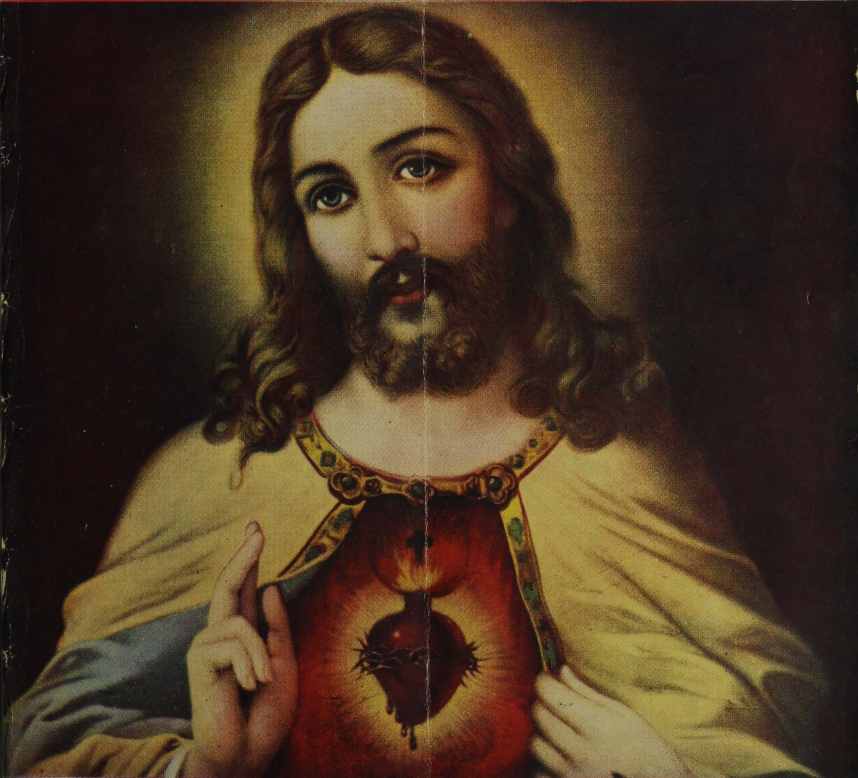


The

Carolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

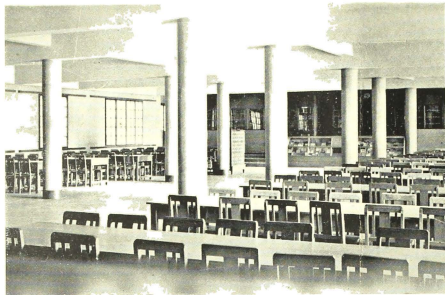


Vol. XV

*Sacred Heart of Jesus
Thy Kingdom Come*

Summer
1951

No. 7



Main Library Reading Hall

**THE
UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS
LIBRARY**

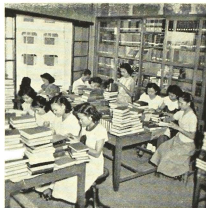
**which has become
an institution in itself
among Carolinians . . .
Students and Alumni
alike**

(See story on page 5)



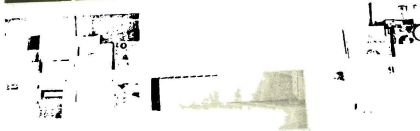
(Left and right)

**Portions of the
Cataloguing Section
showing
Mr. Vicente Espiritu,
current Asst. Librarian,
and clerks**



**Another portion
of the
Library**

**showing Fr. Librarian Baumgartner
and
former Assistant Librarian Peñalosa**



REGARDING PROBES

WITH THE probes on the Central Bank and Internal Revenue scandals going on, public opinion reacts with some enthusiasm at the prospect of pointing an accusing finger at those who have failed them in the public trust and hopes that retributive justice would be meted out to the malefactors. But it is lamentable to note that there are not only a few who are skeptical about these probes. They point out that most probes nowadays tend to prove nothing. Obviously these skeptics have lost confidence in probe-making bodies.

If we analyze and find out why many have become skeptics over our brand of probes, the newspapers have been lurid about investigations conducted within the past years which until now have not done anything at all. It is of common knowledge that there have been probes involving public officials in the last few years. And it is, alas, also of common knowledge that said probes although enthusiastic at the start, later fizzle out, are much delayed, or are never effectively concluded, in the sense that the real culprits and those who had big slices of the scandal pie go scot-free at the expense of small fishes.

The skeptics point out to the surplus scandals, the immigration quota racket, the Malivatu massacre, the Tambobong-Buenavista estates deal, and the school supplies scandals which rocked the Philippine Archipelago with just indignation. Blame them for their skepticism? In a democracy, public opinion is fluid and quick to form impressions, and everybody is free to sound out his views on anything which is of public concern.

We have come to the point where some people's confidence in our brand of investigations is at stake. If those who are concerned are really sincere in sponsoring probes, they should show to the people concrete and undeniable proofs of their sincerity in order to revive such confidence. Those who are concerned should see that justice is meted out with the least delay, because justice delayed is justice denied. If the public officials involved are innocent they will be only too glad to have their names cleared of malicious imputations and unfounded charges. Whereas if they be guilty they must answer for iniquities.

And we should not forget that in most probes, the offended party is the people of the Philippines. We, the people cannot allow our interests to be always prejudiced. The people will be vindicated if current probes will prove to them that by this time the investigators mean business.

Emilio B. Allen

Carolinian

* Published by
the students of the
University of San Carlos
Cebu City
Philippines

SUMMER 1951

EMILIO B. ALLER, editor; MANUEL AMIGABLE, feature; ZOILLO C. DE LA RAMA, news; ALBERTO MORALES, military; BENJAMIN GA-BAILLO, JR., art.

C. FAIGAO, Adviser

Rev. LUIS E. SCIONFELD, SVD
Moderator

On a
bamboo slate

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OUR COVER:

June is the month of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. During this month, we raise our prayers to Him with the All-Kind Heart. This month we praise the Glory of God expressed in His Great Love for us.



CAROLINIANA

IN MANY ways this issue may have been partly influenced by the summer weather. Its being called "summer issue", therefore fits fairly well. In a way, our coeds may have suffered from sun-stroke, not one of them made the grade for a printable short story. But the female of the specie is superb in spite of the summer heat. So we have three short stories written by our coeds.

But what the coods lost on the short story, they have tried to turn the tables on the femmes with the feature story and the informal personal essay. Three or four have been slated of the former, and at least two of the latter.

We also have our one-and-only C. Faigao symphonizing his zithern-strings and chanting to the world his reasonably beautiful giving-up of ever solving the insoluble riddle of the mystery of that "wondrous chain with many missing links" which, we concur, is truly the *woman's heart*. We are honored with this condescension from one who knows his onions, with the sonnet "Hieroglyph". Incidentally, it is culled from a forthcoming book written by the poet himself entitled *April in September*. This sonnet also may have been partly influenced by our summer weather, although, with due apologies, the poet did not tell us so.

Two more poems are in. These are experiments in blank verse, and are some proofs of what we may be able to learn in literature subjects at USC. One grieves that once woman's fragile cup of virtue is shattered to pieces, no amount of effort may place it whole again. The other portrays a pathetic pessimism because of man's unchristian attitude and hatred for his brother and his seeming unconcern for world security as if, now that the world is on the verge of consuming itself out with the conflagration of war, he is callously complacent like Emperor Nero who fiddled nonchalantly while all of Rome was burning. This poem too, may have been inspired by the burning weather which aptly reminds of the seemingly burning hates of this world.

The first of the short stories is "Even The Trees". Miss Araceli Kuan who writes it is evidently a newcomer to our pages, although she is enrolled in

the graduate course this summer. Her short story is one of the best that ever graced our pages. It is expressionistic in tone. The Misses Calonge and Enemencia are also newcomers with their respective short stories in this issue.

Relating on a particular phase of his



HIEROGLYPH

(FROM A FORTHCOMING BOOK,
APRIL IN SEPTEMBER)

By C. FAIGAO

*Slumbering beneath the dust
of ages thick,
Fair Egypt slept in dark oblivion,
Until Champollion turned the clever
trick,
And read for mankind the Rosetta
Stone.
The mist of years enmantled
Babylon,
Preserved her from the wear of wind
and worm,
Till man deciphered on the rocks
wind-blown
The broken tale in secret cuneiform.*

*Who will unravel your puzzle plain
and stiff?
O Woman's heart full of mysterious
things!
O wondrous chain with many
missing links.
You are the only remaining hieroglyph
To which our wisdom no solution
brings.
You are the last good riddle of the
Sphinx!*



experiences, Mr. Teodoro Madamba writes for us an interesting feature article. This phase is hitherto untouched by the other accounts of his travels abroad as USIS pensionado which appeared in local newspapers. While Mr. H. Borromeo reports on the activities of the recent K of C second annual Philippine convention in Cebu City, with particular references to the Knights who are also Carolinians.

We acknowledge with gratitude a very interesting letter addressed to the

editor by an alumnus. It needs to be mentioned here. Mr. Ricardo Gabuya, 697-L Jones Avenue, Cebu City, puts out in his letter some enlightening details besides pointing out to some inadvertencies in Leo Bello's "We Lost Ourselves In Print" of the March-April issue of *Carolinian*, particularly on that certain paragraph which related about Cebu Guerrilla publications.

Mr. Gabuya is right about the date of the first publication of *The Torch*. We agree that instead of 1943 as inadvertently mentioned by Leo Bello in his article, the correct date should be October, 1942. We only had to look at the cut illustrating the said article to verify it.

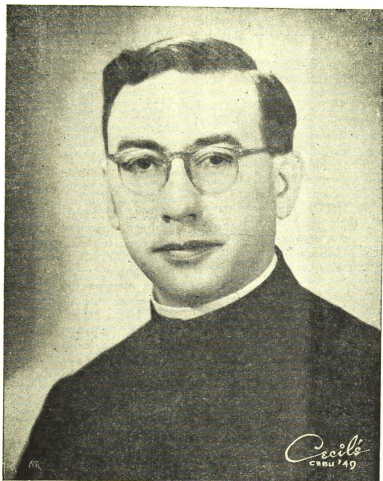
We must admit that what Leo Bello could have written about in his article are only the facts which could be gleaned out of the pages of the old newspapers which are part of the collection exhibited in the USC Pressroom of last University Day. In justice to him, he could not have divined other details which he could not have read or known about, taking into consideration that he wrote his article with the materials found in the USC Pressroom as the only source. However, we appreciate very much the voluntary spirit of Mr. Gabuya in furnishing us details which vouch for enlightenment on the Cebu Guerrilla publications.

We quote here pertinent parts of his letter:

"*Kadaugan* as published by the Southern Cebu Sector of the Cebu Area Command was edited by Capt. Francisco Kintanar, presently one of Cebu's District Supervising Teachers. In justice to Capt. C.A. Barba, it must be said that he edited a civilian paper also called *Kadaugan* later adopted by the Southern Cebu Sector by order of Colonel Luis Jakosalem, its Commanding Officer. *The Torch*, sister publication of *Kadaugan* was edited by the writer. Capt. Trinidad's part in these publications was in making the recommendation to Colonel Jakosalem and picking out the men to edit them and Capt. Barba's, in managing the type-setters, printer's desks—that is—in printing the papers. Yes, he also printed the forms for the records of the GHQ.

(Continued on page 22)

Where We May Quench Our Thirst



Rev. JOSEPH K. BAUMGARTNER, USC Librarian

WE were tired travellers in a sahara of a desert. We plodded over hills and dunes of hot, burning sand. After trekking for days with the slackening caravan, all water supply was exhausted. Water canteens were dangling empty at our belts. Lips and throats were parched with the burning heat and we were so thirsty we thought we could go no farther. We stopped and prayed for an oasis with a bubbling spring of cool water made to order. We wanted to quench our thirst, and more...

But the fact is that we are only students trudging along on a desert of studies, studies and more studies. Oftentimes we also feel that our textbooks and lectures have gone dry or they may have become too insufficient to quench our thirst for more than what classroom stuff can offer. The professors themselves justly feel the need for reference and research on various subjects by making us read from other sources besides our textbooks and lectures. And this is where an

oasis of a library comes in.

And more, a library affords one a retreat from the boredom of life. Its books on fiction and creative writing may well transport us on the wings of make-believe out of our immediate, boring worlds. Its gems of thoughts written in old and new tomes by the poets, idealists, dreamers and creative artists may well place us on a magic carpet and buoy us up to view and comprehend the secrets of life and existence from the vantage points of the clouds and the stars. Once in a while, at least, nobody may begrudge himself that exhilarating and ennobling experience of losing one's self in fancy which any good book may inspire in the intelligent reader.

A veritable oasis where we may quench our thirst for more learning is the USC Library. We always run towards it when the need arises. And we also walk into it when we just feel like killing time with the silent but pleasant recreation of reading.

And there is a lot to tell about the

By LEO BELLO

USC Library. Perhaps only a few realize this. But we realized it after about a half-hour chat with the amiable Rev. Fr. Joseph K. Baumgartner, SVD, Librarian, in his office behind shelves and shelves of books.

The Father Librarian condescended in telling us facts about our new Library ever since the first post-war volumes trickled into cabinets and shelves immediately after liberation. At this writing, the USC Library has at least 37,000 volumes of general library books. Incidentally, this number, according to a Bureau of Private Schools inspector who recently toured USC, is much more than what is officially required of a fully-accredited university library.

But the 37,000 volumes mentioned are not the only books we have in our Library. Not included in said pile are about 4,000 volumes of law books. The number of law books for students' reference work is 2,782 volumes which is also much more than what is required by the Government for a university offering a law course. The rest of the law books have been borrowed or are used by university personnel.

The new books which arrived last December consist of 1,032 Education books, 209 books on Pharmacy, 286 books on Home Economics, and a few on Engineering and Commerce. Only a few volumes have arrived as reference books for the last two courses with last December's shipment, for said courses have already been more than amply supplied before that shipment arrived.

The Library administration has also increased subscriptions with different newspapers and magazines, local and foreign. The most recent subscriptions are to four dailies: three Manila, and one local. A great number of State-side magazine subscription numbers grace our Library's magazine shelves, although latest-arrived issues are not always up-to-date, due to mailing delays and other difficulties which printed matters from abroad encounter in transit. And still, Fr. Baumgartner confided that more subscriptions to outstanding magazines and newspapers will be had in due course these suc-

ceeding months.

Auspicious policies have been laid down in the hope of properly administering the Library's functions to the students. Such policies of administration ultimately boil down to an end which Fr. Baumgartner expressed concisely in this wise: "To bring the books to the students, and the students to the books." This end is expected to be realized by the effective application of policies which Father Baumgartner enumerated as follows:

First, the administration has never lost sight of buying more and more books for variety of supply and to satisfy the needs of the different courses for reference and research. "We spent more than our budget in books besides expense for maintenance which has an extra budget. But import control provides a bottleneck in the early arrival of shipments. Packages of books that had been ordered more than a year ago, had arrived months ago, and have only a short time ago been released."

Second, the Library personnel have always endeavored to serve the students in the best way possible. This encourages the students to patronize the Library all the more, and will make them realize that the Library is theirs for reasonable and effective use. To this effect, efforts have been exerted to make the students who use the Library maintain silence. "The students, however, are liable to misunderstand the insistence on silence being maintained in the reading room of the Library. They seem to think that if the others don't show signs that they are disturbed, no harm is done. But that is not right. In the first place, if some start talking, others will follow. So that pretty soon, the library will have a whole racket going on. In the second place, the restriction for students to observe silence has still another purpose, and that is: to make the individual student learn how to be independent and to engage in serious, free research, to be able to approach solutions to his problems by himself.

4-IN-1

"One of the weeper sex said that she had just survived ten years of marital blitz and as yet still is in the punk of condition. Even if she usually dresses up in a garb so designed with an ulterior motif, she always can come home safely and with voice first."

—ADOPTED

They will derive much benefit from this method of study, research and library behavior which avoids disturbing others."

The Father Librarian recalled that he has been in some great public and national libraries of other countries and has always observed that this rule of complete silence inside the library halls has always been maintained. He thinks that the difficulty seems to lie in that ours is a student library. Some students may not still be able to realize that silence is essential in a library even if there is no supervision.

To stress his point as to the Library behavior of some students, the Father Librarian recalled that he once observed two coeds disturbing the silence of the USC Library. When accosted for their being noisy, they said that they were reviewing for the exams, and that the USC Library is the best place to review in because it is a silent place.

Another way of serving the students well is to make the books easily available to the students as much as possible. This can be realized by posting as many books in open shelves as can be accommodated. The USC Library has made a beginning on this in the General Reference and Fiction Sections. The Father Librarian avers that this is an experiment and depends upon the cooperation and honesty of the students who make use of the books on open shelves.

Third, the question of how to bring the students to the books which is not only the concern of the Library alone. It partly depends upon the students. But too many students make of the Library a reviewing place contrary to the general purpose for which the Library is instituted. (Besides they tamper with library rules by being too noisy at times.) What the Library can do to bring the students to the books can be partly fulfilled by making the books always accessible to them so that the students will know what is available for good reading. Father Librarian says that one step in this direction being taken now is providing a better card catalogue. The one available presently to the students is entirely inadequate. The Library also has plans to advertise books of general intent. Only one hour at a time is allowed in borrowing the so-called "Reserved Books" though extension to another hour will be granted whenever possible.

To bring the students and books to each other, our teachers and professors should cooperate. They should develop the students' interest in reading books outside of their own textbooks.

They ought to come to the Library to find out what kind of books we have and tell the students about them.

Plans for the immediate future concerning the USC Library were also revealed by Fr. Baumgartner. A separate reading room and Library for law students to be located at the first floor just behind the Deans' offices in the Administration annex building, will be opened with the beginning of the school year. This is a boon to law students. It is also planned to increase the sitting capacity of the main library. Tables will also be placed in the center aisle so that a lot more students can be accommodated. It is hoped that a new author and title card catalogue will be available which the Library personnel have been working on for the past twelve months. What has been started about four months ago are the subject cards. The Library will never cease to acquire more books in the future to more adequately provide the different departments with books on different subjects.

Fr. Baumgartner also has in mind to recommend, if finances permit, that the Library floor be changed to asphalt tiles to diminish disturbing sounds of objects falling on it, scraping chairs and footfalls. With asphalt tiles as flooring, the noise-effects of any impact against the floor is muffled. The material is expensive, he admits, and the University may not be able to afford it for the present. But in the near future, he thinks it can be realized.

The Father Librarian is ably assisted by Mr. Vicente Espiritu and Mrs. Nemzeno, as Assistant Librarians, and a staff of minor assistants. The Library staff under them work from four to eight hours a day. Much work is going on behind the scenes. There are six library assistants working full-time at the book counters, besides four who work in the night shift.

Why Advertise?

Did you ever stop to think that the poor old duck's business is always in a slump, due to her lack of advertising? She lays her eggs in seclusion—she never makes any noise about it. But when the hen lays her eggs—her cackles are heard far and near. She tells the world about it—she advertises! The result is, the world eats hen's eggs by the millions, while the poor old duck's eggs are unsought.

—May Teresa Holder



A Short Story

By Araceli Kuan

Even The Trees...

*Life breaks down
only to beget another life,
just as day fades
only to give way
to another day—
a poignant story of
Life's come and go*

ness in her complacent laugh as she assured herself that all flaws had been done away with.

"You're lovely, child," her mother openly admired, "all the more needful to remember a few but important things."

"Oh yes, mamma, I know and I shall remember: no flirtatious giggles, no eye-languages, no too much drinks, no drafts, no nothings."

Raul Ortega, spic and span in his evening clothes and well-polished shoes, couldn't help a low whistle as soon as he beheld her beaming countenance as she descended the stairs majestically where heretofore she used to slide down.

"Gosh, Agnes, you've grown to-night," he averred.

"That sounds like a mushroom's chronicle," she retorted.

"A very charming mushroom, then," he said.

"But not edible," she said.

Her father was all smiles when she kissed him and mamma on her first evening out by herself with no other companion than Raul, the struggling but promising attorney-at-law who lived two blocks away. She was indeed more than grateful to that Junior-Senior Prom which gave her the opportunity to prove that she was no longer a mamma's girl. She was a full-grown and a full-pledged woman by her own right.

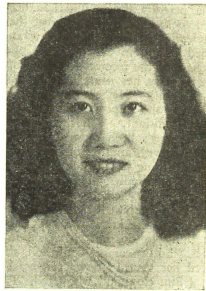
The pleasant events which followed seemed natural and even logical. Sunday afternoons. Prolonged and spirited discussions about this and that. Little family get-togethers. Cold sips of

home-made lemonade coupled with munchings of home-baked cookies during the sultry summer days. Exhilarating dips into cold waters—Papa's "carabao" dives and mamma's spectacular splashes. Dates with sister Nena or with business-inclined Joven who behaved as long as his mouth and pockets were full.

Then her first job and her first pay. How she ran home; although not physically but in spirits at least. That day she received the bulky envelope. Papa congratulated her but mamma mingled tears with her joy. Same old mamma. Sentimental. All the more lovable, all the more to be protected. There was a little celebration for it and in jest Papa had remarked, "Now I can lay me down and rest in peace,

LIGHT breeze stirred the curtains of the bedroom where an unusually pretty girl, her chin tilted, was apparently reposing. Yet there was no semblance of excitement in the face of that reclining figure whose well-kept, arched brows were now knitted in unmistakable perplexity. The ruddy tints of the vanishing afternoon sun played upon the objects of the room and for the first time the girl moved. She stood up, and in three strides was by the window, her arms under her chin, her eyes focused aimlessly at the distance. Large, beautiful eyes they were, deep-set in their unfathomable depths, questioning in their look of innocence, but now blurred in their gaze of pain. And slowly they closed only to ooze out drops just as an overflowing container lets down some of its contents when covered and sealed.

Agnes Estrada whirled once more before the full-sized mirror to be sure that everything was as it should be. Her well-brushed hair shone as the admiring light caught it and there was ripple after ripple of refreshing cool-



THE AUTHOR

certain that somebody can snugly step into my shoes."

"Why, Papa, what a thing to say!" Agnes protested in just likewise. "One fling at Berg's would melt that enve-lop's contents away."

"Please don't forget the jeans suit you promised me, Ate as a reward for..."

"For gallant service, Nena," supplied Raul with a wink.

"And de soldier boy wi de tammy gan," from Joven.

Agnes covered her ears and loudly announced, "I promised nothing and I shall promise nothing."

"Don't worry, kids," Raul interposed. "I'll make Ate keep her promise although she is such a selfish old girl."

"Careful Raul," Papa said. "That's my corny foot you're kicking."

And they all laughed.

Always, there was that contagious ring of laughter around them. Subdued but full, rich but tender. And always, there were Papa and Mamma behind them, counseling when in doubt, encouraging when in depressed, sharing when in sorrow.

Could Agnes wish for anything better? Such grand, understanding parents; a respectable, lucrative job; naughty but lovable Nena and Ben; and most of all, a man whom she considered tops in more things than one. Why, many girls would have liked to be in her shoes!

Such were her thoughts as she came home one evening from her night classes at the University where she was employed. She was still humming a popular tune when the maid confronted her with the startling news that her Papa had had again one of his angina pectoris attacks and had been rushed to the hospital. And just then the telephone rang. Agnes flew and grabbed it and in her tremor almost interchanged the receiver for the transmitter. How her heart beat in staccato rhythm! Her mother's distant voice from the opposite line sounded weak and distant. "That you, dear? Er - ah Papa's been unfortunately visited again with another of those fits. Lock everything worthwhile and come with the children... That's it, be a good girl... No, he'll be all right."

But Papa wasn't all right when she saw him. She knew it wasn't the right thing to do, but she couldn't help it. So in seeming confusion, she allowed her tears to flow even as she hugged him close and whispered, "Papa, I love you so..." The nurses had to pull her away and when she came

to, she was already in her bed, Raul at her side, ardently clasping her hands and devotedly looking into her eyes.

The smell of flowers nauseated her, which was queer since she had always been fond of them. Then the events of the preceding hours took shape before her bewildered mind and she cried, "Where's Papa? Let me go to him." She rose and almost bolted from him. The next instant she stood stock-still and petrified, unbelieving. Suddenly the room swam and all she saw was an unending rotation of sad faces and silent flowers.

A slight breeze stirred the curtains of the bedrooms where an unusually mournful figure with a tilted head stood. It played with the undulating strands of her hair, it caressed the velvety smoothness of her skin, yet the figure made not a stir. Only the silence and the gloom were there, and nothing more. Oh, why does Joven not go on one of his Indian war whoops with the neighborhood boys? Why does Nena not hold one of those gible-gabble sessions with the gang? Why does somebody not make any noise, anything to break this oppressive, provoking silence!

She looked at her watch. Quarter past five. Very soon he'll be here, Raul. Raul and their plans, their dreams. Who was it who said, "For dreams must die?" Yet he had strongly avowed that their dreams which were no gossamer fancies but solid structures, must not, they could not, die. Yes, but how about mamma and the kids?

"Darling, it shall be the same. Surely, we won't forsake them. We shall do all in our power to help them."

"Let the marriage go on, Agnes. Let me not nor the kids be a bar to your happiness. Your marriage won't alter things. It shall be just the same." Just the same? How could it be just the same? Mother needs more than just mere material support. For after all, problems as to how we shall be clothed or fed or sheltered are not so trying and vexing as those concerning the healing of emotional wounds; material hunger and thirst are not so

tormenting as the human heart's hunger for an understanding companionship and its craving for sympathy and love. All these she could be to her. Nena and Ben are simply out of the picture. How about him?

Agnes turned and walked toward the living room. There was Papa's favorite reading chair; there was his singular cigarette stand; there were his usual pile of reading matter. Everything was there and yet nothing was there. Suddenly the room seemed to choke her with its poignant memories and its cruel silence. Everything in it seemed to whisper of what might have been, of what would have been, but could never be. The room, scene of many a happy occasion and blissful togetherness had suddenly become so oppressive and so unbearable that she found herself going out of it, going out from its enveloping canopy of gloom and despair, out into the open freshness of a creeping dusk. She wanted to forget even for a moment the dilemma she unwillingly found herself in, to inhale in unperturbed breath the soothing softness of the gentle breeze. She wanted to forget—to forget.

She quickened her pace, unmindful of the stones and stares, even as her mind kept on pounding the apparently unending litany of "to be or not to be."

The truant shadows now capered hither and yonder. The streets were all agog with the innumerable poundings of returning feet: some small, some newly shod, some bare, some dragging, some hurrying. Lights began to flicker in the spectacular sign boards and the stores were all bathed in the wonderful brilliance of modern illumination.

Agnes had come into the part of the town called Avocado Avenue, owing to the ranks of avocado trees which lined up the highway. Feeling weary, she stopped in front of one of the mute sentinels. It occurred to her that their branches were almost bare and that the trees seemed to droop because of their bareness. Oh, they were just ordinary trees with spreading branches and gnarled roots. They were the kind of trees which could grow anywhere even among the filthy surroundings of a slummy zone. They were the kind of trees which could give shelter even without one's asking for it. They were the trees under whose lean shadows Agnes now rested.

Agnes found herself gazing at them for how long she could not tell before it dawned upon her that the trees,

(Continued on page 12)

TALL TALE

In the class on Philippine Folklore, a student was called upon to tell the story of the lizard. After about a half-hour's vocalizing, the Professor was bored.

"How long is it?" he asked. "I mean the story, not the lizard."

Adventures in verse



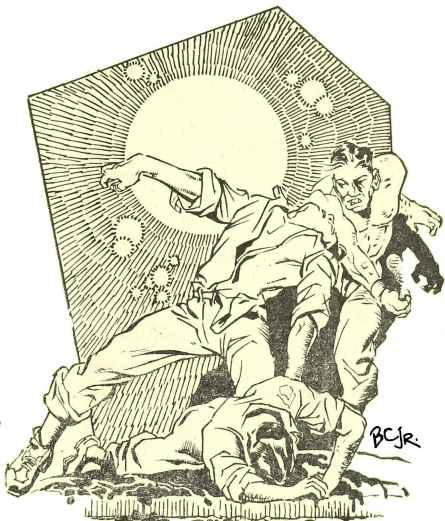
The Shattered Cup

By MANUEL AMIGABLE

*Bits of broken glass that lie
Half-hid among the grass
Hurt not the little feet;
The little feet no more
Can bleed.*

*The broken bits among the grass
The tearful dayless woman picks;
The broken bits she tries in vain
To make another fragile cup
Again.*

*Bits of broken glass that lie
Half-hid among the grass
Hurt not the little feet;
Only the tearful mother; not
A wife.*



Dripping Drops

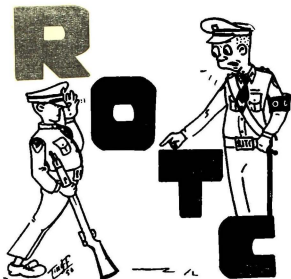
By EMILIO B. ALLER

*Drip. Drip. Drip.
I felt the steaming drops of molten lead;
Phew! Phew! Phew!
As boiler pants with hissing steam.*

*The burning ball of fire and heat
Has burst itself in hellish flames
And spreading wild consumes the earth
With Fire and Hate!*

*Drip. Drip. Drip.
Alas, some drops of red have oozed!
Drip. Drip. Drip.
With steaming drops of molten hate.*

*Our days are bright with consuming hate,
Our moon of love is dark with night,
So, drip, drip, drip,
With Cain's heat and Abel's red
Throughout our burning Nero days
And hapless, Stygian nights.*



hotter patter

By A M



Capt. ANTONIO M. GONZALES
New USC ROTC Commandant

WE SAID last time, we'd be back with more news if the Korean war doesn't catch up with us. Well, it hasn't and so...

This year's Cadet Corps will see new blood injected into the ROTC Department in the person of young and unassuming Capt. Antonio M. Gonzales, FA — teacher, writer, engineer, and soldier all wrapped up in one bundle. He will succeed Major Victor M. Juan, FA, who has been transferred to Dumaguete City to head the Silliman U ROTC Unit.

Born in San Rafael, Bulacan on Sept. 9, 1919, the new commandant spent his grade school and high school days in his home province. Strange as it may seem, his first ambition was not to be an army man but to be a teacher. Accordingly, he enrolled at the Philippine Normal School where, after two years' study, he finished his academic course simultaneously with his ROTC basic course. A year later, a mere lad of 17, teaching the R's.

But Life had bigger and better plans for him. In 1938, with world peace hanging on an uneasy balance, he realized that he could better serve his country by joining the Colors. After passing the PMA competitive exams, he severed his connections with the Bureau of Education and took his place as one of the "duerots" at the Academy. Thus, started his military grind.

Pearl Harbor found him a First Class Cadet and feature editor of "The Corps", PMA school organ. Due to the existing emergency, Class 542, to which he belonged, was graduated on Dec. 13, 1941 without much ado. Directly commissioned into the Regular Force as 3rd lieutenant, he was then assigned CO of "K" Co., 3rd Inf., 1st Regular Division, which saw ac-

tion in the bloody battlefields of Bataan. Without spending too much time, he broke the tape as 1st lieutenant, hopping to this rank without as much as first becoming a 2nd lieutenant.

"With heads bloody but unbowed", he and his men, acting on orders from superior officers, surrendered to the Nips, and were forced to trod to Capas together with the other Death Marchers. The six trying months at Camp O'Donnell only made him more determined to fight the Japs and so, grasping the first opportunity upon his release, he joined the Bulacan guerrillas as Intelligence Officer.

Came Liberation. He crossed over to the American lines, and the Army put him on the go again as Tactical Officer of the FEU ROTC Unit; later, as commandant of San Juan de Létran. In the meantime, he devoted his spare time to the T-squares and slide rules, finishing the Civil Engineering course at MIT in 1947.

In recognition of his scholastic record and military "know-how", he was sent to the Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, USA, and upon his return in 1948, he was assigned instructor in Engineering subjects at none other than his alma mater, the PMA. While in this capacity, he got another silver bar to elevate him to his present rank. From here, orders came for him to take over the command of the USC ROTC Unit.

Queried as to his impressions of Cebu City, he said, "I like the place."

He should for he's married to Cebu's own Teresita Cuenco, beauteous daughter of the Senate Presy, or didn't you know?

Speaking of marriages, Lt. Eduardo Javelosa, our most-eligible-bachelor Adjutant, finally middle-aided it with lovely Nena Dorotheo last April 7. If

you still remember, Nena was Corps Sponsor back in 1949 and guess who was Corps Commander? Lt. Javelosa, of course. But it seems this practice of acquiring sponsors for permanent life-partners also got Cdt. Lt. Col. Rene Espina saying "I do" to his own Kaydet girl, Rufinita Remollo, in Dumaguete City last April 21. And what do you know? This "bug" called Marriage also bit Cdt. Capt. Jose Fantonal who got hitched "for better or for worse" just recently.

Here are some news tid-bits on the doings of our ROTC alumni:

Quirino Ragay, Class '49, who until recently was attached to our unit as instructor, was commissioned 2nd lieutenant and is now with the Artillery Training Group, Ft. William McKinley.

Benjamin Rafols, Class '50, was also commissioned 2nd lieutenant and is presently connected with the Military Intelligence Service.

2nd Lt. Dominador Seva, Class '49, is now on duty with the 19th BCT.

Our last and final item concerns the results of the Tactical Inspection held last March. We told you last time, we were more or less assured of landing a top berth. We did. The 4th place went to our Infantry Unit while the Artillery boys got a general average of 83.18, the highest rating released by the Inspecting Team for all Infantry and Artillery units. We therefore doff our hats to Maj. Juan and to Lt. Javelosa, through whose efforts the success and victory of our Unit was made possible.



"Give Us This Day"

*Earth has a strong voice
in this story of
simple people*

by Adelina Calonge



IT WAS still dark inside the house, but pale lights were stealing in through the spaces of the bamboo slates not covered by the mat.

Tito sat up, crossed himself, and mumbled a short prayer; he inserted his fingers through the nipa wall left of him, pulled them apart and peered out. The cool sweet air struck his face and fully awakened him; it carried in the mingling smell of damp earth, dried hay, of the wild flowers across the hills, of the mudhole where his carabao was splashing contentedly and of the rosal blossoms at the foot of the bamboo ladder. He saw the sky still full of stars but the big morning star was already out. In the kitchen a rooster's crow broke the stillness, while in a distant pond a bullfrog made its mating call.

"The bamboo floor creaked as he tiptoed into the kitchen.

"Is breakfast ready, Lita?" he asked, yawning.

"The rice is boiling now," Lolita answered without looking at him but while fanning the fire into a big flame.

"Our viand?"

"There are still two of the smoked fish left from supper."

She pulled out a stool under the table; she stood upon it and reached into a basket hanging near the stove. Her hand came out with the fish. She removed the bubbles from the boiling rice and as the water began to dry up, she covered the pot. She removed the long firewood from the fire, then laid the fish in the coals to

heat.

They ate silently for sometime, each avoiding the other's eyes. They had not spoken much the night before and now the air about them seemed heavy. It was Tito who broke the silence.

"Don Jaime asked me to meet him after the high mass today."

"Oh!" Lolita gasped as the last handful of rice she was putting into her mouth fell through her fingers to her plate. "Why don't you tell me last night? When did you meet?"

She had seen Don Jaime Perez the day before, talking to his tenants on the land adjacent to theirs. He kept pointing to Tito's land as he talked. Inexplicable fear gripped Lolita as she saw his gestures as she pretended to straighten her back from her sweeping in the yard. Tito had not come home early that afternoon, and when he did come he remained quiet. Lolita guessed the rest but she pretended not to know.

"Don't be sad, Lita. We have not made the final arrangement yet. We could not agree on the price."

"But, Tito!" she was on the verge of tears. "I can't bear to leave this place, to see other people staying and

working on it." Her tears rushed down her cheeks, making two shiny paths on her face. "I told you we shall mortgage it only," she sobbed.

"Don Jaime doesn't agree on mortgage; besides, the money would not be enough."

"Surely, the money would never be enough. You will only spend them all in looking for a job. Of what use is a farmer, an undergraduate, in a big city?"

"Is Gorio a graduate? Pelo? Look at their nice clothes and their money. Pelo is wearing some gold teeth now, and Inting brought home many regalos for his relatives." You know how they lived before.

"Do you know how they really got their money?"

"The trouble with you..."

"I suspected all the time that they were poisoning your mind whenever they came to talk to you!"

Lolita got up and gathered the dishes. She wept as she washed them at the foot of the jar in the 'pantaw'. Tito followed and squatted beside her. He held her shoulders gently, consolingly. His voice was full of

(Continued on page 12)

They Spilled It

Compiled by ZCR

ATTY. C. FAIGAO, recovering from injuries sustained in a jeepney accident which landed him at the Southern Islands Hospital last January: "What I can't figure out is: there are 200,000 people in the city of Cebu and this (pointing to his bandaged eye) had to happen to me."

ROLANDO LUCERO and ANGEL LIBRE, both of the College of Law, on being asked why they had snaved their heads to the scalp: "We are observing Quirino's austerity program."

Miss LEONOR BORTOMELO, commenting on an Education student who could not make up her mind whether her status (the student's) was Miss or Mrs: "I'm not so keen about my civil status."

JOSE L. JAPSON, Education senior, after looking around the College of Law Looth in the last USC day celebrations: "The setting is perfect. The only contraption missing is the jackpot."

Miss DOLORES BATTO, commenting on a disturbing aroma which drifted into the room from the laboratory on the third floor: "Those Zoology people certainly have a method of making themselves conspicuous."

SANTIAGO FERNANDEZ, Education senior, to a Liberal Arts student who complained that her last period trip from the first to the third floor always got her wind: "Why don't you read Guanzon and learn the secrets of molasses?"



pleading when he spoke.

"Lita, please give me a chance to try my luck there. Gorio and Inting have not even finished second year but look at them."

"Maybe they are just lucky," she answered, as she wiped her tears with her 'tapis' on her knees.

"I have done all I could for this land. The last three harvests are very discouraging. We spent so much on seeds, time, and labor and we only harvested grass. There is still Tinoy's four cavans to be returned, Tio Angel's seven, and Mano Endo's three. I don't know what I have done to deserve such bad luck. It's lucky we didn't have this bad luck when I was 'hermano' of the 'San Isidro'."

She had stopped crying now. She tidied the kitchen while Tito went down to feed the cackling fowls and the whining pigs in the backyard. It was daylight but the sun had not come out behind the hills yet. As she moved about the house opening the windows, the cool breeze rushed in, filling the house with its mixed aroma, cooling her fevered mind. The air outside was heavy with dew and the music of birds welcoming the new day. Everything in the atmosphere promised a perfect day but for the turbulent thoughts in the couple's mind which marred the beauty of the morning.

The cackling and whining increased as Tito approached the animals with their breakfast. He poured the food into their troughs and watched them at their meal. As he waited for them to finish, Tito sat down below the pig-pen and leaned on one of the posts, biting a piece of grass he had pulled up when he sat down.

There were lines on his brow as he stared into the hills across. They had never quarreled this way before and he did not like the way things were. He started cursing and hating himself — but he felt self-pity, too, for his plight — he had barely enough to keep body and soul together. Should he remain like this forever—a small, nameless farmer? Either he try his luck outside or grow old and raise a family of farmers. A family of farmers? He almost forgot his ten years of childless existence. May be if there was even one child to hold him down to the farm... The Lord seemed to be always against him; no child, no crops. He prayed for both. Neither came.

An ant's bite awakened him from his reverie. He jumped up, wiped the

Even The Trees . . .

(Cont. from page 8)

with their eloquent silence, were sending a message to her. Why, even the trees die temporarily only to give forth more fruit. How did they call it in Ontology? Degeneration and regeneration? Out of these seemingly dead branches will issue delicious fruit as could satiate the palate of the young and the old. Life breaks down only to beget another life, just as day fades only to give way to another day.

Gone was the agitated pace of a forlorn but serene figure as she winded her way home through the shadows in peace.



seat of his pants, reached for the pail at his feet, and moved slowly towards the house.

The sun was peeping behind the hills. Its cool yellow light shone over the fields and tiny tenant houses clustered on the Perez land. The dew on the grasses and trees twinkled like a million jewels as the morning breeze brushed them a greeting. Now and then the silence was invaded by rooster crows from the clustered huts and answered from Tito's kitchen.

It must be six o'clock! he thought! The high mass will be over at about nine-thirty and I will still have time to finish my chores. He placed the pail at the foot of the ladder and called out.

"Lita! Will you put out my silk polo-shirt and white pantaloons? Wrap them up in the flour-sack — I might go to town early."

He proceeded to where his carabao was wallowing and moved the animal to where the grass was thicker by the well. As the carabao ate, he kept splashing water into it till all the mud was drenched off its body so it would be ready for use to town. Perching himself on the wall fence, he waited for the animal to dry. He looked down into the water through his shoulders. He saw his reflection on it. Ten years had not made much change in him. As he kept looking and appraising his image; things, ten years ago, started to rise before him.

It was harvest. He was home for vacation to help his father in the harvest. And he was passing the well with a sledful of paly, when he caught sight of a pretty girl drawing water into a bamboo tube. She did not see him. He stopped the carabao at a distance and walked softly behind her. She was startled to see a man's reflection

(Continued on page 20)

RETRIBUTION

By

Fornarina Enemicio

HE was a tall, shabby-looking man. A cynical twist to his mouth marred the, otherwise regular features of his face. His lean visage was lined with wrinkles which should not have been there. He was only thirty-nine. The slight quivering of his lips was eloquent with pain and suffering. He had been fighting against himself these many years and had found himself too late. He walked with a slight stoop, keeping his eyes on the pavement. He felt he could not face the world squarely again. Strange! he thought, now — a man who had grown so mean and small, he could not face the world again and lift his eyes to sane and broader views of life.

No one would recognize him now, he mused. No one...not even Lucia. Poor unsuspecting Lucia! How shocked she must have been when she read his letter. "Dear Lucia," he had written. "You profess to love me. For the sake of that same love, do not misunderstand me. I am in love with Rhoda and I feel I could not do without her. I love her..." Love, he sneered bitterly. "The only love he felt for Rhoda was love for the smart things she said, the allure of sophistication and glamour she had, the satisfaction of an egoistic, desire in the conquest of a worldly woman. There has really been no real feeling between him and Rhoda. He never felt for her the way he did for Lucia.



He groped for the joys which he thoughtlessly left behind and when he thought he had already regained them, conscience dictated further atonement before he may rightfully deserve them...

He let himself into the garden. There had been but little change since he left. He went cautiously to a window and peered in. The room looked the same. Yet, somehow different too. It was cold and somber, almost sad, as if filled with the ghost of things which used to be. He went to the front door and made as if to enter. He drew back. He could not muster courage to turn the knob.

"I guess I had better walk for a while in the garden," he tried to lull his fears.

He sat down on a bench and tried to think clearly. He had to organize his thoughts. How would he feel her? How would he begin?

"I wonder how the children are now," his eyes grew misty at the thought. "Jose must be a bright boy," he recalled with pride. "Little Nonoy will be little no longer. Twelve years is a long time." If only he could have those years back to live over again, he would live them differently. He buried his face in his hands, numb with despair.

A sound startled him. Someone was sobbing in the garden. Someone like him was in pain. He looked

"God!" he struck his temples, "how blind men sometimes can be."

The trees on the sidewalks were thinning out. The lights were fewer and the houses farther apart from each other. Only one block more, his steps involuntarily hastened, and it would be home. Lucia's home and their children's. He had forfeited his rights long ago when he ran away with another woman. He looked at the houses closely. He must be near now. The man at the store had told him Mrs. Castro was still living in her old home. He hurried on. This was it now. He braced himself as if for an ordeal. It was going to be one.

Lucia was always slow to forgive.

(Continued on page 22)

A CAROLINIAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF PEOPLES AND STUDENTS ABROAD

AFTER flying over thousands of miles of land and sea, visiting some of the world's principal cities, meeting people of many nationalities, trying to absorb all the education travelling abroad can offer — it's a great feeling to be back within the halls of USC, to be a Carolinian again.

I shouldn't say "Carolinian again" because I never ceased to be one—even when I was within the campuses of Harvard or Yale or Columbia or within the halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York or the National Gallery of Art in London or the Louvre in Paris. Always, I had in my thoughts my Alma Mater. I never missed sending greeting postcards to somebody in USC — whether he or she was a friend, a classmate or a teacher—whenever I found myself in another city or country. It was always with a feeling of great pride that I'd tell people who asked me that I am a product of the "University of San Carlos in Cebu City, Philippines." And when I did come home to see how beautiful USC had become (specially the chapel) and to learn what fine showing San Carlos graduates, in general, made in the recent bar and board examinations, I told myself I was justified in bragging that I am a graduate of USC. (Sounds commercial,

doesn't it? But I do mean it.)

Afraid that what I would write about my trip to the United States and later through Europe and parts of Asia would no longer be timely or interesting to readers of the *Carolinian*, I at first declined the request of the *Ed-in-Chief*. On his assurances, however, that some may still want to read what I'd write, I changed my mind, and, here's hoping the *Ed* is right.

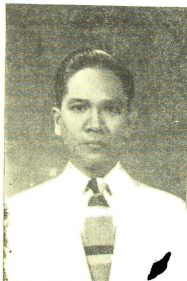
Yanked out of USC classrooms and sent out into the world, I, naturally, was inclined to see things from a student's point of view, rather than a tourist's or a businessman's or a government man's point of view. Also, having taken four different courses in history for my A.B. when I left USC late in October last year — I found that the trip was just what I needed to round out my study of American and European history.

Standing on the very sand dunes where the first white settlers landed in America at the turn of the 17th century—Cape Henry in Norfolk, Virginia; crossing the bridge in Concord, Massachusetts over which Emerson's "shot heard round the world" was fired; going through The Alamo in Texas where Travis and his outnumbered but gallant men defended the Shrine of Texas Liberty; reading the epitaphs on the tombstones of Eng-

land's great men in Westminster Abbey; wandering through the Hall of Mirrors of the Palace of Versailles outside Paris, and oh, so many other historical places—were indeed very exciting experiences. I found that those places are really existing — not just in the pages of our history books or in our lecture notes. Yes, I was learning history right on the spot.

It was not only learning history, however, that made the trip very profitable and interesting. Meeting people of different nationalities, talking with them, exchanging ideas and observations with them, and coming to the conclusion that everywhere people wanted to live in peace—were indeed broadening experiences. Being a student myself, meeting other students of the world was naturally more enjoyable to me than meeting ranking government officials, leading businessmen, top-flight educators and prominent civic leaders. (Of course it was a privilege to be able to shake hands and talk with VIP's like Secretary of State Dean Acheson; former Iliih Commissioner Francis B. Sayre, who requested me to convey his greetings to Cebu's Grand Old Man, former President Osmeña; Dr. Mark May of Yale, Dr. Macabee of Harvard and many other important personages in

(Continued on page 20)



THE AUTHOR

A senior student in the college of Liberal Arts, Mr. Teodoro Madamba is one of the 10 staff members of U.S.I.S. centers in the Far and Near East who were selected by the U.S. State Department late last year to undergo training and orientation in the United States. During his three-month stay in America (Nov. 1950-Jan. 1951), the author travelled from one city to another observing America, Americans and the American way of life. He returned to the Philippines by way of Europe, visiting several world capitals: London, Paris, Rome, Istanbul, Beirut, New Delhi; Bangkok and Hongkong. He arrived in Cebu late last February. Since then he has been interviewed over DYRC and DYBU about his trip and has written a series of articles for the Republic and Morning Times.

While working on the editorial staff of the defunct Pioneer Press, before joining USIS, the author studied Commerce in USC and obtained his B.S.C. degree in 1948.

—EDITOR.

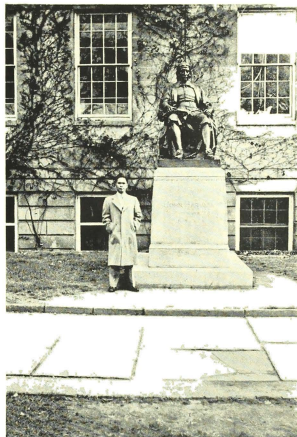
Pictorial Section

(Page 15)

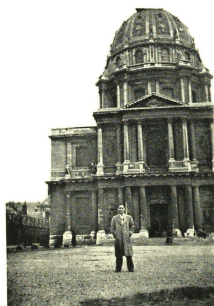
The Latest Carolinian Globe-trotter in Pictures



The author of the article on the opposite page poses with Filipino students of Harvard in front of the new graduate center. Left to right: Getulio Castro (formerly of UP), Julio de la Cruz (formerly of UST), the author, Amado Castro (formerly of UP), Ariston Napkil (formerly of Mapua).



At the right is a scene before the statue of John Harvard in front of the vine-covered Administrative Building of Harvard University.

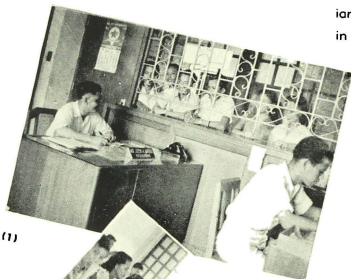


First photo at the left shows St. Paul's Cathedral of London behind the author.

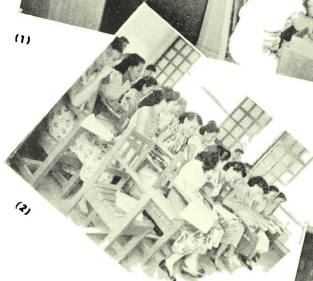
Second photo shows the Eiffel Tower of Paris, France lording over all while the author grins a contented smile.

SUMMER STORY OF A CAROLINIAN

As told to a staff member by Miss Nena San Juan, a typical USC Summerian who hails from Tacloban, Leyte. The subject coed was picked at random to typify an ideal summerian. Her summer life at USC is here shown in pictures.



(1)



(2)



(3)

1. Her summer story begins with the hustle-bustle of enrolment on April 16, last. Registrar and assistants facilitate her enrolment through necessary red tape during which she elbows through milling student crowds.

2. At last she is able to get her enrolment cards. And here she is undergoing exercise of her grey-matter within an airy classroom which beats the summer heat.

3. Reference work is one of the things she bargained for when she enrolled. The USC Library affords auspicious location to do the work in. The dreaded summer heat seem not to bother the students in such pleasant atmosphere.

4. She undergoes more brain exercise in her dorm (Holy Ghost Dormitory). Here she is shown with a visiting classmate as sparring partner while preparing for the mid-term exams.

5. A jam-session with co-boarders and classmates occurs at eve of mid-term exams where books and lecture notes hug the limelight of these coeds' concentration.

6. They never forget their religious duty, whenever they like, for and upliftment. Who says this to hurdle the exams?

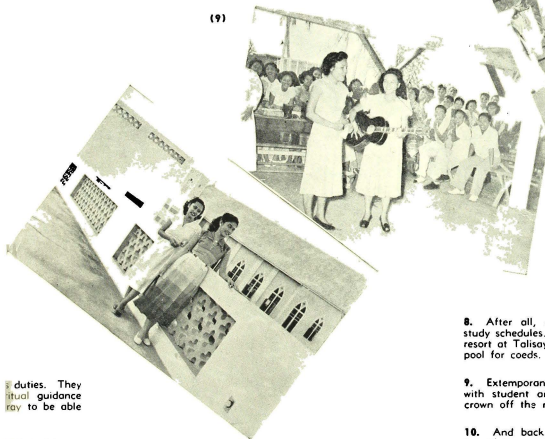
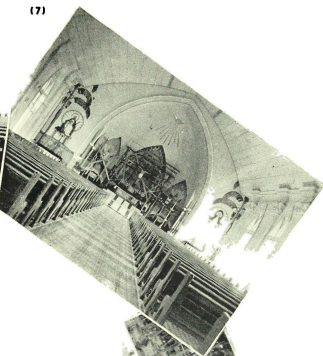
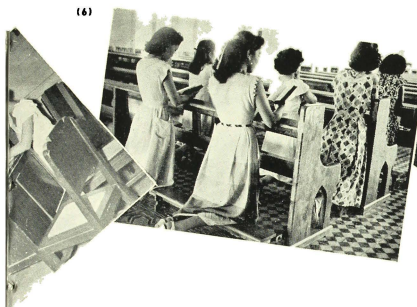
7. The brand-new USC chapel affords a place for the painters. The altar and paintings are not as yet completed. Nilings for the painters.



(5)



(4)



...duties. They
...tual guidance
...ay to be able

...an ideal house
...ound paintings
...the scaffold-

8. After all, everything is not work and monotony of regular study schedules. Variation is afforded by the USC Miramar summer resort at Talsay. Week-ends may find them at exclusive swimming pool for coeds. (Another one is for Coods.)

9. Extemporaneous programs at Miramar are staged on occasion with student artists furnishing the entertainment. These usually crown off the rollicking fun after a hearty (yum-yum!) lunch.

10. And back in the University the coeds feel like standing on top of the world while at Science building roof garden where they can have a bird's eye-view of Cebu City's scenic wonders. Here they are shown with dreamy eyes and all smiles contemplating a lovely world.

VIGNETTES OF THE *K of C Second Annual Philippine Convention* HELD AT CEBU CITY FROM MAY 17 TO 20, 1951

The old Fourth Degree guards of honor and escorts posing with ecclesiastical dignitaries initiated to the Fourth Degree in the latest annual Philippine Convention of the K of C at Cebu City. Carolinians Justice Fortunato Borromeo, Ismael Alvarez and Mauro Tobes are among first Knights exalted to the Fourth Degree in Manila last 1949. Latest Carolinians exalted to the Fourth Degree are Lolito Gil Gazum, Vicente Espiritu, Jesus Martinez and Julio Martinez, among 200 exalted during convention.



On the occasion of the mass communion of Knights of the Cebu Redemptorist Church on the closing day of the convention. His Excellency, Most Rev. Julio Roseales, Archbishop of Cebu, officiated.

Incidentally, Carolinians played important roles

When The Knights Convened In Town

WITH A deep religious tone underlying its deliberations and activities, the Second Annual Convention of the Knights of Columbus in the Philippines brought in its wake an increased interest in a more militant Catholic Action among the laity and a renewed enthusiasm in the various religious, civic and social works, which have distinguished this fraternal Order of Catholic gentlemen. The delegates, representing more than 6,000 Knights in the Philippines, revealed in their unity a powerful force that no thinking man would disregard.

Coming from the 19 subordinate Councils and more than 45 Centers established in the Islands, some seven hundred delegates converged in this City to join their resources for the achievement of certain plans of a national character affecting the Order as a whole in the Philippines. The sessions, attended throughout by Bishops and high-ranking clergymen and Catholics, touched phases of Catholic Action designed to perpetuate the laudable traditions of Christian piety and demeanor, and considered steps necessary to counter-act anti-Catholic movements afoot in the various law-making bodies of the government. From May 17 to 20 Cebu contained some of the best Catholic minds in the Philippines come to renew the ties of fraternity in their Order and to bolster Catholic Action throughout the Islands.

A host of personages from different parts of the Philippines, including Archbishop Julio R. Rosales of Cebu; Bishops Jose Ma. Cuenco of Iloilo, Mariano Madriaga of Lingayen, Manuel Mascariñas of Palo, James T. G. Hayes of Cagayan, and John C. Vrakking of Surigao; Apostolic Administrator Clovis Thibault of Davao; Knights-of-Columbus District Deputy (Rev.) George J. Willman, S. J.; Knights-of-Columbus Fourth Degree Master Dr. Ramon F. Campos, Don Gabriel La O, first Filipino Grand Knight, Director of Prisons Eustaquio Balagtas; and the Grand Knights of the different Councils in the Philip-

ppines, attended the three-day convention, which was formally opened on May 18. In the opening ceremonies, Cebu Governor Manuel Cuenco and Cebu City Mayor Miguel Raffiañin delivered welcome addresses.

The first day of the Convention, May 18, will be remembered for the establishment of the first Circle of the Daughters of Isabella ever to be created in the Philippines. An auxiliary organization of the Knights of Columbus, the Daughters of Isabella is a beneficent and fraternal Order of Catholic women between the ages of 16 and 60 bound together by the same motives of mutual aid and service to God and Country, which are the mainspring of the Knights of Columbus. For this occasion Miss Julia F. Maguire, a Director of the National Circle of America, came to the Philippines as personal representative of

By HORACIO S. BORROMEO

the American Daughters of Isabella, commissioned to conduct the formal opening of the first Philippine Circle in Cebu. Misses Amparo Rodil and Concepción Rodil, USC faculty members, are Daughters of Isabella.

Each day of the convention began with a Mass-Communion celebrated by a Bishop and, after the day's social and fraternal activities, ended with a closed business session attended by Church dignitaries.

Capping the convention on the last day, May 20, the Fourth Degree was exemplified in the beautiful USC Chapel to more than 200 candidates among whom were Messrs. *Lolito Gil T. Gozum, Vicente Espiritu, Jesus Martinez and Julio Martinez*, all Carolinians, who received the Degree together with six Prelates. The Fourth Degree is the highest honor a Knight may attain in the Order. Essentially patriotic in its end, the Fourth Degree is the final recognition of qualities that an exemplary Catholic and citizen should possess. The head or

Faithful Navigator of the local group of Fourth Degree members, Chief Justice Arellano General Assembly, is Sir Knight Ismael Alvarez, a Carolinian. In the first Philippine Convention held in Manila in 1949, three members of the University faculty received the honors of the Fourth Degree: *Rev. Fr. Philip van Engelen, Mr. Vicente Medalle, and Mr. Mauro E. Tobes*.

For distinguished cooperation in the activities of the recent convention in Cebu, two national figures — Senate President Mariano Jesus Cuenco, also a Carolinian, and Col. Andres Soriano — received plaques of recognition during the Fourth Degree banquet at the close of the convention.

The final plenary session of the convention sought to implement the main theme for which this year's convention was called: "Effective Catholic Action." The Knights resolved, among other things, to lead a more vigilant laity in the defense of Catholic morality in the government and society, to enhance the family recitation of the Holy Rosary, to boost popular support of national Catholic papers and magazines, to lead in the application of the papal encyclicals in labor-management relations, and to recommend elimination from the proposed Code of Crimes certain features obnoxious to Catholic morality and practice.

Officers of the convention were Sir Knight Ismael Alvarez, chairman, and Sir Knight Mauro E. Tobes, secretary.

Give Us This Day

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tion beside her in the water. He had asked her for a drink and when she handed him the pail without a word, he put up the pail to her and begged her to drink first. She kept blushing every time he looked at her. He had lifted the tube of water and had taken it to the group of harvesters gathered under the 'cabac' tree for lunch.

All through the harvest season she was there with her mother, for Tio Ba-

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A Carolinian's Impressions . . .

(Continued from page 14)

different fields of endeavor.) Of such meetings with students in America and in Paris, I cannot forget how glad I was to meet in the Yard of Harvard, the third Sunday after my arrival in the United States, a Filipino student. He turned out to be Anston Napkin, son of the famous Manila architect. He was taking post graduate work in architecture in Harvard. We were very glad to see each other, although we were total strangers. You see, upon seeing him looking like a Filipino, I just approached him and asked him if he was a Filipino. Sure, he was. That was all we needed to know and from that moment we were like old friends. He invited me to meet the other Filipino students in the dormitory of Harvard's modernistic Graduate Center. I needed no second invitation. I was very anxious to meet some fellow-countrymen, and so were they. I learned afterwards. At the dorm, I met Gregorio Abreat, UP graduate taking post graduate work in Chemistry; two brothers, Amado and Getulio Castro, both of UP and taking economics and engineering, respectively; Julio de la Cruz of Leyte, UST, post graduate in law; and Alfredo Lagmay, UP, psychology. There were a lot of other Filipinos in Harvard but I did not have the chance to meet them. I tried to see USC Alumnus Frederick Kriekenbeck who is a scholar at Harvard, but he was out attending his classes. I wanted to wait for him so I could have brought back with me any message he might have had for San Carlos and us, Carolinians, but I had another appointment in Boston within the hour. (Harvard is a 20-minute ride by subway.)

Two days before this "reunion away from home," however, I had a very interesting experience with American high school students. You see, I, together with my travelling partner, Mr. Yu Wei Jao of Taipei, Formosa, (he was educated in the University of Edinburgh), was a guest at a convention of high school students from all over Boston — hundreds of them, all teen-agers, boys and girls. The gathering was a buffet-discussion organized by the United Council on World Affairs, our host organization during our one-week stay in Boston. After the buffet-supper, at which we were seated among the students, the only Asians in the room, the question "Is War With Russia Inevitable" was discussed

by Prof. Green of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Dr. Claude of Harvard. I've never seen a group of young people so interested in such a "world-shaking" subject as these youngsters. It would make us older students ashamed of ourselves not taking as much interest in international affairs as these high school students. You should have heard the intelligent and earnest questions they shot at Prof. Green and Dr. Claude. Even college graduates would be stumped by them.

After the lively open forum, at which everybody was eager to participate, we were asked to say a few words, but we declined as we were not prepared. That, however, did not stop Mr. Dan Penn, Director of the Council, from announcing that "you may sneak up to them (meaning us) and ask them questions about their countries." That did it.

Here they came upon us, asking a lot of questions about the Philippines and Formosa, timidly at first but getting bolder when they found that we were responsive to their friendliness. A pretty, intelligent girl near me asked me, rather shyly, to sign on her autograph book. I obliged, and before we knew it, we were signing our names on autograph books, notebooks, books, programs, napkins, and what have you.

Frankly, it was flattering to have our autographs sought, as if we were celebrities.

I had another pleasant and interesting contact with American students when we visited the city of Portland in the northeastern state of the United States, Maine. We had a heavy schedule of activities prepared for us by the Women's Legislative Council and the Jaycees during our three-day visit of Portland, and one of these was our talk before the students of Westbrook Junior College, an exclusive school for girls. When the college learned that a Filipino and a Formosan were in town, a special discussion-meeting was called by the students' International Relations Club to hear us. We did not want to disappoint them by declining to speak as we did in Boston a week earlier. So Mr. Jao and myself each made a mental outline of what we would talk about and gathered enough courage to face a fair-size crowd of American co-eds from the platform of the college auditorium. At the table, Mr. Jao and myself were seated at opposite ends, while between us were seated the panel of interrogators, who were leading members of the International Relations Club.

"Give Us This Day"

(Continued from page 19)

dong, Tito's father was generous in his sharing and was known all over the farms for it. Every morning he had look-forward to her coming. He often helped her harvest when there was nothing to do. The work in the farm seemed very light, like his heart. When at last the season was ending, he told her of his love — she loved him too. Her mother was not his problem; his father was. Tio Badong insisted in his finishing high school first but in the end he gave in. The land was given as a dowry although his father still acted as manager till he died during the occupation, when all the work in the farm fell upon him.

There were days of rain and mud as neighbors came to plant rice for him to the music of the guitars. Tuba was plentiful, so was meat. There were pleasant afternoons of harvest — youth dancing the tinkling after making.

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I stood up first to talk, with some nervousness of course, what with all the co-eds giving me all their attention, and me conscious that Mr. Jao and myself looked different from them. However, as I warmed up in my talk about conditions in the Philippines, I lost my self-consciousness and soon I found myself pleading for more understanding and patience from Americans of our problems in the Philippines as treated in the American press.

After my talk, the co-eds at the table began to ask me many interesting questions about the Philippines. One of the questions I have not forgotten was: "How do the Filipinos feel about the Korean situation?" Gravelly, I answered them: "Right now Filipino boys are fighting, and perhaps dying, side by side with American boys in the battlefields of Korea." For a moment there was a hush. Then a warm applause broke out from the platform and the audience. It was one of my most unforgettable moments during my entire visit in America.

There were many other interesting and pleasant contacts I had with students in America as we went from one part of the country to another but space limitations won't allow me to tell you all about them here and perhaps, too, you are by now bored and tired of reading this necessarily "I" account of a Carolinian's globe-trotting experiences.

MORAL NIHILISM

*I speak a heavy thing,
O patience most sorrowful of daughter!
Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of land,
And red shall be the breaking of the waves.*

FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE national grandeur of man is subverted today by the pernicious, esoteric doctrines of Social Utilitarianism, and the amoral, if not immoral, behavior of our leaders in every phase of life is a potent stimulus to the moral failure of man. This is exemplified by the aphorism, *non serviam* — such was Lucifer's sin — heard on almost every street corner, in every store, in every classroom, and manifested by man's steadily growing unhappiness. The aberrations of the Moral Law are inevitably plunging us deeper into the abyss of Moral Nihilism where, of necessity, the monster of Immoral Despotism rules. The depreciation of this Law, the cause of our demoralization, has been affected by the *bon sauvage*, the superman of Nietzsche, the individual, coincident to this parasitic growth of the so-called free personality of the individual, the State has blasphemously assumed the Spiritual and Temporal Sovereignty of God over man.

Naively misunderstanding the Christian principles of man's supernatural destiny, of his dignity, humanity has simulated God's Divine plan for each of us with the shoddy substitutes of Classical Liberalism and State Absolutism or Totalitarianism. Both these forms of political corruption stem from the same root-error: that the will of man is the measure of all things, where utility assumes an absolute value. Neither authority nor tradition any longer have juridical force, for as you or I judge this or that to be right according to its utility, thus is it justified. In 1818, the heyday of Liberalism, Pope Leo XIII spoke these prophetic words:

"A doctrine of such a character is most hurtful both to the individuals and to the State. Once ascribe to human reason the only authority to decide what is true and what is good, and the real distinction between good and evil is destroyed; honor and dishonor then differ not in their nature,

but in the opinion and judgment of each one; pleasure is the measure of what is lawful; and given a code of morality which can have little or no power to restrain or quiet the unruly propensities of man, a way is open to universal corruption."

Heedless of the realism of Christianity men, within the last fifty years, have scourged themselves for their iniquities by two cruel wars with a third in progress, and revolutions have ravaged the nations. The discarded attitude of a decadent world to sex has advanced still further the "universal corruption," aided and abetted by the policies of our very inept statesmen, whose minds are so narrowly conditioned by their complacent pharisaism. These policies have given to the people the false and evil panacea of eugenic sterilization, which is lawful in most states of the union. Such malicious laws echo their futility and wicked destructiveness in the pitiful, despairing cry of a young girl, on the operating table, just before the opera-

snatched from the Church, and in our schools, colleges and universities "God has been banished from the heavens" (Lenin), or at least from the classrooms, by the Higher Sophists, safe under their cloak of "academic freedom." They have destroyed every vestige of Christian values for our young men and women, the future citizens of our democracy, by teaching the fundamentally vicious and perverted principles of Rousseau, Nietzsche and Rosenberg, Hitler's former henchmen, under new titles. They insist that man must take the place of God, the created of the Creator, and that man has a right to sin. Indeed we have much more to fear from our professors than from Uncle Joe Stalin. Let us cut away this canker from our midst, for we cannot afford to be tolerant. It is eating the heart and soul out of our young people, out of the family, out of society. If we are not prepared to defend our spiritual principles as well as the material structure of our civilization, then they will inevitably perish. Christian education is the answer to this challenge by the anti-moralists, for it correlates all its educational endeavors with man's final destiny.

As a logical consequence of materialistic education, degrading racial discrimination still rears its ugly head. It has left an indelible mark on the white soul of the American negro and this discrimination, be it through creed, color, race or national origin, is a foul injustice, contradictory to the basic principles of the Constitution and of Christianity. Godless education has thrown the people into the maws of the radio, movies, television and newspapers, which have become the eyes and the ears of the majority. These marvels of science are important instruments of indoctrination and propaganda. In the light and shadow of contemporary events, the unfortunate but inevitable trends of their soulless realism have shown no more

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The sovereign source of melancholy is repletion, Need and struggle are what excite and inspire us.
—William James

tion: "They own us body and soul!" —This child happened to be an inmate of an institute for mentally deficient children. Not strangely, the child was normal, though the mother was judged mentally unfit. Because the law admits of no exception the child was sterilized — To find the lost divisions of America, Draft Board officials would only need to call on abortionists to discover these vital statistics. Were they to visit these baby-murderers annually, they could, perhaps, double or even treble the conservatively estimated one million patients, of whom 98% are married.

The Sceptre of teaching has been

Moral Nihilism

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clearly than in the growing moral failures and scepticism of the majority. These quasi-necessities, which have become necessities of material comfort dominating the average individual's life, do not exalt, as they should, but corrupt. Divorce, a further corollary of a false education, so easy and so frequent (one in every three marriages in the U.S.A.), has all but made of the holy sacrament a companionate affair, or, in the more utilitarian minds of others, a mere business contract. These are few among many moral errors which have given us our Pyrrhic victory, and are leading us so very quickly to complete Moral Nihilism. But the answer, the only answer to our problem has been succinctly given us by Our Holy Father, Pope Pius:

"Man endowed with a social nature, is placed here on earth in order that he may spend his life, in society, and under an authority ordained by God; that he may develop and evolve to the full all his faculties to the praise and glory of his Creator; and that by fulfilling the duties of his station, he may attain to temporal and eternal happiness."

Here lies the heart of the struggle, and it requires of each individual a complete, renewed avowal of the dignity and intrinsic sacredness of man, and of his inalienable and God-given rights! It is upon the old faith and not the new paganism that the maintenance of social justice and personal freedom depends. By prayer and study, for *nemo dat quod non habet* (no one can give what he does not possess), we must prepare ourselves to revitalize the fading memory of Christian principles. These are manifested to us in the tendencies for good that are in our nature, and have been summed up for us in the divinely code of the Ten Commandments. Let each of us answer the call to heroism, for *"to whom much is given of him much shall be expected."* It is imperative we do so. That a few, infused with the dynamism of Christ, pronounce those principles which alone can save society, is not sufficient. Everyone of us, as Catholic men and women for seven days a week, must see to it that such principles become practices. The spirit of paganism which rules public affairs today has written its demise in letters of blood throughout the whole world. It is incumbent upon us to

Caroliniana

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"It might interest you to know that at about the same time that Capt. Barba published his paper in Barili, Fiscal Cayetano Villamor, then legal adviser of Capt. Eutiquio Acebes, edited a typewritten publication for the Ronda guerrillas. This paper was also named *Kadaugan* and like Capt. Barba's *Kadaugan* was suppressed to give way to *Kadaugan* of the Southern Cebu Sector edited by Capt. Francisco Kintanar.

"*Kadaugan* and *The Torch* were published fortnightly, alternating and supplementing each other. The first number of *The Torch* came out in October, 1942 . . . and its last number was off the press a few weeks before the fall of the headquarters of Southern Cebu Sector and the capture of Colonel Luis Jakosalem in May 1943. And no publication appeared in Cebu until September, 1944, when upon orders of Colonel James Cushing and using a small hand press owned by Mr. Gerardo Orbeta of Bantayan, I published *Lapulapu Times* in the headquarters of the 88th Infantry Regiment under the command of Colonel Alejandro Almendras. I was assisted by Atty. Mariano Zosa as reporter, Dr. César Flores and Mr. Guillermo Ceniza as type-setters, and Juanito Mendoza, Jr. as rewrite man and copy reader.

"Then in November, 1944 *Lapulapu Times* was reinforced by *Morning Times*, edited by Mr. Pedro Calomarde and again printed by Capt. C. A. Barba in Barili in the headquarters of the 87th Infantry Regiment under the command of Colonel Abel Trazo. Both papers supplied news-hungry Cebuans with news of the development of the war until 1945. May when Colonel Cushing ordered the publication of *Lapulapu Times* and *Morning Times* stopped to give way to *The Patriots Herald* which I edited. Capt. Barba printed this too, this time in the city, Cebu City having been liberated. Capt. Barba and Mr. Calomarde continued publishing *The Morning Times* as a civilian paper in the same printer-and-editor combination."

The letter being exhaustive and self-explanatory, it seems that further comment would be unnecessary, except

to lead humanity back to the Faith of Our Fathers, which Christ Himself gave us, based on His Truth, His Justice and His Charity.

(Reprinted from *The Seminary Bulletin*, Christmas, 1950)

"Give Us This Day"

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ing pinipig, while the old folks looked on proudly, as the tuba and 'tilad dwindled away.

His heart swelled up as each tiny incident loomed up before him. His gaze swept the whole farm resting at each familiar spot. The air suddenly seemed to be filled with cries; even the earth seemed to join, pleading him to stay. Tito got confused. Could he leave the land and all that was part of his life? Could he, turn his back upon the place where he spent the saddest, yet, happiest parts of his life?

The sun was high above the hills now; the heat was burning his back. He got down from his perch and shooed the carabao back into the mudhole.



Retribution

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about in the gathering dusk. It was a little boy! He called to him softly. The child turned and looked at him with Lucia's eyes — bewildered eyes, full of reproach. He had difficulty getting the words out. He was spent in the throes of his emotion.

"What is your name, child?" he put out a faltering hand to touch him. "Mother calls me Nonoy," the boy managed between sobs.

"Where is she? Is she well? Is she happy?" the words came outstrained and fast.

"Mother is at home. She has not been quite well lately. Something is on her mind. She seems gay in our presence. But sometimes, when she

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that it has given us so much to add to our limited knowledge of the history of Cebu Guerrilla publications. We gladly welcome comments on any article written in our pages. Constructive criticism is one of the props whereon a magazine or a newspaper must stand if it must do any good to the intelligent readers.

Now that one alumnus has started to write us a letter, we hope it will start the ball rolling on further comments and remarks about our magazine and articles. We are especially interested in receiving letters from USC alumni so that their ties with the Alma Mater may be strengthened. Should we hear a lot from them, next time we might have enough material to resume our alumni column.

For the nonce, we hope that you may have a happier reading this issue.

—By E.B.A.

The latest know-how on

Dodging The Bill Collector

By ZOILO C. DE LA RAMA



WHEN your finances start going down and your bills begin shooting up, it is high time to learn the intricate art of bill-collector dodging, for not only will you come face to face with an ordinary man who most of the time lugs around a ragged portfolio but will most likely run into a home-grown Superman, a past master and a wizard in the art of bill-collecting.

When he does come around, do not give him that old line about the wife's having gone shopping and having the keys with her and will Mr. Bill Collector please call again some other time? The chances are that he will prefer to stick around and thus confine the housewife inside the toilet where she was when the bill collector showed his face. And never give him lame excuses about our money not coming on time because he will simply shake his head in disagreement. He has probably heard that much-abused line.

Do not hope to scare him off with "Beware of Dogs" signs because most likely he has been bitten by dogs a number of times and he has an uncanny method of making friends even with your nasty canine guard. When he calls for you at the front gate, be sure to answer him immediately even if you have the sudden impulse not to be at home because this will only complicate matters as the bill collector, like the news reporter, has his

nose not for news but for quarry.

To understand the bill collector's mind, one should engage him from a psychological point of view. If he insists, you plead; if he pleads, then insist. Upon this school of thought depends much of your power of persuasion, of precise timing and above all, of reflective and forceful thinking. Make him see your point, for once he does so, it would be easy for you to put the finishing touches on your argument.

Never make him feel that you are not at ease in his presence because he will exploit this to the limit. On the other hand, when he shows around your place, be casual about him, look him in the eye as you would any man, and don't give him an inch of ground with which to deal his knock-out punch. When he fires a broadside, make sure you have sought cover behind a sound proposition, and when he fails to exploit his gains, that would be your chance to give him a dose of his own medicine.

Bill collectors are funny people and some of them would gladly come time and again just for the pleasure of hearing one of your prized jokes or anecdotes. If he is of this type, never fail to send him off with the usual "see you tomorrow" attitude as he always loves this invitation. Sometimes, though, when the sailing gets rough, he becomes sour and threatens you with this or that and when this situation comes around, it always pays to quote that basic provision in our Constitution which provides, among other things, that no person shall be imprisoned for non-payment of debt.



BULLS - EYE!

AL DALOPE (musingly):
I can graduate anytime. Why,
this summer I shall graduate as
Bachelor of Arts.
A FRIEND:
Don't rub it in, pal, it might bleed.

Retribution

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thinks we are not looking, she looks so quiet and sad; it makes me want to cry."

The man's eyes grew unnaturally bright. He looked hard at the small tear on Nonoy's shirt. It was neatly darned. Lucia was like that — always neat, always cool, always reserved. He was the impulsive one. He had impulsively plunged into an illicit relationship with another woman and as impulsively had left Lucia and the children.

His gaze shifted to the boy's face. The child was looking at him with wonder. "This will not do," he drew the child closer.

"Do you have a brother? Where is he?" The words were hardly audible. A lump swelled in his throat. Jose had been his favorite son.

At his words, Nonoy burst into tears again. "The man patted him until his sobs grew quieter.

"There, that's better," the man wiped the child's tear-stained face with his handkerchief. "Come, tell me more about Big Brother."

"That is why I am crying. A policeman came to our house this afternoon to bring Jose before the señor juez. They say he took some money. I don't believe them. They say that only because we are poor. Mother does not know about it yet. It would surely kill her to learn about it."

The man was silent. He wanted to say something but, he could not. His emotions were more than he could bear. He seemed to have aged within the past few minutes. He wanted to cry out in protest against the cruelty of the world. Perhaps, he thought, this was what he had to suffer in expiation for his sin. He made a painful decision.

After a strained silence he said with mock bravado, "Never mind, Nonoy. Big Brother will be home tonight. Tell your mother not to worry. I am a good friend of the judge and I shall ask him to set your brother free. In return," the man faltered, "will you let me kiss you hard? Just once? You know, I had a little boy and I lost him. He looked like you." All the longing and wistfulness was in his voice.

(Continued on the next page)



Kinds . . . Of Friends

by
Lynne Dee Lanz

THERE'S not anybody in such a more or less big and thickly populated university as San Carlos who doesn't have a friend, at least, if not friends. Such is a natural necessity of a human being—friends. When one goes to school in a strange new place where one doesn't know a soul, the first thing he does is friend-hunting. (What I mean here is a friendship between two people of the same sex.) Friends, like anything else, come in different kinds.

"She's my favorite friend," one would say to the whole world, "and I'm the luckiest girl to have one so beautiful and so grand for a close friend." You worship the path she treads and the words she utters. You would do anything for her because you think you can never pay her enough for the friendship she's giving you. You are even willing to let her bring you to the most glitzy set-up she's in. So far she's always right to you. Then the time comes when she doesn't have any use for you anymore and she drops you like a hot potato for the greener pastures which maybe of more use to her than you are to whatever plans she has in mind. This she does to you after she almost end you up burning red hot in hell even before you're dead. Only until then will you realize that behind that breathtaking face of hers is nothing but a pack of dark spots and deceit. You sco'd yourself why you had anything to do with such kind as her. Then you cry out, "Oh, my God, what have I done to deserve all these!"

Then there's the "Through-thick-and-thin" friends — the prosaic and naive kind but also the kind that would still know you even if the whole wide world is down on you. They are the kinds who demand neither special attentions nor to be regarded as important and who have a peculiar habit of disappearing in thin air when you're on top of the world that even dying is a thing that seem impossible and of blowing in just as suddenly as they disappear, to help you in your quagmire when you are at your lowest ebb... Like any other good thing, they are the rarest specie of the genus friends.

The third are the hypocrites. With in earshot, they're perfect angels who would likely shower you with compli-

ments even to the last thread of your dress and, if you're the weak kind you'd fall for that hook, line, and sinker, but what when your back is turned? On the very first opportunity she can take, she talks enough lies about you to let your blood boil within you. Maybe they tell around that you're a dumb scholar even if you stay up late with your books while they, they don't even open a book all night long and when quizzes come the following day they get one or two mistakes and sometimes none at all. That you would believe, if within-the-household reliable authorities won't tell you otherwise, — that they really do open books.

Next comes the friends you know back home. They know your varying moods and temper and they know how to adjust to the moods and to take your temper because you can't help it any more than you can help eating. You will begin to wonder why you came to this big hunk of a city in the first place when everything is nothing but fake and artificial.

The last bunch are the "hello, there" friends. Some tease you in such embarrassing way that you'd wish they were dead or somewhere else but not where you were at that moment. But they're the kind who would defend you when others are out to ruin you.

A MEXICAN Indian, who had never been away from the small town where he was born, set out to explore the wonders of Mexico City. He became intensely interested in the hotel's hot and cold running water, lighting arrangements, and elevator. All this was bewildering, but the idea of the telephone was inconceivable.

"Do you mean that I can get anything I want by talking into this thing? Could I even order a pair of shoes?" he demanded. Reassured by the bellboy, he lifted the receiver, and no sooner had he listened to the first words of the operator than he threw the telephone to the floor in terror. "Dios mio!" he cried. "Without my even saying I wanted a pair of shoes, her first question was 'Que numero?'"

—Ohio Bell Telephone Co.

Retribution

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"Yes, you may. You know, I like you too. I don't know why. It seems I have seen you before."

A sob was wrenched from the man. He kissed the child hungrily, almost convulsively. After all, he had been gone for twelve years.

He patted Nonoy on the head. "Be a good boy always, Nonong. Remember that." He hugged the child again — eagerly, hungrily and hurried away.

At the police station, the whole force was surprised to the point of incredulity. A self-confessed criminal was no ordinary occurrence. Only a while ago, a tall, shabby-looking man came and confessed as the thief. The accused, a youth of seventeen, was almost stunned with the suddenness of events. Just when he had abandoned all hope and had almost lost faith in God, the real thief turned up. But he could not bring himself to hate the man. Somehow, in spite of the humiliation he had suffered, he was willing to forgive him. Jose felt sorry for him and when a policeman led the criminal to his cell, he went after them. He touched the man lightly on the shoulder.

"Sir, I'm sorry this happened," he said as if it had been his fault; the man was arrested. He did not know what else to say. He only felt he had to talk to the stranger—to touch him.

"It's all right, son," the man's voice was suspiciously lousy. "I brought this on myself. I should not have taken that money. You know, I wouldn't have confessed. Only, I heard a young man had been arrested for the robbery of that grocery store and I could not let an innocent man suffer for my sins."

The man looked at the walls of the prison cell without seeing them. After a while, he said, "Would you mind, if I shake hands with you?"

Jose shook his head. He could not speak. The man grasped his hand tightly. It was the firm grip of a man who felt he was on the verge of renouncing something great and important...

Later, in his cell, the stranger sat quietly on his cot. He looked at his hands. He turned them this way and that way. He was almost happy. He took the handkerchief from his breast pocket and spread it on his knees. He kept unfolding and refolding it. A corner was still wet. Nonoy's tears! He smiled softly. He was at peace with the world and himself. Jose had shaken hands with him and Nonoy had cried in his handkerchief.

The Whirling Tourists of the Pacific



Why are Typhoons
"Indays" and not
"Ondos"?
This "blow-me-down"
article tells you

TO THE Royal Air Force goes the distinction of having named a life-preserving jacket "Mae West"; to the British Army belongs the reputation of having christened the biggest German gun "Big Bertha". To whom goes the honor of baptizing typhoons with sweet-sounding names?

During World War II, the U. S. Navy was confronted with an enemy worse than the Japanese Imperial Navy. This was the Pacific typhoon. Modern warfare demanded that in order to conquer the enemy, it is necessary to study how his mind works. This is a part of what the army calls "psychological warfare". The U. S. Navy could not make sure whether a typhoon has a mind but they were sure that typhoons had no names. Getting acquainted with the foe was a prerequisite to psychologizing him, and knowing his name was a step to getting his acquaintance.

The Pacific typhoon had no appeal and that made it hard for the U. S. Navy to tackle it. So the U. S. Navy Weather Observatory at Guam baptized the storms and typhoons in the Pacific. For the information of suspicious people, the Observatory advanced two reasons for naming typhoons: it camouflaged information and it facilitated the identification of disturbances. In relaying information about typhoons to the Navy ships, the Observatory at Guam replaced the word "typhoon" with a name so that even if the messages sent were intercepted by the enemy, it would remain meaningless to him. If more than one typhoon occurred at the same time, names would facilitate their identification.

Anne preceded Clara, and Dora came before Jean because in christening these disturbances the alphabetical order of the first letters of their names was followed according to the order of occurrence. Thus Billie whirled

over northern Philippines ahead of Clara during the month of November last year. These names, however, are not fixed. They are changed yearly for security and perhaps for avoiding monotony. Anne of 1951 may be replaced by Alma in 1952. Eve this

By CRESENCIO BATIQUIN

year may be changed Elsie the following year.

Eve may visit the Philippines but Adam may not. Another Jean may make our already bankrupt country poorer by a million pesos, but not John. Why the weaker sex's fondness

for our archipelago and the absence of Adam's kind? All disturbances that originate north of the equator are given feminine names, while those that originate south of the equator are given masculine names. So it came to pass that keeping the PNRC (Philippine National Red Cross) and the PACSA (President's Action Committee on Social Amelioration) busy became Eve's pastime while terrorizing the cannibals of New Guinea and the Kangaroos of Australia came to be Adam's hobby.

There is no official explanation regarding the application of feminine names to those disturbances that originate north of the equator. Some observers believed that this was due to the fact that typhoons occurring in that area were no less fierce than women and were as inconstant. They were merciless and they changed their course oftener. Those south equatorial disturbances seem to be more human.

Baptizing typhoons is an indication that people nowadays are not contented anymore with merely talking about the weather; they are humanizing it at last. The Philippines is not behind on this point. An eloquent protest against this wrath of nature was once voiced by an honorable Congressman who introduced in Congress a bill which sought to outlaw typhoons.



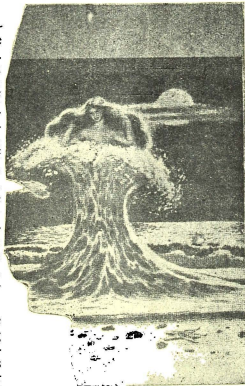
Stow The Mower, Bud!

GARDENER ONE:

Why don't women
grow beards?

GARDENER TWO:

A busy path grows
no grass.



**USC TO GRADUATE
230 THIS SUMMER**

To the long list of graduates which the USC has turned out this year will be added the names of 230 candidates for graduation this summer. Of this number, 134 are women and 96 are men. With a total of 97 candidates, the College of Education again topped the other colleges in the number of graduates turned out. The number of candidates by colleges follow:

Education	97
BSC	7
BSBA	11
A. B.	37
A.A. (Pre-Med)	20
A.A. (Gen.)	7
Jr. Normal	51
Total	230

**COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
HONOR STUDENTS**

Behyng the assertion that beauty and brains seldom go together, six eye-filling coeds of the College of Education will graduate at the head of their classes at the end of this summer term. Lone male honor student is Alberto Morales, who finished as Magna Cum Laude. The honor list follows:

1. Miss Natalia Olarte—
Magna Cum Laude
2. Mr. Alberto Morales—
Magna Cum Laude
3. Miss Elizabeth Buenaventura—
Magna Cum Laude
4. Miss Priscila Dodos—
Magna Cum Laude
5. Miss Fomarina Encemio—
Magna Cum Laude
6. Miss Beatriz Cañizares—
Magna Cum Laude
7. Miss Ne'lie Patalinghug—
Cum Laude

**SUMMER ENROLLMENT
HITS NEW HIGH**

Setting a new record in enrollment for the 1951 summer term, USC opened its doors to 2,202 students coming from different parts of the islands. The following is a summary of enrollment by colleges:

General	172
Pre-Law	49
Pre-Med	113
Pharmacy	86
Civil Engineering	24
Mechanical Engineering	22
Electrical Engineering	8
Commerce	224
Education	921
B.S.I.E.	137



J.N.I.E.	78
Jr Normal	269
Secretarial and Vocational....	20
MA, Education	62
MA, English	17
Total	2,202

OSIAS VISITS USC

Following a special convocation held at the Colegio de San Jose where he said that education is the chief weapon against communism, Sen. Camilo Osias visited the USC last January 13. He was accompanied by Dr. Antonio Isidro and Capt. Enriquez. The party arrived in Cebu last Saturday, June 9 to observe the conditions of the private schools in this province. Sen. Osias was highly impressed by the progress which the USC had taken. The following day, Sen. Osias and members of his party were feted by the Reverend Fathers and members of the faculty of the USC with a luncheon party at the Cebu Medical Association Club at Jones Avenue.

**ROTC CORPS COMMANDER
RECOMMENDED FOR ACTIVE
DUTY**

Complying with a directive from III Military Area headquarters requiring local ROTC units to recommend for active duty deserving cadets, Cadet Col. Ciriaco Bungalos, Corps Commander of the USC ROTC Unit, was recommended by Lt. Eduardo M. Javelosa, Adjutant of the USC ROTC unit. Cadet Col. Bungalos is a student of the College of Law.

**DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE
ACQUIRES
NEW INSTRUCTORS**

The department of Architecture of the USC College of Engineering has acquired the services of new instructors in connection with the offering for the first time of a course in architecture in July, 1951.

Mr. Cristobal Espina, B.S. in Architecture (Mapua Institute of Technology), is a Board exams topnotcher in Architecture. He joins the USC fa-

culty for the first time this year.

The Messrs. Ignacio Salgado and Eulogio Tablante, both B.S. in Architecture (Mapua Institute of Technology) are the two others who are slated to teach in the new department. Both also are joining as members of the USC faculty for the first time.

**USC BOLSTERS ELECTRICAL
AND MECHANICAL
ENGINEERING DEPT.**

With Engineer Salvador Sala heading the department of Electrical Engineering, there are four latest additions to the department's faculty.

The first is in the person of Engineer Jose Campo who graduated *summa cum laude* in electrical engineering and took second place in the Board exams. Presently, he is connected with the Visayan Industries. The second addition is Engineer Vicente Chatto, who is an ex-member of the Board of Examiners for Electrical Engineers. The two others are Engineers Agustin Cancio, B.S.M.E., B.S.E.E. (UP) and Salvador Hife, B.S.E.E. (UP).

**USVA ANNOUNCES CUT-OFF
DATE FOR US VET STUDENTS**

Through the courtesy of Mr. Esteban de G. Fajardo, contact representative of the United States Veterans Administration for Cebu, Bohol and Surigao it was learned that the cut-off date for entering training under educational benefits of the G.I. Bill of Rights is July 25, 1951 for nearly all veterans of the Philippine Scouts, U.S. Insular Naval Forces, the A.U.S. and C.I.'s residing in the Philippines as announced by the U.S. Veterans Administration last March 5, 1951.

Mr. Earle M. Sawyer, Chief of the Vocational Rehabilitation and Education Division of the U.S. Veterans Administration, explained that veterans of the above-named units, discharged prior to July 25, 1947, must be in training on that date or they must lose all further entitlement according to the law. Those discharged after July 25, 1947, have four years from the date of discharge in which to get into training.

**USVA SHOWS UNCLE SAM'S
BENEFICENCE**

Manila (Special) — Some P138,706.26 is paid out monthly by the U.S. Veterans Administration to 1,638 beneficiaries in the Province of Cebu, Brig. Gen. Ralph B. Lovett, USVA Manager in the Philippines,

announced this week.

Meanwhile, considering all 49 provinces and the City of Manila, which boasts the largest single concentration of beneficiaries, the USVA is paying out P5,849,064.34 monthly to 76,540 regular beneficiaries, or an average of P76.43 per beneficiary per month. These figures do not include initial payments or accrued benefits. When these initial payments, sometimes amounting to more than P3,000.00 each, are considered, the most recent tabulation reveals that the USVA actually paid a total of P8,190,909.62 during the month of February in the form of 81,357 checks.

When compared to other provinces, excluding Manila, Cebu ranks 15th in number of beneficiaries and 11th in amount paid by the USVA, said Gen. Lovett.

Beneficiaries of the USVA include living veterans of the Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II, the survivors of deceased veterans of these wars, as well as student-veterans attending school under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

The following is a breakdown by provinces of the number of USVA beneficiaries as well as the amounts paid monthly into the provinces:

Abra	504	P 33,469.02
Agusan	66	4,414.62
Albay	1,779	109,805.44
Antique	200	21,639.36
Bataan	272	25,255.36
Batanes	9	472.58
Batangas	3,368	177,157.46
Bohol	506	34,782.98
Bukidnon	55	10,829.32
Bulacan	1,916	89,248.50
Cagayan	696	49,050.94
Camarines Norte	193	10,908.34
Camarines Sur	1,231	84,511.98
Capiz	579	44,657.98
Catanduanes	304	14,737.04
Cavite	1,874	146,732.20
Cebu	1,638	138,706.26
Cotabato	214	14,398.84
Davao	200	19,574.70
Ilocos Norte	1,968	141,337.86
Ilocos Sur	2,064	134,537.08
Iloilo	1,779	151,557.02
Isabela	567	49,137.08
La Union	3,026	180,090.62
Laguna	1,233	79,156.62
Lanao	92	8,436.62
Leyte	2,368	160,731.48
Manila	14,437	1,508,031.56
Marinduque	302	16,122.74
Masbate	138	8,042.18
Mindoro	382	26,167.12
Misamis Occ.	202	13,929.36
Misamis Or.	211	13,373.50



Mountain Prov.	800	92,666.80
Negros Occ.	2,086	122,583.58
Negros Or.	731	49,217.18
Nueva Ecija	2,551	150,965.92
Nueva Vizcaya	441	49,950.56
Palawan	166	13,121.12
Pampanga	3,233	273,010.40
Pangasinan	8,354	493,467.72
Quezon	1,286	79,154.82
Rizal	6,207	540,371.86
Romblon	90	5,563.06
Samar	671	55,454.86
Sorsogon	874	40,904.68
Sulu	52	3,977.02
Surigao	74	4,663.26
Tarac	2,618	157,570.76
Zambales	1,330	127,853.42
Zamboanga	513	66,063.56
Grand Total	76,540	5,849,064.34

HUGE HOSPITAL FOR PHIL VETS ENVISIONED

Bids for the construction of the proposed P18,800,000 Veterans Administration Hospital at Quezon City will be requested in July "if the present program of the Philippine Government continues to be carried out on schedule", Brig. Gen. Ralph B. Lovett, VA Manager announced.

The General's remarks came following an announcement that the architectural plans for the huge hospital installation were completed last March by Architects Enrique J. L. Ruiz, Pablo D. Panlilio and Jose V. Herrera of Allied Technologists, Inc. The plans were turned over to the Philippine Government for complete checking and review by the office of the Secretary of Defense.

"After review by the Philippine Government, the plans will be submitted to the USVA here", said Gen. Lovett, "and then almost immediately will be hand-carried to Washington in order to expedite the necessary action there."

"In Washington, the plans will be examined thoroughly by the Medical and Construction Divisions of the office of the Administrator of Veterans

Affairs, and with the concurrence of the Administrator after this review, will be flown back to Manila and returned to the Secretary of Defense for the construction bid advertisements," added Lovett.

Plans for this action were drawn up during a conference of concerned officials of the Philippine Department of Defense, Veterans Board, USVA and Allied Technologists, Inc. Attending the meeting at the VA offices of Lovett were: Secretary Ramon Magsaysay, Col. J. A. Benitez, Chairman of the Philippine Veterans Board; Col. N. R. Jimenez, Chief of Engineer, PAF; Major E. Pinto, Chief, Military Construction Division, PAF; Panlilio and Ruiz, Architects; Col. John I. Thompson, Jr., Construction Engineer representing the VA, and Dr. W. L. Crutchett, Medical Officer of the VA.

In addition, at this meeting, plans for the hospital were explained and discussed. As presently proposed, the hospital, which is to be erected for members of the Philippine Army and recognized Guerrillas who were casualties of World War II, will comprise 27 separate buildings, varying in individual size. The installation will be spread over 135 acres of the landscaped Dilliman District in Quezon City, on the same site originally selected as the location for the executive mansion in the older plan for relocation of the Capitol Building.

Construction of the hospital, described in advance as the "finest in the Orient" by observers, was made possible by U.S. Public Law 865, which provided for grants-in-aid by the United States for a program of hospital construction and hospitalization of veterans here.

As now drawn up, the plans call for 776 beds, with separate units for tubercular patients, mental and nervous disorder patients, and general medical and surgical patients. Each of these units will be entirely self-sufficient, with their own respective dining room facilities, chapels, recreation halls, examination and treatment rooms.

The hospital will have its own water supply system, sewage disposal unit, power plant, garbage incinerator, repair shops and a factory for the manufacture of artificial limbs.

For the pleasure of the patients, it is planned, there will be a radio receiver for each bed, libraries, bowling alleys and movies.

Aprovechemos los Beneficios del Año Universal

ESTAMOS en el Año Santo Universal. La infinita y paternal bondad de S.S. Pío XII el Pontífice felizmente reinante, dispuso, que una vez cerrado el Año Santo en la urbe del cristianismo, de cuyos beneficios espirituales fueron muchísimos los peregrinos que participaron, llegados de todos los puntos del globo para lucrar las indulgencias, esos mismos beneficios se hicieran extensivos a todo el mundo, para que se cumplieran así los vivos deseos del Padre Santo en el sentido que el Año Santo sea también, y fundamentalmente, el Año del Gran Retorno de la humanidad a Cristo y su Iglesia.

Está en los hombres el querer y el saber aprovechar de las indulgencias plenas aplicables tanto en el propio beneficio como para terceros, movidos siempre de una sincera voluntad de arrepentimiento y enmienda. Es claro que este lenguaje puede aparecer un tanto fuera de tono en medio de una sociedad paganzada por el materialismo y en la cual, desgraciadamente, los problemas del alma, las inquietudes religiosas y la fe sencilla y sincera suelen ser menospreciadas. Tal circunstancia impone precisamente a los católicos, a quienes son y quieren serlo en toda su plenitud hijos de la Iglesia, a la cual ingresaron por las aguas bautismales y de cuyos inmensos dones participaron por medio de sus sacramentos, el deber de corresponder al llamado amoroso del Papa que con las bendiciones del Año Santo Universal hace a sus hijos partícipes de tesoros espirituales, aplicables también para quienes integran la Iglesia penitente.

Sebamos hacernos dignos de esa merced del Pastor Común: Vivamos en toda su emoción y sentido esa invitación y no seamos remisos en responder a tan amoroso llamado. Son tan simples y tan fáciles de cumplir las disposiciones establecidas para ganar los bienes espirituales de este año privilegiado y está tan a mano el hacerlo, que bien puede afirmarse no existe motivo alguno que pueda alegarse para no recibir las gracias del Año Santo.

No es ya la exigencia de hacer largos y costosos viajes ni menos someterse a penitencias expiatorias propias del rigor de otros tiempos de fe más encendida. Han sido llevadas al máximo las posibilidades y tanto en nuestra ciudad como en todas las del país, de conformidad con lo que disponen los respectivos Pastores, con un mínimo de buena disposición todos los fieles estarán en condiciones de aprovechar espiritualmente las indulgencias extraordinarias que se les brindan. Preparadas en el corazón con una confesión particular, que no será más que una sana terapéutica espiritual y fortalecidas con el Pan de los Fuertes, vayan las legiones de fieles en sus visitas rituales a proclamar su adhesión a la Iglesia, a su Pontífice Máximo y vayan refirmando ante los incrédulos, los indiferentes y los pusilánimes, con el más elocuente de los verbos que es el ejemplo, que la fe vive y que esa fe, además de elevar al hombre por encima de las pequeñeces de sus miserias, lo hace digno de su condición y heredero de la eterna felicidad.

No dejemos pasar estos días tan señalados en la historia del mundo sino que, por el contrario, hagamos de ellos el

Stalin Y Su Paz

LOS comunistas tienen más minado nuestro mundo occidental de lo que nosotros mismos somos capaces de imaginar, o declaraciones como las que en una entrevista periodística ha formulado Stalin, no tienen otro destino que el consumo interno en la zona limitada por la cortina de hierro.

Porque cualquier cálculo que el tirano de Moscú haga sobre el temor de los pueblos occidentales a la guerra parece insuficiente para fundar la suposición de que esos pueblos leerán sus declaraciones y comulgarán con semejante piedra de molino. Esos pueblos—el señor Stalin lo ignora o afecta ignorarlo—están lo suficientemente informados de lo que ha ocurrido después de la segunda guerra mundial, como para no dar crédito a las burdas afirmaciones del dictador ruso y a sus inefabes protestas de amor a la paz.

Ciertamente, las soluciones que sugiere Stalin pueden teóricamente evitar la guerra. Pero no darían la paz soviética, que ya hemos analizado en otras ocasiones. Una paz basada en la aceptación de los más horribles hechos consumados, como el yugo que sufren a hoy los países bálticos, Polonia, Hungría, Checoslovaquia, Albania, Rumania, Bulgaria y la propia China roja; una paz basada en el abandono de la guerra justa que el mundo occidental libra en Corea; una paz, en fin, basada en la liquidación de las Naciones Unidas y en la renuncia a los ideales de derecho y justicia que las naciones se propusieron como objetivo en San Francisco, después de haber suscripto el esquema de la Carta del Atlántico.

Pero lo más singular resulta que, por el tono de sus declaraciones, ni siquiera esa paz de Stalin parecería practicable. Puesto que la proposición—si hay alguna concreta—viene acompañada por agravios a los actuales gobiernos de todos los países del mundo no comunista, agravios tales que por sí mismos descartan toda posibilidad de un ánimo conciliatorio y que se extienden aun a los países que podrían actuar como mediadores en un Munich tan inaceptable. Típicos son los conceptos del tirano ruso sobre las naciones latinoamericanas.

A lo sumo cabría leer en las declaraciones referidas una incitación a todos los pueblos todavía no subyugados por Moscú, para que se levanten contra sus autoridades y ganen así el derecho a gozar de la paz bajo el apastamiento comunista. No creemos que Stalin confíe ingenuamente en los frutos de tal incitación. Por ello nos inclinamos a suponer que sus declaraciones están dirigidas a quienes ya sufren el yugo y carecen de fuentes de información sobre la verdad internacional. Acaso sea para prepararlos a la idea de luchar contra el mundo occidental, convencidos de que es de éste la responsabilidad de esa lucha. De cierto puede decirse que el planteo staliniano no sólo no demuestra que la guerra no es inevitable, sino más bien que Stalin cree que no puede evitarse aunque alguien quisiera pagar el alto precio a que nos quiere vender su paz.

más reiterado empleo una y tantas veces como nos los dicte la conciencia y las necesidades espirituales de cada uno, participando de las ceremonias del Año Santo Universal. Individuos y familias únense en tan biadoso anhelo, haciendo que en esta nuestra Patria entera de tan genuina raigambre católica, el Año Santo sea señalado íntegro de gracias abundantes para sostenernos en el duro peregrinaje terrenal.

HARTO DISCUTIBLE

Por Haul Z. Resta

UNA vez más el pensamiento liberal se ha volcado copiosamente en discursos y en escritos, en oportunidad de cumplirse un nuevo aniversario de la revolución francesa. Hemos asistido así a inflamados elogios a un movimiento harto discutible, cuya trascendencia no lo exime de sus daños por el libertinaje desenfrenado que lo inspiró y que en nuestros días había de mostrar con el comunismo ateo todas las formas groseras de la vida, en la negación absoluta de Dios y en su ataque sistemático a la configuración histórica de la moral y la cultura.

La caída de la Bastilla fué acompañada de palabras muy hermosas. Si los anhelos de justicia social que se invocaron para sepultar el sistema que con ella caía hubiesen sido reales, no se hubiesen cometido tantos crímenes —la guillotina cortó centenares de cabezas inocentes entre el júbilo del populacho— y no se hubiese querido dar a la Iglesia Católica un golpe de muerte que fracasó, porque escrito está que las fuerzas del mal no prevalecerán contra ello.

El liberalismo, que mostró en la Reforma su garrá desquiciante, su satánico afán de ir contra Dios al inventarle un culto frío y acomodaticio y al producir un tan grave cisma de la religión en occidente, dió práctica ejecución a su saña con las monstruosidades de 1789, que documenta la historia y que no se borran tan fácilmente con las exaltaciones a los "sans culottes" ni a los grandes principios de la libertad, la igualdad y la fraternidad, desvirtuados por los revolucionarios franceses sólo con la sangre con que los mancharon.

Por una interpretación cristiana a aquel movimiento es un error lamentable. Denuncia antes que nada una confusión en las inteligencias, sólo disculpable, en personas indoctas, pero no en quienes pretenden dirigir la cultura, presentando como una causa santa "... para que el mundo tuviera un poco más de dicha y un poco más de pan" — como alguien apunta por ahí— lo que sólo fué una explosión de odio y de sectarismo antirreligioso.

Tanto dolor causó al cristianismo aquella rebelión multitudinaria contra la fe, la tradición y los valores del espíritu, que refiriéndose a la figura

ejemplar del venerable Marcelino Champagnat se dió: "Es uno de aquellos santos extraordinarios que Dios suscitó para restañar las heridas y reparar las ruinas causadas a la religión por la revolución francesa".

Los enciclopedistas del siglo XVIII llenaron bibliotecas con sus elogios al trágico movimiento y sus insultos a Jesucristo y a la Iglesia Católica. En sus producciones innobles se argumenta falsamente para elogiar y se miente sin reparos para insultar. Son los desahogos del liberalismo confusionista y corruptor, desgraciadamente recogidos por muchos, dada su difusión y el celo propagandista de los protestantes y de los incrédulos, que estuvieron siempre a su servicio.

"La revolución francesa — dice magníficamente León Bloy—pretendió ser martillo demoleedor de las cosas pasadas y de las creencias que hasta ahora nos dieron vida y a las que debemos cuanto poseemos de más grande y más noble".

Quienes luchamos por defender la verdad, menoscabada hoy como nunca, no podemos guardar silencio ante el pretendido contenido cristiano de una revolución que nada tiene que ver con

la Francia que un día mereciera el título de Hija Predilecta de la Iglesia. Como católicos seguimos la trayectoria espiritual y constructiva de un José Manuel Estrada paladín de la fe y la democracia, en toda la digna acepción de ambos vocablos. Repudiamos, en cambio, la filorofía liberal, la incredulidad y la irreverencia de un Lisandro de la Torre cuya exaltación, pronta a culminar en el absurdo homenaje de una estatus corre por cuenta de quienes baten palmas a los incendiarios de 1789.

Leonel Franca ha dicho, con valentía y con acierto: "La revolución francesa no fué tan sólo una subversión de la vieja estructura política ni tan sólo una reacción violenta contra los abusos sociales del antiguo régimen, sino antes que nada una tentativa sanguinaria por extirpar del corazón de Francia la fe en Cristo, substituyéndola por el culto de la diosa Razón, idolatrada en delirantes apoteosis bajo la imagen impúdica de una desvergonzada ramera. He aquí el aspecto satánico del gran movimiento que llevó en sus entrañas el mediocre y superficial siglo XVIII".



Forjemos El Carácter

EL esclavo de la conciencia! ¡Será un título de alguna estúpida novela policia! — piensas tú. Te equivocas. El elogio más hermoso que puede hacerse de un joven es decir de él: Es dueño de su voluntad, es esclavo de su conciencia, ¡permanecer inquebrantablemente fiel a todo cuanto manda la conciencia! Si eres capaz de eso eres un joven de carácter.

En el carro hay un pequeño clavo; sólo no se ve; pero de gran importancia: el clavo del eje. Si se pierde, el carro sigue andando un momento; pero de pronto se cae la rueda y el carro vuela.

También por la senda del carácter encontrarás un diminuto instrumento, insignificante al parecer. Es la sumisión sin reserva a la voz de tu conciencia. Sé, pues, siervo sumiso, manso cordero de tu conciencia.

Hay dos enemigos que luchan contra ella. En primer término la denigra a tu alrededor el mundo entero,

después te instigan a la rebeldía tus inclinaciones de-ordenadas, tus instintos que despiertan.

Acaso tienes momentos de tanto entusiasmo que abandonas casi la tierra y te lanzas a las alturas. Haces el firme propósito de seguir siempre la voz de tu conciencia, de jamás desviarte del camino del honor. No dirás, no pensarás, no harás nada que sea pecado. ¡Te sientes tan feliz en esos instantes!

Pero, ¿qué ves en el momento inmediato? Que ni éste ni aquel de tus compañeros cumple los mandamientos de Dios. Aquel libro, aquella pieza de teatro, o sea cinta, son escarnios de tus nobles principios. Y ahora te llega la prueba ardua: aunque todo el mundo sea malo, ¿sabrás conservarte tú en el deber?

Si en la escuela los muchachos fuesen sin carácter, podrías tú mantenerte firme en tus nobles ideales?

(Pasa a la página 30)

BUREAU OF POSTS
Manila

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(Required by Act No. 2580)

The undersigned, EMILIO B. ALLER

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(Sgd.) EMILIO B. ALLER
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of May, 1951, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1624842 issued at Cebu City, on January 8, 1951,
Doc. No. 126
Page No. 3
Book No. VI, Series of 1951.

(Sgd.) FULVIO C. PELAEZ
Until December 31, 1952.

(Note: This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax.

Historia de la Medicion del Tiempo

Los hindúes de la antigüedad crearon un reloj de sol portátil, el que, en cierto modo, puede considerarse como el primer reloj personal. Consistía de un bastón con una clavija transversal, que proyectaba una sombra cuya longitud marcaba, sobre una escala graduada, la hora del día. Los hindúes utilizaban este original reloj solar como báculo, llevándolo con ellos a todos los lugares. Tomando en cuenta las diferentes alturas del sol en el transcurso del año, la forma del bastón era octogonal, y cada una de las caras tenía graduaciones correspondientes a los ocho periodos en que habían dividido el año.

Forjemos El Carácter

(Continuación de la página 29)

Si todos mienten, ¡tú jamás!
Si los demás infringen el precepto grave de la misa dominical, tú no los imites.

Si los demás son groseros en el hablar, tú permaneces reservado.

Después viene otra prueba. Tu constancia no tiene sólo enemigos exteriores; también los tiene interiores, en tu propio corazón.

La conciencia suele llamarse voz de Dios, y con razón. ¿Quién no ha oído alguna vez en su interior esta palabra? Cuando el muchacho ya estaba a punto de pegar, oyó en su interior una voz que le amonestaba, como campanita argentina que hubiese empezado su repiqueo: "¡No hagas eso, no lo hagas!"

Cuando puso la mano en cosa ajena, la campanilla empezó a repicar de nuevo. Y cuando se sentía presa de una tentación más seria, pareciale que hasta varias campanas tocaban, a rebato: tan fuerte gritaba en su alma la conciencia: "¡No hagas eso! No lo hagas!"

Te repito, hijo mío, acostúmbrate en la juventud a seguir incondicionalmente la voz de tu conciencia. Ahora es cuando se decide si más tarde serás o no un hombre escrupuloso en el cumplimiento del deber. Y ten en cuenta que el hombre de conciencia tiene idéntico valor para la sociedad que una columna, en que descansa todo el edificio.



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