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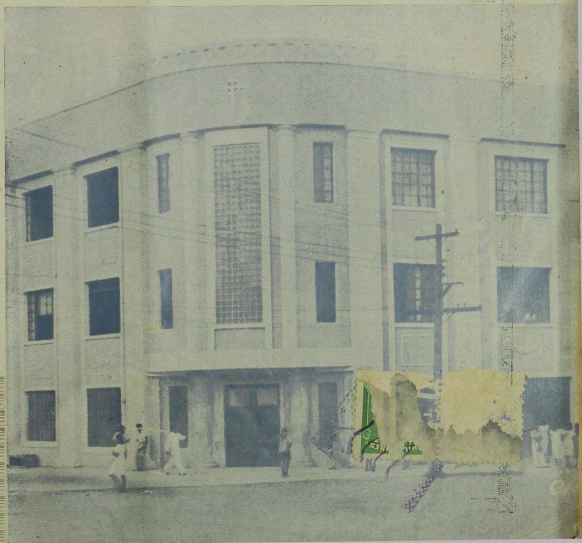
CAROLINIAN

USC MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1949

VOL. XIII-NO. II

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**THIS SIDE
OF THE
ARTICULATE**

By J. N. LIM

As befits a university magazine, the *Carolinian* chooses with an acutely discerning eye what goes into its pages. We carmark (with the best intentions) what we believe—and hope—are of merit and value. In their own way and fashion, the writers we publish on our pages are persons of academic achievement (be it ever be so humble); ergo, the pieces these persons write are of academic achievement (be it ever be so humble, you remember, and in their own way and fashion.)

In this issue, we present with commendation more than one *pièce de résistance*.

The *SVD Story*, written by Lily Kintanar who knows whereof she writes, is one that every *Carolinian* should not miss to read. He who has eyes to read let him not deprive himself to know about the formidable background of the Society under whose apostolic members we imbibe the true and real aim of education.

Essayed by a *Carolinian* of long-standing, SNLim's "For Whom the Wheels Roll" may sound like a parody on the metaphysical poet John Donne but the similarity stops there. The piece is by no means didactic, on the contrary it bespeaks a gay-and-lighthearted spirit full of wholesome humor. After reading it, riding on one of the innumerable jeepneys becomes an interesting adventure. An adventure into an understanding and sympathy for the common "tao", them of the democracy of the *hoi polloi*.

Another *pièce de résistance* we offer is "The Upreaching" by D. los Santos erstwhile of the "Sillimanian". Written in a subjective vein, there is a psychic vigor in the protagonist's memory back to his early idealism then to his early youth's struggle on to the point when success is in sight but with it, too, that idealism is in jeopardy. Will he forfeit it or will he forego that success so near and yet so ethically questionable?

A civic-conscious young lady raises the highly pertinent question of whether to vote or not to vote. This being election year and November just around the corner, every citizen should follow suit in this question. Ordinarily, as a matter of duty, there ought not to be any negative dilemma.

An avoirdupois-conscious young lady, on the other hand, raises the age-old fe-

(Cont. on page 4)

**THE
CAROLINIAN**
OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

Published
in
Cebu City
Philippines

In
A
Nutshell

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REV. FR. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, SVD
Moderator

- * THE SVD STORY 6
By Lily Kintanar
- * STORM OVER CHINA 9
By Fr. E. Norton, SVD as told to Aristoteles Briones
- * FR. RECTOR ON THE STUDY OF LAW 11
By Emilio Aller
- * HOLD EVERYTHIN! 10
By Ismael Leyva
- * FOR WHOM THE WHEELS ROLL 20
By Socorro Lim
- * PINK LACE 8
By Carmen Rodil
- * THE UPREACHING 12
By Dolores de los Santos
- * WHAT'S CEASAR'S AND GOD'S 5
By NGR
- * LA COBARDIA ES EL MOVIL 24
Por Luis Eugenio
- * ENTRE EL ALUMNO SABIO Y EL PRACTICO—por NGR 24
- * LA PEDAGOGIA NOBLE... Y MAL COMPRENDIDA por Rafael Guanzone 25
- * DE PROFUNDIS 25
Por Sentido Ayrado

Departments

- * THIS SIDE OF THE ARTICULATE .. 3
By JNLim
- * CAROLINIANA 4
- * CAROLINIAN MOUTHFUL 4
- * CAMPUSCOOP 13-16
- * POETRY 22

Caroliniana

It was as if Carolinians could not show enough of their affections. Parties and speeches followed hard upon each other. Father Ernest Hoerdemann was leaving for an educational tour of the United States but the constant demand for his presence at the innumerable gatherings in his honor was a veritable *tour de force*.

Crowded into three busy, fervor-permeated days were:

A banquet tendered by the Faculty Club which was very well attended.

A dinner given by the high-school teachers.

A square affair sponsored by the Lex Circle.

Luncheon with the members of the Student Council.

A special pass-in review of the University's ROTC. Prior to the review the cadets turned out in full regalia and lined the street where Father Hoerdemann, the Reverend Rector, and members of the community, passed to enter the University grounds.

A heart-warming program given by the student body.

At the airport next day, never were there so many well-wishers as at this particular departure of Father Hoerdemann. Even in his busy-ness in Manila, Father Hoerdemann did not forget us. (Follows the letter to the Faculty, Mr. Faigao has given permission to print it in full)

September 2, 1949

Dear Mr. Faigao

Dear Faculty Members:

I am very sorry that the final leave-taking in Cebu Airport had to come so suddenly. I did not even shake hands with some who had been waiting for it. When the final announcement came to get ready for 11:30 plane, I started the final hand-shaking, but I did not get far and my eyes went black that I forgot everything, ashamed of my "eyes". May this serve as the final handshake for all who missed it. Tomorrow, Sunday, I am going to see the N.C.A.A. opening games. How I got a ticket is a secret.

My papers are all in order. Only the planes are all booked until September 14. Luckily I got a reservation in Cebu for Sept. 7, Wed. 5:00 P.M. I shall be flying. Many thanks to all once more and the fondest memories will accompany me on my trip until we meet again.

Greetings and love to all.

Was ever an honored one so worthy!

Carolinian Mouthful

CORNELIO FAIGAO: (At a program, the dark witty English instructor exceeded) "Rumor has it that I am the most colorful man in USC. You can see that I am."

REV. FR. RECTOR: (At the Lex Circle elections) "You are here to learn the law not to go around it."

HON. MANUEL ZOSA: (Law dean after hearing Fr. Rector's speech before the law students.) "Fr. Rector is a lawyer at heart."

ALFONSO DALOPE: (After taking the second year law finals) "I am smelling the bar."

REV. FR. LUIS E. SCHONFELD: (Arriving at USC to stay after long absence) "I'm home."

REV. FR. E. NORTON: (An arrival from China) "The Reds hated most the Americans and Catholics. We (SVD staff at Fu Jen University) were two enemies of Communism rolled into one."

LEONOR BORROMEO: (To a noisy student) "When you talk, shut your mouth up."

JESUS GARCIA: (Law professor explaining trademark & patent) "Coca-Cola sued Pepsi-Cola for assuming the name Cola but lost the case. That's why people are taking liberties with the Cola trademark such as the Zimba-Kola, apalachicola, etc."

JUAN YAP: (Candidate for congressman and USC commercial law professor, when Dean Zosa, another candidate, took him by the arm) "I hope victory is contagious."

CARMEN RODIL: (In a campaign speech for Council Prexy Simeon Alvarez) "Last but not least, he is a good husband."

"Carolinian Mouthful" is going to be a regular department. Contributions are welcome.

THIS SIDE OF THE...

(Continued from page 3)

mine question of whether to diet or not to. In the process she whips up a lot of chuckles. There is writing talent behind these parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy.

One cannot, must not, afford to miss Fr. Norton's first-hand, eye-witness account of the present sweeping "Storm Over China". The catastrophe that is befalling our fellow human beings there is no small concern of ours. More than ever the truth from John Donne's famous line: "No man is an island, entire of itself;... any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind;..." comes home with realistic impact.

In connection with the idea of death diminishing humankind, we note the loss for education and literature with the recent passing away of Eduard Les Thordyke, pioneer in educational psychology, of the Catholic writer and Nobel Prize-winner the Norwegian Sigrid Undset; and of the author of the bestselling "Gone With the Wind" Margaret Mitchell whose death has not only deprived the world of a powerful wielder of words but has also provided a succinct lesson for carefulness & safety in driving — she was struck down by a motorist.

Again the truth: "...any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind..."

e d i t o r i a l * p a g e

WHAT'S CEASAR'S AND GOD'S

Ever since Democracy struck roots in this side of the earth, the fellow who comes along peddling ideas like religion in the classroom is bound to get a hot potato tossed in his direction. Last time a bill was pushed through calling for religious instructions in the school curriculum, some quarters raised a whale of a rumpus the President had to write it off, hastily shelving it for the dust and moths.

Our erudite policymakers in the education department had since been given to chest-thumping, proclaiming themselves champions of religious freedom. They celebrated the presidential stand as a victory not only of up-to-date educational trends but also of democracy, principally. Between that time and now, both congressmen and educators had kept a safe distance from the explosive topic as they would from a live wire.

But somewhere in the course of the controversy they picked up a rousing battle-cry—a bit too overworked now it is wearing our ears ragged: Anti-constitutional. It seems that in the constitution they found a handy argument against all catechism in school. Enlarging on the constitution provision that rules out establishment of a state religion, they went lengths to wind up with a momentous conclusion that religion in public classroom is a violation of the constitutional guaranty and of the principle of the state-church separation. From here on, all attempts to revive the controversial issue would send them scampering behind the impregnable constitutional rock from where they carry on their counter-attack punctuated with solemn invocations of democracy and constitutional rights.

Now that the dust had settled it is possible to review the issues with a more or less clear, unclouded eye. And we choose not to pass up the chance. Last week the Costa Rican Congress noted Catholicism their state religion. Earlier, in the United States Cardinal Spellman and Mrs. F. Roosevelt exchanged lively language on a kindred issue that instantly touched off a nationwide commotion. But there really are more excuses for opening anew this subject.

"Our difficulty is the difficulty of the human spirit," observed a European philosopher. That seems to be our difficulty here too, in these days when moral values are on the skid. There is no point at all in ripping up old wounds unless they are of the malignant type that look beautiful and whole on the outside but full of pus under a surface of skin. No good doctor will spare the scalpel, either.

Let us take their first argument: religious freedom. Just what is religious freedom and what would amount to an infringement of the same? If we have to capture the spirit and the intention of the framers of the constitution, the religious freedom clause was not meant to foster multiplicity of religious beliefs. It merely defines the individual's right to worship his own God, the way he chooses, free from any interference. Certainly, to bring religion to the masses is not to shac-

kle religious thought or worship, much less an invasion on any constitutional guaranty. On the other hand to deny 95% of our population the knowledge of their own religion just because the remaining 5% may not profit from it or may not be equally served would look more like the violation they were looking for. An appropriate comeback for the inokers of the constitution may be boiled down to this: "If making religion available to the people is not religious freedom, what is?"

Next there is the isolationists' hullabaloo about the hands-off policy between state and church. This doctrine is one of the relics of the original patchwork of democracy, handed down across centuries, so that by the time it reaches us it is already creaking with age. Like all other forms of isolationism, this separation concept is a gone and exploded doctrine. It fell apart with the blasting of absolute nationalism, and the desintegration of the absolute separation theory of the three branches of government.

In the postwar world, these theories do not exist outside of political books, because they could not stand the test of actuality. Between state and church, there cannot be any absolute independence anymore than there can be between one nation and the rest of nations, or between legislature and supreme court. The state is essentially composed of people and the people are essentially of body and soul. The state can no more exist without the people than the people apart from their souls.

Even if we have to drag in the technicalities of law, the teaching of the school-children's own religion cannot be an infringement on a law that merely prohibits the establishment of a state religion. Interpreting the provision against the historical backdrop of intense religious bigotry prevalent when it was formulated, its original framers could not have contemplated other than the protection against the forcing of a religious creed down one's throat. It is a bit farfetched here, because what we contemplate now—and in fact was proposed once—involves no compulsion of any sort.

It is unfortunate that our enormous capacity to copy everything stateside is not tempered with a corresponding sense of proportion. In a country like the U.S.A. where there are as many religious beliefs as there are chapels, a law or an interpretation of a law strictly eliminating religion from the classroom may be justified, or at least understandable. But in our country 95% of whose inhabitants are of one belief, the same law, especially if borrowed from the Americans, would be a monumental stupidity.

But the bitterest jest of all is that in our public schools our school-children are taught about all things on earth—below and above it, except the One Who created them. All told, we stuff their brains, fill their stomachs but starve their souls.

By Lily KINTANAR

The star-studded story of a bustling missionary society that grows by leaps and bounds.

THE S. V. D. STORY

People who have a yen for the dramatic and the phenomenal will soon have to keep their eyes peeled to a superb missionary organization of the Church, the world-wide Society of the Divine Word (S.V.D.), from its Latin title, Societas Verbi Divini.) This fast growing modern international Catholic organization that has been carrying the Gospel of Christ to the most far-flung and barbarous pagan lands is barely seventy-five years young. Its members, some five thousand strong, are found working in twenty-one different countries of the world. These soldiers of God who have forsaken all — home, family, and native land — have joined forces to keep the good fight for the preservation of world peace and the enthronement of the Eternal Truth in the hearts of all men.

On September, 8, 1875, the Society of the Divine Word was born. Amidst a critical Church crisis, it was founded by the Servant of God, Father Arnold Janssen, in the tiny hamlet of Steyl, Holland. Seventy-five years ago, the Church of Christ suffered a bitter and systematic persecution. Things were on the brink of collapse. The spiritual sons and daughters of God groaned under the iron fist of Bismarck. Several soldiers of Christ were removed from the outfits,

imprisoned. Playing his last trump card with fingers crossed, Father Arnold Janssen girded himself up for a last ditch fight against this crisis. In spite of vehement skepticism of the Archbishop of Cologne on the unfolding of his mammoth plan, this courageous shepherd shook the Catholic world on its feet with these three short words, "Found one yourself!" These words which had been challenging his soul for a year gave rise to a dream come true. Coming out victorious thru his tireless effort, Father Janssen dedicated a tiny inn on the banks of the Meuse for the high purpose of training priests for foreign missions.

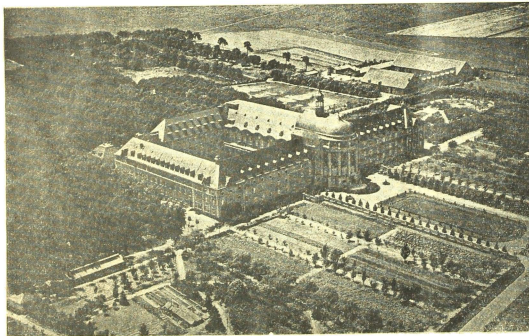
The birthplace at Steyl quickly grew from a few rooms sheltering twenty members to one of the largest and busiest missionary centers of the World. In later decades, flourishing mission seminaries spread to various parts of Europe and the rest of the world. Thirty years after the establishment of the first foundation at Steyl, the S.V.D. reached North American shores. Even as early as 1889 the first members of the newly established S.V.D. already set foot on Argentinean lands, in South America. Hundreds, nay, thousands of hand-picked men, properly prepared for foreign mis-

sions, were sent to forbidding missionary countries of Africa, China, and Japan, where they labored with great zeal and patience. Coming down to the balmy breezes at the tropical Islands of the South Seas — the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, and New Guinea — the Society found rich and flourishing fields for the accomplishment of their apostolic missions.

The first members of the Society of the Divine Word came to the Philippines in 1911. They came at the invitation of the Bishop of Vigan, Ilocos Sur, to work in Abra. In later years as more S.V.D. Fathers arrived from Europe, the United States, and Argentina, parishes were taken by the zealous missionaries in Zambales, Mindoro, and Cagayan. The S.V.D. kept its steady march as the direction of various Diocesan seminaries, wherein are trained the future members of the secular clergy, was entrusted to the Society in Vigan, Binnamaly, and Tansuan (Leyte). The Society opened about fifteen years ago, its own Seminary, Christ the King Seminary at Quezon city in its desire to share with Filipino youths the work in the Lord's vineyard.

With the main aim to develop healthy, vigorous, and zealous clergymen for the propagation of the faith in pagan lands, the Society keeps a crowded program. The Society cares for poor and neglected parishes, conducts parish missions, carries on scientific research, conducts annual retreats for the laity, promotes the apostolate of the press, establishes and directs elementary schools, high schools, colleges, and universities.

One of the staunchest defenders of the Church of God is the S.V.D. printing press. The Society's first press was operated a few weeks after its founding through the initiative of its founder. In time the Steyl Mission Press became one of the greatest publishing houses of Europe. Simultaneously another was established at St. Gabriel's, near Vienna, and others in Argentina, in the United States, Brazil, Philippines, and in practically all the Missions where the S.V.D. apostles labored. The S.V.D. manages the Catholic Trade School, in Manila, which is one of the busiest publishing houses in the Philippines. It takes especial pride of having furnished the first paper to General MacArthur for the signing of Japan's unconditional surrender. Through the me-



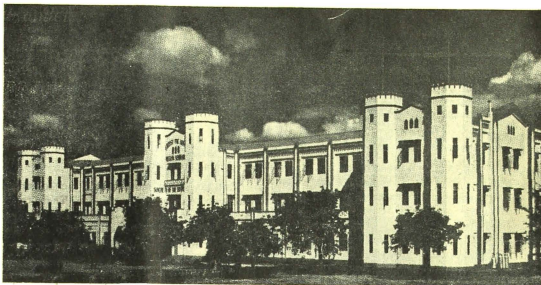
ST. AUGUSTINE'S MISSION SEMINARY, near Driburg, Germany. The second largest SVD center for philosophical and theological study.

dium of the press, then, the Society has un-
failingly upheld the zealous tradition of
its Founder by taking a large share of the
foreign missions and stirring the interest
of millions of readers to all things Catholic.
Leaning on the belief that religion is the
mother of knowledge and that all true
knowledge leads to God, the Society has
ventured forth in the educational fields.
Everywhere throughout the world, this glo-
rious band of noble-minded men has opened
schools, ranging all the way from tiny
kindergarten schools to graduate studies.
Eager to offer the Catholic youths the op-
portunity of a well-rounded Catholic edu-
cation, the Society is ever on the lookout
for new educational sites.

The Society of the Divine Word has es-
tablished three great universities in the Far
Far East: the Catholic University of Pe-
kin, the Catholic University of Nagoya, in
Japan, and the University of San Carlos,
Cebu City, Philippines. The presence of a
great Catholic University in the heart of
ancient China is a great surprise. Fu Jen,
as the Chinese know it, was pioneered by
the Benedictine Fathers and later on en-
trusted to the Society of the Divine Word
by the Holy See in 1933. The Catholic
University of Peking is one of the Society's
major responsibilities, because of the im-
portant role it is playing in the conversion
of war-torn Communist China. The Ca-
tholic University of Nagoya, Japan, is the
newest and youngest of the S.V.D. univer-
sities. It was originally established as a
high school, shortly before the war, and
right after the war it re-opened with a
great bang and grew so rapidly and in such
great proportions that soon it was made
into a college and in May, 1949, it was al-
ready converted into a University, after
a European style. It has won tremendous
prestige and boasts of having amongst its
professors some of the best of the old Im-
perial University of Kyoto.

The University of San Carlos in Cebu has
been established in the sixteenth century,
and it was committed to the Society's care
only in recent years (1934-35) with only
300 students. During the war, it was blown
to smithereens by American bombers; but
the untold efforts and the ingenuity for
planning of the S.V.D. Fathers have re-
habilitated it and now it stands more im-
pressive than ever with a population of
6062 students. Elsewhere in the Philippines,
in Japan, in Africa, in Argentina, Brazil,
and in Chile, educational institutions are
placed in charge of the Divine Word Fa-
thers.

Seventy four years ago, the little seed
that brought forth a great oak found its
fertile berth in Holland. Seventy four
years later, the spiritual, heroic sons of
Father Arnold Janssen are to be found on
every continent and in many islands in
the Pacific. They have preachers, writ-
ters, scientists, teachers, and always first



*CHRIST THE KING MISSION SEMINARY, at Quezon City, P.I., Head-
quarters of SVD in the Philippines.*

and foremost, the missionaries, and the
Brothers of the Society.
They include men of every color, culture,
and tongue.

A glance at the following general SVD
statistics reveals the power and assistance
of the Holy Spirit in the growth of the So-
ciety:

- 1 Cardinal
- 2 Archbishops
- 11 Bishops
- 5 Prefects Apostolic
- 2131 Priests
- 546 Scholastics
- 1174 Brothers
- 457 Novices
- 2431 Students

SVD Statistics in the Philippines:

Members:

Prefect Apostolic	1
Priests	160

Clerical Novices	14
Scholastics	8
Brothers	14
Brother Novices	1
Students	40

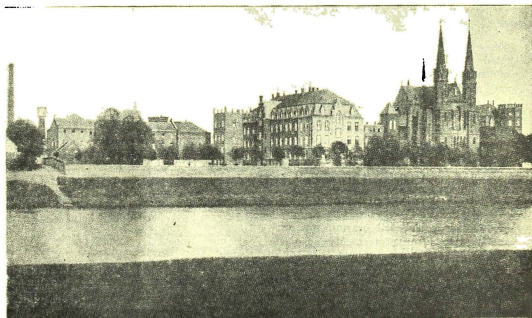
Schools:

Seminaries	4
University	1
Colleges	5
High School	17
Elementary Schools	4

Parishes:

Abra	12
Mindoro	11
Zambales	9
Agayan	5
Binnaley	1
Manila	1
Quezon City	1

Total 40



*ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION HOUSE AT STEYL, HOLLAND. The first
SVD home founded by Father A. JANSSEN.*

Pink Lace

By Carmen F. Rodil

She was a simpering, meddling fool of a nurse and Pilar wanted to scratch her eyes out when.....

I was crying when Mother left. It was getting dark and so she had to hurry home to attend to my younger sisters. The operation was not really so painful. But I just cried because somehow it eased me up. It has been a habit with me to cry and then feel good and whole after it.

"You don't have to cry now, Pilar" my mother said. "It's all over now. The doctor said you will be all right. I will come back tomorrow and I will bring Dodong with me. If anything hurts and pains, just ring the bell and the nurse will come."

Then she left a kiss on my forehead and closed the door silently behind her.

"Was that your mother?" the nurse asked me.

"Yes," I answered weakly.
"She is still young. How old is she?" the nurse inquired.

I really didn't know the age of my mother. But I knew she passed her 40th year already because I remembered the big birthday party she gave when I was in the fifth grade and I was allowed to invite my teacher who gave me very good grades after that.

"She must be over forty now," I told the nurse.

"But she looks very young. She is pretty too. She must have been prettier when she was younger."

I didn't continue with her because I didn't like to talk so much. Talking irritated my bleeding nose. The gauze on my nose was already soaked with blood and needed change. I wanted the nurse to see it, so she would stop her idle talk. I wanted her to know I was not good to talk to. That I was lousy in conversation.

"Does your mother cook well?" the nurse continued impertinently.

I did not answer. I even turned my face towards the wall. What was it to her, if my mother cooks well or not, my mind answered in silent protest. My nose was bleeding profusely now and it wracked with pain. The pillow sheets were stained with blood.

"You may leave me alone," I told the nurse and I kept my voice even and gentle so as not to betray my irritation. I wanted to spare her the knowledge of my

developing temper.

"But no. Your mother told me to stay with you. As near as possible." Then trying to evade what I told her she continued—"Was it your mother who sewed that nice night gown you have on? I like the lace on the breast. Soft and pink—oh! just the pink I'd love." Then she bended over me and touched the lace and passed her fingers on its edges. She flapped it and turned it on its wrong side and then allowed her fingers to remain for sometime on the lace, toying with it.

I was getting feverish and dizzy. The wind entering the open window was cold and chilly. I could feel my breath coming hot and fast.

"I guess I have a fever," I told the nurse.

"Oh, that's always the case after an operation. The patient develops fevers. But that will pass." And there was a flat unconcerned tone in her voice that filled me with dislike for her. This darn nurse. I thought. What is she here for? If I were strong enough now, I'd like to give her a piece of any mind that will make her efficient.

"You know I like your mother," she started up again. She must be good and gentle." Then as if talking to herself, her voice became soft and low. "Yes, I know your mother must be good. I can see it in her face and her smile. In the gracious way she moves, in the delicate way she patted your head and passed her fingers through your hair."

Blood was running from my nose now as the gauze over it was very much soaked and could no longer contain the flow. I extended my tired arms to reach a small towel and wiped the right corners of my mouth and neck which were wet with blood. I made the wiping look so hard on my part to make the talkative nurse aware I needed her help.

"Your mother reminds me of somebody." And there was a sudden sadness in her voice. "Somebody who sewed me a dress with a soft pink lace just like the one you have on now."

Good heavens, I thought, when will this nurse quit me?

"I don't care if my mother reminds you

of somebody or not. I don't care if you have a dress with a lace like mine." I shouted at the nurse. And there was a savage note in my voice and I knew that was the end of my patience with the nurse. "Can't you see that open window? The cold wind that rushes in and makes me cold?" "Can't you see the blood flowing freely from my nose? The bandage already soaked? Can't you feel the hot breath coming from my mouth and nose. Then I paused for I felt choked and my breathing was no longer spaced. "Can't you see I am sick—sick of you and your idle talking?"

Then everything became dark, and I saw nothing. I was only faintly aware that there were persons around for I heard light footsteps and low whispers. Somebody touched my forehead.

"Are you better now?"

"Yes," I said weakly. I looked up and saw the same nurse. The impertinent one. The window was already closed. There was a new bandage over my nose. A clean towel was spread over the stained pillow sheets. On my forehead was a cold compress.

"Don't move so much. Your fever is high." Then she paused and, took my hands in hers. "You are no longer angry with me?"

I did not answer. I was ashamed of myself. Of what I said to her when I lost my temper.

"You know I was thinking of my own mother" she continued. "Because your mother resembled closely my mother. I am sorry I was careless and thoughtless." And she held my hands even more tightly in hers. "Your mother is coming tomorrow with your younger brother?" she asked.

"Yes". I did not look into her face because I was ashamed I was being rude to her.

"Can I come up and talk to your mother when she comes?"

"Yes." Can't you say nothing — you spoiled fool—I chided myself, except "yes?" So I pretended to be nice and curious to make up for my rudeness. "Do

(Continued on page 20)

STORM OVER CHINA

By Rev. Fr. EDWARD NORTON, S.V.D.
as told to Aristoteles Briones

An on-the-spot report of what goes on inside Red-occupied China, her schools and her people in her hour of crucifixion.

Hardly had the curtains fallen on World War II than I was assigned to Fu Jen University, at Peiping, China, by the Superior General of the Society of the Divine World. In no time I found myself in an Oriental atmosphere, trying to learn and understand Oriental language, culture and their customs. Most of my fellow fathers in the university had stayed there for quite a time before me so that there was little difficulty to fit myself into the Catholic community.

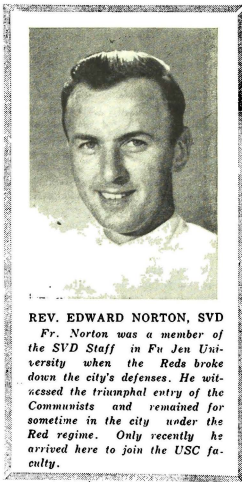
Things were fine then until Communism began its big sweep from the north. Agitators, opportunists, propagandists, the bulk of whom were students sprouted like mushrooms from among citizenry. The majority of them were from the state-financed University of Peking. Of course, there was a sprinkling of Fu Jen University students in their number but they were being closely watched and observed in their every movement. Severe rules and regulations were enforced, curtailing to some extent the spread of Communist propaganda in our school.

You see, the people had a very high regard for their students and scholars. The

agitator-student made capital of this regard and respect. He used and exploited it to further his ends. The people in turn believed him, swallowed his preachings hook, line and sinker. Many became communist overnight or were converted only because of fear.

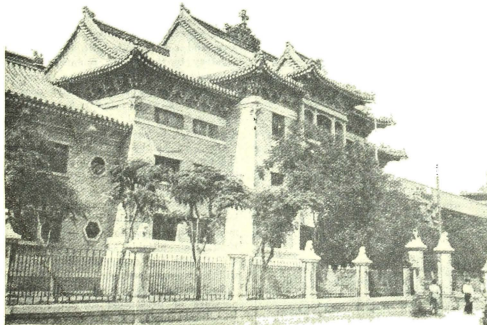
Came the days when the people could not even say the word "Communist" or "Communism" because of fear. Distrust of next fellow was the rule. Fear hang like a pall over the atmosphere. The undercurrent of fear mounted among the inhabitants as the main force of the Communist army neared. Successfully and with expert precision the Communist played on the general moral disintegration; mob violence was frequent, in every instant engineered by a Communist agitator. In other words the stage was set by the communists for their own arrival.

The Nationalist Army couldn't do anything. They didn't offer any resistance when the day came. But before the siege of the city, they constructed all sorts of battlements. The vicinity around was cleared as to offer a good vision of the enemy in case of attack. Shots were fired. But that was before the coming of the Communist armed forces. On the afternoon of



REV. EDWARD NORTON, SVD

Fr. Norton was a member of the SVD Staff in Fu Jen University when the Reds broke down the city's defenses. He witnessed the triumphal entry of the Communists and remained for sometime in the city under the Red regime. Only recently he arrived here to join the USC faculty.



ENTRANCE OF FU JEN UNIVERSITY
The Reds horned in on the SVD Staff

the day before the Commies took over, they made an orderly exit, without having fired a single shot at any Communist soldier. Practically, the Nationalists gave away the city to the enemy. The next day the Communist Army marched in, in good order. The occupation was just as orderly as the exit of the Nationalist forces.

The Chinese-Communist Army which had a liking for the dramatic, called itself the "People's Liberation Army." Liberation, they say, because they came to liberate the people from the tyrannical rule of the Nationalists and also at the same time from American imperialism. Many Japs were among the Communist soldiery.

In the meanwhile, after the officials of the Nationalist government left and vacated their offices and buildings, mob-disorder ensued. Enraged crowds raided public buildings and offices and ripped the furnishings apart. They broke the furni-

(Cont. on page 26)

Hold Everythin'!

(SECOND of a SERIES)

By ISMAEL LEYVA

Our task now is to present the allegedly better and stronger sex in its true light, Homo Sap, you know, has two branches which are complementary although they be at odds many times. We have delineated some characters of the female branch last issue and, in justice to them, we shall present here the seamy side of the male.

Let's take the case of the ordinary "fresh" guy. We are no expert in philology so we can not, for the moment, discuss the origin and derivation of the term, "fresh." Webster, the man who authored the dictionary, is in favor of using that adjective to modify vegetables, meat and other perishables. Its application to the male of the species is a great paradox considering that an opposite term would have been more appropriate, e.g., "rotten."

Fresh guys are a reality, as real as the nose on your face. They are the types who think every girl they meet fall for their glitter, gold and glamour. With this dangerous hallucination imbedded in their feeble minds, they take the license of accosting every beautiful girl they chance to see. An ordinary "fresh" guy gets chummy faster than you can murmur "Jackie Robinson" with a strange girl. In fact, he would be acting as if she had been his kindergarten playmate.

Then there is the sour-passed Romeo who thinks he is a "swoon-idol" to every female. He is not exactly fresh but he is more dangerous and repulsive both to the feminine and masculine. Usually, his intelligence quotient oscillates between that of an ordinary rodent and a white mouse. He is the type to whisper idle gossip which to our mind should never be the preoccupation of real men. Perhaps, it is a touch of inferiority complex that makes him monger in backbiting talk.

From this type let us pass on to consider the society bug who has the personality of a flea on a spree. He gets drunk after a round or two of diluted coke-brandy. He then makes the rounds of the tables convincing everybody he is the most sought after male in the hall. Perhaps he believes himself after several popular girls in the ballroom consent to dance with an inebriated gigolo. But these girls have the good sense to dance with him only once and no more.

There is also that character who is proud of his family tree of which he is

the rotten branch. He would claim to every cynical female that he is an offshoot of the finest hard-wood clan whose roots are in royal soil. But the more he talks about his relations the more it becomes apparent he is no more a regal plant than the common weed. He is rather a tolerable kind because by his own admission he is no good were it not for his relations and ascendants.

Let us not also lose sight of the veritable fashion plate whose vaseline plastered hair shines like the midnight sun. He is one whom you should expect to be meticulous in manner of dress detail but who sometimes forgets to trim his nails. He is mindful that the creases of his pants are intact so that he seldom sits down and instead bears the torture of standing throughout any function. Incidentally, he saves on laundry because his clothes do not need pressing even after one month of wear and tear.

And there is the Great Lover, who Hamlet-wise cannot decide between his

This time our anthropologist catalogues the human male into dogs with fleas, fleas without dog, fresh guys who really are 3 months old cabbages and a cast of hitherto cloaked characters.

two girl friends. He writes identical letters to his lady-loves and gets away with it until the girls compare their notes. He is the pitiable kind who passes under the name of "wolf" but who is just a lonely butterfly knowing not where to settle. Belonging to his ilk are the ones that become the most eligible members of a fraternal society of Old Unmarried Bachelors who have been jilted once. And they well deserved to be jilted too.

Continuing in our random pick-ups from the coterie of masculine specimens, we can sort out the loquacious Lothario whose exploits will make a lying sailor blush in envy. Naturally his adventures are strictly in the realm of fiction but when he talks about them, Sinbad becomes a piker. He brings you to the land of fairies and princesses who live in gilded palaces and travel in golden coaches. To these royal ladies, he is the Prince Charming, the conqueror of their hearts and lips.

He is known to every female from fourteen to forty and he is the adorable Adonis of their dreams, so he says. They would primp at his approach and would see if their coiffure has not been disarranged. And our Adonis is burdened by the consciousness that the ladies are checking on their make-ups because he is round. Which makes us wonder who ever uttered: "Vanity, thy name is woman?"

And last but not least among the peculiar breed of manhood is the impassive and cold smootie. He is a nebulous mystery to the pining female who finally casts him away in desperation as "impossible." The poor dope does not realize that women insist he will make good b.f. material although he does not know what to say in the presence of the ladies. To us, he has simply outgrown the time when he was probably placed in kindergarten with a rowdy bunch of girl classmates. Till now, the little Lord Fauntleroy has not repaired the psychological damage the bullying from the women-folk has done to him in early childhood. This pitiable semple of Homo Sap still dreads the day when once again he will be woman-dominated.

So ladies, there you are. We had the pleasure of presenting to you some outstanding samples of the so-called better sex. Now, don't tell us we didn't warn you if you stumble across any of them!

Incurable

Having tried all other methods to cure his wealthy hypochondriac patient, a doctor finally advised him to repeat each morning the following formula:

"The Mediterranean sun is beating down on me and curing me."

A week later the patient reported progress.

"Good," replied the physician, with a sigh of relief. "Go on with the treatment. Don't forget—the Mediterranean sun is beating down on you."

About a week later, he called on his patient and was horrified to find the blinds down.

"What's happened to Mr. Robinson?" he inquired of the maid. "Please sir, he's very ill," was the reply.

"Good heavens, what's wrong with him now?" the doctor demanded.

The maid sighed. "Sunstroke, sir."

The Father Rector on The Study of Law

BY EMILIO B. ALLER

"It is not enough to memorize the provisions—a child can do that. A law student must go down to the principles of each provision, its reasons and its historical background."

It is not often that we hear scholarly discussions of things about which we want to know, because we ought to. Our law students, for that matter, can never say that everytime they sit down in class, they always are a rapt audience to significantly instructive lectures said in simple, understandable everyday language although dealing with a learned account of a technical subject-matter. And yet, like the proverbial manna from heaven, an enlightening although impromptu discourse about law and its study was incidentally delivered by our beloved Rector, the Vary Rev. Fr. Albert van Ganswinkel, a savant by his own right. That learned discussion was appended to supplement his stand on what he believes should be preferential treatments to be extended to law students.

The occasion was the USC Lex Circlections held during the last week of July at the University Collegiate building. The body convened composed nearly all of the students of the College of Law. A near galaxy of law professors stayed in the background obviously as morale props. Our energetic Law Dean, Honorable Manuel Zosa, injected the hypodermic into the convened body stimulating the initial moves and enthusiastic rejoinders in the course of provoking deliberations. That spry and emphatic Law Dean did more than what he must have imagined he would do at the outset when he virtually sang out his key-note speech with enlivening tenor tones. For in the last part of his interlocution, he unwittingly declared (maybe with the only purpose of trying to humour the embryo-lawyers who are seemingly hard to please and he being diplomatic about it), that he would do his best to request the University authorities to give preferential treatments to the law students. What preferential treatments he might have specifically meant was not defined in the course of his speech. But he struck it rich when he subsequently in-

roduced the new Father Rector to speak. For in the answer of the Father Rector to the Dean's implied challenge (in his mentioning of preferential treatments for law students) that the University define its intentions and plans with respect to the law students in particular and the College of Law in general, the Father Rector gave out precious nuggets of high principles done in simple language in support of his acceptance that preferential treatments will surely be given them.

Preferential treatments, the Father Rector admitted, will be granted to law students. He believes that it is but deserving of them to be given the solicitous regard by the University inasmuch as the general view is that we look upon our embryo-lawyers as future leaders that we must have.

Hushed whispers of general content ran through the audience when he declared this. Nearly everybody was light-hearted and a bit flattered, for who won't be if you were a law student on that occasion? The consensus of opinion was that, with preferential treatments pledged to them by the head of the institution, they become privileged individuals — favored with the gods.

They were due for a startling jolt, however, for in the Father Rector's definition of preferential treatments for law students, there is nothing in it which can make a happy-go-lucky slacker in the study of law flattered or overjoyed. For this special regard extended does not mean the toleration of the common attitude of slackers that the study of law is a leisurely picnic. Leniency of supervision in the fulfillment of the law student's obligations in the pursuit of his law studies are not within the scope of preferential treatments. "As far as you are concerned, you are preparing for a high profession thru serious application to your studies," he pointed out. So that it is up to the law student to make himself apply with effect by cooperating



VERY REV. ALBERT VAN
GANSWINKEL, S.V.D.
USC Rector

with the guiding hand of the anxious and careful supervision which the University reserves for the law student.

With the straightforward frankness of a real friend and mentor, the Father Rector stressed his point further. "Another phase of preference which the University will most decidedly extend to the law students is strictness." He also made it understood that it is a blessing in disguise for it is the only effective way to make the law student live up to the high standards required of them. "The stricter the bars are to a given goal, the better prepared will be the aspirants, and the finer will be the products," he emphasized. "Considerations are usually asked by students citing alibis and excuses to be able to get more lenient attitudes from the University authorities. No leniency can be extended in the study of law if we must mold our law students into a better bunch of candidates for the Bar." In this connection, he further announced that the scale of grading will be different in the law classes. "What is 83% with the Liberal Arts students should only be 75% in the scale applied to the grading system of law students."

Supporting his stand on preferential

(Continued on page 18)

BY ROMEO COLOYAN

Dopenitions*(With apologies to Col. Stoopnagle & Mr. Lincoln)*

EGGNORANT—Insists that the egg comes first
 MONSURE—French wolf
 MOORBID—Moslem's expression at the sight of pork
 SUPAOFFICIAL—Chinese delicacy with a lot of surface
 TENSIL—Pair of five tonsils
 VOX FLOP—Voice that failed
 DECIMAL PILE SYSTEM—Latest thing which doesn't need a clerk
 BANANALITY—Triteness in the tropics
 QUIZLING—Materialistic school janitor
 FOURLOUGH—Next to a three-day pass
 OOMPHAH—As the Indians call it.
 APOCRYPHIAL—Most advertised medicines are
 APROPOSTEROUS—Meeting impossible
 ARTIFISHER—Modern enamourer
 ASHKANCE—Look of a jilted one
 AUNTIAGENTOR—Skeptical ancestor
 CHAUFFEURNUMERARY ... The back-seat driver
 COMBOCATIONS—Tots D'la's and Louis Jordan's recitals
 CONDOLENS—Glass guaranteed to give you the "sympathetic eye"
 DOURMET—Connoisseur in sueten, prophesies
 EDECAUTION—When one dances thru college
 FRACASH—Dishevelled money bundle
 INDOORSEMENT—Made in the inclosure
 MEMORANDOM—Made with a promising change in the future
 MIMEEKCRY—So does the lion in the garb of a sheep
 PEREMPTORY—Description to a challenge which cannot be understood
 PERFUMETORINNESS—Routine of a predatory female
 PHOTOGENERIC—Study of faces suited to names
 POSTPONERISM—Round pig in a square pole
 QUANGMARE—Despondent mammal
 QUANDAIRY—A morning's predicament during the war
 REPTILICA—9 true copies of grief with all the erodecile tears
 SOLILOOKCOY—Rehearsal before a mirror
 TE-A-TAILOR—Works; leaving much to be desired both as to time and quality
 TRULSE—Neuter selection
 USUFFERUCT—Enjoying somebody's property to the fullest extent
 ZOOMNAMBULIST—A flying sleeper
 ISOTOPIA—That's where the scientists' road is going to

(Continued on page 21)

A CAROLINIAN VIGNETTE*The Upreaching*

By DOLORES DE LOS SANTOS

The judge stared out into the enveloping twilight. The cars passing back and forth on the well-kept road beyond his wide green lawn had lost their physical features. There was nothing recognizable about them—they had become inscrutable mass of moving matter heading somewhere. They seemed so certain of their sense of direction, so sure of their destiny; and, like rational beings, are pushing themselves through a maze to a purposeful end. He was one of those cars speeding toward larger triumphs, greater glory. The Court of Appeals was his next stop. Nothing could stop him from getting ahead. Nothing ever had.

Mechanically he flipped his cigarette away, took another one and lighted it. His face, impenetrable in the dark, caught in the sudden flare of light became discernable for a fitting moment. The high noble forehead stood out clearly against the other features. But then the half-crooked smile on his mouth and the ironic glint in his eyes which seemed to mock at life lent a primitive, almost savage significance to his countenance. He leaned forward nearer the window, directed his gaze to the tall belfry of the church a stone's throw from where he stood and remembered. Out from a dim past he saw himself—a tall lanky youth trudging wearily to evening classes after office hours. Filled with the lofty idealism of the young had gone through college with a kind of unbeatable optimism characteristic of a growing generation. But it had not been easy. Oftentimes he had been tempted to give up his studies after going through a hard day's work and coming home from classes tired and spent. But law had had for him a singular fascination that could not be brushed off because it had an intimate closeness to his consuming passion for truth and decency, self-respect and dignity.

But that was a long time ago—so long that he had almost forgotten he had been that young man. That boy who had the tattered shreds of courage like a flag—unflinching, proud and a little defiant—might never had been. He was a total stranger to the judge now. His sense of righteousness with its intense hatred of deception, had died down to ashes.

Tomorrow the judge would pen his decision. The oldish man with the soulful look will lose his coal mines to the governor. A week after, the governor assured him, he will have a long black lovely limousine. Next year—perhaps—he will get his appointment to the Court of Appeals. He had been promised that. The thought sent a thrill through his whole body. He could already visualize himself and his family moving about in a highly fashionable world of high government officials and their charming expensive wives. She was getting on—fast. A slow smile of satisfaction settled on his lips. Yes, life was good to him because he had made it so.....

His pleasant musings was stopped by a figure that stole across his subconscious. It was that man with the soulful look. Angrily he brushed a hand across his eyes. The figure disappeared as quickly as it had come. The judge wrenched himself from the window—and from his room. His eyes lingered indulgently over every little object. They were worth a fortune. They were gifts—everyone of them—tokens of appreciation for his fine cooperation. He walked toward the heavy massive piano at the end of the room and touched it. It was his, everything in the room was his. He had made the "big-time" and the shadow of a man who had a soulful look in his eyes was not going to stop him.

Music floated into the tumultuous chambers of his mind. The friends of his son must have arrived. The judge had a constant susceptibility to life. There was something about laughter and young people that was invigorating and soothing.

The judge went down to join the youthful revelry and as he neared the noise an expression of utter contentment was markedly registered on his face; but beneath the complacent exterior the judge felt a pronounced desire to escape not from himself but from a vast emptiness.

CAMPUSCOOP

SUNDAY IN MIRAMAR

It's recess time for the USC members who held a get-together party in USC summer resort and enjoyed the bingle with a bang.



ALL CARDS ON THE TABLE

The lady instructors relax in a game of rummy.



WHIZZ, BANG!!!

Fr. Szmotko packs a wallop.



SO HELP ME GOD—

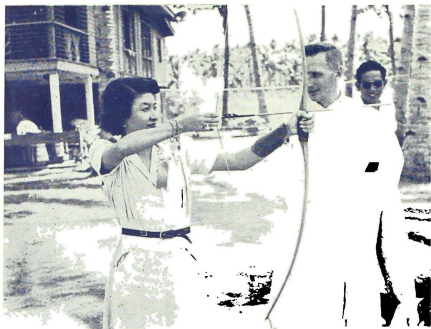
Lex Circle and class officers of the College of Law sworn in by Dean Manuel Zosa at the induction ceremonies at PC Hall.



THE YLACS—JOINT CELEBRANTS

The YLACS were there too, feting their officers from Manila.

Sunday In Miramar



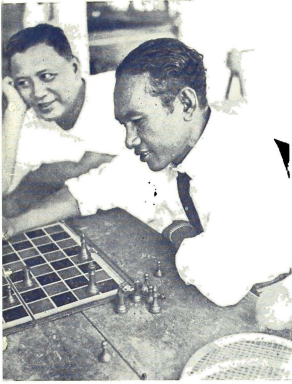
SEARCH FOR THE BULLSEYE
Manila YLAC'S President Lulu Reyes tries hand at the Robinhood weapon.



GRAPPLE
Mr. J. Tecson and Mr.



A PORTION OF THOSE WHO STEER THE U



THE MIND
'aigao got locked in a chess battle.



DUEL IN THE AIR
The pros got down to real work.



SHIP, UNDER WHOSE WINGS ARE 6062 STUDENTS.

CAMPUSCOOP



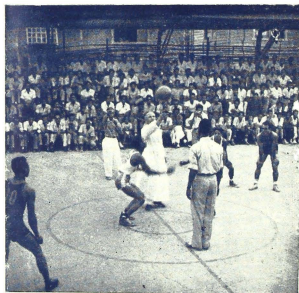
TOP-SEEDED TEAM & TRIM SPONSOR

*USC Law team with sponsor Carmen Achondua, Manager Law Professor Luis Ladonga
Playing Coach Guillermo Lazo and Captain Dioscuro Nacua.*

*L. to R.—Alliño, Rosal, Ranudo, Borromeo—Echarcz, Perlas, Ruiz, Avila, Solon, Ylaja,
Molina.*

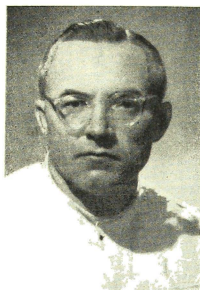


GURGLE WRAPPED IN A SMILE
Miss Elisa Ortiz enjoys the pause that refreshes



THE TOSS: (FIRST OF A SERIES)
Fr. Rector opens the intramural season in the first jump-ball.

U. S. C. IN THE NEWS



*Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD
USC Executive Secretary*

REV. FATHER HOERDEMANN ON EDUCATIONAL TOUR

On the urgent invitation of Rev. Fr. Ralph, SVD, who visited USC recently, Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, USC Executive Secretary, is presently on an educational tour of American Universities. He left by plane for Manila on the first day of September 11:40 A. M. and expects to be back with us by the beginning of November, 1949.

Father Ralph will shoulder his expenses and personally see to it that Father Hoerdemann will get a chance to see all the universities of importance in America. Big-hearted Father Ralph considers this tour important for San Carlos University before the next group of buildings will be started so that some of the latest features in American university constructions might be incorporated into the new buildings of the University of San Carlos. Father Hoerdemann's past experiences, as building supervisor of all our constructions qualify him especially for such a tour.

The technical and financial administration of American universities will also come under his close observation inasmuch as he has always been the Secretary-Treasurer of our University ever since its reopening of classes in 1945.

Incidental to this trip, Father Hoerdemann intends to visit his brothers who live in Illinois and his sister who is teaching in San Carlos, Monterey, California, all of them he has not seen ever since his boyhood days way back in 1922-1923.

All the students and faculty members of the University of San Carlos miss him

a lot these months until his return, but the spirit and the inspiration of "our planner and builder" will always be with us. All have joined in wishing him bon voyage, hoping that this much-needed trip will give him happiness in a short reunion with his folks in the United States. We also hope for Father Hoerdemann a successful mission abroad which will mean benefits for our University.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR FROM AMERICA

Last August 21st, the University was honored with the visit of Rev. Fr. Ralph, SVD, who came from the United States. Father Ralph has spent the last fifteen years of his life working in the United States for the Catholic University of Peking. At present, he intends to include the University of San Carlos under his special care, and for this purpose, he considered it essential to come personally to the Philippines to see the actual conditions in which the University finds itself.

With his experienced eyes, he sized up all our needs in a very short time. He expressed his greatest satisfaction with the work which has been accomplished, and he considered it a very safe and sound foundation on which to continue the further expansion of this University. It is also due to his initiative that Father Hoerdemann is making his educational tour of American universities. Father Ralph having volunteered to shoulder the expenses.

THE USC BUILDING PROGRAM

The present Collegiate building will expand. It will be extended to the corner of Jruquira and P. del Rosario Streets beginning this December. Construction will be finished by June, 1950.

Simultaneously, the pre-war Library building will be re-erected but with increased dimensions. The new construction will be fifty meters long and eighteen meters and partly twenty meters wide. The basement will house the ROTC offices and the woodshop of the Engineering students. The first floor will mostly be occupied by other offices. The third floor will be an eight-meter high hall. The basement has already been completed and the rest of the edifice will be in use for next school-year.

Further plans for the future cannot yet be revealed, although we know from reliable sources that they are already in existence.

ADDITIONAL SWIMMING POOL AT TALISAY

With the completion of the new swim-

ing pool in the University grounds at Talisay, the University now offers the free service of two swimming pools to the student body.

The greatest attraction of the University recreation grounds at Talisay consists in the fact that women have their own private exclusive swimming pool wherein they can swim and enjoy the coolness of refreshing water without being disturbed by unwelcome visitors. That is so because the first pool has been relegated to the exclusive use of our women students after the completion of the new one of standard size.

The grounds also present a lively picture of youthful life and leisurely enjoyment every Sunday when hundreds indulge in different sports and games besides the always highly appreciated opportunity to take a dip into the crystal-clear waters of the swimming pools.

The new swimming pool, by the way, is the biggest in all Talisay. It has been built according to standard specifications of the P.A.A.F.

REMINDER FOR THE USE OF SWIMMING POOLS

Students are reminded to always bring their library cards for identification purposes whenever they go to Talisay. With the 6662 students enrolled this year, the facilities cannot be offered to outsiders; and the watchman cannot be expected to recognize all Carolinians by face. Therefore, to avoid unnecessary embarrassment, it is important that you bring your library card for identification purposes.

THE USC WATER SYSTEM

Students enrolled in San Carlos may safely drink from any faucet in the University. The water they get from the taps is not taken from the City supply pipes, which has been called unsanitary by health authorities. It is drawn from our own sanitary wells and pumped by our own pumps into the water-tank on top of the four-story big staircase of the Collegiate building. From there, it reliably and clearly flows to all points of use in the University. Besides this gravity system, a pressure tank system brings the pipes to all the desired points of the University.

WE HAVE IT ICE-COLD AT USC

Not satisfied with giving students safe drinking water with its private water system, the University takes pains to serve it ice-cold by the installation of an electric cooler in the new Collegiate building in addition to the one available in the Coop.

(Continued on page 18)

U.S.C. in the News...

(Continued from page 17)

GIRLS OF H.S. TRAINING DEPT. INTRODUCE UNIFORM

The girls of the University's High School Training Department adopted a uniform as a sign of distinction. The insistent demands of students themselves finally made the Administration consent to their wishes.

REACTION: USC GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL CLAMOR FOR UNIFORM

Our exclusive Girls High School which occupies the whole and floor of our former main building went unanimously on record favoring a distinctive girls' uniform for all the students enrolled in it. The Administration considers this one favorably and at present, heads and hands are busy designing the right kind which can satisfy all tastes (yeah, girls, how can this be possible?).

The training kitchen upstairs of the Girls High School has been completely equipped and modernized. This way, our girls have a chance not only to train their minds but also to learn the practical ways of delicious and palatable cooking (symyum!) as a "fundamental" of life.

HOME ECONOMICS BUILDING HOUSES ITS FIRST BOARDERS

Unnoticed by the great majority of University students, our Home Economics building during the past months had quiet occupants who finished their month of "internship" before they may graduate as full-fledged Bachelors in Home Economics. Maybe you did not know that all candidates for graduation in the Home Economics course must spend a whole month by themselves in a so-called "practice-house" wherein they do their cooking, buying, cleaning and all the little and big chores that make up the running of the home. But did we ever give them a chance to practice how to receive visitors during the last month? If we missed that, last time, be sure to let them practice their hospitality on us next time.

UNIVERSITY CLINIC OCCUPIES NEW QUARTERS

With the increased enrollment, for we have now 662 students, the old quarters of the University clinic proved rather too cramped for an efficient service. The clinic was therefore transferred to the new Collegiate building where it presently occupies Room 312. The room is subdivided into three sections in order to respect the sensitivities of Carolinians when they have to submit to the University doctor and lady-doctor respectively for physical examinations.

DRA. TABOADA HEADS MEDICAL CLINIC FOR LADY STUDENTS

Since the beginning of the school year,

Dra. Natividad C. Taboada heads the Medical clinic for lady students of the University. She is a graduate of the College of Medicine of the University of Sto. Tomas, and is at present connected with the Cebu Maternity House of the Southern Islands Hospital.

BOTANICAL GARDEN ON THE ROOF-GARDEN

Through the tireless efforts of Miss Milagros Urgello, the roof-garden of the University was converted into a botanical garden to grow exclusive and rare plants for the taxonomy department of the College of Pharmacy. The roof-garden insures the safety of such plants against outside interferences, and conversely, the plants add beauty to our already beautiful roof-garden atop the new Collegiate building.

UNIVERSITY CROSS CROWNED WITH NEON LIGHTS

The monumental cross on top of the main entrance of the University which towers twenty-five meters above street level has been surrounded with neon lights. These lights give honor to the symbol of Christ in whose service the University is dedicated. The lights also serve as a beacon light to all strangers and stragglers at sea. They can be seen as

THE FATHER RECTOR...

(Continued from page 11)

treatments for law students, he implied that the study of law is difficult. He helped resolve the difficulties, in his clear-cut and logical style for a very proper and effective approach to the study of law.

"In the framing of common laws, the good of the community is the principal consideration of the law-maker." How does any law contribute to the welfare of the community and the common good? That is the question to ask of any law in order to understand its cause and effects. The knowledge of the how-and-why is needed to fully grasp the real meaning of the provisions of law."

Besides knowledge of the literal provisions of the law, the student should also know the historical and philosophical backgrounds of any particular law he studies. This, the Father Rector also emphasized. He made mention of the case system as a very effective way to illustrate the practical applications of the law because it delves deep into the philosophy behind the law. This intimate acquaintance will develop in him love and respect for the law. In his own words: "The historical and philosophical background of any law should be known or looked into to be able to understand, appreciate and love the law. So that the student who is convinced to take this attitude will surely feel hurt by any trans-

far as the distant shores of the island of Bohol.

MY PRESCRIPTION, PLEASE?

After a thorough preparation, the University drug-store is about ready to open its doors to the public. Ideally located at the corner of P. del Rosario and Pelaez Streets, it is very accessible at the rounded corner of the ground floor. With its wide show-windows, it is very inviting and it promises to become the meeting place of the USC and City elite.

CAROLINIAN TOPS TEACHERS EXAMS

Ex-alumna Amparo Maglasang who hails from Toboso, Neg. Occidental topped the competitive examination for teachers given at Bacolod with a grade of 87%. There were 700 examinees from different school and colleges.

She finished her high school in the night department of our University last April and has advance units in the College of Education.

She is at present teaching in the Toboso Elementary School.

CORRECTION REGARDING USC LIBRARY

To avoid wrong impressions from the

gression done against it."

Touching on what the aim should be of every law professor, he said, "Law is sacred. Hence it is the duty of the law professor to drill into the students' minds the proper respect for the law. He should not merely infuse the knowledge of law into their minds, but should also develop in them the right attitude to maintain, defend and uphold the law, and never to defeat its purpose."

He commented on the prevalent rumors about present law schools. "It has been said that the modern law school is a human factory producing lawyers like machines. That is not what can be said about graduates of law if the right principles conducive to the proper and effective study of law are not lost sight of in the process. That 'why, memorizing codes is not enough, because memorizing, any child can do. What is vitally needed is understanding the principles behind them in order to be able to put them into effect with justice and fairness to all concerned."

He urged the students of law to conduct themselves well in reciprocation of the high regard the University is extending to them. The students of the other Colleges are looking up to the law students as models, he said. "It is, therefore, up to you law students to conduct yourselves well and deserving of the high regard the other colleges feel for you."

THE CAROLINIAN

news item about the University Library in the last issue of the Carolinian we state here that the University Library has not only ordered books for the master's course degree but also has many more than required on hand, for the last three years already. New books are constantly ordered not to increase the number of volumes which is extraordinary even for a Manila university (37,000 vols.), but to give the students the latest books that have appeared in the different fields of knowledge.

COLLEGIATE ROOF GARDEN PROVES ATTRACTIVE

The eighty-four meters of the Collegiate building are not topped with an ordinary roof but crowned with a concrete roof-garden which in its height and freshness proves an ideal sightseeing and refreshing haven for book-tired Carolinians. On afternoons, before the evening classes begin, the roof-garden teems with hundreds enjoying the fresh air of the atmosphere and willing away the few idle minutes in pleasant conversations.

FATHER HOERDEMANN HONORED AT BANQUET

Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, executive secretary and treasurer of the University, was guest of honor at a farewell banquet given by the University Faculty Club at the Times Kitchen on August 28.

Fr. Hoerdemann explained Thursday morning, Sept. 1st, for Manila on the first lap of his trip to the United States where he will survey the administration of Catholic Colleges and Universities and also other universities. He will leave Manila on September 7th. Brief speeches were delivered by department heads. The honoree delivered a brief farewell speech. Atty. C. Faigao, Club president was toastmaster.

MAIN ENTRANCE ACQUIRES NEW FLOORING

The beautiful floor pattern expressed in rubber-asphalt tiles has added an exquisite air of distinction to our already imposing main entrance.

It is being hoped that all students will prove themselves worthy of such beautiful surroundings by keeping them clean and intact in their present conditions for the benefit of present and future Carolinians.

USC ACQUAINTANCE BALL HELD AT CLUB FILIPINO

The Student Council-sponsored acquaintance ball of the University of San Carlos, the only one for every year, was held at the Club Filipino on August 28th



STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS

Sitting: Mrs. Ceniza, Treas.; Simeon Alvarez, President; Fr. E. Hoerdemann, Adviser; H. Adaza, Vice-Pres.; A. Derecho, Secretary.
Standing: Amores, C. Rodil; Atty. B. Solatan; F. Arreza.

at 9:00 o'clock. A great number of Carolinians turned up and filled the spacious Club Filipino to capacity. Also present, as honored guests for the program, were Very Rev. Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D., rector of the University; Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, S.V.D., executive secretary; and Rev. Father Luis E. Schonfeld, S. V. P., Dean of Liberal Arts; Rev. Lawrence Bunzel, S.V.D., Vice-rector, and a host of others.

Highlights of the affair were the installation of the university Student Council officers for 1949-1950 by Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, moderator of the organization, and the inaugural address of the Council president, Mr. Simeon Alvarez, who called for closer student-administration cooperation. "If we can absorb the spirit of sacrifice in our relations with one another and with the administration, then we shall have served effectively the purpose for which we exist." He went on.

WOMEN'S CLUB, COLLEGE OF COMMERCE & BUS. ADM. CHAPTER

The women of the College of Commerce & Business Administration met and formally organized last Aug. 21, 1949 their chapter of University Women's Club. The following were elected officers:

President Rosario F. Rodil
 Vice-Pres. Perfecta Gaungco

Secretary Benilde S. Benedicto
 Treasurer Adelina Derecho
 PRO Luisa M. Dosdos
 Lady Commissioners:

Celia Chavarria
 Annie Jimeno

All the women treasurers and secretaries of each Commerce Class organization are sub-officers of the Women's Club. Adviser of the Club is Prof. Flora Causig.

USC "JAYCEES" ORGANIZED

Officers from different class organizations of the College of Commerce & Business Administration held a convention and revived the Junior Chamber of Commerce. This organization is a traditional organization of the College and has for its main purpose the promotion of closer relationship among the students of the college and the furtherance of their common welfare.

Opening remarks at the convention was delivered by Mr. Crispin Villorosa, past president of the USC "Jaycees." The delegates elected as officers of the board of directors the following:

Simeon Alvarez, President; Atty. Bernardino Solatan, Vice-President; Benilde S. Benedicto, Secretary; Moises Paulin, Treasurer; Efigenio Dorothoo, Auditor; Evencio A. Ruivivar, PRO. Beateous Luisa M. Dosdos is the muse of the organization.

A peek into the contents of a jampacked morning bus and incidentally a ringside, scintillating study of the hurried beautiful people that keep the wheels rolling in this bustling city

FOR WHOM THE WHEELS ROLL

By SOCORRO LIM

It was a mistake from the very start. I should have taken a rickety *tartanilla* in the first place even if it would have taken me all year to get to school. I was blessed with exactly four bare minutes to dash to an examination. The day had begun pleasantly. That is, our wagon had left me flat at the dressing table still pleasantly admiring the make-up job I had done on my face. So I jumped into the very first thing that came along. One minute had gone into my catching that jeepney. I knew the remaining four just had to stand between me and perdition.

That was the very first time I ever got on one of those jeepneys. I used to dread the way crates rattle down the streets threatening to fall apart any minute. Besides they were too fast for me, standing baffled on a curb trying to decide whether: I ought to gamble my one life on these contraptions or not. Before any decision, the thing had already dackety-dacked away—snobs these pocket-size buses!

First thing I noticed, right in front of my pumps, was a pair of the largest brown feet I had ever seen. These were crowded into a pair of bakys painted a gaudy red and strapped with orange plastic strips. The apparition almost shocked me unconscious.—I had thought the feet were brown puppies with orange collars. The legs that belonged to the feet were stout and milk-bottle-like with all sorts of relief maps imprinted around it. The knees were interesting. They were dimpled, with two centavo-like things on the dimples. I was looking at piety in its grotesque-most version, I guessed. Evidently the woman had done a lot of kneeling. The wonderful knees insisted on being beheld. The woman's inadequate jersey dress kept creeping up her knees and then she did nothing about it. She was occupying the place of two persons and her large proportions shook like jelly whenever the bus hit a rut on the street.

The man next to her was less monstrous than she. He was a cadaverous anemic-looking scarecrow who became friendly at once. I must have stared impolitely at his sick-yellow skin because he smiled, now more like scarecrow than ever, and explained, "I got this in Capas. I got shot at a million times and I came home only for a lito mosquito bite." This was no ordinary man. I thought. His English was commendable and his neat fatigue suit harmo-

nized good-tastefully with his yellow skin. In fact, he turned out to be a lawyer. "I am an abogado, you see—" then he stopped, for a head came gently down on his shoulder. It belonged to an old woman with a basket of patolas on her knees. She was now dozing blissfully, restfully, and immediately on the confused lawyer's unwilling shoulder. Her head nodded then fell now and then, then went back to lean on the unfortunate shoulder. She must have loosed her grip on the basket because suddenly all the patolas came tumbling all over the jeepney floor. Some escaped from the sides and some were squashed under the tires of the 6 x 6 that was following us.

Then the best sight of all spread before us—a banana leaf pack of salted bolinao that apparently used to nestle snugly among the patolas. Each of the tiny bolinao stunk and two of them proudly perched on the bow of my suede pumps! The flies that hithered were feasting on the sores on the milk-bottles buzzed over the more appetizing attraction. Then the jeepney jumped dangerously once and the old woman awoke to a crowning insult of finding herself among her patolas and bolinaos on the floor. She grumblingly slid back to her seat and muttered her opinion about stones on the street and reckless driving. Heck, how did she know it was a stone and not one of her darned patolas?

Beside the driver, the place of most convenience and honor, sat a garrulous man whose laughter began rumbling from the caverns of his stomach, out up his throat, finally howling into a roar. He was apparently a dentist because he was telling the driver a story which ended in his telling a woman to shut up without his getting a black eye.

Right next to me was a young man who was, of all things, carrying a baby. The baby wasn't a mere baby. It was a crying baby. It shouted and screamed for no reason at all — the man was kidnapping it probably. It was just a tiny bundle but the noise it made was gigantic.

Then from my side came the unmistakable fragrance of Yardley's "Chanel." The girl using it was neat and expensive. I dressed. I was still breathing a sigh of relief at sitting next to a clean pas-

senger when she said, "That is all the picture is about, Velyn'. Fernando Poe is woonderful — ahoy! You'll see — ay, stop up! Here only!" Then she and Velyn alighted. It was at Park Theatre and the picture shown was a Rogelio de la Rosa picture. For all her Yardley's the dame couldn't read Yes from No!

"Mary Antoniette" (poor Mrs. Marie Antoniette Louis XVII! how they're murdered — oh no, not her — her name!) stopped and I got out. Four minutes was up — how time flies! I found myself the richer by experience and at St. Rosario Church. In those four crowded minutes (crowded in more ways than one. That is, I was crowded between the man with the extraordinary baby and the dusty railing of the bus) I had seen a cross-section of the humanity existing in Cebu City. I had absorbed in those four short and rattling minutes the lesson to be learned in a lifetime. Seen the diverse people, their foibles, tragedies, judgments, creeds and hopes, — glimpsed at the elusive poetry of their shallow and dumb human mind — the leit-motif and the schemes of the rhythm of the lives of the few people who represent all the many for whom the wheels of time roll.

PINK LACE...

(Continued from page 8)

you come from Cebu City?"
"No, I come from Samar. But I have stayed here for two years already."
"But you are going home one day." I sounded hopeful.

"Of course." There was a tired smile on her face. "But it would be different there now, that mother is already dead."
There was a catch in her voice and she touched the pink lace on my breast again.

"Go to sleep now, Pilar. I heard your mother call you that. It's a nice name." She put on my mosquito net. "If your nose hurts again, don't cry. You have a mother coming here for you tomorrow."

And when I looked up into her face to say a sweet goodnight, it was hooded with wet tears.

END

CONSCIENCE: The still small voice that makes you feel still smaller.

READING TO REMEMBER

By THOMAS MERTON

God's Commentary

ON NEW YORK'S HIGH SOCIETY

Excerpts from "SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN" a miracle of a book on a monk's life that heads off the best seller list in U.S. It is written by a convert and a trappist monk, Thomas Merton.

What has not been devoured, in your dark furnace, Harlem, by marijuana, by gin, by insanity, hysteria, syphilis?

Those who manage somehow to swim to the top of the seething cauldron and remain on its surface, through some special spiritual quality or other, or because they have been able to get away from Harlem, and go to some college or school, these are not all at once annihilated: but they are left with the dubious privilege of living out the only thing Harlem possesses in the way of an ideal. They are left with the sorry task of contemplating and imitating what passes for culture in the world of the white people.

Now the terrifying paradox of the whole thing is this: Harlem itself, and every individual Negro in it, is a living condemnation of our so-called "culture." Harlem is there by way of a divine indictment against New York City and the people who live downtown and make their money downtown. The brothels of Harlem, and all its prostitution, and its dope-rings, and all the rest are the mirror of the sordid task of contemplating and imitating what passes for culture in the world of the white people.

Harlem is, in a sense, what God thinks of Hollywood. And Hollywood is all Harlem has, in its despair, to grasp at, by way of a substitute for heaven.

The most terrible thing about it all is that there is not a Negro in the whole place who does not realize, somewhere in the depths of his nature, that the culture of the white men is not worth the dirt in Harlem's gutters. They sense that the whole thing is rotten, that it is a fake, that it is spurious, empty, a shadow of nothingness. And yet they are condemned to reach out for it, and to seem to desire it, and to pretend they like it, as if they were thus being forced to work out, in their own lives, a clear representation of the misery which has corrupted the ontological roots of the white man's own existence.

The little children of Harlem are growing up, crowded together like sardines in the rooms of tenements full of vice, where evil takes place hourly and inescapably before their eyes, so that there is not an excess of passion, not a perversion of natural appetite with which they are not familiar before the age of six or seven: and this by way of an accusation of the polite and expensive and furtive sensualities and lusts of the rich whose sins have this abominable sum. The effect resembles and even magnifies the cause, and Harlem is the portrait of those through whose fault such things come into existence. What was heard in secret in the bedrooms and apartments of the rich and of the white is preached from the housetops of Harlem and there declared, for what it is in all its horror, somewhat as if seen in the eyes of God, naked and frightful.

No, there is not a Negro in the whole place who can fail to know, in the marrow of his own bones, that the white man's culture is not worth the jetsam in the Harlem River.

DOPENITIONS.....

(Continued from page 12)

SARGENT MAJOR—Has three zebras and an ox left
 PLUSTICS—Complete surgery
 HYDRAWLICS—A calesa's brakes
 AMBIDEXTROSE— Holding a baby rugh and a cigar with equal zest
 SARCAUSTIC—Surly answers of a soda jerker
 ENDOCRINATION—Taking catcor oil
 PRIMATURE—Early beard catches early norm
 NAIVEYOUPHYTE—A washbuckling saprophyte
 NOISIC—Unfinished samephonies
 SOMERSALT—As a result of Ptoe—maim poisoning

SEMPER FIDDLELESS— Always having nothing to play with (Don't you think "second fiddling" will arise?)
 ALLURGIC—Dialike for sounds caused by rubbing metals
 ASSAUSAGE—To console a man's torso
 BAZZARRE—The lowest extremity of a taste
 COQUIETRIES—Silent Flirtation
 COUPEARATION—How the communists got hold of Czechoslovakia
 ERUCTION—Knowledge acquired by a parrot
 IDIOSYNCRASIES—Milk, four fifths of which is water

"LAZY FARE" POLICY—Most taxidrivers wouldn't like to have
 REVOLUTION—Trends towards having no refrain
 STATUS CROW—Future outlook still dark
 SYMBIASIS—Mutual prejudice
 OPIUMLENCE—Wealth of a Chinaman
 EAVESDROOPING—Stooping so low as to get nothing

KOTC BRIEFS.....

(Continued from page 23)

CADET OFFICERS ORGANIZE FRATERNITY

The cadet officers of the USC ROTC Unit, in a formal meeting held last Sunday morning, August 7 '49, formed "The Cannons Fraternity" and elected the following cadets as officers:
 President.....Cdt. Col. Alejandro Abatayo
 Vice-Pres.....Cdt. Lt. Col. Ricardo Dorotheo
 Secretary.....Cdt. Major Ciriacio Bongalos
 Treasurer.....Cdt. Lt. Col. Rene Espina
 PRO.....Cdt. Major Edilberto Isleta
 Sgt-at-Arms-Cdt. Capt. Celso Macachor

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"
 A.W.O.L., returning: "Friend, with bottle."
 Sentry: "Pass friend, halt bottle."

With a nod to Hamlet*To Diet or Not to Diet*

By Delia Abesamis

*To diet, or not to diet: that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in a fat lady's mind to suffer with envy
The graceful swings of others figures,
Or to take up arms against pounds of fat
And by will-power melt them. To diet: not to sleep;
No more sweets; and by frustration end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
The quivering of her flesh is heir to,
'Tis a consummation undevoutly to be wish'd.
To diet: Not to sleep; She sleeps.
There she gets a chance to dream: aye there's the catch
For in that sleep beautiful dreams may come
Dreams wherein she has shuffled off the mortal fat
And has given her labours a pause: there's the aspect
that makes all this dieting worth doing!
For who would, with fat, bear the whips and scorns of others
Her warm seat during dances and the dread of diabetes?
The pangs of despised love and love's delay?
For who would, with fat, bear to grunt,
To grunt and sweat under a heavy, heaving plod through life?
And yet she still can dream of that undiscovered country
Wherein her shapely, queenly form reigns over all,
And makes her bear those ills she has
Than fly to others whom she knows haven't
An extra pound of what she possesses?
Thus conscience makes cowards of everyone,
And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied
Over with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regards their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action
"Pass the custard".*

To Vote or Not to Vote

By Nenita Socrates

*To vote or not to vote—that is the question!
Whether 'tis restful in the mind to keep from
The glib and gift of candidates insincere,
Or to take a pen against the mire of greed
And by proclaiming end them; To vote, to select
No more; and by a vote to say we end
The corruption and the thousand offensive grafts
That democracy is heir to; 'tis a perfection
Too huge to be aspir'd to, to vote, to select,
To select! perchance to win: ay, there's the rub!
For 'tis that hard won laurel what rust may show
When we have rubbed off the lustrous paint
And see within there's the grating
That scours the polish off election day.
For who could bear the frauds and tricks of late,
The abuse of power, costly exhibitions,
The scorns of corrupt wits, the law's delay
The insolence of office, and the spurns
The patient multitude and underdogs take
While the victor piles his gold and make
Heaven for his kins? Who would misuse, bear*

Supplication

(A Sequel to "Ode to My Alma Mater")

By Emilio B. Aller

*Kind mother of my soul, with thou took down
And hearken to these lines that may not well
Reveal the pent-up feelings of my heart
That sobs atonement! at thy holy feet?
Warm tears I cannot shed, these eyes are dry
And hot with punction born of shame and fear
That my atonement may not measure full
To the forgiveness I now beg of thee.*

*To reminisce on what have passed before:
We came to thee in adolescence wild
With wisdest idiosyncracies and traits
That only boyish whims can cause to show;
We've caused thee worries in our childish past,
But thou, O dotting mother, sweet with love
Did never once deprive our youth with care,
O, yes, maternal care that never fails.*

*And then, as prod'gal sons, we left thy folds:
We saw the world all right, its good, its bad,
Its high and low; we seemingly skimmed the seas
Of mythical dreams and seemingly felt the fears
And joys, despairs and thrills of Ulysses
Of old when one-eyed Cyclops, queer: Sirens
Confronted him in Odyssey wanderings.
(And yet, how fake is seeming, dreaming dreams!)
For the years that passed were one dark Stygian night
So morally dark and cold, and the biting winds
Did nearly freeze our conscience into ice;
We grovelled in the dark of misery and trudged
Along the quicksand mires of mud and sin. .*

*But last, when hope was seemingly gone from us
Amidst that fearful darkness of despair,
There suddenly gleamed a gentle beam of hope
That beacons us afar! The beam then glowed
Upon approach and we all knew at once
"That holy light that never dims", thy light,
And we, lost souls from painful wanderings
Are guided back to thee. Right now, our hearts
Are knocking at thy gate. Pray let us in?
O may thy kindness grant that we be blessed
And welcome by thy loving arms again!*

*To slave and sweat under a tyrant's will?
But with the fire of something like Tarucus'
The densely covered mountain from whose screen,
No favorite decrees; Freely, to share
And make them rather bear those ills they have
Than to others they know much of.
Thus our state besets stock anarchists
And thus the worthy ardor of coalesce
Is sicklied o'er with the unsatisfied,
And enterprises of great, pith and moment
With this spirit their country turn awry
And lose the name of decency.*

ROTC



Lt. Florencio Romero

NEW ADJUTANT

By virtue of Special Order No. 26, of 18 August '49, Lt. Florencio Romero was officially designated as ROTC Adjutant vice Lt. Guillermo Moreno who is presently assigned to Hq. III MA, Cebu City.

Lt. Romero graduated from the school of Reserve Officers in July 1941, at Camp del Pilar, Dau, Pampanga. His first assignment was on 28 August 1941 with the 31st FA, 31st Div, as Junior Officer. At the outbreak of World War II he was transferred to "D" Btry, 1st Pro Bn (SPM) as Ex-O at Fort Stotsenburg and saw action when his unit repulsed the first wave of Japanese advance at the Agno River.

He joined the liberation troops and was assigned Liaison Officer of the 21st FA BN (PA).

In 1946 he was transferred to Southern College as ROTC Adjutant. In June 1948 he came to this institution and took position as Plans and Operations Officer of the ROTC Department. And now, taking over the post vacated by Lt. Guillermo Moreno, the corps welcomes a new promise of a more proficient source to carry on its military program.

COMMANDANT APPOINTS CORPS CO

Capt. A. Concepcion, ROTC Commandant, recently appointed Cdt. Col. Alejandro Abatay as Corps Commander vice Cdt. Col. Moises Bucia who resigned last July. A slight change was made in the regimental staff and in the battalions due to this effect.

COURT MARTIAL ORGANIZED

In view of many flagrant violations of regulations by cadets who themselves

Edited by Cesar Gonzaga

BRIEFS

resent remedial measures carried on to that effect, an ROTC Court Martial was created with the aim of administering military law procedures on miscreants. This court is composed of one presiding officer and ten associate members. The organization is closely patterned after that of the regular court martial of the Armed Forces; the only innovation is the number of membership.

This body also aims to implement a better understanding of the provisions of the Articles of War upon the corps.

NEW CORPS SPONSOR ELECTED

The rare combination of Beauty and Brains becomes a reality in Miss Corazon Sagun, this year's Corps Sponsor of the crack USC ROTC. Petite and demure, Nena is one of the very few coeds in the



Corazon Sagun
CORPS SPONSOR

University who graces with her inspiring presence our College of Law halls and lends color to the otherwise male-dominated roll of honor students of said College.

(Continued on page 21)

CADET CAPT. NEMESIO PARAS KILLED IN MISHAP

On the fateful night of Sept. the 12th, two lives were snuffed out of existence as a result of a bus accident at Tuyan, Naga in which a few others were injured. One of those who died was Cadet Capt. Nemesio Paras, CO of Service Battery and a fourth year commerce student. Cdt. Capt. Eduardo Pañares, 3rd Bn. Adj. was one of those injured. Cadet Paras expired shortly after admittance into the Cepoc Hospital of Tina-an, Naga. USC grieves the loss of a beloved son.

A full military funeral with honors was accorded two days later to the deceased by the ROTC cadets headed by the USC Commandant Capt. Antonio N. Concepcion and his staff officer, Lt. Florencio Romero. A eulogy was also presented to the deceased by Mr. Vicente Uy, a senior law student and a former cadet officer.

The firing of rifle volleys, followed by the sounding of taps ended the ceremony.

By virtue of a special memorandum of the DMST, Cdt. Capt. Nemesio Paras is posthumously promoted to the rank of cadet major.

IN MEMORIAM

On the funeral rites of Cdt. Capt. Nemesio Paras, for whom USC mourns, this dirge was written as a final tribute of a buddy to his lost cadet officer friend.

*There was the muffled rolling of drums,
There was the lonely, poignant strains of
Taps,*

*There was the mournful toll of the bells,
And a still wind with an occasional rattle.
There were the rigid, set faces*

*Stern, silent, unmoving, calm:
There were subdued sobbings and tearful
gazes*

*Resigned, humbled, and bewildered.
There was the sonorous intonation of the
rites,*

*There were unspoken condolences,
There were grief and sorrow, quiet and
peace:*

*There was death,
With the last echoes from the rifles'
volley,*

*With his comrades fixed at attention,
With his fellow-officers and schoolmates
Standing by in silence and respect,
They laid him to eternal rest.*

*In his smooth-beech board coffin,
Gently, slowly lowered into the earth,
He was sent to rest forever.*

*Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord
And let perpetual blessing shine upon*

*him;
For thine is the kingdom, and the glory
And the power forever and ever! Amen.*

VICENTE N. LIM

SECCION CASTELLANA

EDITORIALES

LA COBARDIA ES EL MÓVIL

Es harto triste y desgarrador observar cómo tantos jóvenes, por de más apuestos y simpáticos, llevan una vida espiritualmente raquítica, con las alas del espíritu atrofiadas y la conciencia amordazada. Más deplorable aún es el hecho de que se dicen hijos de familias católicas de raigambre. ¿Cómo es que puedan llevar vida tan insulsa, imbuidos hasta la médula de los huesos del espíritu y de las prácticas de nuestro nefando mundo moderno?

Ciertamente, no se debe suponer en los que viven de acuerdo a la moderna de un completo desenfreno, una acabada malicia, sino en la mayoría de los casos la cobardía es el móvil de este fácil modo de pasar la vida. Muchos jóvenes son demasiado cobardes para ser virtuosos.

Es increíble, cuánto bien no se hace por faltar el ánimo de hacerlo. A causa de esto, muchos caracteres no llegan a formarse, y hay tanta abundancia de hombres sin carácter. Se teme el esfuerzo; se teme el seguir su mejor convicción; se teme el "¿qué dirán?"; se temen las sonrisas burlescas, la nota de "beatuco", de "sacristán", y de "santulón"; y el joven capitula cobardemente y rinde las armas ante la primera embestida de las pasiones, renunciando a sus derechos de soberano señor a trueque de una esclavitud que él falsamente juzga libertad.

Triste aspecto: ¡Un rey esclavo! ¡Un soberano en cadenas! ¡Sansón prisionero de los filisteos!—para no tener que romper estas cadenas—pues falta la energía—se las llama libertad y derecho a la vida.

¿Cómo podremos salvar a esta juventud tan descariada? Hacer que se dé cuenta cabal de su dignidad de hombre, dotado de razón y libre albedrío, facultades éstas que le distinguen del bruto.

¡Echense a mil demonios todas esas pusilanimidades y cobardías! Joven católico, sé hombre de valor, de coraje e íntegro, y líbrate de ese espíritu estúpido de cobardía en hacer el bien y en practicar la virtud. Tente por dichoso de servir a Dios, porque servir a Dios es reinar.

—LUIS EUGENIO

ENTRE EL ALUMNO SABIO Y EL ALUMNO PRACTICO

Es cómodo concebir sabias teorías, llegar a conclusiones lógicas e irrefutables y saber lo bueno y la verdad cuando lo aprendido no se aplica a la actualidad. De la misma manera uno puede confiar a la memoria toda la Biblia, mas estas excelentes prendas intelectuales no le harán un santo. Para muchos no es difícil aprender pero el poner lo adquirido en la práctica—eso es otra cosa.

Desde luego la diferencia que media entre el alumno listo en la clase pero un fracasado en la vida actual y otro de medianos alcances con respecto a sus lecciones pero un éxito en su vida profesional es que aquél no había sabido poner en práctica lo que absorbía en la escuela mientras que el otro se había valido de los medios que aprendió en la escuela.

El uno estudia la lección para pasar los exámenes y el otro la estudia para poder aprovechar cuanto ha aprendido. Mientras que el primero aprende por aprender, por decirlo así, el último se propone a un fin determinado. En resumidas cuentas, el más práctico de los dos recoge los triunfos en la vida.

Lo que pasó el mes pasado demuestra muy bien la verdad de lo que hemos dicho. Abrióse en esta ciudad una famosísima fábrica americana. Anunció que necesitaba unos obreros para trabajo manual y pesado de carga y descarga. Efectivamente, el día siguiente acudieron a la fábrica grupos de jóvenes para presentar sus solicitudes. En el plazo de dos meses, se supo que el número de los suplicantes multiplicóse a un mil. Lo que espanta es que la mitad de ellos eran estudiantes de la escuela secundaria y algunos de estos graduados. Pero lo que era verdaderamente alarmante y triste es que entre ellos había algunos que cursaban ya en los colegios.

Esta ocurrencia nos deberá proporcionar algo sobre qué reflexionar. La escuela no es el fin que nos hemos de proponer, sino que es el medio de que hemos de valernos para llegar a un fin.

—N. G. RAMA

Por SENTIDO AIRADO

De Profundis

Alzo mis clamores de las profundidades de mi alma angustiada. Oye-me tú, pues para ti son estos clamores. Cuando mi cristalina voz, pero a la vez resonante, haya llegado a los oídos de la juventud filipina, y cuando esa misma voz haya reorientado a los "Mayores" dentro de la órbita que el buen Dios les ha deparado, sólo entonces callaré y sólo entonces entonaré un "Requiem aeternam dona mihi, Domine!"

¡ESOS MAESTROS!

Hay maestros (desgraciadamente los hay muchos), tanto en escuelas privadas como también en públicas, que hacen de la noble profesión a que se dedican un objeto abyecto de mercantilismo. Deshonran esta bendita vocación. Son falsos apóstoles, y a semejanza de aquellos mercaderes que se empeñaron en hacer sus negocios nefastos en el Sagrado Templo de Jerusalén, se dedican dentro de su sagrado ministerio de maestro a actividades que desdican completamente de su alta vocación. No preparan sus lecciones. Si debido a circunstancias apremiantes se ven forzados a prepararse, lo hacen no por afán de enseñar más efectivamente, sino para vender ellos mismos lo que deben enseñar a los estudiantes. Sólo que ellos tienen la gran ventaja de que ellos pueden hacerlo con los libros abiertos, mientras que el pobrecito de alumno los tiene que cerrar al tener que recitar la lección.

Si es realmente cierto todo lo que se oye en nuestros círculos sociales, nuestra amada Filipinas tiene sobrados motivos de sollozar. Cuéntase que cierto Director de escuela dió un día exámenes por escrito a estudiantes e instructores. Los estudiantes alcanzaron mejores notas que los maestros. ¿Qué significa esto?

Cuéntase, asimismo, (¡ojalá fuesen tan sólo cuentos!) que hoy día ya se comercializa con los "grados" y los así llamados "unites". No son pocos los que se dedican a este negocio con benditas ganas. ¡Ay de mi patria! ¿Qué será de esta florida República dentro de un par de años?

Hay mucho más de que pudiera hablar con respecto de nuestros maestros de este bendito siglo XX; lo haré, empero, en la tirada proxima

La Pedagogía Noble,
Útil y-Mal Comprendida

Por RAFAEL V. GUANZON

las artes.

Uno de los contrasentidos más lamentables de nuestra época es el concepto equivoco que se tiene hacia la pedagogía, o más bien, hacia los maestros. Para muchos, especialmente para aquellos que viven en las ciudades, la pedagogía es la carrera más ordinaria, que no merece ser puesta al nivel de tales profesiones como la abogacía, ingeniería, o medicina. Pero, sin embargo, por de moda que esté este concepto erróneo que se le abriga, la pedagogía no ha dejado de ser lo que realmente es: un campo de labor noble y útil.

Los maestros siguen siendo los escultores de "esa bella esperanza de la patria", que es la juventud. En sus manos se ha puesto la labor magna de moldear no tan sólo la inteligencia de los futuros ciudadanos sino también su fase más importante, o sea el carácter. En otras palabras, a los maestros se les ha caído la tarea de preparar los sólidos fundamentos de toda nación fuerte e ideal, esto es, una buena ciudadanía.

Desde la mocedad de un individuo hasta que él se convierta en lo que se llama "hombre hecho y derecho", él se vale de los servicios de los maestros que le amantan con la leche del saber humano. Y la necesidad de trabajo de los pedagogos no termina allí. Porque aun cuando el individuo haya llegado ya a ser hombre de familia, seguirá valiéndose de los maestros para la instrucción de sus proles en las ciencias y

ma de la revista caroliniana. Permítame que me dedique a asuntos aún más vergonzosos.

¡HERMANOS NUESTROS SON!

En un número del *Philippines Free Press*, nuestro joven y apuesto redactor reveló al mundo entero los crímenes que comiten impunemente ciertos líderes de obreros a le largo del muelle. ¡Vaya si era artículo magnífico! Aunque aquellas revelaciones no eran nada de nuevo, pues aquello siempre ha sido sofocado por viles amenazas; no obstante eran verdades que el cristiano de valía quiere oír. ¡Vaya si tenía osadía nuestro redactor! Quiero dejar asentado en estas cortinillas que aquel artículo fué muy bien accedido y muy aplaudido. Mostraba con este artículo que poseía coraje en levantar la "cortina negra" de la vida junto a los muelles. Ojalá que nuestros jóvenes, la bella es-

La utilidad del pedagogo vá más allá—más lejos del mero acto de inculcar la aritmética, la lectura, el deletreo, la historia y las demás asignaturas. Toca la fase más importante del trabajo de moldear la juventud hacia la perfección: el moldear el carácter del individuo en la forma de lo recto, de lo honrado, de lo noble y cristiano. Los maestros son los primeros, después de nuestros padres, en hacernos ver los primeros destellos de la honradez, del patriotismo, o en síntesis, de todo lo noble y sublime.

Pero ¿qué premio reciben los sacerdotes de la pedagogía por su labor tan meritosa, tan magnánima? Se los considera como personas ordinarias, y su trabajo como una fase de la labor humana desprovista del brillo de las que se llaman "learned professions", o sea, profesiones eruditas, una ocupación que ni siquiera se considera aquí en Filipinas como profesión.

Sin embargo, suprimid el trabajo del maestro, ¿qué veríamos? Tendríamos una sociedad salvaje en pleno siglo veinte. Se nos presentaría un panorama oscuro por falta de aquella luz que solamente los pedagogos son capaces de dar; aquella que (Pasa a la página 26)

peranza de la patria, como los llamaba Rizal. imiten su ejemplo. Es necesario que nos entremetamos en asuntos y en obras de interés común. Ya vemos que los que podríamos llamar "viejos" no trabajan siempre movidos por ideales sanos y patrióticos. Su móvil es muchas veces, su ambición personal y egoísta. De ahí que haríamos muy bien en que nosotros, la juventud de hoy, nos organicemos en un movimiento de cruzada para defender los derechos de nuestros hermanos contra abusos sociales que llaman al cielo por venganza. Es un crimen ¡pero muy grave! de lesa patria el abusar los servicios de nuestros hermanos menos afortunados. Unémonos, pues. Jóvenes todos, y luchemos contra todo aquello que huele a corrupción y abusos político-sociales. ¡Así haremos la patria!

STORM OVER CHINA...

(Continued from page 9)

ture and stripped the rooms of equipment.

But when they took over the reins of government of the city the Communists didn't touch anything until later. Then slyly, surreptitiously they began to put to actual practice the principles and theories of Communism.

In the University, men and women students, who before they came were segregated, were allowed and were made to eat and drink and sleep together, in total disregard of common human decency and the moral sense. While the students before could afford to do their hair and wear their clothes in any manner each wished or chose, under the new regime they were subjected to definite common rules and restricted even in their most routine chores. They were given and made to wear a garb of one kind: overalls, be it man or woman. The young ladies of the University cut their hair in the same fashion, short and alike, stressing the theory of Communistic equality.

A court of justice was established by the authorities. They called it "The People's Court", the judges being selected from among the common mass. But invariably, the judge that got the appointment was also a Communist, or if he was not, he was forced to be a Communist. Sure, he was kicked from the crowd, but that is just to create the impression that he is a representative of the masses. But in reality, there is no representation at all.

The court tried cases from 7 o'clock in the morning until 7 in the evening. There was a case of a student, who slapped the doorkeeper of the University. The doorkeeper had made cracks at the student as he passed along the corridor. The student got hot and slapped the doorkeeper. Do you know what the Communists did? They turned this little incident into a bang-up affair, the doorkeeper having reported to the military authorities. A trial was had at the People's Court, made to order. The student was found guilty. He was convicted of a string of charges filed against him. I cannot say whether he was killed or executed after that, but nothing was heard of him again.

Fu Jen University now is having a great struggle to survive. The Reds retained some of the fathers of the SVD staff to discipline the student body and perhaps to finance the institution. I haven't heard from them since I left. But I am sure that in the long run they will have to leave. There is no use of staying. The odds against us are so great that there is no other alternative but to go. Communism is being taught in the school. What could be hoped for?

There are two great enemies of Communism. The Americans and the Catholics.

We are Americans and Catholics at the same time or two enemies of Communism rolled into one. To stay would have been fatal. Not that we were afraid to die, but that at least we could be still of some service elsewhere.

We were a group of six that started from Peiping. We left the city about the middle of November. We touched Shanghai, then Tsingtao, went to Nanking, and then back to Shanghai again. It was from there that we embarked for the Philippines.

On our way we saw millions of refugees from North China, all moving south. It was one big mass of humanity driven from their homes; trying to escape the scourge of Red advance, fear-stricken, rugged and frost-bitten in the inescapable cold of China. Hundreds died frozen in the snow. Oh, but you would not know how it is to tread on the snow hungry, with only scant clothes to keep you warm. Men, women, children, they were a horribly pitiful sight I do not want to remember.

Transportation was very difficult. One has got to possess a license from the authorities before he can get an automobile. And every possible excuse was made to make the use of vehicles impossible just to inconvenience foreigners. More so if he were an American. Even the United States Embassy couldn't get a license for their cars.

Passenger trains were all jampacked with the refugees. Even on the regular freight carriers you could see them either hanging or clinging to the bars and grillings of the train, the men, the children, even the women. Every moving vehicle carried more than its limit of passengers and freight.

China is a great nation of a great people. But she is very much a divided one. This accounts much why a systematic and unified armed resistance or a solid front of moral strength among the Chinese to combat Red propaganda could not be had. The Chinese individual as long as he could attend to his own ends, doesn't care what happens around him. The everyday changes, the government processes, which to a country like the Philippines or the United States or any democracy for that matter, would be part and parcel of the citizen, were wanting. What matters to the individual Chinese is only the pursuit of his own ends. His duty is towards his family, discounting the rest of the community. Government revolves only in the family. Beyond that is a question. There is that "attitude of total indifference," distinct in the Chinese, towards the happenings in his immediate surroundings that before he knew it he was in Communism. Poverty and ignorance contributed their shares. Why Communism got much of China is thus explained.

At Tientsen, before the Communies occupied the city, they had three class trains

LA PEDAGOGIA.....

(Continuacion de la pagina 25)

faltaba durante los siglos siguientes a la caída del imperio romano y que por su ausencia resultó la "edad oscura", aquella etapa de la historia humana caracterizada por la ignorancia, la supersterización y el retroceso.

Mas después de todo, no obstante la humilde reputación que tiene su carrera, los maestros gozan de un placer espiritual raro en otras líneas del esfuerzo humano, fuera del del sacerdocio: la satisfacción de haber contribuido mucho en el moldear la juventud del país, la verdadera riqueza de cualquiera nación.

Esta es la pedagogia, la carrera que muchos que no la conocen consideran la más ordinaria, pero que sus conocedores llaman, y muy acertadamente, "la primera línea de defensa de cualquier país", una carrera noble, útil y sublime.

there.—first, second and third class accommodations. When the Communist forces took over, everybody rode in the same class of passages, fourth class. The theory of equality again. All was fourth passage, where freight and passengers, the high and the low class, smoke, sweat, and every kind of odor mix and abound in the train atmosphere. Expertly the Communists exploited the ignorance and poverty of the common mass, fanned every possible hatred and bitterness that the laboring class had against the moneyed group in order to stir up strife, hatred of privilege, and class warfare, so that there was little left to be done, if anything, save an orderly taking over. And the Chinese realized too late, that the glamour of Communism was only in its coming and not after it had arrived.

But that same indifferent attitude of the Chinese, it is hoped, will one day destroy Communism itself, just as it did every other aggressor before that had wanted to subjugate China. Different races of people, the history of China tells us, overran the country, maimed and subdued its armed power, and tried to implant their culture and their ideas, but never succeeded in really conquering them. China was the same old giant that it was before they came, with its own ideas, its own language, its own culture.

I cannot say much of what goes on behind the Iron Curtain now. I would like very much to hear from the fathers of the SVD that we left behind, but there are no letters. However, I am very grateful that I am now in the Philippines. It is much relief to feel again the Catholic atmosphere around people.

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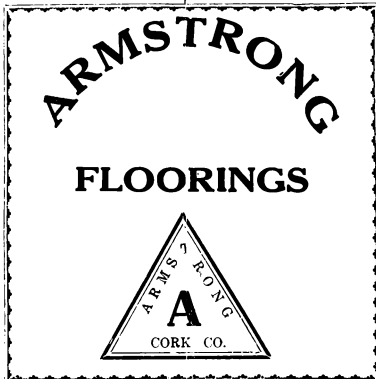
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