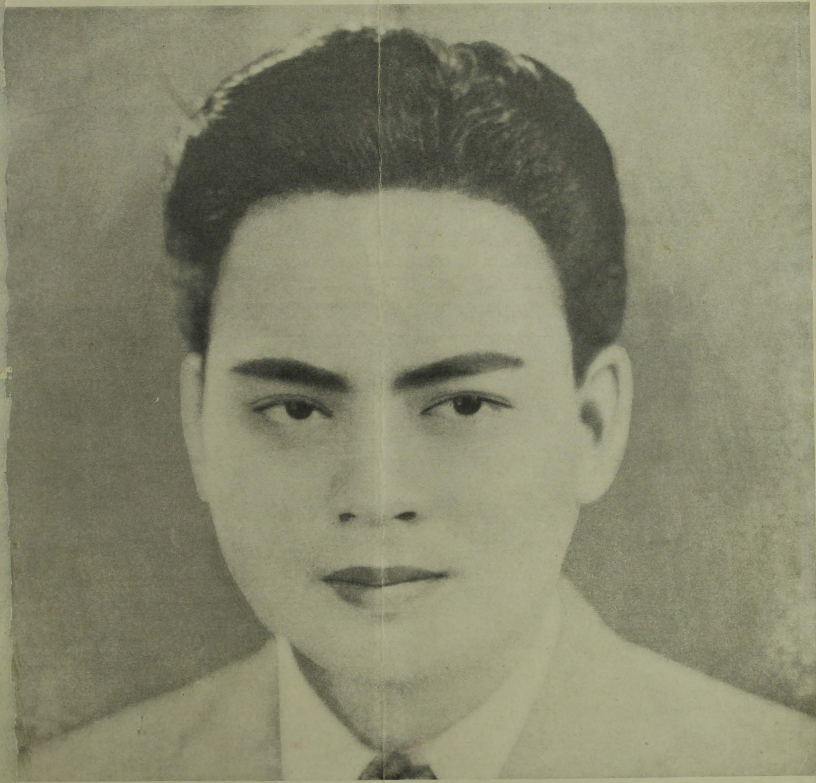




The

# Carolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



XV

*Editor Napoleon G. Rama*

*March*  
1951

No. 6

## THE NATIONAL INTER-COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS



STANDING, L to R: William Chiongbian, Manager & Coach; Antonio Sy, Forward; Jehn Pamar, left-in-forward; Noney del Mar, right-full back; Rev. L. W. Bunzel, Athletic Director; Gerardo Valmayer, goalie; Alfredo de Jesus, Center forward & Captain; Gregorio Sodusto, left-full back; Rafael Lopez, right-out forward, vice-captain; Conrado de Jesus, left-half back.

FRONT ROW: Florencio Diaz, left-out forward; Alberto Quiño, right-half back; Salvador Gandiongco, right-full back; Ramon Zosa, goalie; Eduardo Valdivia, Center-half back; Teodoro Ruiz, right-in forward; Ramulo de la Victoria, half back.

## San Carlos Eleven Wins Collegiate Soccer Title

William Chiongbian's University of San Carlos booters last night became the first Visayan winners of the national intercollegiate football championship as they trimmed the University of Santo Tomas Galloping Goldies, 1-0, in the replay of the finale at the Rizal Track-Football Stadium.

The two teams battled to a 1-all deadlock last Tuesday. The San Carlos shinbusters led at halftime 1-0.

The winning goal was turned in by left-winger Florencio Diaz in the 23rd minute of play when he broke from a melee about 10 meters from the UST goal and sent a slow filler into the net.

The USC presented a sturdy backline that repulsed all Goldie attacks. The Goldies pressed their rivals all the way, but yeoman work by backs E. Valdivia, Gregorio Sodusto, Rafael Lopez, Alberto Quiño, and Salvador Gandiongco broke up

many UST offensive plays time and again.

On resumption of hostilities, in the second half, the Goldies tried hard for the equalizer, as Cordero, Ignacio, and Escoto assaulted the San Carlos goal. But their attempts either missed or fell safely into the hands of USC goalie Gerardo Valmayer. In the last minute of the game, the ball was mostly on San Carlos territory, but the Cebu backline stood firmly against all attacks.

Brother Hugh of the PAAF football committee awarded the championship cup to skipper Alfredo de Jesus after the game. Medals were also awarded the champions and runners-up.

FROM THE MANILA TIMES, (March 9, 1951)

# CAROLINIAN

\* Published by  
the students of the  
University of San Carlos  
Cebu City  
Philippines  
March-April \* 1951

EMILIO B. ALLER, editor; JESUS P. VESTIL, associate; VICENTE RANUDO, literary; VICENTE F. DELFIN, feature; SALLY VALENTE, society; ERNESTO ELIZALDE, news; ALBERTO MORALES, JESUS G. RAMA, military; RANULFO SALAZAR, sports; VICENTE FANILAG, JAIME A. VILLANUEVA, art; RUPERTO CASAS, DOMINADOR SAY, photography; JOSEFINA N. LIM, contributing.

C. FAIGAO, Advisor  
Rev. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, SVD  
Moderator

## Editorial

### On Your Graduation

*Orchids to you all, on your graduation! Young woman who has weathered the trials of a four-year collegiate course, young man who has braved and conquered the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks of a degree-hunting venture, we congratulate you. And you, too, teen-ager or otherwise, male or female who may have finished your quest for a high-school "sheepskin", with your little brother or sister plucky in cornering an elementary certificate now securely tucked in his arm, we congratulate you.*

*You are glad that your dreams are nearing fulfillment in your slow but sure striving to attain your goal. You should consider this day very special to you because you have just finished one of the tasks you have set you; heart to work on. There will be more tasks to grapple ahead, but you won't mind striving because joy in the contemplation of work well-done goes with the completion of each task. Fulfillment is sweeter with more effort and sacrifice employed into attaining it. Whatever trials you may successfully overcome are steps nearer to your dream, which should be you, yourself, as you would want yourself to be, someday. And because, right now, your dreams shall remain dreams before they shall be realized, dream on and on, with a heart for persevering work and the guidance of God overhead. And then, perhaps, someday, somehow, you may wake up to find that your dreams have come true.*

*We extend sincere felicitations to your parents and guardians. Theirs is the more precious reward for the sacrifices they went through in supplying the hundred and one things in money and advice you indispensably needed in your studies. They will be there too watching the audience applauding you when you receive your diplomas in the graduation ceremonies. Trumpling heart-beats*



*could better express their unusual happiness for your success.*

*And your Alma Mater, professors, instructors and teachers, we need to congratulate them for their practically anonymous toil. They are the unsung and the usually forgotten influences behind your formative years of endeavor for achievement. They have been the factors responsible for your mental and character-mold. The more reason that they salute you on your graduation day.*

*For those who have attained a college degree and choose to work in their respective professions, we fervently hope that they bring honor to San Carlos in their respective ways, in their respective fields of endeavor. For secondary graduates, we have our best wishes that their high-school grind may have imbued them with clear-headedness and consistency to choose what could be good for them. To continue or not to continue, this is one of the problems to solve. The choice of an appropriate course and the right school to take it in is another which must be decided at once if you must have to go to college. The decisions must primarily be made by you, with the advice of responsible elders. Personal and other circumstances should be considered.*

*And, no matter what decisions you might evolve, be always reminded that the University of San Carlos, the faculty, and your Carolinian friends and admirers are placing you all on a pedestal of honor within their hearts, on your graduation day.*

In

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Entered as second class mail matter at the Post Office of Cebu City, March 20, 1950.

*Emilio B. Aller*

*Nobody could have imagined that salvaging the postwar Carolinian could be...*

# The NGR Story

If votes for the best and most popular postwar *Carolinian* editor were taken, most should go to a senior-law student. He is that handsome, debonaire campus personality intimately known to *Carolinian* readers here and there as plain NGR when he was this mag's editor. No other *Carolinian* editor has stuck longer in the staff, taken a fuller dose of editorial know-how, and earned a more solid success in the job. But his chief merit lies in having turned the *Carolinian* from a drab, shabby, hick-town paper nobody reads into an interesting, well-balanced reading menu with an eye-arresting lay-out and a hot-cake popularity among the student population.

NGR was a natural for the job. He has gone around the usual humps between inexperience and competence by having picked the right ancestors. His old-man used to be running the most widely-read weekly in town. To fall in his ancestor's footsteps was certainly no hard task for him. But before we may go any further, permit me to reveal to you the identity of this NGR. Yes, you are right. Napoleon G. Rama is the name.

Nap's success was not confined to furnishing the shot-in-the-arm which the *Carolinian* needed sorely. The more difficult job was to drum up the students' interest in a university organ which had fallen somewhat to disrepute with them and which a lot had taken for granted. The consistent kick that was the *Carolinian* had lost the spice and spikes of the pre-war issues. They averred that it had become a haggard ghost of the old glossy, varied, gossipy, over-30-page school organ which all *Carolinians* and half the town used to read.

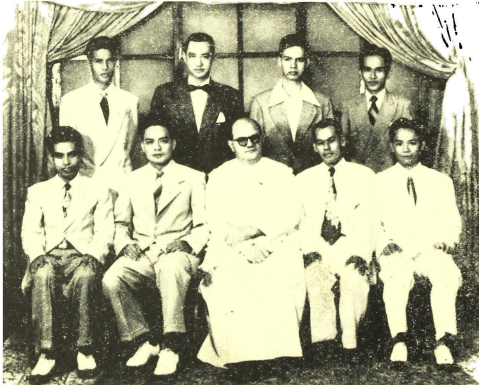
It was in this unpretty state of things when NGR took over. On the record, he landed in the staff as early as four years ago, a minor staffer. Since then, he climbed consistently up the editorial ladder from poetry editor, newshawk, literary editor, and associate until he reached the top about two years ago. Traditionally, the *Carolinian* editor's tenure ends with the school year, but the find job of overhauling and revolutionizing the college mag left a deep impression on the Father Moderator who insisted that he took another term despite the heavy load of

By LEO BELLO

his fourth-year-law classes. He shouldered responsibility for the university organ up to last November only to land into a more taxing job of editing the university annual, otherwise known as *Scupper Fiddia*.

If the measure of the calibre of a college editor is gauged by the number and the kind of people who read his editorials, NGR has had a whooping one. NGR reading audience has not been confined within the university campus alone. The most vocal patis-on-the-back also came from the outside. His editorials even find their way into local dailies. An editorial about taxes on schools, no less a columnist than *La Prensa's* Javier Losada, alias Rev. Fr. Martin Lagarra, rector of the Colegio de San Jose took notice and featured it in his column "Sal y Pamienta". Said Fr. Lagarra in said column: "In my recent trip to a southern town... I read in the official publication of the University of San Carlos an extremely interesting editorial entitled KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGG. It is signed by one Napoleon G. Rama. The fact that it has been written by a Napoleon already means a lot. For really, its writer exhibits the true features of a french general, with the daring of one who packs a wallop that can knock cold foes in any guise. The editorialist does not mince words, calls a cow a cow, and a spade a spade... and sets himself off for his clarity of style and straightforwardness... with the razor-edge end of his pen, he has cut a wide swath in the broad perimeter of the belly of those whom he tags the architects of our disaster whose bare-faced thievery has emptied our national coffers.... (who) now would have us take the rap for their sins." Fr. Legarte's column ends with a suggestion that NGR send a copy of his editorials to those concerned and offered an appropriate eustic postscript.

To a college editor, nothing could be so rewarding as the notices his editorials draw from the right people and the right papers outside of the school premises. Once, a survey of school magazines all over the country showed that four out of every seven school organs with an exchange column have quoted the *Carolinian* editorials. Said *The Bedan*, school organ of Manila's San Beda College: "Once you enter the portals of the University of San Carlos... you come out... a dyed-in-the wall Caro-



*NGR and his staff who salvaged the Carolinian from the rocks and streamlined it to suit the tastes of you and I. In the front row are, from L to R, current Ed (formerly Associate), former Ed (NGR), Father Moderator, and the rest of 'em.*

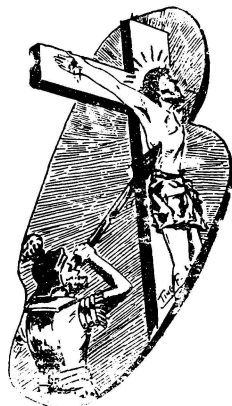
linian. It gets in your blood. Once a Carolinian, always a Carolinian.—So the ed of the Carolinian says. To the UNIVERSITY of San Carlos, to the CAROLINIAN, and to Nap Rama, the editor, a bouquet of roses for turning out a swell mag and more wishes for a successful year.' The Campus Leader, University of Manila official mag made a special mention of one of NGR's vaunted editorials, that one which roundly laid bare "the pronouncement of President Quirino, ordering the lay-off of special policemen and agents" as a political maneuver. Manila's *Mapuan* and the local school organs had had nice words for the Carolinian and its editorials.

NGR formula for running successfully a college mag was mostly hard work plus resourcefulness and imagination. He pluckily dodged the usual pain in the neck reserved for college editors at deadline time caused by post-war dearth of student-written printable materials for our mag by handpicking those student writers who show promise and making them write. Unlike most school editors who on such a trying circumstance either throw their hands up in resignation, let out some gripes, or post begging notices on the school bulletin board, NGR rushes out of the editorial office, hunts down like criminals the talented few among the school population, and in effect, browbeat them until they hand in their pieces. He doesn't believe in deadline notices on the "begging" boards, nor in smug waiting for the materials to roll in with self-addressed-stamped envelopes from the mails. He is convinced that he gets quicker results by the NGR-style of hounding and cornering the right people with personal ultimatum. He sure gets things done his way.

Once when he wanted a doctor of theology to write on the delicate dogma of the Assumption, Father Rector was the only one available hereabouts. But the latter was neck-deep with work during the start of a semester. This, however, didn't stop the resourceful NGR in wanting a promise from Father Rector. On the strength of the promise, he paid persistent social calls on the university head, until the Father Rector gave in (maybe to get rid of the hanger-on) by finally writing the article. Results: the *Carolinian* got the best relievis article of the year. NGR introduced the article acknowledging the stick-up tactics he employed in getting the contribution, putting in mumbles of appropriate apologies and much-in-order load of thanks.

## I Think That When Longinus

*I think that when Longinus' last and best  
Spear aim laid fatal kiss upon  
Christ's breast,  
The Roman soldier's eyes saw more  
behind  
The gaping wound than merely  
mortal rind.  
Else why should Christ—All Love—  
strike him blind?  
It could not be that He meant to  
rebate  
Inflicted pain with pain. He knew  
not hate;  
The tongues that mocked Him  
shriveled not; mouths base  
Dried not that pained spittle on His  
face;  
For hands that scourged His head  
and laid on it  
Buried crown, He cast back bread  
where stone was fit.  
Even for one who with a kiss  
betrayed  
Him, all—no cruel word. Instead,  
He prayed;  
"Father, merciful! They know not  
where they lie."  
And yet Longinus, He struck blind.  
Why why?  
It is because the Roman—I surmise—  
Saw more in Christ's pierced flesh  
than what his eyes  
Should see; saw there the Hallowed  
History—  
His life and Passion, and The  
Mystery—  
His Incarnation.  
Many are called but few are chosen*



*To witness such Revelation;  
Longinus being written  
'Neath roll of the unfavored  
kind,—  
Christ made him blind.*

—C.C. ISAGANI

Every now and then, NGR receives a postcard from Japan with postscripts in the following vein: "Congratulations for the fine job you make of the *Carolinian*." The signature is that of Fr. Hoerdemann. The latter is a man known to be of exacting tastes and not given to praising anybody's work unless he deserves it.

The first thing he did when he first took over the editorship of the *Carolinian* was to give it a different look in the cover. He dropped the staid, conventional school-paper appearance and took to giving it a fresh and eye-pleasing effect. He then over-hauled the usual contents of the paper. To spice up the pages, he introduced short, easy-to-read, lighthearted and exhilarating columns about the life and the gripes in the campus. The Herbie series written in the breezy, unbuttoned style of Vicente N. Lim has earned the accolade of many and counts with a lot of fans. VNL is one of NGR's finds. The Carolinian Mouthful was

featured containing quips and quotable remarks by Carolinians spiced with sarcasm, irony or the naked truth about anything. This was a hit among the reading fans, too. But he got on the nerve of school poststers for he won't give space for their phoemos. He just "don't have the stomach for the love-smitten's sickly swooning verses, or the cooings about the sunsets which could not be distinguished from the mooings of a cow, nor for the impudently hypocritical idolatry for the lady moon and the monotonous warbling over the common-place sparkle of the blue sea." For reasons of his own, he is partial to modern poetry and reprinted several of Villa's poems.

The editorial policy was broadened and soon editorials took up local as well as national issues. One Sunday afternoon, the *Carolinian* got a free plug over the local radio. The announcer was saying that the *Ca-*

(Continued on page 10)

Introducing A Unique USC Student Group—

# They Who are Paid to Learn

Our caption winks into your eyes and sinks in. In a blinking moment, you chuckle in nonchalance when you get the hang of its implication. Preposterous, you hastily would remark under your breath, that anybody should be paid to go to school to learn. Unless students are being awarded such a set-up for excellence in scholarship, you will hastily add. Why, ordinarily, students pay for their education, or at least their parents or guardians do. If anybody is being paid so that he may be in school, the party who is at the paying (therefore, losing) end must be silly or something except when there be parent-offspring relation between the parties by blood or affinity. But that's that, at USC there are students who are paid to learn, and we don't blame you for doubting us at the outset. Which should be more reason why this exposition should be written, even if it happens to sport a caption which looks silly at first glance. After all, we don't begrudge satisfaction to any lay-man's awakened curiosity.

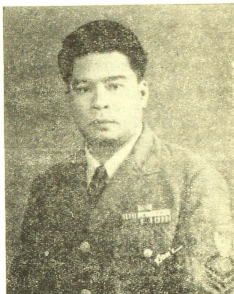
To spice up an authoritative background about our subject, we gleaned over statistics of the Registrar's Office. You will wonder: there are fifty such students all told currently studying at USC according to the records, taking various courses at the generous expense of Uncle Sam's in-

exhaustible bounty. But wait. Free tuition is not the only thing which this group enjoys. Uncle Sam also answers for their expenses in books and necessary school supplies which they actually need in their respective courses to the tune of not more than a thousand pesos per year per student. To top it all, Uncle Sam sends each student a check per month as subsistence allowance. The check varies with the civil status of the student. If single minus dependents, the check is no less than Two Hundred Ten Pesos a month. But majority of them are married with dependents which fact makes their individual subsistence allowance checks amount to Two Hundred and Forty Pesos per month. Uncle Sam doesn't pay unless he is convinced that the student is actually undergoing training and keeps track of his scholastic record through the USVA and the Registrar's Office. These exemplary benefits and privileges are only available to the student-trainee during period of training as controlled by the entitlement papers or credentials of each student duly approved by the USVA. The authority of Uncle Sam's generosity is U.S. Public Law 346, otherwise known as the "U.S. GI Bill of Rights".

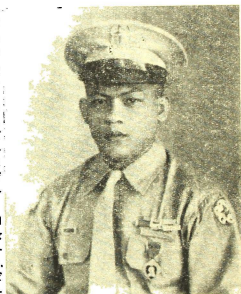
So far so good. But a question is lurking in your mind, we presume. Why should this particular group of fifty students enjoy so much benefits and privileges and making it more complicated, at the expense of a foreign country? This we will answer in due course.

In the rank and file of the armed forces of the United States during the last war were Filipinos who accounted for themselves courageously, loyally and honorably in the zones of combat. Bataan, Corregidor, Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, etc bore witness to this fact. In the now hallowed battleground of Bataan, for instance, a handful of badly outnumbered defenders successfully dared the enemies of democracy to dislodge them from their foxholes. It took the Japs, as is common knowledge now, about four months to tame them with superior arms and number. Such courage made Bataan famous and placed the Philippines on the map. A

By MARCELINO BONTUYAN  
MA '51



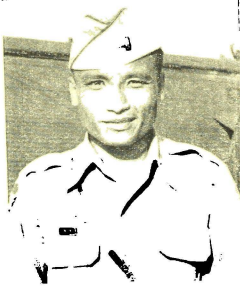
MR. SINFOROSO APARIS  
Formerly of the US Navy



MR. JULIAN L. TUYOR  
Formerly of the US Army

Jap general committed suicide for failure to overcome the Bataan defenders on time which disrupted seriously the Jap timetable of conquest in the Far East. That was something. These incidents and the rest of them are now known in San

(Continued on page 10)



THE AUTHOR

*History may repeat itself all it can but USC never fails to bring in novelties on her birthday.*

# Memoirs of USC

## Day 1951 Version

By Ernesto Elizalde



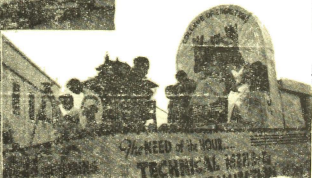
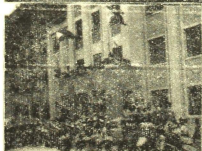
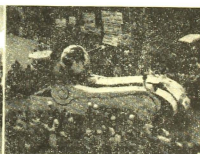
Some days before February 16, the brains behind USC rolled up their sleeves to get to work on what 10,000 people from here and there considered a spectacular public presentation. Such fete was commemorating this institution's 366th year since its founding.

For student and teacher that was a big time-out and it needed a lot of planning. Just to frame out some system to easily rig up the whole affair, an executive committee of faculty members got together a safe distance behind zero-day and started thinking. They soon managed to dish out a program of events that for three days gave the Cebu public a dazzling treat.

Schedules for daytime were for athletics, basketball taking first mention. Top dribblers from the Catholic colleges of Visayas and Mindanao obliged to our invitation and sported with our teams. That was one time out of books when the idea was to clear stuffed-up wind-lags. In fact, the mounting expectations of the scholars inside those three days did the trick of slipping back a misplaced nerve and making everybody feel all right.

Of course, those responsible had to do a little worrying when preparations were underway. That's the usual feeling, you know, when one can't tell how things will turn out. But the results were simply gratifying, evidently, that is. Take the street parade, for instance. That was colourful. That was a feed for the eyes. In fact, a local newspaper penned it down as being the most spectacular yet seen in Cebu. It had to be. A great deal of effort was sneaked in to make the best of it. Confidentially, the old spirit of cooperation kicked alive when word was passed around that prizes were in the matter for the most praised presentation.

That started action from the diff-  
(Continued on page 26)



.....  
Pictures from up downwards: (1) Close-up of eed adorning 2nd-prize-winning-most-artistic float; (2) Full-sized view of Education float with admirers and the hands behind its artistry; (3) A collection of photo-memoirs featuring scenes of USC Day parade.  
.....

There could be more reasons than one why this thirty-three-year-old

# Youth Bags Alumni High-Chair

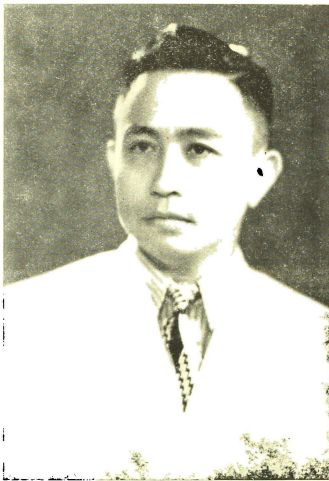
By EMILIO B. ALLER

Last University Day's USC alumni elections was a breath-taking affair. After the votes were cast, Professor Garcia won the highest alumni honor of the year.

But with the election of Professor Garcia as alumni head, there were not only a few who wanted to know the reason behind his rising popularity among Carolinians. There could be more reasons than one. And this writer is in a better position to know them. Professor Garcia is a former classmate in Cebu High School days; and this writer has all the chances to chart by heart his subject's meteoric rise to prominence ever since then. Records show, besides, the undeniably top-flight character of Professor Garcia's achievements.

Professor Garcia may be alluded to as "the barrio boy who made good". He was born in Bitoon, Dumaguete, Cebu. He went through elementary and high school with high scholastic honors.

At high school, we knew him to be all-round in his subjects and contested the academic proficiencies of the Farinas, the Mayols, the Liantos, the Laspiñanes and the Sanchezes of that extraordinary Class of 1936. But he was tops on mathematical subjects from first year to fourth year high school and we thought then that he would make good as an Engineer. But now we know that he had always wanted to be a lawyer, because he even ignored his having qualified for the Philippine Military Academy when he passed the PMA entrance exams of 1958 alone out of a field of about 400 examinees who took the same at Cebu City. Incidentally, the newest Carolinian Attorneys, Michael Mayol and Prospero Manuel were also his classmates in high school, who later became his students in the College of Law. After high school, he finished his liberal arts course as the topnotcher



ATTY. JESUS P. GARCIA  
President, USC Alumni Association

of his class.

Professor Garcia first became a Carolinian in June, 1938, when he enrolled as a free scholar in the first year of the College of Law. His free scholarship was had as an award for graduating at the head of his liberal arts class.

Ordinarily, a student who enjoys free scholarship would not bother much about extra-curricular activities. But "Jesus", as he was intimately called by friends, was not only content with leading his class in all subjects in maintaining his free scholarship through sheer diligence and talent. He actively participated in debating and oratory, acquainting himself honorably and successfully when his talents for rhetorics was put to the test. In two consecutive years, he won various medals and

cups. He was recipient of a gold medal as "best debater" and a loving cup as captain of the winning team in the first annual San Carlos College of Law debate staged on March 10, 1939. Obviously, he was not content with his laurels, because he again participated in the second annual debate held on Feb. 29, 1940 and duplicated his 1939 feat by copping again a gold medal as "best debater" and another loving cup as captain of the winning team. He also garnered for himself a first-prize gold medal in the first annual oratorical contest held on November 10, 1939 at San Carlos.

It is interesting here to note that, after winning all the medals and cups during his first two years in the College of Law, he was advised not to participate in any more debating and oratorical contests at San Carlos.

When the scholastic record of Jesus was put under scrutiny while he was earning laurels in rhetorics, the San Carlos mentors were doubly overwhelmed by his impressive grades. So much so that the administration had no recourse but to award him a "special Diploma of Honor for excellence in scholarship" on March 16, 1940 in recognition of his exemplary academic showing. That was the first and the last time that this special award has ever been given by San Carlos to any student in his under-graduate years. Professor Juan Yap, of the college of Law, who was one of his professors then was quoted to have remarked: "Mr. Jesus Garcia is the most outstanding student I have ever come across in all my years of teaching." And Professor Yap has never been heard to have said the same words again about any other student.

But come to think of it: Jesus was not that lucky professional student (Continued on page 11)





*Miracle or tragedy,  
she faded out on me,  
when I was on the verge  
of fathomming out the  
humanity she hid with-  
in her lovely being...*

I imagine that in time I will learn that there are other important things in life besides love... only, a lot of time had passed, and I suppose a lot of important things too... yet, somehow, time and things seem so small compared to the love I write about. The love that now as I write I can feel: so true and actual that I can almost hold it between my fingers and feel it with my skin. The love that awakens me in the ugly, shapelessness of night and changes it into a mishmash of glaring lights and technicolor magic. The love that leaves such a glorious wonderful feeling in my heart long after it has gone. I imagine all these will fade away... I imagine so... and it would be a sorry thing.

Now that Marcia is dead, even the little things that remind me of her, accentuate themselves and make my love for her altogether alive again. But what is love only relieved by memories... its life depending on the tiny crumbs of remembrance I could occasionally have of her? Memories will die when I will learn to forget.

Yet each time I think of her I feel that my memory has grown just a bit clearer then before and now I find myself wondering if Marcia really is dead...

I seem to include her in all the things I do... even the way I carry my feelings around, a part of her is always there... strangely alive.

I met Marcia when I came home from school one day and when I saw her, didn't quite come to believe my eyes had seen the thing I saw. She was beautiful but also a sad-looking creature. Mother had brought her with her from Manila saying that she was going to stay with us. You can't imagine just how happy I was. But Marcia did not seem to share my enthusiasm, I thought then that she must have left someone she clearly loved behind.

She remained silent in the days that followed... she tried to be alone most of the time, her face to the wall, staring at nothing. She looked thin and haggard and always with that worried look.

But time took care of whatever grief Marcia had. After a month or so, she became full of life and vigor. She went about the house making friends and soon she won everybody's heart.

When I fell for her, I can't exactly tell. I guess she just grew on me silently so much like the way night falls on day. We would take long walks together on the grey-colored street that spread out into the

bay and try to feel the wind in our faces. Marcia would try to rush towards the oncoming wind from the sea... trying desperately to meet it half-way. She was funny, that way. I thought then that all that was going to go on forever, and that my life was one stretch of happiness clear to its end.

Then it happened and when it happened, I was caught unaware...

We had been invited to the country by my aunt who lived there. It was vacation time and Mother thought it wise to let Marcia and me spend it in the country for a change.

I can still remember how her face lighted up when she heard the news. She went eagerly about the house never knowing of the tragedy that was to come. For tragedy did come and when it came, it came with its blood-red robe, its eyes burning like an inferno of pain.

It came a day after our arrival. As usual, we had our afternoon walk. When we came upon a tiny clearing that lead to a headland, I dared Marcia to race over its broad, steep face that rose high into the air. I noticed that it had already gotten dark and our footing would be unsure. So, I was about to withdraw the dare I made, when I saw that Marcia had already started, her graceful body running with the wind. In front of us the rising land curved over. We did not know that it stopped there, we did not know that the hill we were climbing was a bluff and where it curved it cut perpendicularly down into a pile of stones. We did not know that we were running a race of death...

Marcia's last gesture of love for me was when she shouted an inaudible warning to me although she was already falling off the bluff.

I never saw her after that. Either I didn't have the heart or the courage. My Aunt saw to it that she had a decent burial.

All these happened a number of years ago — since then I had learned a lot from that tragedy. And most important of all, I learned that what happened in the bluff was not a tragedy after all.

Marcia died, it is true — yet all have to die sometime. But there was that miracle that happened on the bluff—

The miracle that saved me ..... the miracle that made Marcia shout a warning to me — the miracle of becoming human for a moment, in her flight to sudden death—forgetting, that she was only a dog.

## They Who are...

(Continued from page 6)

Carlos as History 6. And if we should mention it, majority of those who belong to the unique group which we are writing about were in the thick of the fight at Bataan. A few were in every major encounter in the Pacific. We hand-picked a few names to illustrate our point, out of the fifty U.S. Veterans currently studying at USC. We have Sinfonoso Aparis, amiable, soft-spoken, pipe-packin' junior of the College of Education who was with the U.S. Navy when the smoke of Naval engagements were thickest. He saw action in the naval battle of the Coral Sea and Midway, and was on board the USS Astoria which sank in the US landing at the Solomons. He must have a fancy for sinking ships for he was again on board the USS Northampton which was sunk by enemy submarine action. These sinkings, notwithstanding, our navyman was still able to join with the landing operations in Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. For these, he is the recipient of a commendation from President Truman, not to mention that he has been awarded with the various medals which distinguish him as a loyal and faithful serviceman in different theatres of operation.

Among the post-graduate students, we have Enrique Buanales who served many good years with the Philippine Scouts. Jesus Pelausa is another, who was sent once to the United States to undergo some special training in chemical warfare.

But as we said before, the majority of the fifty we have around us were in Bataan's thickest fights, and they are former Philippine Scouts who were later inducted into the Army of the United States. During the last holocaust, they fought under different branches of service. They were infantrymen, artillerymen, Medicalmen, Signalmen and Engineers of the U.S. Army. There's was a vital role in Philippine Defense. In their practically unbowed spirits in spite of the privations, misery, starvation, fatigue, disease and death which hover over besieged troops, the glory and fame of Bataan arose phoenix-like to be seen and admired by the whole world. Not much was mentioned about their respective units after the war. The newspapers heaped the pronouncements of loud and polished mouthpieces which grandiosely extolled minor units who really did not do as much as the

Philippine Scouts did. But publicity can do better among the reading public than in the battlefields. Although battles have not been won by words but by deeds and the will to fight. When Romulo said, "I Saw Bataan Fall", he did not mention the Philippine Scouts, and the battles they won. But ask those who were in the battlefields of Bataan while the fight was thickest. They should be sober enough to admit the identity of the "fightingest" outfit of them all. We have wandered far from our point, it seems, but it has been worth it.

The Senior Law class has three of them. Oscar Machachor and Mariano del Mar, of the 24th FA, and Primitivo Morales of the 14th Engineers. There is quite a number of them with the law juniors. Restituto Macey and Angel Cimafranca of the 86th FA, Hermilandro Tocono, Celestino Azañon, Julian Tuyor, and Asiselo Juezan of the 45th Infantry; and Ricoberito Tac-an of the 12th Medical. Among the law sophomores are Emilio B. Aller, current *Carolinian* editor and Juancho Amoylen both of the 57th Infantry a regiment which wiped out the enemy in three consecutive Bataan battles before the surrender: battles of Abucay, Longoskawayan, and Anvasan. The law freshmen don't seem to harbor a U.S. Veteran in their midst. Class President Toribio Marchan of the Liberal Arts seniors is one from an FA outfit. There are a lot more in the other colleges of USC.

Other student veterans who are Uncle Sam's wards at USC are Del-fin M. Tapalla of the College of Law, and Alex Callorina of the College of Education. The last two are some of the members of the celebrated Filipino Regiment who were long-time residents of the U.S. mainland. They were among the first batch of intelligence operatives sent all over the Southwest Pacific before the main American Force invaded the area.

The list is quite long if we have to enumerate each one of them. It is just enough that we have mentioned a representative group. Their patriotic deeds and loyalty to democracy during World War II should answer the question why these students are given benefits and privileges. They already have paid in advance for such advantages which they now enjoy in terms of sweat, hardwork, misery and blood during the war-years. They are convinced that Uncle Sam is a debtor who never forgets his just debts, and that he pays gladly with a generosity

## The NGR Story...

(Continued from page 5)

*rolinian* should be kinder to article people. He was referring to an article in our mag dashed in by VNL which took to task fake Arthur Godfreys with corny quips. Behind the repartees were flattering indications that people are reading the *Carolinian*. Few school organs have drawn and deserved such notices. But what NGR considers the biggest plaudits of them all are the scramble and quick sell-out of the copies as soon as they roll off the press. There were times when piles of *Carolinian* copies lay gathering dust and unclaimed in some corner in the library. After NGR took over, it was not uncommon to hear Father Moderator bawling out the circulation man because there was no copy left for his file.

To round up, the success story of the post-war *Carolinian* is the story of NGR. The work, imagination and resourcefulness of one man inspired by the Father Moderator and assisted by his staff made our organ really go places. It is to NGR, our one-time editor that we pen this tribute. Fr. Luis E. Schonfeld, the moderator, made vocal his high regard for this man when he said: "He is the finest gentleman I have worked with in a long time. I consider him the most industrious co-operator in every endeavor. It was indeed a pleasure to work in his company. It was his eagerness and tireless effort to make good that kept me going on the job in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. If the *Carolinian* was good, it was Nap's doing. He deserves all the credit and more". — For everything he did to the *Carolinian*, Father Moderator thought it was time to give the credit due him, now that he has relinquished the editorial wheel with the hope that his successors will profit from his example. But then, when it was hinted to him that the next campus personality write-up would be his, he shocked. "Over my dead body!" he blurted. And yet, there need not be any corpse to write finis to our NGR story. For when the hint was dropped on him this issue was on the verge of rolling off the press and no indomitable NGR could stop us then.

which knows no bounds.

The University of San Carlos may very well be proud of the preference which fifty U.S. veterans have shown her in enrolling in her colleges. And these Uncle Sam's wards are doubly proud to be called Carolinians worthy of the name.

# In the Know-Who

By Sally Valente

Hello there! Yes I'm back again with a cartful of gossip. Gossip, by the way, is supposed to be dished out exclusively by woman. Do you agree, girls? Don't let that get your goat, though. Content yourselves with the idea that gossip is news, only it travels faster, the rapidity of which depends on the she-ness or he-ness of the agent.

The only thing that approaches the rapidity of gossip is the break-neck speed with which the prizes in the Pharmacy booth were hooked. Fely Pacaña and Editha Gatchalian were in hot water up to their pretty necks when soaps, chocolates, and what-have-you's flowed out like no-body's business. The prizes were completely washed out that only the girls were left. Guests were still bent on trying their lucks, since for just the privilege of standing here and there and being attended by such charming girls is more than enough for the lucky break they deserve from grand old Lady Luck, isn't it Mr. Public?...

When the loud speaker failed to function, Baby (Teofilo) Lucero obliged himself to be the substitute or at least thought he was one. He almost reached high C fast-talking anything that walks on two legs into buying "ilaga" tickets. The L.A. dept. humbly thanks him for his loud mouth. And also Miss Lilia Montecillo. Anybody who accidentally stumbles on the L.A. turtle-race booth automatically becomes sitting ducks to the indomitable home-driving sales-talk of Lily. However nobody regrets even tho' he has to come out a lame duck, what after a dose of engaging smiles from be-jeaned Lily and company...

I wonder how Rosario Morales made out in the Education booth. I'm deadsure none can resist a bid from this one if he has to live the short and simple annals of the poor by so doing. By the way, the Shangrila booth took away the first prize for the most artistic booth and tops on sales with P357.00. What Clony Ocampo netted from her guess-beans-in-jar peddle may just be a drop in the bucket; but just the same a drop helps, you know. The same guesswork game was peddled by Concepcion Justina-

ni. When the night got into high gear, saw her all steamed up from worming her way through a harum-scarum of people. Who wouldn't be? Even Viol Pangalo found it isn't laughing matter sidestepping the avalanche of human beings. Once you're caught in that madding crowd, lady, you're a wilted goose and you'd better start your own interpretation of the "Dying Swan"...

The Pharmacy dept. hid away with the U.S.C. oscar for the best play. (Miss Ortiz directed the first-priz. winning play while her brother Atty. Ma. Ortiz directed the second prize winning play. "Father's Birthday." (It seems the Ortizs have Hollywood running in their veins...) We didn't know we had stars in the raw right under our very noses. Rosita Ty is a star of the first waters. She took to acting as ducks to water. And there was Manuel Mercado whose lips would turn Arthur Godfrey three shades of green with envy. Mr. Lucey, I heard, was "pecked" in his way to the limelight by Laura Guillen (whose role was the missus). A celebrity in disguise who shed off her modest cocoon was Belen Beltran who out-wowed them all with her whirling and twirling Norma Conui who helped fan the spark of interest in the audience into a four-alarm enthusiasm. Monina Estanislao did not only dance Sunday night, but she also pounded out musical notes from a piano behind the stage. Yes, gentlemen, beware for she's potential power behind the stage!! Somchow I had half-expected Johnny Manuel to come out with ballet glides and take the proverbial classical bow. If he could do tiptoe steps when posing for snapshots of course, he could do it on the stage — and "gracefully," too, if you get what I mean...

The Engineering dept. humbly hands out its sincerest thank-you to Juling Alfeche, Olympia Bacol, and Estela Masias, for their cooperative spirit. These girls proved their mettle by bearing away the second prize for the most symbolic float...

When Gloria Go Untian, of the L. A. dept., has her index finger in between her teeth as she is won't to do when she meets a hard nut to

(Continued on page 26)

## Youth Bags...

(Continued from page 8)

during his student days with all the time to study. Instead, he was badly handicapped as a working student. But obviously, his handicaps aided him well, on the contrary, by imbuing him with strong determination and fiery ambition to try his best and make good in everything he undertook.

When war broke out, he was a senior student of Law. He took the Bar exams immediately after liberation and he made a good account of himself by passing as one of the top-notchers.

San Carlos was always "home" to him, for immediately after passing the Bar, he taught in the College of Law of USC, at the same time teaching part-time at USP. But last year, he quit his teaching position at the latter in order to devote all of his time to his Alma Mater.

His practice of Law has been adjudged a success in spite of his full-time professional job at USC. He is one of the most eminent of Cebu's younger lawyers and professionals. This can be attested to by his having been elected Secretary of the Cebu Lawyer's League since 1947 only to be raised in importance and rank in the League's recent election when chosen as member of its Board of Governors. His election to the League's Board of Governors is unprecedented with his thirty-three years of age. He is the youngest that ever was elected to said body. He is also President of the Cebu High School Class 1936 Alumni Association for many years.

Professor Garcia is not a new prop to the USC Alumni Association. He was its Vice-President until elected President last February 18, 1951.

But this litany of our subject's achievements will never be complete unless we state here that he is a lucky father of five healthy children. He was married to his liberal arts classmate, the former Miss Severiana Ouanio Biano of Mandawe, Cebu, who is currently Cebu Normal School faculty member.

Lucky guy, Professor Jesus P. Garcia, that is! His close friends and admirers wish him more power and achievements in the oncoming years.

Featuring the USC Pressroom of last University Day

# We Lost Ourselves in Print

By LEO BELLO

*And we found ourselves within the scintillating pages of yesteryears*

Events of the past may be made to reappear when we muse about them. This mode of recollection only needs some spare moments and a retentive memory while alone. But it only serves well when trying to recall experiences or events which have some personal and intimate connection with the recollector. For when trying to recall happenings which have transpired outside the sphere of one's personal experience, extrinsic aids are indispensable to more poignant recollection. Here's where newspapers, magazines and books published or written in the past come in. These vouch for accuracy, besides.

Reliable historians and narrators about the past must have relied upon the extensive help afforded by time-honored folios, hand-written parchments of near-ancient manuscripts, and handling-torn volumes which may have been found in forgotten rat-infested attics or in the seemingly infrequented shelves of ugly-looking tomes in old libraries. Their great value as fountain-springs of literature has been recognized, and some of the best literatures which may have been written in our times must have been inspired or based on the grains of truth which are derived from them. The chances of research and reference which they offer to any enterprising investigator of subjects or events of the past cannot be under-estimated.

In the Philippines, after the holocaust and vandalism of the last war which practically destroyed all public and private libraries, it is seldom, if ever, that a thrill of a lifetime can be had through the public's being invited to pore over a priceless exhibit of reading matter composed of Filipino newspapers and magazines which date as far back as the last decade of the last century chronologically arranged. But we are happy and proud to acknowledge here that we had a very exhilarating experience



Cebu Guerrilla GHQ publications — forerunners of the current Cebu Morning Times bi-weekly.

in the USC Pressroom last University Day, because we had the rare chance to browse over the age-yellowed and tattered pages of old newspapers and magazines some people had the wonderful patience to accumulate and to preserve since 1891. This, in spite of the many disastrous upheavals our city went through in the interim.

We lost no time in losing ourselves into the world of yesteryears by the apparently simple expedient (try it sometimes!) of fingering our way through decaying, dusty and age-smelling pages. The effort strained us very much, but we did not mind the physical ordeal when for awhile we forgot ourselves and the present in the labyrinthine meshes of the past. Such that we were astounded by the singular feat we unconsciously performed in edging our way inch by

inch around the four walls of a veritable treasure room of historical memories concerning our society, our city, our country and our people. Another interesting changing scene we were able to discern in the course of our browsing was the almost heroic efforts of the enlightened class of Filipinos to be able to acquire the facility in writing effectively the English language. This, we were able to determine by reviewing the issues of Filipino newspapers and magazines in English from the earliest as chronologically arranged in the the USC Pressroom.

The newspapers and tabloids printed in the last decade of the last century were all in Spanish. We only had a cursory glance at their early dates while impressed at their presence in the collection. We feared that our very limited knowledge of

the Spanish language would make us misunderstand and spoil the good intentions of their writers. We did not like them to turn in their graves. Anyway, freedom of the press was not so sacred in their hey-days as about the true sentiments and needs of the Filipinos during the period were hounded. Rizal, Lopez-Jaena, Plaridel and the rest of the illustrious Filipino writer-reformers wrote their lines abroad if not secretly. Naturally, what could have been printed in Filipino newspapers in Spanish during the epoch would be a far-cry or a long-shot of the factual sentiments of the times to the extent of being artificial and stereotyped.

But then, we turned to a happier stage of our newspaper history in the file of newspapers and magazines in English printed during the years of the American regime. At this stage, the printed pages in Spanish gradually thinned out; and conversely, there appeared those in English. The latter were pioneered by the ambitious attempts of a brand-new class of so-called Filipino intellectuals who tried their best to get the hang of the new language. They usually indulged in the experimental use of bombastic words and inappropriate phrases which to the modern Filipino writer sound ridiculous and flat. But they persevered throughout the succeeding years as evidenced by the marked improvement in the newspapers of much later years up to the present which came about gradually. There is no doubt that the Filipinos immediately fell in love with the English language. New writers croned up increasing the number of those who already had been initiated. In Cebu City, the daily *Advertiser*, and the weekly *Progress* bowed with success to the reading public. The prominent ones which appeared in Manila were the *Philippines Herald*, *Manila Daily Bulletin*, *Manila Tribune*; the weekly *Graphic*, and the *Philippines Free Press*; and the monthly *Philippine Magazine*. Only the *Philippines Free Press*, the *Philippines Herald* and the *Manila Daily Bulletin* have survived them all at present. But new tabloids, newspapers and magazines made their debuts after the last war, and they all add up to our present-day reading menu.

It is interesting to note here that Sol. H. Gwekoh, famous Filipino biographer, and our own Cornelio Fajgao, nationally known poet and literatus have one time or the other edited the defunct *Progress* weekly

with ex-Senator Rama, our NGR's great old man as publisher.

Issues of the *Philippines Free Press* available were a drop in the bucket to the total number of its pre-war issues. We noticed that the pre-war standards of this magazine are much better than its present vintage. Prolific Leon Ma. Guerrero, Ateneo alumnus was then one of its eminent staffers. He is considered one of the best writers and punsters the Philippines has ever produced. Now he is wasting his talents in the Foreign Affairs office.

The Jap occupation period has a very little share of reading matter in the compilation of the USC Press-room. We got hold of a pictorially-illustrated volume in the souvenir publication of the Inauguration of the Philippine Republic with Independence Jap-granted. We would rather treat it as a monumental work in the art of telling lies. While the genuine aspirations of the Filipinos to become independent is grandiosely written about in said publication, the great lie and the mockery were outrageously illustrated in the sham of the pronouncements of die-hard opportunists and their ilk to the effect that the Jap-granted independence was real and absolute. Now we can say "nuts" to the ridiculous way they talked through their hats. The make-believe sincerity and earnestness in their words have never deceived us who have always been true to patriotic convictions during those trying years of our existence, even if said puppets tried their best to deceive us while deceiving themselves. But the said souvenir publication in itself has a relative value to us. It is a naked reminder of disillusion during one of the darkest pages of Philippine history.

On the other hand, patriotic publications appeared during the occupation. They were published by Capt. C. A. Barba, publication officer, by order of the GHQ, Cebu Area command and edited by Pedro D. Calomarde. They serve as the official organ of the guerrilla headquarters of the Cebu Area Command. They ceased to serve their purpose after Cebu's liberation, but they became the forerunners of the *Cebu Morning Times*.

Incidentally, Capt. Barba, a San Carlos alumnus, had printing facilities which used to print the *Carolinian* immediately before the war as contracted for by Fr. Bonck for

USC. The same printing facilities which were used for the *Carolinian*, Capt. Barba was able to evacuate to the mountains in the early days of World War. II. And the same equipment was used in printing the publications of the Cebu resistance movement as we were able to scan in the USC Pressroom, The *Kadugan* in vernacular edited by Capt. Barba himself in 1942 and the *Torch* of 1943 in English by Capt. Paterno P. Trinidad, third *Carolinian* editor, were the first Cebu guerrilla publications which gave birth to the *Cebu Morning Times*. It is remarkable that much was accomplished out of so little for the morale of people in desperate straits. Capt. Barba's expanded printing facilities still do the job partly for the *Carolinian*.

When we hit the southern side of the pressroom, we also struck upon a veritable gold mine of fond memories about USC. Lined up from one to the adjacent corner of the southern wall, a near-complete cavalcade of *Carolinian* issues from the year 1935 up to the present confronted us invitingly. We ran for the first issue available for 1933. Upon our perusal of the number, we immediately thought of writing some kind of an apology. For, the record, as revealed in the first issues available, has it that the first *Carolinian* editor is Pablo Tan. Current Law Dean Peleaz was his associate. But then, the latter still owns the distinction of being the first *Carolinian* associate editor.

We read about memorable events in the existence of the Colegio de San Carlos of yesterday and the evolutions it went through to attaining the status of university as we have now. We were in a reviewing stand of a parade of campus affairs and social events, graduating classes, athletic teams, alumni doings, and the corroborating changes in membership of the editorial boards. We were made acquainted with the different personalities of *Carolinian* editors lined up for our estimation. Pablo Tan, Fulvio Peleaz, Paterno Trinidad, Virgilio Kintanar, Francis Militante, Luis Ladonza, Luis Emero, Benjamin Martinez, Dr. F. A. Sabelon, Juan Mercader, and Napoleon Rama, all were great assets to the University in their respective ways. They revealed glints of their great *Carolinian* spirit in the memorable lines  
(Continued on page 27)

# The Study of Law at USC

BY VICENTE F. DELFIN

The study of law according to a USC professor is 90% "common sense", 9% "memory" and 1% "inspiration". Like any other calling in life, one has to be chosen in this particular field. In simple parlance it means that if you choose to be a CPA or an Educator, you must have that avid interest and burning ambition to become such. Not all people who started the first years of study in the foregoing courses were able to finish their studies. Of course many factors have to come in. But the most important of them all, is the inexpressible beckon caused by the glamour of the profession upon the student concerned. And it was written in the *tombs*, "many are called but few are chosen".

However, this does not mean that one has to be an exceptionally brilliant student to be able to finish the law-course. The writer believes in the statistics of that venerable professor. Because the study of law is subjective. Any amount of hard-knocks manifested by the professors in the classrooms would be mere palliatives to study more. But strictly speaking, they do not help a student who is "per se" uninspired, uncalled and unchosen.

Here in the university and like most other law-schools, students are given the same amount of instruction which the teachers deem best. There are no substantial differences in the methods of inculcating knowledge with any other school. Nevertheless, it can be stated with prudence and modesty set aside, that law students at USC enjoy some advantages and privileges which are absent in other schools.

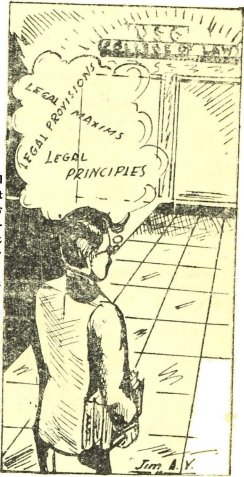
To keep up with the law-profession, mastery of the English language is an indispensable weapon. It is absurd for a lawyer not to be able to express his ideas. And for this reason, LEGAL ENGLISH is taught. Off the record, speaking is fundamentally presumed among all college students, conclusively presumed particularly among law-students. But

to be familiarized with the legal language of the statutes is one great difficulty which each law-student has to cope with. One who may be well-versed in poetry or literature does not mean that he could be as equally well-versed in statutory language.

It is one of the rarest privileges of USC students to run an independent publication for the exclusive use of the College of Law. It is through the incentive and pioneering spirit of Dean Fulvio Pelaez and with the cooperation of the students that the impressive LAW REVIEW has become an unquestionable reality. In passing, it is worthwhile mentioning something about this publication. It is a compilation of cases fresh from the "Government Reports" and the "Official Gazette" which are made to aid not only students but lawyers in keeping up with the principles and decisions newly promulgated by the Supreme Court. Every class is equally represented in its editorial board, without discrimination.

The "Seminar" which is set aside weekly is designed to discuss important questions of law and to accommodate good speakers well-known in their line. Speakers at these seminars whether student or not, answer all kinds of questions. It is a sort of "open forum" where anybody can talk sense or nonsense on the subject expounded about. It is in this particular one solid hour where you will find speakers' beads of perspiration moisten their forehead, when interrogated at a bench and bar. On one occasion, an NBI chief of the "Finger-print Section", not devoid of oratory, with a very pleasing personality, breezed the local barristers with his astounding knowledge about questioned documents.

Talking about professors, they do not have high-sounding degrees as DOCTORS OF LAW or the glamour of the men who teach in Manila law colleges. But they have more than sufficient qualifications of long years of teaching to enable stu-



dents to learn law like in any other school. They are Atty. Pedro Yap who was a UP Valetictorian and a bar-topnotcher '46; Dean Pelaez who copied second place and Atty. Juan E. Yap who got third place in the bar exams of their times, serve as pillars of the faculty; Atty. Decoro Rosales who was with the Colegio de San Carlos during its pioneering days and is back with us again, a UP alumnus who got one of the first ten first places in the bar exams of his time, a congressman shortly before the war, and a renowned character among the law students; Vice-Mayor Arsenio Villanueva another UP alumnus, once a city fiscal, now handling Criminal Procedure and other remedial law subjects, current president of the local U.P. Alumni Association; former Judge of the Court of First Instance Wenceslao Fernan who handles Civil Law and Criminal Law Review; Atty. Jesus P. Garcia; Atty. Bonifacio Yuson; and Atty. Antonio de Pio. All in the line-up are rated as top-lawyers.

Discipline is greatly stressed and maybe over-emphasized. Personally, we do not like the idea of getting an  
(Continued on page 27)

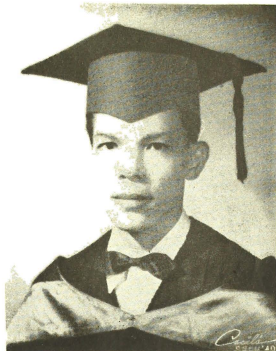
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## *Presenting USC's New Lawyers, 1950 Vintage*

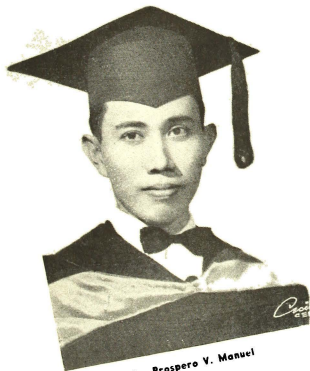
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The USC College Of Law Presents Eleven New Lawyers Who Successfully Hurdled The 1950 Bar Exams. They Are Shown On This And The Last Page Of This Pictorial Section.

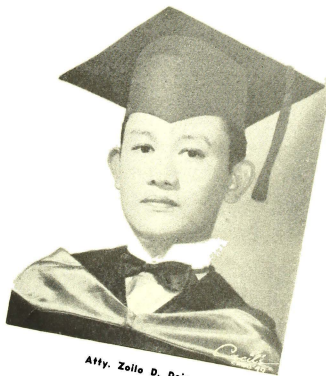
Not Shown Are Attys. Vicente D. Dakay, Lelah Chew, Gerardo R. Alfafara, And Benjamin C. Llanos.



Atty. Michael Y. Mayol  
Topnotcher among latest USC Bar Candidates



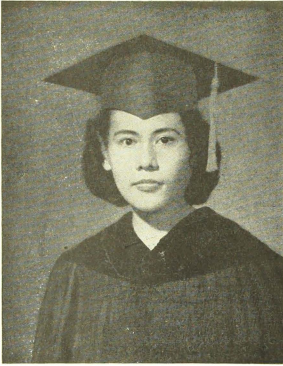
Atty. Prospero V. Manuel



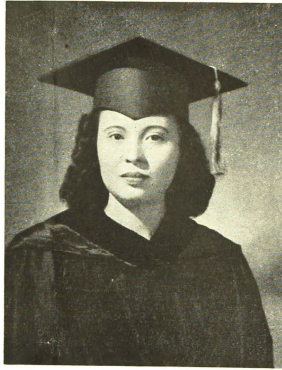
Atty. Zollo D. Dejaresca

# Introducing The USC News

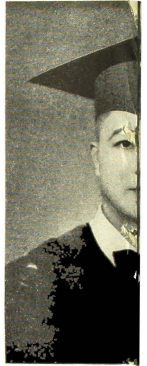
The USC College Of Pharmacy Officially Presented Ten Candidates  
Below Are Shown Nine Of Them.



Miss Corazon Page



Miss Eutropia Ursal



Mr. Euger



Miss Honorio Ruiz

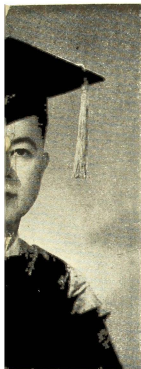


Miss Priscilla Lasala

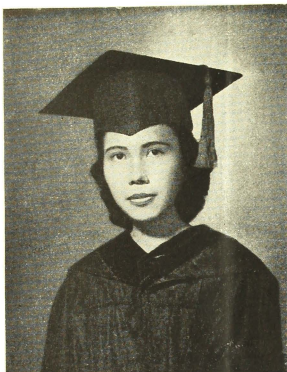


# Pharmacists, 1950 Vintage

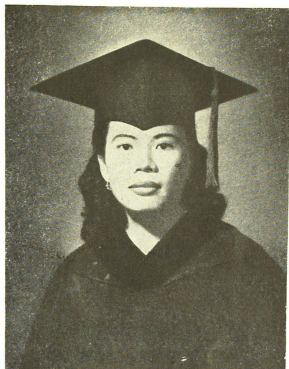
ates To The Pharmacy Board Exams. All Of The Ten Passed.  
ot Shown Is Miss Nilda Del Carmen.



Villacorta



Miss Caridad Pepito



Miss Aureliana Gantuengco



Miss Luz Coton



Miss Remedios S. Echavez  
(Now Mrs. Gavino Melger)

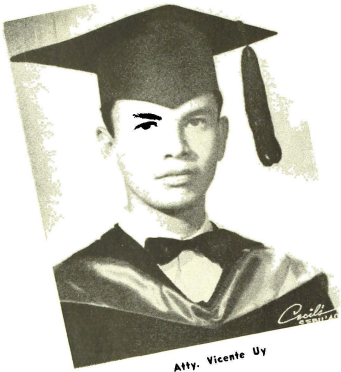
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*More of USC's New Lawyers*

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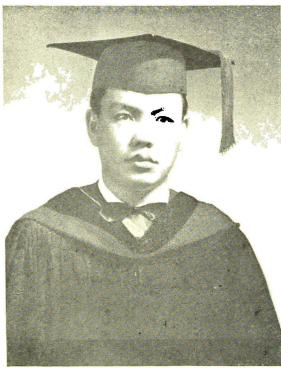
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Atty. Vicente Uy



Atty. Bernardina T. Yda. de Pilapil



Atty. Eustacio Ch. Veloso



Atty. Guillermo C. Lozo

## That Much I Served

CASIMIRO S. FLORES  
Law '53

We were very good friends and still are, despite the sadistic treatment of which I am at the receiving end. At times when his head is not charged with beer, his loving self outdoes his darker side. He would hold me in his hands, looking at me with beaming eyes which at times (I hope) are the expressions of his inner self and caress me as if I were his only link with the world. Oh, my! would it be forever? Not only that, my dear readers. Once he nearly pampered me with favors when I was instrumental in the conquest of his heart-throb. I did not exactly speak for him, but in a way I did something, which, had it not been for me, things would not have been what they are. But that is only half of what he is, there is yet the other side of him to be reckoned with. Yes, that is his bad side. What, then, have I to say about it? Well, most often than not, he is under the dictates of alcohol. Sorrow or joy, he always celebrates and drain cup to the last drop. That is the answer for his being out of himself more than half the time. Who, then, bears the brunt of his pent-up temper? Being a friend of his I always go with him for I love him. Despite the fact that he quarters no human considerations in his heart for me, I could safely say that I am nearest his heart than anybody else. Yes, I am, but on the contrary it is no position to be envied. I would rather be in your shoes than to be where I am. In most of his recurrent tantrums you could wish for nothing else than be dead. Once in his fits he tore me away from him and shoved me on the bed with a bang. Thank God! there was that cushiony pillow, whose presence was heaven-sent. Not satisfied with what he had done, he glowered at me as though he was going to devour me up. Luckily, I am not edible and more thanks that I am not.

Sometimes I come to think that something must be wrong with me. Anybody could be wrong at least once in a coon's age, but when one is being shouted at all times, everything must be wrong with him. But can I stand him? It depends on how patient one is to scoldings. And in my case, brother, this was just the time for a showdown. Any-

(Continued on page 20)

## Enchantment...

*pour into my cup the glowing smile of the early sun  
charm me to the joyful chorus of the trees  
set the air aflame with golden voices  
of enchanting love-calls of feathered lovers.  
let the sleeping deers of the wicked night  
shy away from the creeping warmth of day  
making the leaves dance with the wind  
to the rhythmic spell of a fairy music.  
fill the heavens with the playing clouds  
and the sea with dancing stars  
strew the fields with lilacs and daffodils  
crown the hills and valleys with magic hues.  
and I'll sing to the glory of the morning  
and take wing to dreamed-of nothings  
and fill my heart with the thrill and ecstasy  
of the enchantment of a new day.*

—leon p. abarquez  
law '52

## THE BATHS OF ALL THE WESTERN STARS

TWO men were looking at a distant valley at the foot of a mountain. One man admired the stretches of yellow and gray and purple blending with the blue of the hills. The other was looking at the mountain and asking, What lies beyond?

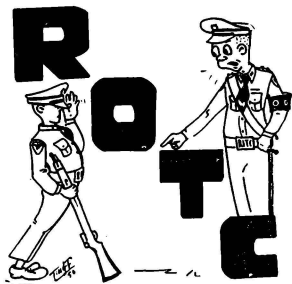
There are two types of men in life: the valley men and the men of the horizon. We are measured by the compass of our gaze. One man asks, What is here? The other: What is

beyond?

One man looks around, discovers Life and Living. The other looks farther and discovers Beauty, Truth—and God.

One man discovers Life, bones stiffen, an anchor is made. The other is Ulysses, saying:

"For my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset,  
and the baths  
Of all the western stars."



Time marches on... and here we are again, just about ready to dish out another platter (our last) on the doings of this Unit's Sad Sacks. There are two sides to every platter, so if you ask us how we came out in the tactical inspection last March 3 there's the good and the bad side of it. Like other units, ours had its own share of triumphs and disappointments. We don't dare say the first place is in the bag for us, lest we have to eat our words later, but this much we can say: Many self-styled dopsters had us all lined up as underdogs in the competition, but the fact remains that after everything had been said and done one of the inspectors hinted to us something about our unit having every chance of landing a top berth (we hope!).

Not to blow our own horn, we did put up an impressive show. The boys must have been inspired by the presence of the Father Recto, not to mention our kaydet girls. The parade and review, particularly the officers' center march, had the inspecting officers nodding their heads in approval. To quote Major Trinidad: "In spite of your number, that center march was done with lightning precision."

There was Cdt. Balmoria who, after dismantling a BAR in 42 seconds flat, had the weapons' examiner muttering to himself, "Man, that's a record!"

But it was Cdt. Lt. Manuel Luzay, Ex-O of Fox Company, who stole the whole show. After his CO was disabled while employing combat principles. "Lugi", as we fondly call him, rose to the occasion by dropping the snipers and crippling the ma-

chine gun nests threatening his men... all in simulations, of course. To top it all, our Wonder Boy was able to crack the toughest combat principle ever given to any unit this side of the military — that of storming and capturing an enemy stronghold supported by artillery barrage. That guy is a one-man army all right and should rate a gold medal.

The squad drill and platoon drill... oh, skip it!

For some time now, the artillery and infantry battalions had been feuding as to which was the better unit. The cannoners finally proved beyond question they had the upper hand when they romped away with almost all of the prizes in the closed order drill competition held in connection with the annual University Day. The Reds sure gave the Blue-strippers the "blues". Results:

#### Squad Drill

- 1st—"SV" BTRY, 3rd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. F. Borromeo
- 2nd—"E" Co., 2nd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. C. Llanos
- 3rd—"C" BTRY, 3rd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. F. Calo
- 4th—"B" BTRY, 3rd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. A. Aliño

#### Company Drill

- 1st—"B" BTRY, 3rd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. A. Aliño
- 2nd—"C" BTRY, 3rd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. F. Calo
- 3rd—"SV" BTRY, 3rd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. F. Borromeo
- 4th—"F" Co., 2nd Bn  
CO: Cdt. Capt. J. Solidum

The board of judges was composed of III MA officers, with Capt H. Cos-

ta as chairman, and 1st Lts. C. Hortillosa, A. Acebedo, and T. Arandela as members. Major Juan, Jr. and Lt. Javelosa acted as impartial observers.

With commencement just around the corner, our advanced course grads, 17 of them, have their hands full, getting themselves spruced up for the big day — March 31. Those who will be at the receiving end of be-ribboned ROTC diplomas after sweating it out for 4 gruelling years are First Class Cadets C. Bongalos, V. Fortuna, E. Cabillo, Jr., S. Allcr, C. Macachor, J. Orbe, R. Espina, E. Nueve, O. Leonar, U. Castro, F. Sanchez, A. Mendez, L. Alpuerto, L. Sictot, A. Salera, A. Talotabo, and L. Kintanar. It wouldn't surprise us a bit if a few months from now, they would be traipsing around with gold bars on their shoulders, not with the usual diamonds and buttons. We're pretty sure all of them will make the grade.

#### This year's Roll of Honor:

- Honor Medal—  
Cdt. Col. Ciriaco Bongalos
- Leadership Medal—  
Cdt. Capt. Francisco Borromeo
- Loyalty Medal—  
Cdt. Maj. Cesar Jamiro
- Duty Medal—  
Cdt. Capt. Jaime Calungso
- Efficiency Medal—  
Cdt. Capt. Arturo Aliño

And so yer Hotter-Patter Ed bids adieu — to be back again come June, that is, if the Korean war doesn't catch up with us.

## That Much...

(Cont. from page 19)

body in such a set-up could not stand it any longer, least it must be a pumpkin betwixt his shoulder, or is it? Of course I could no longer stand his treatment of me. It was very simple. The time he wanted me to do something I acted like a donkey — always went to the opposite way. He pushed me down hrd, as if I could help. But it made me more rebellious. Not an inch of work was accomplished. Still harder, he pushed until I could bear it no more I spat on his work upon realizing that usefulness was at an end. He made no further effort to use me again. Now I am enjoying the rest of my life in the junk pile waiting for the Almighty to take me to the Land Of Somewhere. Now I know that it is better to be broken-down than be a brand-new fountain pen.

Dale Carnegie has nothing much up his sleeve on

# How to Win Coins By Influencing Fancy

By AUGUSTO ELIZALDE  
Commerce '51



Advertisements, as we all know are information or knowledge communicated to individuals or the public in a manner designed to attract general attention. There are so many types of advertisements in the advertising world. A sign-board at a person's place of business giving notice of lottery-tickets being for sale is an advertisement. The law in many instances requires parties to advertise in order to give notice of acts which are to be done. An advertisement by a railroad corporation in a newspaper in the English language of a limitation of its liability for baggage, is not notice to a person who does not understand English. Advertisements have psychological effect on the people. They play upon one's fancy, imagination and on practical sense and emotions.

It seems quite natural that the first notably successful attempts to apply psychology to the needs of the commercial world, should have been made in the field of advertising. The fundamental purpose of the advertisers is to influence human minds. Inasmuch as psychology is a simple and systematic study of those same minds, the advertiser, seeking a scientific basis for his work, must find that basis in the science of psychology. But for other reasons than those pertaining to subject-matter, problems of advertising are peculiarly open to psychological treatment. The executive, the salesman, the labor leader and many others are primarily concerned with influencing human minds, but the states of mind which these men have to deal with are all remarkably complex and, in the present stage of science, it is extremely difficult to isolate them for purposes of exact observation. The problems of advertising, on the other hand, are more simple and consequently more open to exact observation.

Perhaps we can give an idea of what applied psychology really is, in no better way than by surveying a few of the psychological principles

to which the successful advertiser pays heed. It stands without saying that an advertisement, in order to be effective, must gain the attention of those who may purchase a product the merit of which that advertisement sets forth. So the question becomes: "To what kinds of things are people most apt to give attention?" The psychologist says that, on the whole, people are most apt to pay attention to those things which are novel, either in themselves or because of their unusual setting or presentation. And the psychologist adds further that the comparatively prolonged attention which people give to the best examples of advertising would not be thus prolonged, were it not for the fact that those advertisements are interesting and easily comprehended.

Thus, few underlying principles of securing and holding the attention of possible customers are much easier to cite than to put into practice. As a result, a distinct profession of advertising artists and copymen is growing up in this country. In experimental psychology, these men can find many facts to guide them in making the most of the space at their disposal. The laws of color-contrast, the pleasingness of certain color combinations and of figures of certain proportions. All these have been worked out and more or less organized in the psychological laboratories while advertising was still appearing in its earlier and crude forms.

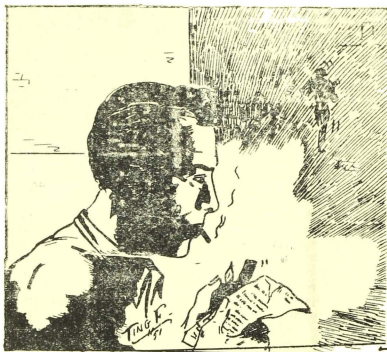
To gain and hold the attention of the public, is not however, the final purpose of an advertisement. The advertiser aims so to influence the minds of purchasers that when they are in the market for a cake of soap or an automobile they immediately think of his particular brand of soap or his particular make of automobile. In other words, he must get the idea of the article which he is offering associated with the idea of the class of articles to which it be-

longs. Here again, in this need, he can find psychological facts to guide him in conducting his campaign. For instance the psychologist has established that the strength of the association, between two ideas depends among other things upon frequency, vividness and recency of the past association of those same ideas. If, upon thinking of automobiles in general, that idea is followed by the idea of some particular make of automobile, that sequence of ideas may be due to the fact that of all automobiles this one has been brought to my attention most often by advertisements, by the talks of my friends or by seeing the actual article. The sequence may be due equally well to the vividness of a particular experience with this machine or to the recency of such an experience.

Still it is one thing to get the public to think of a particular brand of goods and quite another to get that public to complete the act of buying. Having done his best to influence men's thoughts, the advertiser must know how to turn those thoughts into action. Let us keep in mind that, any thought of an act, tends to result in that act unless it is interfered with by a strong or contrary idea.

A smart advertiser must put into the public mind not only an idea of his goods, but also, the idea of purchasing those goods. If his advertisement is to do his selling it must give the public a specific idea of just how and where the purchase can be made. Moreover, if the goods which the advertiser is offering are expensive or in a line where the public still feels no need, then there are contrary ideas already in the public mind which the advertiser must overcome. Often he will have to make use of argument. To do so effectively, he must be familiar with the motives which make one course of action seem more favorable than others. He must take into account the instincts and emotions of men and the customers, prejudices and sentiments of particular groups.

# Where Ways Always Meet



"Mac, do me a favor, will you? Fill 'er up... fill 'er up...!"

"You've had enough, Joe, besides, we're closing up now. It's past twelve."

"Mac, are you a friend?"

"I'm taking you home, Joe."

"I'll kill you."

"Here's a cup of coffee, black. It will do you good. Get it down your throat and pull yourself together. Blast you, Joe."

No, Joe wasn't just another customer. That's the reason why I didn't leave him out to the streets. I've known the kid long enough to read his life backwards. Only now he's patted himself down and it's not like him. He doesn't come about this place except on days off when we're both available and we decide to have fun. I didn't get it.

"Okay, Mac, I'm on my way like hell out of here," he said.

I can't forget the way he pulled himself up that stool. He looked like a ton of steel was hung on his neck. He kept tugging at his hair as if he preferred it wasn't there. He looked like dirt. His shirttail was torn at the sides and his pants no longer showed the crease that was sort of characteristic of his wear.

I can't imagine how he got about that way. I didn't notice him when he came in. There were a lot of customers and he got his order from the other fellows. I felt I didn't want to let him go. But then again, he's got to be a man sometimes.

"You use my coat, Joe. It's raining devils outside."

"Forget it," he said, shaking his head like mashed potatoes were splashed on it. I just watched him drag himself out. Somehow I thought I'd just trail behind so I could get at him when he needed help. I followed.

I thought I saw something white that he let go when he clutched at a chair. Sure enough it was there. It was a piece of crumpled paper with some writings on it. It was pretty badly wet, but I managed to read some of it. It sounded like a letter. I didn't have time for it. I was worried about the kid.

I took after him. He couldn't gain headway fast. The pavement was slippery and there was just a lamp or two in the streets. I really felt like a heel for the kid. I couldn't do something for him... I wouldn't, that is. Yes, I know he's done big things for me all the way along. Why, one time I got myself screw-

*Hearts may be mended  
and hopes realized in due  
time.*

ed up in a street brawl and the cops wouldn't let me go because I did a good job of that guy's face and they called it "serious physical injuries" which needed to be indemnified or something. Joe was there in the investigation. He was new in his law career but he sure sounded sense. They listened to him.

It's still in my mind how he held on to my hand when we congratulated each other. The kid was breaking excitedly wild. "Mac," he said, "I've just won my first case. We celebrate." We drank two rounds of coke and ate a lot of cheese sandwiches. The goon! Anyway, I respected him for that. By the way, he's finishing this war.

Well, right now, I thought, he's just off his rocker. For a reason, damn if I know.

I saw him grabbing at a post and hanging on there. That didn't harm him. The rain was now just spittles. But the wind was kind of furious.

There was a roof extending out to the sidewalk. I got under that. Got a cigarette and lighted it and remembered that letter which I tucked inside my pocket. I pulled it out and trained my eyes on it from a lighter. I had a hard time getting the letters straight. It was written in ink. It was his. I could tell him from the way he writes. I've still got that letter.

From what I could read, it says...

*"...you can't forgive me for the way I rushed in on you that day at your school. I can't explain the way I felt listening to that crowd calling you back to that piano. I know I didn't have a right to be proud.*

*But I was, believe me. It was the fool in me asking me to forget that I'm no more than a stranger to you. Although we have met once. Remember? I was that guy who barged in on you while you were shopping downtown. I found no other excuse than*

(Continued on page 27)

## USC INAUGURATES COLLEGIATE BUILDING

April 7th is slated for the inauguration of the new USC Collegiate Building including the new USC Chapel which is an integral part thereof.



The blessing ceremonies will be performed by His Excellency, Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes of Manila at 5 P.M. of the

7th with a sermon which will be delivered by His Excellency, Archbishop Julio R. Rosales of Cebu. Sponsors for the USC Chapel are Mayor Miguel Raffinan, Don Ramon Abotiz, Dr. Mamerto Escaño, Don William Chiongban, Don Gil Garcia, Hon. Vicente Urgello, with lady-sponsors Doña Esperanza L. de Osmeña, Doña Milagros de Cuenco, Doña Pacita vda. de Corominas, Doña Concepcion de Espina, Doña Mercedes vda. de Moras, and Doña Luisita de la Rama.

A Literary-Musical Program will be staged at 6:30. Prominent speakers are Hon. Dr. Manuel Cuenco, Governor of Cebu, as guest speaker; His Excellency, Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes; and Very Rev. Herman Kondring, Provincial Superior of the Society of the Divine Word. Atty. Cornelio Faigao's famous Commemoration Ode will be read by USC faculty member Miss Fortunata Rodil. Musical numbers will be furnished by Mr. Vicente Abellón with a violin solo; a vocal solo by Mrs. Victoria O. Flores, Professor in Voice Culture and alumna of the UST Conservatory of Music, accompanied on the piano by Prof. Loreto Laraquel Victoria; and a piano solo "La Campanilla" of Paganini-Liszt by Prof. Pilar Blanco Sala, directress of the Battig Piano School. The final address will be delivered by Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, rector of the University of San Carlos.

## USC ALUMNI ELECT 1951 OFFICERS

In connection with the USC Alumni Home-Coming party held during University Day last Feb. 18, elections for the Association's 1951 officers were held. The Presidency, highest alumni honor of the year was hotly contested by prominent alumni.

Atty. Jesus P. Garcia (see page 8), currently teaching in the USC College of Law was elected President, vice Justice Fortunato Borromeo, outgoing.

Dr. Osmundo Rama, elder brother of former *Carolinian* editor Napoleon Rama, was elected Vice-President. The Secretaryship was copied by USC faculty member Miss Fortunata Rodil. Current USC Registrar Mr. José V. Arias got elected as Treasurer. Auditors are the Messrs. Juan Bagano and Francisco T. Delima. The duties of Sgt.-at-Arms fell on the broad shoulders of Mr. Koko del Villar. The Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, USC rector, was elected as Spiritual Adviser.

Justice Borromeo presided over the deliberations.

## USC HOLDS GRADUATION EXERCISES ON APRIL 8TH

Caps-and-gowns will be the costume in vogue on Commencement Day which is slated for April the 8th. USC will play host and give out degrees to a good number of graduates out of 965 candidates for graduation from her different Colleges and departments.

A Solemn Pontifical High Mass which will serve as Baccalaureate service for the new graduates will be had at 6:30 AM officiated by the Most Rev. Julio R. Rosales, Archbishop of Cebu. The sermon will be delivered by the Most Rev. Jose Ma. Cuenco, Bishop of Jaro.

At noon, the banquet for friends, special guests and faculty members will be had at the USC Library Hall.

The Commencement Exercises will be held in the evening with Archbishop Rosales as commencement speaker.

## NEW ORGAN GRACES USC CHAPEL

The much-over-due organ which is a donation of a USC friend in the United States arrived last March 19. It is a Hammond, latest model, valued at more than four thousand dollars. It was immediately installed at the choir loft of the new USC Chapel.

The new organ is a versatile instrument and is capable of imitating sounds of other musical instruments by the use of adjustments and controls available to the musician playing it.

In a sense, it may be alluded to as an echo instrument because it is also equipped with several units which can be operated by remote control. With the present installation, it is possible to broadcast its solemn strains from the loud-speaker unit at the chapel towers. The tower chimes are also hooked on to it.

## GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL RENOVATED

The first floor of the USC Girls High School edifice has just been remodelled and as a result, brought about a change from an impractical mix-up of rooms to an easily-supervised bank of classrooms. The second floor also undergoes some changes. It will contain a good-sized laboratory for the use of high school students. There also have been dreams to have a third floor which may be realized by summer.

With these plans is contemplated a roof-garden for the same edifice. Such roof-garden will serve, among others, a great purpose. The girls will have a very auspicious place for physical education exercises. Fr. Norton avers that the roof-garden is necessary because a portion of USC ground will be expropriated by the Government in the widening of J. P. Avenue and to make possible plans for the erection of a rotunda amidst the intersection of P. del Rosario and Jones. The rotunda, when realized by the Government, will indirectly benefit the University. It will add to the beauty of a magnificent three-storey building of the USC Girls High School.

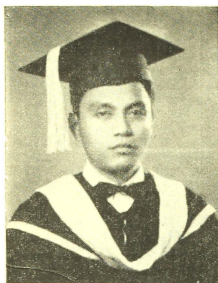
## LAW DEAN ON MANILA CONFERENCE

Dean Fulvio Pelaez announced at the College of Law seminar last March 2, the important matters taken up by the Manila conference of Law deans which he previously attended.

It has been decided in said conference that the four-year academic course for students of law shall be enforced. Hence, Law students must finish the course in four complete years, and summer classes will no longer be allowed. However, a resolution has been passed by the Law deans to defer effectivity of prohibition of summer classes until next year as several schools are of necessity compelled to offer another summer class in order not to prejudice some thousands of law students. Another vital matter taken up was a plan to revise the Law curriculum. Legal English will be added to the curriculum besides other subjects.

## PHARMACY COEDS AT MANILA CONVENTION

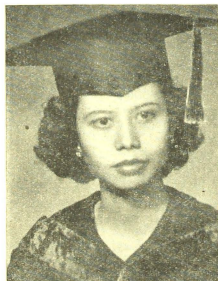
Senior Pharmacy coeds represented USC at the Educational Convention of Philippine Pharmacy Students. The convention was sponsored by the Board of Pharmaceutical Exami-



Mr. Frederico Polanco



Miss Socesa Paz Ruiz



Miss Estrella Veloso

## HONOR GRADUATES 1950-1951

A. SUMMA CUM LAUDE

Mr. Frederico Polanco, College of Liberal Arts (A.B.)  
 Miss Socesa Paz Ruiz, College of Education (B.S.E.)  
 Miss Estrella Veloso, College of Pharmacy (B.S. in Pharm.)

B. MAGNA CUM LAUDE

Mr. Pablo P. Garcia College of Law (LL.B.)  
 Miss Rosario F. Rodil, College of Commerce (B.S.C.)  
 Miss Remedios Galang, College of Education (B.S.E.)  
 Miss Teresita Dunque, College of Education (B.S.E.)  
 Miss Evangeline Lavelles, College of Education (B.S.E.)  
 Mrs. Benedicta Ceniza, College of Pharmacy (B.S. in Pharm.)  
 Miss Restituta Inocian, College of Pharmacy (B.S. in Pharm.)

C. CUM LAUDE

Miss Carolina Rubia, College of Law (LL.B.)  
 Miss Ester Yap, College of Education (B.S.E.)  
 Miss Virginia Rendal, College of Education (B.S.E.)  
 Miss Isabel Yap, College of Education (B.S.E.)  
 Miss Carolina Ruiz, College of Pharmacy (B.S. in Pharm.)

D. WITH HIGHEST HONORS

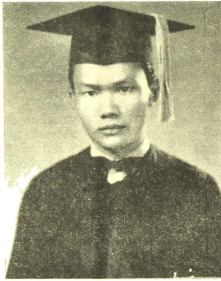
Mr. Bonifacio Alvizo, College of Liberal Arts-Gen. Course (A.A.)

E. WITH HIGH HONORS

Mr. Fortunato Gómez, Preparatory Medicine (A.A.)  
 Mr. Gerardo Yu, Preparatory Medicine (A.A.)  
 Miss Calinica Ouano, Preparatory Medicine (A.A.)  
 Mr. Anthony Co, Medicine (A.A.)  
 Mr. Auxencio Dacuycuy, Preparatory Law (A.A.)  
 Mr. Luis Ruiz, Jr., Preparatory Law (A.A.)  
 Miss Angelina Paulin, College of Commerce (A.C.S.)  
 Miss Rosita Geonzon, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Eustaquia Panes, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Lillian Young, Secretarial Course (C.S.S.)

F. WITH HONORS

Miss Felicisima Ybañez, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Juana Zozobrado, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Segundina Tiampo, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Remedios Ruiz, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Leonita de los Santos, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Pacita Sasedor, Normal Department (E.T.C.)  
 Miss Carmen Suico, Secretarial Course (C.S.S.)



Mr. Bonifacio Alvizo

ners.

Matters of professional and educational interest were taken up at the convention. It also included touring of establishments which manufacture pharmaceutical products such as the Squibb Company. Educational films regarding preparation of anti-biotics such as penicillin were shown them.

The delegates were dined at the Manila Hotel by their hosts. Incidentally, they were the only students who represented a Cebu institution.

**NEWS FROM HARVARD**

Fred Kriekenbeek, USC valedictorian '50 of the HSTD and Pre-Law student, continues to maintain a high record according to a letter received by Father Floresca recently.

In an election of the *Harvard Union Debating Society*, Kriekenbeek was elected Vice-President, a clear sign



that his leadership is being recognized by the talented group of Harvardians.

Another proof that Frederick is doing outstanding work is the fact that he earned a membership in the *Speaker's Committee* of the Philip Brooks House. This is an exclusive group of students noted for their ability in public speaking.



Without giving specific details, Kriekenbeck's letter simply says, "In my studies, too, I have 'reigned victorious' ". In Kriekenbeck's language this means no one has surpassed him. He is, therefore, tops also in his studies.

But what Kriekenbeck considers his greatest achievement is his progress in the Catholic life. He was able to explain the Catholic faith to so-called atheists. "I have talked with several atheists and I have, thank God, solidly overcome their arguments".

Frederick is a member of the Catholic Club which takes care of organizing the *nocturnal adoration*, and the Holy Retreat for Catholics.

#### SALAZAR OF USC WOVES 'EM AT CCAA GAMEFEST

Flashy and fleet-footed Ranulfo Salazar of the USC Track and Field Team wowed Cebu sports enthusiasts in the CCAA Track and Field meet held last Feb. 17-18 at the Ahollana High ground. The lithe basketball-playing sprinter burned the cinder-path by garnering not less than 15 solid points all by himself for USC.

The 19-year-old cinder-path artist literally ran away with three sprinting events. He got first places in the 100-meter, 200-meter, and 400-meter dashes, in a row. His time in the century event was 11.5 seconds, in the 200-meter dash—24.1 seconds, and in the 400-meter dash—54.8 seconds. He also ran in the 4 x 100-meter relay event in which USC got second place, and in the Swedish medley relay which USC coped. Consensus of opinion among sports enthusiasts, meet officials and athletes is that Salazar bears watching in future contests.

Other point-winners for USC were Valmorla. 2nd place in the century sprint and member of both relay events; Saguin, 3rd in 400-meter dash, member of the Swedish medley relay; Jimenez, member of 4 x 100-meter and 4th in the running-high jump; Boltron, member of Swedish medley relay; Mondejar 2nd places in

shot put and discuss throw; Cabugos, 3rd in shot put; Navarro, 4th in hop-stop-and jump; and Pajo 4th in pole vault.

USC was not represented in the girls' events. Result: the USC team only garnered 46 points to take 3rd place in the general championship's final count.

#### USC FURTHER AUGMENTS CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT

In line with its policy to provide all the facilities for the effective study of different courses it offers to students, USC further augments its Chemistry Department. Shipments of chemicals and new apparatus have just been received by the department adding more supplies and equipment to its stockroom for the use of chemistry students.

The shipment which arrived last Feb. 23 consisted of 63 boxes of basic and special chemicals essential to the study of chemistry with a net weight of 2,879 lbs.

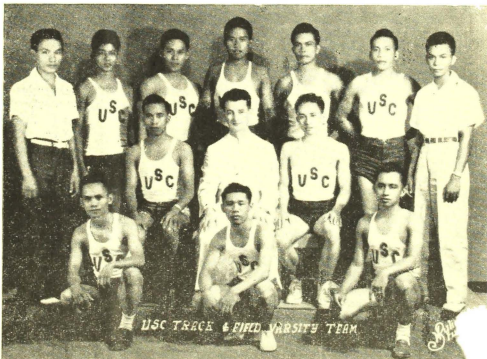
The March 12 shipment consisted of 57 boxes of apparatus numbering 6,467 pieces of laboratory glassware mostly adopted for semi-micro-chemical techniques in the study of chemistry. With the new apparatus, it is possible to conduct laboratory instruction (especially in analytical chemistry) on a semi-micro scale. Modern trends in the study of chemistry is towards the micro side. Chemical determination and experi-

ments are made with more speed and the students' chances for better observation and accuracy in laboratory work are enhanced by the use of semi-micro-chemical techniques in chemical studies.

Before the new shipments came in, the department had in stock 1,050 lbs. of various chemicals and 31,748 pieces of apparatus. With the new shipment, it is felt that the department is more than amply supplied.

Some of the equipment the department uses have been designed by Fr. Oehler and manufactured by the USC Carpenter Shop under his personal supervision. These consist of the iron stands, buret stands, pneumatic troughs, and test tube and bottle racks. The department has improved a "baby" desiccator which enables each student in higher courses to have a desiccator each.

The USC Chemistry Department is headed by the Rev. Fr. Elzer Oehler, B.S. in Chemistry, and M.S. in Geology (University of Chicago). He is ably assisted by a staff of 5 instructors. They are Mr. Honorio Garcia, M.S. in Chemistry (Fordham University); Mr. Moises Soriano, B.S. in Chemistry (UP); Mrs. Rebecca Galeos, B.S. in Pharmacy (NU); Miss Luz Catan, B.S. in Pharm. (USC); and Mr. Jesus Sol, B.S. in Chem. Engineering (Adamson University). The department has 8 attendants under the charge of Mr. Cresencio Teaco.



Team members from L to R, 1st row—Estratavico, Mahinay, and Abellonosa; 2nd row—Saguin, Rev. Fr. Semtho (athletic moderator) and Salazar (team-captain); 3rd row—Bartolome (admon), Jimenez, Cabugos, Mondejar, Pajo, Boltron, and Nonan. Not in picture: Cerch Deligerr, Bautista, Meciano, Valmorla, Mallari and Navarro.

## Memoirs of USC Day...

(Continued from page 7)

ferent departments. The most dependable hands on art were employed to shape out the kind of floats that even Hollywood might prefer. The results were stupefying. Just to give you an idea here's something about those adjudged as first-raters:

The Most Artistic float was that one put up by the Girls' High School Dept. There was a big white cross planted on a deck of flowers upon which ladies, beautiful in their piety, sat. You could paint that out as "nature on wheels". Well, that's what Mr. Marcos Morelos thought when he handed out a prize expressing his praise.

The College of Law did a good job by making a symbolic touch of it. It passed out as Most Expressive float. The Honorable Mayor, Miguel Raffiñan, had a pendant made to remember it by. It was an affair that portrayed the birth of law and what good it has done the people today. A young lady garbed in white, a piece of cloth over her eyes and a balance on one hand, stood in front signifying Justice. Behind her was an inscription of the Bill of Rights of the Philippines Constitution. At the other side was a work-out of Mt. Sinai where a representation of God handing the Ten Commandments down to Moses was stood by students attired accordingly.

Runner-up on the Most Expressive float went in favor of the College of Engineering. They put up the things that stood for their trade: rulers and sketches and wachamacallits. Those gadgets are rarities to the lay-eyes, you know, and naturally curiosity boiled down to appraisal. And nobody said nay.

But those three alone did not make up the entire impression on that gala appearance. A lot more masterpieces of local art snaked the rest of the way through the avenues of Cebu which caused the insistent spectators a certain degree of elbowing among themselves and shinning and "ouches!" when they didn't have to say "Abhhh!" or "Ohhhh!". And the going got to be pretty tough for the ROTC MP's assigned to cordon the public to stay on their sidewalks.

Speaking of the cadets, their participation was exemplary. Credit goes to ROTC Commandant, Maj. Victor Juan, FA; Corps Commander, Cdt. Col. C. Bongalos; and the USC Sword Fraternity. Our only regret was the absence of ticker-tape. Otherwise, Gen. Patton wouldn't have been more amused.

And the evenings in the campus brought splendor as colorlights, music, and fun could wreak. At the feris, wheels were spun as luck was at stake. Darts whizzed in the air to get home to little red, white and blue squares. Balls cleared the rings, or sent the number of pegs scattering wildly. And the more adventurous took turns out on pellet rifles to set electric bells ringing when the targeters found their mark. These booths were run by the different departments, each determined to out-display the others. Competition, that's the ticket. And that's how the gay time sustained on.

Prizes were given away to the most artistic booths. The College of Education copped first and became the recipient of the Hon. Sergio Osmeña donation, as token of his admiration. Another prize went to the Home Economics department exhibit which Mr. Demetrio Jayme, donor, honored with his approval. The Junior Normal Training Dept. also did up a remarkable display which cornered the prize kindly donated by the Yutivo & Sons Company.

The other booth "proprietors" didn't have to gloat over their failure to get a place because, considering economics, well, they had some depositing of proceeds to do to their own coffers and that's a chip back to the expense block.

And, now, let's swing the lens to our "little Broadway", audience-capacity: 8,000. That's speaking of the USC open theatre. It operated big enough to possibly produce as a business enterprise, stage show, that is. The set-up was one stroke of craftsmanship after another, from curtains to footlights. But let's get to what was shown.

The order for the three nights were literary musical programs, two shifts a night. The main attraction being the one-act plays produced by the teamed departments. Here again, prizes were at hand. First prize went to the Pharmacy-Engineering group who put "Educating Joe-fine", directed by Miss Eliza Ortiz. Prize donor, Congressman Filomeno Kintanar. Second place, recipient of Mr. Felix Jochin's award, was "Father's Birthday," done by the College of Liberal Arts under the direction of Atty. Mario D. Ortiz.

Other high-light numbers were dance competitions which also were predicated with prizes. For the second time, the College of Education showed out finely when they placed first on their "Andalucia" dance directed by Miss M. Martin. Prize donor, Mr. Tirsu Uytengsu. So did

## In the Know-Who

(Continued from page 11)

crack) she looks pretty-babish. But when she was atop the U.S.C. Chinese Association float, boy, did she wow 'em! Ramona Vivera on the Pharmacy float in a very becoming gown made the spectators' eyes as big as flying saucers.

Round-the-world beauties were presented in the Commerce presentation. Each was in her best bib and tucker. Miss Carmen Suico in a Filipino flag attire was quite a flag to see. Marilyn Young representing America had to keep the world from falling apart, literally. Miss Adelina Derecho donned on a blue Chinese costume. If all Chinese ladies looked as nice as she, man, you'd better take the high road to China! Carmen Gogo's beautiful eyes represented India — and those are not imported nor sold by the India Department Store, those are her very own! The girl from Spain was Paquita Sepulveda. Yes, girlie, she's from where we get Spanish lace. Paz Ouano is a girl who beats the Dutch in dressing up. Ten minutes before the parade she was still in streetclothes, then BINGO! there she was casy on the eye as rose-colored glasses! If all girls can win-up as fast as she, there would be less nervous breakdown cases this side of the meridian...

Consensus of opinions holds that Pre-med girls dote on fashionable creations. It appears that Flor Borromeo and Sally Lao run neck to neck when it comes to the last words of fashion. The boys are supposed to phoony fashion but I know some who have the proper know-how. Greg Gandionco thumbs down the fancy-screaming playboys and favors white T-shirts and trublized shirts. They say girls don't notice what men wear but as I gathered they do notice. Here's our woman's eye-view. Jesus Villegas is known as plaid lad, Jim Dumon prefers built-in belts, Rafael Avanceña looks quite a hunk of height in his officer's uniform and so does gentlemen's gentleman Jess Rama. Since I'm trailing off to fashion, let's wait for later developments and that means, folks, I'm bidding you a fond Adieu till I hark back next issue.....

the Girls' High School Dept. who flashed triumphant when they did the "Triumph Dance" as wigged out by Instructress, Mrs. Sandiego. Second prize was donated by Ho Tong Hardware Company. Our thanks to them.

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## Where Ways Always..

(Continued from page 22)

making you understand that I mistook you to be a friend I knew. I guess you must have been surprised when I made out the right town you came from. Well, what's the use keeping it back? You've got to know that I'd do anything only so well could know each other because I liked you from the first time I caught sight of you..."

That's how it was The man's in love.

"... I did everything to see you again. You told me where you school'd. They wouldn't let me see you. I asked my friends who knew you how I could meet you. And I contented myself with the answers they gave although it didn't do me any good. That was because I was afraid they might make up their minds about you, and I know they work faster than I do.

"...I've always been thinking of you... kept repeating your name, Niza Arasa... over and over again. The name and the one who owns it...they're both so beautiful.

"...I'm getting crazy. Niza. I don't care about the other things in my life. It's only you I need..."

"I hope this letter gets to you. I hope that from it you can't see how I am... how much I've gone to..."

That plastered me. I had had enough.

I carefully placed that letter back into my pocket and searched in the dark for him. I couldn't see a thing. Must have been the glare of that lighter. I groped my way on. I didn't have any idea what time it was. From the distance I made out the chiming of bells. It was dawn of a Sunday. I went on and found my way to a chapel. Joe was nowhere around.

The chapel was open. A few people were getting in. I joined them and found a seat behind. Everything was quiet. I could hear the whistery sputter of newly lighted candles. The altar was like a revelation of heaven itself. The mantle...the crucifix, and the form of Jesus or, it. Jesus. Love... they mean alike... Love.

"Mister..." said a voice beside me. It was a young lady. She was exceedingly fair. I thought I was seeing things.

"Will you help me straighten him up?"

"What he?" I didn't have to do anymore asking. The stink of liquor got into my nose like the air from out the tomb of Hammurabi.

## Beatitudes

*Diosa, ama de esos caprichosos ojos,  
Oye al corazón, gimiente y roto  
Lastimado siempre al ser tu devoto,  
Orando débil, repleto de abrojos.*

*Recuerda del vate, de sus sonrojos—  
Experiencias novatas del ignoto—  
Sin pauta más que lealtad al voto,  
Bebiendo cual Job, cual miel tus enojos.*

*Ante tu altar, oyendo tambores,  
Neche y día, llenos de inquietudes,  
Adora el bardo, lleno de temblores.*

*Sueña en anteriores juventudes,  
Cuando sólo concia y amaba flores—  
Cuando ciego era de tus beatitudes.*

—Rafael V. GUANZON

It was Joe. He was sprawled down on the bench and his arms hung like they weren't his.

"How did he get here? And who are you?"

"I found him leaning against the door and I helped him in. I came for this first mass because I'm leaving for my hometown this morning. But... I think I'll have to change my mind," she said. She looked up at me and I could read a dozen love speeches from her face. She was smiling sweetly.

"It's because," she stammered as she stood up and sat again where Joe's head could rest on her arms... "Joe and I..."

I couldn't believe my ears. But the picture was coming up clearly. I put my hands on my pocket and felt the letter there.

"Say, what's your name?" I asked.

"Niza," she said.

## The Study of...

(Continued from page 14  
"absence-note" or a "late-note". It involves a lot of explanations. But statistics show that absences and lateness have dropped down to a very low percentage, abruptly.

There is not the slightest doubt that the administration is extending its utmost help to the College of Law. Our facilities have greatly improved and more rooms have been added to the ever-growing population. Nevertheless, the college is ever ex-

## We Lost...

(Continued from page 13)

and the editorials they wrote paying tribute to San Carlos. All pooled their sentiments towards one common purpose: to make San Carlos great. On this score, we feel that they dwarf us to insignificance. We also feel we owe them a debt of gratitude for whatever they did in building up the Carolinian spirit.

The USC Pressroom, an innovation which was added to the various features exhibited during USC Day, was a joy to all who take interest in the history of the Philippine press. It bids well for more popularity in future USC Days, thanks to the energetic efforts of Rev. Fr. Szmuto who was instrumental in putting up the showroom.

## Memoirs of...

(Continued from page 26)

And, to complete it all, an amateur singing contest was put up (but for which, student voice talents wouldn't have been discovered). The judges had a hard time by themselves as the singers were almost par. But, finally, they settled down on the following: First place, Miss Candelaria Rodriguez, Jr. Normal (for whom an encore was called); second, Araceli Kuan, College of Education; third, Divina Cavan, another Jr. Normalite; and, Fourth, Master Jesus Villareal, Elem. Dept. Jones Ave. Unit. The prize basket was brimmed by donors Misses Milagros Urgello, Lourdes Varela and Amparo Rodil. Distributor, Mr. Mateo L. Go.

And that, friends, concludes this little coverage of that great event. Everything smooth-sailing. Hold on! There was an envious drizzle the second night. And that was bad because the audience had to disperse while the show was going on. Incidentally, this irked a visiting politician who, a short while before the shower, was complacently composed by himself, cigar in hand, and apparent pleasure drawn well in his face.

As the annoying drops of rain pattered meekly on his nose he glowered saying, there ought to be a law against rains. At which his companion answered, I concur. And they unwillingly removed themselves from their place of comfort to join the milling crowd who sought shelter beneath the roof of the birthday celebrant, the University of San Carlos.

panding and we hope that by next year we will have our own law library.

# Sección Castellana

Editorial

## Prueba de Amor

*El que ama, llegado el momento, debe probar su amor. El que dice amar a la Patria y no se arma en su defensa en el momento del peligro, miente; el que dice amar al amigo y no lo socorre en el momento de la necesidad, miente. Para todo amor se le presenta el momento, en que éste debe probarse por obras y no por palabras, así se trate del amor a Dios, o a los hombres, al ideal, o a la Patria. ¿Se ha oído alguna vez de una madre amante de su hijo, dejarle morir de hambre, sin hacer ningún esfuerzo para salvarle? Si eso ocurriera bien podríamos decir que tal amor nunca existió. El amor verdadero se gloria de probarse en el sacrificio y cuanto más grande el amor, más grande es el sacrificio que está dispuesto a hacer el amante, por eso el Apóstol dice: "No hay mayor amor que el de aquel que da la vida por el amigo", porque la vida es la más precioso que tenemos, y si la sacrificamos en aras del amor, verdaderamente es grande nuestro amor.*

*Si un día paseando por las calles de nuestra ciudad y por los caminos de nuestras campiñas, preguntáramos a los transeúntos si ellos aman a Dios, es seguro que la mayoría, si no todos, contestarían afirmativamente; pero, ¿dónde está la prueba de ese amor? Bien podríamos dudar de su existencia si no tuviéramos prueba, porque es fácil pronunciar palabra, pero difícil probar el contenido de esa palabra. "El que ama cumple con mis mandatos" nos ha dicho el Maestro es verdad, pero el que ama bien puede tener la intención de cumplir con la persona amada, pero por debilidad humana o por mil circunstancias ser luego infiel a ese propósito, del mismo modo el que ama a Dios puede tener la intención de cumplir su deber para con Dios y luego, por las razones mencionadas ser infiel a ese propósito; los hombres en su tolerancia*

*comprenden y excusan y Dios en su misericordia perdona pero hay momentos en que esas defecpciones del deber son inexcusables, como el ciudadano que reniega de su Patria en el momento del peligro, el hijo que rehúsa correr a lado de su madre en el lecho de la muerte, el amigo que rehúsa alargar la mano al que ama, cuando corre peligro de muerte. Del mismo modo en nuestros deberes para con Dios, hay días que adquieren un significado especial, en que si faltáramos a nuestro deber para con Dios sería nuestro proceder inexcusable; uno de esos días es el domingo del 25 de marzo, la festividad de la Pascua de Resurrección, la festividad más grande, más solemne de la Iglesia. El que ese día no se acerca a la iglesia, el que en este tiempo no cumple con el precepto de la comunión anual, no merece que lo consideremos como católico, y si nos dijera que ama a Dios, bien podríamos decirle a la cara: "Mientes"; sería un amor hipócrita, un amor falso, un amor inexistente.*

*Tengamos en cuenta que no basta creer para salvarse. "La fe sin las obras está muerta en sí misma", dice el Apóstol Santiago. Si queremos vivificar nuestra fe, cumplamos por lo menos con la Comunión Pascual. En especial hacemos esta exhortación a los jóvenes de la Universidad, que no solamente las mujeres tienen un alma que salvar, y si vemos nuestras iglesias en las grandes solemnidades llenarse de mujeres y niños solamente, tenemos que en el Cielo ocurra otro tanto. Todo está a vuestra disposición: Confesar, Misa, Comunión; hemos hecho nuestra parte, ahora le toca a los estudiantes, y en especial al sector masculino, hacer la suya, que si no lo hiciera, su proceder sería, en la mayoría de los casos, inexcusable.*

# El Educador

## ¿Quién Tiene Derecho A Educar?

**ENSEÑANZAS DEL PAPA.**—Reduciendo a las breves líneas de un esquema descarnado la amplia y docta disertación del Romano Pontífice Pío XI, de perenne memoria, sobre este punto, diríamos que esta tarea educativa es una incumbencia social, porque nadie desde la cuna puede educarse a sí mismo; y en ella intervienen tres sociedades: dos, naturales: la familia y la sociedad civil; otra, sobrenatural: la Iglesia; cada una con sus peculiares títulos; y en correspondencia con ellos, el derecho primordial corresponde a la Iglesia: el segundo, en dignidad, a la familia; el tercero, al Estado.

La Iglesia, en cuanto sociedad sobrenatural, tiene primario derecho educativo, no sólo para la comunicación de la doctrina formalmente religiosa, la administración de los sacramentos y el régimen espiritual de las almas, sino también para la instrucción en materias profanas con criterio cristiano, en cuanto ello es necesario para la formación del hombre perfecto en Cristo; porque de su Divino Fundador ha recibido la misión sobrenatural de comunicar a todos los hombres la revelación y la vida divina, y por ello ha sido constituida Madre verdadera de la nueva humanidad regenerada, con todos los derechos consiguientes.

Los padres naturales le siguen en la jerarquía del derecho porque, según ley natural, han recibido del autor de la vida, cuyos instrumentos son para comunicarla, el encargo de procrear hijos, nutrirlos, cuidarlos, desarrollarlos, formarlos hombres perfectos física, intelectual y moralmente; capaces, como ellos, de prolongar la cadena vital reproduciendo y formando nuevos vástagos en que, a su vez, se realice esa síntesis de perfección física, intelectual y moral.

Para ello, el pródigo autor de la naturaleza les infunde un apasionado cariño hacia los frutos de su amor que, por ser síntesis vital de tendencias

biológicas y espirituales, representan la totalidad del ser de los cónyuges, la consiguiente abnegación y desinterés tan necesarios para la obra educativa, especial aptitud para intuir y gobernar la psicología de los hijos, y singular ascendente para mandarles y ser obedecidos e imitados; cualidades que representan el principal elemento de la aptitud para educar.

El Estado viene en último lugar.

Su razón de ser o su finalidad es la promoción del bien común, para el que las familias se engloban en sociedad civil. Y ese bien común consiste en cierta serie de condiciones ambientales requeridas para que de suyo todas las familias puedan disfrutar de la máxima posible felicidad o bienestar temporal, subordinado al fin último. Esas condiciones implican tutela de los derechos otorgados por Dios a cada uno: creación y garantía de posibilidades, para que todos los ciudadanos en actitud de trabajo, justicia y obediencia a la legítima autoridad, puedan vivir una vida digna o adecuada a las honestas exigencias de la naturaleza humana.

En otros términos, la misión del Estado es: en orden a la promoción de ese bien común, vigilar la actividad ciudadana e intervenir positivamente para lograr lo que el bien común exige y el conato individual y familiar no puede por sí sólo alcanzar.

Por esto se ha dicho, y con razón, que los derechos del Estado en materia docente—y se puede aplicar esta doctrina a los demás sectores—son subsidiarios, mientras que los de la Iglesia y de la familia son primarios.

He aquí un esquema de la jerarquía de derechos docentes según la doctrina católica expuesta en la encíclica "Divini Illius Magistri" de Pío XI.

## A Dos Años de la Condena

Entre los acontecimientos de todo orden que en nuestros agitados días preocupan a la humanidad, enfrentada en estas horas al dramático problema de la extensión que ha tomado el peligro del empleo de la energía atómica para fines bélicos, ha transcurrido otro aniversario que debe ser especialmente recordado como verdadero símbolo de todo un sistema político y social que, partiendo de fundamentales errores, no puede sino producir los amargos frutos que se derivan de todo aquello que se opone a la ley eterna, que es la ley de Dios. Nos referimos al segundo aniversario de la condena del cardenal Mindszenty, primado de Hungría. No obstante el tiempo transcurrido, están todavía frescos en la memoria los detalles del proceso inico que fué un verdadero atentado contra las elementales normas del derecho bajo todos sus formas, proceso en el cual se apeló a los más execrables medios de tortura física y moral para arrancar una confesión que diese, siquiera materialmente, aun cuando estuviera virtualmente incura en la más cabal é irrita nulidad, los elementos necesarios para dictar la monstruosa sentencia, condenando a prisión perpetua al ilustre purpurado que no había cometido otro delito que defender con la reciedumbre integral de quien ama y muere por Cristo, su doctrina, sus derechos y su Iglesia.

El mundo cristiano, con el Pastor Supremo al frente, hizo oír su palabra de protesta y execración por la infamia del proceso y lo inaudito de la condena, pero los sicarios de Moscú friamente y desafiando con vesánica altanería el sentir del mundo civilizado, cumplieron lo que estaban ordenado, hundiendo en la cárcel al heroico Cardenal que afrontó con la más serena y cristiana altivez la tremenda sentencia, sacrificándose por su fe y por su ministerio. Renovó así ante el mundo entero el ejemplo que dieran tantos mártires de la Iglesia que gozosos afrontaron las más duras pruebas hasta culminar con la condena de sus propias vidas, antes que acusar siquiera el más leve dolo en el mundo entero en su fe y en su Dios.

De rada ha valido que la refinada maldad del comunismo pretendiera disimular con procedimientos de nuevo formulismo judicial el enorme atentado consumado contra la persona humana en sus más elementales y

sagrados derechos. El mundo civilizado no pudo ser engañado; la condena ha refirmado la ya indudable convicción respecto de la creciente peligrosidad del comunismo, que lo está llevando a la spicosis bélica en que hoy vive, que el comunismo fomenta y excita, engañando hoy como ayer en Budapest con declamaciones y posturas que ponen de relieve sus verdaderos propósitos.

Al segundo aniversario, pues, de ese episodio penoso pero aleccionador y con todo lo que en estos dos años ha ocurrido, se confirma la grandeza del ideal y la magnitud de la cau-

sa por la cual el cardenal Mindszenty yace en una prisión, de la cual acaso solamente salga su alma para la eternidad... La persecución contra la Iglesia, sus pastores y fieles, ha recrudecido allí donde la planta del comunismo holló la dignidad de pueblos libres pero indefensos; esa misma libertad de conciencia que el clorioso purpurado de Budapest defendiera a costa de su propia libertad y vida entregadas a la insaciable barbarie soviética. Y hoy como ayer, elevemos nuestras preces para que no le falte la fortaleza necesaria, que dé fuerzas a la humana debilidad, a fin de que y hasta cuándo a Dios plega, lleve con su entereza la dolorosa prueba, que si tal lo es para él, también es orgullo y honor para la Iglesia y la humanidad civilizada.

## Un Rayo de Sol

Por E. Enciso Viana

En las notas de María de la Bonifaria se consigna este propósito: "Daré mucha dicha a mi padre y a mi madre. Será al lado de ellos como un rayo de ese sol que alegra la naturaleza".

¡Qué hermosa idea! No debe pasar desapercibida para una chica buena. Encierra una obligación en la que muchas no reparan.

En la juventud la alegría es fácil. La risa retoza en sus labios, el optimismo brilla en sus ojos, una sensación de plenitud y de novedad esponja su corazón y electriza sus movimientos; parece que una satisfacción intensa cubriera en todo su ser.

¡Que fácil es entonces la carejada; esa carejada franca y sin sombras en la que toda el alma baila una danza de bienestar y dicha!

Le ilumina una luz de amanecer, prometedora de felicidad que todavía no sabe nada de agobios de mediodía ni de nubes de ocaso.

Junto a ella está la madurez de los padres, saturada de contrariedades y desencantos. La vida se empeña en rodar sus optimismos y frenar sus risas. Cada contrariedad ha densitado en el fondo de su alma sedimentos de amargura que, cuando un nuevo resaca los excita, turban la voz del espíritu, produciendo un estado de disgusto y pesimismo.

La hija joven es como el sol de la mañana, que por un cielo despejado va subiendo hacia el cenit, entre el rosicler de la aurora y los radiantes azules matinales; mientras sus padres, doblado ya el mediodía, caminan hacia el ocaso, entre nubarrones tormentosos que, a veces, se desatan en furias de tempestad con rayos siniestros y truenos amendrentadores, o, por lo menos, entre esos tintes tristes y cárdenos del atardecer.

¡Por qué la hija no hará participante de su alegría mañana a sus padres, suavizando sus tristezas vespertinas? Es su deber; no cabe duda.

Toda hija tiene obligación de dar alegría a sus padres. ¡Qué hermoso resulta para ella ser ese rayo de luz que se filtra entre las nubes y quiebra la tristeza de un día gris paseando su alegría sobre el paisaje!

Después del trabajo penoso de su profesión regresa el padre a su casa a bido de descanso y cariño. ¡Cuánto bien puede hacerle entonces la hija, saliéndole a recibir con la sonrisa en los labios y la alegría irradiando de toda su persona! Un beso en la frente contraída por mil preocupaciones, es como esponja suave y acariciadora que borra en el cerebro paterno impresiones desagradables y huellas de fatiga.

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