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THE CAROLINIAN

UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS MAGAZINE



Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D.
THE NEW RECTOR

v. 13, no. 1

JULY--AUGUST ISSUE 1949

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This Side of the Articulate

By N. V. LIM

We hold no illusions nor make any pretensions to being the oracular oracle in commenting on the items in this issue's reading menu. It were a waste of precious time and patience to read through an article and find out late it wasn't much, after all. Better to know beforehand what the think is about — to get a whiff of just that tiny hint to a lead to whip up interest.

The staff lead a miner's life. We burrow through piles of contributions hoping to come upon readable nuggets. This time we struck it rich. Rich in materials — to be written and written by.

About the plethora of new personalities and the dirth of written-by's. The reverend Fathers, the new instructors, and the students from all points of the compass, no less. But about the following written-by's we hereby serve formal notice;

From the immaterial dream-world of poetry we have a perfect specimen of how a "Lovely Love-Life" should be lived, written by one of Cebu's young, versatile poet, writer, and newspaperman, NGR. To the point and driving straight to the heart of the matter, the poem aptly voices the innermost wish of — could it be? The men too!

Typical of the average and teen-ager, VNLim erstwhile of the BHSD's Junior Carolinian and Semper Paratus, in his bachelin-the-wood-sy "Room Where Carabaos Don't Room" interprets deftly and with suave quite humor the perils, confusions, and cut-of-the-world-ness of the collegiate neophyte confronted with time schedules, rooms, subjects, details ad infinitum all of which, like time and the weather, changes and flees without warning. "Jack and the Backstroke" is in the humorous vein while the grouch on "Radio" bodes well of a discerning nature.

Who can Arani be? His short-

short story "Pastel" has the eerie and nebulous charm reminiscent of Robert Nathan's "Portrait of Jennie". The story thread flows delicately as if from one silken string to another. When you reach the end, you'd ask for more.

The caustic vinegar and stinging pepper in this issue's menu is labeled "Hold Everything!" Of Misogyny and Ismael Leyva we can only point out that while his sketch may be applicable to some, why pick on such off-center she—characters? He has delineated an excellent (forgettable) character sketch, though. Sketch, that is, by a character himself.

We turn with relief to Fitz Arreza's soothing vagaries and rations on how to be in an "Unbuttoned Mood", let water pass under the bridge, let tempus fugit unmolested, and roam the upper abstract ether of the mind with an air of negation. In this piece, the poet speaks in prose. JPVestil's "A Shot Too Many" is a yarn in the cloak-and-dagger category. Its the kind of story that packs a punch. At least at the end you get something between the eyes—a surprise shot.

A class by itself (in our issue) is C. Cavada's one-act play "Romero and Juliet" a parody based on the opus by the Bard of Avon. C. Cavada is in that moonshinic period as witness her theme, but she has injected that satirical s'ir which delight her friends.

Be on the look out her for next issue's offering. For sure you'll get a kick going through: Carmen Rodil's "Pink Lace". It's sweet and haunting— as an old love song. Another treat is "Storm in China" by Fr. Edward Norton as told to Aristoteles Briones. Fr. Norton is USC's recent acquisition who just arrived from Red-occupied Peking.

CAROLINIANA

It is a big world and from different zones of the globe, representatives gather in USC. From the land of the mighty Teutons, Germany (in Europe, remember?), from Duisberg particularly, comes Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansswinkel who was with as in San Carlos immediately previous to the second world war.

Happily back with us again, too, is Rev. Fr. Luis Eugenio Schonfeld, jolly, amiable, Spanish-speaking. Father Schonfeld hails from the gayly musical glamour-land of the pampas, way down south in Argentine.

From the great land of the USA, specifically from the state overflowing with milk and honey, Wisconsin; Rev. Lawrence Bunzel, Vice-Rector and Head Librarian, hails from Milwaukee. Nearer home, Rev. Fr. Constanse Floresca comes from Naguilian, La Union.

We zoom up north again to the Rhineland, from the regions of historic Westphalia, one of whose son's energetic, phenomenally successful career in the service of the Master represents him aptly as University Builder, Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann.

Room A-15 is the home-room of the CAROLINIAN staff. But it also is the clearing house for press relations among Carolinians of all colleges whose suggestions, questions, and contributions will be welcome.

With the establishment of an office exclusively for editing the Carolinian and the end of our roving-at-large-phase of progress (yeah man!) the problem of ready contacts among the staff and fellow students desirous of handing us bouquets or brickbats, is solved.

With the intended botanical roof-garden and the possibility of a swankier, bigger cafeteria, the day is not far off when we will have our own 'USC Printing Press. Who knows?

Among those whose noble ambitions are to serve humanity, we have Elpidia Doroteo, who is at the Christ the King Seminary, Johnny Mercado and Rafael N. Borromeo, who are among the Jesuit postulants. Mr. Miguel Casals, whose lectures have inspired many is also a Jesuit seminarian. Johnny Taylor Borromeo now belongs to the first group of Filipino seminarians of the Redempt.

(Continued on page 2)

Your Reading Menu-

	Page
The Big School Called College by NGR	3
Author Within Our Gates by J. N. Lim	4
Back In This Old Home by Emilio B. Aller	7
What's Wrong With Our Radio Stations by V. N. L.	6
Hold Everything by Ismael Leyva	10
Jack and the Backstroke by Vicente Lim	9
Juvenilia by Luis Limchiu	23
Unbuttoned Mood by F. Geraldo	17
Dios Expulsado de las Escuelas por NGR	20
La Juventud: Edad Propicia Para El Trabajo	
por Luis Eugenio	20
Desconocidos en el Mar por R. Guanzon	21
Lo Que Es El Castellano por T. de Iruereta	22
Pastel by Aram	16
SHORT STORIES:	
Shot Too Many by Jesus Vestil	5
Romeo & Juliet (Latest Edition) by Carolina Cavada	8
DEPARTMENTS:	
Caroliniana	1
This Side of the Articulate	1
USC in the News	14
Sports	14
Campuscopes	11
Sección Castellana	20
ROTC Briefs	18
POEMS:	
Closing Comment by F. Arreza Geraldo	2
Lovely Love-Life by Ngr.	2

CARLINIANA

(Continued from page 1)

oist Order at St. Clements College.

Fr. Florence heads the High School Training Department in the former position of Rev. Fr. Charles Gries.

Rev. Fr. van Engelen is not only a solid Dutchman but he is also an expert technician where engineering is concerned. Now in retrospect we hark back to some of them who have gone before us.

For the quiet convent life — Tecla Reyes, Comerce '47 and Paz Villarosa Com. 48 are among the Novices of the Sisters of Charity, Manila.

Ben Wallin-sford Alpuerto has recently acquired his American citizenship and is at present in Canada finishing his studies, we've heard. Arthur and Baldwin Yu, of the famous Yutivo clan are in the States studying at Loyola University. Others who are studying abroad are Pepi-

to Noras, Luisito Alvarez, Louis and Ernie Aboitez, Wendell Uytensgu.

Arsenio Garcia, who once edited the column "Within the Boarders' Board" of the pre-war Carolinian, is at present a prosperous businessman in Dipolog.

We're wondering what happened to the Trebol brothers-Ricardo and Fernando. The last we've heard was when they left for Spain years ago. We remember Dief specially for his acting in our pre-war dramas.

Captain Vicente Diana, a specialist of the first rank in Physical Education has joined the USC faculty to direct Physical Education in the university. He has sixty-eight units in his subject and has finished the Master of Physical Education. He has excelled in baseball and track and field in his younger days as an athlete in the University of the Philippines where he took up his studies. The Captain will coordinate the intramural and physical

Closing Comment

By Fitz Arreza Geraldo

*Why fear to die, two-legged walking
Worm,
Death's still the debt to Nature we
all pay;
Impending to us all, then why
dismay
When any hour it snaps this Life's
brief term
Thou shalt be dust, the waste before
no form
From womb to tomb is all thy
chronicle
Against the Chronicler thou can't
rebel,
When He to hapless dust thyself
transform.*

*Look around thee; the poultry pets
thou prize
How short their eking out from
grass to grain—
They make no plaint, the truth they
realize
That all must round the cycle of this
Earth
All ways to rid it is an effort vain
Death is the closing, as commencing
Birth.*

Lovely Love-Life

By N. G. R.

*If you must love at all
love well and thoroughly
do not love with your left
ventricle and loathe with
your right.*

*Do not invite with your eyes
and repulse with your lips
nor caress with your words
while cursing in your mind.*

*If at all you have to love
love well and completely
let every bit of you feel devotion
let every atom in you say:
I love you.*

education programs in the USC.

Oskie Aleonar, a Carolinian of many parts, (KZBU announcer, president Junior Chamber of Commerce, 1046-47) is presently an instructor of the Philippine Ground Force School, Floridablanca, Pangasinana.

USC MAGAZINE

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Editorial:

The Big School Called College

A notion has gained quite a currency among the student population that college furnishes the sure-fire formula for success. The idea had so flourished lately it is becoming more and more difficult to disentangle the sheepskin from the shining symbols of security, high living, and dreams-come-true.

Apart from the promise of decisive achievement which he expects college to toss in his laps, more often than not, the high school kid has an eye peeled to the glamour of college life. The brand-new personality, the flashy uniform, the intramural excitement, the nice "adult" people he is thrown in—all add up to an irresistible lure. Soon he becomes determined to go through the whole thing in a happy-go-lucky, collegiate way. The set-up merely suits him to a T. He seems to have hit on the smooth trail that gets around the steep, proverbial humps between him and success. What's more, it looks like strictly a pleasure trip and he is to "arrive" in style.

To some extent, the current school boom may be traced to the growing popularity of this naive notion. A high school graduate steps into college with the trepidation comparable only with the wide-eyed wistfulness of the old folks in Marco Polo's time as they trekked eastward in search of the miraculous fountain of youth. Thus when the high moment arrives, he clutches at the diploma with the urgency of one who feels he has grabbed success at last by the tail.

But the honeymoon does not last long. Soon realities catch up with him, knocking off one after another all the silly pet notions that used to clutter up his young mind. And hardly has he shed off the toga than he gets the usual quota of rough jolts set aside for the uninitiate and the shortsighted in life's big game.

College is still a school, if you will, a big-gar school. The freshmen are apt to be nostalgic when they meet again the familiar classroom boss perhaps a little older, wearing a longer

face and horn-rimmed glasses. All around them are evidences of the well-known, old-fashioned set-up. The book grind is still on; the teacher-pupil team-up holds on like a sentimental song-hit. There's no magic in the magic formula—except the midnight oil. The bulk of the job has still to be slung over the shoulder. Most of the shaping of the student has to be done with his own hands for the collegiate machine does not operate independently of the students' own strivings.

It is time we reexamine what drives have pushed us into college. It is no hunting ground for excitement and good time. To make a go of it, college must be a serious business even as all planning for the future should be serious planning. The tribe who seek to combine wild speers with studies will end up sampling an unsavory stew. The supine, starry-eyed who envisions himself up on a high perch poised for the one big dramatic splash to herald his entry into the outside world may unhappily land in a puddle with not enough water to wet his shirt.

Truth to tell, college has not yet devised the magic, answer-all formula that will turn out, at the push of a button, prefabricated, full-fledged, successful men and women. It sticks to the moth-eaten, old-maidish (if the expression can be forgiven) job of providing knowledge only to those who have the will and the inclination to absorb. The process is one of helping us discover ourselves and developing what has been discovered. But the talent must be yielded to be exploited, the genius unveiled to be tapped. When the final accounting is done, it is still our own resourcefulness, our ability to absorb, our will to sacrifice, our devotion to study, the vision and the courage in us that make the sizes of success we become.

The tools thrust into our hands, we are thus launched into the world but still free to carve out our careers and destinies with our own hands.

A close-up on the affable, approachable personality that stepped into Rev. Arthur Dingman's shoes

The pamphlet's cover was bright but the foreword inside was brighter still—in a few precise paragraphs it convinced the freshman the importance of logic. The cover proclaimed thus: "Outlines of Logic—by Albert V. Gansewinkel".

Now, there are authors and authors. More often than not they are remote and erudite strangers but here, for once is one as erudite but not remote nor a stranger. For as everyone knows, Rev. Albert van Gansewinkel is our new Rector.

Rev. van Gansewinkel (fan gansey-vink'l) was born in Duisberg, Germany in 1903 during the time when the floral festivities nears its climax in the month of Our Lady, May 28. He studied in Rome, was an outstanding student, took special classes under the world-famous theologian and moralist, Fr. Vermeersch. He was instructor in Philosophy in 1929 at the Gregorian University, Steyl, Holland where Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann was then a senior student.

He was ordained in Rome, October 30, 1932. In Rome, Rev. van Gansewinkel met his first Filipino, the now Monsignor Mariano Madriaga. Arrival in the Philippines on Dec. 10, 1934. He had his first assignment in Viran from 1934, at the Diocesan Seminary. In 1941 he came to Cebu, taught Philosophy at the Colegio de San Carlos until 1942 when the war reached the Philippines. He was interned in Lahug for a week.

The year was 1943 when Fr. van Gansewinkel went to Christ the King Seminary. A year later, he went to Holy Ghost College, was there until 1945 when he went to Leyte. In Tacloban, he headed St. Paul's, a school which later became a college under his administration. He was to stay until 1949 when he came to USC as Rector.

He has been to missions in many countries in Europe and to many provinces in the Philippines. In his own way, he has bronagated the

Author Within Our Gates

Faith from the pulpit and the classroom. Philosophy is his forte.

Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel is one whom all of us will come to regard more and more as we know him better, as time reveals, his constant cheerfulness and unflinching friendliness.

Only forty-six years young, Rev. van Gansewinkel is remarkable in intelligence and scholarship. (He is a Doctor of Theology.) Although quiet and reserved in nature, he has a ready smile and an affability that befits a dignitary. He speaks in a

By J. V. LIM

warm, friendly voice evocative of his warm, friendly nature. In his affability there is strength, in his quiet manner there is cheerfulness, in his amity there is understanding and friendliness—in the person of Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel there is a quality that will surely, indubitably command our admiration and respect.

FATHER RECTOR'S MESSAGE TO THE CAROLINIANS

I noticed with joy the great interest of the students in "The Carolinian." This is a good sign, because "The Carolinian" as the official organ of the student body has an important mission to fulfill: it should give a training to future journalists and it should build up a "public opinion" among the students—or rather something much better: it should feed and foster the "Esprit de Corps" which was so very much alive in San Carlos before the war and which, as I saw and felt on several occasions already, by no means is dead now, which on the contrary lives and pulsates within the walls of the venerable old buildings as well as in the magnificent new ones, that subtle yet strong attitude which impels the students to do serious work in class and at home, to cultivate courtesy and good manners, to take delight in a noble friendship with companions and teachers.

Go out then again, dear old "Carolinian" under the care of the new staff, go and spin the threads weave the ties to fasten the hearts of all those who proudly call themselves "Carolinians" with the bonds of affection for one another and for the truly great school which San Carlos University always has been.

ALBERT VAN GANSEWINKEL, SVD
Rector

— Short Story —

A murder plot hatched by a husband who had to gulp down a couple of shots, shoot his mouth off like an off-the-beam narrator

A Shot Too Many

By: J. P. VESTIL

For days he had plotted, schemed deftly like an agent of the law closing in on an armed criminal. But he was on the rotten side of the people. He would kill. And the job is going to be perfect. Nobody is going to sniff a nose on any insidious clue because he is going to pick up what others have left and learn better than to be a stupid, careless fool who forgets to bury his weapon for good after it has tasted blood.

It was going to be tonight. He would come home in a good air, bring her a string of manolas that she likes most. He has never mentioned appreciation of her cooking but he's going to do it now. Kiss her good night. Hide the devil in him, see? No time is better than now. He just can't live to see another day blasted with the same sickening palavers of a glibly wife. *What did you stay out so late for, Raph? Where's the other half of this mess? Mrs. So-and-so wants us in all our new frocks at her party tomorrow and I get don't have mine. Can't you be like others' husbands? Nothing ever sets you alive in your pants than drinking your money away and burning all. Here I am slaving for you, drowning in my own sweat to make you eat and you... you...*

He's got enough of it. He's not going to lay a finger on that language again. Decency! Bah! What do you mold your pleasures out of, the saintly principles they write in books? That's a lot of baloney. It's his own funeral, not theirs. All right so he just lost his whole month's pay at Joe's; so he has used another fifty doppers from Mike; so he drinks, what difference does that make? You've got a right to your own life, haven't you?

He pulled his coat collar up and fixed his cap to an angle that covered half of his face. The wind was biting. Unlike those other nights he passed this way the streetlamps were no longer lit. The pavement was slippery under his feet. He

didn't know it rained hard. The engines made a lot of noise inside and he was working with an acetylene torch. There must be a storm warning and they wouldn't risk lives again, by those hanging out electric fires like that one last... not long ago.

This was even better. Ah, nature to be on your favor when you're pulling the dirty stuff is good omen. He couldn't fail. He was going to say he was sound asleep and heard nobody enter their room. They will be going to make him talk. And he'll tell them she had so many enemies in her maiden days. No, he couldn't remember particularly. It would be dirty to name names. The underworld would blast you to shreds for it. That's how they get rid of squealers.

This was his house now. It was dark inside. There was only the light in the kitchen. She must not have stayed up for him. Rather early. Oh, no, it was fifteen past twelve on the family clock against the front wall. He slid past the living room making no sound. He didn't care to take a bite.

Every thing is okay now. He had made sure he bolted the front door after him. And the windows were already closed. He made the steps up carefully not to make a creak. The door to their room was on his right. He made a sweeping glance about him just to make certain. He turned the knob and stealthily made his way in. He could have patted silence on the back this time for being a helpful gun.

She was there sleeping her rotten soul idly. She was breathing heavily, she always did when in deep slumber. She won't know a thing. Ha, she'll wake up clinging on to another world. This was coming to her. It's hers to take.

He took off his coat, threw his cap on the right table, and laid his shoes far out under the bed so he wouldn't trip on

them. He got in bed to wait for the right time.

It was silent as death in there. He could hear his heart pounding rapidly against his breast. The chill outside had gone, now he could feel his blood churning, his muscles tightened, and he was shaking all over while his brain racked under his skull saying: *I hate her. Hate her! It's going to be a Kill! KILL!*

The downpour was heavy outside. It rattled against the low sink roof. A .32 won't make a loud noise. Just one hot lead is enough anyway.

He got up. Under his belt where he had always tucked it he pulled the Colt automatic and walked around the bed to the other side where she was lying on her left side baring her temple to his aim. This was it. In a minute it will be all over. He raised the gun, played his finger on the trigger for warmth, and...

"Okay drop it, mister. Turn around we got you covered."

The lights went on. A plainclothesman walked out from behind the divan with a .45 on his hand. His own gun fell with a loud thud on the floor.

He couldn't say a thing. Other men had walked in from the outside. His wife was now sitting up on the bed, wide-eyed. The dirty! Someone took hold of his arm and led him away.

"Rather a stormy night for murder, Chief," he heard the guy say.

"You said it man," said the other, "but not cold enough to shake him dry from the liquor. But I like him. He's cooperative. Didn't make it tough for us. Just took one drink too many and started talking about what he was going to do with his wife as if he was alone. How much more he exhibited a handsome looking rod and grinned confidently.

"An out-of-place showiness I'd say. That would put him up to twenty five years to make regrets."

END...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR RADIO STATIONS

By V. N. LIM

Why is it that many swell programs are always spoiled by commercials? Why does some of the radio announcers try to imitate American announcers? The imitation they do is not so good. The corn shows! And the listeners don't say he sounds like Arthur Godfrey or Don McNeill, but that he is a phoney and a baloney. It gets under the skin of the listeners and loses the studio a fan.

Why are the better programs on the air during the day, when the kids are away at school? Many good programs are missed, and what have we in the evening? A chank of commercials, native programs, Chinese programs, Spanish programs, newscasts, more commercials, native plays (most usually sentimental and lousy), and so few and short good programs. A good per cent of the radio listeners is made up of teen-aged school boys and girls and college students, and the likely kind of program that appeals strongly to them is musical programs, song hits and instrumental and vocal 'renders'. The few good programs aired in the evening are the Coca-Cola Spotlight Review or The Spike Jones Show once a week; the Starlight Serenade once a week; the Guest Star Show once a week; the Cashmere Bouquet Pleasure Parade twice a week; the Glo-Co Top Ten once a week; the Hour of Charm once a week; and the nightly Sincerely Yours, Slumbertime, Concert Hall, Classical Album, and the Dream Peddler so late in the night for a student to stay up for. Also better programs like Freddie Martin and His Singing Saxophone, or Music by Martin, and some short dance music are a sorry flop because of the plugged-in commercials that come in even before the platter is through spinning, sometimes at the middle of chorus. A friend of mine got so mad, he wouldn't buy anymore the

product whose singing ad cut short his favorite hit at the chorus. And, what's worse, these commercials are plugged in every so often. Why not a separate session, time, and hour for all of these advertisements — preferably during the day when we are away at school? A full hour of ads and commercials would be better, like a newspaper's ads section or classified ads column. It would be much better than frequent interruptions of spoken and singing commercials spoiling the evening's pleasure. One announcer once played Pepsi-Cola and after that someone said into the microphone, "You have just heard music by Martin."

Why don't we have nice programs like

all, Name Bands, Dance Party, and such programs that are just the thing for a student whose body and soul craves for relaxation in the evening after a day's grill at school. And how the heck do you expect to relax if you listen to a strictly lousy and full of corn native play that gives emphasis on supposedly tear-jerker stories about jilted girls who sob and shriek, black sheep who comes home crying into mother's or father's shoulders, desperate lovers and jealous sweethearts who shout and scream, wail and yell — mostly wallowing in self-pity, remorse and I-wish-I-hadn't-done-it routines? What's more, these plays are probably purported to be lessons for young-uns who take love like black and white with red shades in between. Us youngsters don't listen at all to these corn carnivals in order to be better citizens. Instead, we have learned to shun them and turn the dial to the other station when the time of these programs come.

Once I sat back and began to enjoy Glenn Miller's lively "Chattanooga Choo Choo" — which was killed at the middle

A Young Radio Devotee Snipes At Radio Stations That Hire Phony Arthur Godfreys, Spoil His Top Songs With Simpering Commercial Jingles —

DZRH, DZPI, DZFN, DZMB, and other Manila stations who feature swell programs? They have musical sessions that are easy on the ear and pleasing to listen to, like the Lucky Strike Show at DZRH with guest vocalists and good orchestras such as Monica Lewis and Frankie Castle; another DZRH program, "Guaracha Fiesta" from 9 to 11; DZMB's offering featuring The Jumpin' Jacks, Jan Garber and Eddie Le Mar; DZFM's "Solo Spot" with Dinah Shore (she Shore is something!); Jo Stafford, Dennis Day, and Paul Weston and his orch on the "Celebrity Circle"; Matty Malneck's combo of toe-tapping modern rhythms; DZRH's Take It Easy, A.M. Medley, Music for

part and the sad voices of a chorus singing of Palmolive's merits came out of the radio. I almost kicked the poor radio set in. And once I heard the same Miller's rich give out with my favorite, "Kalamazoo." That was weeks ago, and since then I've almost grown gray hairs and white beard waiting for it to be played again. That disc must be a rare museum piece.

I have a great deal of respect for humane, good, understanding radio station managers and announcers and a greater deal of contempt for those that do not manage the station or handle the programs to the listeners' taste. So have a lot of other listeners.

*An Oldtimer's Story Of Another Oldtimer Who Agrees
USC Is Where The Heart Is.*

By EMILIO B. ALLER

BACK IN THIS OLD HOME

"Oh, how very delighted I am to be back in this old home!" These were the first words which spontaneously rushed out from his lips when in the course of this interview, our Rev. Fr. Luis Eugenio Schonfeld, S.V.D., was asked of his impressions on being assigned back to our institution.

Time was when San Carlos University was only San Carlos College. Into this same benign institution, hundreds came, stayed awhile, and then, went away. But among the members of the Faculty who went away and eventually found his way back to us is Reverend Father Schonfeld.

The genial spirit of camaraderie characterized his pronouncements although couched in simple terms. "I am glad to see so many old and new faces among the members of the Faculty and student body as well. I'm doubly glad and elated that this dear old home of mine has meanwhile become a University". His words also beam with the sunlight of a wholesome *esprit de corps* he must have always preserved for dear San Carlos within his heart. Although a heart which poignantly feels, might speak seemingly bare words, the sincerity which urges it in the expression makes the exposition eloquent and full.

Our new Dean of the College of Liberal Arts was born in Maria Luisa, in the hilly province of Entre Rios, Argentina, on August 8, 1912 and studied for priesthood in St. Xavier's College of Buenos Aires, Argentina. He was ordained a minister of God on November 20, 1937, and immediately after, was assigned by the Superior of the Society of the Divine Word to the Order's Christ the King Seminary at Quezon City, Philippines, arriving in Manila on April 5, 1938. His first assignment to the then San Carlos College was in 1939.

He became head of the Spanish department and at the same time Moderator of our "Carolinian". Now that he is again with us, besides being Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, he also assumes the same post of Moderator for our University organ. He admits with contagious



REV. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, SVD
*"We've got to consolidate our efforts to preserve
and even augment a great prestige."*

enthusiasm that he always had strong inclinations for writing and the development of the proficiency for writing in our students. He naturally expects every Carolinian to do his share in making our University organ a first rate magazine.

When that unexpected holocaust with a bombastic name and effects parted the ways of all Carolinians, he was one of those who blazed their paths into the wilds. He evacuated in the interior of Occidental Negros, stayed there for two years, got sick and later took a sailboat to rejoin his Order in Manila. He was thereafter assigned as professor in the Vigan

Seminary of Ilocos Sur, in 1944.

The Liberation came with reconstruction and replenishment as the new orders of the day. Our good Father was not found wanting. He became one of the pioneers of Holy Name College established in Tagbalaran, Bohol, in 1947. He held the position of Secretary General and at the same time the Moderator of its College organ, LIGHT. He was in collaboration with Rev. Fr. A. Lesage, S.V.D., (a former Carolinian), in establishing that new College under the SVD.

Then he has come to rejoin us after

(Continued on page 19)

ONE-ACT PLAY

Romeo and Juliet

(LATEST EDITION)

By CAROLINA CAVADA

— with proper apologies to Shakespeare —

Julia Caprice
Romco Moonshine
Fapa Caprice

(Ice-cream parlor)

R—Say, you're new here, aren't you? First time I've seen you around. I didn't know Mr. Caprice had a peach of a daughter. (Aside) Bright eyes, dimples, curves!!! whew!

J—I have been busy growing up in school. I've been here since March. On vacation.

R—No wonder. Seems to me you've got plenty of brains between those two pretty ears.

J—(Flattered. Primps her feather cut) O—oh!

R—(Pulling his chair nearer) You smack of university halls. (Pauses, groping for a topic) I'm interested in books. How about you?

J—(Blandly) To start off the day, I eat Shakespeare for breakfast, then I devour T. S. Eliot at noon, and for a dose of reverie and peace, Tennyson or Wordsworth.

R—Why, you must be a cannibal! T. S. Eliot in your menu? I hope you don't get indigestion. I have just finished reading Wordworth's "David Copperfield" I'm starting with Tennyson's "Dust Be My Destiny". They are my favorites, too.

J—Steady there.... that old gambit. For a short time I thought you were going to be a smooth operator.

R—Aw, shucks. My tongue and my mind could not coordinate. I was busy thinking about you..... (Another attempt) Could you be interested in stamps?

J—No!

R—Well, then, coins. I've a whole set of African money.

J—If you want to try your tricks on me, you can polish your tongue somewhere else.

R—(Attempts again. Shows a grin) You know I'm an idealist. Someday I'd

wish to disappear from this hubbub and live in a country and cry Eure. ka to find more air there, more breathing space, less gossip, less expense, no surplus scandals. Ah, Utopia!

J—I think you're being a hypocrite. You can't thrive there anymore than a seal can in the torrid zone.

R—(Almost exasperated) Well, then, at least we can talk about your old man. Does he allow you visitors?

J—Yep, but you're taboo at home. All the Moonshines are.

R—Well, then he can taboo me but that can't stop me from seeing you. Personally, I don't think I'm taboo to you, otherwise you....

J—(Caught. Stammers) Er-er. How about those stamps Romy? I think I'd like to begin a collection. I've...

R—.....wouldn't have talked to me. May I ask.....

J—.....a friend who's collecting.....

R—.....you a question?

J—.....stamps, too.

R—Julie, don't be so elusive. At least, you like me, don't you? (Holds her hand. Tries to quote) They say that a fence in between makes love more keen.

J—Now, who's talking about what?

R—Love, Julie. I love you. This is not the first time I've seen you. I see you everyday from my aunt's window. I go to her house now that you're home. Sometimes I do nothing but watch for your face from the other side.

J—Here's where I get stuck up, brother. What am I supposed to say?

R—Say you like me. Quick. Oh, Julie!

J—I think you're interesting.

R—(Inspired) Can I see you again, same time, same place, but not same answers tomorrow?

J—No dice.

R—You can come with my chape-rain. I'll bring my dog. Can you tell me tomorrow, Julie? Come, now, give an

honest fellow a break.

J—Check. I think I'd better be running along home. It's getting late.

R—Why don't you just walk? Can I walk you home?

J—No, thanks. I know how to walk by myself. My old man's still awake.

R—I'll take the risk.

J—Okay. (Climbs the jeep) (Arrive at doorstep.)

J—Well, here's where we say goodnight.

R—Er-er—may I kiss you good-night?

J—NO. Does one need a good-night to be kissed?

R—Well, maybe some of these days, Julie?

J—Maybe, often there will be no grass on earth.

R—Come now, Julie, don't put up those repartees again.

J—Good-night, Romy.

R—Julie?

J—I said, good-night. I'm going in now. (Still lingers)

R—Promise me again you'll see me tomorrow.

J—To see is very easy but to talk is another thing.

R—Please, Julie, it takes but just one simple "yes" to make someone happy.

J—How's this—Si, señor.

R—You're cute. You finished your Spanish 1a?

J—I'm going in now.

R—(Detaining her) Oh, Julié!

J—Anything?

(Romeo pulls a smack on her cheek. Julie hurriedly goes in and slams the door. A big voice booms from the living room) Julia!!!

J—(Meekly answers) — I was afraid of the mouse. Papa.

Papa—Were you afraid of a man or a mouse?

On Street—

Romeo—(As he starts the jeep)

Boy, oh, boyoboy! What a day, rather, what a night!

Thus is my Faith

Thus is my Faith.—While the tempest roars

*I shall pray to God in silence
With a love more profound,
With a fervour more intense
Till the whistling of the wind
and the fury of the street
Shall have vanished.
There shall I remain
With a lamp
Which, while burning,
Does consume itself...
There, prostrate, I shall remain
At the altar's foot
Relishing in my prayers.
There I shall be trying
In darkness, all alone,
Shrouded in a mystery
As Mary of old, one bitter afternoon,
Enveloped in derision and contempt,
Beneath the Cross, where agonizing died
The Eternal Son of God.*

*Though the horizon shall be blocked
I will tread the same, old path
Illumined with the light that sheds
Resplendent rays of the light
That scintillates on my brow
As a heav'nly lantern lit.*

*Though my days shall turn into darkness
I will still keep on believing...
And though modern pharisees their clothes
shall rend,
I will confess to God
From the deepest of my soul:
"Ever more do I believe!"...*

*Though the temple should be left
Deserted... solitary... dark...—
Though the sacred pulpit to silence be
reduced;
Though the altars be deprived
Of their ministers
Who the Lamb do inmolate...
Yet I will remain prostrate
Before the altar
And pray for them...*

*Thus is my Faith!
The darker be the clouds
That lurk along my path
The brighter is the light of stars...
The clearer do I see.*

LUIS E. SCHONFELD, S.V.D.

WATCH FOR—

"Storm in China" by Fr. Norton as told to Aristoteles Briones in the next issue.

AN AQUASHOW-OFF TRIES TO TOP ESTHER WILLIAMS IN MIRAMAR SWIM POOL.

Jack and the Backstroke

By VICENTE LIM

This happened one Sunday morning at the university swimming pool at Miramar, Talisay, when a half dozen freshmen went there for a swim. The day before they had seen an Esther Williams movie. Any Esther Williams movie will feature her doing a stunt in a swimming pool or in a pond—at any rate, in a body of water big enough for one to splash around. And any aqua-antics done by Miss Williams includes an exhibition of graceful backstroke. One of the boys was intent on topping Miss Williams' famous backstroke or thought he could. And this he tried and found to his chagrin that it was not at all as easy as it looked in the screen. This lad, called Jack, was an extrovert; and being one, he thought he could duplicate anything he saw. Such as imitating Esther Williams' famous graceful backstroke.

Once at the edge of the pool, Jack poised for what he purported to be a sleek swan dive. When he jumped he looked like a pipe tossed in and made a splash as loud as a flat-bottomed boat thrown in the sea, bottom first. Spluttering, coughing, arms thrashing widely, and emitting mouthfuls of water, Jack clambered up the edge of the pool and decided to abandon the swan dive business. Next on his list of attempts was a snappy Jack knife dive. So he was once more at the jumping end of the diving board. After a few tentative poses on how to do the Jack knife, Jack leaped off the board—and hit the water belly first. "UGHFFTT", Jack groaned upon hitting the water, indicating the failure of the attempt.

By the time he staggered up the side of the pool, his chest and belly were tinted a deep red; and by the look on his face, the insides of his stomach must have been crushed. Jack crossed this off his attempt list and decided to try another dive. (Jack was one fellow that was hard to put down. "You can't put a good man down, you know!" was his favorite maxim. The only trouble was that Jack

wasn't so good.)

This time it was a back dive. This, Jack did from the edge of the pool. All set... Jack did the back dive... of course it was flop, too. He looked like an ironing board slowly pitched in the pool. We advised him to stick in the water and stick to real swimming. But we didn't know Jack also had tricks in the water as well as off it. Now he brought up the back stroke line. "Watch me do Esther Williams' slick tricks, gang," he announced. We tried to protest in the thought that such risky undertaking might result in untimely disaster, but "you can't keep a good man down"... Now Jack floated on his back thinking things over before going into it. He looked like a desperate man calculating the distance from atop a high rooftop. His legs kicked about and, finding he moved, kept on kicking. Of course he also hopped up and down the water, spitting water between immersions. Determined, face set, Jack finally got started. His legs now kicked vigorously and he started moving his arms in an overhead arc while floating on his back. "Smile, Jack!", we called to him. Jack smiled—and the next instant spat water from his mouth he gave us an unpleasant look, but we egged him on.

Extrovert Jack needed only a slight encouragement and he responded with renewed legkicking and arm-thrashing. This went on smoothly. Jack now could swim backwards on his back and smile at us. Like a duckling on its first swimming lessons Jack contentedly swam. "See? I can do it!" he exclaimed triumphantly, and we nodded in glum assent. He did it better and better after each few yards, and we thought it wouldn't be spoiled anymore by sudden mishaps or reverses.

All the time, Jack was getting nearer and nearer the end of the pool but we didn't notice this to give him warning until it was too late. Being a man of endurance, Jack kept on kicking and swimming backwards until he hit the edge of the pool.

HOLD EVERYTHIN'

A Budding Analyst Sorts Out The Coeds Into Interesting Cubbyholes

(FIRST of a SERIES)

By
ISMAEL
LEYVA

Let's say you are the average Mr. or Miss Student coming from a remote district known as Kokomo which is found in one out of three roadmaps given out by Socony. You have an accent given you by your grade school teachers and a language you learnt from the comics. Armed with these assets you make a try for college so you will be more acceptable to the pedigreed or bedegreed genus of the human coterie.

Now that is a good enough premise for you to plow through this because this will be just tailored-made for your tastes. Take Mike or Bert, both are sensible girls who think career women make the best wives. And before we proceed, let me explain to you something. Mike is a woman because she is really Miguela and Bert is a woman also because she is Alberta. Now they were not really called that way in the high school but their classmates in college gave them that name and they stuck.

I would not say, if you are a girl reader, you could be Mike. Mike is one of the very few college girls I know who acquired a degree in the first year, an M. D. no less. A Marriage Degree, if you are puzzled. But you could be Bert because she was not decided who her ideal man is and her ideal man when she finds one won't be the marrying type. Besides Bert is of the opinion that this is no place to go husband-hunting since she came here to find about the secrets of the atoms and the molecules in the chemistry. But Bert will always hasten to add that it is here that all the aspects and problems of matrimony should be subjected to a rigorous study.

Bert, incidentally, is taking a combined course, one calculated to make a well-rounded woman of her. To us, she is already pretty well-rounded because we meet her in every party. She is a pretty good conver-

sationalist with an opinion about everything under the sun. Fortunately our ideas do not jive with her. Probably her ideas jive with no one.

She probably will make the dramatics club or the sponsor's club. She has such a sweet and fascinating way that endears her to any audience even during class hours when she is not supposed to act. And she can turn on the 14-karat charm on any 'tow-headed kid aged from 14 to 34. Now how can she miss being a sponsor?

But to Bert these are nothing more than "transient" pleasures. She wants to get out of her course knowing how to purr "Will you please pass the plate, s'il vous plait?" or "Dankee schon, donkey!" For our very masculine sense of values, a slight Brooklyn accent and a diction a trifle more decent than a radio announcer's will be enough indication of a college education.

You will be seeing her around in newer and more bizarre new look outfits and you will probably mutter to yourself why her parents ever sent her here. Then you might see the blurred image of a supersonic missile leaving a trail of high-potency perfume. She could be Bert who is one of those costing the anemic Philippine economy so many millions of pesos in imported cosmetics.

Now Mike is the other side of the picture. She has taken the fatal plunge so she can concentrate on her studies or so she says. Mike used to be a stubborn girl before she picked up her husband and to her there are only two sides of the question. The wrong side and hers. That makes her a pretty tough customer to argue with so we dare not protest her views. After all, it is her husband's worry now.

She doesn't go about armored with a war-paint that thick nor exuding the fragrance of the distilleries of Paris and Cologne. Her taste in dress is more restive than it was

during her kaleidoscopic days of yore. Needless to say she is a better student who is very much applied to her classwork and reserves all her charm to the hubby. How long she will be that way, only time will tell.

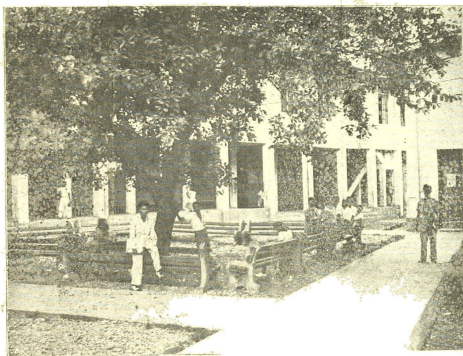
She has already scraped off the barnacles who use to surround her during her days of blessed singleness. Bert, on the other hand walks around the campus like an earth-bound constellation. Her satellites whirl about her very much like the planets of the solar system. Some of them are pretty good planets, others dying meteors and still others are dead and dull moons.

Bert, I suppose, is the ideal of every campus belle. She is loaded with a lot of what the Frenchmen call savoir faire. None of her friends find it necessary to jockey for positions in her court of favor. She can manage to be a wee bit aloof from them and yet close enough so that they feel the warmth of her affection. She doesn't need any self-adjusting heat regulator to do that. Bert is gifted with a very keen perception of the emotions of her friends and she knows what is brewing in the breasts of her associates. That makes her easy to get along with.

Ask her cronies in the dormitory and they will tell you she is an angel. They claim they can see the halo around her head sometimes. They look up to her as their older sister albeit she is no older than most of 'nem. Bert literally sprout wings when she comforts a room-mate who just discovers that her "steady" goes out with another.

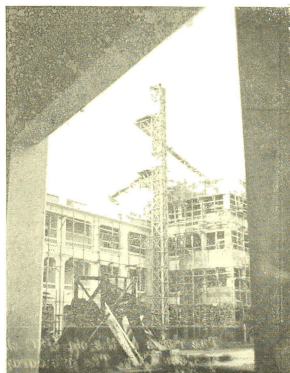
Stories about her acts of kindness are legion and I do not think I am disposed to tell you about them now. The telephone is ringing and that is probably a creditor burning the wires. So until we meet again and until I can find some old stories of mine that I can rehash and reprint, goodbye and thanks for reading through.

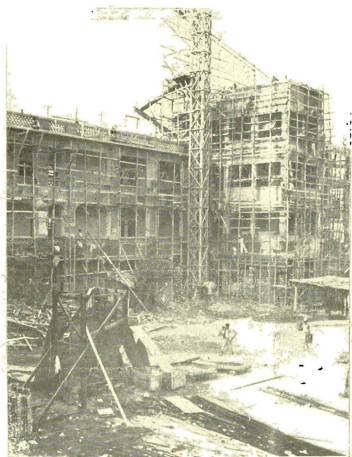
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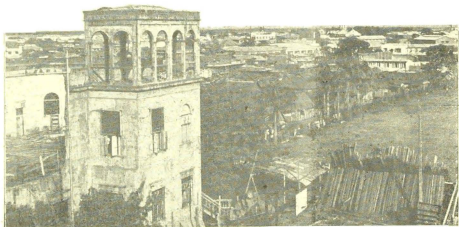
Favorite retreat of high school boys: the patio beside the chapel

*Back view of Main Building
Thru a window of the Science Building*

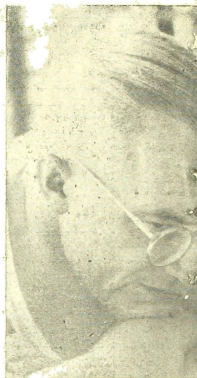




USC Main Building under construction viewed from behind.



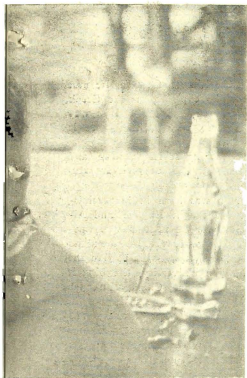
The ruins of the old USC chapel and beyond: most of Cebu City. The photographer was on USC main building top floor.



Planning,



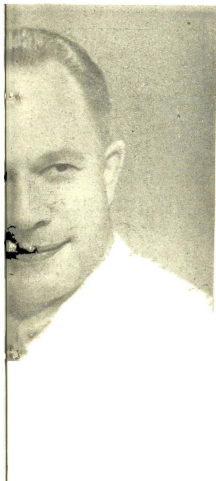
The new Rector, but also a charming



Planning, planning



The dreamer, the planner, the foreman, Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD atop the USC roof garden.



Early but affable, dignified personality.



A bird's-eye view of the Cebu City taken from atop the USC Main Building.

U. S. C.

Arrivals From China



Rev. Joseph Baumgartner, SVD
 "...the climate here isn't so hard."

of the few authorities on Chinese life and culture. Sereca, he explains, is the Greek for silk which even in the old days was already associated with China where it was first found.

He is now teaching social sciences and holds the important post of assistant secretary general of USC.

Father Norton was born in Massachusetts, USA. He taught English and Algebra in a High School near Boston during the war. Just after the war's end he was assigned to Peiping, China to join the faculty of Fu Jen University, the biggest Catholic university in China. Fu Jen University, he said, is about as big as the University of San Carlos in many respects. It used to be the biggest SVD university in the Far East before San Carlos was rehabilitated.

Asked for their impressions on their new surroundings, they replied they found much relief at feeling the Catholic atmosphere in Cebu. And the climate? They like it fine too. "At least it is not as hard

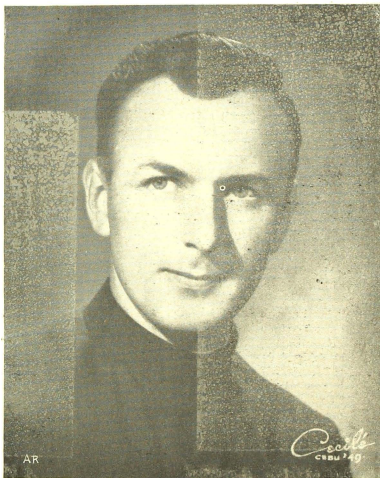
The recent arrivals from China are two SVD fathers who taught in the world-famed Catholic University of Peking under the administration of the SVD fathers.

The priests who have considerably reinforced the USC teaching force are Rev. Joseph Baumgartner, SVD and Rev. Edward Norton, SVD. They had to put up with hard times in China when the Red Army closed in on Peking and were finally forced to leave. "For what else could we do," said Fr. Norton, "You see the communists' greatest enemies are the Catholics and the Americans. Most of the fathers were Americans and Catholics — the two enemies of Communism rolled into one."

Father Baumgartner finished his Licentiate of Theology in the internationally known Gregoriana University in Rome. He taught sociology and religion in the Catholic University of Peking. As secretary to the editor of the Chinese scientific journal "Momenta Sereca" he is one

Rev. Edward Norton, SVD

"We are two enemies of Communism rolled into one."



AR

Carroll
 Cebu '49

in the NEWS

as in China. The Chinese summers would make you black and their winters would make you wish you were an eskimo. In China you get the extremes.

Fr. Norton is a six-footer with a movie actor's profile and a good booming voice. He is presently assigned in the USC Boys High School.

USC Gets New Head

The University of San Carlos acquires a new Rector in the person of the Very Rev. Albert Van Ganswinkel, S.V.D. He succeeds former Rector Fr. Arthur Dingman who was due for another assignment abroad.

Before the war Fr. Ganswinkel was secretary general of San Carlos College. He directed St. Paul's College of Tacloban, Leyte since the early days of liberation. During his administration St. Paul's, formerly a secondary school, earned full college status.

The new Rector acquired his Doctorate of Theology in world's best school of theology and philosophy, the Gregorian University in Rome in 1934. In the same year he arrived in the Philippines. After some fruitful years of school work in Visayan and Manila he was transferred to San Carlos where he stayed up to the war's outbreak.

Fr. Floresca Appointed Training Dept. Head

The new principal of the USC Training Department at Mabini is Rev. Constante Floresca, SVD, a live wire of a priest and the only Filipino SVD in USC. He stepped into the shoes of former head Vicente Medalle who is now a professor in the college department.

Fr. Floresca finished his priesthood studies in the SVD Christ the King seminary in Quezon City. He is also a BSE graduate and is about to finish his masters degree.

Carolinian Staffers Acquire Rector's Office

The new quarters for Carolinian editorial staff is the office of Father Rector at former USC administration building at Jones Avenue. Father Rector has moved to a new office at the recently finished USC main building.

The new editorial quarters is a cool, roomy office equipped with brand new typewriters and other necessary office equipments.

Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld New Dean of Liberal Arts

Another addition to the already impressive faculty of the University of San Carlos is the Rev. Luis Eugenio Schonfeld, S.V.D., who had been appointed Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. Fr. Luis is not unknown to the Carolinians. He first set foot on the Philippine soil in 1938. At the end of one year's stay in Manila he was appointed head of the Spanish department of the then San Carlos College in which capacity he stayed till the outbreak of the war.

Immediately after the war he pioneered in the Holy Name College of Tagbilaran Bohol where he acted as Secretary General. Aside from his job as head of the Liberal Arts, he took over Fr. Bunzel's task as moderator of the "Carolinian"

Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann Appointed Executive Secretary

Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann S.V.D. had been appointed by Fr. Rector as executive secretary of the University. As such he will be the coordinating official of all the Colleges and departments.

He shouldered the brunt of the job of rehabilitating USC. In less than two years, USC was able to build three imposing concrete buildings and earned the University status. To Fr. Hoerdemann goes most of the credit of making USC the biggest school outside of Manila.

37,000 Volumes In USC Library

The increased number of student enrolled in different departments of the University of San Carlos this year (1,500 over last year's) spurred the administration to furnishing students better and more library facilities.

The recent arrival of shipments of books increased the 35,500 volumes to 37,000. The bulk of these books is composed of texts and references for the colleges, especially of Law, which have been purchased regardless of the expense. Books for the Master's Degree course are being ordered and are expected to be on hand before this semester ends. With the arrival of these books the library can meet the needs of the students in all departments.

(Continued on page 16)

SPORTS FLASHES!

College Basketball Intra-mural Opens

The much-awaited, annual college basketball intra-mural opened with a bang at the old USC basketball court recently with the University stands packed to the rafters by hundreds of Carolinians. The ceremonies, which ushered in the season for the battle royal for basketball supremacy among the college departments of the university, was one of the most colorful and most impressive ever held.

The well-attended opening ceremonies started with the parade of the different competing teams in their even more colorful and beautiful speck and span uniforms "chaperoned" by their respective sponsors who were simply terrific in their flashy uniform. This was followed by a short talk on sportsmanship by Rev. Fr. Lawrence W. Bunzel, athletic director and intra-mural moderator. Fr. Bunzel emphasized that playing is not so much for the thrill of winning as for the sake of good clean sportsmanship. Intra-mural director Capt. Vicente G. Diana followed up on the true worth of the intra-murals and also administered the oath of sportsmanship. As a fitting conclusion to the historic afternoon the formidable Engineers overhauled the hard-fighting Education Quintet, 26-32. Rev. Fr. Rector Albert Van Ganswinkel tossed the first ball.

UNITS PARTICIPATING

Teams	Managers
Pre-Law	Atty. M. Ortiz
Pre-Medics	Doctor F. Solon
Liberal Arts Himilipia	Reyes Mr. M. Valde
Commerce	Mr. J. Tecson
Education	Mr. V. Medalle
Law	Atty. F. Pelaez
Engineering	Engr. J. Rodriguez

OFFICIALS

Intra-mural Moderator ..	Rev. Lawrence W. Bunzel
Referees	Mr. Reyes (Chief)
	Varsity Boys
	(Members)
Scorers	Varsity Boys
Field Physician	Doctor P. Solon
Bandmaster	Mr. E. Villareal
Announcer	Atty. M. Ortiz
Reporter	Mr. N. Alifio, Jr.
Photographer	Robles Studio
	Paoner "
Equipment & Ground Caretaker	School Janitors

(A SHORT SHORT STORY)

Pastel

By ARAM

"The heart is the only timber to be proof
Against all thunderclaps and lightningtwists."

Lloyd Frankenberg

Much as he disliked to think of her now, he no longer wanted to write the story which he began years and years ago. A dead tree has no shelter and what was left of yesterday's tree, he didn't care. Yes, time is a tree, so said a poet, and this life one leaf but now... love is no longer the sky and yet he had to write to end all writing.

He had just come across the poem. Hide in the Heart by Lloyd Frankenberg. Powerful. Rich. On the table, with the book in his hand, he saw the end of it all. Like a painting in abstraction, the image of the girl, even in his memory, puzzled him. It was meaningless, dead. To him, she with the past and all that was related to the past, is also dead. Useless now to pull sweet blue flowers out of memory, he thought. Then, fending off lost ecstasies back in his own consciousness, he stood, opened the door and stepped out into the night.

Outside, where the wind stirred the tree leaves lazily among its branches, he could hear the serenaders far across the other side of the village shouting: I love you, I love you... their guitar also saying: I love you. But whatsoever was entered into sweetness and song and lovely night, he knew that the time has come and that all between him and her would be forgotten as all things would. It would be easy to sleep on it, he assured himself.

When he returned and came to the room, it seemed as if the storm in his heart had ceased. His thought was now at peace and of this, he was sure.

Now sitting on his bed and not more than three paces removed, he could see clearly the children sleeping, their innocent faces, devoid of all worries and heartaches, was to him a symbol of life and happiness. His wife beside him, also sleeping, was to him and for all the world to know (he was proud of her), a faithful memorial of being the companion of his days!

Slowly he stood, and like an arrow ready for flight, he dashed towards the table where the book was and, finding that it was still opened, he gently took it and began to read:

Hide in the heart. There is no help without.

The strong winds ramp about the world tonight.

The heart is wide enough to move about.

The heart is tall. In a world too small for flight.

This is the only border out of doubt.

Although he studied poetry extensively to himself, yet he wondered what the poet wanted to convey. Again he continued to read.....

Find out this music pounding through the wrists.

Stop out the sounds of the feet tramping the roof.

Let the rain beat with all its mailed fists.

The heart is the only timber to be proof.

Against all thunderclaps and lightningtwists.

When he finished reading, without pulling a tree reminiscent, he lit a cigarette and stuck it into his lips, and while drinking the wind magnificent, he blew a million smoke rings for winds to keep.

Before he put out the light, he kissed the forehead of his wife and children one by one.

USC IN THE NEWS.....

(Continued from page 15)

Ramon Osmeña Elected Lex Circle President

In the hilarious, very vocal manner of law students, USC law organization Lex Circle gathered last week to choose its officers for this school year. The vote for presidency went to tall, popular son of ex-President Sergio Osmeña, Ramon who won by a landslide.

This year's vice president is Pablo Garcia; secretary, Gloria Pareja; treasurer, Manuela Bardillon; press relation officer, Napoleon G. Rama; student council representatives, Horacio Adaza, Vicente Uy, Aniano Ferraris, and Guillermo Lazo.

The high moments of the affair aside from the election were the speeches of the new Father Rector Rev. Albert Gansewinkel, SVD and law Dean Manuel Zosa. Introduced by the Dean, Father Rector impressed the students with his profound knowledge of legal principles. You are not learning law here, he said, in order to get around the law. It is not enough to memorize the provisions—a child can do that, he went on. "A lawyer must know the philosophical and historical background of the provisions of law and how they contribute to the common good."

The meeting closed after the counting of ballots. The following is the result of the election. The winning candidates and their closest rivals were:

President: R. Osmeña 168, Al. Dalope 11; Vice-Pres.: Pablo Garcia 96, Major U. Francisco 47; Secretary: G. Pareja 58, J. Saguin 53; Treasurer: Bardillon 53, Chew 43; PRO: N. Rama 85, Ferraris 14; Reps: Adaza 90, Uy 115, Ferraris 67, Lazo 67.

Another Swimming Pool At Talisay

In its desire to give students the fullest convenience and facility, the University of San Carlos has started to erect a bigger swimming pool at Talisay which will be of standard size (25 by 12.50 meters) With the completion of this swimming pool Talisay will be the site of more swimming tilts.

The present swimming pool which is smaller will be assigned to the girls. The swimming pools are for the exclusive and free use of the students and faculty of the University of San Carlos, but all are requested to bring their library and identification cards in order to be permitted to enter the ground. This requirement is for the convenience of the man in charge who ultimately cannot know all Carolinians.

(Cont. on page 23)

Unbuttoned Mood

By FITZ ARREZA GERALDO

Do not consider those hours of thought time spent in vain—when I silently look on the heavens' blue face or gaze at the sparkling splendour of the sun as it peeps in the dewy fringes of the east, and when it seeks repose in the bloody hills to the west to give way to other suns that creep to the skies when shadows fall. Or when I brood at the silver circle of the moon until the night is wrought into the dim dawn.

O call me not an idle fool distraught into these dreamings that seem profitless. For they are my only means of happiness—even from youth I have been taught to bliss at all these.

No, take not my saving props from me away. Without them I will not live. A wretch I then would drift with common men and never again could I look on noble forms. Nor be free.

It is true that all of us feel poetry. The poetic fire brandles in the breast. It stirs our minds. It is a powerful desire that we must articulate or we cease to be. Out from the troubled chambers of the heart this feeling must be given freedom. We must express the sentiment of joy. Our words must render real the wished-for kiss, but we only know the pain and the agony.

We write our wonder-given inspiration—those thoughts and fancies of which we are the true and absolute sovereigns. But how many times have we pined them down? Really how wretched is our conception, how poor the rage? And most poor is the expression that are made poets!

Definition:

Life is a flash of light in the darkness of eternity.

It gives a sparkle white then dies away—no spark to see

And all it is darkness as before, naught seen of whiteness evermore!

And he poured out his whole heart, his whole being: "I am here prostrate at your feet, asking pity, begging love. Be you my soul's participant of Heaven. Let me

be the keeper of your treasury of pleasurable love. Let me be the amorer, the sportful of your sweeter favors. I will be a faithful steward of your trust, and I will treble all what you will give. Only open for me the chance. That given, I will so labor that you will not say in disappointment that you had trusted Fate in vain; rather you will utter pleased: the bursar of my love is an honest man; he has served loyally; I am more rich; continued faith in him is the abiding reward.

Would that I were free to pray that you must love me—only me—of all mortals and bless me with your engendering love, open for me the portals of your heart, that I may enter, your one welcome guest, and others, debarred. We will then banquet on the gods' own table of nectar and ambrosia endlessly.

Does the sky know how beautiful it is? It has but to look into the placid lake. There will it feel Narcissus' bliss...

But let not the sky know it possesses beauty. It might grow vain, and love itself. And like Narcissus, who was conscious of his beauty, it will pine away and die.

That was a weird-looking veining. The very air that seemed to suffocate the whole body was pregnant with Death's bottomless despair. The trees were still and inanimate. Eternal darkness veined. There was no day. The very sun did fear to enter there. The feeling sense of joy slunk far away. The fierce enveloping gloom was only clear.

Yet it was beautiful and dear to me. It had a particular glory that entranced me. The trained familiar eye saw the invisible and sprightly fairies dance and play. I heard the elfin music murmur and play. And the elves themselves were smiling at me.

If we could fancy eternity, then it couldn't exist. The imagination is faint and feeble. Its power unsure to paint the vastness of a vast infinity. And it is this sad futility that proclaims the truth of its dread existence. Where the ima-

gination is not given wing it gives proof of its dark reality.

Those who might aver their eyes have once been favored with a cratic-view of eternity only feign. Their minds deceived them, for naught truly knew. There is more than our eyes can see that lies in it. The heart that feels naught sometimes deep intuition but insufficient.

Let us sing of the common tao. The man whose life is the most important in the land and yet is the most unknown that then we are apt to forget. He has a modest home, a contented wife and children, eats three meals a day, pays his taxes and adheres to the laws of the government. Sometimes, of course, he is in strife with his neighbors but oftentimes he is in peace with the world.

Now and then he's wooed by politicians, but he's not imbued with interests for the human life.

Yes, sing of him — he who makes the land strong by his solid and reliable ways. He is without imagination but he is most sensible. He lives on his own. He doesn't mind about corruptions and graft among the powers that be. He never does make demands on our government, except to reduce the tax.

Like Death, O Love, you have full many a way, whereby you make the two lovers find each other and become complete in their dreamed joy. Thus they will bless you all their blissful days which neither time, nor chance nor scene they shall forget. They shall remember always in their sweet sighings the tone, the grasp, the look, the soft-treading feet, the heartbeat and the eternity that enveloped them.

How often has it been said of true lovers: when first the lover aspired to woo the maiden under a tree or by a stream or in a dance hall or classroom or street or moviehouse or park, they began to dream:

He saw her in the glamour of Romance. He fell in that seductive circumstance.

ROTC

Edited by CESAR GONZAGA

BRIEFS



*Capt. Antonio Concepcion
ROTC Commandant*

With a view to fostering excellent comradeship, more rigid discipline, Capt. Antonio N. Concepcion, in an interview after his reappointment to be this year's University ROTC Commandant stated that he favored strict adherence to military courtesy and advocates promptness to diminish ROTC evaders. The Commandant revealed further, that the present roster of new ROTC enrollees has mounted to one thousand three hundred strong.

The energetic but tactful ROTC head hails from Manila. He graduated from the Philippine Military Academy in December 1941. At the outbreak of World War II, he was assigned to the 71st Division at Bataan, till the final surrender of the American forces to the Japanese.

A survivor of the historical but ill-fated Death March, he was concentrated in the notorious Japanese concentration camp at Capas. He was finally released on August 21, 1942. Later, in the early days of liberation, he was appointed as Acting CO of 2nd Repl Co, 3rd Repl Co, 3rd Repl Bn.

When the Army called for more qualified officers for specialized studies in artillery branch of service, he was selected as one of those to undergo extensive training in the U.S. Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. On his return, he was assigned with the Philippine Constabulary, Bohol Province from May 1946 to

December 1948.

He became the S-3 of the ROTC Department of the University of San Carlos in January 1948 up to March 1948. On the following summer of the same year, he was made the Commandant of enlisted men Troop School at Cebu City. On July 1948, he succeeded Major Pedro Gonzales as our Commandant, and until the present, he occupies the same post.

The Commandant is ably assisted by two staff officers, Lt. Florencio Romero and Lt. Guillermo Moreno. Crisp, reserved Lt. Romero retains the same post he held last year as Plans and Operation Officer. Lt. Moreno has just been assigned this year to the post of Adjutant. He studied formerly at the Philippine Military Academy.

The Corps of Cadets Organizes

The ROTC Department of this institution, after giving the cadets a strong competitive examination for officership last Sunday, July 24, formally organized The Corps and temporarily assigned the following cadets to their respective duties:

Corps: Commander

Cdt Col Moises Bucia

Corps: Ex-O

Cdt Lt Col Rufino Kho

Corps: Adj & S-2

Cdt Major Ciriano Bongalos

Corps: S-3 & S-4

Cdt Major Edelberto Isleta

1st Bn, CO

Cdt Lt Col Alejandrino Abatayo

2nd Bn, CO

Cdt Lt Col Ricardo Dorotheo

3rd Bn, CO

Cdt Lt Col Eleazar Cerna

Able Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Dominador Medado

Baker Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Benjamin Rafols

Charlie Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Quirico Ibarra

Dog Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Antonio Mendez

Easy Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Carponio Manriquez

Fox Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Rudolfo Alonzo



Lt. Moreno, new ROTC Adj.

George Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Isidro Redulla
MP, CO

Cdt Capt Celso Macachor

Hq & Hq Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Venecio Ruivivar

Service Btry, CO

Cdt Capt Nimisio Paras

Color Officer

Cdt Lt. Francisco Borromeo

Band Officer

Cdt Lt Horacio Ceniza

Press Relation & Liaison Officer

Cdt Capt Cesar Gonzaga

The Commandant emphasized the need of an MP organization to supplement police duty among the corps. This is the first unit of ROTC south of Manila which added the Military Police in the new table of organization.

59 Cadets Complete Summer Training

Fifty-nine cadets graduated recently from the summer camp center at Florida Blanca, Pampanga. The boys made a splendid record in the camp, being the only artillery group in the Visayas and Mindanao.

Despedida Party For Sgt. Alberto Arcaya

The ROTC cadets of the University of San Carlos gave a despedida party for Sgt. Alberto Arcaya at USC Coop at 1600 hours on the occasion of his departure for the U.S. Officers Candidate School at Fort Riley, Kansas. Sgt. Arcaya, a staff personnel in the ROTC Department, will temporarily be assigned to the PGF section, pending further orders to U.S. He left Cebu last week.

Give Me A Room Where Carabaos Don't Roam

by vnlim

It is after registration and I am in the midst of a packed crowd trying to arrange my time and schedule of classes to suit me. After being drenched with perspiration and getting tired of feeling the breath of a student behind me blowing down my spine, I manage to copy the time, room number, instructor, and days of my subjects. Now to go to my rooms and hand in my class cards. It doesn't seem to be any problem at all: you simply go to the room and submit your class card to the instructor like a good student, and after that forget about it and go on to the next class. But it turned out to be a carnival of shuttling between rooms and teachers. Take, for example, my Spanish Ia. Some friends and myself thought we'd be settled comfortably in the room and time it said on the schedule, but we were sent out to another class and another time. We changed our whole schedule and went to that room. Heck, we were sent out again. We began to feel like a croquet ball kicked out from one hole to another as we trudged from room to room, looking for greener pastures. We had to change our time schedules so many times, like a lady trying to decide which frock to wear to the Junior Prom.

Exhausted, flabbergasted, bewildered, we entered one class and pleaded with the teacher to let us stay in his class. The prof looked at us as if we were a bunch of escaped convicts and told us we could stay in his class—temporarily, until the special section created for unfortunate like us was arranged. We sighed and looked around for empty seats on which to plunk down our fatigued bodies. No soap. Every seat was occupied by a belligerent femme or gay young blade, so gay and happy over our misfortune. We stand in the back and jot down the instructor's lecture on one another's

back. Have you tried that stunt? Bet you can't hold five minutes on it. We ask those who are near us what the prof said, and we get a sour face twisted in a cynical grin and challenging grimace. We feel like social outcasts, but "c'est la guerre!" In a roomful of students, mostly new and non-acquaintances of yours, a cold shoulder and an icy look is rampant. We make plans to make life miserable for others if we can do that. We also hope that the next class won't be so crowded as this one. A can of sardines is so roomy compared to this class. After pushing, excuse me-ing, and shouldering our way to the front to hand in our class cards, we get then black with the announcement that we are to go to this certain room, time, and instructor because "This class has to be split in two for you are too many." And he adds, "... specially you latecomers."

Well, here we go AGAIN, we say to each other, and march out in spirit. By this time we have missed the start of the lesson, and when we are finally settled in a class we are blamed for being so late. We are advised to catch up by copying from the other students. But every female student we ask for a copy of the preceding lecture thinks we are fresh guys and are just making advances. The prof doesn't make it any easier for us by warning us of an impending surprise quiz. This announcement brings out the greed in the other students who already have the first lecture, and we are desperate. We plead, cajole, threaten, shout, scream, wail, and beg for our neighbor's lecture notes. She finally gives in to our persistent, frantic pleas. But you know something? The big blow never came. There wuz no quiz until the second week. Well, at least we made an acquaintance.

BACK IN THIS OLD.....

(Continued from page 7)

us after an absence of about seven years. In his impressions on coming back to us again, we can readily glean the kind of Carolinian he is. "I'm, therefore, so much the more determined to do everything in my power to contribute something to make San Carlos University the greatest and best institution south of Manila. All of us Carolinians, whether Faculty member or student, have got to consolidate our efforts to preserve and even to augment an enormous prestige". That's a challenging exhortation to our loyalty and love to San Carlos, but all of us Carolinians will join with each other to contribute what little we have to the fulfillment of our aims and desires for our University as clearly expressed by Reverend Father Schonfeld.

On Co-Education

The good benefits that our women derive for being permitted to enroll in the University of San Carlos, although this institution used to be exclusively for boys, is being counted as a blessing to the Catholic population of the Visayas. Father Schonfeld hails this innovation in our University life with complete approval of what ought to be. "Confronted with post-war trends, it was certainly inevitable that we should have the co-educational system. Our Catholic girls' institutions in the Visayas could evidently not cope with the difficulties of giving an adequate and thorough Catholic education to all our Catholic ladies who might desire to have their studies on the higher plane of arts and sciences. That San Carlos did open her portals to young women was definitely a right move in the right direction at the right time, and undoubtedly constitutes a signal blessing for our young women in particular and for our society in general".

Our New ROTC Branch of Service

Father Schonfeld was made to remember wistfully the triumphs of our ROTC units before the War in ROTC meets in Manila, when the subject of our ROTC was broached to him. He believes that the permission given readily allowing the change in the branch of service of our ROTC into Artillery must be partly due to the fine showing and consequent good name our past ROTC units had attained and mainly of course, as signal recognition of the able guidance and efficient leadership of our past and present Commandants with the members of their respective training groups. Regarding this, he says, "I'm particularly proud that dear USC has the privilege of having an Ar-

(Cont. on page 22)

SECCION

CASTELLANA

EDITORIALES

La Juventud: Edad Propicia Para El Trabajo

Es preciso, dicen, que pase la juventud. Cuando tenga más edad, trabajará para que mi vida sea virtuosa y fecunda. ¡Dios querrá que así sea!

Jóvenes, os engañáis. ¡Pensáis que perdiendo el tiempo, arruinando vuestro cuerpo, atrofiando vuestro espíritu, dejando jirones de vuestro corazón a los pies de los ídolos habéis de templar vuestro carácter y prepararos un porvenir honroso y fecundo? Por regla general, lo que hayáis sido de jóvenes eso seréis de ancianos. "El hombre—dice la Sagrada Escritura—seguirá el camino de su adolescencia, y de él no se apartará ni aun en los días de su ancianidad." "El tiempo no fortifica en los seres más que lo que encuentra en ellos; si encuentra el vicio, va sellándolo de día en día con un sello cada vez más fuerte. No creéis que el anciano respira bajo sus cabellos blancos la serenidad de una templanza que sea innata en su espíritu. Esto es cierto tratándose del hombre que ha combatido sus pasiones desde la aurora de su libertad y las ha hecho emprender hacia el Cielo un camino tanto más seguro cuanto más esfuerzos le ha costado; pero el hombre que abandonó cobardemente las riendas de su alma contando con la edad para enmendarse, ése no recibe de la ancianidad más que oprobio. Los resortes de su voluntad, aflojados por la falta de ejercicio, son impotentes para gobernarle, y su inteligencia, corrompida por las imágenes seculares de la voluptuosidad, suscita en sus entrañas un delirio que le embriaga, y no le permite pedir al sueño la pureza que le niega el día. No coloquéis, por lo tanto, vuestras esperanzas en el tiempo, porque el tiempo no hará otra cosa que madurar vuestros vicios o vuestras virtudes. Empiece desde ahora en vosotros el reinado de las cosas que amáis y, por lo tanto, el reinado del bien, si es el bien lo que verdaderamente amáis."

Este trabajo debe ser labor de toda la vida, pero especialmente de la juventud.

En vuestra alma sensible y delicada, no hay todavía costumbres perversas, y así, la divina semilla de las virtudes encontrará en ellas terreno propicio donde arraigar y desarrollarse. La juventud es la fuente, la alegre estación de la siembra. Si durante ese tiempo sagrado no sembráis nada, ¿qué habréis de cosechar? "Que seminaverit homo, haec et metet", decía San Pablo a los cristianos de la primitiva Iglesia. Cosecharéis lo que habréis sembrado. Si mientras jóvenes y podéis manejar fácilmente vuestras facultades no hacéis nada por vosotros mismos y dejáis a los

(Pasa a la página 21)

Dios Expulsado De Las Escuelas

Una política malsana que siguen nuestras escuelas públicas y las de los Estados Unidos es la que excluye absolutamente de nuestro curriculum la enseñanza de cualquier religión. Tan rígido es este reglamento que su transgresión lleva consigo la penalidad de expulsión de los maestros que se hallen culpables.

Este boicoteo a Dios ha rayado a tal extremo que ya es casi imposible para los niños tener idea de Dios, ni mucho menos de la religión de sus padres y antepasados. De tal manera que en nuestras escuelas públicas se enseñan todas las cosas del mundo menos El que las ha creado. Se da mucha importancia a las necesidades del cuerpo, se preocupa de lo material, se pone énfasis sobre el éxito y el cómo ganar el pan y mil cosas efímeras, pero con el alma, con lo espiritual y eterno nuestras escuelas no quieren tener nada que ver.

No solamente bajo la incandescente luz de la lógica, sino también por razón de las circunstancias que existen en Filipinas, esta política de expulsar a Dios de nuestras escuelas es un contrasentido y altamente ridícula.

En Filipinas, donde el 95% de los habitantes son católicos, cualquier designio de eliminar la religión del curriculum por razón de un principio de origen puramente americano, es un insulto a la inteligencia de los Filipinos. Que los Estados Unidos, donde hay un Babel de religiones, hayan abrazado el principio de la libertad de religión en las escuelas públicas, mejor dicho, la política de desentenderse por completo de toda idea religiosa, este hecho no proporciona justificación alguna para adoptar tal política aquí.

Esta solemne insensatez a la larga redundará en perjuicio de nuestro país. Vamos educando la mente de nuestra juventud llenándola de conocimientos científicos pero abandonando el corazón y la conciencia que la temperan y la guían en la práctica de la moral. Se ha dicho mil veces que el más temible de los crimi-

(Pasa a la página 21)

Desconocidos En El Mar

Por RAFAEL V. GUANZON

Después de divertirse jugando con nuestro "bilos" y haciendo llorar a los niños y a las mujeres, la tempestad cesó, dejando una vislumbre tras sí. Nos dejó, acaso, por capricho, tan sólo para ponernos ante una situación peor.

Antes de que nos percatásemos, a corta distancia de cinco siluetas oblongas que bailaba sobre las olas.

—Ballenas muertas, — susurró alguien.

—¡Ballenas! — asentimos con voz llena de horror.

Pero nos equivocamos. Una prolongada ojeada reveló que los cinco desconocidos eran más peligrosos que cincuenta ballenas vivas, pues eran embarcaciones del tamaño y corte de las lanchas usadas por los japoneses en patrullar los mares del Sur.

En seguida nos convencimos que afrontábamos la muerte — ¡y de manos japonesas! El único remedio que nos quedaba era escapar, aunque eso también era peligroso. Sin pérdida de tiempo echamos en el mar todo cuanto creíamos capaz de vendermos a los "monos amarillos", como "Pases" expedidos por los autoridades de resistencia contra los Nipones y hasta algunos pantalones de color kaki. Y el viento, como para fastidiarnos, dejó de soplar. Con el más riguroso silencio, nosotros los hombres, nos apresuramos al re-

mo. Algunos se acordaron de pedir la ayuda del Todo poderoso y de los santos que conocían. Mientras tanto los resignados a su suerte dijeron un acto de contrición. Contrario a lo de las olas, que suben y bajan, nuestro temor ascendía por minutos. Cada minuto esperábamos la persecución de unas lanchas o el estallido de ametralladoras. Fué tanto nuestro susto que sólo como por milagro pudimos aguantar el cansancio del continuo remar. ¡Dios mío, cómo tardan los minutos! Toda una hora pasamos junto al remo. Sin embargo, seguíamos inquietos; creíamos que los dueños de los temidos botes — con la ayuda de reflectores eléctricos y telescopios — todavía podrían apercebir nuestra presencia. Por tanto el murmullo de los nombres de los santos continuaba. Trabajamos febrilmente por una segunda hora en nuestra obra de escape, cargados todos de atormentadora incertidumbre. Gradualmente llegó la última hora de nuestra tortura. ¡Estábamos salvados! Agradecidos que éramos, no nos olvidamos de rendir sentidas gracias al cielo por habernos librado de una suerte horrible.

Una hora después, al rayar el alba, vimos cinco juncos moros, del mismo tamaño y forma que las embarcaciones que nos habían ahuyentado pocas horas ha, llevados por sus velas multicolores, procediendo de la misma dirección de que veníamos nosotros.

LA ABOGACIA COMO PROFESION

Por DOROTEO LACUNA, Hijo

Es un contrasentido la actitud que muchos tienen hacia la abogacía como profesión. Para muchos esta profesión es sinónima de mentira, de engaño, de todo lo vil y contrario a la verdad. En síntesis, según ellos el derecho no es derecho sino torcido. No obstante, los abogados, y aquellos que pronto lo serán, no deben desesperarse, porque el derecho o la abogacía no es lo que muchos lo consideran, sino lo que talmente es: una profesión útil y noble.

En primer lugar, veamos quiénes son los críticos del derecho como profesión. Indudablemente lo son unos ignorantes; unos que se creen sabios como para poder juzgar, sin saber los hechos. En otros términos, son una manada de injustos. Son injustos porque fallan sin haber hecho el debido examen de las cosas pertenecientes a la abogacía.

El derecho es igual que las demás profesiones. De la misma manera que hay doctores, maestros, e ingenieros deshonrados, también hay abogados de mala práctica. Y de igual modo que la mayor parte de los de las otras profesiones, tales como la medicina, la pedagogía, la ingeniería, son buenas, la mayor parte de los abogados son también buenos. En otras palabras, no debemos juzgar una cosa por la excepción. Tengamos en cuenta que una golondrina no hace primavera; que algunos malos abogados no significan que la abogacía, como profesión, es mala o sucia.

Acaso no es un hecho que la mayor parte de nuestros caudillos, tanto hoy como en el pasado, eran o son abogados? Y preguntémonos qué sería de la sociedad sin abogados que interpretarían las leyes, y quiénes las aplicarían. Indudablemente tendríamos caos y ruina.

La Juventud: Edad Propicia ..

(Continuación de la página 20)

demás el cuidado de pensar y de querer por vosotros. Llegará una edad en que habréis de resolver solos los problemas de vuestra vida, y seréis incapaces de hacerlo. Una fuerza que no se ejercita está condenada irremisiblemente a la esterilidad y a la destrucción. La inacción es, en primer lugar, la anemia: luego, la atrofia, y, por último, la muerte.

LUIS EUGENIO

Dios Expulsado De Las..

(Continuación de la página 20)

nales es el inteligente. Si continuamos con esta desastrosa política algún día veremos una Filipinas convertida en un país materialista y semi-pagano que, no solamente dentro de las aulas sino también fuera de ellas, se estremecerá a la mera mención del nombre de Dios.

N. G. RAMA

LO QUE ES EL CASTELLANO

Por TIRSO DE IRURETA

¿Sabéis lo que es el castellano? Es el idioma de una epopeya de ocho siglos: el idioma de Covadonga, de las Navas, del Salado, de la toma de Granada; el idioma del Romancero; el de la primera carta de libertad popular, la constitución aragonesa; el primer cuerpo científico de leyes, el Código de las Partidas. Es el idioma de los que se embarcaron con Cristóbal Colón en tres frágiles carabelas, y el que saludó por boca de Rodrigo de Triana, un nuevo continente: el maravilloso mundo americano. Es el idioma europeo que dejó oír por primera vez sus ecos armoniosos ante el sublime hallazgo del mayor de los océanos, el imponente Pacífico, con Vasco Núñez de Balboa. Es el idioma de los conquistadores de aquellos imperios fabulosos de Méjico y del Perú; de Hernán Cortés, de Pizarro, de Almagro, de Velázquez y Alvarado y Orcoñez, de Benalcazar y Hernando de Soto. Es el idioma de los descubridores de los tres majestuosos ríos de las Américas: el Río de La Plata, el Amazonas y el Misisipi; de los fundadores de las grandes capitales, Lima, Caracas, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, y Manila.

Es el idioma de todo esto y de mucho más. Es el idioma de los que descubrieron con Magallanes el Archipiélago Filipino, y el de los que con Elcano circunnavegaron, por primera vez, el globo terráqueo. Es el idioma de los descubridores de las Marianas y las Carolinas, las Marquesas y la Nueva Guinea, las Islas de Tahiti y el Archipiélago de Salomón.

Si, es el idioma de Quirós y de Mendana de Neira. El idioma de los que evangelizaron por primera vez los grandes imperios de la China y del Japón. Es el idioma de los grandes filósofos y de los grandes teólogos, el de los fundadores de las dos de las más grandes órdenes religiosas, Domingo de Guzmán e Ignacio de Loyola. Es el idioma de los grandes capitanes: Gonzalo de Córdoba,

Leyva, Alva, Requesens, Pescara, Farnecio, Spinola y Fuentes.

Es el idioma de los místicos que con Dios hablaron: Fray Luis de León, Santa Teresa de Jesús, y de Santa Rosa de Lima. Es el idioma del que descubrió por primera vez la navegación a vapor y del que por primera vez ensayó la navegación submarina, de Garay y de Peral. Es el idioma de los grandes dramaturgos y de los grandes literatos: de Lope de Vega, de Calderón, de Quevedo, de Tirso de Molina, de Góngora, y de Rojas.

Es, amén de eso, el idioma del pueblo que venció al genio militar de los mares, Nelson, en Teneife; y al genio de la guerra terrestre, Napoleón, en una lucha homérica de siete años. Es el idioma de la epopeya sudamericana: de San Martín,

de Belgrano, de Bolívar, de Sucre y de Córdoba. Es el idioma que resonó en labios de vencidos y vencedores en Ayacucho y en Maipú, en Junín y en Callao.

Es el idioma de los héroes filipinos, el idioma de Novales, de Burgos, de Plaridel, de López Jaena, de Antonio Luna. Es el idioma de los escritos de Rizal, del "Noli Me Tangere" y de aquellos esclarecidos miembros de inclitas órdenes religiosas que fundaron los institutos de enseñanza en Filipinas: la Universidad de Santo Tomás, la Universidad de San Carlos, del Colegio de Letrán, el Ateneo de Manila, el San Beda, La Concordia y Santa Rosa... Fué el idioma de la Primera República Filipina, el de sus cortes constituyentes, y el de su constitución de Malolos. Es el idioma, en fin, en la actualidad, de un reino y de veinte reñoblicas, de la quinta parte del globo terráqueo y de cien millones de habitantes de esta tierra. Eso es, y muchísimo más, el idioma castellano.

BACK IN THIS OLD.....

(Cont. from page 19)

tillery ROTC unit. This again shows that San Carlos has made a name for herself not only in scholastic standing and athletics but also in all other enterprises as has undertaken. This unique privilege is certainly due to the good training of our cadets and the excellent leadership of our best and present Commandants. Let's work towards achieving further success so that we truly may measure up to the high expectations of our authorities".

The Expansion of Buildings

"I feel a great pride with corresponding admiration in seeing the institution's extraordinary material expansion. It proves conspicuously that the unbeatable Carolinian spirit can't be subdued by any adversity no matter how bitter or intense. The stately buildings which we see rising up within such a short span of time and which loom towering over the whole city are eloquent testimonies of that genuine great spirit every Carolinian is so legitimately proud of". Our good Father gasped for breath. He just gave a wonderful compliment to San Carlos. For, after all, his restraint broke, and I imagine

(Cont on page 23)

Bromas Y Chistes

ENOJO.—Mi mujer está enojada conmigo. No sé por qué. A menos que sea por esto. Resulta que ayer por la mañana va y me dice:

—Anoche hablaste mientras dormías...

—Está bien! ¡Está bien! — le contesté — ¡Perdona si te interrumpí!

SINETICO.—Maestra al alumno.—¡Pérez, te dije que escribieses una página entera hablando de la leche y solo escribiste un par de líneas... Alumno.—Es que yo escribí sobre la leche condensada...

RAMON DE UN RUFEO.—

Se disponía a acostarse el niño. Se arrodilló y comenzó sus oraciones.

—Dios mío, haz que Roma sea la capital de Francia.

—¿Por qué haces ese pedido, querido? —dijo su madre.

—Porque eso es lo que he puesto en mi cuaderno de deberes—dijo el niño.

"Juvenilia"

—oOo—
By LUIS LIMCHIU

Juvenilia, in the words of Fr. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. means "a long word that means stuff you write when ideas are borrowed and the readers who think you are good are mother and dad..... and that devoted teacher of (senior) English." Probably most of the stuff printed in school publications are 'juvenilia' and a few are those that emerge from the typewriters and pens of "higher persons" like, maybe, the editor and some members of the staff.

The contributions that come in from the seats are usually of the 'juvenilia' kind, and what's more are stuff having evidences of the writer's attempt at using high-sounding words that sometimes only spoil the piece. Fondness for using hard-to-understand—pronounce words is a mark of the neophyte. In his attempt at producing what he probably thinks would be an impressive article the novice uses strange, high-sounding, uncommon words and this sometimes lead to either the rejection of the entry, or a long time spent in re-writing it. I have watched and seen moderators and editors of high school papers give with a sad face and regard the paper with a sorrowful turn of the head from left to right accompanied with what seems to be a sigh of resignation. an "Oh, my!" air or just plain pity for the budding writer's stuff. If the piece is good the moderator or editor gives it to an associate for rechecking and re-writing, or simply lays it aside for rejection. Of course, there are times when the use of high and uncommon words by neophytes is justi-

fied, but this is few because the usual lines of a beginner's pen form a short story or an article of minor importance. The common hash of young writer centers around topics like life in school or revolves around a short story. The use of big words in a run-of-the-mill, dime-a-dozen short story or article would perfectly murder the yarn. I suppose the fellow who started the "murders the King's English" line said that about a greenie's composition, or he heard the same chap talk like the way he writes. That does not mean only the mispronunciation but also the misuse of words. So, when one chooses to use an unnecessary, superfluous word when he can best use a simple, common word, he is murdering the King's English—and sentences himself by being a silly boy, or a queer duck, or a fellow with a loose screw, or a chap who advanced backward.

Like advertising writers who perform wonders with the English language by cooking up phrases and coining two words to mean one word, a writer of juvenilia sometimes goes as far as contributing a new word to the dictionary, the meaning of which he himself does not understand, and which he immediately attributes to a misspelling.

But that is only at the beginning. As he writes on and on, more frequently, more carefully, his brainchildren attain a little polish, gain more topics, wind around more interesting and worthwhile subjects, and may no longer be called 'juvenilia.'

BACK IN THIS OLD.....

(Cont. from page 22)

gined that his heart was full to overflowing.

About Hobbies and Athletics

An individual with varied hobbies, Father Schonfeld is also an avid athletic fan. He should be athletic-minded for he was a football player himself in his younger days in Buenos Aires, one of the centers of sports in Latin America. He was the football coach of one of the best San Carlos eleven's of pre-war fame. He has got many hobbies, but in his own words, the main hobby for him is "books, and books, and more books!" He likes basketball and swimming too. In earlier years, he used to spend quite a time in candid photography.

A man's love for sports and the arts must of consequence temper and soften his nature. He becomes more desirous of pleasant companionship in the process of giving vent to his love for sports, hobbies and arts. Father Schonfeld, being an individual of varied interests as mentioned already, must of consequence be so amiable in his dealings with everybody, especially the young. An impression I gathered from this interview with him tells me that the subject is as modern-minded as any learned young man belonging to this era of atoms and jet-propelled conveyances.

My interview with Father Schonfeld terminated, we parted with myself truly impressed by his character; and what a great asset to the University of San Carlos he must be in the light of the many valuable ideas and instructive message he has caused to portray in the course of this interview.

USC IN THE NEWS.....

(Continued from page 16)

This library card will be a strict requirement. A varied collection of different games is also available for students, for instance, basketball, volley ball, softball, baseball, badminton, pingpong, croquet, horse shoes and barbells.

Women Deans Appointed

According to information from the office of the Executive Secretary, the following have been appointed as Deans of Women in their respective departments: 1.) Miss Fortunata Rocil: College of Education, 2.) Miss Leonor Borromeo: College of Liberal Arts, 3.) Miss Milagros Ursigallo: College of Pharmacy, 4.) Mrs. Carolina H. Gonzalez: Home Economic, 5.) Miss Flora Causings: College of Commerce, 6.) Miss Flores Battal: Junior Normal College.

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