



The Carolinian

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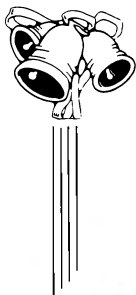
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

In all his glory,
Solomon
Was never so
arrayed;
Yet far more
beautiful is one —
A Mother and a
Maid —
Whose loveliness
and lowliness
God stooped from
highest heaven
to bless.

J. B. TABB



PAX CHRISTI



Christmas Wish



MSC Montinola Kids

*Lovely lady, dressed in blue,
Teach me how to pray!
God was just your little boy —
Tell me what to say!*

*Did you lift him up sometimes,
Gently, on your knee?
Did you sing to him the way
Mother did to me?*

*Did you hold his hand at night?
Did you ever try
Telling stories of the world?
Oh! And did he cry?*

*Do you think he really cares
If I tell him things —
Little things that happen? And
Do the angel's wings*

*Make a noise? And can he hear
Me if I speak low?
Does he understand me now?
Tell me, for you know!*

*Lovely lady, dressed in blue,
Teach me how to pray —
He was just your little boy,
And you know the way!*

Mary Dixon Thayer



Vol. XVII No. 3

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Our Cover:

The massive dignity of a tropical tree, tranquil like a star in its mighty core, finds a semblance in the peaceful majesty of this seat of learning, U S C. What power the Maker heaps upon His creation, when rightly used, spells Peace.

Caroliniana

Editorials

WHAT LITTLE WE DID

On the eve of the November elections, the Filipino citizenry was a scared little boy who crossed his arms, hunched his shoulders—wanting to look under a coconut shell and expecting to find a snake.

Already notes signed by Muk leaders had been intercepted, written orders of what to do just in case things get rough for the party in power. Magsaysay had to be illiquidated and top Opposition leaders, too. Something had to be done with the ballot boxes, the poll inspectors, the public funds. If ROTC cadets were to be recruited, maybe a fast deal here and there with a couple of army top brass would provide a neat lay-out for vote-getting and yet be able to pass the legality test. Mr. Castello must return immediately and help around. The LP must win... some way, somehow.

But what resulted wasn't exactly the way they planned it. There were goons, and they spilled blood in Cavite, created disorders in Negros Occidental, and committed frauds in Lanao. But they were, shall we say, isolated cases which did not impale the ultimate glory of the elective mass in succeeding finally to taste of triumph over the polls. They got the man they wanted to lead them. They welcomed him. In one little corner of their heart they wrote the name President Ramon Magsaysay—then they leaned back and closed their eyes.

The free world is tipping its hat to the Filipinos. They commend the job well done. It doesn't matter how they did it—I mean, who were responsible for this astounding victory. It seems that it is enough that the Filipinos all fought, most of them. The MPM, the WMPM, the Students' MPM, the NAMFREL, the JAYCEES, the ROTARIANS and, yes, the Catholic Action! They all waved their flags and earned their laurels. It's enough heritage to leave behind. Enough answer to the dreams of Rizal.

Now, as people keep congratulating each other for the things they did on that day of elections—the speeches they made, the stories they wrote, the fears they felt, the money they spent—the Carolinian along these corridors congratulates himself, too, because he knows he has helped in his own way. While others fought, he prayed!

CAN YOU SAY "MERRY CHRISTMAS"?

You wake up that morning, the calendar says it December 25. You look out your window and find gayly-colored things, lanterns, paper stars, trees. People hustle about. Poor people. Happy people. The rich in their shiny coupés. The old in their latest barongs. Down the road you hear the familiar ting-ki-ling of a battered banjo struggling to capture the tune of praise of the newly-born Babe.

You know that soon those carolers will be trooping to your doorsteps, hurrying through a song or two. They'll be calling in for you and you'll be digging into your pocket for centavos.

Your sister's children will be flocking to you, each with a demand you'll have to meet somehow. Six-shooters with a chamber that really spins. Dolls with eye-lashes you really can feel. Fancy rattles that can withstand a baby's impatience.

Your sweetheart will want to have something from you, too. A necklace with locket? A felt-bound prayer book? A gold-plated compact? Or an expensive greeting card with an inscription that reads... These things I offer you... Are from a love that will e'er be true...?

You'll have to have something for your mother, too. For your sister. For your friends. You'll have to give, and give until you find you have nothing more. And then...

Then, will you lock yourself up in your room and take up on your reading.

Won't you step out to the open with a smile in your heart, a prayer on your lips and kindness in your soul? Won't you feel the little Lord Jesus lending sunshine to your thoughts? Won't you part with what you have without counting the cost? Won't you just love without wanting to be loved in return?

It's not the giving that matters, you know.

It's when you mean it when you say, "Merry Christmas to you, and you..."

THE GRACIOUS EXIT

For about two years, Mr. Emilio B. Aller has been the brain-master of this magazine and he did a wonderful job. This Christmas issue was going to be his work, but things started to happen and he's got a trip abroad to make in January. That travel grant he earned will allow him three months to get steeped in Western culture. By the time he gets back, he will be one more Carolinian added to the Glory List.

NOW, SEE HERE, RM...

President-elect Ramon Magsaysay is taking no side turns on his job to fit the broken pieces together in order to form a government administration which must exist and operate for the people. All in his stride, he has started choosing persons from the (badly mangled) mass of eligibles to occupy offices intended to function for greater effects. Barely a week after his election, he has been reported to have authored important negotiations with top US government officials to revive economic relations with that country—to foster "a more intimate economic unity." This is all very inspiring.

Magsaysay is directing his campaign toward the alleviation of the masses. How far can he go? Will he bother with—what might easily go as minute—details when he starts hammering away on bigger projects? Consider, now, the young man.

Your youth has been pitifully left out in the past years. You hardly hear of 20-year old getting a better break than a summer-camp training in the army. And more often than you'd like to admit, he usually is jobless. And what has his diploma got to do with it? These school certificates circulate as freely as peso bills. There's hardly any hoot attached to a diploma other than the "Oh's" and "ah's" of a proud mother.

Which brings us to the sad conclusion that the young man can be a happy man if the government lends him a break here and there. A sad story? Maybe RM can sing a happier tune this time.

EDITOR'S NOTES: Vicente Ranudo's piece on The Church and the State was inspired by an article written by the head of a local university, which appeared in a local daily and which seemed to lend finesse to the LP attack on Catholic participation in politics. This highly incongruous bit of literal artificiality squatted on the idea that a Catholic should not be a politician (because religion and politics don't go together!) On page 12, there's a discourse on shamanism authored by our Rev. Fr. R. Rahmann. It packs a cultural wallop. We regret, however, that we are unable to print his other article on The Eight Pacific Science Congress. This has appeared in the newspaper, the Southern Star We plan to open a department in this magazine: Letters and Comments. Have you any opinion of general interest? Send it in. Heard any speech lately which you consider "picturesque"? We'll print that, too Merry Christmas, everyone, everywhere. This is getting to be a happy world!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WSC Salutes . . .

2nd Lt. Dominador V. Seva, FA



Lt. DOMINADOR V. SEVA, FA
in the bitter cold of a war . . .

A Carolinian graduate of the ROTC Advanced Course in 1949 returned here from the battlefronts of Korea last October 24, 1953 with almost untamed glory. He was with the USC College of Education when he graduated in the ROTC Advanced Course and was commissioned on October 20, 1950. He was for a while with the Artillery Training Unit (ATU) in Ft Wm McKinley, Rizal, then assigned to serve with the 19th BCT in May 1951. He left for Korea on the spring of 1952. May 26 to be exact.

As Arty. Forward Observer (FO) he saw action in the following PEFTOK NOKOR combat engagement: Hill 191-Chorwon, Hill 854-Cholmidong, Punch Bowl, Satire Valley - vicinity of Heartbreak Ridge, Paksaksang, Christmas Hill, last outpost occupied up to signing of truce.

After having distinguished himself in these fields of battle Lt. Seva was awarded the following medals and citations: MILITARY MERIT MEDAL - awarded after Chorwon engagement, ROK PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION - personally awarded by ROK President Rhee, US BRONZE STAR AWARD - awarded in recognition for services rendered in the field as Allied Arty FO by Command of Gen Clark, UN SERVICE MEDAL, KOREAN SERVICE MEDAL.

He is at present assigned in the Office of the G-3 Div. III MA, Camp Lapulapu, Cebu City, and is also enrolled here as a IV Yr. Student in the College of Lib. Arts.

By Desiderio Ando
ROTC Editor

"A Letter To Heaven"

December 25, 1953

Dearly Beloved,

It is Christmas on Earth again. Funny, how all these, with all its red and silver tassels, can bring you to me like patches of memories slowly collecting into a meaning bit by bit in effortless grace of semi-touching breath, tenderly tendering tender tenderness. Perhaps it is because I have always loved you in terms of the things I love or perhaps it is because, that out of my belief in it, I had not needed your assurance from day to day or is it because Christmas is you?

I hear you so clearly in the crisp, hollow voice of the December wind, in the indented, merry tinkle of tiny bells swinging in Christmas tress at times, walking alone, I would stick my ear out, for I would seem to catch a tone of your voice among a passing group. I see you so clearly in every face of happy children rushing into the holiday-laden day of Christmas, not knowing that all these must end somehow, I am being bitter, I couldn't help that.

I remember too well the lonely, half-lighted streets we used to sort out, to walk on, how I used to take your hand to mine feeling its find texture, finding myself confused at all the happiness that seemed to surge within me, as if all the while you were transfusing every part of you to me, and I would silently say to myself, "this is adventure, this all the thrill," for always I would sense a little tremor in the whole of me and I used to wonder what I shall be without you. What shall I be when you, my shaft of light, is gone into the swirl and slant of mayhem I am afraid of the slightest shower without you, you have always been here beside me.

Do you still remember the thick patch of grass in the plaza where we used to sit on, talking, pouring our hearts into each others life, thinking we were one, feeling you were only half and I was the other? How used to sit on that portion as if it were our kingdom, looking at all the

(Continued on page 38)

Every Tuck

By
"TOMMY"
ECHIVARRE



THE AUTHOR

This is the story of a basketball team. A story of an undefeated team. You have heard of them, perhaps. Or you may have actually seen them at the front. Isn't one of them your classmate, friend or sweetheart? Wasn't it only a moment ago that one of them came up and asked you for a light for his cigarette? Aren't you the Pharmacy coed who was just sharing a couple of wisecracks with Number three or Thirteen? Maybe. But I'll bet my last pants against your coke that you don't know them yet as red-blooded Carolinians or, better still, as the basketball champions that they are.

I know things about them. I ought to. I'm one of them. And I take it my duty to write this story—a wonderful story—of how they streamrolled their way to the Cebu Collegiate Athletic Association's basketball championship.

It was a record feat—seven straight wins and not a single loss! It had happened twice in the CCAA,



Sitting, left to right: Sextoso, Deon, Arche and Skipper Morales. — Standing, left to right: Reynes, Young, M. Echivarre, Jr., Sagardal, Rev. Fr. Rector, Rev. Fr. Wrecklage, Dionaldo, T. Echivarre, Arcelo, and Morilla.

and both times the USC Warriors went home the victors. And now they have done it again. Not perhaps like the ideal USC team that became the National Champions in 1946, but the boys who did it now are heroes on their own who can produce a miracle when they need it. One thing is remarkable on this outfit: no one holds a chin up nor utters a wrong word. All are Prince Valiants in their own little ways. Not one plus eleven others, but one team and San Carlos U.

The Making of the Team.

At the earlier part of the semester, Coach Manuel Baring, the generalissimo of the team, molded the team with frantic haste because the season was to start early and all he got was a bunch of oldtimers. We had to qualify for the CCAA and be sure that if we ever got out it was for a winning. Then Father Wrecklage stepped in with the news

that he had made arrangements with Father Joseph Bates of Holy Name College in Tagbilaran, Bohol, about a certain player who had charmed Baring. But Baring could not wait. He recruited just enough number of players to qualify. When the line-up was finally in, Father Bates sent word that Terino Morilla was available.

So, the team started out with thirteen on the CCAA official record but after the first clash with the CIT Wildcats, one player dropped out for personal reasons. There were some hairy-scary moments in that USC-CIT rub-down, but we finally nosed out with a 51-49 count.

We have been asked what qualities stand out in our basketball team. Well, here they are, based on the seven encounters we made: Seasoning, Clean Sportsmanship, Teamwork, Shooting Power, Brainwork, Team Spirit, Court Generalship, Prayer, and Miracle Making.

A C H A M P I O N

Each one of these, a specialty to the boys, showed out candidly in each game. Of course, there are a few other accidental qualities, speed, ball-handling, tight defenses, passing, and so on. But the principal qualities, those mentioned, worked out prominently, the rest just happened.

Seasoning.

Had the Warriors lacked this one quality in the USC-CIT tussle, that game could have easily gone down the river. The Wildcats were fighting an inspired game because of the feeling underdogs, sort of. From start to finish the point-margin was a hairbreath. Had the Warriors lost their head for a second, especially in the last five seconds, that should have been all there was to it. But Skipper Roy Morales possessed coolness, hang on to it throughout, and nerved up to aim his last-five-second shot. He sunk it in. A knock-out beauty! That clinched the business in that end. The Skipper's four-year seasoning had paid off—that made the difference. Final score: 51-49.

Clean Sportsmanship.

The true value of sportsmanship in a game is one aspect that a player must know and respect. Clean playing is essential. Yet, this virtue is being neglected usually by both players and school. The win-at-all-costs attitude is often the big word with players and coaches when the going gets rough. We know that is wrong and we've never cocked a finger for that stuff.

The San Carlos Warriors take deep pride in saying that the team values the true meaning of sportsmanship. We play like wildcats but we play clean. Coach Raymond Johnson gave a description for that attitude and the word stuck, it is Clean Rough. We did the Clean Rough when we battled the SWC team. We were undersized, they had big boys in the SWC Commandos, but take this: the official record says that in that game the Carolinian Warriors committed only

one person foul during the entire game. And the lone violation was committed by Rudolfo Arcelo, unnecessarily. But the SWC Commandos struck out with nine personal fouls—in spite of their height advantage.

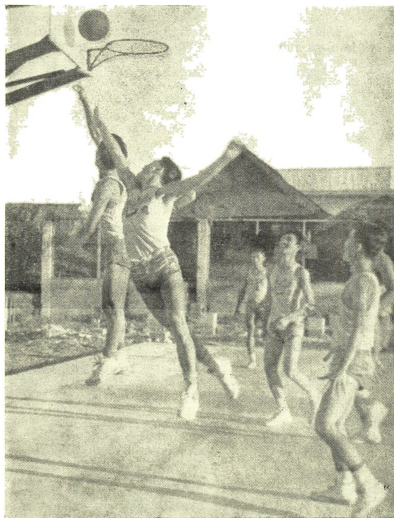
That game was not easy on the Warriors. Neither team made a live-point lead throughout. The crowd was tense. Every moment was spine-tingling. The dribblers fought a slow and cautious game, dragging the suspense by the second. Until the whistle shripped and

the scoreboard registered 31-25 for the Green and Gold.

Teamwork.

Set plays are highly effective in a game, if wisely used. As there are only two classes of defenses used here in the Philippines, the zone and the man-to-man, it follows that one must concentrate his offense on these two basic defenses. Tactician Baring can thank his lucky stars for the break he had working with Coach Johnson, for

(Continued on page 21)



Team spirit... if you have it you're all right... if you don't your goose is cooked.

The Church and The State

A SHORT spell before the elections, the Chief Executive, in a message to the press, spoke about the "unwanted intervention" of the Church in matters concerning politics and the likes. Gusts of unnering news came falling steadily in until Matala-ñaan all but burned with indignation and disgust.

A bishop in Masbate endorsed the candidacy of President-elect Ramon Magsaysay, then presidential candidate for the Nacionalista Party, in an in-and-out open rally. There were vague talks about priests distributing party tickets and their acts which "constituted... intervention" as defined by President Quirino.

But "The Secret Weapon," an article in the November 21st issue of the Philippine Free Press, sort of muddled up the "intervention" issue when it declared in a single paragraph that "The Catholic Church must be urged to extraordinary efforts in the crusade for free elections. This was done. A pastoral letter described as 'unprecedented' was issued by the Catholic Hierarchy of the Philippines pleading for free and orderly elections, declaring that God would surely punish (if the government did not) anyone who should 'sink so low,' as to sabotage the right to vote."

All this may seem to be just a lot of unnecessary mish-mash now that the election is over, but it has raked up an age-old controversy and took it into the limelight.

Does the Church have any right in intervening in matters that concern the State?

The State is a separate and distinct entity from the Church. Its functions run on a different level and its characteristics are individually its own. Yet, although the State be different from the Church in its daily activities and concern, its effect does not stop on its own doorstep, when we take into consideration that a Church is composed of the same people that compose the State, that a Church isn't just a pile of stones made into a cross-shaped house or a candlelight with two or three devotees or a bell and a bell-ringer... Consider the fact that the praying public is also the voting public—does not the picture take an entirely different aspect?

Andre Visson, in his book, *As Others See Us*, perhaps the most celebrated one of its kind, describes the true meaning and relation of the Church and the State in a Democracy.

"The American religion," wrote he, "enters the day to day life of the individual. It concerns itself with the relations not only between man and God but man and man. Its interest lies not only in the individual's relation to God but in his relation to his family, to the community and even to the world at large. Many Europeans (like so many of our people) therefore, without being agnostic or subscribing to the leftist philosophy, are at a loss to understand the American approach to religion. While they cannot fail to realize that many Americans believe in good and right thinking, they wonder how Christianity can be regarded as a **liberalizing political force** and they hear Americans speak in al-

most religious terms of a mission in the world."

America, the model and Father of Democracy, considers religion as a political force of considerable influence. For, truly, if the State concerns itself with the physical law of man, the Church serves as a yardstick for his soul and belief.

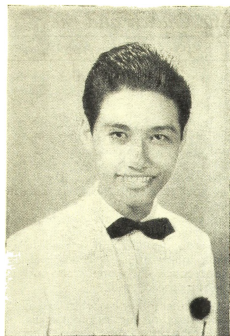
The great Roman Empire of long ago that lorded over scores of nations in its days of pomp and glory, fell under the silent, marching feet of Christianity, an army of gunless men and women... armed with nothing but prayers on their lips and faith in their hearts. The State cannot exist without religion or a church housing the religion of the people. Political abuse and degradation start where the people have abandoned their church. Communism and all other "isms" flourish most in the mire and filth of bigotry.

by
Vicente Kanudo

The State and the Church have purposes which inevitably meet in a point of tangency, for their pursuit and aims are common. They may look like different projects but they are made out of the same logs and stones... that is Equality, Freedom, Justice and Liberty. Because, ever since her birth, the Church has waged an unending war against mental and physical slavery, prevented unreasonable oppression and has seen so many of her subjects die for the light of freedom: the Church has long practiced the principles of Democracy.

Let us admit it. There is no perfect form of government. With each individual having his own opinion, concepts and means of arriving at the things he chooses to believe in, a perfect system for governing a mass cannot be accomplished. Democracy offers all kinds of freedom and right to the individual. Because of this, it has become a green pasture for political second-story men living under the shadow of crime, badger game masters, political hi-jackers and many other shifty-eyed characters, lawless all. There is a flaw and leakage in almost every turn and sweep. But it is still far better than Russia's much-valued Communism. As far

(Continued on page 8)



THE AUTHOR

PERSONALITY and individuality have their own particular meaning. We often hear people say, "Oh, he has a very charming personality." We take it as the integration of emotional trends and behaviors. Psychology says that personality is the art of winning people's respect and admiration and of gaining their friendship. Indeed everybody is trying to develop a personality which will be most attractive, and there is hardly a person who is not engaged in the process of selling his personality to the public.

Individuality is a confusing term. Ordinarily it means the quality which distinguishes one person from another. It is the distinctive character of a thing. We regard a person's character traits or his urbane manners as his individuality.

When we go down to the realm of ontology both the terms defined above have different meanings. It is imperative for us to differentiate the two for they are truly the foundation of all our social and political philosophy.

Is not our person ourselves? Do we not sometimes hate our self?

Pascal asserts that the self is detestable. Even in every day language when we hear someone say that he or she is self-assertive or has a personal character, this usually means a self-centered and imperious person. In this sense we might say that personality consists in self-realization achieved at the expense of others. If we take this meaning, then Pascal is right.

On the other hand, would we like to be called a man who has no personality? Of course, we don't. When we hear of the achievements of saints and heroes, do we not think of them as men who have reached the heights of personality? All the great things on earth are accomplished through a heroic fidelity to some truth which a man says "I" proclaim. That man who says "I die for a cause," has reached the fullest measure of personality.

As an individual, each of us is a fragment of a species, a part of the universe, and subject to all its physical, ethical, historical forces and influences — and bound by their laws. Thus, we go to the Drug-store and drink Coca-cola when thirsty. We eat when hungry. We cannot escape the laws of nature. But, we must eat and drink just enough to serve the personality. For individuality is conditioned by our existence. The individual is the

of PERSONALITY and INDIVIDUALITY

by PRIMITIVO V. LARA, Jr.

Pro-Law II

The Gospel teaches us that no personality is more magnificently affirmed than that of Christ.

St. Thomas tells us that the person is that which is noblest in the whole of nature. According to Pascal, the selfish ego is hateful. While the ego is detestable, philosophers say that self-consciousness is a cardinal point for the progress of humanity.

What do these contradictions mean? They mean that the human being is held between two poles; a material pole and a spiritual pole.

It is this material pole which is the center of individuality. And it is the spiritual pole which makes possible the freedom of generosity which is in the person.

Herein we face the distinction, the distinction between the ego and the self.

Let us first take individuality.

All the things around us, that is all material beings, have their individuality rooted in matter. It is in this matter which gives them position in space distinct from other bodily beings. In each of us, individuality, being that which excludes others from oneself, could be described as the narrowness of the ego. This egoism is animated by a spirit.

means, the personality the end.

The lower value serves the higher. Individuality is the servant. We eat enough to keep us healthy and in turn keep the personality going. For how can you be yourself, your person, if you are hungry? When you fast, the individuality is not being served and at the same time the person is being starved.

The marks of individuality are egoism and pettiness. Its main purpose is for itself. It looks at other things with reference to itself. It blames the whole world when it fails. It is forever eager to take and cannot extend beyond itself. It comes from earth and to earth it goes back.

Now let us take up personality. In order to make clear the workings of our personality it would be better if we compare it with love. There is a relation between the two which is most intimate.

What we love is the deepest reality, "the most substantial, hidden, existing reality in the beloved

(Continued on page 8)

Sink It In

by
Bartolome de Castro



FROM THE FARMER. A LETTER

Dear folks,

I have just come from the green fields.

It's dawn, raw and bleak. Yonder, Mang Inqko and the folks are warming around a crackling fire on the vacant lot where once again the revered stories of yore and the tales of the young are told and retold. You see, when the villagers linger close to their firesides in dusk and in early dawn, it is Christmastide, in Manliting.

I like to feel of the early December morn'g air. It brings with it the first lungful of that fresh, flower-soaked, icy atmosphere an exquisite thing. I sip it, as I stand before my plow, and praise my Maker.

Very soon, every villager's backyard will hum with activity. Suman and bibingka will be shared in every nipa shack. On Christmas eve, all of Manliting will gather in the teniente's kerosene-lighted house, the beloved landlord mixes freely with the villagers, the shuffling muddy feet of rustic Romeos and Julietts will dance until deep in the night, when the rooster crows to herald the midnight mass. Everybody heads for the Media Noche in an improvised chapel. Back from their prayers, the villagers will pipe out a carol for the landlord who will oblige his carolers with a sumptuous feast. Having feasted on the lechon, the bucolic dance resumes in the homeyard until morning.

The celebration will have a touch of its own. There will be no blaring radios, nor bleating horns. No tinseled boxes; no cheap gifts from Chinese stores. For a drum, the Manliting children will rap away on a hollow piece of wood; for firecrackers, they'll make blasts by igniting kerosene in bamboo tubes. The happy carolers will sing their native tunes accompanied by the rhythmic cadenza of the winnowers and the cymbals fashioned out of mallocca bottle caps. And to top them all, every villager will be happy because Mang Inqko's best wines will freely flow.

Simple it is, but we will never cast an envious eye on the headless, mad, riotous X'mas revelry of the city. We don't sing wild tunes alien to our ears. We will sing, though, it will be the outpourings of a true, starry-eyed country lover. Yes, we too will dance, but it will be to the strains of guitar and violin under the starry skies. We too will dine lavishly, but the cakes on our earthen plates and coconut shells will come from the first grains we reap in early December, and we will warm our throats with the chocolate from our cacao trees.

From all these, I, the farmer, know that Christmas is not just something to hold and be riotously happy as I once saw in a city. Nor is it just tinsel, bright lights, and laughter, nor the fancy trimmings of an over-laden Christmas tree. It is something more tangible than the tinkling of silver. It is something in the heart—the human soul!

OF VIRGINIA AND HER SANTA CLAUS:

Every insect in the forest seem to chirp their merry tunes for Christmas. But Scrooge would cry, "Bah! Humbug!" This prompted little Virginia, a pigtailed country lass, to ask, "Daddy, is dear Santa Claus still alive?" The father beamed and with a glint in his eye, he placed Virginia on his laps while he sat on an old trunk. Said he:

"My child, Santa is very much alive. You shouldn't doubt nor cry, dear. For unless you forget him, you will never miss him!"

(Continued on page 35)

The Church and the ...

(Continued from page 6)

as defects must exist, owing to the very imperfection of human nature, Democracy is perfect.

It has been shown that there exists a relation between the Church and the State, since both exist for a common cause, that is for the welfare of humanity. That the Church at certain times comes in conflict with the State is unsurprising because conflicts between the two must occur as a necessary implication of their duties and functions. Intervention is rather not the word, since such an act is part of the purpose of both.

For the father to whip his child regardless of the righteousness of what the latter has done without allowing the mother to say anything, is the rule of the beast and the primitive—but this is the living rule in all communist-dominated countries.

If the Church cannot be permitted to intercede for the people in the doings of the State, even as these are the same people who embrace both institutions, then what are we coming to? The worst kind of Communism is the Communism that hides behind the innocent veil of Democracy!

Of Personality ...

(Continued from page 7)

— it is a metaphysical center, deeper than all qualities and essences which I can discover and enumerate in the beloved. That is why such enumerations pour endlessly from the lover's mouth." (Jacques Maritain's The Person and the Common Good.)

Thus when we love we give ourself ... we surrender our self.

Now the personality is founded in the spirit. The human person does not only bear resemblance to his Creator but also enjoys in a peculiar fashion the spirit of God. This is the spiritual soul that proceeds from Him, so that we can know and love Him.

The human person is ordained directly to God as to its absolute ultimate end. It comes and goes back to God. Thus it tends to be generous and self-giving. It is not held by any physical law. It has

(Continued on page 35)

S HE was no longer young. There was no doubt about that. Her eyes no longer sparkled as they used to. Only sagging flesh was there where once blushing cheeks had been, only tell-tale marks where pretty dimples once played. And the deepening lines on her forehead and the faint streaks of gray bordering at her temples told plainly that she was well past her sixties. Yet *Iya Soling* could not help feeling like some silly day-dreaming school-girl this bright December morning. There was an unusual cheerfulness in her face. A refreshing radiance shone about her whole countenance and overshadowed whatever cruel traces the years have left upon her. And

suddenly overcome her that morning. She was a little puzzled about it. It was as though she saw the world bathed in the gold of morning sunshine for the very first time in her life and the wonderful sight of it sent electric sparks through her.

It was strange, this feeling. It made her want to soar high up in a little pink cloud all her own and do nothing but laugh and smile all day. Perhaps it was the season. There is always something about Christmas that seems to seep into your every bone and fibre — something peculiarly soothing and wholesome, yet so powerful that it lifts your whole being in a surge of earthly bliss and makes you feel like a well, like a million dollars! But then there had been other Christmases. And never had *Iya Soling* felt so unusually gay and cheerful as this one.

"Perhaps it isn't the season. Perhaps it's something else," she told herself again. Just what it was she did not know exactly. All she did know was that she was happy. And to *Iya Soling*, nothing else mattered.

THE

RETURN

the way she smiled lent her a youthful gaiety such as one expects to find only among the young in heart.

"That's funny, but I don't know why I feel like a million dollars today," she mused as she playfully lingered a slender strand of glittering tinsel which had fallen from the toy-bedecked pine tree standing proudly in her sala. Looking out of the window she could not help but admire the beaming faces of people in the streets as they passed by. There were some in gaudy, brightly-colored frocks, chattering excitedly with one another. Others had their arms loaded with gift-wrapped packages. Now and then, she would see bright-faced youngsters, tagging along behind their mothers, with ribboned bundles, or boxes tucked securely under their arms.

"Must be the season or something," she told herself. "Or maybe — maybe . . . it's something else."

Yes, *Iya Soling* was quite at a loss to explain the unusual feeling of extreme joy and gaiety that had

With a nonchalant air, she dismissed the thought from her mind and leaned back contentedly on her seat by the window. Sitting there alone, thinking of nothing — of nothing, simply — she heard sounds of soft carol music drifting towards her from a house nearby. It fell pleasantly on her ears.

... with its trees and windows all a glow.

Christmas, with its snow and ice and mistletoe...

"It's lovely," she sighed. "So lovely." And for a long while she sat there entranced, apparently lost in its soothing strains. While listening to it, she let her eyes wander carelessly about the room. Presently, she caught sight of the multi-colored paper lantern she had hung by the window the other day. A slight breeze stirred it to one side and then other. This gentle swaying motion blended perfectly with the music that was wafted from the house across the street.

"Strange," she muttered, almost half-aloud, "how everything cons-

Short Story

By LEDINILA AMIGABLE

pires to make a blithe skylark out of you one moment or a dripping bundle of weariness the next. Why, today everything seems to be just perfect. Who can help feeling young on a day like this? Right now I am as light-hearted as a new-born pup but," she sighed, a cloudily look stealing across her face, "who knows . . . Maybe, tomorrow . . ." she impulsively flung the gloomy thought aside, so afraid it would spoil the joy and gaiety that have wrapped her, the joy which she wanted to cling to childishly and keep it within her forever. Somehow it disturbed her to think of what bleak uncertainties each tomorrow would bring. It made her shudder, just to think of it.

"But I guess it's the up's and down's that give life its charm, its color." She smiled after her cheerfulness returned. "After all, that's what makes life beautiful. Without it, life would be utterly dull. Monotonous. Colorless. And — and . . ."

Her thoughts were rudely cut short by a sudden loud knocking on the door. Immediately she rose up from where she sat. "I wonder who that is," *Iya Soling* asked herself as she walked expectantly towards the door. She opened it. What she saw completely stupefied her. She could not believe her eyes. For there, standing before her was Juanito in his starched khaki uniform, his white teeth flashing as he smiled.

For a moment *Iya Soling* stood there motionless, her mouth agape. She just stared at him. She could not speak. It was only after what seemed a long, long while that she managed to find her tongue.

"Juanito," she gasped, her voice faintly audible. "It-it's really you, isn't it? Or are my eyes just playing tricks on me?"

"Of course not, mother," Juanito answered, grinning from ear to ear. Without a word he lifted her up from where she stood and swung her around, laughing all the while.

(Continued on page 17)



THE AUTHOR

by
ROSITA SERRA
 TY
 Most Exalted Sister

The KAPPA LAMBDA SIGMA Story ~ ~ ~

A BRIGHT, auspicious idea dawned upon our charming Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela one day—that of spicing the University with a new organization, one that would be composed only of women, of competent young women so to say. The pressure of that thought rose so strongly within her that before she really could make any mental detour she was already sending letters of notification to the students deemed outstanding in the university. The latter, upon learning what the bright idea was about, immediately became equally anxious and interested in the prompt establishment of the organization—everybody showing some excitement, predicting that it was really going to be a purely woman society.

On August 17, 1952, the well thought-of sorority was organized and Mrs. Valenzuela became its adviser. Then with the good counsel of the Rev. Fr. Rector, the sorority was named Kappa Lambda Sigma—derived from two Greek words **Kalos** and **Agathos** which mean beautiful and good. So, the pioneering sorority in San Carlos U began to take shape.

The lay-out of the details concerning the organization and the election of officers then followed. Somehow, they elected me the Most Exalted Sister. To the other posts were elected these competent and responsible ladies: Miss Luz Evangelista and Miss Pat Kriekenbeck. Exalted Sisters: Mrs. Carmencita Montesclaros, Most Trusted Exchequer, Miss Paz Chua and Miss Erlinda Perez, Trusted Exchequers; Miss Brenda Esmera, Keeper of the Records; Miss Patricia Reynes, Keeper of the Keys; and Mrs. Leonie Ramos, PRO. Mrs. Gloria Escario, one of the most active social workers of the city, was unanimously chosen the Honorary Sister.

These framers of the sorority then paused awhile, took a deep breath, and at once plunged into the usual irks and trifles of induction ceremonies. They got their faces painted in a crime-against-art-and-beauty fashion with a hideous combination of red and black pigments—lipstick and eyebrow pencil or charcoal (pardon me). After then, of course, the girl who survived became a full-pledged member. And they all did.

All the silly antics, the follies and

the stupidities of the initiation, however, were counterpoised with the formalities at the induction ceremonies where the officers, under oath, accepted their respective posts and the rest, their membership to the Kappa Lambda Sigma Sorority. At the cocktail party which followed the induction, everybody was so spick-and-span-new in her flare skirt plus all the comely accessories a lady would wear in such formal affairs.

The year 1952 was etched with social, cultural, and some charity works. The monthly socials, usual-

ly held at the end of every month, were nobly motivated to carry out the main aims of the sorority which are: To establish a more effective cooperation and fellowship among the USC female students; To encourage and promote leadership and scholarship; To develop social graces.

The first social, held in October, main-featured a lecture on etiquette by Miss Leonor Borromeo, a USC English instructress. The November social featured a fashion show—the "musts" in an average college girl's wardrobe—and a lecture on fashion by Miss Carmen Camara, an H.E. instructress in USC and one of the members of the sorority's Board of Directors.

The whole month of December was devoted to a Charity Drive (old clothes, toys and medicine drive, and caroling on Christmas) for the poor, particularly people in distress as those in Palawan. The charitable operations turned out very successful and this is to be attributed to the ingenious and zealous solicitations and moves of the sororistis who were constantly encouraged by the very inspiring adviser, Mrs. Va-

lenzuela.

Copiously packed bundles of clothes were collected and the caroling cashed in an amount which was more than enough to buy medicines with.

The month's labor terminated in a Christmas party held at the Honorary Sister's residence. It was a barn holiday motif, full of fun. That ended, too, the year 1952 which left behind it, in every sororist's heart, contentment for the jobs well done.

Then came January of 1953. The sororists, fresh, sprightly and brisk from the frolics and merriments of Christmas, showed a new vigor, a re-energized spirit beared for the next objectives of the organization. Due to the immediate trifling duties which demanded first attention, the January social was postponed to the early part of February. It was a convocation where Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., was the guest speaker. He spoke on that one universally discussed subject, Communism. The girls were none but all absorbed in his speech, earnestly comprehending the words that flowed from his eloquent tongue.

By this time the school schedule of activities was getting heavy. Yes, the USC Day celebrations, the different Junior's proms, et al. and, ultimately, the climaxing final examinations. The sorority had a slow down somehow and a memorable despedida to the 1952-53 school year was made with a Valentine party in February where the fond sisters (that's how the sororists call each other) enjoyed making sweet memories together.

Vacation—a long summer vacation—temporarily interrupted the busy curriculum. It was some relief, it enabled us to rest physically and mentally—the rhythm of our respiration went normal again after a short while.

March (vacation started at the last week of March), April, May, June (classes commenced again)—and July... oomph! This Greek-lettered organization rose to activity again refootslepping the first year's foremost events. Fourth of July was the election of officers for the current year.

For a moment I felt depressed when my sisters reelected me to the same post. (I had wanted to retire from being the Most Excited Sister—since I was getting to be the most exhausted sister—and settle down to just being an ordinary, lo-

(Continued on page 34)

An "IF" for Teachers

By C. FAIGAO

With apologies to Kipling

- If you can scold and yet not lose your balance,
At times be angry without getting mad;
When pupils dull show no response, no challenge,
If you can smile still and think it's not bad;
If you can find a real pleasure in work,
And tackle monotony without getting bored;
If you aren't lagged by sameness and routine work,
And reap the blessings that these can afford:*
- If you can chum with pupils and stay superior,
Be good to them nor be so very good;
If you can chat with higher-ups nor feel inferior,
Speak out your mind nor be misunderstood;
If you can lead the child's heart-mind to growing,
Towards the good, the beautiful, the true;
If you can till the soil of thought, and, sowing,
Make sprout one seed where but one seedling grew:*
- If you have depth and breath, nor let the latter
Make of you a pedant and a bore as such;
If you do know by heart your subject matter,
And be inspired and yet not talk so much;
If you can be a jack-of-trades and master
One in which you can very well take pride;
If you can make the world of methods vaster,
Nor yet forget the intrinsic human side;*
- If you can see the man behind the pupil,
See what is near nor miss the larger view;
If you can see within the job which you till
A pathway to an order that is new;
If you can thrill towards the unseen sprouting
Of darkened minds to sunshine, silently,
You make the grade beyond all clever doubting,
The job is yours, — you can a teacher be.*

What Is

I HAVE been asked to tell the readers of THE CAROLINIAN what shamanism is—that curious quasi-religious phenomenon which is found among quite a few pagan peoples all the world over.

Ethnologists are still controverting the exact nature of shamanism. But we can say this much, that it takes its roots in the cult of spirits and of the ghosts of the dead. It expresses itself in the belief that certain individuals, men or women, who are often predisposed by a particularly sensitive nature, can act as mediums between man and the unseen and dangerous world of the spirits. The shaman has his own tutelary spirit who takes possession of him on certain occasions, and communicates to him higher knowledge and power. Such a state of spirit-possession is called a trance. During it, the shaman is no more himself, but rather the instrument of the spirit or ghost.

Linguists are inclined to believe that the term shaman, which is now being used by the Tungusic and Altaic peoples of Siberia, goes back ultimately to Sanskrit "sramana", meaning beggar-monk or wondrous man.

Shamanism is a secondary religious phenomenon, it therefore cannot be called a religion. Practically wherever it is found, people believe in a Supreme Being, or at least in some higher deities. Nowhere it

is the highest religious idea.

The classic land of shamanism is Siberia. The shamans of the Ural-Altaic peoples possess a complicated magic knowledge. During their performances they wear an impressive official dress, and beat the indispensable spirit drum which has the shape of a tambourine. In this drum the shaman holds the universe in his hand. By beating it, he

the shamanistic profession. Many of these peoples ascribe more or less all sicknesses to a "supernatural" cause, e.g. the revenge of a spirit whom the patient is supposed to have neglected or offended. It is the task of the shaman to find out that spirit, to appease him, and eventually to drive him out of the patient's body. He may catch the spirit in his drum or winning

SHAMANISM?

By Rudolf Rahmann, S. V. D.

produces the shamanistic trance. Many shamans in India obtain the same effect by stirring rice in a winnowing fan. Presumably there is a genetic connection between these two instruments. The drum is furthermore the shaman's riding animal, upon which he ascends into heaven. A tree or a ladder, whose rungs may consist of swords, are other means by which the shaman ascends into heaven or descends into the realm of the dead. They are symbols of the cosmic tree, or world tree, which connects the underworld, earth, and heaven with one another. The cosmic tree is a wide-spread mythological element. On all occasions, especially at birth, marriage, and death, the Siberian tribes need the ministrations of the shaman. Here as in other parts of the world they may also foretell the future, ensure good luck in hunting, the fertility of the fields, and ward off all kinds of calamities.

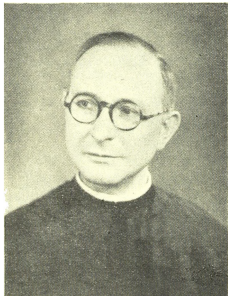
The healing of sicknesses is one of the most important activities of

fan and render him powerless. The sickness may also be due to the fact that the soul of the patient has left the body and wandered away, and the shaman, sometimes by symbolically undertaking long and painful journeys, has to search for it and to lead it back to its body.

In the majority of cases the shamans are in good faith. They carry out their profession for purposes which are considered as good by the community. Of course, there are also impostors and profiteers among them. They may use their believed-in powers to harm their fellowmen. In such cases we speak of "black" shamanism.

A satisfactory psychological explanation of shamanism would be a rather difficult task. So far it has not yet been undertaken. I may restrict myself to the quoting of a brief passage from a report about India. The shaman in question is supposed to detect a witch who is believed to have caused, with the help of an evil spirit, a public ca-

(Continued on page 14)



About the Author:

Fr. Rudolf Rahmann studied ethnology and prehistory at the University of Vienna in 1932 and in 1935 became a Doctor of Philosophy with his dissertation on the deities of the Non-Aryan peoples of Northeast India. In the summer of 1934, in London, he collected data on the religious situation of India. He then began his study of shamanism. In 1935 he was editor of "Anthropos", an International Review of Ethnology and Linguistics, which was founded in 1906 by Father William Schmidt, a scholar of international fame in the fields of ethnology and history of religions. Between 1936 and 1946, Fr. Rahmann was Rector of the Catholic University of Peking. There also he was editor of "Monumenta Serica", Journal of Oriental Studies of that university. He spent a year after 1950 in Europe for private studies. And in 1952, we welcomed him in San Carlos U.

What Is Russian



COMMUNISM



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

Thirteenth Installment

TWO INTERESTING DIALOGUES

IN the book from which I have just now quoted we read two particularly interesting, enlightening dialogues. The first is recorded on pp. 383-385. It is the account of a conversation between Victor Kravchenko and his comrade, Dmitri, on the one side, and his host, "a bearded peasant" and his wife on the other. The host's son, Vanya, a lad of twenty-two, had lost his left arm in World War II. I recommend the reader to study this interesting discussion, during which Vanya's father exclaimed: "Don't interrupt me with empty phrases, Vanya. I've kept silent for many years. Our power. Who was it, then, that took the bread away from us with all sorts of schemes and plain robbery? Our power! Who was it, then, liquidated every fifth family in our village and packed them off to Siberia during collectivization? What I want to know is simply this: Are we human beings or aren't we? I want to live as I like, not as they tell me... We lived a thousand times better before the revolution!"

The other conversation of which I write took place between Victor Kravchenko, then a rather ardent Communist, and his father, who had taken part in a former revolution and been imprisoned. The father strives now to bring his son to a sane state of mind (which state Victor Kravchenko reached, not just then, but later on). Read the full account of this enlightening conversation recorded in *I Chose Freedom*, pp. 201-105.

Victor's father, the veteran revolutionary, who had made a detailed investigation of the working of Stalin's system, shows that, before Bolshevism, as now in operation, came into force, the people—peasants, laborers, etc.—were far better off economically.

"Vitya," exclaimed Victor's father, "why must you fool yourself? . . . Looking back, our existence seems almost luxurious by contrast with the life of a working-class family of today." He shows that, although money wages have risen three to five times, the cost of living has risen not livelod, but fifteen times, forty times, fifty times higher, and that, out of the 1500 workers in Victor's plant, all of whom had been compelled to pay for vacations, rest homes, etc., only 57 were enabled in a whole year to take advantage of them, for the rest homes were full all the time of directors, Party officials, top Stokhanovites, and other favorites of the State, and that creches were needed because so few wives can afford to stay at home and take care of their children.

"Don't talk nonsense!" declared the veteran revolutionary to his Communist son. "You know that I regret nothing and would do it over again. We fought against evils. We risked our lives to overthrow political tyranny and economic oppression. That doesn't mean that we should be proud of the same evils under different names. This business of justifying present injustice by reference to past evils is a low demagogic trick."

All unbiased persons who have made a careful study of economic conditions in the U.S.S.R. will real-

ize the tragic truth contained in the closing statement of Kravchenko, senior to his deluded Communist son:

"Don't play the fool, Vitya. The worker who's underled despite the fact that and often others in his family are employed doesn't much care who exploits him, a private owner or the State. When he's dragged off to prison or exiled, it's small consideration to him that it's being done in his own name. After all, when the capitalist boss didn't pay me enough or failed to give me decent working conditions, I could change my job. I could propagandize my fellow-workers, call protest meetings, pull strikes, publish opposition literature. Try any of it today and you'll end up in prison camp, or worse. Believe me, we had more chance dealing with a hundred thousand capitalist employers than we have now with one employer, the State. Why? Because the State has an army and secret police and unlimited power. . . . At least we could think what we pleased. There were many political parties, factions, opinions. . . . We counted our political prisoners by the thousand, not, as now, by the million. And every injustice evoked protests, demonstrations, mass meetings. Today we have only the silence of a cemetery."

Other Striking Testimonies

Mr. William L. White, a keen American observer, who accompanied Mr. Eric Johnston through Russia, has given us the results of his observations in *The Reader's Digest*.

(Continued on page 14)

NAIL IT DOWN

6p
NESTORIUS MORELOS

Back to school, ohh nooo!! And look at those classcards and I, d's. — they're going on a diet! By Fing! They're so starved-thin one would be doing a good turn making those things out of Cellophane. Next schoolyear, maybe?

The way studes are returning to school after vacation is unromantic, I'd say. They are making their own school calendar. They enroll a week or two weeks after classes start. Enrolment still in full swing, eh, stoope? Look who's talking!

Juliet, it's the "Italian Lock" this time. This rag mop hairdo might look good on Silvana Mangano or Silvana Pampanini but on our local products it scatters your blood corpuscles. Why look Italian when we are Pinays, huh, Kordapia? Of course if's not my dough you are deficit-spending. Anybody interested in rubber checks?

That Christine Jorgensen flower still curdles my skin and rattles my teeth. Sure-sure, boys nowadays sneak into beauty shops and wear panties but Christine carries things a little bit too far. He got himself remodeled into a dame as if dames weren't elbowing males out from this world. Doc Kinsey is silent about this she-male.

And now a word from our sponsor:

Do you have laryngitis, trancazo, T.B.? Is your floating rib concerned about the weather? Are your ulcers singing a different tune? Are your kidneys kidding? Then by gam, use "Shovel" spelled s-h-o-v-e-l and dig your own wormy grave, Mac.

Why worry about those 5's huh, Bub? You still can become a president of the islands. Like Moasi for instance. After having swelled his quota of personal lous in U.P., he cocks his nose and becomes a "man of action" and, consequentially, he is now our president. Don't let this story give you some fancy idea that grades really don't make any difference.

A stude was given this query in religion class. "What is meant by adultery?" He yawned back, "It's a sickness caused by eating too much food." Ha-hay! But a dope still hugs this month's column with an excuse slip "masterpiece." It says:

Dear Sir: (Salutation not misspelled, Mr. Editor.)

Please excuse me for the absence to the class because I was nearly die yesterday according to influence."

Here is a good example of corny people: Two studes take off their shoes and compare their corns. Don't laugh now, but there are people whose corns are so high the confounded humps heed hats. No wonder girls sometimes camouflage their corns by manicuring 'em.

An open letter to Brutus and all those people who reported for poll duty.

Bay Brutus,

We're heroes now, eh, Brutus? Poll guardians, that's us. During our sneak training where we wondered whether we were trained for a smuggling job in Hongkong, we hibernated and lay eggs in tents which had the bad jokingly habit of floating when it rains. So those long, loose, lousy latigue suite served faithfully as uniforms and buoys, boy!

Came elections. We were shipped overlakes and prepared for the worst. We were a couple of brave men nursing a bunch of tubercular batterlies in our breadbasket. We got cold feet and pickled toes. You removed your false teeth, Brutus, for some sentimental reasons. You were afraid your lalsies might jettison themselves from your gaping mouth, take a walk unchaperoned and get lost. Your grandpa was using it too.

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What is Shamanism?

(Continued from page 12)

larity, say a drought. The report says: "On no other occasion are the nerves of the whole community strung to such a pitch. The excitement reaches its wildest stage in the men's heads when they see the medium in his trance, and feel themselves in the very presence of the spirit. All of them, the unhappy husband of the supposed witch included, are firmly convinced that the medium is going to point out the very woman everybody in the village has been suspecting. It appears natural that under such circumstances the medium should read the thought which so strongly agitates all those who sit round him." In this case thought reading is the explanation, and the so-called shaman is in reality an impostor who takes advantage of the ignorance and credulity of the simple village folk.

If we look at the phenomenon of shamanism from the standpoint of reason and of Christian doctrine, one may say that it is a futile effort of preliterate, and sometimes illiterate, paganism to control and subdue the blind, inexorable forces of nature. Education alone does not suffice, without the light of Christ, to free these peoples from their spiritual bondage.

What is Russian Communism?

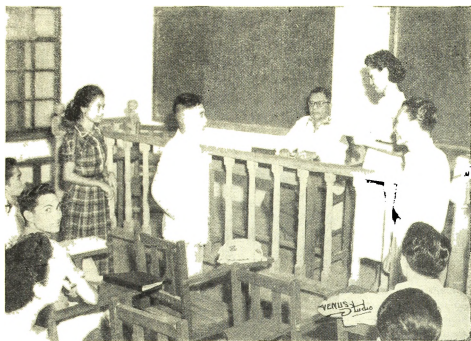
(Continued from page 13)

gest of December, 1944, and January 1945. Thus writes Mr. White:

"The standard of living here (in the U.S.S.R.) is less than was that of our poorest on W.P.A.... Although they work so hard, they produce so little that their living standard is less than was that of our jobless on work relief. During our depression as many as 5,000,000 of our people were for a few years down to this low W.P.A. living standard. But in the Soviet Union about 180,000,000 people have been on an even lower living standard for twenty-five years."

To those who boast that there is no unemployment in the U.S.S.R., we need simply reply: "Nor is there any unemployment in our State penitentiaries, Russia is but an immense prison."

(Continued on page 30)



It's serious business . . .

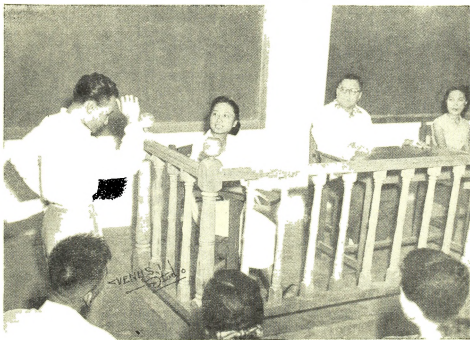
MOOT COURT

College of Law, U.S.C.

A GROUP of senior Law students gathered together and talked about what to do to encourage their study on court technique. Theory is only a foundation. What they needed was something about a courtroom that they can actually feel. A judge behind a bar, a witness chair to one side, a table for the counsels, the Filipino flag, a gavel . . . That should be practice enough, a taste of some kind of tension that always envelops the scene in which are unfolded countless dramas involving a man and his fight for his liberty, his life.

It didn't take long for a blueprint to take form. What is found in an ordinary courtroom they'll have it here, too. They'll even lend it a dash of color. A wallet bared itself, a few pesos were placed on the table, and another reached into his pocket for some centavos, and then another, until the funds were raised to pay for a painter.

What resulted was a competent reproduction of a painting by the noted artist, E. Blanchfield, showing a courtroom of the Federal Build-



The Law . . . ! That's a big word!

ing in Cleveland, Ohio, USA. It now hangs against the wall over the judge's platform. Very impressive. Inspiring. It is almost eloquent in

its cry that the due process of law be observed on everyone's behalf, everywhere, regardless of race or creed for as long as justice and freedom endure.

These student leaders brought their appeal for the construction of the moot court to Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, Regent of the College of Law. This kindly priest was himself interested in the project and lost no time in making the proper arrangements.

A few weeks later, the whole job was completed, shellacked and perfected to meet the taste of the critical. They even provided railings—to keep the spectators from crowding into the area where the limelight would draw prominence to seats of impending tensions. A formal ceremony inaugurating the affair took place with Fr. Wrocklage giving the blessings. The Rev. Fr. Rector was there, too, and there was an amused sparkle in his eyes when he looked around and saw specially dressed young ladies and gentlemen of the senior Law class beaming aloud like a new father flattening his nose against the glass of a nursery room watching the mira-

cle of infancy crowded up in the red blooming face of what was going to be his son.

(Continued on page 16)

Camposcopy

by
Elsa P. Valmonte

Uh-huh... Glad to meet you, dear people... I think I'd better beat you to this kind of introduction since our predecessor didn't get around introducing us. You see, Delia (Campusrats Ace) Saguin was in a flurry of a hurry she couldn't manage to warble an "I'll be seeing you" to you... oh, gee! Or I could be mistaken. Perhaps her adieu is part of the task she passed on to me... and left me to gape at unbelievably for days... oh, no! Well, anyway, this column must go on... and that'll answer the why of my pinch-hitting here.

Round the campus, that's my beat... I went for a looksee on the population... for a lil' use of Math in observing whoever has come as an addition... and figurin' out whoever is responsible for any subtraction.

First, a drop in at the Commerce ballyhoo... But, natch! I knew it... I knew I'd find people to interest you about. Take for instance, FLORA MAN-LOSA... coy and oh so demure... looks like a picture-come-to-life of the Maria Clara way back... so typical of a Dologang Filipina in an cura de sampaguita bloom.

Next stop... the Lib Arts depot... (Joe promised an extra copy of this mag)... Managed to overhear a couple of masculine voices: M¹ asked, "Having trouble with your subjects?" and M² replied, "Yeah... I'm all mixed up. Know what—I think I'll switch to Nursing!" Tsk-tsk.

Down the corridors... there's TONY ALVAREZ... don't be fooled by his quips and gay exterior. He may flare up with the crankiest cracks at the most unsuspecting listener... Seriously, though, he's hit the high marks in class. (Nice to see you back, Tony!)

At the drugstore hang-out... another familiar face... no other than LOURDES SEGUERRA... prettier with her added poundage. Nice vacation could be easily the cause... You're gleaming all over with it, Lourds...

Oops!... who's a-commin'?... Looks like it's would-be engineer RUDY RATCLIFFE, just on time for classes... a good looker... he loves to go a-schoolin' in his pet get-up, the jeans... ever with a load of friendly smiles... he fascinates one with his unaffected ways, no head vulcanizing stuff for him... Keep it up, Rudy!

Waiting for the favorite drink? (O.K. guess!)... Managed to spot Varsity—er, INTING DIONALDO, a hearing distance from Nat King Cole... a fanatic, that is he, where the King is concerned... this Moaner of the ballads is irresistible to our hoopster... must be because the King is efficient in providing background music while Ting goes a-wanderin' off to far places...

Pharmacy's ROSITA TY displays the most flawless schoolgirl complexion... a neat version of a 3-B girl: Beauty... Brains... Breeding. (Once, again, that long low whistle)... There's the culprit thriller... TICONG ASUNCION... just his way of saying "Hi", see...

Kind of chum one should be blessed with these days is JO PEREZ, a senior Comerciante... girl rates A-; in thoughtfulness in her quiet ways... makes us go a-wishin' for more of the specie.

Welcome sight in the campus... beautiful Pearl-of-the-Orient-Seas contender... VIOL SAGUIN... attending Wednesday novena in the chapel... Let's see more of you, Viol.

Double — decher sweets, if you see them... and you're not seeing double... they're the VERGARA twins, FEE and ESPERANZA... nice examples of simplicity.

"Who's the new girl??"... this query seems to pop up everywhere and from everyone that it sounds like a jackpot question in a quiz show... Well, the \$64 queschun won't need any three guesses... Easyyy on your eyes
(Continued on page 25)

And in that occasion the Law mentors were in attendance. Atty. Wenceslao Fernan, who is now the presiding judge of the USC Moot Court, was there and was unmistakably charmed by what he saw.

Well, a few days later, a case was filed—cases were filed—simple seduction, theft, attempted murder, homicide, infanticide... Anyway, this writer suddenly developed his interest in law just listening to the verbal clashes that ensued, the intermittent rapping of the gavel, the protestations of a harassed witness, the abrupt hush that overcame the crowd who craned their necks when the defense counsel finally recited the surrounding chain of circumstances that would eventually inevitably lead to an acquittal. You'd say you paid your way in.

But all the while one could almost feel the spirit behind this admirable struggle for knowledge possessing every student, reaching out for recognition. The future holds a promise for each of them. This career of law is not one for trifles. Let us say that it is the steel foothold of free governments everywhere. By the law, a man declares, defends, demands, dies. In every walk of life, the concern for the law is ever present. The law affects the boot-black working on your shoes. It crawls with the leprous. It guides a policeman's bullet. One must never mistake it for anything short of sovereignty.

This was the thought that inspired that group of senior Law students to help themselves to a convenience that may direct them into the pole of this centuries-old profession.

One of them, Joaquin Chung, said, "Four years in law school with books and examinations might add letters after your name, but I guess one is not a lawyer until he knows how to apply the law." And Vicente Fanilag said, "My idea of a lawyer is not one who signs his name and gets a few pesos. A lawyer's castle is his place in a courtroom where he fights to seek the truth, fights to maintain the truth and fights for the triumph of truth over corruption in behalf of the client whose life and liberty he holds in his hands."

And there's the lady student, Teresta Calderon, who claims that"
(Continued on page 18)

The ROVING



by
Criston P. Cwitan Jr.

Election is over. All those political morsels — campaign speeches, hand-wavings, mechanical smiles, eye-winkings and other vote-getting maneuvers are gone. What turned out was the exultation of the victorious and the submission of the defeated. So, politics is obsolete this time, at least. Let's just leave the newly elected candidates to their shoes, just wait and see what they can do for our dear beloved Philippines, or perhaps wait for the prosecution of the hoodlums and the goons.

Students are in for the second semester and whether our candidates won or lost during the last elections, we should be in again, so long as we want to store something in our private cocos.

You need not stoop down and wrinkle your brows because the winning candidates did not happen to be your choice. Know the reasons from the editorial of the V Spirit (UV) which says in part: *It matters not whether the winning candidate is not your man. At least you are only far too glad to account for the will of the people; you realize that, after all, in the soil of your dear Philippines, such will, through God's grace, is not deterred from expressing itself; and you are enraptured at the thought that you have now a leader chosen in accordance with the principle the attainment of which had been the delirium of your forefathers in their death beds.*

This time, the "C" Staff members are facing another grind again — putting up this bi-monthly mag. We are sure we can refrain from scratching our heads for want of more literary contributions if only the whole student body helps us continuously by writing more literature. Get it from Mr. Rafael Ma. Muñoz of the Letran News (San Juan de Letran College) who says: *It's safe to say that many of you have hidden talent for writing. If so, don't be like flowers wasting their sweetness in the desert air. Come out to the open. Don't be selfish but let others enjoy your work.*

By this way, popular beliefs that only Staff members write up the whole paper will be cleared off. In truth, it's only when assigned or when absolutely necessary that Staffers write. We can't swallow leaving the pages blank for lack of contributions or fill them with those write-ups that fall below the "C" standard.

In the Nicolarian (San Nicolas College, Surigao) an author, Alphonse, essaying on the man with the college diploma, generalizes that a CD man (man with a college diploma or degree) feels that he has to extricate himself from what he would call the morass composed of the poor and the unknown in order to maintain a mistaken sense of social distinction. He has to affiliate himself only with the honorable and highly-placed people so that he could rise, be known and

(Continued on page 35)

The Return

(Continued from page 8)

"But why didn't you tell me you were coming?" she asked after he put her down.

"I just wanted to surprise you. That's all," he chuckled, making funny little noises in his throat. "And besides," he continued, "I didn't have time to write to you about it."

"Oh, let's not bother ourselves about that now. What matters most is that you're here. That's all I care to know.

And there, mother and son hugged each other in that tender warm embrace which is born of aching loneliness and anxious waiting. To Iya Soling it seemed like ages since she saw him. It had been so long, really. And she could not hold back the flow of tears that welled up in her eyes.

"Now, now, mother. Why the tears?" said Juanito smiling, trying to cheer her up. "This is supposed to be a happy day, remember?"

"I know, son, I know," she said smiling through her tears. "It's just that I feel so big and grand inside that I think I'm going to choke!" And they laughed merrily together. "I know I'm being silly," said Iya Soling after a pause. "But I just couldn't help myself.

Eying him closely while they talked, she noticed that there was a sickly pallor on his cheeks. She noticed, too, there was a little round scar on his forehead which had not been there before. However, except for these disconcerting changes, Juanito still remained the same fun-loving son that she knew. There was the same mischievous curly lock of hair that he let hung carelessly on his forehead. The same boyish smile was there as he wore it the day he left for the far-off Korean hills. Even the impish twinkle in his eyes was there. And the dimples, too.

"It must be the effect of the fighting and lack of sleep out there on the hills," Iya Soling muttered to herself, referring to the strange un-gainly pallor on Juanito's face. But then she turned to him and said, "Well, now that you're back home again, we'll have a nice long Christmas together, shan't we?"

Juanito did not answer. He was silent.

"Shan't we, Juanito?" she repeated, thinking he had not heard her.

"I was afraid to tell you this, Mother," he said at last, turning his

(Continued on page 37)

Rejoinder To G. SISON

by GLENDA SIA
College of Law



You are of dust
And from whence
You came ...
You can't be proud
Of your ancestry.

Whilst I am come
From bone and blood
You were fashioned
From grime and sod.

Woman is part of man
Yet is whole by herself
And without woman
Man is half-man, half-beast
Or no man at all ...

For what is man
But a big, proud heap
Of anonymous ...
shapeless ...
pulseless ...
matter.

Moot Court (Cont'd. from page 16)

... the mastery of the tenets of Justice can be done by anyone who has that much faith. In that respect, a woman can battle in the grounds of the braves, just as well.

But Roland Lucero seemed to be on the gritty side. He says he has his own "secret for success" as a lawyer. "I see it all now," he muses. "SECRETARY OF JUSTICE" printed on a glass door. And below it ... my name." After all, a guy can dream, can't he?

Well, San Carlos U will be giving the cap and gown and ribboned linen to some 25 law graduates this year. And when they sit down to answer the Bar questions, a holy mass will be said for them.

Then ... we will all wait and see.

ONDA

LEVEL



WITH
BUDDY QUITORIO

● Before we rattle off with this talkathon, we hope that the readers of this unlitary strip, will enjoy a riotous, rip-snorting Christmas season and get a big bang out of the new year. And we also hope that this time, our friend will send us the 2-for-154X mas card he'd promised us three years ago. He swore to give us the extravagant Yuletide Baksheesh only on condition that we fark over the do-re-mi to finance the mailing costs. Very humorous. Grrrr-!!

● So sorry folks. We didn't come up one issue back. We weren't able to tear through a backlog of live deadlines so we played hide and sick ... ah, hide and seek with ed Aller. We did all the hiding, natchery. Ol' man Aller did a slow burn and really got thermal under the collar. So we made a neat fadeaway and bobbed up our fazed noggin's at the "C" office which we usurped from the legitimate resident, Liberal Arts Dean Ft. E. Schoenig, only to have the new headman, Jess Vestil, making a nice tattoo with his pencil on our midriff.

"DEADLINE!" sez he. "You gotta surrender your pieces before Monday or this mat won't come out in time for never-mind." And then we all of us snap back with a lying "yeah" and that pleases him mighty wide and then he mines his pockets and gives us cigarettes. We all of us don't look at the brand and don't ask me why!

That's the way you'll lind us here, trying to write literature for the succeeding generation and hoping the furniture in our thinking caps get rearranged. This sheet still enjoys the brass notoriety of being written last and worst. Blimey, that's a scream there! Tee-hee!

● Emilio B. Aller, that worthy gentleman and venerable colleague of ours will be leaving for the land that flies the Old Glory and he'll be with us again after three months. Recipient of a 1953 Smith-Mundt Grant, he's slated to make an observation tour of the United States and to give a fair accounting of how we are behaving in a democracy.

EBA could very convincingly harangue his American audiences about our much-vaunted political maturity. Now look, I didn't say senility.

Well, actually, except in the more playful spots, the elections were clean, honest and peaceful. We even volunteered to guard the pools so's there'd be no jambalaya at balloting time but we didn't get nary a plugged cent and we got shoved to Battalion headquarters as "deserter." Howbeit, we didn't get a court-martial indaba so we cakewalked out of military service with a pair of latique socks and another pair of bloodshot eyes plus blisters all over our anatomy, courtesy of the Armed Forces of the Philippines.

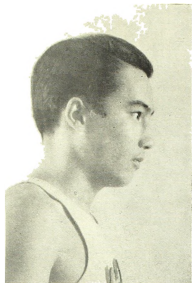
● One bold fact that can give Russia's socialist stomach a good, solid jab is the fact that the Filipino ballotot cannot be bought. No siree! Our convictions can't be bought. Not with bogus money!

(Continued on page 34)

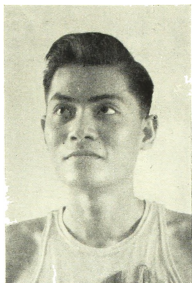
THE *USC* ELECTION CAMPAIGN



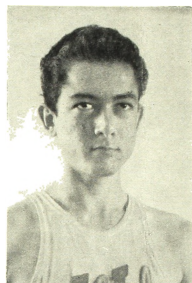
PRAYER



DANILO DEEN
A timely team backer



MARTIN ECHIVARRE
Alert at all angles



EVARISTO SAGARDUI
Most versatile player



Briefing . . .

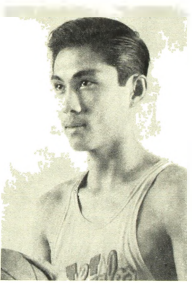
The
**CHAMPION
WARRIORS
U. S. C.**



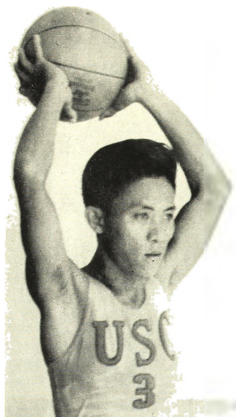
FAUSTO ARCHIE
A seasoned reliable



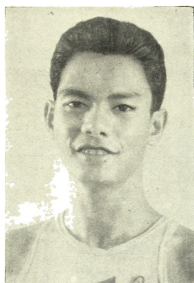
SERAFIN SESTOSO
Stalwart of the team



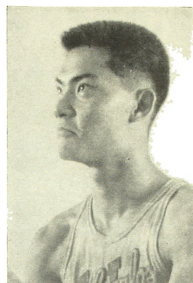
TERINO MORILLA
Rookie of the year



ROY MORALES
The Team's Skipper



VICENTE DIONALDO
A fighting heart

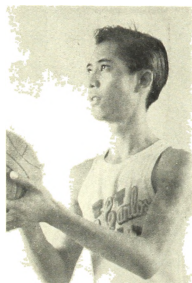


TOMAS ECHIVARRE
Most progressive player

Seven Consecutive
VICTORIES
in the
CEBU COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N.
CCAA



Coaching . . .



NATALIO REYNES
Defty ball handler



ANTONIO YOUNG
Dexterity with grace



RUDOLFO ARCEO
Unassuming and loyal

USC Rector's *and* Faculty Day



Pause and Pose

Every Inch A Champion

(Continued from page 5)

the latter mentor emphasized his team's offense on the man-to-man defense.

Coach Johnson taught only one trick to crack this defense: the **weave**. The Warriors used the weave in their past games and the enemies always went hurly-burly. The USP Panthers started giving themselves the one-two-three on this idea when they saw that Capt. Roy Morales was enjoying the evening with 22 points to his name. But, too late, the whistle was already clearing its throat.

In the zonal defenses, however, Coach Baring really admits that the boys' attack on that kind of defense was rather weak. He relied mainly on the team's scoring savvy and if that had failed...

The team's offense is concentrated on the shooting areas and not on undergoal attacks. That was where USP somersaulted. One good thing about the Warriors is that they use their teamplays and stock tactics as practiced. Baring's instructions have been faithfully followed to the letter. And the results always made you lean back and sigh.

Shooting Power.

That's important. You don't win games by just dribbling around and tossing lancy passes, there have to be sink-ins once in a while. Ninety-nine per cent of the Warriors are neat shots. Best on the line is Vicente Donaldo. His favorite stance is the set shot. He carries the ball chest high, flips it with his right hand and watches as the bouncer whispers through the ring. That's the Johnson style. Martin Echivarre, Jr. specialized on the keyhole area with his two-count rhythm. Same thing with Tony Young and his hook shots.

But all these scoring babies were put to an acid test with the Colegio de San Jose whose scoring average was also pretty good. Equally efficient on the homeruns, the two teams traded points like nothing in the books. But, well, you know the rest of the story. The Warriors made a wet chicken of somebody and the final tab read: 51-59.



By TUMMY ACHE

I thought that when USC captured the 1953-54 CCAA gonfalon, it had relaxed a few tense nerves and the air, once hot because of the basketball feud, had calmed down to a soft breeze.

But there are people—stubborn people—who just won't accept defeat and for them, the CCAA decision smells. They opine that the whole darned thing was rigged and somebody got a raw deal.

What exactly happened in the meeting? We don't know. The people don't know. Only the CCAA board members know. Only the school representatives know. They ought to.

(Continued on page 36)

Brainwork.

Basketball is a game of wits. If you're a genius you can't lose. If you are just so-so, your goose is cooked. It's fun to match wits with the enemy—if you've got what it takes. A lot of situations develop in a game that don't come out in practice scrimmages. Then one uses his head. Common sense and wise judgment count much and those are things which the coach can't hand out to you on or off the field.

The UV-USC clash called for brain work, much of it. The Warriors had to dish out plenty of that because of two things: they were relatively underdogs pitted against the UV powerhouse; and they were greatly handicapped in height and speed. But what the Warriors lacked they made up with superior scoring ability and set plays. Scoring ace Vicente Donaldo blistered the cords with his long heaves from the sides and carpet shots from the foul throw lanes. Breaking through the defenses became easy for the Warriors.

Meanwhile the "floating zone" defense applied by the Carolinians created a marked effect on the decreasing speed of the Lancers. UV sat pretty only on the first two cantos of the game. The rest of the frames were taken over by the Warriors.

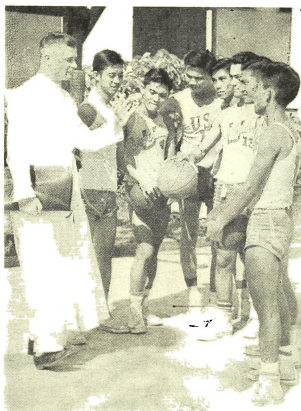
Score by quarters: 10-11 (UV); 18-19 (UV); 34-33 (USC); 50-44 (USC).

The story of this game needs elaboration. This was one of the most important games played by the Warriors. The dunking of the Lancers made the Warriors cage leader in the first round. The advantages of being first round champion were immense. The chances of being CCAA champion were fat for the Green and Gold. Two games more, then the title!

Team Spirit.

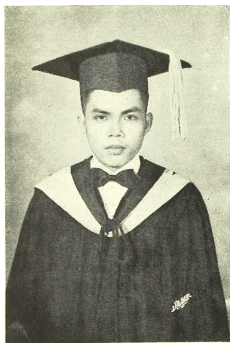
The importance of team spirit stands on even keel with the other first-rate qualities. The stubborn will to fight even if the odds are up can work

(Continued on page 36)



"There is no scorebook, there is only victory!"

A Short Way To Truth



THE AUTHOR

WHEN the author was to go up a platform to defend the Catholic Church from a blasphemous attack by a Protestant minister, a known brilliant lawyer asked: "Why are you speaking for only the Roman Catholic Church? All religions are the same. There is no line of distinction. Be free instead to think that they are so."

In our country today there is no other error so misleading than the belief that all "Christian religions" are the same. The philosophy is of those who, despite their smattering knowledge of religion, venture to make conclusions on the subject at which they claim to be masters. They call themselves "libre pensadores" (free thinkers).

It is indeed disheartening to note that this teaching of the free thinkers invades not only the man in the street but also our youth in many of the non-sectarian schools.

This article is a special address to the "libre pensadores" and those who do not now subscribe to the Catholic Church but are sincere in their quest for the truth.

Truth is one and indivisible. If the answer to a mathematical problem is ten, the truth is that there is

by

MARCELO BACALSO

only one answer, ten—definitely and absolutely. It cannot be otherwise.

There is no such thing as an absolute freedom to think as a "libre pensador" takes it. Can he be free to think that two plus two equals five? No, because an already established law binds him to maintain that two and two equals four. A free thinker is not free to think that man eats with his nose. He would otherwise be violating an established biological rule. That is the only one truth!

In the same manner, all religions claiming to be of Christ cannot all be true religions. There must be only one.

Christ established only one church to guide men in their way to eternal life. Speaking to Peter our Lord said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (Matt. 16:18-19) Christ was to found His Church on Peter (Rock) to mean indestructibility—an impregnable institution all-powerful over all persecutions and the forces of evil. This Our Lord intimated in the minds of His apostles before His ascension: "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. 28:20).

That Church of Christ must be infallible for the Holy Ghost dwells in it as the moving spirit of truth (John 14:16). It is absolutely free from errors and preserved from the forces of evil for Christ God wills it to be so; hence, Paul in the name of infallibility writes to Timothy: "...the church is the pillar and ground of truth (Timothy 3:15)."

Where is that only one, true, indestructible, infallible church of

The Man,

*Note the unfeeling tongue
disparage the torpid flesh
to unceasing torment
unglorified by the
sneer of your insentient veins...*

*Hear the sea lament the exile
of moribund flesh, tainting
with dawn to unknown dimension,
like flotsam sailing on and on
against the uncharted seas....*

*Slowly, with an iota of hope
I surge upon the ebon waves
of your tresses, still
unremembered by the kiss
now concealed by another's kiss...*

*That is me — the torpid
flesh, cleaving into
pulseless fragments: a
curse to your sight,
without hope,
without faith,
without love...*

*I the flesh, groaning
under the weight of mud
unbearing — dead. Dead?
We do not die, we merely change!*

*Here, in this mossy mound
consigned my bones
whitened by time:
coming,
passing,
gone.....*

Christ? anyone in the sincere quest of truth may ask. How do we distinguish Her from the multitude of churches claiming to be of Christ?

The Church of Christ today and forever can validate her claim of authenticity by clearly tracing her history back to the apostles and the Divine Founder. She must be able to show that her foundation is upon Peter and that she has been indestructible. And any church, denomination, sect or group of worshippers that lacks this requisite of history is not Christ's Church; and hence, a fake, a counterfeit, a deceiver.

(Continued on page 33)

The Tree

All is ephemeral,
a beguiling dream
fertile with Utopian
promises distorted
by unmeasured flight
of time. Only the
Changeless shall remain
unchanged.

In constancy I stand,
roots earth-bound
in search for truth
and justice
upon the veins of seas
undefiled.

Now, that is my flesh
pregnant in the molave
unfeeling of the bitter pains
that flesh is heir to.
That is my blood
beating pulselessly
within the foliage,
mellowed by dewdrops
to soothing calmness

And, that is me — the molave,
with hope,
with faith
with love

TWO OF A KIND

by

BUDDY K.
TORIO

*i left you
and a world
of paste and tinsel
broke into spasms
of undisguised joy.*

*when i came back
to claim a world --
you're and also mine --*

*i found you in hiccups
of merry stupor ...
drinking toasts
to my weakness.*

*taunt me ... kill me
let sly talsettos
knife my senses
but you shall not win
if you give me peace.*



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SWORN STATEMENT (Required by Act No. 2548)

The undersigned, JESUS P. VESTIL, Editor-in-chief, of "THE CAROLINIAN", published six times a year in English and Spanish at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City, after having been sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) JESUS P. VESTIL
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of December, 1952, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibited to me his Residence Certificate No. A-159772, issued at Cebu City, on November 27, 1952.

(Sgd.) FELVIO C. PELAEZ
Notary Public
Until December 31st, 1954.

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Book No. VII; Series of 1952.

(NOTE): -- This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax.

Campuscrats . . . (Continued from page 16)

folk... don't squint 'em so much... I—am—coming—to—the— point... The name is MARLENE SCHNITZLER... that's the majestic stature... suburban-haired... has a lood of grey matter... and do I mean she's bright! She's majoring in Philosophy... used to be the editor of "Josephinian", the college organ of St. Joseph's Academy in Manila.

Another new addition is... handsome EDDIE ZABALA... enrolled in the Engineering Dept.... the guy has a pleasing, deep baritone voice... and such gentlemanly ways...

Cute is the word for pet REBECCA ALERRO... the long-haired, dark-eyed peach hails from Corcor...

If ever the Opon-Mandawe bridge removes itself from the dream that it is and becomes actual at last... the first to rejoice over it will be those who won't have to worry about how to transport the mahorials over to Opon... This isle reminds me of lovable ANGELINA VELAYO, a Commerce Junior... could be why I see someone o-thumbin' this way across... Right, Tom? [eee!]

Parenthesis: Please don't fail to read Nestorius Morelos' coll-uhm... had a free view of it... enjoyed its adjectives... N.C. for the subject... magnificent display of versatility... he's generous with his half[m—her blows as he is with his big brrr[olther acts... His hammer is so unpredictable... keep us wondering what he'd nail down next... Probly Christine Jorgensen angers eh?... Honestly, take my sisterly advice... go easy with that hammer, Nestor... you're liable to clout yourself over the head with it...!

Well... better nail myself a period somewhere here... before Nestor aims his hammer on (pity) me... But, wait... before I get myself hammered... I'd like to wish you all the Merriest Christmas and the Happiest New Year!!!

BASKETBALL...

No Job For A Softie

By ROYRINO MORALES
Skipper, 1953 Varsity Team
as told to Buddy Q.

WHEN you get thrown into the real rough-and-hustle kind of a basketball game, you have, to be sure, no disposition for clowning on the hardwood. You have to think up every conceivable trick that you can find in and out of the book. For a fact, that's exactly just what your opponents are doing and it's either you or they ending up at the losing tip of the bargain. A tough and tricky opponent can give you more nightmares than Boris Karloff can slung out in two solid hours of a shrieking horror movie.

Well, I've come across many tough customers in the CCAA especially from the SWC Comandos and the UV Lancers but we managed to come out victorious and in one happy piece. But let me tell you something about basketball the way it had caught my fancy. Many young men hold a strong, even if secret, yen for the spheroid. Most any young fellow likes to picture himself in a gruelling cage game under the lights and amidst the din of screams and whistles. That's an open secret. And the paying customers do not fork over their earnings and savings to see a warm-up or a comedy presentation. They want — to be almost realistic — blood!

Well, one doesn't get around to be a sensation at the drop of a toothpick. It needs a great deal legwork and patience and stamina to become an athlete. I have undergone a lot of practice myself — I bolt from bed early mornings and do a "skipping rope," and fashion the leather in my hands and take cracks at the hoop to improve on my shooting. All these I have done and I can't say that I am good enough. When you fall in love with basketball, you fall in love hard and you go with it all along the way. But don't get the idea it's all practice. The practice is an insignificant rung. The real test lies in your ability to take a good grip on your nerves when the going gets rough. It's hard to maintain equanimity when you are pressed for time and you are trailing by half a dozen points. You'll probably read about our championship game with the USP Panthers in Tommy's write-up and I can say it was one hell of a thrilling game.

Now, bring this with you. Even if victorious, no player in his unharrassed moment would like to emerge from a game with a couple of sunken ribs or swollen lips. That's a very high prize for victory. I've often hear people say that I am stage-acting when I roll or do a flat job on the floor during a game. As honestly as I can tell you, that's no theatrical stuff. Most of the time, I get assigned as a sentinel over a towering, grim-looking player and brother! I get cold in the inside just thinking how he can easily break my cartilages with one funny shove. I get to use my bounce when I can't afford to block, which is foul anyway. Everytime a man like this leans on my side, what else should I do? Scare him? Brother, I'll give you my bottom cent to do the proposition. He is running mad at five horse-powers and I am plain clear on his highway and his predatory instinct are bulging from his muscles. The moment he comes within caressing distance — poof! -- I do a barrel act and thereby avoid a hospital sickbed.

I don't mind if people say it's pure grease-paint attempt. Let them shoot their tongues out. I'll stick to my code.

The fans can also get you all fractured if you don't have the right amount of patience. They hiss and they howl and generally steam off a lot of calories over muffed attempts at a marker. It's all in the game. And sometimes, too, the ref gets his share of the brickbats when his decision do not jell. It's s.o.p. and you've got to put up with it or you get an untimely shower.

(Continued on page 27)



Me?

I'm lost . . .
I'm happy . . .
This cool night —
. . . insanity supreme!
This emptiness I feel . . .
I'm singing!
Noise! . . . maddening . . .
I hear the merry bells . . .
God! -- my hungry soul!
I approach . . .
Take me --
Mr. Christmas!

—a. p. awitlan, jr.

Strain Awhile

(Edit. Note.—Mr. Salcedo Castillo request-
ed space for this and we think he's got
something there.)

If your dentist failed to do a
good job on your upper incisors,
try repeating these tongue twisters
three times rapidly!

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest
boasts.

He thrust his lists against the posts
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Or this:

She stood on the balcony, inex-
plicably mimicking him hiccuping
and amicably welcoming him in.



ROTC



By
Desideria L. Ando
ROTC Editor

BRIEFS

The Year's Corps Ex-O And Adjutant

Our Corps Ex-O and Adjutant for this year is a dark, snappy warrior and if we may use a little bit of movie jargon, one with a "log-horn voice." We find him in the person of Cdt. Lt. Col. Marcelo Bernardo, Inf. Although he confesses a great ambition to become a successful businessman, he possesses impressive and distinct qualities in leadership which has earned for him the high position in the Corps which he presently occupies.

This year's adjutant who started as a buck private in the basic course saw his star rise gradually in the course of his training. Top brass of the UST ROTC department did not fail to notice the potentialities of cadet Bernardo and accordingly, he was promoted to S/Sgt. during his second year basic course, 1951-1952. He made a splendid record in the department and was later on promoted again to the rank of 1st Lt. and platoon leader in the first year of his advanced course. When the call was sounded out for the summer camp training, he volunteered to join the batch of Carolinians who were shipped to Ft. Wm McKinley. Again, his exemplary conduct and behaviour in the grueling military stint gave him a ticket to a higher rank when he was made S/Sgt. and was given command of the 3rd squad, 1st Platoon of "Charley" Battery in the ATU.

Cadet Lt. Col. Marcelo Bernardo was graduated from high school PMT with the rank of Captain and he hails from Ting-an, Naga, Cebu. More power to him. - bq

Meet Araceli Gonzales

Corps Ex-O and Adjutant Sponsor

Adding more glimmer and luster to the already star-studded firmament of the USC Corps of Sponsors is Miss Araceli Gonzales, a saucy, breezy senior in the College of Pharmacy who was recently designated Corps Ex-O and Adjutant sponsor to team up with Cdt. Lt. Col. Marcelo Bernardo, Inf.

President of the Omicron Chapter and a student of no little ability, Miss Gonzales occupies a *list* in student activities which has been tailored for her varied talents. She is a popular figure in campus affairs and has constantly identified herself with charity drives under the auspices of the university sororities. Miss Gonzales has a flair for reading books and seeing an exceptionally good movie. Entirely unaffected in her manners, she has won a host of friends with her infectious and heady personality.

Miss Gonzales was easily the best choice for one of the coveted positions in the ROTC hierarchy. She hails from Danao, Cebu. - bq

Basketball . . .

(Continued from page 26)

If you are the scarey sort of a fellow next door, chances are that, when the whistles assail your ears and the people howl into your molars, you'll surrender your green and gold to the coach and decide to do anything — even joining a sewing club — anything, but let basketball go take a sponge bath!

On the other side of the shilling, if you make the grade, you are in for moments of mixed joy and disillusionment. It's no secret that you get handshakes and backpats when you win or lose gloriously. But when you become the underdog, you have to brace up against the reverses to which the vanquished are consigned. All spilled, it can be safely said that basketball is not the job for dandies with cold feet. You must have the spunks.

● STORY UPON A PRAYER

The chorus of angels sang hallelujahs, the skies blazed with a big star, and the shepherds knelt and prayed, for the Redeemer was born in the blessed town of Bethlehem.

It was decreed by the emperor Augustus that citizens should be taxed; and Joseph, being of David's clan and family, came up from Nazareth, in Galilee, to David's city in Judea, the city called Bethlehem, to register his name there. Joseph took with him his spouse Mary who was then with a child.

No Room. She felt that the Holy Infant was coming but there was no room for them in the inn. So she brought forth her Son in a manger, with a crib for a bed and swaddling clothes to keep Him warm, amidst the bleating of the cattle and the joyful hallelujahs of the angels.

In the same country, shepherds were awake, keeping vigil over their flocks. Out of the clear sky appeared an angel of the Lord and the shepherds were stricken with fear. But the angel quieted them down saying: Do not be afraid; behold, the news I bring you is good news of a great rejoicing for the whole people. On this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. This is the sign by which you are to know him: you will find a child still in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

As the angel turned to the sky, a great star shone. Above, a heavenly angel appeared at the angel's side, giving praise to God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good-will.

The Mother. When the angels had gone, the shepherds hurried to Bethlehem (Bethlehem's ancient name was Beit Lahm, meaning "house of bread"), where they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant Jesus lying in the manger. Seeing the truth, they were amazed that the Saviour was born in the little town of Bethlehem. So the shepherds sang of the Word that came to pass. All that heard it wondered deep and long; but Mary lodged her thoughts deep in her heart. She was pondering.

● STILL, THEY COME BACK

A happy throng of students tramped back to dear old, U.S.C. after a restful, two-week vacation.

The thousands that came were mainly old students with an sprinkling of many new faces.

Enrolment was heavy in all colleges, with some departments reporting increases (Pharmacy, Nursing). Classes, however, hit a one-week snag. The reason for this was attributed to the students' preoccupation with politics.

A Thin Slice. True to form, the over-all enrolment took the traditional slight dive. University authorities expressed no alarm and termed the decrease "very negligible compared to last year's second term."

On-the-spot observations point to the popularity of newly-born societies and clubs among girls. The new champion basketball cagers are subjects of dreamy conjectures from starry-eyed coeds, according to the U.S.C. drugstore grapevine.

While the gals are outsmarting each other in the hottest fashion lads, the men's sartorial taste seem to be at status quo save for the cowpoke's style which some screwballs have adopted. A survey showed that not a few returned as newly-anointed political protegeses, others returned lame from political defeat, and still others trekked back to count their remaining days of bachelorhood, having arranged to relinquish that status via a band on some doll's third-finger-left.

On the academic side, a growing seriousness of students in their studies was observed despite the anticipation of December. Less absences were registered while Philosophy classes, especially under Fr. Wrocklage, are exceptionally large. No one seems to be missing religion classes which registered big enrolments. The Carolinian added a new note of seriousness when it encouraged the publication of articles with a seriousness vein, carrying importance to scholars and researchers.

The over-all picture seem to boil down to a few graphic facts: juniors engrossed in their books, seniors hamering out the last remaining units, student-teachers during the critic's eye in a practice class, student leaders talking of Christ-mas plans, and candidates for graduation filling out application blanks.

● STUDENT CATHOLIC ACTION LAUNCHED

The Dream. It was the dream

of the church hierarchy to see the Catholic students organized into a strong, cohesive body of Catholic Actionists. This dream recently reared reality when a strong student group geared their effort for the organization of the Student Catholic Action.

Tentative plans have already been laid out, reliable sources intimated. The second week of December is set as the target date of organization and the full-scale launching of activities.

It may be recalled that the acute need of a strong Catholic student aggruppation has long been felt. The need became more critical when it was observed that the forces against Christ were intensifying their efforts.

Seeing the need of a counterforce to offset the efforts of the anti-Christ group, the Archbishop gave his blessings to the proposed Student Catholic Action, unofficial sources revealed.

BARTOLOME C. DE CASTRO

News Editor

The Forerunners. Several months before, and even as early as last year, Catholic Action leaders from Manila, among them Fr. Bustos and Fr. Martens, came to Cebu to orient the local student leaders with the working of the SCA.

During the convention of Catholic Actionists last year, the need of Student catholic groups was stressed by Atty. "Soc" Rodrigo, Catholic Action President, and by Fr. Martens, national director of the SCA. Last semester, Fr. Martens and Fr. Bustos, head of the Propagation of Faith, paid separate visits to Cebu to spread the SCA network all over the Philippines.

It was not until the first part of this semester that a strong group of student leaders picked up the idea. Invitations will soon be issued to Catholic student leaders in all schools in Cebu, it was learned. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, 'spark plug' of the said student group, pinned high hopes on the success of this project.

● A BOSS TAKES EXIT

It seems that when Poesy grab-

bed Nap Rama from the editorial chair, fate willed the chair to learned Emilio B. Aller. And after carving out a niche for himself, Aller kicked the doors open for an State-side fling across the shark's way. Meanwhile, a soft-talking, handsome newshawk was edging his way to the prized editorial chair. The new editor answers to the name: Jesus Vestil, alias Jake Verle.

'Good' Record.

The outgoing editor, Mr. Aller, tucked a U.S. (government) travel grant under an arm when he bowed out. Posing awhile, we recall that Mr. Aller started his star-studded writing career by writing poems as early as his high school days in the City High School before the war. When he came to the then Colegio de San Carlos, he passed with flying colors the competitive examinations and got the literary editorship. War came and during his stint with the U.S. Navy, he had all the time for himself po-

6:00 a.m. to midnight, Dr. Fortuna Rodil, Faculty Club Prexy, was a veritable livewire of bustling activity, scurrying here and there. On that day, the Rector's and Faculty Day, the faculty club wrote a brilliant chapter in the history of San Carlos U.

Every faculty member, years hence, shall remember that day with a sweet tear of longing. It shall bring back the moments when they came down their Olympian heights, when they laughed and played to their hearts' content, and danced a step or two on the moonlight quadrangle. More vignettes of memory shall come to mind: the stirring pep talk of Miss Rodil, the proud beam of the Rector when he received a lei, the surprise numbers and dance in the "Ball Masque", the colorful costume parade, the rustic and Mexican dance sequences, the basketball tournaments of the big-bellied boys, and the blossoming of many unknown beauties within the ranks of the Faculty Club.

The Program.

The general program kicked off a good start with a 6:00 a.m. Mass attended by representatives from all Catholic schools, with Fr. Rector as the celebrant. A breakfast followed. By 8:30 a.m. rain came but the faculty revelers weren't at an standstill. The interesting apple-eating contest, the "Journey to Jerusalem" and other games were played.

As the clock struck 5:00 p.m., a big crowd had already gathered in the quadrangle and the much-heralded literary-musical program started.

The dance and the one-act play furnished the piece de resistance for the evening. The nimble-footed "Balaklakan" dancers (elem. dept.) met the approval of many. "Surtido," a dance by the collegiate faculty members, drew a thunderous applause from the audience. (While Mrs. Valenzuela danced her way to the hearts of everybody, Dr. Solon did a neat job of gymnastics.)

A pageant presented by the College of Pharmacy was distinctive in its impeccable and reserve taste. "Fiesta Mejicana," danced by our hip-swaying misses in the faculty, was an eye-fel of beautiful lady teachers metamorphosed to lovely "Mexicanas".

"Los Bailes de Ayer," choreographed and directed by Atty. Au-

relío Fernandez, had the Maria Clara touch. A string ensemble prepared by the music department was a delight to music lovers, while the Squire Dance had all the joyful, carefree spirit of the American country folks. But what stole the show was the breath-taking "Fandango Sa Ilaw" danced by Mrs. G. Cabahug and Mr. Rizal Ortega.

As the curtains opened for the one-act play, "Movie Artists" by Wilfredo Ma. Guerrero, the audience was in rapt attention, broken only by the spontaneous succession of laughter and applause. The cast included Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela as Virginia; Miss Fortunata Rodil as Doña Felipa; Mrs. Rosario de Veyra as Aurita, the maid; Miss Leonor Borromeo as Luisa; Mrs. Pilar Ortega as Doña Pilut; Mrs. Ave-lina Gil; as Doña Rosaura; and Miss Elisa Ortiz as Cicilia.

Curtain Down.

After the program, the wearied faculty members heartily ate their sumptuous dinner. At 9:00 p.m., the "Ball Masque" began featuring surprise songs, numbers and dance. Emceed by C. Faigao, a costume parade was presented. At 11:30 p.m., the Rector topped it off with the awarding of prizes to winners in the various tournaments, games, and costume contest. At the strike of twelve midnight, Miss Rodil and her happy but tired bunch of revelers called it a day.

● USC GRABS FIRST BERTH AGAIN

USC recently tucked another leather on her cap when, according to a bulletin issued by the Bureau of Public Schools, it was learned that the University of San Carlos ranked first of all private schools in the city and province of Cebu in the latest National Teachers' test. USC has maintained this lead, first place, for the last three years, Mr. Jose V. Arias, USC Registrar revealed.

● MASTERS ALL

It is seldom that one arrives at a point of satiety for knowledge. But the students that ever get within smelling distance to that apex of scholarly satisfaction are the students in the Post Graduate School. Recently two became masters in English and another two became

IGNACIO SALGADO, JR.
VICTORIA PARAS
Asistente

lishing his pen. Back to San Carlos U after the war, he chanced to meet Nap Rama, editor then of the *Carolínian*. He added one more leather to his cap when he was chosen associate editor, later managing editor, and ultimately, editor-in-chief.

The 'Old' & 'New'

When Aller cleared his desk and bade goodbye to his colleagues, he left behind him a brilliant record as editor. He expressed the view that the *Carolínian* is the "printed thought of Carolinian students." He added, "as such, it falls upon every Carolinian to uphold and maintain its prestige!"

When queried about his new plans, the new boss gave a naughtily twinkle of his eye and said: "Wait till you see this issue." Another attempt to dig into his journalistic past was met by a curt, "No comment. Period."

● RECTOR'S AND FACULTY DAY OBSERVED

The Busy Bees.

Last November 22nd, from early

masters in Education.

Catalina Manlosa Bucad, M.A. in English, wrote a paper on "The Elements of Joy and Melancholy in the Cebuano Vernacular Literature", while Carmen F. Rodil choosed the subject, "The Characters in the Short Stories of Estrella Allon Rivera."

Matilde L. Garcia, M.A. in Education, gave a "Comparative Study of the Adult Education Programs in the Philippines, the United States, China, Thailand, Indonesia, and Pakistan." Eustacia S. Savellon, another M.A. in Education, made a "Study of the Methods of Teaching, Student Interests, and Teachers' Problems in the Teaching of Biology in Nineteen High Schools in the Province and City of Cebu."

● CATECHISTS FILL BIG ORDER

It seems that no other student group furnished the ready answer to the need of religious instruction in public schools than the assiduous group of forty hardworking USC catechists, who are instructing fifteen hundred Abellana high school students the rudiments of the Catholic faith, school authorities pointed out.

The catechists started the religious instruction last August, under the direct supervision of Rev. Fr. E. Schoening, Dean of Religion, and Rev. Fr. B. Wroclage, Regent of Law. Some USC faculty members are helping supervise the student-catechists. A plan to orient the catechists with the proper methods of teaching is afoot.

● THE RECTOR ON DISCIPLINE

Rev. Fr. Albert V. Gansewinkel, USC Rector, recently served a stern reminder to all deans and regents of the University regarding the proper enforcement of discipline within the campus.

The illuminating memorandum follows in full:

"1. Meetings. During class hours there should be meetings, i.e. no student should miss class for the sake of a meeting. This holds true also for games."

"2. Publications. As far as you can, help please to enforce the rule: 'Students need the permission of the Rector of the University for publications!' (Catalogue, p. 16 (IV, 5) For the Carolinian we left this

matter to the Moderator, but of late there were several articles in the local papers—today even two pictures—for which no permission had been secured (and the consequences for one of the writers are rather disagreeable).

"3. Parties. According to our Catalogue p. 16 the permission of the respective deans and of the Secretary General is required for parties outside the school. Kindly enforce the rules about contributions and especially about alcoholic drinks.

"Whenever a party is scheduled, I should like to be informed about it.

"Due to special reasons and circumstances no dances should be allowed without the explicit approval of the Rector. In compliance with the orders of our ecclesiastical superiors we do not encourage dances. This year we hesitatingly tolerated two, others were held without permission."

● A SAVANT RETURNS

Rev. Fr. Rudolph Rahmann, Dean of the Graduate School, recently arrived from Manila after attending the first week of Eight Pacific Science Congress and the Fourth Far Eastern Prehistory Congress in Manila. He attended the session from November 16 to the 21st.

At the anthropology and linguistics section where he attended sessions, he read a valuable and informative paper: "Shamanistic Phenomena in North and Middle India." The 13-page paper was a sort of a condensation of the study he is undertaking on the subject. The purpose of the study is to contribute to the elucidation of the religious history of India.

● LIBERAL ARTS COED DECLAIMS "SYMPTOM"

In the annual declamation contest sponsored by the seniors of the College of Education held last September 27th, at the USC quadrangle, Miss Delia Saguin, Liberal Arts coed, romped away with the Knights of Columbus Gold Medal with her declamation of Jerome K. Jerome's "Symptoms."

Miss Norma Fradejas, a pet Commerce student, ranked a close second with her declamation of "The Face Upon the Floor," to cop the silver medal donated by Mon-

signor Lino Gonzaga, Bishop of Leyte. The bronze medal donated by Monsignor Esteban Montecillo, Vicar General of Cebu, went to Miss Antonia Villarino of the Secretarial Department, also of the College of Commerce. Other participants were: Miss Dulce Kintonar, Miss Paquita Batucan, Mrs. Jimina Aurelio, Miss Socorro Riveral, Miss Victoria Paros, and Miss Concepcion Jakosa-lem.

Rev. Merlin A. Rhibault of the Society of Jesus headed the panel of judges with Miss Teodora Minoza, M.A. and Atty. Floro Bautista, as members.

● P. E. FIELD DEMONSTRATION

In a display of superb grace and beauty, the coeds of the Physical Education department wowed the crowd at a physical education demonstration held at the University Quadrangle last October 3. The demonstration was directed by Misses Miguella Martin and C. Vitlamor, and participated in by students taking physical education instruction.

Among the best numbers shown were, namely: Doll Dance, Red River Valley, Meditation, Ring and Rhythymics, Indian Clubs, Mexican Hat Dance and Andardi.

● H. E. MARDI GRAS

The Home Economics department has always stood in the sidelines. Yet last September 13th, they hugged the limelight of fashion when they displayed a varied, glit-

. . . You never would have known . . .



tering array of fashions worn by nearly all people from different lands. Students and even faculty members, posed like seasoned models, it was observed.

Heading the list was Home Economics Dean, Caroline Hotchkins Gonzalez, who portrayed the native manobo with tattoo and trinkets. Mrs. Dris, wore a well-tailored American sports dress while Madge Martin, Physical Education boss, displayed a striking Hawaiian outfit. Mrs. Marcelina Falcon donned the habiliments of a married Igorot woman; Loly Batto struck a striking resemblance with a Korean Chinese kimono; Mrs. Pilar Ortega gave an apt interpretation of the "modernized" clothes of a mischievous teen-ager.

Mrs. Polly Ann de Veyra put on a sea-diver robe; Asun Brigandit decked herself with the trappings of an unmarried Igorot woman; Lovely Andring Posco was just about the exact counterpart of a dreamy-eyed Japanese Geisha; Mrs. Avelina Gil discovered a delightful gypsy robe; Carmencita Villamor was an interesting replica of a hilly-billy siren; Mrs. Cora Ceniza evoked everybody's imagination of tropic nights, swaying palms and romantic moonlighting with her Mexican creation; Mrs. Bering Valenzuela was a beautiful reincarnation of a daisy-like French lady; and Mr. and Mrs. Ordoña furnished the fitting clincher with an Ibarra-and-Maria-Clara combination.

The Fashion show winners, with their corresponding costumes, were, viz: first, Miss Constanca de la Pe-

ña, Negro boy; second, Mrs. Estrella Canceco, Dutch girl; third, Miss Rosario Reyes, pirate; and fourth, Miss Carolina Orbe, Mora.

● THIS TIME IT'S RAFFLES FROM THE PHARMERS

Bright idea.

To replenish the depleted coffers of the Pharmacy Revolving Fund, Rev. Fr. Robert Hoepfner, S.V.D., Pharmacy Regent, cooked up a bright idea: hold raffles on December when the pocketbook of many are fat. The proceeds from the affair will be used to finance the studies of a scholar, it was learned.

The raffles will be held in conjunction with the traditional Christmas Program. Valuable prizes at stake are the following: sala-set, dinner set, parker fountain pen set, suitcase, pingpong set, and three consolation prizes.

Heavy buying of tickets was observed by the Regent's office, it was noted. Pharmacy students are redoubling their efforts to sell as many tickets as possible.

● CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

'False Colors.'

A regretful letter from the Philippine Pharmaceutical Association jolted the proud Omicron members to the sad reality that they were "sailing under false color." And as if it was not enough, the chatty *Pharmacist Weekly* had the temerity to headline this messy case of mistaken identity.

The USC junior chapter, it was recently learned, got the wrong tag due to a clerical error in one of the PPA letters which wrongly changed the then USC PI chapter to Omicron. The incident, however, was brushed aside by the handsome Regent with a slight brow-puckering.

Meanwhile, it was learned that three Pharmacy students, namely, Miss Lourdes Mendoza, Miss Cecilia Rosales and Mrs. Felicisima Tanudtanud, graduated last October 17. They are now taking the review course to be ready for the board exams in January.

The *Pharmacist Weekly* also revealed that manufacturing, a course offered for the first time by the College of Pharmacy, are catching the Pharms' fancy. The class itinerary includes visits to the different medical laboratories and to the various big plants in the city and some cultural field trips.

● 'CATHOLIC THOUGHT' DISPLAY

On the morning of November 27 library frequenters were delighted to find a well-selected and expertly-arranged display of the best books that ever came from the pen of ancient saints down to the modern day Catholic writers.

'The Stream'.

The display, proudly termed "The Stream of Catholic Thought", centered on the theme of Catholicism. It included some of the rarest collections of the USC library and a large number of new books written by Catholic writers and philosophers of the present era. The brilliant works of such renowned writers as Aquinas, Newman, Sheen, Gibbons, Dryden, Dante, Shakespeare, Bellac, Chesterton and a host of others were prominently exhibited.

The exhibit was made in conjunction with the celebration of the National Book Week. The books were grouped into the following divisions, viz: Lives of Saints, Convent Stories, Catholic Literary Writing, Catholic Church and the World, Catholic Philosophers, Works of the Holy Fathers, Biography of Saints, Popes and Missionaries, Christian and Worship Liturgy, Fathers of Church, St. Thomas Aquinas and other Medieval Writers, Blessed Virgin Mary, Holy Bible, and Jesus Christ and Catholic references. Close to four hundred books were displayed on eight tables conspicuously placed in the center of the library.

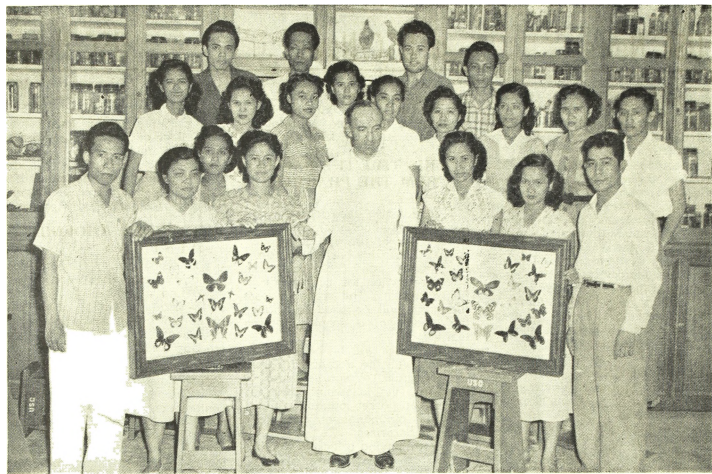
Miss Viviera and the library staff who were instrumental in putting up the exhibit expressed satisfaction on the interest evinced by the students who visited the eight-table display.

● 'CHRISTMAS JAMBOREE' PLANNED

A Novelty. The College of Commerce will give a twist of novelty



Mardi gras...! — and how they did it.



Rev. Fr. Schoenig receiving specimen donations to him by members of the newly formed USC Zoological Society. To his left, Mrs. P. Pages, adviser.

in campus Christmas celebration when they will sponsor a "Christmas Jamboree" participated in by seven Commerce organizations and clubs, Mr. Alfredo Vega, JCC President, revealed.

The "jamboree" will start with a lantern parade around the San Carlos block, ending up in the USC quadrangle where a lantern contest will be held. A literary-musical program will follow at the foot of a giant Christmas tree. During the program, the Commerce fraternity officers will be inducted while the Commerce seniors will receive their class rings.

The Commerce affair promises to be one of the best social events this season. Plans are tentatively threshed out and frequent meetings were called by the President to put on the finishing touches of their grand affair.

Meanwhile, it was learned that Dr. Fortunato Rodil, Faculty Club President, and the heads of the different fraternities and sororities are planning to put up a giant Christmas tree in the USC quadrangle. A committee was recently formed to take charge of this matter.

USC ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY FORMED

Dept. Head Leaves for Manila

by Samuel Ochotorena

Through the initiative of the student leaders of the USC Biology Department, an organization was formed which is known as the USC Zoological Society. In its meeting last July the following were elected:

President, Mr. Samuel Ochotorena; Vice President, Mr. Tomas Aleguio; Sec. Treasurer, Miss Roberta Noel; PRO, Miss Aniceta Daza;

Advisers: Mrs. Paulina Pages and Mr. Bienvenido Marapao.

Honorary Adviser, Mr. Julian Jumalon; Honorary Member, Miss Prosperina Dejoras.

Immediate steps were taken towards the framing of a set of by-laws which emphasizes educational and scientific aspects. A Constitution to that effect was thereby enacted, signed by the duly elected officers.

As its first activity the members of the Zoological Society made several field trips. One of the most successful field trips was made in the

vicinity of Ormoc City around eight kilometers from the provincial road. The trip was intended for collecting insects of order Lepidoptera, class Insecta. Much to the surprise of the hunting party, rare specimens of butterflies and moths were found. Mr. Julian Jumalon, noted Lepidopteran collector, caught rare ones which according to him was not in his collection. Mr. Pages, too, who was with the enthusiastic collectors caught a moth whose forewings resemble an abnaceolate leaf. Another specie caught by Mr. B. Marapao has on the center of the dorsal side of the forewings a concentric figure resembling an owl's eye. In Guadalupe and Camp 7, an amusing and attractive species of Lepidopteran were caught. *Papilio daedalus*, for instance were seen flying about with its natural sparkling bluish color (actually it is greenish in appearance).

Two frames (24"-32") of Lepi-

doptera collection was presented to the dean, Rev. Fr. E. Schoenig thru their president. Credit for the accomplishments of the Society went to the members whose co-operation was remarkable. The Society regrets, however, the absence of Mrs. Paulina Pagos who is now attending her classes at the University of the Philippines in Manila. She expects to return shortly.

• USC WILL PLAY HOST TO MARIAN CONGRESS

December will see the first gathering of Legion of Mary leaders from Cebu province and the neighboring provinces, it was learned from Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig, Dean of Religion, and Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage. The University of San Carlos is tentatively scheduled to be the site of the Marian Congress, the same sources indicated.

Legion members of USC are anxiously anticipating the Congress. Plans for the welcome of congress delegates will soon be readied by the USC praesidia. The Congress is the first of its kind to be held in Cebu, it was learned.

A Short Way to . . .

(Continued from page 24)

Our world's history manifestly shows in black and white that the Catholic Church is the only one that can validly claim Jesus as Her Divine Founder and the only indestructible institution despite the many brutal persecutions against her that have been raging throughout the centuries. St. Peter is her first head and from him up to the present head, Pope Pius XII, there have been 262 Roman Pontiffs as legitimate governors of the church in uninterrupted succession.

It necessarily, therefore, adds up that the Catholic Church is the very Church of Christ. This is a colossal truth which no anti-Catholic or "libre pensador" can deny without criminally falsifying the recorded events of history.

This is the Truth that those reached by Catholic teaching must kneel in submission. It is this Voice of Authority that Christ speaks about: "Who heareth you, heareth me and who despiseth you despiseth me."

Charlie's corn... er

says Tachi...



MIZ

While Herbie is back to bamboozle Alex, Charlie will slip back behind the eight ball — on the drugstore corner. Anyway, the election is over and we're all just to glad about its outcome, except, maybe, the losers.

Christmas, air smells so thick that everywhere you turn, you catch a scent of it. It must be the "spirit" that goes with it (and with it, too . . . a "Scrooge"). Some smart alecs must've sent their greetings already — Christmas cards they bought from a big bargain sale . . . and the previous years' left over! Say, Herbie, did you receive an antique 5-cent X'mas card? Aw, be a sport, will you, and accept it!

What would you like to have as a Christmas present from the ol' man of the house? You never thought about a television set, did you? Well, at least, not out here. We're too far out from the radius of its effectivity. Anyhow, there is no cause to envy Manilans. Just imagine, not only do we hear those gab-infested disc-jockals er, I mean . . . jockays, but we'll be able to see them just as well! They ram yakitty, yak, yak, yak . . . into your battered ears, then, when your head aches, they try to sell you something to relieve the pain — ugh! (here, take some more aspirin . . .)

By the way, Delia "Campuscrats" is not with us anymore. Ain't it sad? We'd sure miss her a lot. Now, we're minus one moider . . . oops, I mean pinchiter. She always make a clean job—leaves no evidence. And boy, does she "collect" too—marked bottle crowns for miniature cokes!

Buddy Q, here, is not really "on da level." He's keeping something from you. Here's the inside dope: One time, they went serenading — picked the wrong house, giving dedications at that (mentioning the girls' name to the wrong girl)! Then there was a sudden downpour, and they were literally "singin' in the rain." Finally, the neighborhood dogs forced their retreat! I'm sorry, Bud, I spilled the beans. Hey, take it easy, we're pals, ain't we? I'm no stool pigeon . . .

So here "lies" Charlie
who, even in "debt"
Gives thee all
his titchell message . . .

Merry (hic) Christmas (hic) and
a (hic)
Hap . . . py New Year (hic) to
all . . . er . . .
true (hic) blooded Carolinians: and
"Carolinian" readers all over the
world!

NOTE: Gosh, that wampum (kick-pappe juice) the Ed gave me packs a real mule-kick.

Nail It Down

(Continued from page 14)

remember? — he purchased it on instalment and the payments turned out to be so articular you're now rubbing your nose on the balance.

But what happens? No shooting, whatsoever. It was too darn quiet and peaceful in that place we got ourselves stationed in. So we either went on a sit-down strike, or take a snooze and dreamed about those cute S-nurses of "Is Eye Itch." Who was on your mind, Brutus. La Luz? La Rosita? Virgie or Betty? Ahh... ahh... take it easy, Brutus. These gals can make a cadaver salad out of you.

The girls in that place where we were stationed weren't so sour no, Brutus? They held out something besides sugar plantations. That's why they were very sweet to us. Haw-haw.

The food was ala-Waldorf Astoria eh, Brutus? And Brutus, you're an honorable man. Once you swallowed something and smoke got in your eyes. Nepalim, you say? Don't exaggerate. That wasn't noodle soup you were slurping then, that was dishwasher. They really made it delicious and tasty by spraying it with DDT and flavoring it with surplus foot powder.

We are back in school. I feel like an old geezer ready to kick the bucket. Et tu, Brutus.

Hi-Lili-Hi-Lo.
Torius

All Right, all Right, "the Guy" won. Now let's settle down and watch them artesian wells sprout from under the kitchen sink.

Just imagine guys, Tomas Edison was considered a dunce in his class. And that's the guy who discovered something that minimizes the danger of "the touch system" in the dark. Expounding further, think of the future inventors at the rate dunces are cropping up in our classrooms.

This "crown hunting" epidemic is driving some girls nuts. Why, their sweethearts spent more time hunting crowns than pouring sweet-something-out-of-nothing stuff into their powder-coated ears.

I solved a hazardous problem. What would you do if it's vacation time and you have nothing to do at home? You have no job, no money to spend outside, no clean clothes to put on, no nothing to nothing? It would be monotonous for you to plop yourself in your rickety chair, smoke throw-away lags or play cheese with your dogs. The solution? Pick up your Grandma's needles and start crocheting or knitting, or do something, you good-for-nothing pickpocketeer!

According to a songwriter, when you see a purple cow, you're in love. Sez who? The only time I saw a purple cow was when we had a class recitation and I was pitifully called upon by the prof. That warn't love, I suppose. We spent the night before legtoosing it out in a barn dance.

Drat if! the way mosquitoes are running this crummy joint there wouldn't be any surplus blood left for the Blood Bank.

Who said pedal-pushers are modern standard equipment for the teenagers. Even a picture of Andres Bonifacio crying at Balintawak? He was wearing one.

If by the time this column comes out there's still no Student Council, let's establish a Bando just for the sake of remembering bygone days.

Merry X'mas and a happynietous New Year to all of you!

On Da Level . . .

(Continued from page 18)

● Right after election time, we had a haircut in one of this city's obscure barbershops and we got around to jawing about vote-buying at the polls and some such thing. We tried to sound out a moral crusade when the barber cleared a clogged larynx with a startling harrumph.

"Boopsie!" he growled after a close snip at our scalp. "You everybody knewed that money goes great guns. I'll swap my ballot any line morning for ten spots."

"But it's not altogether regular," we protested. At this point the barber started to carress our Adam's apple with undisguised fondness that was clammy. "Look at me, a regular barber . . . honest, and all I get is lily reluctant cents for every head I'd like to bash . . ."

We didn't argue with him further and our girlfriend says we've a nice haircut.

(Continued on page 40)

Hypocrisy

By RESTY GENSON

We said good-by quite calmly

Without a tender look

In Friendship I handed you my hand

Smiled, while inside I choked.

Life changes as night and day,

So I've nothing to say

I only smile and play my part;

But Oh! kindly pray —

My friend, give me back my heart.

The Kappa Lambda . . .

(Continued from page 11)

yal, supporting cog in this ever alive wheel, but, on second thought...) I had to search out every hue of gratitude within me realizing that it was only their complete and untainted faith and trust in me that urged them to choose me again. These are my co-cabinets ladies: Miss Lita Mauseisa and Miss Alma Valencia. Exalted Sisters: Miss Minnie Villamor, Most Trusted Exchequer; Miss Helen Cue and Miss Vicky Paras, Trust Exchequers; Miss Tita Perez, Keeper of the Records; Miss Fely Lopez, Keeper of the Keys; Miss Vic Abod and Miss Delia Saguin, PRO's. As Honorary Sisters, we elected Mrs. Gloria Escario and Mrs. Lily Ferreros.

Once more the invitation rites. This time the old members had all the chances to make even with the neophytes with the same tricks dished out to them a year ago. Followed the formal induction and pinning ceremonies, the cocktail parties, and so on and on.

At present, the Kappa Lambda Sigma co-sponsors with the Phi Rho Sorority of the College of Commerce, a benefit symphony concert. The proceeds will go to the Missions.

We are also initiating an Old Clothes Drive for the poor and the disabled. In this, we are confident to receive the full support and co-operation of every loyal Carolinian.

The Kappa Lambda Sigma story does not end here. This is just the beginning. As time unfolds to brighter days, many more pages will be written. Perhaps every succeeding page will turn out to be more replete with memories, more beautiful and worthwhile.

Of Personality . . .

(Continued from page 8)

full liberty which even transcends the stars and all the world of nature.

Personality finds its fullest perfection when it is free. Its destiny is God. And since the personality is also rooted in the spirit which comes from God it imitates the Creator. It tends to become altruistic. Personality is the aim of existence.

Let us note here that they are not two separate things. There is nothing in me which you can truly call my individuality or my personality. They are two realities which exist in a being we call man. It is the same entire being which in one sense is an individual and in another a person.

Because of the very fact that I am a person, I seek to communicate with others, in the order of knowledge and love. It is essential to live in society to exercise the true freedom and generosity of the person.

As a conclusion we can say that the growth of personality is unlimited — the individuality must be pruned.

Maria Rosa

(Desde la pág. 38)

Ma. Rosa salio del convento y al cabo de tres meses era otra vez la Ma. Rosa alegre que alegraba a todos con sus cantos.

Claudia su hermana se habia casado con un Filipino que residia en America y le escribia que fuese alli. Pero Ma. Rosa se habia enamorado de un hacendero muy bueno y no acepto la invitacion.

Al cabo de dos años se verifico la boda de Ma. Rosa con el hacendero. Ma. Rosa seguia cantando en las fiestas y programas benéficos pero su voz requeria algo mejor.

El esposo de Ma. Rosa que le amaba mucho decidio llevarla a Italia y alli un profesor le probó la voz y le dijo que era una voz y le dijo que era una voz perfecta.

Ma. Rosa dio en Italia varios conciertos de canto a beneficio de asilos y hospitales obteniendo triunfos triunfos.

Despues de esto regresaron a Filipinas y Dios les bendio concediendoles un hijo a los dos años de su matrimonio.

Los esposos eran felices contemplando el fruto de su amor y Ma. Rosa seguia empleando el don de la voz que recibiera para gloria de Dios y beneficio de los pobres — Y vivia feliz porque habia cumplido su verdadera vocacion.

Sink it In . . .

(Continued from page 8)

"In a deeper sense," he paused meaningfully, "Santa dwells in your heart — in the heart of all noble men. Give room for Christian charity and cheerfulness. Give room for kindness, humility, and hope. In that way, Santa lives . . . and he will live forever as long as there is a noble heart that throbs."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, two young farm boys in Cincinnati, U.S.A., wrote a letter from their log cabins to the *Time Magazine* editor. They wrote: "Two years ago a group of high school boys started a campaign: to put Christ back in Christmas. We wanted to realize that Christmas is important not because it is a holiday when we send cards and exchange present — but because it is Christ's birthday. But people do not pay much attention to high school boys . . . so we wrote to some of our country's leaders asking them to help us . . . When your readers send their Christmas cards this year, why not send them one showing the crib at Bethlehem? When they decorate their trees they could set up a crib under it. Then, when Christmas Day comes, they can go to church."

And this simple message strikes deep into our theme to bring Christ back, not only to December, but to our life, to our soul.

And to think of the noisy, hectic celebration they have in the city makes this former remember the disturbing, jarring sound of a maddened cicada we often hear in the woods.

ENCORE:

By the way, folks, I'm glad to be back. Remember my "Sink it In?" It joined the junks last issue because I simply felt the atmosphere very stifling. Discretion being the better part of valor, we raised our lance awhile. For we were reminded of the diabolic specie of our barrister-critic and of the funny story about St. Peter:

It seems that the gate broke down between heaven and hell. St. Peter looked over the damage and yelled to the devil, "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix the gate."

"Okay then," rasped St. Peter, "I'll have to sue you for breaking the terms of our contract."

"Yeah?" retorted the devil, "where are you going to find a lawyer?"

'PEASANT WIT':

Folks, if ever farming and writing go together, it's because writing a column needs the intimate and honest thoughts which characterize "peasant wit."

Far, far from sitting in a tower, we call the dear reader to look at our backyard and meadows. To breathe the breeze that shake the orchids at my window. To bask in the sunshine that glids our window still.

Your former friend,
Bart

The Roving Eye

(Continued from page 17)

become "big" tomorrow. He finds it difficult to rise in social class with poor friends, and therefore it is his "must" to mingle only with the higher-ups.

These, probably, are the attitudes of the CD men Mr. Alphonse, himself, had observed. But to say that these actually happen when a man is already a degraded person is tantamount to saying that all that glitters is gold. Or has Mr. Alphonse known that not all that live in the sea are fishes?

The editorial of the Quezonian (M.L.Q. Educational Institution) throws gripes and brickbats to the President of the Quezonian Central Student Council for having been indiscreet in his decision in appointing the M.L.Q. Annual Staff. Main cause of the President's indiscreet decision is "to save his face" from an impending embarrassment. Too bad for the whole student body and orchids for some political friends and adviser-preferred business managers, huh! If this practice continue to exist within the blood of our leaders, what sort of social contentment can we expect?

(Continued on page 37)

Every Inch A Champion

(Continued from page 2.)

miracles. This steel-tough timbre to defy defeat is a victory by itself. One gets admired, loved and congratulated for it.

But the idea of team spirit is not instilled in the minds of the players any place nor by anybody else—it's only the school that can give it to them. The hoorah-rah of the students and the pat on the shoulder by the administration. Where did the Warriors get all that fighting spirit? Anyone of us will give his right arm to the fatherly love of Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage. The life of the team. The pulsating power behind the boys. The moving force that sent them out lion-spirited. Without Fr. Wrocklage, the boys'll easily go plain potatoes somewhere. Take that.

Let's recall the CCAA situation. Three teams were left on the Championship round: USC, SWC, and USP. CSJ bowed out definitely. CIT withdrew because the school administration suddenly whipped out some disciplinary action on them. And, UV, for lack of compliance with the CCAA requirements, decided to call themselves out. Their high school and college teams sat back.

So, the limelight area was pronounced. First off, the Warriors versus the SWC Commandos.

Team combination and dynamic spirit possessed the Carolinians like jelly on a kid's fingers. It was a do or don't business. Poor shooting and a relaxed defense enable the SWC to sing a happy tune, leading by 13 points most of the time in the first three quarters. They danced the merry polka.

The USC powerhouse appeared to have chained itself out of poverty—but the Warriors hung on, they didn't have nails in their boots and the lead wasn't a big stretch. Not much, though. Only two cagers felt themselves, Tommy and his brother, Martin Echivarre. At three minutes to final buzzer, the SWC dribblers were still holding the thirteen-point margin. The Echivarre brothers worked up for lost time and there was no lousing anything. They managed to pick up to only two points behind when the clock on the wall said ten seconds before When Day Is Done.

Just then a foul was called on a Commando. Evaristo Sagardui who was in bad form that evening sunk in his two charity awards. It

took raw courage to dunk those two clinchers one after other. And our boy did it—did it was icy guts that singe the back of your neck. (He went to bed that night a real hero.) There was an extension of five minutes and the Commandos again took over. Another overtime was called and still the score got posted up 42-all.

Both teams made up their minds to call the game off only so the tension didn't get anybody stunted in his seat. And so, a draw.

Court Generalship.

The play-off was similar to that of the first game. The score was

Man to Man

(Continued from page 2.)

What we can do is try to follow the Sherlock Holmes method: deduction. In our language it's guessing. We can guess, can't we? Well, vamos a ver.

The UV teams, both high school and college, are strong teams. Very strong. Now their college team was licked twice during the elimination round: first by the Southwestern Colleges, then by USC. Their high school crew came out with a clean slate in the same round.

But as you have probably read in the newspapers, both teams were suddenly withdrawn from the CCAA race. They were supposed to have backed out on their own volition. Isn't it funny? If they have withdrawn from the race through their own free will, doesn't it sound illogical that a team should be unlimely pulled out from a race when it was winning? We couldn't say the school was punishing them; that just can't be. Why, at this point, Coach Dodong Gullas has been making trips to Manila frantically asking the PAAF to at least give them a chance to participate in the National Intercollegiate.

But suppose we say they were being punished by the CCAA? Is there a possibility, Dr. Watson? And suppose we say that, for face-saving purposes, they just want the people to know that they didn't feel like playing anymore and they decided to tell the press their own version of the story? Do you think it is true?

Of course, all this is purely speculative. All I wanted to say and explain to the people is that with or without UV, San Carlos is, and would still have been the Champion. C-H-A-M-P-I-O-N.

knotted a countless number of times and again the teeming people gnawed their teeth in anxiety over the killing suspense. In this game, court generalship emerged from all the other qualities of the Warriors. They controlled the tempo of the game although the margin was so slim that a possible error might prove fatal. But still it was the same story. The score sat rigid at 35-all in the last ten seconds. The Warriors calmly waited for the clock to count off the last three seconds before they let the ball go back for home. Morilla got it. He executed a beautiful jump shot and the ball finally made friends with the basket. The scoreboard declared 37-35 for the Warriors amid deafening cheers and the noise of people jumping wild over the unnerving result. In one corner of the court, almost unmindful of shouts that shook the rafters, a number of our boys were giving a hand to Morilla who had blacked out from cramps in his leg muscles that seized him when he made that victorious leap.

Prayer and Miracle-making.

In the first place, the player has got to learn to pray and pray hard. The Warriors made prayer an unseen ally. Before each game they huddle to one corner and say the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary. If they won, that's because God willed it and that's what they all believe. Special masses were said for the Warriors, Fr. Wrocklage officiating.

In the Championship game against the USP Panthers, a lot of prayer stood out in the heart of each Warrior. The crowd opined that it was USP's game all throughout—until that miracle happened. And here's how it all came to be:

It was not the usual frontline five that called the turns. It was a group of fresh second-stringers who stole the show and won the championship for the Green and Gold. Martin Echivarre, keyman; Natalio Reynes, leader; Danilo Deen, foul-baiter; Seracin Sestoso, rebounder; Fausto Arche, superb in the key-hole; Rudolfo Arcelo, side-shooter; and Tony Young, jump-shooter. These were the light-happy lads who flew a kite on the USP stronghold. They combined so well that USP's lead was chopped down and

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The Roving Eye

(Continued from page 35)

The editorial of the Power (St. Paul's College, Leyte) extended an invitation to an unidentified somebody who allegedly made destructive criticisms of the Power. We, too, hope that somebody to have accepted the invitation and shared his talent by helping the Power, perhaps by making constructive criticisms, at least, instead of being a mysterious unprincipled critic, or else, according to the editorial, he should fall under a class of critics who think they're more capable to handle, to do, or to direct the job. Yet, they don't offer their services even if they're asked to do so.

College students are generally taken for granted as responsible people, which they ought to be. Because, if while in college, the Musuan Torch editorial says in part, we fail to engrain in our minds that sense of "taking into our conscience" the fullness or importance of any task — that feeling of doing any piece of job we have, "to the best of our ability" whether a superior is around or not — how could we ever expect that we shall be good, responsible leader -- model young men and women in a model community someday, perhaps, when we are out there already in the field, carving out a niche in Life for our self also, in the medley of modern, hydrogen-power conscious society?

These are not empty words. You preserve them, swallow them and even digest them for, eventually, yours is the promising future.

Roaming around especially within the university campus during school days, we meet a lot of people who greet us with smiles. These smiles are of different kinds, says Bienvenida Abellera in the Gazette (Francisco Colleges). There is a mirthless smile that rattles the mouth downward and leaves the eyes utterly without expression. This certainly, is not a smile but an expression of disgust. We also have the naughty and mocking smile with the quizzically raised eyebrows. Lastly, we come to the genuine smile — yes, the sweetly parted lips that curve upward at the sparkle of bright eyes. And this is the smile that draws our hearts and swifly lights the flame of our affection. This is the sweet, unselfish smile which brightens the day, lightens our burdens, and soothes our tired hearts.

We can have an addendum: . . . and old woman's toothless smile which, to all practical intents, is a harmless and unsuccessful dental exhibition. Hee hee!

A stuff on history: The cover of the October issue of the Beacon (Ateneo de Zamboanga) shows a very remarkable landmark of Zamboanga's medieval history — the Fort Pilar. How did it get its name? Here's what the Beacon says: *Amidst the avalanche of Moro, British, Dutch, American and Japanese attacks, this Fort has preserved the "Orquillo de Mindanao." Its success in withstanding several battles and surviving three regimes has been attributed to the power of its patroness, the Lady of Pilar, whose awe-inspiring image adorns the Fort's southern rampart. At the foot of this image a shrine has been built to which daily pilgrimages are made by pious Catholics and even by some non-Christians.*

Christmas time has come. It's time for reunion — to see once again our long-distant relatives, friends, God-parents and loved ones. To a child, it may be a transition from old toys to new ones; to a teen-ager, it may be the best time for movies, dances, picnics and merry-go-rounds; to petty-quarrelling sweethearts, it may be the best time to think of new settling resolutions for the coming New Year; to our old folks, it may be a mathematical thought of the probable expenditure on Christmas gifts. People vary in their concepts of Christmas. But remember you, it's more of the time for giving, than that of receiving. Our simple way of explaining it is: Christmas is a commemoration of the time our Lord, Jesus Christ, gave Himself to us.

This time, our roving eye craves for beautiful sights in the dream-land. In fact, both lids are nearly closed by now, yet, it can still wink its last, and that means . . . wishing you a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1953

The Return

(Continued from page 17)

eyes away from her. "You see, I'll be here only for a short time my ship sails this noon."

"B-but, Juanito!" she cried. "You just can't leave me like that! Why, you've been here barely ten minutes!" Her voice betrayed a tone of disgust.

"I'm sorry, mother, but I'll have to leave soon. You know how it is."

"Yes," she said slowly, somewhat resignedly. "I know how it is."

Throughout the rest of the time Iya Soling tried her best to appear as cheerful as she could, the smile on her aging face masking the gloom in her heart. When at last it came for Juanito to go, she tried hard not to betray her feigned gaiety. But, try as she would her efforts failed her. And she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Mama. Please!" Juanito pleaded.

"Good-bye, son," Iya Soling said between sobs. "You'll be back again, won't you?"

"Yes, Mama, I will."

With that he gave her a warm tender kiss on the cheek. And then, he was gone — just like that.

"Almost like a dream," murmured Iya Soling to herself when she was alone once more, "here one moment, then gone in the twinkling of an eye." Dejectedly she resumed her seat by the window, scanning the faces of people as they passed by in the streets. But nowhere could she find the same cheerfulness, the same gaiety, that she found there only a while ago. Everything seemed utterly empty and hollow all of a sudden.

Late that afternoon there was another knock on the door. "Now, who could that be?" thought Iya Soling. When she opened it she was greeted warmly by a stocky youth of about Juanito's age. He too, was in his starched khaki uniform. It was Nene, Juanito's boyhood pal.

"Why, it's you, Nene! Come in," she exclaimed in a strangely girlish delight. She felt her cheerfulness return at sight of him. "Have you just arrived?"

"I arrived early this morning," he answered, seating himself down opposite her.

"Why weren't you with Juanito?" she wanted to know.

Nene hesitated for a moment.

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Letter to Heaven

(Continued from page 3)

people passing like inanimate objects never knowing that perhaps they were happy too? The grass has a new tenant now, as young as we were.

Do you still remember your rickety old porch where we used to hurl firecrackers out into the street, despite of your Grandma's cry of protest? how you used to ring the three bells in your throat each time one of those bang-makers happened to land just before a passing car? . . . and there was a time it really did, and for a time I defended you with my hands from the angry driver, but only for a time, he knocked me off my feet and left me with a black eye and a swollen jaw . . . and you helped me to my feet, saying how brave I was, every word easing away the pain, making firm my pride that had shied away because of my clumsiness, until I found myself thinking it was worth it . . . do you remember that? And those drunk midnite carlers who wanted to sing not for money but for your smile? . . . and you did, you smiled at them and all of a sudden it was Christmas all over their shiny, red faces? . . . and those midnite snacks of midnite cakes and midnite coffees and words of love? . . . do you remember those? Do you? . . . no, of course not, how could you, you can't and I'm just being a silly old goat.

You have left me with half a life, knowing it shall never be one again . . . you have left me here to walk my life alone.

Each Christmas, I find myself bewildered at the sudden rush of joy in every face . . . lost among the noise and laughter that used to be all mine. I hold my hand with the other out of memory . . . out of everything that all these signifies.

We shall have our Christmas again . . . sit and talk and laugh together again . . . and we shall not part again. Ours will go on and on and on . . .

We shall walk among lanes with a million stars beneath us spreading like net of burning diamonds over the earth . . . we shall sit on big and heffy clouds and watch below us, this god-given gift of Christmas and listen to their voices singing . . . "Christ the saviour is born, Christ the saviour is born" . . . 'till then, Vic.

Seccion Castellana

Debemos Aprender El Español

por
BIENVENIDA E. YNCLINO

LEYENDO los periodicos de Manila y los locales tanto los editados en inglés como en castellano; podemos ver facilmente la importancia del idioma español.

En primer lugar el relegar al olvido este idioma en nuestra amada Filipinas parece algo contra la lógica porque todos sabemos muy bien que el español es lengua oficial en nuestra patria lo mismo que el inglés.

Una vez lei en el Free Press que el español era una lengua muerta en Filipinas. Es verdad que ha perdido mucha importancia para algunos esa lengua pero ningún buen filipino puede considerarlo así, pues nuestro heroe el Doctor Jose Rizal immortalizó el idioma de Cervantes para los filipinos, al legarnos sus obras escritas en castellano. Y si queremos comprender bien los escritos de Rizal, nuestro heroe, debemos aprender el castellano pues sabido es que todas las obras aun las mas perfectamente traducidas pierden mucho en su verdadero sentido ya que en todos los idiomas existen ciertas formas de expresión que son casi imposibles de traducir con exactitud a otras idiomas.

Hace casi dos años recuerdo que en al celebración de la semana de español que nuestro Muy Rdo. Padre Rector dirigiéndose a nosotros en correcto castellano nos dijo que cada lengua que se posee añade una nueva personalidad al individuo.

Nosotros los estudiantes que estamos especializándonos en esta asignatura comprendemos ya la importancia de su estudio, pues ahora podemos ya comprender lo que leemos y podemos entender tambien algunas radio difusiones en español.

El idioma de las Republicas Hispano Americanas, es el español y nosotros los filipinos no debemos ignorar que en las republicas sud-americanas nos consideran como Republica hermana por haber

recibido como ellas la cultura occidental de la madre España, en esas republicas repilo hay grandes riquezas por explotar tanto agricolas como minerales y eso ha sido visto y comprendido por los Estados Unidos, y desde el año 1938 se despecto en Norte America el deseo, la ansia, de aprender el español, que les capacitará para estrechar relaciones comerciales con las republicas sud-americanas; y por eso en Norte America no hay escuela ni universidad en los que no se enseñe el español.

Nuestro mismo gobierno comprendiendo que el idioma español siendo lengua oficial en Filipinas iba olvidandose entre la juventud aprobo la ley presentado del difunto senador D. Vicente Sotto cuya ley hace obligatoria la enseñanza en las Escuelas de Segunda Enseñanza en Filipinas. Y el año pasado el Sr. Mañalona logro que se aprobara el que todas las carreras que comprendan cuatro años de estudio deben tener 12 unidades en el idioma castellano.

Estas dos leyes puestas en vigor han dado impulso al movimiento de los Hispanistas Filipinos para revivir en nuestra patria la lengua de Cervantes, lengua en la que se expresaron y escribieron nuestros heroes y en la que se expresan y escriben la mayoría de nuestros prohombres.

Hay algo más todavía que debe hacernos comprender la importancia de la lengua española. Según datos recogidos en Norte America y de varias estadísticas el 38 por ciento de la población mundial habla el español. El español se usa en las actas y deliberaciones de las Naciones Unidas y La Santa Sede ha hecho una singularísima distinción al español reconociéndolo como lengua oficial en el Vaticano en los asuntos de canonización y beatificación.

¡Que aureola más hermosa la del idioma español! Ese idioma lleva a sus colonias la fé, la religión católica, y con ella la elevación moral y la cultura de occidente. Y nosotros no queremos que este lenguaje vaya a desaparecer de nuestro país. Debemos aprender el español para nuestro progreso, y nuestro bienestar. ¡Quien sabe lo que tiene reservado el futuro para los que hablen el lenguaje español!

Necesidad de Conocer Nuestra Vocación . . .

MARIA ROSA era la tercera hija de un matrimonio felicísimo que vivía en un pueblo de Negros en donde tenían una hacienda de coco y caña. Debido a ello y queriendo este matrimonio dar buena educación a sus hijos, los tenían internados en uno de las mejores colegios de la capital de Negros.

Maria Rosa entro en el internado a la edad de cinco años, y allí, era al principio, como el juguete de las niñas mayores y también de las madres, que velan en la niña una futura religiosa, porque la nueva interna demostraba gran interés en todo lo que inspira piedad y veneración a Dios y a sus santos.

Era por decirlo así el reverso de su hermana mayor Claudia que entro de interna a los diez años, el poco de nacer. Ma. Rosa, pero nunca demostro afición particular por ninguna madre y aunque su conducta era irrepachable, se mostraba siempre fría y retraída con las madres a las que respetaba y apreciaba, pero con ciertas reservas.

Al cumplir Ma. Rosa los cinco años estaba ya Claudia terminando sus estudios y por eso decidieron los padres de Ma. Rosa que entrase de interna a tan tierna edad, para que el cariño de su hermana mayor le hiciera mas llevadera la vida en el convento.

Después de un par de meses en el Colegio, era de ver lo mucho que la pequeña Ma. Rosa había conquistado y vencido en la severidad de las madres. Ma. Rosa tenía toda clase de privilegios que ella misma se había concedido. Ella iba y venía por los pasillos del colegio charlando con una y otra madre que solía encontrar, sin temor a ser reprendida.

Un día viendo a una madre que estaba en el jardín talarando una canción con un papel de música en la mano, Ma. Rosa se acercó a ella y siguiendo la tonada de la religiosa se puso en la falda de la misma diciendole con cariño, "Madre me gusta tu canción enséñame a cantar como cantan las monjas." La religiosa se echó a reír y le enseñó a cantar un villancico quedando sorprendida de la voz de la pequeña, pues así solían llamarla las madres. Y Ma. Rosa fue desde ese día admitida en el coro del colegio.

MARIA

Por BRAULIA G. DE MORALES

Era el día de Noche Buena y las internas debían salir del colegio después de la "Misa del Gallo." Los padres de Claudia y Ma. Rosa habían escrito a la superiora para que permitiese que Ma. Rosa fuese a casa antes de Noche Buena, debido a su corta edad, pero no fue posible convencer a la niña porque aquella noche iba a tener su "debut" como cantora y solista especial del Niño Jesús. Los padres de las internas y las madres quedaron sorprendidos de la voz de aquella niña y al terminar la misa iba la chiquilla de brazo en brazo recibiendo las felicitaciones de todos, riendo y diciendo, ¡Pero si es tan bonito cantar!

Claudia dijo a sus padres que aquella voz era un tesoro y no debía dejarse cantar a todas horas como le jetaban las madres y Ma. Rosa le dijo — Claudia eso me gusta mucho y dice la Madre Rosa que Dios me ha dado y debo emplearlo para Dios... quiero ser monja!

Todos se rieron de la ocurrencia y nadie dio importancia a las palabras de la niña.

Así pasaron los años de su infancia y cuando llevo a la adolescencia su voz iba aumentando y su gusto por el canto crecía de día en día. Tanto que sus padres decidieron Mandarla a Italia con su hermano mayor para que allí estudiase bien el canto. Esto agrado mucho a Ma. Rosa y lo comunico con gran emoción a su querida maestra de canto la Madre Rosa que al oírle le dijo "Eres muy niña todavía, solo tienes 15 años; ¡Pe acuérdas que cuando eras niña decías siempre 'yo seré monja y empearé mi voz para cantar los alabanzas de mi Dios? Estas palabras hicieran sus efectos en el alma impresionable de Ma. Rosa, y pocos días después les decía a sus padres que ya no sentía desos de ir a Italia y les comunico que terminaría sus estudios y profesaría en el convento de las madres que la habían educado.

Todos comprendían que no era esa la verdadera vocación de Ma.

Rosa pues tenía gran afición al canto de opera. ¡Había que verla cuando escuchaba por la radio las operas de París o de Londres.

No obstante a pesar de todo, entre en el noviciado a los 16 años. Los dos primeros años fue la jovencita recibiendo poco a poco su salud, su espíritu apasionado se encontró perdido entre nuevas madres para les que no era la Ma.

ROSA

Rosa querida del colegio, su vocación no era el convento pero ella creía que lo era y seguía consumiéndose sin decir nada. Al empezar el tercer año de noviciado el Obispo de la diócesis visito el convento y notando la delgadez y palidez de la novicia dijo a la Madre Priora "esa joven novicia esta enferma que dice el medico?"

¡Enferma nunca ha estado en la enfermería. Monseñor, solo se que esta inapetente — Pues yo aconsejo a la Madre Priora que la haga visitar por el doctor repuso el Señor Obispo.

La Madre Priora siguió el consejo y la hizo visitar por el doctor el cual ordeno en seguida que la joven novicia fuera llevada a su casa, para reponerse pues su estado de anemia era tan avanzado que no podía llevar la vida religiosa.

Cuando Ma. Rosa oyo esto pidio que le dejasen ver al Sr. Obispo a quien la novicia le rogo y suplico que la dejasen quedar en el convento que ella haría cuanto le mandasen para recobrar la salud.

El Sr. Obispo con paternal cariño le dijo. ¡No te alijias hija mía — a Dios puedes servirle con tu voz en todas partes pero el claustro no es tu vocación — Voy a hacerte una sola pregunta y espero que contestes a ella con toda franqueza — Te sientes feliz aquí— Ma. Rosa bajo los ojos y dijo muy bajo muy bajo, "No Monseñor esto no es para mí lo que yo creía" — Muy bien hija mía. Mañana estaras en tu casa y cuidate para que puedes usar de tu voz para el bien de tu prolejo y servicio de Dios.

(Continúa en la página 35)

The Return

(Continued from page 37)

His thin lips quivered. Finally he spoke, his eyes averted. "That's what I came here for Iya Soling," he said slowly. "You see, Nito died while fighting at the Korea battle front a week or so ago. He was hit on the forehead."

"Juanito? Dead?" she stammered. "But surely you're joking, Nene. It isn't true at all. Tell me it isn't true!"

Nene did not utter a word. He just cast his eyes on the floor.

"Then it's-it's true!" she gasped. "But it can't be! It just can't be! It isn't possible!" she laughed hysterically. "Why, only this morning he... he..." The words choked within her. She could not speak. A week or so ago? No! That doesn't seem possible. It's too fantastical. Things like that don't happen. But that scar! That little round scar on his forehead! Could it be...? A million things were whirling madly through her brain. And she just stood there, staring blankly before her with unseeing eyes.

Was it all just a nightmare? A fleeting illusion which her own mind cruelly contrived for her? No! It could not have been an illusion. Or a nightmare. It was real. And Iya Soling lifted her trembling hands to her face and felt — no not only weak, stubborn tears — she felt the lingering warmth of his kiss. Juanito's kiss.

Outside a cool breeze was blowing. The multi-colored paper lantern swayed gently while strains of dreamy carol music drifted slowly from the house across the street.

What is Russian . . .

(Continued from page 14)

"Food and clothing," writes W. L. White, "in both places (the Soviet Union and the Kansas State penitentiary) are about the same, maybe a little better in Lansing. But should my Kansas friend decide that his penitentiary was not well run, and express the hope that there might be a change of wardens, he would run no danger of being shot if he were overheard by a stool pigeon."

On Da Level

(Continued from page 34)

It's been said of us, unkindly no doubt, but truthfully nonetheless, that we're committing infractions on the conventions of grammar. Well, it's one he^{re} of a good business we are doing too, except that it gets tough sometimes trying to hide the body of the grammatical crime from snub-nosed, beery teachers who charge us with neglecting our education. But for the lark of it, we shall pass on this classic to you: A downtown restaurant gives this instruction to all customers who have a passion for telephone tete-a-tete — "Caller are advise not to use Telephone for a long time and for love affair . . ."

Well, whadd'ya know? The management, apart from "queering" the English, has also auspiciously endeavored to expose the insidious machinations of Love which invades even a place dedicated to purely culinary services. Ah, love . . . hang! We serenaded the wrong house!

● We distinctly remember that the Deans' Offices were provided with telephones last semester. Matter of fact, there was a phone in Fr. Schoenig's cubbyhole where we are squatting but next time we dropped in to arrange our application for removal exams, the phone went bye-bye.

● The USC Lex Circle is an immaculate, first-rate tiasco because the Prexy cannot enlist the support of the Juniors and Seniors. Of course, nobody expects it to be a successful smackerone — not with half of the Law denizens having turned sour on the idea of receiving orders. It may be recalled that Expedito Bugarin won two times over the aging candidate preened by the Junior-Senior camp. The high-priests, however, did not like the tang of defeat and they did not particularly relish the disintegration of a tradition from you-know-when. So they tucked in their hauteur and started whipping up a campaign of disobedience. Along that line, efforts to discredit the President of the Lex have proved successful because Bugarin cannot even get a receptive nod from the Law faculty. Beyond that lies the indestructible fact that Bugarin is a leader and a level-headed gentleman who, if not hamstrung, will go places with the organization. Why not give the guy a chance and prove us wew?

● Neighbor, what's on your mind? If you've sumphin' to say about the Carolinian, the Administration, the University policies, the campus or any dangid thing you wanna make something out of, go ahead and shoot! Tell it to us and we'll give it space in this mog. Why not try writing with us, huh? Everytime the deadline's set, the editor gets a beautiful species of desperation, frisking us for articles and hoping that you too, will respond with a snowball of literary lulus. The few contributors who have given us their manuscripts are making a good job and we suitly wish you'd follow suit. Only please don't come up with an essay on how to mix cocktails or how to open beer bottles with school buckles. We'll do that without outside assistance.

Every Inch a Champion

(Continued from page 36)

further outscored by seven points which gave USC its first lead for the evening.

In the last twenty seconds before final buzzer the tide turned. The Panthers roared in four points ahead. The crowd in the benches moved forward, craned their necks. The Carolinian spectators held their breath. The Warriors worked. Then it happened.

When Dionaldo failed to make good his lay-up after a perfect interception, Morilla made a neat tap in and cut the lead down to a thin two points, 58-60. Dionaldo featured again when he intercepted a fatal pass by Skipper Luna of the Panthers. Dionaldo lobbed the bouncer to Sagardui waiting under-

basket. Sagardui succeeded. The crowd gasped for a split second then broke out with a heart-rending wow. The miracle had happened. The team made four points in the last fifteen seconds of play. The score tied at 60 with two seconds left to play.

Well, the rest of the story glissens in the crown we won. The final tab was 66-64. Seven straight wins and a tie.

And that does it. The story of a team of champion calibre.

Remember this. The next guy you'll brush elbows with along the corridors could be one of the boys. He deserves a kind word. You'll know him. He's every inch a champion.



Mrs. Bernardita B. Valenzuela

MRS. BERNARDITA B. VALENZUELA took an active hand in inspiring the inception of the USC Kappa Lambda Sigma sorority. The successes the sorority has made, and their worthwhile projects (raising funds for the Missions, old cloths donations, ten-centavo drive for the poor), are largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Valenzuela, sorority brain-trust. For this, she has elicited the praise of no less a personality than the Rector.

In class, she is an inspiring marm, and during her college days, she was a topnotch scholar. She graduated valedictorian from high school, and wound up his Ph. B. studies as magna cum laude in U.S.T.

Speaking of the FACULTY...

ATTY. CATALINO DORONIO created quite a stir last Sunday, November 30th, when the first annual oratorical contest, sponsored by the Pre-Law Class Organization, took to the campus spotlight. Atty. Doronio was behind all this and we think he deserves a loud applause.

We've always known this lawyer to be a bright one—in court, in class, at home. In fact, he has always rated tops since he first opened a book. He graduated salutarian from the elementary grades, and magna cum laude when he obtained his A.B. degree.

—BDC

Atty. Catalino Doronio



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