



The

# Carolinian

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DECEMBER

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



Vol. XVI

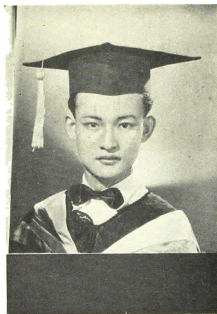
*Miss Estrella Veloso*  
Second place in the Pharmacy Board Exams.

August  
1952

No. 1



Jorge Alcoseba



Sinforoso Chua



Rosario T. Du

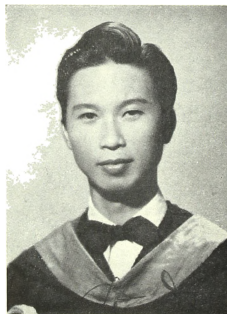
## *The Carolinian*

*presents eight successful candidates of the  
College of Commerce who passed the last CPA Board  
Exams field last December, 1951.*

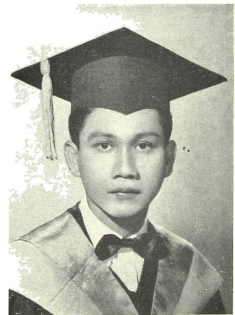
*(Six of them are on this page. For the two high-pointers, see best page of the pictorial section.)*



Moisesa C. Paulin



Evencio A. Buivivar



Cipriano G. Velez

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Our Cover: Miss Estrella Valera, who capped 2nd place in the last Pharmacy Board Exams. (Story on page 3).

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



• Editorial •

Looking Back And Forward

*I*N A DOWNTOWN CAFE at about the beginning of the school-year 1950-1951, I once heard a smart-aleck of a student haranguing his friends. With the air of mock authority, he talked about schools and the best ones to enroll in. He declared that for him an institution, which puts stress on discipline and teaches religion in class, is out. His reasons were wildly varied: from his desire to go through his studies with ease and comfort to his opinion that religion should only be taught at home or in church. The rest of his absurd harangue were equally gibberish. It was useless to butt in: he only reminded me of a hound baying at the moon.

And if we should mention his arguments here, it does not mean that it is necessary to answer them. Because, the best retort which drives home clean and through is the "star-studded USC school season" which folded itself up last April, 1951, leaving us astounded later by the imposing record of its achievements in the Bar and in the Board Exams. It is of common knowledge that USC scored aplenty, and the records and the newspapers bear us out on this. And it seems to me that it is only now a lot of people have realized what discipline in school, amply supported by the teaching of religion, can do for students in their studies. Tell-tale effects could be seen in the seeming ease with which the USC examinees hurled the government exams in the Bar and Boards last year. And that is history for San Carlos. What the class 1952 will achieve still remains to be seen, though.

Now, another school-year unfolds itself with the same discipline, the same teaching of religion, the same instruction and the same professors with a few negligible changes on the latter. Will USC repeat history? That is the challenge. It remains to be answered by ringing deeds. A lot of words may convince people, but deeds are more conclusive.

Therefore, with a heart for the struggle and the blessings of God overhead, let's, you and I, pick up the gauntlet.

Emilio B. Aller

# Caroliniana

By: Leo Bello

Our point was to get enrolled in an institution with a name we have learned to love and uphold. And we were ready to go through the ordeal of enrollment.

The harrowing fuss and the dizzying whirl of buzzing, staring, loitering crowds . . . the petty tyrannies and mock-pretensions of fresh clerks . . . the indispensable peering into the seemingly invisible lines of enrolment papers . . . the hectic swaying and milling of enrolling students . . . the hyena-guffaws of coeds and the multi-pitched gigglings of coeds . . . the elbowing and squeezing through a seeming forest of impatient, angry, bored, indifferent, expectant, happy faces . . . And we went through the ordeal all right, but not before we had our none-too-handsome mug face Pentong and his inevitable camera for the sole purpose of having our mug's replica glorify our otherwise drab-looking I-D card.

And come to think of it: had we not enrolled, we would not have been here this moment chatty with you on this page and writing for the delectation of pseudo-critics and their ilk. Why, had we decided to quit our studies, at our expense, we would have given you that rare satisfaction of saying aloud: "Good riddance!" If that's what you feel about us, this much we can assure you: we can be as persistent on this page as on your nerves. Ha-ha!

## THE HUMAN JIG-SAW PUZZLE

But first, if we must have to go ahead, there was that jig-saw puzzle in choosing the right chunks of humanity with the right gray-matter and the flare for pen-scratching to fill up the holes and the gaps of our badly-riddled editorial board. Our she-members of last year's line-up roped their men and romped away with them without ever imagining, perhaps, that they would get tied down themselves. Tchh, tchk. That partly accounts for the missing chunks in our jig-saw. And there were some, too, who simply faded away like old soldiers unaccounted for, leaving gaps which must be filled if we must have to have the *Carolinian* on a real go this year.

As Fate would have it, though, we are lucky to have the gaps filled after a delicate process of elimination of so, so, many prospects. They were judged on their interest in writing and on the merits of the pieces they wrote plus their cooperative instincts. Somehow, we feel that actually knowing and

actually doing the job plus whole-hearted interest and a keen sense of cooperation thrown into the bargain, are very much better than merely knowing how to write. Theory and practice. We don't prefer either. We prefer both. Actual experience has taught us valuable lessons we can't afford to forget. And our choice narrowed down to the new names we have now in our brand-new line-up. They were recommended by us on the strength of these considerations.

## THIS ISSUE

Here we go again.

Who told us once that NGR is through with San Carlos? If you will turn to page 3, you will know it's not true. *The Star-Studded School Season*, he says with five S's. It must be a trick to inveigle you into reading his piece. Decidedly not, I should say. The article stands on its merits. The agile pen of NGR writes, and we can't miss anything his brand. Incidentally, Atty. Nap Rama was editor of the *Carolinian* from 1949 to 1951. (At the end of 1951 we took over.) He is always available when we need him most — in the pinches. It only shows what a great Carolinian heart he has got.

We announce with pride a new *find*. He is William George Bowler. (For details about him, see page 7.) We call him Bill intimately now. *The Significance of Studying in a Catholic University* impresses us so much, we were made to think aloud that here is the guy who has got a John-Henry-Cardinal-Newman style which we can never fail to notice. Remember the late Cardinal's idea of a university? The quiet dignity of Bill's piece is written on the same vein. His knack will furnish variety to our ordinary run of articles.

Two short stories we dish out to you now. *Here Was Where* by E. C. Boiser and *Homecoming* by Mr. Mendez. They can be good snacks in-between our regular mental repasts.

We have only one informal essay this time to bother you with, just as doors do when you get in and out of any four-walled cubicle. There ought to be a law against doors, one never-do-well once had said, they always bump against his shoulders, his knees, his bunions and his corns. But read *More on Doors* before we tire you out in this play with words.

(Continued on page 22)

•  
One for the money,  
Two for the show  
Three to get ready  
And four to go —  
USC scores again!!

•

# The Star-Studded SCHOOL SEASON

• by *M. G. R.* •

A SURVEY of the USC academic records in the recent years indicates that the last school year 1950-1951 takes the cake as the season to beat in point of scholastic achievements.

It has been an exceptionally fruitful and successful school year. The records chalked up by its graduates far overshoot the land expectations of the school authorities. And when the final accounting was done, the government examinations results released, USC had piled up spectacular scholastic points not approached even by some highly-touted Manila universities.

In the bar examinations, law '51 Pablo P. Garcia romped away with the third place. The feat has not been known to be made by any of the out-of-the-capital law colleges. But what made the big city colleges pull their hair in blended feelings of desperation and consternation was that the USC law '51 graduates did not stop at the third position but went on to annex the fifth honor, too. Reticent, retiring Fortunato "Bay" Valloces pulled the stunning clincher. In many years, the USC law college did not have such a big boost.

The most recent stir however came from the College of Pharmacy. Slim, quiet-spoken Estrella Veloso, who graduated *summa cum laude*, and regarded the white hope of the Pharmacy department, touched off the recent rumpus in the campus. She kept the Pharmacy faculty beaming for weeks when she took the second place in the last Pharmacy board examination results at the expense of the big-name Manila schools.

But as great a reason for celebration was the fact that as usual, the Pharmacy graduates scored a hundred per cent passing average. It is going to be quite a tradition if they could keep up the record.

The fourth Carolinian to make this magazine's cover, Estrella had, by force of habit, stayed up at the top places during her school days. She finished her high school and intermediate schooling in Tuburan with high honors and led her Pharmacy class at USC from the first through the senior years. Well in the groove, she kept the mark even in the board examinations.

Just like a woman, she does not have very definite plans for the future. But she will gladly further her studies in Manila, if circumstances are favorable. Any marriage plans? "Well," she said cryptically with a demure smile, "you never can tell."

For her feat, she is entitled to the University gold medal awarded every graduation day to graduates who place among the top ten in government examinations. She is the sixth to be awarded this medal.

It was not all quiet in the Commerce department in the meanwhile. Carolinian Jesus Relampagos, a hard-driving, never-say-die Boholano obtained the third place in the CPA examinations. What made it doubly standing was that he stole a stride ahead of all the CPA examinees in the Auditing department where he was first place. His supporting cast was Rulo Amores who ran away with the ninth place.

Amidst the general campus hubbub, the College of Education also put in his share of the uproar. In

the last government competitive BSE examinations, the College of Education graduates had a field-day. They captured the first four



The New Carolinian record-breaking CPA's took a picture — from left to right front row: Evencio A. Kulivivar, Rosario Du, Moisesa Paulin, Rulo Amores. Standing, same order: Jorge Alcaseba, Jesus Relampagos and Cipriano Veloz.

places in Mathematics and in Spanish. They also crowded the rest of the candidates out of the first, second and third places in National Language. In the History exams the Carolinian steamroller clinched the first, second and fourth

(Continued on page 4)

# Passing Through

By VICENTE N. LIM

Once again the campus is animate with people, all sorts of people. The basketball courts are thronged by books-and-notebook-toting girls with handbags dangling at their elbows and idling men with half-eaten cigarettes hanging dangerously low from their lips, while perspiring, leaping, grappling and running men hold the crowd's attention in that first intramural battle.

The tiring, trying ritual of registration has been forgotten; the seniors are still disdainful of the freshman; the campus businessmen are still making money with their used books and second-hand notes.

Now is the time of stinking chem labs and plastic aprons, of liberal paternal allowances, of basketballs arching through the air in front of the outdoor stage, of laboratory experiments and mathematical equations. Now is the time for the first-year basic rookie to taste the baptism of aching arms and sore shoulders after three hours of introduction to the Springfield tulle.

There is the awe and the wonder and the thrill that is felt by the young and pretty newcomer who has come to USC for the first time, fresh from high school. The oldtimers are still the problem children of Saint Charley. They come late and enroll last, squabble with the clerks over the line for late enrolment, and spend the first two weeks happily looking over the new faces, admiring, scrutinizing, comparing.

The staff is contacted, gathered, organized and set to work. Work! Ugh. The society editor gets the gravy. He has a field day going over every comely face and lissome lass for that precious interview which is at the same time his passport to her acquaintance.

The certain prof eyes you with that Here-you-are-again look across his face, and you squirm uneasily in your seat. You wish your name were not Lo and that they wouldn't assign the stinking tube in the laboratory in alphabetical order because the girl beside you happens to be Lopez and she makes you forget whatever there is you want to forget! Ah, romance.

Now the student determines his life pattern and decides whether he wants to be a lawyer or a chicken farmer. Sights are set, aims are high, and determination is strong . . . until someone taps you on the shoulder and takes you out on a roaring bend. Even more touched by campus magic is the student who has a favorite class and never misses that class because THAT girl with brown hair and tilted nose makes the time fly and the reveries high (and the mind blank!).

And so the first month of the term flows by, with all its thrill, its spell, its magic, and its excitement. Comes now exams and fulfillment of assignments, book reports and unmade lab experiments. These are the elements of college life. They are what make life full and memorable and happy. The good grades and the failures and the conditions, the new love and the first love, the acquaintance with Swinburne and Von Schmidt, the discovery of the biochemistry of an amoeba (has it got one??), the mystery of the elements and their atomic weights and properties . . . all of these and whatever else that passes through.

## THE STAR-STUDD . . .

(Continued from page 3)

places, went on to take the first place in Biology and the second place in English. All said, it looked like the government exams participated in by all the colleges and universities in Cebu, was an exclusively all USC affair.

There's a Biblical saying which has become a cliché and worn off from constant quoting, that "the tree is known by its fruits." Under the circumstances, such platitude can be forgiven, for there couldn't be a more apt saying in the premises.

The 1951 graduates had delivered the goods. It certainly had been a star-studded season that is furnishing us legitimate cause for chest-thumping and a lot of crowing.

REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES  
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(Required by Act No. 2580)

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(Sgd.) EMILIO B. ALLER  
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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of April, 1952, at Cebu City the official exhibiting Residence Certificate No. A-162498 issued at Cebu City, on January 6, 1952.

(Sgd.) FULVIO C. PELAEZ  
Notary Public  
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# Significance of Going to a Catholic University

by

William G. Bowler  
University of San Carlos

THE Complete Man is an able man, clear in thought, rich in vision, vigorous in act; he is a man learned in the arts and sciences, a student of history with a sharp, sound view of his own times, a right interpretation of the past, a true concept of the future; he is a man who lives fully and vividly, gladly accepting the challenge of life, exulting in its adventure; finally — and most important — he is a good man; warm of heart, gentle, seeking the right, charitable in thought as well as deed — in a word, a Christian gentleman.

Catholic universities develop this Complete Man by training his faculties — his mind, his imagination, his will; by instructing him in right knowledge, by making him more at home in the arts and sciences; by preparing him for service to his country and his fellow men, teaching him his rights and duties as a member of society; and, by inspiring him to right living, making him aware of the obligations of his immortality, and setting before him the teaching, example, and the divine beneficence of Christ.

These Catholic universities aim to train a man for success and for possible greatness, but whatever a man's worldly achievement, these universities' training insists that his

design of living include the fulfillment of his obligations toward God and his soul, prepares him thus to be, in the best sense, a Complete Man, a Citizen of Two Worlds.

In the intellectual training of the students, the universities aim at laying a solid foundation in the elements of knowledge, and at opening the mind to a generous share of culture. Holding as a fundamental tenet that each study has a distinct

\*  
**“What doth it profit  
a man if he gain  
the world but suffer  
the loss of his soul?”**  
\*

educational value, so that specific training afforded by one cannot be fully supplied by another, the courses are chosen, prescribed, or recommended each for its particular educational value and for its place in a complete and adjusted system.

In its moral training, the universities direct its efforts toward developing the moral judgment of its students for the right fulfillment of their civil and religious duties. The avowed purpose of its training is to lay a solid foundation in the mind

and character of the student, sufficient for any superstructure of science and arts and letters; fully adequate, too, for the upbuilding of that moral life, civil and religious, which must ever be rated the highest and truest honor of worthy manhood.

Knowledge and intellectual development of themselves have no moral efficacy whatever: science, as such, has never made one true man; the best chemist or engineer, the most eminent astronomer or biologist, may be far from being a good man. Religion alone can furnish the solid basis upon which high ideals of business integrity and moral cleanliness will be fostered and conserved. Religious truth, then, must be the very atmosphere that the student breathes. Christianity must suffuse with its light all that he reads, illuminating what is noble and exposing what is base, giving to the true and to the false their relative light and shade. The di-

(Continued on page 10)

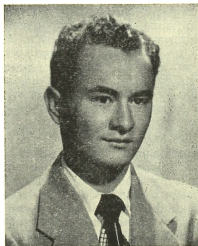
## THE AUTHOR

William (Bill) G. Bowler is a neophyte at USC. In spite of this fact, he has drummed up enough *esprit de corps* to whip up a scholarly contribution for the Carolinian.

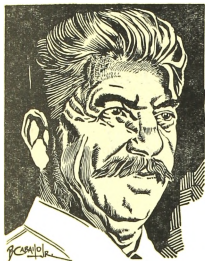
A Filipino citizen, although foreign in name and looks, Bill went through St. Theresa in Cebu and La Salle in Manila in the early part of his grade school years. He went to California in 1945 and graduated from high school on June 7 of this year at Loyola High of Los Angeles, California.

Simple in his ways, and likable, he can easily make friends in his new environment. Currently, he is taking the B. S. in Chem. course at USC.

— EDITOR



# What Is Russian



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

## Sixth Installment

**I**N THE preceding chapter I wrote of the Horrors of Collectivization. The testimony of the authors I have been citing squares with that of Kravchenko, who had, as an official of the Soviet, personally supervised this inhuman system in one locality (although he hated his task and did his utmost to soften the hardships of the peasants placed under him), and who, in disgust, finally broke with the tyrannical Soviet and wrote his now famous book

### I Chose Freedom.

"I lived in Russia," writes Fredo Uley, "during the terrible period of forced collectivization of agriculture when millions of peasants died of starvation, and other uncounted victims were condemned to forced labor for resisting the confiscation of their land crops. The resistance of the peasants was broken and they are now tied to the soil like serfs and forced to labor for a pittance on the so-called collective farms. The State collects as taxes and through compulsory sales at nominal prices far more than the landlord in Tsarist times, and the peasant is no longer allowed to leave his village to seek other employment without the government's permission" (pp. 5 & 6).

We sometimes hear the question: Since conditions are so appalling in Russia; since so frightful a tyranny is exercised by the Communist rulers; since the common laborers and "collective" farmers are so terribly downtrodden, why do not the Russian people rise en masse and smite their oppressors?

The writer I have quoted above replies thus to such a question:

"The answer is simple. Terror keeps the people subservient to the ruling Communist Party which controls all means of livelihood and all the apparatus of coercion. Terror such as is undreamed of in the democratic capitalist world keeps the whole people cowed."

Besides, no one can be sure of his neighbor, and so everyone is afraid to communicate his thoughts or wishes even to a friend. "As a citizen of the Soviet Union," writes Eugene Lyons, an admitted authority on the U.S.S.R., with six years of first-hand evidence, "you would be involved, whether you like it or not, in the most extensive espionage and terror system in all human history. Your every act and word would be observed and reported by armies of professional spies and legions of volunteers. You would come to accept it as a matter of course that a detailed account of what happens in your trade union meeting, your home and your private parties should reach the secret police."

"At the same time you would be forced into spying on others. You would have no alternative. Failure to report 'anti-Soviet' remarks or behaviour is treated as complicity in the crime. Refusal to act as informer, even against your mother or your husband, is punished as treason. The first duty of every Communist and Communist Youth especially is to observe and report on the political morals of everyone around him."

"When you cut through the com-

plexed Soviet system you get to the central fact that it is a police state. The power of the dictatorship, in the final analysis, rests on the terror inspired in the hearts of the population by the secret police." (The Soviet Regime in Practice, pp. 9 & 10.)

### The Weapon Of Collective Punishment

Regarding the "Moscow confessions" Max Eastman writes: "I agree that the hundred who died without confessing to every one who confessed are the significant factor most often forgotten in discussing it (the mystery of the confessions)... I agree that demoralization under disillusionment and torment was the basic cause" (of the confessions). But this writer thinks that notion of serving the Party, or saving what might be left of the Revolution, played the part of a pretext, a loophole of justification, for these demoralized men. And he adds that, especially since learning that Henry Yagoda, the head of the G.P.U. during the first show trial, was by professional training a pharmacist, he inclines more and more to the opinion that drugs played a part in the demoralization of men who had occupied so high a place in the Soviet system.

At first sight it does seem amazing the prominent officials in the U.S.S.R. — men who had held some of the highest posts in the Soviet State, and who were undoubtedly dyed-in-the-wool Communist—could make such abject confessions in

(Continued on page 14)



# HOMECOMING

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**F**OUR o'clock was not the time for him to wake up, but Tolomeo with the laughing eyes and full generous lips, busily packed up his things. Two years of absence was a good reason for being excited; and with a triumph to bring home besides, a night of restlessness was not surprising. Two years before he came home but there was nothing unusual; it was only an ordinary homecoming. Today he had many reasons to be happy. He brought neither candy, nor chinelas, no, nothing absolutely, but he brought happiness with him for himself and the family.

He seemed to hear the hustle and bustle of city life faintly ebbing, purified by time and space. The traffic, the hawkers, the automobile horns, the... he came to his senses and realized that the noise came from the other passengers, who, like him, were also excitedly packing their things.

"What time do we arrive?" he inquired from a fellow passenger. "Seven o'clock," curtly replied a curly middle-age man.

"Quite a regular runner no, or, shall I say swimmer?" he jokingly went on.

"I think so. We started Saturday at six. And now it is..."

He glanced at his battered wrist watch and the cob-web-like glass revealed thirty-five minutes past four. Almost everybody was

huddled against the early morning sky. He inhaled the soothing breeze and his lips parted into a smile.

It was four years ago, 1946 to be exact.

"Please stay," his mother had pleaded with tears in her eyes.

"But Ma, I would be doing nothing," he answered.

"You can just lie down and eat. I would be satisfied seeing you everyday, always."

"I hate to be a burden. I want to do something. Make a name for myself."

"You can teach."

"Kids? Not me again. This is a cat. Run to the door, Pedro. They are not for me, Ma. I know I would be great."

And in spite of his mother's tearful pleading, he went away. His father did not say anything. With one hundred and twenty pesos earned from his buy-and-sell business, he left Leyte for Manila. Manila was hideously tempting. With outstretched arms it welcomed him, lured him with its wives, and the only weapon he had was his high school education. But the high school diploma was not enough. The city wanted more.

(Continued on page 26)

## Sometimes sadness and not happiness greets you when you least expect it to.

"Monday," he cut in. The **General Lunawas**, an FS, which was converted into an inter-island motor ship running regularly from Manila to Surigao passing Ormoc, Baybay, and Maasin, was loaded with provincianos, going home for the vacations. There were maids who asked permission to attend their fiestas. For is not May, the month of fiestas, besides flowers? There were Chinese businessmen with the usual noise that go with a Chinese conversation. There were a handful of politicians with their big cigars and their big bellies. The boat was filled with people from all walks of life. And there were students with degrees and otherwise.

To this last group Tolomeo belonged.

awake now and the cries of small children who were like pigs asking for chow rang through the boat and was absorbed by the silent Visayan Sea. A boy was passing cups of coffee around.

"Cafe kamo," he shouted in Visayan.

"**Yabo**" (pour it), jokingly shouted back a passenger.

He turned towards the Pangasugan Mountains. A pale gray light was now beginning to force itself through a thick mass of morning smoke. Apparently, someone must have been burning the leftovers of the afternoon before. No, it was not smoke. It was mist which was little by little, parting, as if smitten into smithereens and after a while the beautiful mountain was sil-

# Poetry Page



## THE DREAM

by *Emilio B. Aller*

*There was the dream sublime  
Which spirit, mind and heart  
Did feel and touch and visualize;  
But gasping breaths which tried to hope  
Could never vocalize the word,  
Nor pen could e'er invoke the theme,  
Nor rime approach the peaks of song  
Which chimed the dream sublime  
In tones no wakeful ear can hear.*

*For ay, the dream was of the night,  
And nights are deep, mysterious, vague;  
And dying out with pale-faced dawn,  
The memory is left in mist,  
The heart made cold and faint.*

*'Tis true, 'tis true, I can't deny:  
The morning breeze was sweet with new-born day  
Exuding smelling salts of consciousness,  
While spirit hoped recapturing  
The beauty of that dream sublime  
Which, born of night, did fade with dawn.*

*But vain, in vain: remembrance laided:  
My pensive efforts brought me back  
Some sparkling, gleaming, empty words,  
But not the dream.*



## A SONG

by *Dominga Laque*

*Rose petals fly  
From the brows of May;  
Lilies, wave  
A scent, where the paws lay.*

*Arms with clusters;  
Girls stride devoutly;  
Crimsoned cheeks,  
Hearts, golden and holy.*

*May showers  
A holy boundless hue,  
And sweeter thoughts —  
Bring men close to glorious glow.*



# HERE WAS WHERE

by

*E. C. Boiser*

Everyone in San Francisco asked everyone else this question the next forty eight hours. And for a few days.

*Young, happy, and gay is the lover, then . . .*

**F**ATE at times has that funny habit of shaping the lives of other people, that in her youth, people did not call Julia, Madre. She was Inday Julia, the lairdest belle in town. From near and far, ambitious young men came to seek her hand. Unceasingly, they trooped to her home across the bridge in the little barrio of Taytay, and laid siege to her young heart. Yes, rich and poor, all came to woo her.

As with lovely girls like her, Julia could not long remain without a choice. So one Saturday, she told Narding, the young practicante, Pepe, Tasio and Ramon and the rest of her suitors, that it was useless for them to pay court to her anymore.

They wished her happiness and walked away in silence. They who had wooed her and lost.

Who was it, who is the guy?

Julia would not tell. Her father would not, either. Her cousins and close friends could not. For a long time, it seemed no one would ever know.

But one late Friday afternoon, Nang Sanang, who lived a short distance from the church, espied Noy Pael, laboriously hobbling toward her store. Noy Pael was the town's bell-ringer, who had long confined himself within the perimeter of the church and the convent, so that it caused Nang Sanang no little surprise to see him in the street. Especially, just after the Angelus bell.

"Huy! taw sa convento!" she called at the top of her lungs, her

shrill voice grating the stillness of the early evening. "What lured you out of your musty lair tonight? My tuba?"

"Woman" rasped Noy Pael as he neared the store, "you will be giving me both in a minute. And free at that. Just wait and see."

As he seated his decrepid form on the bamboo bench outside the store, Noy Pael let loose a very deep sigh. The walk from the church had evidently exhausted him.

"Suppose you give me a big glass of tuba now, Sanang," he said haltingly, striving to catch his breath.

"You will pay?"

"My good Sanang! Are you joking? You are giving it to me with your compliments for the story I shall tell you tonight. It is about Julia, Inday Julia, you see, and . . ."

"What!"

And Noy Pael heard the familiar clink of glass and bottle.

And hour later, the little town of San Francisco, through the glib tongue of Nang Sanang, heard the story of Julia and Florentino, the son of Presidente Tinong. How the couple had plighted their troth before the image of the Blessed Virgin Mother that day just before the

Angelus . . . the vow they made: should either prove unfaithful, the wrath of heaven should visit without mercy upon the undoer . . . unto death.

It was a terrible vow to make. But they were lovers and nothing else mattered except their love.

One day, Florentino bade Julia and San Francisco good-bye. To join the flocks of students somewhere in the City of Manila . . . and also to land a berth. Nobody could dissuade him from his plan. Neither his closest friends who pleaded, protested and . . . some cried. Nor Julia. The poor girl could not do anything. She cried and weeped

(Continued on page 24)

Well, Alex —

Here we are again. Or, rather, here I am again (you will please keep your chagrin to yourself). It is now schooltime and we're not only supposed but also definitely expected to quit that looting around those nightly (and I do mean NIGHTLY) jaunts, stop working on crosswords all day and start reading that

# HERBIE IS BACK... Ugh!!!

By VNLM

big fat law book, lay off the bottle and put on the thinking cap. Nuts.

The Seniors are, can you believe it, beginning to campaign for the presidency of the Lex Circle. I wouldn't be surprised if they hand out handbills extolling the virtues of a candidate, or chalk campaign slogans (like "A drinking fountain on every floor and mirror in every comfort room") on the wall, or distribute big buttons with the unoriginal idea of words like 'Choose Cruz' or 'I like Mike' or 'Elect Vic' or something.

The freshmen, and this probably goes for the senior classes, too, are kicking about being cooped up in the high-school building classrooms, and hope that that's temporary. Indignance runs high. Talks of making a formal petition to the Dean, Regent, and Rector are discussed.

You know what, Alex, the most peculiar thing about college is the activity of the unlicensed, enterprising and profitable practise of campus book peddlers. These hawkers peddle their used, second-hand, and discarded books and go on a spiel about what a big favor you are doing to yourself if you purchase their wares, the same being such bargains, etc. "It's a Bar Subject!" is the bait line, and sops fall over each other trying to get first crack at bids. Well, it's a living, eh, Alex.

Alex, there are so many newcomers to Saint Charley, so many new faces, that you feel you're a newcomer yourself. Most of them are freshmen, and, brother, are they fresh. Well, at least fresh from high school. There's petite, coy, and a little bit engaging Delia Saguin, who runs this term's Society column. There's Agustin Lo, who mostly just runs. This tall, gangling, gawky gentleman(!) was at a school in Manila last semester. He says he's giving USC the honor of graduating from here! There's . . . but enough of that. You have CAMPUSCRATS somewhere in this issue.

So long for now, Alex. I'll be around next issue . . . if I survive Fr. Wrocklage's seminar next Thursday!

Once again,  
Herbie.

## SIGNIFICANCE OF . . .

(Continued from page 5)

vine truths and principles of consistent Christianity must be the vital force animating the organic structure of education. Accordingly, the study of religion is prescribed for all Catholic students.

Although the physical well-being and training of the students is of secondary importance in educational systems, inasmuch as they must be subordinated to mental and moral development, the authorities of these Catholic universities have never overlooked their relative place and value.

Convinced that an adequate ideal of education must deliberately aim to develop, side by side, the moral as well as the intellectual faculties, the Catholic universities seek with all their strength the tenacity of purpose to direct its work of the formation of learned men surely, but without of men who have imbibed and made their own the virtues worthy of Christian gentlemen. And since men are not made better citizens by the mere accumulation of knowledge without a guiding and controlling force, the principal faculties to be developed are the moral faculties. Hence, for the educator, religion must permeate, energize, inspire and safeguard the whole personality of the student. He must be definitely trained to live not merely as a cultured gentleman, but as a man with deep religious convictions that bear constant fruit in the achievements of high moral character.

Briefly, their abiding purpose is to form a Christian gentleman, who is conscious of his rights as an individual and his obligations as a creature of God, a member of the human race, and a citizen of the international community.

In himself the student is to be a man of high moral character whose life will be dominated by Christian principles of conduct.

He is to be a cultured gentleman. Cultural formation is one of the principal objectives of these Catholic universities. Culture is to the intellect what character is to the will. Cultural formation means the formation of a character of mind which will broaden the horizons of the students, give them sympathy for the work and ideals of other men, stimulate literary and scientific interests and skills which may bring more happiness to their lives and link them effectually with

(Continued on page 22)

## Informal Essay

I HAVE a funny idea that the door originated from heaven. Man was so curious that when he learned of the door of heaven through which Satan fell, his magnetic mind must have caused it to jump to earth. When the door was reopened, man had multiplied his door. The multiplication must have absorbed the sanctity and divinity of its nature. Since then, the door has either retained its bold function as relentless persecutor of evil or has sunk to the level of a mere impotent oracle.

Some narratives have used the door as a symbol for events. In effect, it has become a sucker for trick and magic. Thus Ulysses together with his soldiers did not need to slam the giant's door in order to escape death, because the trick did open it. Aladdin live to tell his mother about the riches inside the cave by virtue of the magic ring. At any rate, the characters, in their effort to defy the door, plastered mud on its sanctity by the balm of trick and magic. The door in the case of Denis D'Beaulieu in "Sire D'Maletroit's Door" is quite different. True, it regained its dignity and sanctity by remaining still in spite of Denis' effort to open it, but it was also foiled when he cursed it. He could not escape, though and it had been able to do so he would have been the most unfortunate of men.

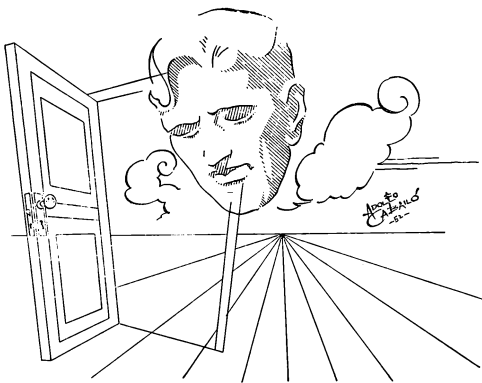
Whether the stories became popular by giving vent to the wiles and whims of the readers or not, the fact remains that the door served to confuse the characters who were confused in trying to solve the

room without leaving one or two gangs to guard the door. China, by virtue of the "Open Door Agreement," got much trade-thanks to the capitalists. Not without the communist's wresting it (Woe to Mao Tze Tung.), and, after having gained

on the wall for convenience, with a swinging lid for security. To a loving husband, the door is heaven; to a henpecked, it is hell. To a job-seeker, it is a sucker for the hard-hitting "No Vacancy." To a philosopher, it is a stimulus for action;

# MORE ON Doors

by  
DIONISIO L. LEDRES



### We overlooked that there are so many kinds of doors

"murder" in his "The Door Between." It was only after much deliberation that he was able to track down the murderer in the crime of suicide. Queer enough, and Queen earns the reputation of having conquered the door.

This door, on the other hand, introduces the type of doors that invite conflict. It may be deduced from the fact that the door is a strategic point which no ambitious man would hesitate to take full control of. Gangsters who perpetrate robbery do not go direct to the cash

the upper hand, the Chinese flushed the capitalists out of the "door." The door of the Trojan War, otherwise, the Trojans could have easily built a fire beneath the "horse" and allowed the soldiers to roast like smoked fish. Japan once chose to be a hermit, but left Nagasaki open. Commodore Perry saw the impracticability of this and with his ultimatum he took Japan by the nose to the open air.

Where do these confusions and conflicts lead to? An ordinary man would view the door as an opening

to a grammarian, it is a verb; to a mathematician, it is a decimal point, a misplacement of which resulted in the unexpected blow up of an atomic bomb; to a logician, it is a copula. The Bible with doors! The damn with "Open Sesame!"

Let us limit the issue to opening the door. Take the case of a romantic young gentleman and a materialistic young woman. Having presented his case, as a gentleman is wont to, he appealed, wishing he could "pluck the stars and lay them at (her) feet." She was not moved. And to make things appear serious, "I will be domed forever to an early grave if . . ." and so forth, and so on. Well? He died. And perhaps, if he ever got to

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# What Do You Think

Conducted by  
BUDDY B. QUITORIO

As usual, this column enjoys enough latitude to waltz from one idea to another. This time, though, I decided to sink my teeth into something considerably worthwhile as a piece for malarkey.

And so when I bruted about the idea of teaching communism in our schools, I got a terrific wallop out of the mixed reactions evoked by my suggestion. Somebody probably given to temperamental flare-ups expressed a vigorous desire to kick me on the seat of my pants. Grawled he from his belly: "I am not going to tuck in any of Stalin's tommyrot!" Some, however, batted nary an eyelash while others found a modicum of sense in the subject.

Personally, I think there's going to be a school kid's pardonable fascination in the event that people bone up on the techniques of brainwashing dialectical materialism, simplified or otherwise, and a host of other Communistic hoey. Think of the thrill in extracting a mambo out of the Cantata to Stalin! You know what became of the grader's chant: "I Have Two Hands." Oh, brother, let it come, let it come and we are going to have fun — just plenty!

Well, I harbor a suspicion that this column isn't going to rate bedlam; but what am I to snivel over, anyway? It's not going to stub my bunions any. So . . . I'm giving my idea a twirl in this mag just as a sort of gambit to a lot of, shall I say, gibberish?

## ABOUT TEACHING COMMUNISM IN OUR SCHOOLS

● **Jaime Lelis** — College of Liberal Arts, says: "Definitely, communism and its muddle-headed systems should be taught in our schools. Those Red can go ahead in their fishing expeditions as long as people don't take stock of what that thingamajig exactly is. But if people knew that ideology and how he simply cannot ram it down his throat, those communist vampires are going to run into a blank wall. Most people have only a hazy notion about the vile credo of marxists and the methods they employ. The defects of Redism should be singled out and "roasted." A frank and courageous approach to the subject is a desideratum.



Jaime Lelis

People should be told how in the land of the vodka, spiritual values are fiction. Our brethren who took to the hills did not realize that when they did so, they jumped from the frying pan into the fire."



Milagros Enriquez

● **Miss Milagros Enriquez, Secretarial,** says: "I do not see the wisdom in teaching communism in our schools. People are always jumpy over news-reports of massacres, scandals, strikes, religious friction and what-have-you. In fact, to a people led up with hogwash under our present conditions, communism might appear appealing in spite of Democracy. Those who are sunk in the slough of despondency

and those who want to get even with the crooks enjoying a holiday, would only be too glad to have Stalin's hordes mooching into our affairs. What we need and badly enough, is a real honest-to-goodness thorough cleaning of our political, educational and spiritual stables. With the people's peace of mind restored, Stalin and his whiskers can drop dead, for all we care."



Felipe Serrano

● **Felipe Serrano** — College of Law, says: "I do not favor the proposal to teach communism in our schools. Are we to profit by such a plan? If we were to reap any benefits, would they justify the efforts expended in the task of exposing Communism? We cannot, indeed, combat Stalinism by merely denouncing it. We could gnash our teeth, beat our breast or rave like mad, proclaiming the enemy of mankind in its gargantuan notoriety. But it's hardly a welcome sight for sore eyes. And it's not going to boost democracy, either. Why can't we just be simple, God-fearing christians, with just the right amount of horse sense to guide us in our actions? Should we elect to be simply our Christian selves, demagogues are going to look like a bunch of stultified school children."

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A SATIRE, according to Rev. Lewis Evans, translator of *Satires of Juvenal*, is a "ridiculing speech or essay."

The dictionary defines it as "a species of poetry in which contemporary vice and folly are held up to ridicule." Not satisfied with such definitions, one will enlighten himself by reading *Satires of Juvenal*. One of these satires deploras the discouragements of literature in Rome in Juvenal's time. Juvenal does not mince words. He lets his chips fly where they will.

Let us now cull from lines in the modern poetry of England and cull used as vehicles for criticisms against the evil practices of the day.

### On Women

In the hearts of poets there is no little pity for women who have the misfortune of having married dull men. There is no question that women, as they stand at the holy altar with the men of their choice, look at the future through rosy telescopes.

When they live married lives, they realize that the longed-for happiness has not materialized. Their existence is dull. They are so busy with household chores that they do not feel the emptiness, the drabness of their lives — all because their husbands are dull men and so have not learned the art of making their married lives successful.

The question is "Why do not

such wives organize themselves and work for the realization of their nuptial dreams?" The answer is the fact that women have always felt that they were born to suffer and to take their married lives

for better or for worse. Anna Wickham, in "Meditation at Kew," wants these suffering women to organize among themselves and fight for freedom to be happy though married:

*Alas! for all the pretty women who marry dull men,  
Go into the suburbs and never come out again,  
Who lose their pretty faces, and dim their pretty eyes,  
Because no one has skill or courage to organize.*

Poets in general have always been apologists for woman. They heap upon them bouquets of fragrance, beauty, charm. Woman has been the subject of many a masterpiece in the arts. It seems that as long as appreciation for beauty exists, just so long will poets vie with one another in telling the world how beautiful woman is. But there are poets who sing a different tune. They "lambaste," castigate and insult womanhood by hurling epithets at her. It might be that these poets were once disgusted with women. It might be that they have not come in contact with beautiful womanhood. The tenor of their song is that beauty does not last long. Women would have the truth just understood — not stated. It hurts their vanity to be reminded of the ephemerality of their beauty. Naturally, they resent Oscar Wilde's stanza in "Requiescat":

*But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;  
However rare — rare it be;  
And when I crumble, who will remember  
This lady of the West Country?*

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## SATIRE IN Modern English Poetry

by ANASTACIO G. MONTESCLAROS



(Continued from page 6)



# Compuscryts

by

DELIA SAGUIN

Ah! School Days! . . . you know what it means . . . Books, straining lectures, EXAMS! . . . Best of all, new faces and old ones swarming the long stretches of corridors . . . renewing of old acquaintances . . . and merry chattering about this and that, here and there and everywhere in the campus. For the new comers, this school is but a new world for them . . . some of them are still shy and timid . . . but sure enough they'll snap out of it real soon . . . what with the many friendly Carolinians around!!

Yes indeed, life has come back to the portals of this benevolent university. People . . . this is what we're gonna treat here.

Try to take a stroll on the second floor (near room 321 to be exact) sometime during Mondays, from 4:00 — 5:00 P.M. There you will see Plaridel Estorco doing some peculiar antics in order to catch the eye of our beautiful "Miss" in Economics I, Miss . . . er . . . let's skip it! Hey Eddy, didn't you get that million dollar smile yet?

Then you'll also see a sweet lil' Geranium who keeps herself quiet and content by just "sitting pretty" on her seat, Demure MENEN PACANA is yet a fresh greenie in this University. She's taking BSHE . . . an ideal course for a sweet girl like her.

Guess whom I saw signing up for the school choir? . . . SOCORRO CERILLES, SALLY CEDEÑO and VICKY PARAS. Girls! don't tell me you're up to compete with the CHERUBIMS and SERAPHIMS and all other "IMS" that compose the Ethereal Choir? !?

A Glimpse on the Varsity . . .

We certainly got shocked when CARLITOS ALVAREZ imparted us the SAD news that he was quitting the Varsity for good.

"But you simply can't do that Carlitos!!!" protested E.V. "Gee, we won't have anybody to 'BOO' at during the C.C.A.A. games."

And so friends, Carlitos stays with the Varsity, after all!! This is Carlitos Alvarez . . . the guy with the biggest sense of HUMOR . . . with a large capital H!

By the way, Mr. "Long-armed" (HJI SAGARDUI) has got a brod in the varsity now . . . TONY is the name . . . he sure is a REGULAR guy . . . quite tall . . . fair . . . and, mind you well young girls, he's also a LOOKER . . .

Another new tella in the team is SERAFIN SESTOSO (from A.D.C.) . . . ah, very tall . . . Oh boy! And you should see him grab the ball from his mates . . . he never misses it at all!

Now, let's forget the players, huh? Lest we end up in joining the varsity ourselves. (As MASCOTS perhaps?)! Let's rather focus ours on the commercial students . . . DEBITS . . . CREDITS . . . ADDITIONS . . . SUBTRACTIONS . . . FIGURES and more FIGURES . . . MY EYEH

(Continued on page 28)

their "trials," admitting infidelity, treachery, and what not. But to those who have even cursorily studied the awful machinery of Ruscomism there is no mystery. The explanation of the seeming enigma is given in one word: TERRORISM. Max Eastman admits this, though he adds another element. However, it seems, from all evidence available, that, to use **torment** as the basic cause. Many who are in a position to know would be inclined to say the **sole** cause.

Of all the unutterable means of terrorism devised by Ruscomists, the weapon of **collective punishment** is probably the most fearful. Not only the individual who is sentenced is condemned to pay the direct penalty, but his family also must share his punishment, at times even be "liquidated" with him!

"Who among us would revolt," asks Freda Uley, "however intolerable our lives, if we knew that the least murmur of complaint would result not only in our own death or condemnation to a concentration camp, but also in the death by starvation of our children?"

"The bravest man or woman can be broken by fear of reprisals on their loved ones. The most terrible method of compulsion devised by the Soviet Government is the weapon of collective punishment. This principle has been applied since VE day by Russia and her satellites in their dealings with all people of German race, but it was long before applied to the Russian people" (op. cit., p. 11).

## OLD COMRADE MISHA'S TESTIMONY

Amongst the Russians who revolted against Tsarist despotism were many noble-minded, brave, self-sacrificing patriots, who longed to emancipate their country and shake off the manacles that fettered their freedom-loving souls. They envisioned a New Order where peace, freedom, and plenty would prevail; they dreamed of a glorious future for a beloved homeland, in which true democracy would flourish, in which men would live in harmony, in which families would enjoy comfort and blessedness, and in which bloodshed would be unknown. Of such calibre were many of the old revolutionaries who rose

(Continued on page 26)





By  
JESUS G. RAMA

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**Lt. Filomeno González  
Becomes USC ROTC Adjutant**

Taking the place of Lt. Eduardo Javelosa (Inf) who a few weeks ago, left for Occidental Negros to assume his post as Commandant of all ROTC Units in Bacolod City, Lt. Filomeno González (Inf) has been welcomed into the folds of USC's Department of Military Science & Tactics.

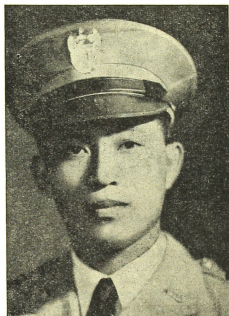
After finishing his probationary training in 1951, Lt. González was assigned to the office of the Adju-

tant General, GHQ, AFP. Shortly thereafter, he was transferred to "A" Co., 24th BCT and matched his savvy against the Huks for a year while the Battalion was actively campaigning against the dissidents in the provinces of Rizal, Laguna, Quezon, Camarines Norte, Camarines Sur, Albay and Sorsogon. Being interested in the art of scouting, he joined the Scout Rangers' training some time in March 1952. He acquired the aspects of scouting and learned to distinguish a babble of sounds from the turf tips of a railbird to a squirrel's squirm.

Lt. González was transferred to the III Military Area when he was assigned with the Cebu PC. Later he was on DS to the G-3 Division of the III Military Area. He assumed his post as adjutant and S-3 of USC on June 20, 1952.

Lt. González is also a holder of BSE and AB degrees. He was one time Corps Commander and also Vice-President of the Supreme Student Council in a local university during his student days. He is also a recipient of the Medals of Honor and Honor Star in ROTC. He took up his Pre-Law in USC in the school year 1948-49.

Of special interest was his having been graduated one of the 10



**2nd Lieut. FILOMENO GONZALEZ (INF)  
ROTC Adjutant**

highest among 78 in probationary training at Fort William McKinley, Rizal. Lt. González hails from Trinidad, Bohol.



**2nd Lieut. EMILIO SAMSON (FA)  
Former Battery Commander**



**2nd Lieut. ARTURO ALINO (FA)  
Former Battalion Commander**

## Lt. Aleonar Makes Good In Korea

After busying himself catching up with smugglers when he was still with the MIS, AFP, we again hear of Lt. Oscar Aleonar, now as a hero. Currently an officer with the PEFTOK, he has been awarded the military medal by the Philippine Government for extraordinary heroism in the Korean campaign. In spite of innumerable odds and intense artillery fire vomiting death, he gallantly led his platoon of "K" Company with utter disregard for his personal safety. As cited, Lt. Aleonar with his platoon was assigned to capture and occupy Hill 191, somewhere in Chorwon, North Korea. Outnumbered, he never faltered in spite of intense enemy gunfire but led and encouraged his men in capturing their objective.

Lt. Aleonar was one of the 1948 ROTC advanced course graduates of USC. As an ROTC upshot he also made a good name in his studies. As a cadet officer, he was an excellent disciplinarian. (For further details see alumni page).

## 2 ROTC Grads Get Commissioned, Activated

Cadets Arturo Alifio and Emilio Samson, members of the ROTC graduating class of 1952, were commissioned as second lieutenants in the reserved force of the Armed Forces of the Philippines as per GO No. 245 dated June 28, 1952. They were also immediately activated.

The activation of the above-mentioned officers is in line with a policy adopted by the Armed Forces of the Philippines whereby the best in the cream of ROTC graduates from the various colleges and universities all over the Philippines are called to serve for a period of time.

Aside from having finished their four-year ROTC course, Lieutenants Alifio and Samson are a BSE graduate and a third-year law student respectively.

## ROTC Alumnus Dies

First Lieut. Mariano Montebon of Class '47 who shortly after finishing the advanced course was commissioned to the AFP, "went west" to join the unsung heroes of Bataan and Corregidor. Lt. Montebon, a graduate of the first batch died while on a flying mission somewhere in Pampanga.

## FA Advanced Graduates Commissioned

Three advanced graduates of USC FIELD ARTILLERY Unit have



LEONIE & LITO  
The Society Column brought results.

## Ex-Feature Editor Weds

Miss Leonie Lianza, one of the feature editors of the *Carolynian* during the last school year, was wedded to Mr. Gil Ramos, Jr., at the Victoria Milling Company chapel last April 28, 1952.

The blessed event was a quiet one, according to the happy bride. The bridegroom is a *Carolynian*, too. He took his elementary and high school studies at USC, although he took his AA (Pre-Med) at the University of the Philippines.

recently been commissioned as reserve officers of the Armed Forces of the Philippines effective July 1, 1952. They are Francisco Borromeo, class '52; Agustin Jamiro class '52; and Sotero Aller, class '51.

Francisco Borromeo, last year's Corps Commander is a holder of a Bachelor's degree from the Department of Liberal Arts. Sotero Aller and Agustin Jamiro are both holders of the BSBA degrees, also of the University of San Carlos.

## Condolence

The whole ROTC unit of San Carlos expresses its heartfelt condolence to the bereaved family of Cadet Lieutenant Hilarion Huera. We join in grief over the loss of Cadet Huera who was one of the mainstays of the Corps last year.

"May he rest in everlasting peace."

## DMST Hails Capt. González' Reassignment

The Department of Military Science and Tactics of the University of San Carlos hails the reassignment of Capt. Antonio González as

ROTC commandant. Captain González was assigned at GHQ last May. He was reassigned to USC at about the beginning of the school year.

## They Make Names For Us

Don't you know? Fellows, this is big news! Certainly, yes. Second Lieut. Valentin Daclan (FA) of Class '48 is presently Tactical Officer of the Far Eastern University ROTC. Congratulations, Lieutenant. We would be extremely proud to hear from FEU that our USC upshot is the new Commandant some of these days.

We have an artillery man turned infantry officer this time. Wise decision, Sir! Err... Er... He is Second Lieut. Jesús Ceniza of Class '49. Jesse, I remember, was a Cadet Battery Commander in USC. Now-a-days our Brain-Fox Louie is with the Scout Rangers of the IV MA. How do you like that! He must have developed a blood-hound's propensity in covering his prey.

## Cadet Officers Screened

In accordance with the new policy of the DMST of USC, cadet officers have to pass several phases of Military training before putting "diamonds and discs" on their shoulders. They have to undergo a process of elimination in order to boost good standard of training that each cadet is expected to receive. Those who do not meet the necessary requisites are out.

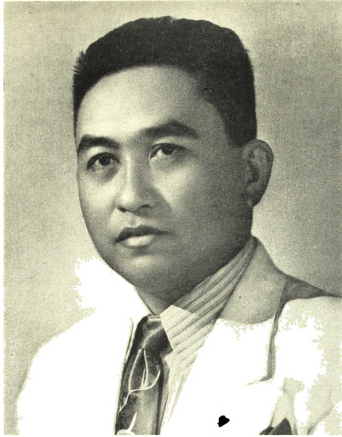
## ROTC OFFICERS

### On the Hunt For Sponsors

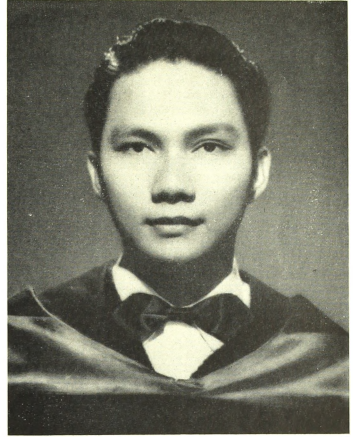
While the cadet corps is being regularly organized, the USC lobby is becoming more of a beaten path. Members of the Corps staff and unit commanders are patrolling here and there looking for their respective sponsors-to-be. Sometimes one would mistake them for traffic inspectors. For one thing they go in groups of four or five. Once they pin-point a prospect, say a sweet lass among the freshies, they begin to talk of bust, waist, hips, body posture, and generally of beauty and curves. Figuratively, they set their traps where the game is plenty.

They may begin with: "May you be my Caydette. Captain Ma'm," "Would you be kind enough to be my Caydette Maja' Ma'm?" So far nobody has yet committed herself to be one, but certainly one tops the prospects on these officers' lists. Your guess is as good as anybody else's.

B  
A  
R



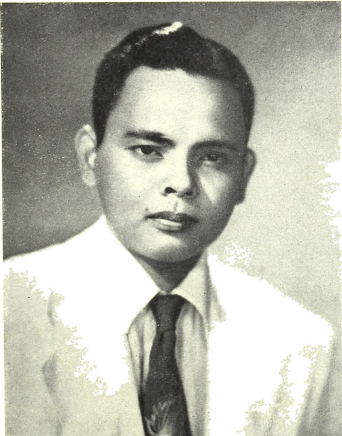
Atty. PABLO F. GARCIA  
Biloon, Dumanjug, Cebu  
3rd Place, Bar



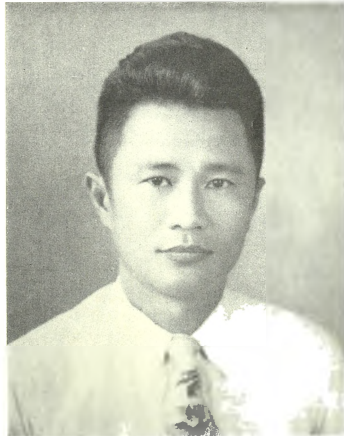
Atty. FORTUNATO A. VAILOCES  
Payabon, Negros Occidental  
5th Place, Bar

THE **Carolinian**

*Proudly presents the scholastic stars of the  
last school season.* (Story on page 3).



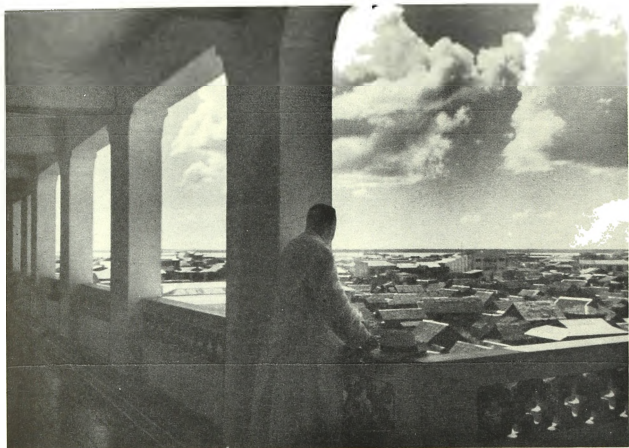
Mr. JESUS M. RELAMPAGOS  
Loon, Bohol  
3rd Place, CPA



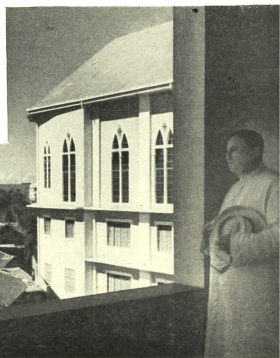
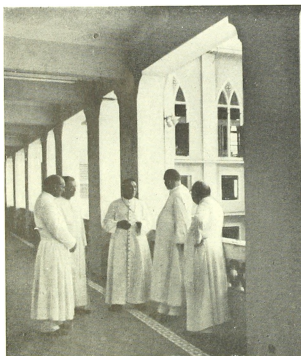
Mr. RUFO T. AMORES  
Cebu City  
5th Place, CPA

C  
P  
A

*The  
USC  
as  
Viewed  
by  
Outsiders*

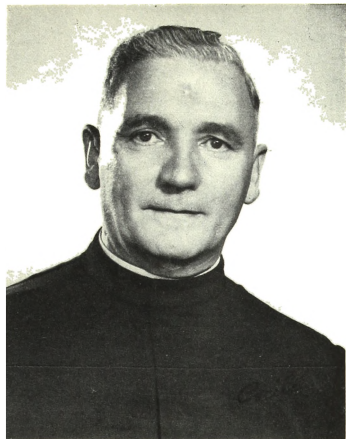


*Father Ralph,  
US National Director of  
SVD Universities, visited  
recently San Carlos,  
admired its grandiose  
buildings, was deeply  
impressed by the beauty  
of its tropical setting —*

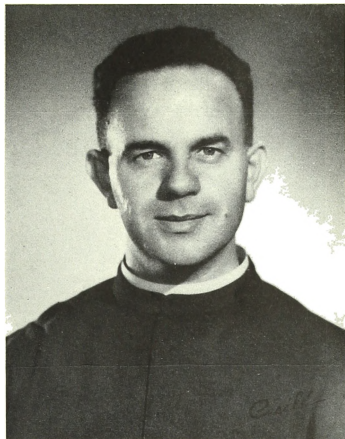


*and disappointed by  
the ugliness of  
the shanties in  
its vicinity.*



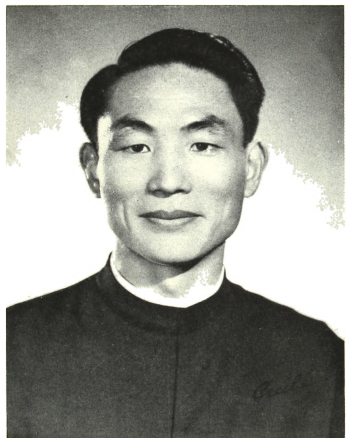


Rev. Fr. MICHAEL RICHARTZ, SVD, Ph.D.  
Head, Physics Dept.



Rev. Fr. JOSEPH GRAISY, SVD  
Philosophy and . . . Music

*Latest additions to the USC SVD faculty*



Rev. Fr. PETER TSAO, SVD  
"In the interest of the Chinese Students . . ."



Rev. Fr. ENRIQUE SCHOENIG, SVD, B.S., M.S.  
Head of the Biology Dept.

# Our Femmes



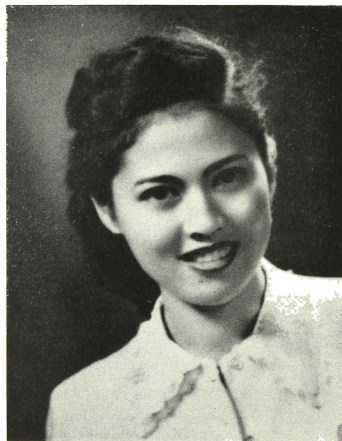
*Angelita R. Mausisa*

Dipolog, Zamboanga

▫ May 31, 1932

▫ Commerce II

- Bowling, Collecting Pictures
- Tall and Pretty
- Faithful class attendance
- Onetime ROTC sponsor.



*Violeta Saquin*

\* Dapitan, Zamboanga

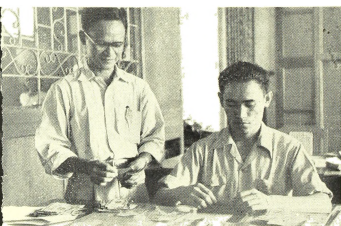
▫ October 21

▫ Commerce IV

- Bowling, Swimming, Cross-word Puzzles
- Deeply religious
- Dignity and Beauty
- Employed at Nat'l City Bank of New York.



Professors' and students' cars filling the USC parking lot — a typical scene that tells that school days are here again.



For the professors and employees, the most popular men every end of the month, payday to you, are Cashier Rosendo Sierva (standing) and Assistant Ben Ferenal, pictured above summing up the bills.

# ALUMNI CHIMES

## ALUMNOTES

### ALUMNI CHAPTERS SOON TO BE ORGANIZED

In order to revitalize the ties that bind all USC alumni to their Alma Mater, Atty. Jesús P. Garcia, USCAA Presy, has announced plans to establish alumni chapters this year in provinces where there are 50 or more ex-Carolinians. According to him, the alumni rank and file has swelled to such a proportion that its administration by a handful of officers will, in the long run, become superficial. Details regarding the organization of such chapters will be published later. Prospective chapter officers should therefore keep tab of this section in succeeding issues.

Incidentally, last year's USCAA officers are still in office and will serve until after November when a new election is scheduled to be held. For the benefit of members who are not yet in the know, they are:  
 President ..... Atty. Jesús P. Garcia  
 Vice-President ..... Dr. Osundo Rama  
 Secretary ..... Miss Fortunata Rodil  
 Treasurer ..... Mr. José V. Arias  
 Auditors: ..... Mr. B. Baganó  
                         ..... Mr. Francisco Delima  
 Sgt.-at-Arms ..... Mr. Paco del Villar  
 Spiritual Adviser:  
 Very Rev. Father Albert von Ganssewinkel  
 S.V.D.

### USC GRADS TOP BSE EXAMS

In the competitive examinations given by the Cebu Division Office on May 10 to about 300 BSE degree holders, the University of San Carlos scored the highest results in the following major subjects:

#### MATHEMATICS

- Mr. Felipe Pono ..... First
- Mr. Eugenio Alvarado, Jr. .... Second
- Mr. Camilo Gako ..... Third
- Miss Rufino Manlosa ..... Fourth

#### SPANISH

- Miss Milagros Delana ..... First
  - Miss R. Espino ..... Second
  - Mr. José S. Ruiz ..... Third
  - Mr. Nicanor Buenconsejo ..... Fourth
- (Continued on page 28)

August, 1952

## Do You Know That...

First Lt. Oscar Aleonar, BSC '48, was recently awarded the Military Medal of Merit for heroic achievement in Korea? In his college days, Oskie was a popular campus figure — Presy of the '48 USC Jaycees, versatile member of the Dramatics Club, ROTC Leadership Medalist, DZBU announcer — until Juan de la Cruz caught up with him.

Atty. Luis Diorez, who spent his pre-law days with us, was chosen City Dad in the last elections? From what we read in the newspapers, Lu has lathered a lot of down-to-earth resolutions for the amelioration of our city's ills. That should give Mrs. Diorez (nee Dolly Fernan) something to crow over.

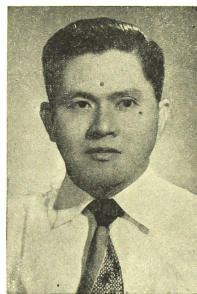
Epidio Dorotheo, muscleman of our weightlifting team back in 1948, is still garnering laurels for his physique — Not content with just being "Mr. Visayas of 1951," he topped "em all this year and is now billed as "Mr. Philippines of 1952. And if you want to sprout muscles overnight, you should read his column in one of the Manila weekly mags.

The three leading local newspapers are edited by USC alumni? Editor of the "Cebu Daily News" is Atty. Cornelio Faigao, poet of national prominence, while Atty. Luis Ladonaga does the editorial section of "The Republic." Mr. José del Mar edits the "La Prensa" the only source of news in Spanish in town. Other alumni carving journalistic niches for themselves are Benjamin Carredo, Exec Ed, "Morning Times"; Mrs. Mario Morelos (nee Trining Alvarez), "Bartly" of the "Cebu Daily News"; Jo Gabuya, Society Ed, "The Republic"; Jo Lim, columnist, "Morning Times"; and Atty. Zoilo Dejarasco, Jr., correspondent, "Times 400." We would have it known here that news reports on alumni doings from these Fourth Estaters will be highly appreciated.

The two radio stations in Cebu are practically manned by former and present Carolinians? There's

(Continued on page 28)

## ALUMNI Ass'n.



Mr. José V. Arias  
Treasurer

### KNOW AN OFFICER OF THE ASSOCIATION

If anyone can lay claim to the distinction of being the oldest Carolinian in the continuous service of his Alma Mater, it is Mr. José V. Arias, Page to his intimates. He has been in USC since 1933 and hopes to spend the rest of his life here. From a humble beginning as an ordinary clerk in the Office of the Secretary of the then Colegio de San Carlos, he has risen to his present enviable position as Registrar and College Instructor.

For Joe, as he is better known, working has not been a drawback to his scholastic career considering that he finished the following courses in San Carlos: AA in 1936, ACS in 1939, BSC in 1941, AB in 1946, BSE in 1947, and LL.B. in 1950. When? That certainly is a long string of degrees anyone would be proud to sport.

An Ilongo by birth, Joe joined his "paisanos" in fighting the Sons of Nippon during World War II, attaining the rank of First Lieut. Inf., when the Americans returned. When USC first opened its portals after Liberation, he got his desk job back, and, because of his military experience, was also appointed college military instructor.

Joe is indeed a dyed-in-the-wool Carolinian whose loyalty and devotion to his Alma Mater can only be matched by his gentleness and friendly disposition in dealing with students and faculty members alike.

PAGE 21

## Caroliniana

(Continued from page 2)

Those inside the Iron Curtain won't know how the *Carolinian* stands on Communism. But a simple-hearted reader who is an avid fan of our serialized story about Russian Communism once suggested if we would be agreeable to writing *Pravda* for exchange copies with the *Carolinian*. But kidding aside, perhaps, comrade Dopeski, its editor, might send us a lot of the vodka to clinch the bargain. After all, our daring exposé of Russian Communism will instruct them plenty. What is *Russian Communism*? is serialized in our issues for about a year now.

Flash! *Herbie* is with us again! Ditto with *Passing Thru* from the same itchy-bitchy pen of VNL, the indispensable monopoly on this kind of humor.

New columns have cropped up. We hope they will support us through and through as willing props to the standards which the *Carolinian* has made it a point to uphold. There's *On Da Level* by our brand-new nose news ed. Jamiro is the name, thank you. He is always on the level with things and facts he writes about, we don't think anything will sink into temperamental temperaments.

For those who have missed that amiable Leonie who always looked and looked for her campus characters and gossips, we proudly present to you our latest version of a society ed, youthful and amiable Delia Saquin with her column "Campuscrats".

### TRIVIA

We met Atty. Alonzo Penaco of Ozamis City in the USC lobby sometime last July. We immediately knew him as a USC alumnus by the way he discerned things all around him. He told us that USC has not got enough publicity in his home city. It would be nice, he said if the school wherein he teaches as a professor of law would get a copy of the *Carolinian* every issue. Ozamis Institute is the school. All in all, he was happy and proud about every little progress his San Carlos has made ever since the time he left it before the war.

Lt. Oscar V. Aleonar has got it. He was recently decorated with the Military Merit Medal for the hero's role he played at the bloodbath battle of Hill 191, Karhwaog, Chorwon, North Korea last June 17 to 19, 1952. "Oskey" graduated from the USC College of Commerce with the BSC degree in 1948. But he was in San Carlos from the first grade up to the time he earned his degree. He played with the pre-war San Carlos varsity team. After the war, he was Commander of a USC ROTC battalion, and won the Medal of Leadership in ROTC in 1948. Having a flare for acting, he was a member of the USC dramatic guild in his student days. At the same time he used to announce at station DYBU. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant last 1948 and was activated into the armed forces in 1949. He went through as instructor in the PGF School at Fort McKinley, Rizal; was connected later to the plans and Policy Branch, Intelligence Division of HNDP; was promoted First Lieutenant in February, 1951; joined the 19th BCT in January, 1952 and left for Korea in April 1952 as Executive Officer of "K" Co., 19th BCT.

Another *Carolinian* soldier who should deserve mention here is Lt. Dominador Seva. He was with the USC ROTC as company commander last 1949 and was commissioned on the same year. His activation into the Army followed in 1950. In the Army, he was valedictorian of the Scout Ranger class of January, 1952. He was also connected with the 19th BCT and left for Korea in May, 1952. His assignment was Forward Observer of the Artillery Unit of the 19th BCT. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in May, 1952. At the time of writing, he was reported to have been missing in action and unaccounted for.

The glory of battle has called these *Carolinians*. They did not falter and were never found wanting. They are fortified by the same undoubted unconquerable *Carolinian* spirit which animates the others in other fields of endeavor. Three cheers to both of them! May these cheers resound forever in our hearts.

## Alumnnotes

(Continued from page 21)

### NATIONAL LANGUAGE

Miss Francisca Villafuerte ..... First  
Miss Paz Jamili ..... Second  
Mrs. Marina P. Diosay ..... Third

### HISTORY

Mrs. Fineza G. Lucero ..... First  
Miss Amelia Morelos ..... Second  
Mr. Leonardo Piñogo ..... Fourth

### BIOLOGY

Miss Remedios Cabalan ..... First  
ENGLISH

Miss Trinidad Daddos ..... Second

### HOME ECONOMICS

Miss Emerita Cerilles ..... Second  
What now, Dr. Guiang? No vacancies?  
Distinct honors also go to Miss Estrella

Veloso, who obtained second place in the 1952 Board Examinations for Pharmacists.

Mr. Jesús Relampagos and Mr. Rulo Amores, who placed 3rd and 9th respectively in the 1951 CPA Exams. In the same test, the former led the list of examinees in Auditing.

Miss Perfecta Guanco, Secretarial

Science Instructor, whose entry to the world-wide OGA (Order of Gregg Arietis)-sponsored Contest for Stenographers was adjudged honorable mention in the Teachers' Division.

Mr. René Bausubre, who topped the 1952 applicants to the Cebu Normal School.

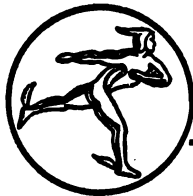
### NEW ALUMNI FACULTY MEMBERS

In line with its paternalistic policy of accommodating USCAA members whenever possible, the Administration has added to its faculty roster, the following alumni as instructors in their respective fields:

Mr. Juanito I. Abao, AB, BSE, College Eng.  
(Continued on page 28)

**ATTENTION: ALL ALUMNI**  
Contributions to "*Alumni*  
*Chimes*" will be gladly accepted.  
Address all mail matters to:  
University of San Carlos  
The Alumni Editor  
Cebu City





# SPORTS

## Round-up

By "TOMMY" ECHIVARRE  
Sports Editor

### USC VARSITY PREPARES TO DEFEND CROWN

Coach Manuel Baring, last year's CCAA "Coach of the Year," once again clamps the yoke on this year's 12-man basketball squad spurring them into action. Objective: to retain the throne which they won in the Cebu Collegiate Athletic Association cage series of 1951. Careful screening and double-checking of doubtful athletes have been going on since the start of the summer training. Up to the time of writing, the line-up is still subject to re-vamps and overhauls.

But all of them, uncertain or otherwise, will have to undergo hard, rigid and muscle-splitting practice under the masterful tutelage of Coach Baring and the eagle-eyes of Physical Director Floresca. No matter how "promising" these new bloods look, the Coach nevertheless had fretted on the loss of former skipper José Espeleta, and the "old reliables" Domingo Tan, and Rudolfo Macasero. These were the pillars which raised the name of USC to glory in the 1951 CCAA cage tournaments. Espeleta, captain and man-mountain of the team was voted runner-up to last year's title of "The most valuable player." But the gap they have left behind will still be filled in by the leftovers: Evaristo Sagardui, long-armed rebounder and crack-shooter, Ruyrino Morales, feeder and scoring ace; Vicente Dionaldo, master one-hand flipper; Martin Echivarre, tricky and elusive center; Tomás Echivarre, who knows the tricks of the trade; Fausto Arche, tap-in specialist; and Amado Rubí, speedy forward.

Here are the fresh rookies — Tiburcio Onas-os, dependable rebounder; Antonio Sagardui, set-shooter; Sestoso, key-hole specialist; Guillermo Bas, jump-shot wizard; and Tony Young, step-out artist and hook-shooter.

Some of them may be weeded out during CCAA season but there are a couple of reserves just as good as they are to patch up the loss.

Carlitos Alvarez, with a broken knee, is still eligible for the team after a few months' rest. The knee was hurt during one of the important games last year's CCAA. Jesús Cui, Jr. is back on the team after a year's rest. He is proficient on key-hole plays.

These hoopsters will see action on the tenth of August against the CCC contingents, a week after the formal opening of the Cebu Collegiate Association basketball series for the year 1952. The schools will be represented by their respective athletes parading around the Eladio Villa Memorial Stadium with colorful uniforms. The raising of the CCAA flag to be made by the defending champion USC squad, and the customary taking of oaths will highlight the program.

### USC DRIBBLERS TRIP UP PANTHERS IN JULY 4 OFFERING

Playing minus the services of Skipper Espeleta, Tan, Alvarez, Jakosalem, Sagardui and Dionaldo, the limping varsity squad had to borrow Intramural players to supplement the regulars in winning an exhibition game against the USP panthers, during the Independence Day celebration.

The starting five, Roy Morales, Martin Echivarre, Tony Young, Paking Arriola and Tom Echivarre, pressed down the snarling panthers in the first quarter to an early 11-9 lead. The second quarter found both teams exchanging greetings and the panthers snatching the lead 21-17 spearheaded by Uy who was the night's top scorer for the USPIans with 16 points. Unleashing savage lury, replacements Boy Rubí, and Fausto Arche, supported by Nene Ranudo, Mac Macasero and Pooch

Cui, stormed the strong defense walls of the USPIans to knot the score for the third canto, 32-41!

During the last quarter scrambles, Tom Echivarre was yanked out of the game for committing four personal fouls, but still the Carolinians held on to their wobbling ears to bargain with panther Uy's unerring shots and Agas' tricky step-out flippers. Martin Echivarre went wild with his long distance flips and wrought havoc to the panthers' crumbling walls with an eight-point rally. The rally clinched the game for the Carolinians aside from Morales' closing twin-markers and Young's pivot-shots. Lemon time found the panthers covering with a six-point loss. The final score: 47-41. Martin was highest pointer for the Carolinians with 13 points to his credit.

### USC SEEKS FIELD ATHLETES FOR EASTERN VISAYAS MEET

Athletic events for the Eastern Visayas meet to be held on February will be entered into by USC, particularly in the fields of track and field, softball, and volleyball. Father Lawrence Bunzel, chairman for the CCAA Inter-Private school tournaments, has been casting hawk-eyed glances on athletes wanting to try-out for the team. These delegations for the different events are slated to lock horns with teams coming from Samar, Leyte, Bohol, East Negros, and other neighboring provinces for the tournament to be held probably in Negros.

Recruits for the girls' softball team has been hashed up for the final line-up, Miss Jife, once member of the champion Holy Rosary School in Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental has added strength and fire to the team. Mr. Llanto has been coaching the volleyball and the softball teams.

Meanwhile, Fr. Bunzel also has been trimming up both high school  
(Continued on page 29)

(Continued from page 9)

until her heart seemed to break. But Florentino stood adamant on his plan. To assuage Julia's grief he promised to return, in the not-so-distant future, he assured her. It was only then that Julia smiled through her tears.

Four years later, Julia, did not smile through the tears that trickled down her pale, quivering cheeks. Florentino had returned with a wife. She bit her lips and hastily packed what worldly belongings she had and, as hastily, took the first bus that came from the Capitol.

Whether it was Julia's prayer or the fulfillment of the vow, no one could tell. But Florentino was never well again after his marriage to Anita. Not for a single day.

Neither the local physicians nor the specialist his wife had summoned could diagnose the strange malady that afflicted him. The Antingting and the oracian his mother had consulted could not conjure any magic to heal him either. Nightly he tossed and moaned. He lost his voice, little by little, and after long he could only whimper.

MEANWHILE, peace and serenity had come to Julia in the house of God. There, she had found complete happiness in prayers and labors of piety. On her fifth year in the convent she notified the Mother Superior of her desire to wed the Perpetual Bridegroom. And, for the first time since she left San Francisco, Julia wrote to her family. In glowing terms of inward peace and contentment, she told them of her forthcoming marriage. She also expressed her wish and hope. To see them all before she become HIS bride.

Everyone from San Francisco including Noy Pael bent with the burden of five additional years. Like the rest, he cried when the belle they all had loved said her vows and in beauty came to her own at last.

Later, with eyes still misty with unashamed tears, they bade her good-bye and returned to their little town. Even Nang Sanang was unnaturally silent. But no sooner had they arrived in San Francisco and shaken the dust of travel and eradicated the fear of the sea when news of Florentino's death reached them.

So Julia, two years later came back to San Francisco no longer a madre. Convent life had proved  
(Continued on page 25)

(Continued from page 13)

One must not think that woman is supinely taking in all the insults that man subjects her to. She has her moments of rebellion, albeit sporadic and lukewarm. Woman allows man to have his field day for hurling criticisms against her, but deep in her heart she knows that man is her slave for the latter succumbs to her tricks and lies. Man thinks that woman is the weaker of the sexes but woman

*We, vital women, are no more content  
Bound, first to passion, then to sentiment.  
Of you, the masters, slaves in our poor eyes  
Who most are moved by women's tricks and lies,  
We ask our freedom in good sooth,  
We only ask to know and speak the truth.*

John Masfield says the last word on the subject of woman. Masfield, a real mother's son and one who appreciated the travail and suffering of women, pays tribute to womanhood through his own mother. He may have been thinking of the ministrations, affections, and love that his mother had given him. The women

*What have I done, or tried, or said  
In thanks to that dear woman dead?  
Men triumph over women still,  
Men trample women's rights at will,  
And man's lust roves the world untamed.*

## On Rulers

Rulers the world over have not escaped the satires of writers ever since time began. They have brought these satires upon themselves. More often than not, these rulers have chosen to misrule their subjects. These subjects have grumbled, to be sure, but as long as the masters are safe and secure in their seats of authority, they have decided it is of no moment to heed the subjects' litany of complaints. On the other hand, the world has seen instances when the common people

wreaked vengeance upon their ruling classes when they could not stand any more the indignities heaped upon them.

No wonder rulers the world over are apprehensive when writers put onto paper their opinions of the wrongs committed against the common people. For examples, such poets as John Masfield, who bat for the common people, are a thorn on the side of the rulers, when they write as follows:

*Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers  
Riding triumphantly laureled to lap the fat of the years, —  
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with spears;  
— Masfield in "A Consecration"*

*The Kings go by with jeweled crowns;  
Their horses gleam, their banners shake, their spears are many.  
The sack of many-peopled town  
In all their dream:  
The way they take  
Leaves but a ruin in the break,  
And, in the furrow that the plowmen make,  
A stampless penny; a tale, a dream. — Masfield, "The Choice"*

Masfield's language does not hurt much, being spoken with restraint. Had he wished the liquidation of rulers that abuse their power,

an thinks otherwise. Man, she knows, is the weaker inasmuch as he falls victim to the devices that she uses in ensnaring him and keeping his affections. Man expects woman to be docile to him and to keep quiet. She keeps quiet, of course, but she is obsessed with a desire to know and speak the truth. Anna Wickham speaks in such tone in "Nervous Prostration."

of his novels and men for that matter take life as they find it. If there were nothing but difficulties, sufferings, and anxieties for women, these women would look upon these forms of suffering with philosophic equanimity. So to woman, therefore, goes Masfield's tribute. In "C. L. M.," he writes:

it is doubtful if he would be offered the poet laureateship of England. It took Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton to wield the sharp rapier

## English Poetry

which would write fins to such rulers as played foul with the common people. These two would bring in to the light the perfdy of

*Here richly, with ridiculous display  
The Politician's corpse was laid away.  
While all of his acquaintances sneered and slanged  
I wept for I had longed to see him hanged.*

— Belloc, "Epitaph on the Politician"

*And they that rule in England*

*In stately conclave met,*

*Alas, alas, for England*

*They have no graves as yet.*

— Chesterton, "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"

### On Soldiers

When a country is prosecuting a war and the air at home is filled with the martial spirit, nothing is too good for the soldier. He is given free rides in buses, automobiles, and other transportation conveyances by the public. Restaurants do not accept payments for meals from soldiers, sailors, and marines. Theaters, not wanting to be outdone in the patriotic efforts, allow members of the armed forces of the country to enjoy plays, shows, and other offerings gratis.

There is elation in the hearts of those who are fighting for their country. Naturally, they cannot help thinking that their country is worth fighting for.

The picture changes when peace comes. The men and women who

*I went into a theater as sober as could be  
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;  
They sent me to the gallery or round the music 'alls,  
But when it comes to fighting, Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls.*

— Kipling, "Tommy"

While we are on the subject of war, let us listen to the gripe of an enlisted man, who may have been a mere private. He is nursing a grudge against officers who avoid the thick of the fight. Naturally, these officers will not die in the battlefield, they will see to that themselves. While enlisted men and non-commissioned officers march knee-deep in the mud to fight the enemy or run away from him, there

are officers and officers who are enjoying the happy times and the safety behind the front lines. While soldiers are lying in the battlefield, having been subjected to a torrent of bullets, not a few officers are enjoying the comfort of warm beds behind the lines. Can we blame the enlisted man for envying the life of an officer, away from the firing line? Siegfried Sassoon can not. He says so in "The Rearguard."

*If I were fierce and bald and short of breath,  
I'd live with scarlet Majors at the Base,  
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.  
You'd see me with my puffy petulant face,  
Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,  
Reading the Roll of Honor. "Poor young chap,"  
I'd say — "I used to know his father well.  
Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap."  
And when the war is done and youth stone dead,  
I'd toddle safely home and die — in bed.*

— Sassoon, "The Rearguard"  
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### HERE WAS WHERE

(Continued from page 24)

too strenuous for her. Both mother Superior and the doctor had thought it best that she returned to her family. Julia, of course, had refused. People would talk and say she was a weakling. They would gossip and conjure false stories about her quitting the convent. But the Mother would not listen. If she insisted on her vows, she could do pious works outside. There are diverse ways of serving HIM, the mother Superior consoled her.

Julia had no choice, and returned. Here was where she belonged, to her people. However, her people talked as she had feared they would. But when she started organizing the Sunday catechism classes they stopped. First to wonder at what she was doing. Then to help her. It was not long before everyone was calling at her little home again. Not to woo her any more but to listen to her beautiful stories of the heavenly Father and HIS many wonders of the privilege of staying in HIS house.

This was long ago. Julia is still beautiful. The years have been kind to her. But they no longer call her Inday Julia. They call her — Madre, in profoundly reverent tones.

### MORE ON DOORS

(Continued from page 11)

heaven by virtue of his agony, he must have kicked out some of the stars. Remember the story of a humorist who tried to cast his humor on a man who was not heard to have laughed? We are definitely told that he could not make him laugh. Oh! had the humorist known beforehand that the man was stone deaf! Here is a case of an impassioned speaker who tried to move his audience to action in the cause of peace. With vigor and "eloquence" he "mustered every art (but perhaps, mastered none) known to oratory, yet, he did not get the desired effect. Finally, he stumbled over Patrick Henry's famous line, but ... "Give me the key or give me death."

## WHAT IS RUSSIAN . . .

(Continued from page 14)

early in the twentieth century. Amongst these we may point out such men as Andrei Fyodorovich Kravchenko (father of Victor) and the famous old revolutionist, Misha, later active in the Society of Former Tsarist Political Prisoners, and provided by the Soviet Government with a comfortable apartment and a pension sufficient to keep himself and his aging wife. Little did these veterans dream, in the ardour of their early revolutionary enthusiasms, that they would live to see Russia dragged down to a level of horror and terror and serfdom infinitely worse and lower than the worst and lowest level it had ever reached under the Tsarist regime!

Comrade Misha had personally known Lenin, Bukharin, and other prominent figures of the 1917 revolution and was well known to Lenin's widow, Krupskaya. He called the present leaders, from Stalin down, by their first names. The new leaders treated him, at least until the "super-purge," as one of their own. His explanation, then, of the "confession" of the prominent Soviet officials condemned in the monstrous purge is well worth considering.

On one occasion the old man, who had fought beside Andrei Kravchenko as a valiant comrade in the 1905 revolution, and who treated Victor with paternal affection, took in his hands a heavy, rusty chain which he treasured, and exclaimed in fierce indignation: "I wore these shackles for ten years because I believe in truth, in fairness, in a better life! And now the ruffians who call themselves revolutionists torture our children! A curse on them! A curse on the sadists who are bleeding our Russia!"

On another occasion the old revolutionist exclaimed: Oh the scoundrels! It's no better than in the Tsar's time. No worse — a thousand times worse. In those days we had trials, lawyers, a fighting chance. When we were in political trouble, our friends, didn't shun us. There were protest meetings, appeals to the government, to the press speeches in the Duma. Now there's only horrible silence and fear and cowardice everywhere."

In March, 1938, a dense pall of gloom hung over Moscow: the third and most sensational of the blood-purges was taking place. The defendants were no longer ordinary

courage, perseverance, resourcefulness, tact-everything. But Tolmeo was honest. He was as innocent as a new-born baby. The city sneered at him. He sneered back.

He bought a newspaper to look for a place to lodge upon arrival. He found one at Lepanto St. owned by an Ilocano. For a floor space enough just to turn on the sides, he was to pay forty pesos a month. If he wanted board and lodging, he would be given a bed and it was one hundred and forty pesos a month. He stayed for two nights and he had his meals in a near-by restaurant. The third day he was able to locate his cousin.

"You can stay with us," the husband said.

"But we have no space," his cousin seemingly refused.

"We have enough room," the husband assured him.

And so he stayed. The city held him like a communist's clutch. Then one day, a month later, he had scarcely a peso left.

"Stay with us," another cousin invited him.

"Who is the us?" he inquired.

"My wife. I eloped with her after I was discharged from the Army."

"I'll be there tonight." He boarded the bus for Sta. Ana.

That afternoon he packed his things.

civilians, but very prominent Soviet officials, including Bukharin, Rykov, Krestinsky, and others who had been closely associated with Lenin!

Commenting on the "confessions" extorted from such men, Comrade Misha explained how, although they had held out against persecution and threats on the part of the Tsarist police, they now happened to succumb. He declared to Victor Kravchenko:

"Unfortunately, there's no com-

## Homecoming

"Good-bye!" he waved to his cousin who pouted and sighed, relieved of one big mouth to feed. The husband was not there.

November 1946, he found himself enrolling in a university. The G. I. Educational Benefit was approved and—the hike from Paco to Sto. Tomas... washing his own clothes cooking for his cousin... yes, Ma, when I graduate I will secure a job and then you can have all the comforts you were denied.

"Toot, Toot." He was jolted from his reverie. Two years and Baybay had a new wharf. Strange faces smiled at him. He was pushed and pulled when he was going down the gangplank. This is a surprise attack, he thought. He did not write them that he was on board that trip.

"Write us when you are coming home," his Ma wrote. "We will prepare something for you."

"Hi, Tol," a friend greeted him. He was surprised to be greeted city fashion.

"How ya, you dupe!" another one poked him on the ribs.

He met them, friends and new faces. While the crowd shouted for their friends he squeezed himself through the thick, turbulent humanity and when he reached the tarteronilla he was almost dead. A cartagador snatched his things and he

parison. The secret police of the Tsarist Okhrana were too primitive, not so scientific, not so devilishly clever as the present system. I wonder how many of us old revolutionists would have held out if the Okhrana had subjected us to the scientific sadism of the NKVD.

"And there's another thing, equally important. In the old days these men had a deep faith to sustain them. Men will sacrifice them-

(Continued from  
Page 9)

was almost angry but he found out that the man was a classmate in the grades. For a fee the man accepted a smile and a nice thank you.

At last the tartanilla whisked him away from the swirling mass. He smiled again. A job waiting for him. His father could now stop working. And his mother? She would be the happiest woman on earth enjoying his care and love. In her happiness he would be happy too.

With trembling hands he gathered his things, paid the cochero, and squarely facing the weather-beaten, dilapidated building, he scrutinized everything.

It was different from the building two years before. His heart sank. The porch where a hammock was hung, in which during childhood he sang himself to sleep, was gone. The dining room, the kitchen and the *pantao* — all these, the typhoon Jean, perhaps, wanted changed. The walls divorced themselves so that large cracks revealed things inside. It was an old-fashioned building they call *braca* in Visayan.

His eyes were dimmed by tears. Through them he saw a beautiful bungalow common in Florida. Curtains fluttered in the breeze. He saw furniture of the latest design. Things were beautifully arranged, as if an interior decorator fixed them for him. He saw his mother

lounging in a divan. She was all smiles and his father was lying in bed, on a leather mattress.

"Tolomeo," his father very much surprised, called from the window.

"Yes, Dad, coming."

He did not run up the steps with careless abandon as he did in childhood. He went up slowly, afraid to break the rickety steps. He was a man now and the heavy thud of his feet swayed the weak bamboo stairs.

"Where's mother? Where's Tio? Everybody?"

"I am here, *arooooooy!*" He heard a cry of pain. He rushed to her.

"Why, what's the matter Ma? Why did you not tell me of this before?"

On the left side of the nape of the neck near the ear, a large lump, the swelling of which extended until the breast, was hardening.

"They say it is *usik* or something like *dahug*," his father said.

"*Dahug? Usik?* Let us go to the doctor, Ma."

"Wait. The *herbulario* will visit her today. But Tolomeo had his way.

"What is it, Doc?"

"Do not get excited. I must tell you the worst. Her ... her days are numbered," the doctor bluntly told him.

"Doctor, it is not true?" he half-cried.

"She ... she has cancer."

The doctor closed the door after him.

selves and — what is more difficult — their loved ones for a great belief and a passionate hope. What did they have to sustain them under NKVD torture and solitary confinement? Neither hope nor faith ..."

As to the talk about bargains struck between the victims and the prosecution, the old Comrade remarked: "I believe it to be a fact and, you must understand, I base the belief on pretty intimate information. You know that the NKVD

rarely liquidates a man without also liquidating his family. Do you really suppose it's an accident that Rykov's daughter whom he loved above all other people, remains alive and free? Or that Bukharin's father, Rosengoltz's wife and other close relatives have not been touched? I take it for granted that the men besmirched themselves — played their assigned role in the *tragi-comedy* — to save those they loved."



By AGUSTIN B. JAMIRO

Pictures, they say, are deceiving. Quite so, especially when you have your picture taken by a commercial photographer. But when the USC photographer does it in Fr. Schonfeld's office, it's guaranteed genuine and true. And yet, what a pity to those who have freckles and pimples all over their faces! This time the guards at USC's Miramar won't take a second look at you and your "unretouched" carbon copy. A friend remarked after seeing his: "Why, I never thought I look this ugly." Poor fellow! But he would surely be at a quandy whom to sue for moral damages and the like: Pentong (the cameraman), the camera, or his face.

\* \* \*

The Very Reverend Father Rector had been reappointed to the same position for another term. Well and good! Now, don't you dare ask me why, or do I have to ask you instead as to who was at the helm of the administration when USC's name went side by side with the country's leading colleges and universities as her sons and daughters placed 3rd, 8th and 9th in the CPA; 5th in the CE; 3rd and 5th in the Bar and; 2nd in the Pharmacy exams?

The SVD big bosses in the Philippines made a good choice by retaining the person instrumental in raising, to a higher degree, the standards of education in USC.

\* \* \*

Well, how'dya like this one: It took typhoon "Jean" to unmake the way the Science Building had been to the way it looks now — the aristocrat of Pelaez Street. Then came the ten-hour visitor who introduced herself as "Amy". What happened? The Girls' High building dons on a renovation and it, sure, looks very imposing, too. I hate computations but I'll be a spawn of a sordine if the administration didn't save a lot of smackers by employing those tropical whirlwinds to remove those roofings. No? Okay, you win. What next? Oh, no-o-o-o! Not one of those rain-accompanied-by-wind affairs again! You see my boarding house wouldn't just be able to withstand another mambo-ino or charleston-ing, be it "Jean" or "Amy" version. And yet... suddenly... Whoosh!!!!... whooosh!!!!... whooosh!!!!... There it went again... another *femme fatale*... oh, that the caressing fury of ENMA, the latest darling, should score the

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## DO YOU KNOW THAT . . .

(Continued from page 21)

Bob García, DRC-BU acting manager, and Virginia Perolta, better known as "Auntie Ginnie" to radio fans, Program Directress. Musical direction is ably furnished by pianist-composer Mil Villacreal, former USC bandmaster. We also have Penggoy Pengson, a Commerce Junior, Chief Announcer; Monette Fuentes, H.S. Class '50 salutatorian, Senior Announcer; and Dilo Bugarin, a Law stude, most recent addition to the staff. Company secretary is Annie Aguado, AB '50. See what we mean?

Sir Stork would soon be winging his way to two alumni households? Prospective Carolinians, eh? Mrs. Jesús Borromeo (nee Bebe Saguin), that cute model of charm, had to quit her teaching job in order to be a full-time missus. Hubby Nene finished his secondary and pre-law courses here and is an up-and-coming lawyer. Not to be outdone are Atty. Vicente Uy and Grace Silao, both brilliant stars of the Dramatics Club in their time, who are redecorating their nursery for Baby No. 2. They have established residence in Leyte, where Grace is a high school marm and Nene, JP of Hindang and Inopacan.

Second Lt. Cirilaco Bongalos, Law II '51, has been assigned ROTC Commandant of St. Paul's College and Foundation College down at Dumaguete City? "Bonggi" was ROTCorps Commander two years back.

## CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 14)

"MANOLING, could you possibly point out to me some of the rare personalities in the Dep't of Commerce?"

"W-e-h, for that reason," sez he with a grin, "there's still . . . Mell (N. C. . . . NO CAT . . . NO COMMENTS!)"

So there you are . . . Mr. MANOLO LEBUMFACIL! MACHINE GUN! . . . RUSSIANS?? . . . COMMUNISTS?? . . . Oh my goshi! it couldn't be WORLD WAR III? ! ?

Whew!! . . . what a relief . . . I should have known better that it was only Lita Maustisa . . . the ever-laughing MAGPIE . . . machine-gunning the campus with her contagious laughter. Well folks, Lita is back here again . . . for good, we hope.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK . . .

(Continued from page 12)



Ninita Banzón

● Miss Nita Banzón, College of Education, says: "In a Catholic country such as ours, the proposal to teach Communism hardly strikes me as feasible. Just who are going to teach us the twists and turns of such an ideology? Are we to serve notice to the few stray professor of Stalin's University about our desire to try a tumble onto their doctrine? Somewhere along the line, there is likely to be a mess as to where the border should be drawn between innocent tutorship and downright indoctrination. Actually, the introduction of Redism into our schools will solve a part of our unemployment problem. But would Communist propagandists not say that in Catholic Philippines, Marxism, Stalinism or whatshamacallit, is so much in conformity with their idiosyncracies that it is actually taught in schools? I propose that if Communism be taught, the greatest care should be exercised lest it explode in our faces. If we can't be sure of ourselves, let us not try anything — and of all things not Communism!"

Here are the "INSEPARABLE THREE" commercial lassies whose faces are always lit up with smiles. LOURDES AGCANG, TERESITA "CHICKEN" PEREZ, FE VELASQUEZ, tell us that adapting themselves to their new environment is real fun. Incidentally, these three gals (not necessarily in blue) are fresh graduates of La Inmaculada Concepcion.

As an addition to the New Lookers in this Dep't., we have a bunch of "Benquet Lilies" (that's Gadget

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## Alumnates

(Continued from page 21)

Mr. Jorge Alcosaba, BSE, CPA, Accounting  
Mrs. Victoria D. Alvez, ETC . . . Grade II  
Mrs. Ruth G. Belarmino, ETC, BSE, Grade IV  
Miss Remedios Cabalan, BSE . . . Biology  
Mr. Orenicio Cortes, BSE . . . History  
Miss Basilia Enriquez, ETC, BSE, Grade I  
Mr. César Lospiñas, BSC, CPA, Accounting  
Miss Andresa Pasco, BSE . . . Mathematics  
Miss Editha Po, BSC . . . Finance  
Mr. Jesús Relampagos, BSC, CPA —

Accounting

Mr. Rufo Russiano, AB, BSE, Ret. Merch.  
Miss Elena Sison, BSE . . . Biology  
Mr. Carmelo Tamayo,  
HS Class '47 . . . Comm'l Arts

## 250 NEW GRADS INDUCTED

Pursuant to the recently established practice of inducting new graduates into the USCAA during commencement exercises, some 250 Carolinians in the 1952 Summer Quarter cap-and-gown ceremony were formally taken in. Graduates who made made the roll of honor were:

### MAGNA CUM LAUDE

Miss Natalia Olarte, AB  
Miss Carmela Rodill, BSE  
Miss Josefina Pangilinan, BSE  
Miss Nancy Damarlario, BSE  
Miss Dahlia Cadell, BSE

### CUM LAUDE

Mr. Antolin Burgos, AB

## BORROMEO-VILLACARLOS NUPTIALS

Miss Flora Villacarlos of Negros became the happy bride of Benjamin Borromeo last June 14 in a wedding ceremony officiated by the Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel at the Archbishop's Palace. Breakfast at the Casino Español followed the nuptials, attended by the many friends of the young couple.

Ben, who passed the CPA Exams last 1949 right after he finished the BSC course in USC, is a faculty member of the College of Commerce; the bride-elect is an alumna of the Assumption College.

## TWO EX-CAROLINIANS TAKE BOARD EXAMS

Word has been received that Celestino del Rosario and Guadalupe Macaren, both members of Pre-Med Class '47, took the last Board Examinations for Physicians. Results are due to be released early this month. Dr. del Rosario, in the meanwhile, is serving as physician aboard a William Lines boat, the Henry I, whereas Dr. Macaren is connected with the Bohol Provincial Hospital.

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## SIGNIFICANCE OF . . .

(Continued from page 10)

society in general, not only actual but past. To acquire this culture, the importance of hard work as the only substitute for genius, and of clear, forceful, and elegant expression as the only sure evidence of the constant operation of the mental faculty, which is necessary to develop this character of the mind, is continually stressed.

As a member of human society, he is to be obedient to all legitimate authority, generous, unselfish, ready to serve, prepared for all the responsibilities of a Christian family and professional life, and capable of exercising intelligent citizenship.

One of the questions of highest importance to every college graduate is the wise choice of a profession or vocation according to one's character, talents, and attractions, both natural and supernatural. No student with a serious outlook on life will fail to determine, well in advance of his graduation, the career which under God's providence will best assure his temporal success and his eternal happiness. In this matter, the assistance of any of the priests or faculty will be invaluable. His hours will be arranged to afford ample opportunity of conferring with him.

These Catholic universities further aim, by proper direction in the choice of elective studies within this larger framework, to prepare its graduates for the successful work in graduates and professional schools and in business.

## ON DA LEVEL

(Continued from page 27)

daylights off us again! My dear USC, if EMMA come and blew her top, can another renovation be far behind?

\* \* \*

A friend told me that everytime tourists drop at Cebu City, one of their sightseeing itineraries is the University of San Carlos. We don't want to put ourselves on the back for this information although we could, with both pride and humility, say that the veracity of this

## SATIRE IN MODERN . . .

(Continued from page 25)

Poets of the modern English period are loud in their condemnation of war as a means by which disputes among nations may be settled. It is brutal. It kills off men in the prime of their lives. It is no fitting climax for all that man has striven for in life. It is a strong argument against the contention that life is worth living. War is the negation of all that man wants life to be. Is it any wonder that writers

consider war as one of the most abominable of human practices? Oh what good, writers ask, is man's struggle for existence if war is to come and nip man's efforts in the bud?

Hereunder, are utterances of poets on war and what it does to man, who, as he lives his todays and looks forward to his tomorrows of happiness, is caught in the throes of war.

*Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying,  
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.*

— John Massfield, "On Growing Old"

*The trouble is, things happen much too quick;  
Up jump the Boches, rifles thump and click,  
You stagger, and the whole scene fades away:  
Even good Christians don't like passing straight  
From Tipperary or their Hymn of Hate  
To Alleluiah-chanting, and the chime  
Of golden harps . . . and . . . I'm not well today . . .  
It's a queer time.*

— Robert Graves, "It's a Queer Time"

news is unquestionable, or to put it in our lingo, "dayag na lang".

\* \* \*

EUREKA! The reason why some of our swains were extra friendly to our coeds during afternoon and evening summer classes: they wanted to share the fair sex's indispensable summer paraphernalia — the fan. Why these guys have been. They wanted to beat the summer heat at the expense of others. Why didn't they take coke or halo-halo? If the prescription didn't work, why, Brother, they could have gotten inside a frigidaire.

And speaking of summer heat, the nicest thing that a student experiences is the itchy period-shaped growth in his epidermis — freakily prickly heats. They'd not just grow there like nobody's business but they'd keep on asking you to caress them with your finger nails. To top it all, they wouldn't hesitate to be so irresistibly inviting even if you are in the midst of a tete-a-tete with, say, your girl friend. Martyrdom knows no such ordeal.

\* \* \*

The number of unemployed graduates reached a new high since April last. This goes for me, too. For the last three months I applied for a job in as many business firms as there are in Cebu City and what did I get? A No-Vacancy reply, a hole-d-sole shoes and prickly growths all over my body. I'm even thinking now of advertising myself for any baby-sitting job. At least I know how to woom woom with a lullaby.

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## SPORTS ROUND-UP

(Continued on page 23)

and collegiate splashers for the coming CCAA Inter-Collegiate and Secondary swimming series. Being short of mermen, the physical director has been urging those interested to qualify for the team to report to him personally for proper selections.

On the lighter side of the beam, the increasing number of nimble-toed physical education students under the direction of Miss Miguela Martin have for their better accommodation, and increased and re-modeled double-sized stage which costs USC about a thousand pesos.

## USC CAGE VARSITY GETS NEW CAPTAIN

A recent cage meeting held in the locker room of USC produced Mr. Rudy Jakosalem, atom-sized hoop veteran and mostly responsible for the many wins over local teams made by the varsity, captain of this year's team. Roy Morales, brainy leader and pivot man, was also selected as co-skipper. Jakosalem's captaincy was due to the appointment made by Coach Baring. It was also further disclosed that the team will see action on the tenth of August, or the week after the formal opening of the League scheduled to start on August third. They will rub elbows with the Cebu City Colleges basketball team.

## Graduate School

### ● Former Fu Jen Rector Heads Graduate School

Of great interest to Graduate School students is the acquisition of a new Dean of USC's topnotch department, in the person of the amiable and erudite Rev. Rudolph Rahmann, S.V.D., Ph.D. He was Rector of the Catholic University of Peking (Fu Jen) for ten years (1936-1946).

The new Dean of the Graduate School got his Ph.D. degree at the University of Vienna in 1935. He is connected with the famous Ethnological School of Austria, and used to be Editor-in-Chief of the "ANTHROPOS," an international scientific organ.

The short stay of the erudite doctor in USC ever since his arrival up to the present, has been worked by incalculable guidance, advice and help in research work and thesis writing he has extended to the students of the graduate school. His condescending amiability for students bespeaks of high culture, refinement and proper understanding of human and social relations.

### ● Graduate School Will Stress On Filipiniana

In an interview, Father Rahmann revealed that the Graduate School will lay much stress on things Philippine.

He pointed out that a thorough and comprehensive study of Philippine Folklore will greatly contribute to a further elucidation of the pre-Spanish Philippine culture. The results achieved so far in this field of studies deserve appreciation. But further detailed, not to say minute, studies will undoubtedly bring new, perhaps even unexpected, results. In the degree as similar studies are carried out in the neighboring countries, comparative Southeast-Asia Folklore will shed new light also on the early history and cultural achievements of the Philippines. This will very probably be true in a marked degree in the field of Philippine oral literature in which the Indo-Malayan influence seems to be predominant. We may expect that especially comparative mytho-



Rev. RUDOLPH RAHMANN, S.V.D.  
Dean, Graduate School

logy will reveal that this influence is partly very old. In the field of literary Folklore even the results of the highly developed European Folklore will probably have to be taken into consideration for a cultural analysis of Philippine folk literature, since also European folk literature received much of its inspiration from India.

Father Rahmann said furthermore, that although he has been in San Carlos only for a short time, he learned from his private reading that the more recent Philippine literature is extremely rich but that its treasures are for the most part hidden in the folds of the different languages. He expressed the hope that the Graduate School of San Carlos University will do its part to make these literary achievements known to a larger number of literary students and in particular to wider circles of the Philippine people themselves. Moreover, Father Rahmann pointed out, both the unwritten and the written literature of the Philippines are a very scared national inheritance. Besides the folklorists and the literary students it will, therefore, be the educationalists who will take a particular interest in these studies.

The Dean of our Graduate School said in conclusion that a gigantic but really national and patriotic task would be to undertake a comprehensive study of all the Philippine languages and dialects. Such

a task is, e.g., being accomplished in Switzerland with an admirable success.

## College of Law

### ● Father Wrocklage Regent of College of Law

The would-be lawyers are recipients of the Administration's good graces when young, eloquent and amiable Rev. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., Ph.D., was appointed Regent of the College of Law.

The young doctor graduated last year at the Gregorian University of Rome and taught apologetics and philosophy subjects in the USC popular College of Liberal Arts before his appointment as Regent of the College of Law. He gave lectures in other colleges and was particularly active as retreat master in the holy retreats held by the University last year. His effective eloquence and erudition were much in evidence in the various seminars he conducted in the College of Liberal Arts and in the College of Law which never failed to win over students. He will continue to teach in the College of Liberal Arts.

Rev. Father Wrocklage hails from Chesaning, Michigan, USA.

### ● U. S. Jurist is USC Lecturer

The University Lecture Hall was more than filled to capacity to hear a special lecture conducted by no less a personage than Chief Justice Robert G. Simmons of the Nebraska (USA) Supreme Court. Faculty members, students, as well as professionals and outsiders jam-packed the spacious hall last July 28, 1952. This affair was under the sponsorship of the USC College of Law.

Chief Justice Simmons was born in Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, December 25, 1891. He obtained his LL.B. degree from the University of Nebraska in 1915 and his LL.D. from Hastings College in 1942. He began practicing his profession in 1915. A year later, he was appointed Prosecuting Attorney for Scotts Bluff County, Nebraska. He served as Representative of the 6th Nebraska District to the U.S. Congress from 1923-1933 and was elected Chief Justice of the Nebraska Supreme Court in 1938. He was later re-elected for a six-year term in 1945.

Chief Justice Simmons was accompanied to Cebu by Mrs. Simmons. His purpose in coming to the Philippines is to meet Filipinos and talk to them.



## College of Liberal Arts

### ● *Father Schoenig to Head Biology Dept.*

Rev. Fr. Henry Schoenig, S.V.D., who has just finished his Master's degree from Notre Dame University, Indiana, USA, will head USC's Biology Department, it was learned from the Dean. Fr. Schoenig arrived in Cebu City on July 21.

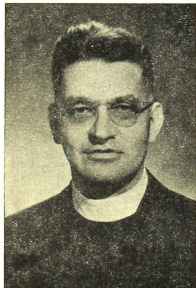
Under the supervision of Fr. Schoenig, USC will soon start the construction of a botanical garden for the benefit of the students taking biology subjects.

Fr. Schoenig was connected with USC about two years ago, just before he left for the U.S.A. to further his post-graduate studies. Prior to his coming to Cebu, 1949, he was assigned to the USC sister institution in Vigan, the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepción, where he acted as Dean of the collegiate department. His arrival augurs well for the newly opened B.S. in Zoology course which has just been added to the College of Liberal Arts.

### ● *Two New Courses For The Liberal Arts Dept.*

To the already varied courses of the USC Liberal Arts College, two new courses have been added. The latest offering is the B.S. in Chemistry and the B.S. in Zoology.

Competent professors will handle the subjects in the new courses. Rev. Fr. Robert Hoepfner, S.V.D., one-time head of the USC Chemistry department before he left for the United States to further his studies, and who is soon arriving will join



Rev. EDGAR OEHLER, S.V.D.,  
Head, Chemistry Dept.



Fr. Edgar Oehler, S.V.D., who at present heads the Chemistry department, and takes charge of some Chemistry subjects. Fr. Hoepfner has just finished his master of science in Chemistry in St. Louis University, USA.

The newly arrived head of the Biology department, Fr. Schoenig, and former UP (Manila) professor and dean of UP (Cebu Branch) Francisco Nemenzo, together with Dr. Protasio J. Solón will join hands in the Zoology department. Dr. Solón has been the University Physician since resumption of classes in USC after liberation. He has been teaching in the pre-medicine department and has been its driving spirit. Mr. Nemenzo is considered nationally an authority in Biology and Botany.

### ● *Physics Department Has New Head*

The College of Liberal Arts faculty received a boost in the coming of Rev. Fr. Michael Richartz, S.V.D., Ph.D. The newly appointed head of the Physics department is another stalwart of erudition who arrived a few months ago from Peking, China, where he had been held prisoner by the communists.

Fr. Richartz acquired his doctorate degree from the University of Muenster, Germany, and was a professor of Physics in Germany and China. Optics is his speciality, of which he is an international authority. His publications have appeared in German scientific magazines and in the Journal of the Optical Society of America.

As head of the Physics department, vice Rev. Fr. Francis Oster, S.V.D., M.S., who is on leave, he will offer his services especially to Engineering and Pre-Medicine students.

## College of Commerce

### ● *Commerce Graduates Make Good*

In a nation-wide competitive set of examinations given by the Philippine National Bank, a number of

USC College of Commerce graduates took part and passed. In the examinations held in Cebu City, wherein over ninety examinees from local and Manila Universities and Colleges participated, nine were passed by the Board of Examiners of the Head Office of the Bank. Three of the nine who passed are USC alumni. They are Mr. Cipriano G. Velez, class '50 who also recently passed the CPA examination; Mr. Ricardo Garrido, class '51; and Mr. Bienvenido Escasiñas, class '50. Mr. Velez and Mr. Garrido are presently under training for eventual permanent employment with the Cebu Branch of the Philippine National Bank.

### ● *Enrollment Has Increased*

From the Office of the Dean, we were informed that the enrollment in the College of Commerce has increased to as much as 20% as compared with that of last year's.

The increase is probably due to the showing made by USC's College of Commerce graduates who brought honor to themselves as well as to USC in the recent CPA Board Examinations when Mr. Jesús Relámpagos copped the 3rd place while Mr. Rulo Amores placed 9th.

### ● *New Instructors*

In order to meet the expected increase in enrollment in the College of Commerce, five additional instructors were added to its roster of faculty members.

The new instructors are: Mr. Jesús Relámpagos, BSC, CPA; Mr.



Miss EDITHA J. PO, B.S.B.A.,  
Florence



**Miss CAROLINA D. DEL MAR**  
For her a Scholarship

César Laspiñas, BSC, CPA; Mr. Jorge Alcoseba, BSC, CPA; Atty. Castillo, former Cebu Provincial Agent of the Bureau of Internal Revenue; and Miss Edita J. Po, BSBA, Messrs. Relampagos, Laspiñas, and Alcoseba will teach accounting subjects while Atty. Castillo and Miss Po will handle Commercial Law subjects and Finance subjects respectively.

Of special significance is the fact that with the exception of Atty. Castillo, all the new instructors are graduates of the same department in USC. Mr. Relampagos, as is well known by now, copped the 3rd place in the last CPA Board Examinations.

## College of Engineering

### ● USC Graduates Go Abroad

Mr. Victorino González Jr., who graduated summa cum laude as a Civil Engineer at San Carlos in 1949 and who copped the 5th place in the Board Examinations, was given a Fulbright travel grant and a Smith-Mundt scholarship. He is enrolled at present at Stanford University, California. He wrote on June 19th: "Yesterday I took and passed an English Entrance Examination required of all foreign students. Enrollment is today; classes will start tomorrow, and late enrollees are fined \$10. My load is 15 units of advanced engineering subjects . . ."

Miss Carolina S. del Mar, a BSE graduate of San Carlos, and an



Engineering student, has been accepted by the St. Louis University for graduate work in Mathematics. The University of San Carlos guarantees for her support. She will leave soon.

It is significant that a Bachelor's degree from San Carlos University is accepted as such by U. S. Universities.

## College of Pharmacy

### ● Best Bet Cops Second Place In Exams

Not to be outdone by the recent spectacular showing made by the graduates of USC's College of Law

### R. I. P.



**ZORAIDA RAMOS**  
Why she rest in peace.

Zoraida Ramos, a third year student of the College of Pharmacy, died in her home town in Iligan City after a lingering illness. She was considered one of the brightest students in her class.

The Administration, Members of the Faculty and the student body wish to convey to her parents their most heartfelt condolence in their hour of bereavement. May she rest in peace.



**Rev. CONSTANTE FLORESCA, SVD,**  
B.S.E., M.A.  
Gone for a better job.

and College of Commerce, Estrella Veloso of the College of Pharmacy proved her mettle by copping the 2nd place in the last Pharmacy Examinations given by the Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners, in Manila. This is not the only feat. Another outstanding fact is that all the examinees of USC made a 100% passing.

Miss Veloso hails from Tuburan, Cebu. She was active in extracurricular activities. During her senior year she was the president of the *Les Apothecaries*, an organization composed of students of the College of Pharmacy of U.S.C.

## Miscellaneous

### ● Father Floresca Transferred to Manila

Rev. Fr. Constante C. Floresca, S.V.D., has been assigned to Christ the King Seminary in Manila. He will give his time and talents to the scientific and ascetical formation of the many young boys who are studying for the priesthood. He will be able to help and to guide them with his experience, understanding, and zeal.

Father Floresca's place will be taken by Rev. Fr. José Lazo, S.V.D., who was Principal of the Catholic High School in Pinamalayan, Mindoro.

### ● Father Tsao To Take Care of Chinese Students

Rev. Father Peter Tsao, S.V.D., a refugee from China, has been assigned to the University of San Carlos as chaplain for the Chinese Stu-

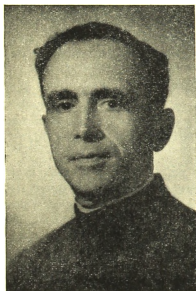
dents studying at this University. For many years Their Excellencies Msgr. Gabriel M. Reyes and Msgr. Julio R. Rosales have been asking for a Chinese priest for the Chinese; their wish is now a reality. Father Tsao began his work already and found much interest on the part of the students.

★ **Father Oster Off To Germany** ★

Rev. Fr. Francis Oster, S.V.D., head of the USC Physics department, and onetime in charge of the Fu Jen University Physics department, went home to Germany for a well-earned vacation last month. He is scheduled to stay in Germany for a year or so, have a look-see of the German Universities and scientific laboratories, visit his hometown and back to USC.

Father Oster's first assignment was in China, in the Shantung Province, then was moved to Fu Jen University (SVD) in 1934 where he sparked the Physics department. In 1937 he got a break to further his studies at the University of Chicago under well-known physicists. There he finished his master of science in Physics. He went back to Fu Jen and was still there when the Reds overran the city. Not to waste his talents in Red-dominated and regimented China, his superiors brought him to USC where he headed the Physics department before he left for home.

Father Oster created a stir in local scientific circles with his super-sonics research. He has made important experiments on supersonic



Rev. FRANCIS OSTER, SVD, M.S.  
On leave in Europe.



vibrations in solids on which he will make a report soon in the European scientific magazines.

★ **Father Craisy Takes Over Music Department** ★

The arrival of Rev. Father Joseph Craisy, S.V.D., in USC will spark the organization of an A-1 band, choir, and orchestra.

The new and experienced conductor has picked a group of enthusiastic Carolinians to form the USC choir. Students who can play the violin or any other instrument were also told to report to him. Together with members of the USC ROTC band, they will serve as the nucleus of the orchestra.

Father Craisy got his training in the art of handling the baton from Prof. Maruscyk, one of Austria's famous conductors. Aside from being a director par excellence, he is a Ph.B. graduate and teaches Religion and Philosophy in the College of Liberal Arts.

★ **Girls' High School Remodelled** ★

After having been hit by typhoons Amy and Emma, the USC Girls' High School building is putting on a new look.

The whole building is being renovated. The first and the second stories are being improved to acquire more space. Streamlining of the various features of the building is also being done. What looks like a roof garden will provide the flooring of the 3rd story which will be constructed soon.

The repair job is about to be completed. USC goes ahead with its reconstruction program incidentally improving looks not only of the sidestreets fronting the corner of P. del Rosario Street and Jones Avenue, but Cebu's skylines as well.

★ **First Cebuano SVD Sings First High Mass** ★

Amidst a very impressive ceremony, Rev. Fr. Wenceslao Fernán, Jr., the first Cebuano S.V.D. sang his first Solemn High Mass at the

USC chapel on June 10, 1952. He was assisted by two of his fellow SVD-Filipino priests Rev. Constanse C. Floresca and Rev. Simeón Valerio while Rev. César Alcoceba, parish priest of Mandarwe, preached the sermon. Making his first appearance here in Cebu as a conductor, Rev. Joseph Craisy directed the choir which acquitted itself creditably, thus making the religious affair truly colorful and splendid.

After the Mass, breakfast was served to the guests in the spacious USC library.

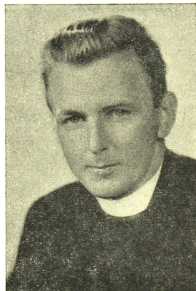
Father Fernán is from Bogó, Cebu, and is the son of Judge Wenceslao Fernán, a faculty member of the USC College of Law. After staying a week with his parents and relatives, he left for Christ the King Mission Seminary in Quezon City, to complete his theological studies.

At present there are many Cebuano and Boholano preparing for the priesthood at the Christ the King Mission Seminary of the S.V.D. order in Quezon City.

★ **Fr. Norton Is U. S. - Bound** ★

Rev. Fr. Edward Norton, SVD, left a few weeks ago for the United States to take up post-graduate studies. He was the Director of the USC Girls' High School.

Fr. Norton was formerly teaching at the Fu Jen University in Peking, China. However, his stay in the Chinese mainland was cut short by the Communist occupation of China. He was able to escape and was consequently assigned to the University of San Carlos, where he took the directorship of the USC Girls' High School.



Rev. EDWARD NORTON, SVD  
Off for further studies.

Agosto  
1952

## Hemos Perdido Al Hombre

Por LUIS DEL CAMPO  
Colegio de Artes Liberales

LAS conquistas de nuestro siglo son inequias. No permiten comparación con otro siglo.

Conquistas que facilitan trabajar descansando, viajar volando, cocinar leyendo, lavar cantando, afeitarse silbando, estando enfermo sin sentirlo y morirse sin darse cuenta. Conquistas para vivir más cómodamente y para matar más acertadamente. Conquistas para calcular sin pensar, oír y ver espectáculos, sin salir de las cuatro paredes de su casa. Conquistas que sueñan con facilitar el salir de este mundo, sin morir, de prolongar la vida indefinidamente y de hacer revivir a los muertos.

¡Y con todas estas conquistas hemos perdido al Hombre!

El hombre, trabajando en la máquina, se ha hecho un pedazo de la máquina. Ganándose el pan sin el sudor de su frente, rechaza todo deber que le molesta aunque esta molestia le cueste sólo un mínimo de esfuerzos. Se rebela contra el sacrificio y contra quien se lo quiere imponer, sea quien quiera, así fuese Dios. Haciéndose la vida fácil y cómoda como un juego, toma toda la vida por juego: alma y conciencia, honradez y responsabilidad, Dios y juicio, cielo e infierno, premio y castigo. Carácter y principios lo dejan frío; porque no lo conmueven; no le llegan al oído, ¿cómo toma los garfios al corazón? Ayudándole mil conquistas a disfrutar su vida, ¿cómo ha de aceptar que alguien un día jusque su vida? Mejorándose día tras día su existencia, gracias a las conquistas del hombre, ¿cómo ha de comprender la necesidad de alguien, que redima su vida y expie sus errores? Se cree dueño de su vida—y no ve como se ha hecho, él mismo, un esclavo. Se cree con derechos ilimitados sobre su vida

(Continúa en la pag. 35)

# Sección Castellana

## EDITORIAL

### Educación Cristiana

HAN VUELTO a abrirse las escuelas y los colegios. De nuevo vienen acudiendo a las aulas miles y miles de estudiantes, ansiosos de adquirir una educación que más tarde les sirva de panacea para confrontar la vida con todas sus vicisitudes y vaivenes. Quieren una educación. ¿Qué es educación? La educación es la acción de procurar la perfección humana.

No todos los filósofos y políticos han tenido el mismo ideal del hombre perfecto; pero todos han entendido por educación el cultivo y desarrollo de las facultades del alumno en orden a realizar en él el tipo de perfección humana que el educador se ha formado. Como ese tipo es muy diferente en las diversas escuelas filosóficas, la educación, materialmente considerada, también lo será; pero formalmente, siempre se ha considerado idéntica; siempre, el medio para formar al hombre según ese tipo ideal.

Si, pues, el fin condiciona los medios, es imposible formarse una idea exacta del ideal del perfecto hombre.

Educación perfecta será la de mayor eficacia para formar al hombre perfecto; y en la medida en que disminuya esa eficacia, disminuirá la bondad de la educación.

Pero, entonces, ¿cuál es el hombre perfecto?

Según la verdad cristiana, el hombre perfecto es el cristiano perfecto. Esto es, el que realiza en sí el ideal de la virtud cristiana tal como aparece en el Evangelio y como se pone más de relieve en el magisterio de la Iglesia y en las realizaciones de los santos.

Es, pues, "el hombre sobrenatural que piensa, juzga y obra constante y coherentemente según la recta razón iluminada por la luz sobrenatural de los ejemplos y de la doctrina de Jesucristo," como nos enseña SS Pío XI en su encíclica "DIVINI ILLIUS MAGISTRI."

Para formarse y ser perfecto cristiano no hay que mutilar la naturaleza terrena ni menoscabar sus facultades, antes deben fomentarse y desarrollarse hasta su máxima posible perfección, con tal que se coordinen y subordinen a la vida sobrenatural. Entonces el ser divino del cristiano ennoblece y perfecciona la misma vida natural y le procura auxilios eficaces, no sólo en el orden espiritual y eterno, sino aun en el material y temporal.

Las instituciones cristianas y los santos son testimonios de que la educación cristiana forma los hombres no sólo más perfectos en sentido sobrenatural, sino los más dispuestos fundamentalmente para cooperar a todo sano progreso temporal y al bienestar social, esto es, los mejores ciudadanos.

— y no siente las cadenas que lo tienen esclavizado.

Ninguna época de la humanidad ha visto tantos esclavos como la nuestra, aunque nunca se han oído tantos himnos a la libertad del hombre. El hombre que se eleva por los aires a fuerza de motores, no por eso se libra de la materia, que más se lo traga, como un sucio pantano. Las heladeras del hombre moderno le preservan la carne del porcino de la descomposición — pero no son capaces de preservar de la pudredumbre su propia carne viva que lleva. Saber prolongar el día por todas las horas de la noche, no es prueba de que el hombre se ha hecho dueño del tiempo, sino prueba de su incapacidad de usufrutar el tiempo. Por eso está prendido a la Radio, día y noche, y canta que canta, porque el alma del hombre ha desaparecido el cordero. Iadante, como perro de caza, está tras del objeto de sus ansias — y antes de haberlo alcanzado, ya lo tironea otro. Rendido, como una bestia de carga, vuelve a casa, pero no se tira, como la bestia, para descansar, sino tras una rápida comida, va al Club, al Bar, al Cine o Teatro, para descansar: "porque estoy cansado". Se olvida hasta del arte de descansar, el pobre hombre moderno.

Yo odio al siglo nuestro porque es el gran asesino del hombre. Su cultura, de la cual se gloria, es incultura; su progreso que pregona, es retroceso a la más horrenda barbarie. Porque, ¿de qué sirve la alegría ruidosa, si lo que el hombre desea, es la tranquilidad? ¿A qué los records de velocidad, si al hombre hace falta el ocio? ¿De qué provecho le son las largas mesas, cargadas de los más exquisitos manjares, si lo que necesita el hombre es el simple pan? ¿De qué inutilidad le son los veraneos de las playas y las sierras, y las montañas, si las almas, tiempo hace, yacen muertas en los Bancos de las Ciudades y los Bares y cabarets de los barrios? Penicilina, Estreptomicina y como se llamen los modernos remedios "fotodocurantes," sólo prolongan la agonia del hombre moderno, que rechaza obstinadamente al único médico que podría curarlo, pero al cual tiene por idiota, por haberle recetado: "el que busca su vida, la perderá y el que la pierde, la ganará; porque, ¿de qué le sirve al hombre ganar todo el mundo, si con ello pierde su alma?"

# Dichosa Nena!

Por ERLINDA RODRIGUEZ  
Colegio del Artes Liberales

**D**ICHOSA nena! ¡Canta que canta! Las armonías de los tonos no las sientes aún, y de las desarmonías en el gran mundo no sabes nada todavía. Te gusta el canto tal cual te sale de la boca. Todo es armonía para ti; porque tú misma eres toda armonía.

¡Dichosa nena! Para ti todas las rosas sólo tienen pétalos y deliciosa fragancia — y ninguna espina. Para ti el cielo está tan lleno de sol, que no ves lo sucio del barro. En tus labios perdura la sonrisa desde la mañana hasta la noche, y cuando duermes estás sonriendo todavía con los ángeles, porque no sabes qué hacer con las lágrimas. No sabes aún que Dios las ha dado al hombre para limpiar los ojos y purificar el corazón. Te parece tan natural que el corazón no se ensucie nunca, y que, para limpiarse los ojos debería bastar el rocío de las noches.

¡Dichosa nena! Sigue cantando y no dejes de tocar el piano, para que no oigas los estallidos de las mortíferas bombas que siempre todavía siguen cayendo de los aires, y para que no te atemorice el llanto de mujeres y hombres y niños, pequeños como tú, que están agonizando, destrozados sus cuerpecitos y bañados todos en su propia sangre, porque hombres, muchos hombres han recibido órdenes de sus superiores de matar, matar y matar.

No interrumpas, preciosa nena, tu concierto, para que, no haciendo nada, no encuentres un diario con fotografías, donde veas niños, muchos niños descalzos, con el vestido roto, las mejillas hundidas y la carita tan triste, tan pálida en medio de ciudades en ruinas y nadie te diga que es por la guerra y lo veas con tus propios ojos, que los hombres se han hecho más fieros que la fiera, más lobos que los lobos, y

que así pierdas toda esperanza en los hombres y te sientas desilusionada del mundo entero.

¡Dichosa nena! Cuando tienes hambre, vas a mamá — y siempre hay algo. Pero, ¡cuidado con preguntar: cuánto tiempo y cuán duramente tuvo que trabajar tu papá, para que a ti no le faltara nada! También te aconsejo ser prudente y no preguntar cuánto tuvo que pagar mamá por la leche que tanto te gusta; — si no, podría ser que no te gustaría más la leche, ni pon, ni frutas, ni carne y entonces empezarías a aligirte mucho y tal vez tomes rencores, y — ¡además canto y piano!

¡Dichosa nena! No dejes de cantar nunca tú: "Oh María, Madre mía . . ." No te equivocases cuando la crees ver; porque está en el cielo, como tu madre carnal está a tu lado. Ella es, como lo crees, buena, cien veces más buena y mill veces más poderosa que tu mamita de la tierra. Te ve Ella y te oye, y como tú la quieres, ella te quiere a ti.

Tampoco debes des aprender nunca el canto: "Contemos al amor de los amores . . ." Porque las gentes mayores no creen más en el amor de Dios. Saben que Dios mismo ha dicho: "Arrojad todas vuestras preocupaciones en Dios, y El os aliviará"; pero no lo creen. Las aguas de las tribulaciones les llegan hasta la boca, y se vuelven nerviosos e incrédulos. Tú no puedes comprender todo esto, porque ves todos los días a los, como vuelan y cantan, a pesar de que nadie les da comida; porque tú lo sabes bien, que es Dios quien les da de comer. Y los lirios y flores del campo: claro que tú tienes razón! Dios los vistel Y qué bien los vistel Ninguno de tus vestidos es como uno de ellos.

¿Sabes, nena, una cosa? ¡Hagamos un contrato: nosotros, los grandes, por un lado y tú por el otro lado! Tú debes seguir cantando y tocando el piano, para que nuestra vida no nos venza y nuestra fe en Dios no vacile — y nosotros haremos todo lo humanamente posible para que nadie te robe el paraíso de tus años, donde ambulabas todavía con Dios, en compañía de los ángeles.

# El Trabajo

Hay una ley del trabajo promulgada por Dios; no lo olvides. Desde el momento de su creación, Adán y Eva fueron colocados en el paraíso terrenal "para cultivarlo y guardarlo". Después de su pecado, la sentencia se aplicó contra ellos. "Por medio de un trabajo penoso sacaréis vuestro alimento de la tierra durante todos los días de vuestra vida." Conclusión: el trabajo es un mandato de Dios. Fácil antes del pecado, sólo existía a título de descanso. Penoso después de la caída, ha sido

impuesto como castigo.

Más tarde, Jesucristo trabajó con sus divinas manos. De esa manera, ennobleció y santificó el trabajo, dándole un carácter divino y el valor de una redención.

Sometido a Dios, debes aceptar la ley del trabajo. Cristiamo, imita a Jesucristo. Estás en medio de una multitud de trabajadores manuales o del espíritu y no tienes derecho a permanecer ocioso.

¡Vergüenza al perezoso!

## Canción a Cebu

Por DOMINGA LAGUE

*¡Ave, Cebú, de Visayas la Reina,  
Sede principesca de Jumabón!  
¡Salve, preclara sin comparación!  
Levántate, y tu altiva frente alza,  
Con arpa y flauta tus glorias ensalza.*

*Tus múltiples calles, tus tradiciones  
Me hablan de tus danzas, de tus canciones  
Que al Oriente le recuerdan a España.  
De tu épica la gloriosa hazaña  
Tu noble blasón nos canta alabanzas.*

### ALUMNOTES

(Continued from page 28)

Other 1947 Pre-Medic graduates expected to take the next board examinations are Leon Castals, who received his doctor's degree, cum laude, Jorge Dosdos, Ramón Borromeo, Graciano Du, Corazón Kaimo, Caridad Ybañez, and Pablo Villegas. Good luck to all of you!

### FORMER USC BB PLAYERS MCAA STARS

Two familiar faces to USC basketball fans who can be seen in action in the current MCAA cage series at the Rizal coliseum are Genaro "Bay" Fernandez and Louro Mumar. Both hoopsters were ace-

shooters of the San Carlos quintet that swept Manila off its feet in 1946 when it won the much-coveted title National Basketball Champions of the Philippines.

Fernandez spearheaded the San Miguel Brewers' winning streak in the first round competitions while Mumar, shooting-arm of the Prisco All-Stars, showed great form in the second round games, piling point after point, thus clinching the second berth for the Priscoons in the final line-up. The former was skipper of the UST Glowing Goldies when they copped the 1951 National Basketball pennant, the latter, a London Olympian, captained the Letranites to victory in the 1950 NCAA loop.

### ON DA LEVEL

(Continued from page 29)

The battle of the sexes will continue so long as there are men and women in this world. Have you ever come across a news item about the kind of battle they are waging in the United States lately? And I don't mean that Bedlam, Basin Street, nor Tin Pan Alley others were too kind enough to call the Chicago GOP Convention, either. Now, thanks for oogling, folks, C U again, so long!

### CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 28)

slang for . . . ?) from S.T.C. They are: FELY LOPEZ, VICKY ONG, BRENDA "MARUYS" ESMERO, MANUELA CUE, DIANA ALONSO, MELLY MORALES, AND LEONOR CABBATINGAN. Say, how do you like studying here, girls?

For heaven's sake Pat Raynes, now what is your complaint huh? . . . It can't be the same thing you kept telling us about, is it? . . . So it is . . . You still bump on "CONVENTIONAL PEOPLE" WHO do upset you emotionally. Pat, I hope this does not make you forget to drink Coke or Pepsi Cola . . . get it?

TONY ALVAREZ . . . an example of a DILIGENT STUDENT . . . VERY Well equipped with school accessories including DATE CARDS (of course) and SPECS in order to see the teach . . . er . . . black board better. Yes indeed, Tony is a serious-minded student! (How about, making the bribe double, huh Ton?)

One can't help but raise an eyebrow everytime she gets a glimpse of RAFAEL MEJIA . . . fairly tall . . . dark . . . and you know what comes next! . . . the type that teen-ogers usually go for . . . you may dub him: "THE GUY WITH A CUTE COW-LICK!"

P-l-e-a-s-e MR. BORE, don't try to get in here yet and ruin everything there is to this column. I know this is a fertile ground for your crop . . . corn . . . but . . . oh well, what's the use! You'd do if anyway . . . so I'd better make a bow and sweetly take my leave. Anyway it's about time I say: "ADIOS."



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All*

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Abundia Lopezillo

*Presenting  
the other five Pharmacists from USC  
who hurdled the last Board  
Exams on Pharmacy.*



Conchita Yu Lúa



Carmen Reyes



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