

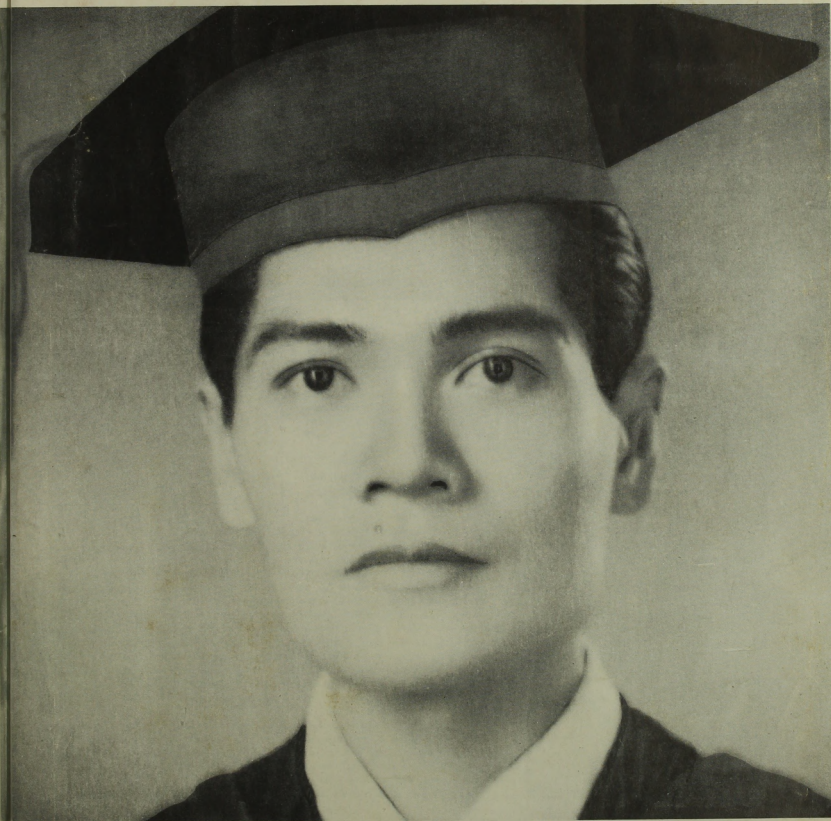


*The*

# Carolinian

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



Vol. XVI

*Atty. Pedro L. Yap  
An Assignment with the UNO*

October  
1952

No. 2

Reminiscences of

## CALIFORNIA, Playground of the West

by WILLIAM G. BOWLER  
College of Lib. Arts and Sciences

**S**OUTHERN California, land of enchantment, towering skyscrapers, long shorelines and sea-coasts, large cities and small, spacious farms and farmlands, scenic wonders and phenomena. The playground of the West. For here, all sports are known, whether they involve low altitudes or high, warm weather or cold, on land or in the water. For towering snow-capped mountains provide all the snow that a ski enthusiast would want; low and deep valleys and deserts provide the kind of climate in which to just sit back and relax; the long shorelines and spacious beaches provide endless hours and ample opportunity of rollicking, frolicking fun for young and old alike; and the mountain resorts and national parks and playgrounds provide an endless advantage of exploring Nature's ways and habits.

What a thrilling moment it is as you first see California; as you first cross under the Golden Gate Bridge, a huge expanse from one shoreline to the other, covering a distance of about five miles. Here is San Francisco. Here, your first glimpse of huge buildings towering up to the sky, endless array of stores and their respective window displays, the continuous stretch of roads winding into the distance, and in the background, tall, magnificent mountains.

Traveling southward, you reach Sequoia National Park, six-hundred and four acres of mountain territory and gigantic redwood and sequoia trees, so huge that it is possible for a car to drive through the middle of one — protected by the government for the benefit of the public.

A short distance from Sequoia is another government protected area — Yosemite National Park, located in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Yosemite is much larger than Sequoia, being 719,622 acres of pure wild-life, rivers and streams full of fish waiting to get hooked on a fisherman's line. Here is truly a sportsman's paradise, where campers may come for a few days of hunting or fishing.

Finally you reach the great metropolis of Los Angeles. In con-

(Continued on page 15)

Maria Eva Duarte de Peron

EVA PERON, surely one of the most extraordinary women the world has ever known, was dead at 33 of cancer, and Argentina was overwhelmed by grief. The sorrow of Argentina was genuine... She was of great help to Peron in organizing union support at home and in 1947 made a brilliant diplomatic tour of Spain and Italy. She became the most powerful woman of her time. (Life Magazine, Aug. 25, 1952)



## WOMAN —

### Guardian of Our Destiny

by ROLANDO ESPINA  
College of Lib. Arts and Sciences

**THE PART** and the importance of the role played by woman in the shaping of the world's destiny is undeniable as well as unquestionable. The proof of the magnitude and potentiality of their influence in our lives can be noticed wherever one may go. Be it in this world or in the next, in heaven or in hell, there are living testimonies of woman's power.

Since the beginning she has yielded a power so great that, despite the intelligence Adam had been endowed with by God, yet, when he saw that the woman had already eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, without hesitation he partook of it. And, when an angry God drove man out of Paradise, the woman, realizing the misery and pain she had brought down upon man and herself, remained at his side, following him wherever he willed, enduring with him the bitterness and suffering which were now their lot.

From that time on, woman has always been the same. Seducer, tempter, she has also been the comfort and solace of man. In a large measure can be attributed to her the advancement of mankind. Who made and produced great men — scientists, heroes, philosophers, rulers? One woman or another has been the guiding power behind them. Be she a mother, sister, wife or beloved, she was still... a woman.

Likewise, great men have been ruined because of one or many women. As an example, we have Solomon who was led to perdition because of his many pagan wives. More famous still is the case of Anthony and Cleopatra. Captured and blinded by the beauty and charm of Cleopatra, Anthony in his madness forsook an empire. He preferred to die with his beloved rather than live a life without her, though he might have had the chance to regain his lost throne.

The incidents in the history of the world are mute testimonies of the power of women. As proven by many other similar incidents, the rise and fall of man may be attributed to woman.

We ourselves, are proofs of the power woman wields over man. Whether good we now possess we owe largely to our mothers. Since our childhood days they have nurtured and fed us. In our adolescence they have implanted in our youthful minds the principles of morality which we now follow. Our faults, they corrected; our offenses, they endured.

Now in our maturity, we still find out we could not live without women.

(Continued on page 36)

Who can deny  
the role of Woman  
in helping shape  
the face of humanity?

Published by  
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EMILIO B. ALLER, editor; VICENTE N. LIM, associate; WILLIAM GEORGE BOWLER, Heraty; DELIA SAGUIN, society; AGUSTIN B. JAMRO, news; BUDDY QUITORIO, feature; ALBERTO C. MORALES, alumni; TOMAS ECHAVARRA, sports; RUFERTO CASAS, photography; ESTRATONICO ARANO, military; BENJAMIN CABALLO, Jr. & ADOLFO CABALLO, art; JOSE F. DE LA RIASTE, reporter.

E. FAIGAO

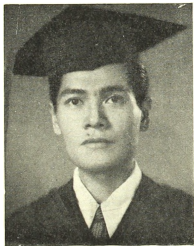
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ON A BAMBOO SLATE

California, Playground of the West by William G. Bowler	Cover 2
Women — Guardian of Our Destiny — by Rolando Espino	2
Barrio Fiesta in the Campus — by Maria Estrella Villatoro	Cover 3
EDITORIAL — Education and Our Country's Ills	1
Constitutions	2
From USC to the United Nations — by Emilio B. Aller	3
Passing Through — by VNLM	4
"That's my Business" — by Esperanza V. Manuel	5
Herbie Enters Fool-Hits — by VNL	6
Electrical Engineering As a Career — by Engr. Jose A. Rodriguez	7
POETRY — Twin Stars — by Leo Bello	8
On De Level — by Agustin B. Jamro	8
Democracy — A Fact or An Ideal? by Manuel Trinidad, Jr.	9
What Do You Think	10
SHORT STORY — The Trader — by Expedito Bugarin	11
Copita Diminuta — Oh Nat! — by VNL	12
Courtesy and Good Business	13
Look Here, Junior!! — by Nestor M. Maretos	14
ROTCATTER	15
Compuscrats — by Delia Saguin	16
Alumni Chimes	17
Sports Round-up	18
PICTORIAL SECTION	19-22
USC in the News	23-28
SECCION CASTELLANA	
La Iglesia y las Ciencias Profanas — editorial	38
Lo Vital en lo Cristiano — por Jose Morio del Prado	38
En el Dia Misionero	39
Invenccion Ridicula pero Trésica — por J. Roberto Bonomino	39



Our Cover: Prof. Pedro L. Yap recently left USC to serve with the U. N. (Story on page 3).

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

• Editorial •

Education and Our Country's Ills

In the short history of our independent Philippines, a lot of dirty, nauseating backwash has passed under the bridge. The papers have always reported the many instances of graft and corruption in our government, the brazen violations of the laws of the land by private individuals, and the shameless white-washing of culprits who ought to have been placed behind prison bars. Persistent mention of the stinking mess has become drab and ordinary to some people, they no longer treat the same as news, nor as a thing to be disheartened and aghast about. The cancerous growth has become permanent and is taken for granted.

The frequency of these violations and the lurid way they have been exposed in the papers must have rendered the minds and conscience of a lot of people callous and unfeeling. They are no longer affected by the venom and the wickedness which evil deeds entail. Can it be that temperaments have become so perverted that they have a supple and fluidic way to adopt themselves to any kind of evil influence? Can it be that nowadays, only a few have retained that kind of backbone which can firmly stand by what is right? Have most degenerated so low that they are always ready to sacrifice principles for the sake of any little gain or of any momentary expediency? If this is so, there must have been bred in the few years of our independent existence very sorry versions of homo sapiens in our midst, sans honor, conscience, virtue and righteousness.

But there are people who have faith in the youth of the land. They say that the leaders of today will have their time to fade away, and the youths of today will be the leaders of tomorrow. With optimism, they contend, that with the many opportunities for education in both public and private schools, which every year increase in number, youth has more chances to gear himself up to become a good citizen, and eventually, for better service to our country and to our people. Such blind faith in our youth is beautiful, if not pitiful.

For there are sour notes often heard rasped against our youth of today. They say that modern youth is easy-going and usually chooses the way of least resistance in whatever he tries to do or achieve. Some point out that there are modern influences which have weakened and perverted the minds of Rizal's "fair hope of our Fatherland." There could be some truth to these criticisms.

Taking into task the kind of youth we have today, the root cause of our country's ill and the degeneration of our citizenry must be in the kind of education we offer in our schools. The policy-makers of our educational system must have forgotten that man consists not only of body, but also of soul. Godless education can never educate the spirit. As long as religion is not taught in all Schools of our country, the harvest will always be the same — godless citizens that can be potential exponents of all the ill which our country and our government are exposed to at this very moment.

Emilio B. Aller

# Caroliniana

By: Leo Bello

● It had taken much effort to make this issue. The mid-term exams were in the offing; and we had to see to it that the materials were all in, polished according to standards and made ready for the printer before we actually could start reviewing for the semester's lemon-time brain-twisters. Yes, time was running out on us; and figuratively speaking, we had to fly to be ahead of it. However, with the brand-new staff we have, we were able to whip up this much of an issue, but not before undergoing more than the usual ordeal.

We got through with it, sure, but had to put into the bargain whatever we could do to accomplish it under uncompromising circumstances, old and new, which had strange ways of harassing us when least expected. But the important and gratifying fact is that the job is done. You can bear us out on this because you are even reading a copy now. The aim we sought which is to serve those who are gullible enough to read us is won. That much we are consoled.

But you may wonder why we should be so extraordinarily excited about getting up an issue. You may think that our alarming concern over going to press on schedule is artificial and exaggerated. You will not understand if we should tell you why; because you must have thought, perhaps that the whole job is a picnic. Thus, to make you understand will entail explanation covering a lot of pages, unless you could be with us throughout the tedious grind necessary to make an issue. And yet, if you should like to have an inkling of the whole ordeal which we have to go through for any issue, we have these to say:

Have you ever tried holding your breath for a moment? Try to hold it as long as you can and you will find that you hardly can hold out without the feeling that your lungs are likely to get busted. Why, you could make of it as some kind of death by suffocation. In the process of doing up an issue, the first thing we do is hold our breath. While doing so, we wish and pray for the right materials to come in sooner. They come in quantities but chances are that most of them are rubbish and trash. Still holding our breath, we sweat it out with our gray-matter while doing the collection of materials, evaluation of contributions, selection of choice morsels, correction of chosen pieces, copy-reading, layout and dummy-making and more copy-reading. We are blessed this year to be exempted from proof-reading. The printer has obliged us on this. When everything is packed and sent to the printer, only then can we breathe again. It must just be a miracle that we did not suffocate in not breathing that long. But that much is sacrifice. And while we undergo the process explained above, the neighbors are liable to remark: **The dope, he is too studious!** Ah, if only he could divine the truth! Why, the thing which forces us

to burn the midnight candle is not studying our lessons. It is not curricular either, and has nothing to do with passing the standards set by our professors in evaluating how much we are worth in the subjects we take in our course! Proof: we will barely make it, if at all, in our mid-term report card. **Merese to you, you brought it upon yourselves,** you would say and end up with a horse-laugh. And yet we still assure you that we will do it again as habitual delinquents for the good of old USC.

## THIS ISSUE

● **"Southern California, Playground of the West,"** so says **Bill Bowler** in the inside front cover. Bill must be yearning for the old familiar places which he used to frequent while he was a student of the St. Ignatius de Loyola High School somewhere in California. He vividly describes the beautiful places he must have visited in that wonderful state which faces the Pacific.

● **"From USC to the United Nations"** is quite a great big stride for **Atty. Pedro L. Yap** who used to be Professor of the USC College of Law. But he made it all right, and currently he is an Associate Officer of the Human Rights Division of United Nations. The man's capabilities and potentialities make him worthy of the honor to serve with the UN.

● **"That's My Business"** is a one-act play which has a strictly USC background. It portrays a beautiful picture of student-life on our campus, written by no less a personage than **Mrs. Esperanza V. Manuel** who teaches English at USC. The writing of this play proves that **Ma'am** can write as well and as effectively as she can teach.

● **"Herbie Enters Fool-itics,"** Alex is informed. **VNL** himself, was actually elected as Press Relations Officer for the Freshman Class Organization of the College of Law. And ditto in the USC Lex Circle. In Passing Thru, **VNL** relates to us with childish gusto that rollicking despedida party<sup>1</sup> the lawyers-not-yet had in honor of **Atty. Pedro L. Yap**. **"Capitis Diminutio"** will plaster you with side-splitting. The pen of **VNL** is that effective. You cannot help agreeing that the guy is prolific and intellectual humor is his forte.

● The Dean of the USC College Engineering obliges us for the first time with his **"Electrical Engineering as a Career"**. This scientific article expressed in a layman's language is an eye-opener. This is the kind of article which ought to be written for popular consumption. It is so informative and bares the great role which electrical engineering plays in all fields of endeavor. And we are made to realize that there may come a

(Continued on page 36)

# From USC

• Cover Story •

## TO THE United Nations

Man's destiny in life is really  
measured in terms of merit  
and capability

by EMILIO B. ALLER  
*College of Law*

WHEN Atty. Pedro L. Yap, professor of the USC College of Law took a real big stride from USC to the United Nations to become associate officer of its Human Rights Division, his stride was decidedly measured in terms of merit and capability. And a lot of people knows how fully he deserves his new appointment.

But when he left last August 16 for New York, after a dizzying whirl of social activities given in his honor, the countless felicitations of friends and acquaintances, the warm handclaps and the well-chosen phrases wishing him more luck and bon voyage to his destination, only the law students who had the fortune to be under him in class and those who are close to the affairs of the USC College of Law realized the great loss which San Carlos suffered with his leaving. For, in truth, only quite a few knew of his real value and worth to USC. He was so humble and self-effacing in his ways, anybody conversing with him for the first time would not be able to evaluate his true worth on face value.

His erudition is unquestionable, but it was imperceptible in the simplicity and calmness of his bearing. Even in the classroom, his personality easily passed for pedagogical prudence. It was only on occasions, when necessity demanded it, that he was forced to show inklings of his erudition. That was when plucky students fired barrages of challenging questions at him. And when he gave problems for solution, he usually framed them up in

such a way that a single problem involved so many provisions of law. He shied from showing-off. Students who expected him to wow them with his oratorical powers were disappointed with the soft-spoken cadence of his lectures. But

the effectiveness of his method of instruction, enhanced by the impeccable precision of his expositions in class, engendered the right atmosphere of wholesome seriousness conducive to effective learning, in his delicate task of imparting to the students the fundamentals and intricacies of law. They have recognized in him a veritable fountain-spring of legal know-how an ordinary professor of law may well be proud of.

### A Carolinian by Choice

The loyalty and devotion of Atty. Pedro L. Yap for San Carlos qua-  
*(Continued on next page)*



Editor Aller interviewing Atty. Pedro L. Yap shortly before the latter left for the UNGO.

# Passing THROUGH

• by VNLIM

The female population of the College of Law, "few in number but strong in spirit," formed themselves into an organization called the Portia Club. This club, together with the Lex Circle and the class officers, gave the first affair held by the College of Law. It was a dinner and send-off party for erstwhile law prof Atty. Pedro Yap, who was going to leave for the United Nations Assembly the next day.

Everyone had a delightful afternoon during that party. Held at the cool, breezy, wind-swept seaside Barba Beach Resort, the sea breeze whetted the gentlemen's and guests' appetites while it spoiled the ladies' coiffures and whipped their spirits.

After dinner there was a short program participated in and planned mostly by the Portia Club and emceed by the Lex Circle proxy, with interruptions and pinch-hittings by the vice-proxy, who greatly, singlehandedly, and successfully stole the show. Why, he ought to be in show business! This funnyman veep of the Lex Circle is bursting with personality and bubbling with popularity.

The usual, inevitable and indispensable picture-taking followed after the program. The proprietor of the place had obligingly contributed a number to the program with a song by one of his staff, a shapely lass. She had to do an encore... and our Lex Circle veep promptly murdered that encore by inserting himself and his antics. He successfully wangled a duet with her, and if that was murder, the audience wanted more blood!

By a premeditated coincidence, the dancing began when the important guests (in other words, the Rector, the Regent, and the Rev. Fathers) left and the bus had not yet arrived. A handful of faculty members were around to join in the fun, too. For here was where the fun really started. You'd be surprised to find out the number of talented and musically-inclined students in the College of Law.

(Continued on page 40)

## FROM USC TO THE UNO

(Continued from page 3)

ified him as a Carolinian by heart. It is not necessary for one to be mentored wholly within our time-honored halls in order to make of him a blue-blooded Carolinian. The persistent good works and daily earnest efforts which he meticulously has been putting up for the effective instruction of law students are mute evidences of his love for USC. His efforts may not be sensational within the light of new-fangled showmanship. They may not be outstanding in terms of the extraordinary. But there is a subtle emanation in simple deeds sincerely done for the object of one's devotion. And when he assured his well-wishers that he will be back in San Carlos in one or two years after undergoing post-graduate studies in America while serving with the UN, he did so because he is a Carolinian by his own choice. USC does not hesitate in considering him a Carolinian by adoption.

### The Man's Story

The whole story of Atty. Pedro L. Yap is nothing short of being etched in gold and silver. His scholastic record is a series of topnotch achievements. His story started when he was born in San Isidro, Leyte, on July 1, 1918. He topped his class when he graduated from his hometown's grade school. He was an honor student when he finished his secondary education at the Cebu Provincial High. At the defunct Cebu Junior College of the University of the Philippines, he was a full scholar for the whole two years of Pre-Law, and he garnered therefrom his A.A. title with honors. At UP, Manila, he was a university scholar in all of his four years of regular law, and he clenched his LL.B. degree cum laude in that institution in the year 1946.

With the top scholastic honors he harvested in all of his years of school, the Bar exams was to him merely a luscious fruit ripe for the picking. He took and passed it as a topnotcher in 1946. It seemed that the plucky little big man's streak of luck could not run out because his luck was well intact within his gray-matter.

In practice, he was on the ball and never behind. The promise within him showed equally golden and true. He first threw in his lot with Atty. Frank Brady as his partner in Manila, collaborating with

him for about six months. By 1947, he chose himself a new law partner in the person of Atty. Adriano Garcia, and extensively practiced in Manila and environs in about two years.

It was while he was connected with the two law firms aforementioned that he caught the eyes and ears of then Chief Justice Fortuna Borromeo of the Philippine Court of Appeals. After the latter's retirement from government service, Atty. Yap was prevailed upon to be his law partner in Cebu City.

Atty. Pedro L. Yap first taught in the USC College of Law in 1949 when he pinched-hit for Atty. Juan Yap, a distant relative who was then a candidate for a legislative post and busy with his political campaigns. He made such an excellent impression with his teaching methods and legal know-how, so that he was retained in the USC College of Law even if Atty. Juan Yap had already reported for duty after the 1949 elections. He taught in USC for about two and a half years until he left for his new assignment with the United Nations.

The litany of extra-curricular honors he also garnered in the sidelines outside of his scholastic achievements while he was a student can fill up a lot of space. But the more important ones may be mentioned here. He was recipient of two Osmeria Gold Medals: one for excellence in debating, and the other for excellence in oratory. He was also awarded the Alunan Gold Medal for excellence in debating. In 1941, he was editor-in-chief of the *Philippine Law Journal*, official organ of the UP College of Law, while simultaneously serving as President of the *Mamresia Club* which was composed of honor students of the UP College of Law. In 1946, he was editor-in-chief of *The Philippinism*, the famous UP annual. Upon his graduation from UP, he was awarded the President Gonzales Gold Pin for graduating cum laude. He was also made a member of the *Phi Kappa Phi*, an international society of honor graduates with Philippine membership limited only to honor graduates of the state university.

All this galaxy of honors awarded Atty. Pedro L. Yap during his student days constitute the impress-

(Continued on page 30)

## One-Act Play

### ● SCENARIO

As the curtain opens, Rudy and Mario are talking in the college co-op. Both are discussing the picture of Nora, fraternity sweetheart of the College of Law, in the new issue of the *Carolonian*. Rudy knows Nora through Cely, his classmate in political science.

As Mario waxes eloquent by quoting poetic passages dedicated to Nora's beauty, Al, another student who enters, breaks off Mario's poetic outburst. Rudy identifies Al, who seats at another table, as one of the Who's Who in campus life. Immediately after, Nora and Cely enter and make believe for another table. The two boys, Mario and Rudy perk up and try to catch the girls' attention.

In the meantime the girls have noticed Al's presence and in turn are trying to catch his eye. Both girls have their copies of the *Carolonian* and an article. "The Trouble with Women" arouses their interest and indignation. They see red. Cely incidentally notices Al frowning at their table because of the noise they are creating. She suddenly upsets a bottle of coke so they can transfer to a table nearer to Al's.

But the two boys, Rudy and Mario, rush to their aid and the girls go to the boys' table. The controversial article becomes the bone of contention between the two sexes. Al becomes more disturbed than ever and strolls over to their table. Introductions are made. When the fateful article steers them into deep waters, Mario changes the topic by asking the girls to the coming acquaintance ball. Al promises to see all four of them at the dance. The bell ends their conversation. As they prepare to leave a piece of paper falls out of Mario's pocket and gives him away as "the Mentor." The girls vow vengeance. But Mario keeps his date and everything is well.



# "That's my BUSINESS"

(The college co-op. Tables and chairs are strategically placed around. Rudy and Mario occupy a table left center. Rudy is hunched over the table, studying a girl's picture in the new issue of the *Carolonian*. Mario sits astride his chair, his arms propped against the backrest, eyes on the college paper also).

By  
**Esperanza V. Manuel**  
Post Graduate School

#### CHARACTERS:

**MARIO** —  
A college student, fond of quoting passages of poetry.  
**RUDY** —  
Mario's friend and classmate  
**CELY** —  
A typical co-ed.  
**NORA** —  
A typical co-ed.  
**AL** —  
A co-ed's dream: brain, brawn, and looks.  
**SETTING:** The college co-op of the U. S. C.  
**TIME:** An afternoon of a school day. 4:30 P. M.

**Mario:** (Loudly, with his arms waving around).

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

(Breaks off.) What a face! Beautiful! Nora Laurente. Where has she been hiding herself?

**Rudy:** You must be losing your stride, Mario, old man. Why, she's one of the most popular co-eds on the campus.

**Mario:** Take that back. I can spot a beautiful female a mile away. That's me (pounding his chest), Mario, the heartbreaker.

**Rudy:** Heartbreaker, my foot! You never get close to one to break it. (Looks at Nora's picture again.) She really is pretty. don't you think so?

**Mario:** (Disgusted) Pretty! Is that all you can think of? Man! She's devastating, she's terrific... she's... an atom bomb that's going to spell my doom. (dramatically).

**Rudy:** Ha, ha, ha! Mario, you should have been in the dramatic club. Only, they can't trust you in any play except in an all-male cast... Say, do you really want to meet Nora?

**Mario:** No kidding, can you arrange it?

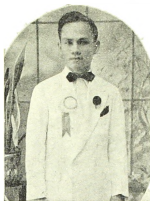
(Continued on page 50)

You know what, Alex—

The adviser of the Freshman Law classes, Atty. Jesús P. García (pool, sir?), told us that we would-be barristers (shucks!) comprise about one half of the entire population of the College of Law. And, being the adviser, he advised us to have a good, strong, solid class organization . . . well, Alex, we did some sort of classroom politics one rainy, halfstarved evening last July and chose our class officers.

Here they are, meet 'em . . .

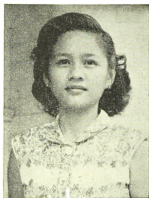
Class president is **ESTRATONICO ANANO**. This gent was, if you remember, last semester's Pre-Law class organi-



**Estratonico Anano**  
President

## Herbie Enters Fool-itics

• by *UNLim* •



**Esperanza Fiel**  
Secretary

zation prexy. Diminutive elocutionist, he ought to know his business, eh, Alex.

**ESPERANZA FIEL**, silent, sweet and pleasant prospective Fortia, easily won the secretaryship. She was also last term's Pre-Law organization secretary. Hmmm, looks like some wagon's fixed, eh, Alex. Foolitics! Ha ha. Joke.

I must be getting soft, Alex. I should've put this next to the prexy . . . our Veep is **NOLI CORTEL** ("Fights pain!"), a very careful and softly impressive talker. Tall, dark, and needs some (some weight, that is!), he's well-chosen. Er, uh, uhm . . . speaking of poundage — I'm not so hot myself! Ah, skip it.

Of the well-chosen group, perhaps the most well chosen of all is the Sergeant-at-Arms . . . yup, you guessed it: **NAPOLÉON MABAIQUIAO** and his service pistol. We might say Rubén Yap, the other sarge-at arms, is his deputy.

**EXPEDITO BUGARIN** and his eyeglasses represent us in the Student Council. As if four eyes were more better than two (relax, Expie, that's just a gag!), there's another representative to aid and abet Expedit.

Poor Reporting Caf, that's me, Alex. Somehow I got into the sheband and got elected, together with shy scholar **VICENTE VARELA, JR.**, to PROfficership.

(Continued on page 36)

## CALIFORNIA . . .

(Continued from front inside cover)

trast to the hub-hub ways of a big city is a small section called "Old Mexico," with the gay dances and fiestas, the lovely señoritas in bright regalia, and the countless Mexican trinkets that are for sale in the many booths.

Hollywood, the movie and radio industry of the world, is one of the communities surrounding Los Angeles. Walking down its famous streets, Hollywood and Vine, is an experience in itself. Especially at night, with all the bright neon signs blinking on and off. You pass the many movie houses, the different souvenir stores alongside the big department stores, the penny arcades, and the many vendor stands along the way. On these streets you hear the voices of many happy people, the clanging of the trolleys, and the horns of the buses. Here in Hollywood is a life made captivating and exciting by its mere being.

Hollywood has truly earned the name of the entertainment capital of the world. Such places to back up this statement are the night spots, like *Ciro's*, *The Mocambo*, *The Miramar*; also the Drive-In Restaurants, more frequented by the collegiate set. A famous dancing spot, the Hollywood Palladium, where such bands as *Tommy Dorsey*, *Tex Beneke*, *Sammy Kaye* and others have entertained. Not to be left out are the two largest that are in Hollywood being *CBS*, the *Columbia Broadcasting System*, and *NBC*, the *National Broadcasting Company*. Last but not least, are the movie lots such as *MGM*, *RKO*, *Warner*, *Brothers*, *Paramounts*, and many more lots.

For the music lover, there are two major amphitheatres around Los Angeles. These being, the *Hollywood Bowl* and the *Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium*. In the bowl, during the cool summer nights, are held concerts under the stars. The concerts are being performed by many of the great artists of today, playing the works of the great composers of yesteryears. In the *Philharmonic* are also held many concerts and, during the off season, are held stage shows.

(Continued on page 35)



## Electrons Play a Vital Role in Modern Life

**Y**OU are standing today at the threshold of the greatest and most highly specialized period of all times—the electrical age.

Just over one hundred years ago Faraday discovered the principles of electromagnetic induction which formed the basis of the science of electrical engineering. That this science which is now universal in its application, is of such origin, bears eloquent testimony to its truly remarkable development. In point of fact, it is a little exaggeration to say that on Faraday's experiment of century ago modern civilization largely depends.

Little reflection is needed to substantiate electricity's claim to a

are needed where new applications or new uses for present equipments are established.

Specifically, electrical engineering includes these broad fields: generation and utilization of electrical power; illumination, transpor-

tation, transmission and distribution lines, etc., twenty four hours a day. Modern illumination and wiring in homes, offices, factories and stores provide a profitable field for electrical contractors. Today, modern ships have electric drives through huge diesel-electric generating units and motors of thousands of horsepower each. Marine and railroad electrification are now one of the major branches of electrical engineering and these fields provide good paying jobs with op-

# ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

## *As a Career*

*Condensed from various technical sources  
by ENGR. JOSE A. RODRIGUEZ  
Dean, College of Engineering and Architecture*

leading place in the world of modern science. The electric motor is everywhere in use for power; modern business relies enormously upon the telegraph, radio and X-ray play an important part in modern life. The recent advances in television, radar, and sound pictures are due to their electrical foundations. No factor in contemporary civilization is so universal in application as is electrical science. Harnessed to countless uses, it already affects every moment of our lives, and it promises to perform hundreds of additional tasks in the future.

The field of electrical engineering is almost universal. It enters virtually every phase of industry and public service where power is necessary and control is exercised over physical and mechanical operations. Electrical engineering is as fundamental as the great form of power it makes available and is constantly developing new applications and new opportunities for men who have basic training in it. (The work of the electrical engineer may vary from that of a highly technical and specialized research and design to manufacturing, maintenance, sales, or administration.) Engineers

lation, design and construction of networks for distribution of power; use and design of electrical machinery and controls; radio electronics which include television, FM, radar, microwave techniques, and research.

### THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY

From the great hydroelectric plants of today, a force — electric power—which, together with electricity developed by steam turbines and diesel-driven generators, makes possible a new kind of world and great and far-reaching electrical industry. Here is an industry whose creations and products are so universal in demand that the need for men trained in its science is continually expanding.

The field offers an exceptionally broad range of occupational opportunity. Electrical engineers and technicians are needed by power companies to operate and maintain the many great power plants. sub-



The Author

portunities to travel and see the world.

Outstanding among the many electrical developments are the great fields of radio communications and electronics. At the very heart of these new industries are the technical men whose technical training is in electricity as a specialty. Yet as broad and interesting as are these industries and developments of today, these fields face a future of greater expansion.

(Continued on page 14)

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*Formal Essay*

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## Twin Stars

by  
LEO BELLO

*My waking hours were joyless, restless nights  
With gloom and darkness hanging on my way,  
But then, there came up gentle, lovely lights:  
Twin-stars, so bright, which turned my nights to day.*

*My path is clear: this time, I cannot stray;  
Beneath two beacon lights, my steps are sure:  
I cannot grope nor bungle on my way:  
I cannot fail, I have no fear, and more . . .*

*I've learned to gaze into the tender depths  
Of those twin-stars while plodding on my way,  
But never could I seem to pierce their depths  
Nor quite explain their lovelorn mystery.*

*I'm at a loss to understand, no lore  
May help me unravel their tenderness,  
And worst: my heart now begs to love, adore  
And worship them, in spite my lowliness.*

*As when a moth attempts to reach the stars,  
My spirit takes the wings of my desire;  
With them, devotion flies, though chance is scarce  
Of ever reaching gleams that I aspire.*

*And yet, poor earth-bound mortal that I am,  
Though not content to worship from afar,  
May well clip wings of my desire, and calm  
My spirit down; — my hopes can't get that far.*

*But then, there is a gnawing feeling deep  
Within my heart, a dread that time may be  
When my twin-stars may fade away to keep  
A date with cruel, heartless destiny!*

*Alas, at once, their tender glow, (which I  
Have learned to love and call my very own),  
May leave this moth, unknown, to grieve and sigh  
Amidst the darkness of my world alone!*

**ONIDA LEVEL**

By AGUSTIN B. JAMIRO

College politics seem to get cheaper but livelier! And true to form, the cake goes to the College of Law. Man, they play the game like the "Real McCoy". Take the case of the lords of the department — the seniors—where a number of them coveted the Lex Circle presidency. When four seniors signified their intentions to run, the senior organization decided to hold a convention, to forestall an ensuing storm in a tea-cup which might doom their chances for the Lex Circle high-chair into an unnecessary fiasco and which would give the lone ranger from the lower grades more than a chinaman's chance of winning. A standard bearer was elected with the aspirants pledging their word of honor to withdraw and support him.

As a gambit, there were backpatkins here, rum-coke sessions there; man-to-man whispering campaigns here and siopao parties there; and a lot of other vote-getting approaches everywhere. Meanwhile, literary mud-slinging circulated around the campus. Handbills and posters littered the corridors.

Then came the days of days! The candidates, (Some of whom applied Pedrosa's theory of deficit-spending) waited for the verdict. Result: The campaign manager upset the gravy in his favor. Why, everytime he was pretending as the campaign manager, he must be secretly campaigning for himself. Tch, tch! Myself? I like elections (provided college politics won't stoop so low as that) because the last time there was one, brother, my tummy was heavy with siopao proffered by one of the embryo politicians. So, everything must be well that ends well.

\* \* \*

There was a time when a college Romeo didn't find any difference as to which tip of a fag he should stick into his mouth and which to put the light on. But with the advent of import control and the flow of cheap and locally-produced cigarettes in the mart, however, a few got smarter. If his is a cheaper brand, he burns the fag on the tip nearest the trade-mark and does it otherwise if it possesses stateside brands. Another trick is pull it stick by stick in offering to his friends if it's the four-for five-centavo kind and to extract the whole package from his pocket for everybody to notice the stateside brand. Personally, I prefer anything although I sometimes have to resort to some tactics when I'm in the

(Continued on page 36)

**I** AM entering into a discussion which I consider an ambiguous subject. The ambiguity arises from the word "democratic." Athens, before the domination of Philip was a democracy. Rome, before Julius Caesar was republic. Great Britain is today considered by all to be a democratic society. Russian communists claim that their system is a people's democracy. And Mussolini once said that the Fascist State was eminently democratic. All these forms of polity, in theory and practice, have something in common and therefore "democracy" is meaningless unless defined.

**What is needed  
to  
Achieve Democracy  
in its  
Fullest Meaning?**

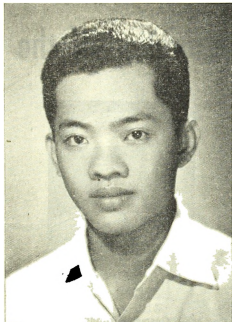
he does not prejudice the rights of others.

Democracy, however, is not only a political or an economic system; it is, above all, a way of social life. Man, in his dealings with others, is expected to be just — he is expected to look into the welfare not only of himself but also of his fellowmen, especially those who are less fortunate. Maritain, quoting Bergson, writes that "democracy is evangelical in essence — and its motive power is love."

Love of our fellowmen is an expression of our love of God. Pope

# Democracy - A Fact or an Ideal?

As a form of government, its basis of development is rooted in man's demand for equality, a demand that the system of power be erected upon the similarities and not upon the differences between men. Whether young or old, whether rich or poor, one is treated before the law as a man, with equal rights and privileges as others. Man is treated not as a machine who must work for the state but as a person endowed with certain inalienable rights and freedoms upon which the state cannot encroach. Man is treated not as a child to be led by the state but as a matured individual left to his own initiative. The state does not tell him how to work, or when to start business, or what to study; he is to use his own judgment. He is to practice autonomy in his participation of the processes of government, without which participation, democracy would be a shadowy figment — because, an exclusion from a share in benefit. Hence, the government is only a tool for coordination rather than an originating source of command or power. It recognizes the right of men to share in the results of social life as broadly equal; it regards the differences of treatment as justifiable only in so far as it can be shown to be directly relevant to the common good. So there is complete harmony between the state and the people. The state serves and protects the people, and the people in turn, render obedience to state



by MANUEL TRINIDAD, JR.  
*Law I*

promulgations in so far as they are for the common good.

In addition there can be no politics without economics. No political mechanisms will of themselves enable the common man to realize his wishes and interests, unless there be equality of economic opportunity. Thus, democracy allows private ownership — it sanctions private enterprises for private gain. Man can engage in any business as he pleases, as long as

Leo XIII in his Encyclical Letter wrote that in its work, "the Church must be credited with a watchful care over all classes of society, and especially those whom fortune has least favored." The reason is obvious. The rich can take care of themselves, while the poor need somebody's assistance. But of course while looking after the advantage of the working people we should not act in such a manner as to forget the upper classes of society. The wealthy are also of the greatest use in preserving and perfecting society. As has been explained, we are one body and co-important in the Mystical Body of Christ.

This evangelical aspect of democracy is the "missing link" of our modern democracy. And this can only be brought about by religion — by a return to God. Unless love dwells in the hearts of men there can be no democracy. Sad as it is, our present-day democracy have still a long way to attain perfection. Democracy today is still an ideal to be achieved, a hope to be fulfilled.

Take for example the United States, the "Father of Democracy." The citizens of the District of Columbia, roughly 800,000 in number, are not allowed to vote either in the national or municipal elections because of Negro majority. Is there equality in the participation of go-

(1) Maritain, *Scholasticism and Politics*, p. 68  
(2) Leo XIII, *Encyclical Letter, Christian Democracy*, p. 4.

(Continued on page 34)

# What Do You Think

Conducted by  
BUDDY B. QUITORIO

This issue, we shall refrain (as if we shan't) from harping about such shenanigans as nuclear fission, inflexible bras, Armi Kuusela, Kamlon and certain "vested interests." Grips, Not... we [guilt] dare not! Fission is much too out of this world. And speaking of, rather, gawking at inflexible bras is... (tee... hee). Armi Kuusela is a snazzy haymaker all right but Kamlon is (omigash!) awfully bloodshot. No soup, brudder. We're getting the heebie-jeebies. What about "vested interests"? We'll bite. What about? Aw, we'll rid out noodles of that jetsam. After all, who wants to lay eggs which can't be hatched? Okeh...

That still leaves us no less a humdinger to gurgle with than Imay Pecson's rumpus over her educational cadavers. So we've heard, she's mad as a wet hen at the yokels who mussed her bills. That goes for any Tom, Dick and Harry who has the nerve to oppose a woman's desires. We are warning you while nothing much has yet been swallowed up in a brannigan. When a dame lights a fuse, man, grab your belly and beat it!

Our good lady senator has shown an indefatigable concern for us underdogs especially in the field of education. Recently, she has sponsored a measure which restores a lost rung to elementary education. We most certainly agree that it's some gimmick which will work wonders in improving our standards. But we are not certain that you are game to this. Besides, we are not disrepute about Imay, either. You know, varium est mutabile semper femina...



Guido Lavin  
Liberal Arts

## ... About the Restoration of the Seventh Grade?

● **Consolación Greta Bibit**, College of Commerce, says: "Why, that's great! That's a frank approach towards the amelioration of the lot of elementary school children who have been treated like dirt, heaven knows whence. I can't say that those kids will scoot up to be wizards and geniuses. But I dare say that each proposition would give those children a chance to survive the rigors of high school. We have learned our lessons and must profit from it. The havoc wrought upon our educational system in terms of vituperations and denunciations as well as the



Cosmé Mirabueno  
ROTC Corps Commander

moral melancholia from which our younger brothers are suffering should be enough to addle our senses. Let's snap out of this puttering and get down to brass tacks."

● **Cosmé Mirabueno**, ROTC Corps Commander, says: "In favoring this proposal, I have no other consideration except that which is in regard to the employment of legions of teachers who are still pounding the streets. This, mind you, is no panacea to unemployment although it is fair to surmise that this plan will

relieve many jobless teachers of a lot of despair off their chests. If the government has enough moola to lavish on lame-ducks and political vampires, it should have no legitimate excuse for folding its arms while the poor unemployed teachers go to rot. Such a proposition is a down-to-earth solution to our educational muddle. It should be endorsed by the people."

● **Guido Lavin**, College of Liberal Arts, says: "Now, isn't that something? Personally I think it is an eye-opener and what's more, we are the ones to gain from that suggestion. But what have our legislators done? Politics, my foot! Everytime something worthwhile comes up, it quickly takes a header into the political quagmire. Let us face the facts. We cannot afford to simply close our eyes to the glaring defects of our educational system. The suggestion to restore the seventh grade is laudable, to say the least. It is worth more than all the bravado and hullabaloo that our legislators have handed out for public consumption. Well, public servants, shoot the works!

(Continued on page 29)



Consolación Greta Bibit  
Commerce

**C**LEVERNESS is an admirable quality, especially when it is done with no malice and no insincerity. But Misfortune is clever, too. Even more cruel and unkind. Some say it is the devil's creation. It comes just as everything seems fine. Some say it is the devil's creation, others say it may be the creation of his colleague and contemporary. In Kikoy's case it was neither of the two assumptions. It was his own creation.

The southeast monsoon had been blowing since sundown. The

By  
*Expedito Bugarin*

The wind kept whistling on the wires. Kikoy mused on the story of the old ones. He scoffed at the silly superstition. He promised to return safe to his wife and children. Only two days ago his wife remonstrated him not to go because of the rumors of hardships met by

traders—Japanese boats combed the seas and coastal towns while guerrillas in the interior were inordinately strict on passes carried by merchants. There were stories of several Boholanos, who after eluding the Japanese, were liquidated by the Army as spies. But Kikoy was undaunted. Many times he had been down in life but he came out head first.

To Kikoy came back the words he consoled his wife with, "Don't be alarmed, Isang. This is the last time, after this no more of this risky business." He assured his wife his safe return and with the enormous profit from his rice and corn he would settle down in peace and devote his life to his family and

*(Continued on page 32)*

**He was lucky until his streak of luck ran out on him, and then . . .**

"Matulin" with its sails bulging with the wind, sprightly ploughing the dark blue waters, curtsied gently as it nosed its way against every wave. Now and then this lightsea-raft would shake from the stern to the prow when waves rolled under its belly causing the outrigger to flap and squeak in the air. Already a handful of scattered stars were blinking faintly like tiny pin-points across the dusky sky. Far ahead was the dim crest of the mountain squatting in the murky horizon. Kikoy listened to the whistle of the wind plucking the long tight guy wires that held the outriggers. Something in its sound made him apprehensive. The old ones used to say that when the wind blowing the ship's guy wires sounds like the whistle of a lad wailing home in the darkness, whistling louder to drown the loud thumping of his frightened heart so that the spirits watching him in the dark might think him unscared, it means that a foreboding evil may come upon anyone of the crew.

Kikoy smiled at the thought. How can nature foretell man's misfortunes? It is true that in many physical phenomena nature can give unmistakable signs of subsequent occurrences. Cirrus clouds mean fine weather; cumulus clouds indicate an on-coming rain. Hot days mean cold evenings; the early chirping of crickets, a sunny day. But clouds and crickets act with the laws of nature. Unlike man they have no freedom. Man controls nature most of the time.



The Poor Jerk  
Has Got What It  
Takes To Be A  
Laughing-Stock

they want, I'll show 'em. Beginning tomorrow, I'm going to depart from this dog's life and crash into the literate world with such an impact, they won't know what hit 'em!

I'm going to read that dratted book till my eyes drop from their sockets. I'm going to stay up all night over that book and keep myself awake if I have to fight the entire mosquito populace in Cebu and run the coffee and aspirin trade out of business. I'm gonna cram myself with so much education, the Encyclopedia Britannica will just

have to splash me across page one in their latest edition, I'll... but enough of that.

Next morning, feeling like a crusader fighting for dear honor (or we might say, feeling like Don Quixote charging full tilt toward 'em windmills) I bade goodbye to Jerry Gray and Ralph Flanagan, Duke Ellington and Charlie Spivak, and Paul Weston and Xavier Cugat, reluctantly laid aside my crossword puzzles, made my last farewells to that movie magazine I just bought, surrendered the radio to my sister,

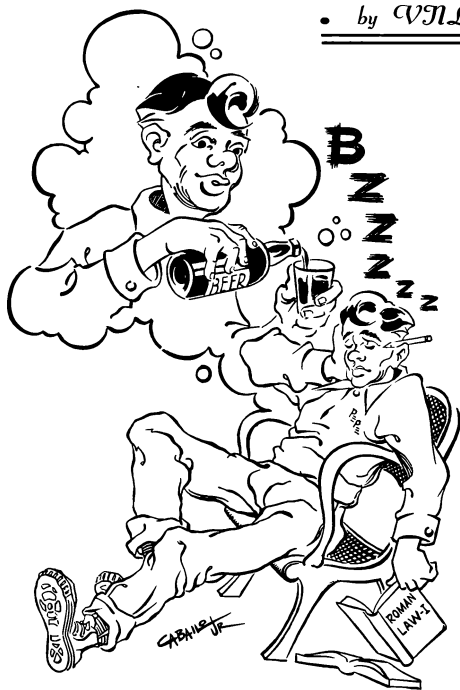
# Capitis Diminutio—Oh No!

• by VNL

IT ALL began one afternoon when the prof announced to the class that a new policy was in operation. In the College of Law, he said, elimination shall begin at the first year. It meant that we freshies simply had to show up and make good or we'd be advised, at the end of the semester, to take up goal-raising instead, or something. Then, horrors, he followed that upsetting announcement with a, *grrrr!*, recitation. And me with three consecutive stinkers! The only thing I desperately yearned for at the time was the prof's record book. What a thorough, careful, painstaking white-washing it'd get...!

As if through mind-reading or perhaps mental telepathy, the prof held up his record book and sardonically sneered, "Class, this is the most precious thing in the world for me. I won't sell it at any price to any of you." Psychic cymbals crashed in my ears. Roman rockets and Catherine wheels spun and exploded in my brain, the world went suddenly bright and then, more suddenly, blank; everything just burst inside. The world blue up in my face, I lay back in my seat limp, dazed, stunned, dumbfounded. AND THEN HE CALLED MY NAME! I stood up weakly, frantically scratched the back of my neck, and simply answered his questions with a series of idiotic "Aaaahhs."

The bell rang. Fifteen miserable minutes late. I was cooked again! Suddenly a new spirit came over me. Maddened, shamed, humiliated, enraged and resolute, I resolved to... o.k., o.k., if that's what



bid adieu to Jo Stafford and June Christy, blew the dust off my book... and embarked on what was intended to be a determined marathon cramming.

I settled down in a comfortable chair and announced to the household that I was not to be disturbed or else I switch to Jr. Normal, or something. They all looked at me, surprised, taken aback, delighted at the sudden change, unbelieving, wondering if a spell hasn't been cast on me or have I a fever, or something. Blandly, I announced, in the same spirit the prof did, that I was simply going to be the best damn law student the legal world will see, that elimination would start in the first year and so I'M GOING TO STUDY! In other words, don't send me to the baker's today, Ma, I'm going to assassinate this book.

From here on I shall be prepared for recitation everytime I set foot inside the classroom. They'll simply have to look up at me in wonder and admiration and envy. The prof will smile broadly and say, "Aaahh, what a guy" instead of "Ugh, what a moron!" The girls will sit up and take notice, and turn to their boyfriends and demand, "Why can't you be like him?" The guys will crowd around me and bombard me with praise and hero-worship. Maybe I can even open an account with the Coop!

I shall abstain from the pleasures of the world and the cinema, I shall desert the poolroom and the bowling alley, I shall nevermore touch the bottle and stick to milk; I shall only associate myself with Monresa and the Philippine Reports, with Capistrano and Padilla, Puno and Iturralde. Fare thee well, Frankie Laine! Adios, Abbe Lane! Au revoir, Mme. Giselle McKenzie, goodbye Kay Brown! I'm gonna lock myself in my room with Roman Law I and no rum whatsoever.

... And so I cuddled in an easy chair with Roman Law I. With a furious and determined concentration, I began to read... and read... and read.

Two pages later I was sound asleep, deep in the arms of Morpheus, happily wandering in the dream world of my slumber, basking in the pleasure of brand-new pool tables and shiny cues, entertaining tender, fat hamburgers and cold, cold beer; lost in the magic of the Pied Pipers and Tex Beneke and the Moonlight Srenaders, plowing through oodles of crossword puzzles... bzzzzzz bzz...

Recitation? Elimination? I shall sue for emancipation!!

● The University of San Carlos will long remember the twenty-first of August, 1952. And for the Jaycees this date will inscribe golden letters on their financial pages. It was on this eventful day when they formally launched Operation "Courtesy Week."

Courtesy is of supreme importance to the business world. Being one of the major ingredients in the human relations formula, without courtesy business practice will be dull and cold. Successful businessmen are convinced that courtesy, long taken for granted by the Silas Marner type of businessmen, should be a living thing, a part of our daily living, and not a mere theory.

## **COURTESY and Good Business**

Courtesy is a key to business success. It helps promote good labor relations, reduces unnecessary labor turnover. It adds personal satisfaction to performance. The tragedy of industrial disputes, the bickerings of class conflicts, or the bitterness of commercial rivalries could be avoided in many instances by little courteous words or acts. Strikes, undue spoilage, and personal violence could be averted if only somebody would be a little bit more considerate.

Where courtesy is a living part of the day-to-day business intercourse, there also exist broader sympathy and understanding. Congenial surroundings and pleasant relationship increase efficiency and quality in production. Between the employer and the employees, money is no longer the sole denominator of all human aspirations. The yardstick is no longer the peso. Money may buy a man's hour or service but beyond this, no more. What compels a laborer to exert the maximum of his ability is entirely non-financial in nature. It is the warm and cordial relationships fostered by such "small change" courtesies as hat-tipping or pleasant greetings, or the pre-facing of request with a "Please."

Nothing produces a more penetrating and effective influence in the give and take of business relationship than courtesy. In salesmanship, the pleasant smile, the flashing eye of animation, and the firm handshake of a man with something to sell overcome sales resistance. Compliments, when not too blatantly expressed, will serve to put a prospective buyer in an agreeable mood of mind and make him more receptive to what the salesman has to sell. Mothers are frequently won by compliments to their children; old people are pleased to be addressed "Sir"; and youths are tickled red if they are called "Mister."

Poise and polish, ease in saying and doing the right thing in the right way makes for advancement in business. The thousand and one niceties of courteous behavior contain an inexorable appeal. They create an atmosphere of understanding and friendliness. No one is immune to the magic effect of good manners. A pleasant greeting works wonder with the sweating "camineros", as with the President of the Philippines. Regardless of financial standing, whether they be men in silk or men in rags, people are drawn by the magnetic power of a courteous act.

If business is to profit from increased employee morale and worker cooperation, if it desires community patronage and customer acceptance, it must heavily invest in courtesy, the open-sesame of successful human relations.

# Look Here.

● Here is a sneak preview of authentic (straight from the corridors of this university) Carolinians of different varieties. Hear yell! Hear yell! Here is the greatest show of the season!

Here she comes... here she comes... the color-happy coed. She applies make-up like nobody's business, making of herself an ingenious replica of an African

witch doctor... wears red shoes... yellow dress printed with blue flowers... black belt... pink ribbon... painted dark-red nails. From distance she looks like an animated totem pole in technicolor!

The girl who comes to school geared up like a paratrooper. You know hanging bags weighing a ton... out-of-the-wall belt and buckle similar to those worn by Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers... shoes with heels to compete with the Empire State Building... five birthstone rings... an oversized watch... knitted shawl over her shoulders... bar pins as big as neon lights... wonder how they lug themselves around with such stuff!

The nationalistic and traditional-minded coed... hair dangling behind her shoulders a mile long... ooooooahhhhhh... puts on sandals or bakya... wears a dress styled way back in 1896 during the Cry of Balintawak!!! Keep up with the time girls, keep up with the time!

And now comes... Oh no! Yipes!... Good gawrsh!... The teen-ager... plaid-mad girl with her hair barbered down her skull... Bob... shingle... poodle... army cut... ala Ingrid Bergman. When she's behind you, a fine example of a plucked turkey behind and when she's in front of you, her head's a cabbage! Ouch!... hey, cut it out Alice... I didn't mean it... hee... hee... how... how... how...

And now comes some blah-blah on the masculine side... slick guy with his hair pomaded and glued on his head... used up five combs and three bottles of pomade in a single sitting... nearly strained his arm combing his hair... long sleeved shirts and expensive pants... puts on sunglasses which unfortunately has become a permanent thing to cover his go-go and tantalizing eyes... day and night... rain or shine... in the classroom... in church... in the toilet... in the bathroom... he just couldn't take off those goggles.

The Bogart or Widmark he-man type... bright-colored fancy shirt and the... rolled-up denim pants fit for the barn dance, hunting, mountain climbing and a rodeo.

The soldier-boy... knows better than to come to school in those drill-worn uniforms. During drill days, those suits become sweat-stained and skunk-smelling after three hours of military sunbath. The odor... Ugh! Phew!... Give me some air will you? Those fatigue uniforms... its aroma combined with the dugho in your seat can drown your appetite for learning... just try sitting besides these people and the classroom automatically becomes a third-class theatre with all the trimmings!

There are you... I... mean there are, folks... ladies and people... the blow by blow account of colored indians (or is it carolinians?)... who are... hmmm... wait a minute... see that group of ladies over there? Looks like a bunch of turkeys gobbling their heads off! Who do they think they are, owners of this university? This is not your house, girls, remember that... oh-oh... that guy... walks up and down the corridors... peeps into classrooms... thump-a-thumping on the floor as if he were the inspector or Director of Private Schools!!!

There he goes... there she goes... here I go... here I go... going... going... gone. You one of these people? Will you revolutionize and overhaul yourselves without having the satisfaction of pulverizing and murdering me? Now... now hold your temper... we are supposed to be human beings... hey, Alice!... put that ax down will you, huh?... Be a nnniceee girl... hey... heh... heh-heh... Alice... Whack! whiz! EEEeyowwww! Good gosh! This gal's a regular Geronimo!! Zap!... Shazam!... Stars... Mar!... doggone it... she's after my no-good scalp... so I better vamo or vanish, as the case maybe, and preserve my hollow coconut for the final exams... Bye.

# Junior!!

By NESTOR M. MORELOS

## ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING . . .

(Continued from page 7)

### ELECTRONICS IN MODERN LIFE

Electronics, the "Science of Tomorrow" is already here offering industrial and communication applications which are truly phenomenal. From research laboratories have come such amazing developments as high frequency heating, power system control, heating and air-conditioning control, printing, welding control, invisible rays, and countless uses. Innumerable new industries, made possible by electronics, beckon men of imagination and skill.

We are living in an electrical age—an age filled with 20th century wonders; and to the uninitiated, an age of magic. Not the black magic of olden times but "electronic magic." It is a magic born of infinitely small particles of negative electricity called electrons. These electrons are the most willing servants man has. They do a thousand tedious repetitive chores. They are also capable of spectacular achievements, as war has shown. For years we have been using electrons in broadcasting and television, X-ray tubes, in photoelectric cells, and in many other ways. The star performer of electronics in battles of the past war was undoubtedly radar. Ships and planes are now equipped with radar for safety and navigation. Electronic welding is now taking the place of riveting. As a scientific instrument the electron microscope is the most remarkable of all electronic devices. Theoretically, it can magnify up to 100,000 times. Electronics has already invaded the field of medicine. In the hands of a physician, the electronic tube is a valuable diagnostic and therapeutic tool. The electrical engineer has, in devising all these instruments, become the partner of the physician. Both physicians and electrical engineers are determined that the great growth expected in the field of medical electronics shall not be hampered. From the cradle to the grave, electrons will, in close alliance with all the other practices of medicine, give us new protection against disease.

All these matters are covered by the branch of science and engineering known as electronics. Its basic principles have come from physics and its applications from electrical engineering, and it deals with methods of freeing electrons with their subsequent behaviour and effects.

(Continued on page 16)



# ROTC



By  
Estratónico Añoño

# h a t t e r

### FIELD GLIMPSES:

... Moming is short, Rodriguez is short-short, Gustilo is shorter and I am the shortest. This will make good as opening lines to doggerel verse. But really there is a big gap between us in ranks although they say that we are ROTC Big Guns. Incidentally all of us four are ROTC Fraternity officers, and "Moming is short, Rodriguez is ... etc..." will also make a good introduction for a fraternity song.

### GREEN EYES:

... Going around the field on a Sunday morning my attention was attracted by a cadet Officer shouting at his men? "Get those GREEN EYES off me!" I thought there was among the cadets a foreigner from Green land or anyone from the zero meridian (Do they really have green eyes there?) just as we unexpectedly have our new brother Bill Bowler (with apologies to General Romulo's **Our Brother Americans**). Then he continued: "Don't look at me, I'm not handsome! Look three hundred yards straight to the front!" When I got nearer for a better scrutiny, I saw that he decidedly was not handsome and that the Company was composed of ROTC Greenies...

Cadet Oliver Racio of Baker Battery got the "blues" last Saturday afternoon when he was awarded five demerits for wearing an improper uniform. He confided that he slept awfully late the night previous, so that he became quite absent-minded the following day.

... Cdt. Lt. Colonel Eleno Ybañez the other week was beating his brains out looking for a sponsor-to-be. The Sponsors' presentation is booked as a September affair. He says he has no time to waste in seriously screening prospects in the library or among the luscious ranks of the College Pharmacy and Secretarial Department. But lately he



Cosme Mirabeño  
ROTC Corps Commander

found his Kaydette Adjutant from among the Volley-Belles. Yipee... yipee... extremely swell! Her name sounds like Villarosa or was it Villa Vendetta? Well, if I don't guess it right, it must be in between. No comment, fellows. But still the Corps Adjutant is low in spirits. Still worrying? Must be! For he is still looking for one more sponsor. Why? He is both the Ex-O and adjutant of the Corps.

### WHAT A GLARING MONOPOLY!

Many cadets here and there are all praises when speaking about their Corps Commander. Gossip... They really could not help but admire his goodness. Goodness begets goodness.

... When the men in the ranks see some cadet officers just a little half taller than their swords (with apologies to ...?), it surely encourages the former to take en-

(Continued on page 37)



Miss Luz Evangelista  
ROTC Corps Sponsor



# Campus Crats

by

DELIA SAGUIN

I'm back again folks, and here we go again chatting about Carolinians we could not help but call campuscrats.

Let's take PENGGOY, the announcer — broadly grinning at a certain lassie, who incidentally, had a bunch of luscious lanzones. I s'pose the gal knew what was behind Penggoy's grin, because in no time at all, the captain of Baker Battery (Penggoy that is) was allowed to accommodate himself with a handful. Guess what his comments was after slapping in a few? "Hey, these are awfully sour!" But then he hastily added, "I mean, er, can you give me some more?" Well, isn't it just like him. Of special interest are those shirts he dons, with socks to match.

LOURDES SEVERINO — the busy "little bee." Daytime finds her at the library, lording over tomes, and of nights she is busy poring over her accounting books. The most amazing thing about her is that she never shows signs of getting fagged out... the cute little dynamo.

RUDY RATCLIFFE, whose name fits him to a "T"... at first sight of this dashing young man, he seems to be aloof, or perhaps shy; but once you get to knowing him, well, you too will know just how chummy he is. Rudy has a younger sister at this university — ANNIE is her name. She's such a sweet, conscientious thing in her early teens [this explains her unassuming ways]. Brother and sister finished their high school at St. Peter's Academy... valedictorian and salutatorian no less. That's something to be proud of.

The initiations of the Kappa Lambda Sigma sorority caused a RIOT in the campus. The first of its kind in this university. Pretty co-eds became witches, murderesses, dopes, idiots, and morons, with huge signs pinned on them to identify them as such — among other things.

ROSITA TY, that sweet Pharmacie and the sorority's MOST EXALTED SISTER, invited screams and hilarious laughter from the onlookers, as, blindfolded, she was made to grope for an object on the floor. She got hold of a rubber lizard which, she thought was real. Did she scream, and while still at it, spaghetti worms were showered upon her. Although jittery through her experience, she passed her initiation unscathed.

Then there was that solemn wedding ceremony(?) of mamselle LUZ EVANGELISTA (Kappa Lambda's Exalted Sister and the ROTC Corps Sponsor, so a little bird told me) to monsieur FRANKIE NAVALES. It was solemnized by the "Reverend" CORAZON VELOSO, who sprinkled pure milk on the newlyweds. With her face plastered with "red paint," part of her hair covering her face, and an old rag for a veil, she was really something to see. Complementing the wedding ensemble was an overgrown flower girl suckling from a milk bottle... And this was no other than LOLLY O'KEEFE, who, an ordinary days is a faultlessly groomed, decorous young lady.

CLEMENS NEPUJOCENO — the murderess! Brother, did she look like one too... too bad Clem, I think you're stuck with that name for good.

The second initiation was even worse... what with the big sisters as bosses! Victim number one was TERESITA RIVERA, who had to take on the horrible form of some kind of witch or other. But you really didn't look like one Tit... you looked more like a baker, with his indispensable cap and

(Continued on page 33)

## RESEARCH

Research challenges men of imagination and skill, especially those who have finished a number of years of graduate study and practice. Within the past few years, investigation have been carried on in the following fields: theory of spark discharge, recombination of gaseous ions, meaning free flow of electrons and protons; direction of emission of photoelectrons from vapors; influence of intense electric fields on the photoelectric effect; and microwaves. A large research and development program is now being undertaken by the leading research centers of the world in the fields of radar and microwave techniques; gaseous conductions and atomic structures, servomechanisms, advanced network theory, automatic controls, and the effects of electric surges upon electrical apparatus. Fundamental research and development work on dielectrics, generation of high energy particles, generators in the several megavolt range, high-precision measurements of properties and effects of high energy particles, applications of mechanical methods of mathematical analysis therapeutic applications and missile guidance, are being emphasized. Certain aspects of nuclear energy, electronic computations and radio astronomy constitute another locus of research activity. The field of endeavor calls for a thorough knowledge of mathematics, physics, and electrical engineering. An advanced study of the subject is therefore necessary to carry a life's work of research.

## AWFUL EASY

The philosophy student had cornered a very pretty co-ed at a party and was, naturally enough, trying to impress her with his views on love, life, death, history, civilization and what-not.

"For instance," he was saying, "one trouble with modern society is that we are too specialized. Now, I happen to have a good background in the liberal arts, but I must confess that I haven't the faintest idea of how the radio works."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the wide-eyed co-ed. "It's awful easy. You just turn the knobs and it plays."

# ALUMNI CHIMES

Edited by Alberto Morales  
Alumni Editor

## ALUMNOTES

### BRONZE STATUE OF ST. CHARLES ARRIVES

Through this column, the University Administration and the USC Alumni Association officers jubilantly announce to all alumni the arrival last September 5 of the much-awaited statue of St. Charles Borromeo. The life-size statue was molded in bronze in Italy at a cost of about P2500, to be paid out of USCAA funds. It will grace the main lobby of the Administration Building.

It may be recalled that the purchase of the statue was prompted by the desire of the association's members to donate some enduring gift to the Alma Mater. A cursory survey of USC halls will also reveal the absence of any image of St. Charles. After all, this university was founded and so named in his honor.

According to Prexy Jesús P. Garcia, the unveiling ceremony has been set for November 4, feast day of St. Charles. He further said that every blue-blooded Carolinian must be on hand not only to witness the said rites but also to take active part in the annual election of officers scheduled on the same date. So, all alumni, REMEMBER THE FOURTH—a red-letter day for you.

### ALUMNI FLOCK TO GRADUATE SCHOOL

Because a BSE degree nowadays is apparently no guarantee for sure-fire employment, and partly because of the desire of in-service teachers to broaden their professional outlook, about 35 alumni are currently enrolled in the USC Graduate School.

For the information of USCAA members intending to pursue their Master's degree, San Carlos U is offering two post-graduate courses: M.A. in English and M.A. in Education. New dean of the Department is Rev. Rudolph Rahmann, S.V.D., Ph. D.

### DELANA NAMED CAST FACULTY MEMBER

Miss Milagros Delana, BSE '52 magna cum laude, was recently designated  
(Continued on page 32)

## Do you know that..

If you have a shindig in the offing, you can count on several brother alumni in the Cebu Royal Plant for your soft and hard drinks? **Kingling Ceidran**, who wanted to be a lawyer before he sidetracked into the sales business, is second top man in the sales department. For **Roland Tan**, who is also employed there as Coca-cola supervisor, the tables seemed to have turned, considering that in high school, he used to give his teachers the run-around. And if you recall the San Carlos version of that great tragedy, "Dr. Faust," "Tanic" sprouted wings and appeared as an angel. In that same play, "Gretel" was aptly portrayed by **Roque Aviles**, another SMB man. Supervisor on the Tru-Orange route is **Boy Jurado**. The special events' department is run by **Ben Monzon** and **Andrew Deen**, that gin-loving character. On the road are route salesmen **Itong del Mar**, **Carling de la Rosa** (formerly with DYBU), **Andy Avila**, **Boy Ybanez**, **Eddie Sanz**, **Ramón Blanch**, et al. Finally, there's **Tony Tumalak**, the perennial playboy, who handles the SMB advertising section down at Cagayan de Oro.

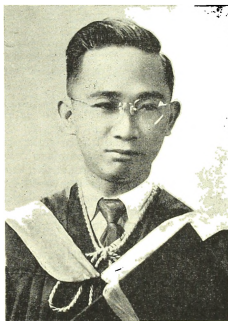
**Jo Gabuya**, one-time feature ed of this mag, will soon be kissing her bachelor days good-bye? From what we gathered from the grapevine, the lucky groom-to-be is an NBI investigator, and that the Big Day has already been set. Kudos, in advance, Jo.

**Mrs. Max Dee** (nee **Leonor Delgado**) gave birth to a bouncing baby boy last June? "Guy" Leonor hasn't decided yet what to name him but if Max would have his way, **David Brian** is as good a monicker as any. What about brother **Mario, Guy?** Still on the loose?

**Mrs. Trinidad B. Regner** (Nene to you) has just come home from a two-month sojourn in good old USA? Her itinerary reads like a  
(Continued on page 32)

## ALUMNI Ass'n.

### Know An Officer of the Alumni Association



Mr. FRANCISCO T. DELIMA  
Auditor, USC Alumni Association

That people cannot be judged by their physical stature but by their achievements rings true with diminutive Francisco T. Delima. A self-made man, he launched his business career in 1945 as assistant cashier-clerk of the USC high school and elementary departments and found himself today one of the accountants of the Shell Co. of P. I., Ltd. In recognition of his accounting "know-how" and dependability as a worker, the Company is sending him to Manila in the immediate future for further specialized training.

In 1949, after finishing his BSC course in USC, "loco" went to Manila for greener pastures — reviewing for the CPA examinations. He subsequently passed the test in 1950, taking second place among the USC examinees.

Aside from juggling figures and bills, he teaches in one of the local universities. He also has a lucrative part-time practice under the name: F. T. Delima and Associates, Certified Public Accountants.

Queried as to why he has not started "go-date-ing" that other "figure," he says, "I'm really contemplating on getting hitched soon if..." Yes, if he meets the right life-partner. Good hunting, Frankie!



# SPORTS Round-up

By "TOMMY" ECHIVARRE  
Sports Editor

## ON THE CCAA OPENING:

Once again, the Eladio Villa Memorial gym groomed up and wore its Sunday best to greet the surging crowd of hoop-maniacs from the different nooks of the city and usher them to its cozy (?) benches to witness the year's most popular entertainment.

The opening formalities of the cage wars were brief. The usual marchings and prancing of the athletes around the hardwood court; the oath-taking, solemnized by PAAF representative Salustiano Virolanda; the pep talks delivered by CCAA president Father Jesús Solares of the Colegio de San José; then, the race for loop supremacy began!

Four major incidents characterized the basketball hoopla that day: First, the welcoming of the Cebu City Colleges spheroid team to the CCAA; Second, the comeback of the University of the Visayas after lifting their one-year suspension which was due on August 10; Third, the strange absence of the school bands that would have added much din and clangor to the games; and fourth, the much-stranger absence of cheering squads that would have supplied all the fan-lare and merry-makings to make things fine and dandy.

As curtain-raisers, the CIT and CCC Juniors started their warpath. Both teams were eye-openers, hard-driving and dead-eyes on the basket. Eventually at the end of the game, CCC was holding the long end of the stick.

Next on the junior ranks to fight it out, were the Sto. Niño Calves and the Carolinian junior spitfires. Our Juniors had a bad and a wet weekend after they gave away their first round bid by losing to the Augustinian lads with a single count. They left the gym "bloody but unbowed" amidst rousing

cheers, but still, they gave no ear to their fans and instead vanished from there with sour faces. They are the underdogs this year. Better luck, next time kiddoes!

The stellar attractions of the night were rather dull as the USP Panthers buried the UV Skyscrapers nose-deep and the CSJ Stallions upsetting the SWC Commandos in an uphill battle.

## USC TOPPLES CCC, 51-53

The Boys got their first taste of cage battle. But it didn't taste good. As a matter of fact, a throng of cage fans had to gasp for Eladio Villa air when they saw the Carolinians losing their lame as the "highest scoring team of 1951-52," via their tussle with the Cebú City Colleges Scalpers. People who saw the game with red faces after seeing one of their prime favorites and the defending champions at the same time nearly got scalped by a newcomer.

The game had a dull start until the third quarter. The Scalpers opened up the first frame with Llamoso leading the attack. But the Boys were not to be caught napping. Skipper Rudy Jakosalem, the core of the USC powerhouse, woke up from a three-minute beauty sleep and began to burn the cords piling slowly point after to catch up in the first shrill of the whistle an early seven-point lead, 15-8. The next quarter was purely psychological in effect. Coach Baring tried to pull the wool over CCC's cage mentor Navarro by sending in his second stringers. The damage done was not so heavy; for the second five, taking advantage of the staggering defenses of the White Gold lads, failed to put in seventy per cent of their attempts. "Uncle" Arche of the Green and Goldies spearheaded this canto with a six-point rally. The time-keeper's whis-

tle sounded off the second quarter and found the boys still holding the lead with a 31-20 count. The expanding margin on Intermission time made people walk out of the game on the mistaken thought that the next two frames would be slaughter time. But they were wrong. The turn of the tide found the USC squad struggling in shallow waters by a spectacular shooting spree by Llamoso and Enriquez of the CCC tribe. "Tentacles" Sagardui and grease-loot Dionaldo, sensing the surge of the rally hurried out for artillery support with "Ammo Man" Morales leading the duo. Third quarter ended with the Green Goldies still holding the long end, 46-35. Then the real fun begun!

The start of the final round was filled with nerve-racking suspense. Martin Echivarre began to lose control over the backboards and Morales started spilling "Ammo" to Sagardui and Diosdado. Jakosalem's shots failed to hit its usual mark. Arche and Rubi began to lose their knowledge of basketball Scriptures and were called successively by the court arbiters on technical errors. Scalper Llamoso notice the change of team-play by his opponents also varied his. He succeeded in trimming USC's lead to a hair-raising score of 46-49 capitalizing on captain Jakosalem's successive fouls on him. "Shooting-arm" Dionaldo worsened the situation after he was benched for having swelled up his personal quota of fouls. "Tentacles" Sagardui pawed out a foul on Enriquez while the latter was making his carpet shot. The attempt went in and was good for two points. The foul shot awarded to him was also credited with a single point thereby knitting the score at 50-all! Sagardui then forced in a semi-hook shot near the bucket-area and was fouled by

(Continued on page 29)

# Pictorial Section



● THE 1952-53 USC VARSITY TEAM  
 Kneeling (left to right): Avaristo Sagardui, Martin Echarre, Amado Rubi, Rodolfo Jakosalem (captain), Royrino Morales, Antonio Sagardui. — Standing (same order): Rev. L. W. Bunzel (Athletic Director), Tomás Echarre, Carlos Alvarez, Faustó Archie, Tiburcio Omas-a, Serafin Sestoso, Jesús Cui, Vicente Dionaido, Manuel Baring (Coach).

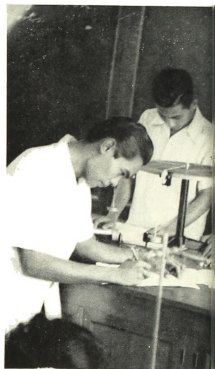
● The administrative officers and the legislative Board of Directors of the Chinese Students Association of the University of San Carlos: seated (left to right): Salud Chiong, Helen Yap, Julieta Sun, Lourdes Lim, Lourdes Ang, Calisto Lu, Fr. Peter Tseo, S.V.D, Alexander Tan, Filomena Chiu, Juanita Lim, Victoria Wong, Victoria Yee, Magdalena Lim. — Standing (same order): George Guy, Thomas Lim, Jerome Lim, Robert Uy, Sima Chan, Peter Gotianuy, Augusto Gotianuy and Jesus Go.





**CAROLINIANS ALL, minus Mama.** — Atty. Bonifacio M. Yuson, (Justice of the Peace of Mandawa) Professor of the USC College of Law, takes pride having eight of his children studying in the University of San Carlos. *Front row:* Jesus (II High), Luzviminda (Grade IV), Vitellito (Grade III), Jonathan (Grade II), Velma (Grade I), Luis (Grade VI). — *Back Row:* Antonio (IV High), Papa Yuson, Mama Yuson (nee Nemesia Cabatingan), and Bonifacio Jr. (IV High).

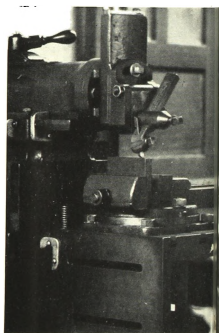
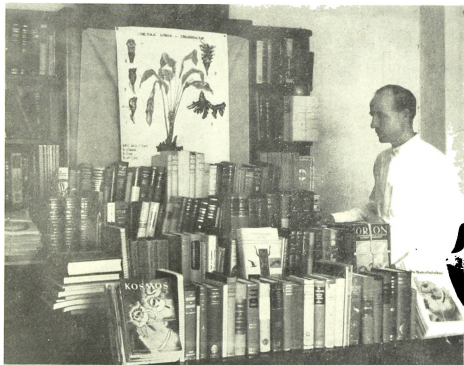
 L I



Some Engineering lads busy with (left to right): José Llanes, Félix A.

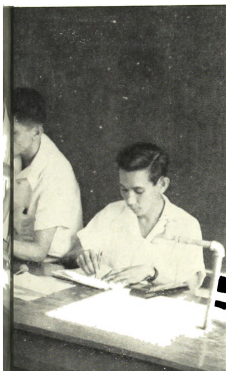
  W i t h i n

Rev. Enrique Schoenig, SVD, with some of the 180 Biology books he brought along when he came back from the U. S. to rejoin the USC Faculty.



Rev. Hermann Schablitzki, SVD, of the many tools in the Engineering

# F E



Students in the Physics class. They are Rodolfo Puerto, Jeffrey Gonzalez.



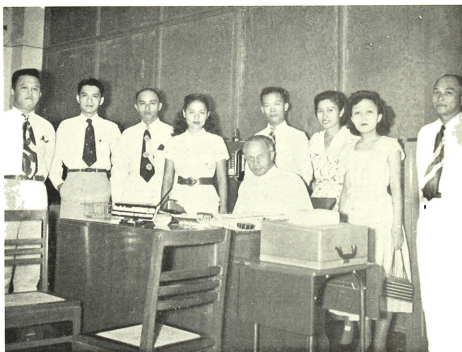
Student work with a planing machine, one of the shops.



Salud Jorgia (left) and Alma Valencia (right) are taking just "fundamentals" in physics, but they precisely constitute the foundation for further knowledge in the realm of Physics. Father Richartz gives proper advice.

# The U.S.C.

USC Jaycees' Officers paying a visit to Very Rev. Fr. Rector in his office. From left to right: Jerome Lim, Prof. Rafael Ferreros, Moderator, Fructuoso Lumbré, Violeta Saguin, Father Rector, Jesús Go (president), Misses Amparo Rodil and Lilia Cabatingan, instructors, and Antonino Tancinco (vice-president).





### Our Femmes

• DOLORES P. ROMERO

- Loay, Bohol
- October 14th, 1928
- Education IV
  - Magazines, Ping-Pong
  - Charming & Conscientious
  - Regular church-goer
  - Quondam PMT Sponsor

VICTORIA T. ABAD •

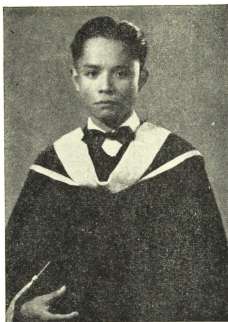
- Cebu City •
- April 12 •
- Commerce II •
- Bowling, collecting pins and pencils from different schools •
- Queenly and most dignified •
- Beauteous and brainy •
- Most worthy Carolinian •



Barrio Queen Lilia (Tobes) and Consort (Carolina Orbe) pacing towards the throne...

to be crowned as Barrio Fiesta Queen (See story — inside back cover).





Mr. VICENTE DELFIN  
President, Lex Circle

## Graduate School

### ● Facilities for Anthropology Studies Bolstered

For effective work in the Graduate School, Rev. Father Rahmann announced that a larger number of monographs on the non-Christian tribes of the Philippines were ordered and have been completed. The study of the non-Christian tribes of the Philippines is essential to the proper understanding of the anthropology of the Philippines.

Another important item for the course which arrived are works on general cultural anthropology authored by outstanding American scholars. These latest items are bolstering the facilities for study in the Graduate School.

### ● More Shipments Expected

A fairly large shipment of books on Austrian, German, Italian, and Swiss Folklore, richly illustrated, is expected to arrive soon. They concern the following branches of folklore: methodology, history, arts (including music and dance), house building, religious and social customs, etc. Special mention is due to the *Atlas of Swiss Folklore*, which comprises sixteen parts. The Spanish works, which are of first-class standard, are included in the list. It is hoped that the Graduate School student will make good use of them.

One more item due soon from Europe is a tape recorder. It will serve the Graduate School in the making of phonographic reproductions of folktales, folksongs, etc...

## College of Law

### ● Monthly Mass For Law Students

Dean Fulvio C. Peldex of the law school recommended to the Regent that a holy mass be said for the law students once a month. The Regent, in turn, suggested that the matter be discussed in the convocation of law students.

In the convocation which was held later, presided over by LEX CIRCLE President Vicente Delfin, it was agreed and decided that the holy mass for law students be said at 7:00 o'clock every second Sunday of each month at the university chapel.

It is believed that with the College of Law taking the initiative, other colleges and departments will follow the lead in order to enhance the proper religious spirit among their students.

### ● Lex Circle Elects Officers

In a hotly-contested election of officers of the Lex Circle (1952-1953), an organization composed of

all students of the USC College of Law, which was held some time in the month of August, Mr. Vicente Delfin, a rebel candidate for president, came out 6 votes ahead of his closest rival, Mr. Emilio B. Aller, the seniors' standard bearer. Mr. Cándido Jumapao, another candidate who also lost in the senior convention, but who also insisted on running, came out a poor third; while the juniors' candidate, Mr. Joaquin Chunga, Jr., was the tail-ender.

There was a three-cornered fight for the vice-presidential chair and Mr. Roland Lucero came out victorious. The other officers elected were: Miss Esperanza Fiel, Secretary; Mrs. Trinidad B. Regner, Treasurer; Messrs. Emilio Lomuntad Jr. and Gil Vergara, Representatives to the Student Council; Messrs. Napoleón Mabaquiao and Basilio Agaravante, Sergeants-at-Arms; and Mr. Vicente N. Lim, PRO.

The election was supervised by the law professors. Four students were assigned as "poll clerk," while the professors themselves served as members of the board



RAFAEL A. FERREROS  
President of the University of San Carlos, Faculty Club

Former, businessman, manager of The Equitable Insurance & Casualty Co., Inc., Cebu Branch, executive of the La Be & La Ym Corporation, director and liaison officer of the Cebu Chamber of Industries, Head of the Department of Business Management, College of Commerce, University of San Carlos.



Five of the first girl Carolinians (1940) take time out for a pose after chatting about the "good, old days." From left to right: Miss Lourdes Gandiongo, Miss Avellina A. Zocarias, Mrs. Asunción Díaz Bondafan, Miss Carmen A. Zocarias, Miss Maria Ten.

of inspectors. The whole affair was closely observed by Rev. Father Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, and Atty. Fulvio C. Paldez, Regent and Dean of the College of Law respectively.

#### ● Lex Circle Holds Annual Shindig

The 1951 USC successful barristers headed by Attys. Pablo P. Garcia and Fortunato Valloces, who featured in a record-breaking feat, were honored by a reception and ball held last September 13, 1952, at the Club Filipino by the USC Lex Circle. Dean Fulvio C. Paldez, as well as the members of the law faculty were the driving force behind the affair. All the different committees put up their shoulders together to make the festivity a success.

Highlights of the night's affair were the induction ceremonies of the officers of the Lex Circle and those of the different class organizations. The oath of office was administered by a judge of the Court of First Instance of Cebu.

The Very Rev. Father Rector Albert van Gansewinkel, SVD, Law Regent Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, and other invited guests were present.

#### ● College of Law Holds Seminar

The USC College of Law is currently holding weekly seminars which started Thursday, August 7,

1952, and every Thursday thereafter until October 30. Thirteen students were given a topic each to defend by Father Regent Bernard Wrocklage, SVD.

The following is the schedule of topics and the students defending each: *Mystical Body and Leadership*, Johnny Mercado; *Communist Teaching Methods*, Buddy Quitorio; *Democracy, a Fact or Ideal?*, Manuel Trinidad (printed in this issue); *Unearth Plans for Freemasonry*, Estratónico Afano; *Morals and Politicians*, M. Aranas; *Goal of Our Economy*, Expedito Bugarin; *Are Catholics Militant?*, Esperanza Fiel; *Adopt Capital Punishment?*, S. Fernández; *Wealth, a Handmaid of Politics*, Virgilio Labarria; *Is Peace the Absence of War?*, Gloria Kintanar; *Separation of Church and State*, Noli Cortel; *False Freedom, a Sell Killer*, V. Lim; *Popular Religious Instruction*, Johnny Borromeo.

#### ● To Hold Oratorical Contest

All students of the College of Law have been invited to participate in an oratorical contest to be conducted by the department, according to Father Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, Regent of the College of Law. Each participant is made to choose any subject he wishes provided it would not take him more than ten minutes to deliver. Around twenty entries have been submitted so far.

Father Wrocklage, when queried, revealed that it is an essential requisite for a would-be lawyer to be able to speak eloquently. As future leaders of our country's politics and society, he continued, they must be able to deliver the goods with great effectivity. The elimination round will be held on September 19 and 25 after which six will be chosen for the final public performance to be held at the USC Quadrangle on October 31, 1952. The Board of Judges will be composed of outsiders and medals will be awarded to the winners.

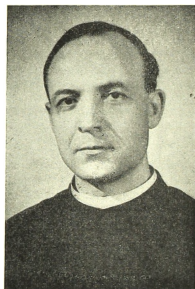
Father Graisy's symphony orchestra and Choir will make its debut on occasion by furnishing the intermission numbers.

## College of Liberal Arts and Sciences

#### ● Father Schoenig Appointed Dean of Religion

Rev. Father Enrique Schoenig, SVD, M.S., (Notre Dame University), who concurrently heads the Biology department, is appointed Dean of Religion. His appointment was announced by the Very Rev. Father Rector on Sunday, September 7th.

Father Schoenig who just returned from the U.S., where he took up higher studies, had a most propitious opportunity to observe and to study the religious life and activities at Notre Dame, that Catholic University par excellence. He will try to introduce new religious activities for San Carlos, give added enthusiasm for the observance of current



Rev. ENRIQUE SCHOENIG, SVD  
Dean of Religion

practices availing, and pattern them after what he observed at Notre Dame.

His new job consists mainly in synchronizing religious instruction in USC, coordinating all religious activities, and organizing new religious fraternities so as to effect a more truly Catholic atmosphere in our school. He will also devote much time to the counselling of students on personal problems which may perturb them.

#### ● **Biology Dept. Receives 180 New Books**

Some 180 new volumes of very valuable books have been added to the already long list of books in the different branches of Botany, Physiology, Zoology, and Pharmaceutical sciences. They have arrived recently from the U.S.

All these books were purchased or acquired by Rev. Father Enrique Schoenig while he was still in the U. S. pursuing his higher studies in Notre Dame University. They have been selected and considered as the best available, because they have been written by competent authorities on their respective fields.

Special mention ought to go to "The Wealth of India" in five volumes. It is an encyclopedia of the natural resources, the raw materials and the industrial products of India. It is of utmost importance in Horticulture, Agriculture, and Commerce. In fact it is the only work of its kind in the Far East. The foremost authorities in the field of Botany, Agriculture, and Commerce are responsible for its compilation.

Another valuable addition is "Leaflets of Philippine Botany," by A.D.C. Elmer (\$100.00). It is about the only complete work in its field, written by one of the most outstanding authorities on P. I. Botany.

Bulletin 100, of the Smithsonian Institute, U.S. National Museum, is another great addition to the Biology library. This Bulletin is entitled *Contributions to the Biology of the Philippine Archipelago and Adjacent Regions* and consists of fourteen volumes. It is a priceless scientific book, for it is the only comprehensive work on the Marine Biology of the Philippines.



The acquisition of these numerous books will make it possible to offer new courses and to do added research work in various fields.

#### ● **Biology Department Holds Seminars**

Greatly encouraged by the recent appointment of Rev. Father Enrique Schoenig, SVD, as head of the Biology Department, College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the instructors of the department got together and petitioned him to organize seminars discussing topics and problems confronting them in the effective teaching of their subjects. Fr. Schoenig acquiesced and a Seminar in Biology was initiated.

It was thereafter planned to hold seminars twice a month for all Biology instructors and teachers of both college and high school levels. Faculty members are assigned specific subjects for study and research. During each seminar a topic is ex-

tensively discussed after the Faculty member assigned to do research and study on it reads his scientific paper before the others.

The aims of the seminars are to effect a closer cooperation among Biology teachers and instructors: It is also aimed at creating interest in common problems and the recent developments of science. Furthermore it is believed that the holding of seminars both encourages and forces instructors to read and study more assiduously scientific publications, magazines and books which might help them teach their subjects more effectively.

The first meeting was held on August 29th. The topic for discussion, as read by Father Schoenig himself, dealt on "Body Size and Metabolism." The second meeting took place on September 12th. Miss Milagros Urgello, B.S. Pharm., read her paper, "The Uses of Chlorophyll and Cellulose in Medicine and Industry."

#### ● **Liberal Arts Coed Says "I DO"**

Wedding bells chimed anew when Edwina Rivera, of the College of Liberal Arts, and Ricardo Carrido, of the College of Commerce, said "I DO" to each other last August 30, at 5:30 in the morning in the Santo Rosario Church of Cebu City. Rev. Father Lawrence W. Bunzel, SVD, Vice-rector and Dean of Education, solemnized the marriage.

The union marks another addition to the roster of Carolinians who have decided to middle-aside it for better or for worse. The bride is a third year student of the College of Liberal Arts, and the bridegroom is currently taking a review course in Commerce preparatory to bidding for the CPA exams.

### College of Commerce

#### ● **Courtesy Week Celebrated**

Practice of courtesy as essential in successful human relations and in the development of the so-called distinctive mark of the Carolinian was the campaign theme launched during the courtesy week drive sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of this university which wound up last August 27 this year.

Various features marked the courtesy week observance including



Mr. and Mrs. RICARDO CARRIDO



Mr. JESUS GO  
President, USC Jaycees



● **Mull Plans For  
Official Organ**

Preliminary plans have been mapped out to publish a magazine which will serve as official organ of the USC College of Commerce. It is projected to be a pictorial review which will feature the activities of USC Junior Chamber of Commerce.

It is also planned that the official organ may print articles pertaining to business, written by top-ranking national and international economists, bankers and leading businessmen.

● **Commerce Coed Elected  
President of the YLAC**

Pretty Mercedesita N. Borrromeo, a junior coed majoring in Business management in the USC College of Commerce was elected president of the Cebu Unit of the Young Ladies' Association of Charity (YLAC) last July 20. Miss Borrromeo, is at present employed as a secretary in the law offices of Borrromeo-Yap-Borrromeo, a firm headed by her father, Justice Fortunato Borrromeo. Prior to this she held a secretarial job first in the Allied Motors, Inc., then in the Chinese Consulate in Cebu.

The management board of the YLAC, a charitable group remarkably active in the field of free Catholic education, is at present in the hands of Carolinians to a large extent. Miss Adelaida Palomar, the YLAC secretary, is a USC law student. Miss Josefina Cabatingan, the treasurer, is a USC Commerce graduate. Miss Angelita N. Borrromeo, the assistant treasurer is, like her



Miss MERCEDESITA N. BORRROMEO  
President of the YLAC, Cebu City Unit.

sister Mercedesita, studying in the USC where she is enrolled in the graduate school. Violeta Saquin, the assistant secretary, is a senior coed in the USC College of Commerce. Among the junior matrons elected as advisers are Mrs. Rosario Avila de Veyra, an instructor in the USC College of Education, and Mrs. Trinidad Alvarez Morelos, who is taking courses in the USC graduate school.

## College of Education

● **To Sponsor 6th Annual  
Declamation Contest**

The seniors of the College of Education will sponsor the 6th annual declamation contest to be definitely held at the USC Quadrangle on Sunday, October 5th, 1952, it was learned from Mr. Alfredo Ordoña, assistant dean of the department. This traditional literary affair will be participated in by all colleges and departments of this university, and prizes will be awarded to the three best declaimers.

This affair is expected to be a hotly-contested one as each participant will try his level best to out-speak the others. During the last

a convocation program which climaxed the occasion with Very Rev. Father Rector Albert van Gansewinkel, SVD, as guest speaker who gave strong emphasis on the practice of good manners particularly between students and instructors. He also touched on courtesy in letter writing. He concluded his address stressing that "with your hat in your hand you pass through your land." Father Rector was introduced in the program by Father William Cremer, SVD, Regent of the USC College of Commerce.

Orderliness prevailed during the celebration. USC Management Head Rafael Ferreros brought the week's drive to a successful end. Even the rain failed to dampen the spirit of Carolinians who kept courtesy week properly.

Earlier, Jesus Go, president of the organization, opened the convocation with an address outlining the aims and objectives of the drive and its importance to commerce students along their lines.

Other highlights of the program were a ballet dance by Miss Victoria Yae, vocal solo by Senen Catingub and "Mananquete Dance," performed by a selected group of students under Miss Miquela Martin.

two years the College of Commerce declaimers stole the show as they romped away practically with all the prizes in their honor.

Of special significance is the fact that the previous winners are now holding good jobs. Mrs. Grace Uy (nee Grace Silao) is teaching English and Dramatics at the Baybay Provincial High School, Baybay, Leyte. Miss Esmeraluna Lepasana (from the College of Liberal Arts) is teaching English at a college in Tacloban, Leyte; Miss Teresita Blanch is a flight attendant of PAL; Miss Virginia Peralta, Messrs. Delfin Pengson and Expedito Bugarin are connected with the DYRC and DYBU as announcers.

#### ● *Seniors Off For Maribago*

The would-be class-room teachers called a time-out on their daily grind and proceeded to Maribago on Mactan Island last September 14th to spend a day of sightseeing, fun and frolic. The excursion was both educational and recreational.

Mr. Alfredo Ordoña, adviser of the senior class organization headed the excursionists. The majority of the seniors went bathing at the historical Maribago beach resort, while the rest spent the day taking pictures. An impromptu program was held in the afternoon after which they returned to the city.

### College of Engineering

#### ● *Latest Equipments From U. S. For E. E. And M. E. Studies Arrive*

Rev. Father Philip van Engelen, SVD, Regent of the College of Engineering, announced the arrival of equipments and gadgets, which is conservatively estimated to cost some \$12,000.00 (P24,000.00), from the United States. The equipments that arrived include 3 Diesel engines; 2 kerosene engines; 1 steam engine, 1 turbine engine, 1 boiler, while the gadgets include resistors, flow meters, vibration-type-frequency meters, multi-range ammeters and voltmeters, pressure gauges, sensitive relays, etc.

The recent arrivals will be added to the already many gadgets and equipments which the department has. These will all be made avail-



able for the exclusive use of students taking electrical and mechanical engineering since the university has already a power plant which is currently being utilized to provide light to the different USC buildings. The power shop and workshop are taking shape under a competent instructor.

#### ● *Engineering Department has Unique Experimental Machine*

The College of Engineering has in its possession an experimental machine which is the only one of its kind in the Philippines, Father Philip



Rev. PHILIP VAN ENGELEN, SVD  
Regent of the College of Engineering

van Engelen disclosed recently. It is a 3-set model with which one can make all kinds of electric motors and generators. One set is sufficient to be converted into 134 different models of electrical machineries. Each motor and generator will be completely built by the students them-

selves. These are all accessible thereby allowing the students to have a thorough inspection and observation of each experimental machine. It is the same kind of equipment being used in West Point.

Meanwhile, a contest is being sponsored by the Department, open to all third-year electrical engineering students of USC, to design a switch-board. To foster their interest, a prize will be awarded to the best design.

Father van Engelen also averred that the USC power plant has an automatic stand-by machine which starts and stops without anybody attending it. In case of failure on the part of the power plant to function, the machine could still keep the university clocks functioning until such time when the current goes on again. It takes care of outside illumination and emergency lighting throughout the USC many buildings.

#### ● *Engineers Enroll in USC*

Engrs. Anastacio Toralba (BSEE) and Ernesto Estrella (BSEE), both graduates of the Mapúa Institute of Technology, and currently instructors of the College of Engineering, are furthering their studies in Mechanical Engineering. Engrs. Virgilio Negapatan (BSEE, Mapúa), Casing Sancho (BSEE, CIT), and Orlando Malana (BSEE, CIT), are also enrolled in the Mechanical and Electrical departments respectively.

#### ● *Ruiz Bolsters Architecture*

Mr. José B. Ruiz, an architect in a local construction Company, is the latest addition to the Engineering Department. It may be recalled that Mr. Ruiz, a graduate of UST, once placed second in the Board Examinations for Architects.

### Miscellaneous

#### ● *Father Lazo Heads Girls High*

Rev. Father José V. Lazo, SVD, who was until recently working in the Espiritu Santo Parish, Manila, took over the position vacated by Rev. Edward Norton, SVD, when the latter left for the United States to pursue higher studies. He is the

new director of the USC Girls' High School.

Father Lazo hails from Cagayan Province. He finished his studies in Christ the King Mission Seminary, SVD, in Quezon City and was ordained priest in 1942. He was then sent to Pinamalayuan, Oriental Mindoro. After liberation, the energetic



Rev. JOSE V. LAZO, SVD  
Director of USC Girls' High School

priest, with two other priests, was responsible in establishing from the war ruins the first post-war Catholic high school in Mindoro, and named it "Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy."

Quered as to what his policies are, he said he is going to try his best to maintain the high standard of the school.

#### ● USC Chinese Students' Organization

The annual general meeting of the USC Chinese Student Association was held last July 27th, for the purpose of electing new officers for the current school year. After the usual "yeas" and "nays," the following got themselves elected: Calixto Lu Jr., president; Alexander Tan, George Guy, Lim Ka Sian, Elena Tio, vice-presidents; Lim Suy An, English sec.; Edna Lim, Chinese sec.; Victoria Lee, Engl. sec. of Public Relations; Julieta Sun, Chinese sec. of Public Relations; Chan Sima, comptroller chairman and general treasurer; Victoria Wong, Gloria Tan, Juanita Lim, Philip Go, assistant treasurers; Felisa Lao, Thomas Lim,

Magdalena Lim, William Uy, comptrollers; Peter Go, auditor.

On August 31, a meeting of the Board of Directors was called by President Lu in order to discuss the future activities of the organization. Items on the agenda taken up in the said meeting were: 1. A program of activities for the Double-Ten anniversary. 2. An excursion to be held in the near future. 3. The initiation of a charity fund drive for the Carmelite nunnery in Mabolo.

Moving spirit and guiding hand of the association is its adviser, Rev. Father Peter Tsao, S.V.D.

#### ● Kappa Lambda Sigma Sorority Organized

All the female population in the USC collegiate departments who have average individual ratings of at least 85% (2) in their academic subjects, formed themselves into a sorority and named it the KAPPA LAMBDA SIGMA. Each would-be member goes through a series of initiations.

After the first initiation rites, the following officers were elected: *Most Exalted Sister*, Teresita Serra Ty; *Exalted Sisters*, Luz Evangelista and Patricia Kriekenbeek; *Most Trusted Exchequer*, Carmencita S. T. de Montescalros; *Trusted Exchequers*, Erlinda Pérez and Paz Chua; *Keeper of the Records*, Brenda Esmero; *Keeper of the Keys*, Patricia Reynes; *PRO*, Leonie L. Ramas.

The members of the board of directors are: Miss Evangelina Zosa of the College of Liberal Arts; Miss Cristina Redoña of the College of Commerce; Mrs. Remedios R. Sordo of the College of Pharmacy; Mrs. Erlinda V. Gandiongco of the College of Education; Mrs. Maria C. Gutierrez of the Junior Normal Department and Miss Carmen Cámara of the Home Economics Department. The Sister Adviser is Mrs. Gloria Escañó.

The aims of this sorority are to promote scholarship, leadership, understanding and cooperation among above-average USC girl students and to develop feminine grace and charm. Any member who could not maintain the required average grade will be crossed out from the membership roster.

The sorority is planning to have a Christmas drive for the poor by caroling at the homes of well-known USC alumni, faculty-members, and

sympathizers. This drive would also include the holding of a benefit show and the collection of old clothes, all the activities of which will be subject to the approval of the Rector.

#### ● Former USC HSTD Valedictorian Takes Perpetual Vows

María Leticia Tabetabo, onetime valedictorian of the USC High School Training Department joined the cloistered and brown-clad ranks of the Carmelite nuns on Friday, August 22, when she pronounced her perpetual religious vows. She was renamed Sister Mary Philomena.

The affair was held at 6:30 in the morning at the Carmelite convent in Mabolo, Cebu City. She first took her vows as a Carmelite choir novice attended only by Carmelite members. After the impressive ceremony, she stepped out of her cloister to receive congratulations from her parents, relatives, and friends.

Graduating at the head of her class in 1950, the young novice joined the monastery after studying for some time at the USC College of Education until her studies were cut short by her burning desire to serve God better.

Sister Mary Philomena is the daughter of Mrs. Paulita L. Tabetabo, a graduate student of USC.



TERESITA SERRA TY  
Most Exalted Sister

## Sports Round-up

(Continued from page 18)

a Scalper. He broke the ice with one of his charity throw but muffed the second attempt. Tom Echivarre followed with a double-decker clinching the game for the night. "Tentacles" played the hero's role for the Green and Goldies. At the closing seconds Enriquez of the CCC sunk in a free throw just before lemon time. Top scorer for the Carolinians was "Uncle" Arche with 11 digits while Lamoso piled in 20 markers for the vanquished.

### USC WARRIORS WON SECOND ASSIGNMENT: BEAT CIT. 35-47

A local crystal-ball gazer predicted that the USC Seniors are still a team to reckon with. This might be true judging from the results of their two encounters. A dopester also said that the USC cagers has still something in their sleeve which might prove detrimental to the other teams. Yeah, they beat the CIT techs. What of it? That's what every body expected. Here is how they did it.

The first quarter wasn't so good a game for the crowd who wanted a little run for their money. Véléz of the Technicians broke the silence with a running shot. Sagardui quickly retaliated with a foul throw. From there, Vic Dionaldo led the fight for the Carolinians with his smooth one-hand flips. Belangel of the CIT Maroons began puncturing the basket with long shots but the Boys were not to be outdone with the fireworks. There were a thousand and one attempts made by the Local Boys but only a handful of them went through. The timekeeper's whistle for the first quarter found the USC Killers on the lead with two points. Score: 7-9.

The succeeding frame was monopolized by the second stringers of Coach Baring's defending champs. Rubi burnt the cords with his "duck-shots, aided by "Uncle" Arche's under the basket sneaks. The substitution process began for both teams. Omas-as, a new rookie, got the jitters everytime the ball jumps into his hands while Sestoso, also a freshie, went berserk with his attempts at the bucket. Replacements came in for the second stringers and made a better showing with "Tentacles" Sagardui mauling the Technicians with unerring semi-hook shots fed by the "Ace" Roy Morales. Wildcat Galinsoga of CIT rattled the Boys with a six-point rally at the near close of the canto.

The score for the second quarter was 21 for the Green and Goldies while CIT totaled 18 ciphers. The third quarter was a battle of wits between the two cage mentors of both teams. There was a two-minute deadlock at the score of 24-all and that gave Coach Baring the creeps. He sent in to the rescue, Vic Dionaldo, Mr. Two-points, and started blistering the cords with angle shots. The deadlock was smashed when Mr. Two-points started racking up points for his team. Guntime found the Boys still leading at a stretched margin of eleven points, 35-24.

The scoring sock that these Ca-

rolinians have come out in the final round. Vic Dionaldo and "Top Man" Morales started to raise their score with uncanny shots. Dionaldo with his set shots and Skipper Morales with his witty escapades. Supported by Martin Echivarre and "Tentacles" Sagardui, the quartet forged on through smooth waters and soft winds crushing every Wildcat on the way. Smart weaving baffled the Technicians who had to cede the game for the Carolinians. The gun barked for the end of the game with the Green and Goldies at the upper end of the score, 35 for the vanquished and 47 for the victors.

### USC LASSIES WALLOP SIH BELLES IN VOLLEYBALL TILT

Coach Llanto's female slappers trounced the Southern Islands Hospital Nurses in a net battle last August 29. It was a two-out-of-three tussle in which the Carolinians won the first two and losing the other one. The play was fought at the USC volleyball court witnessed by a swelling crowd of San Carlos inhabitants. Hoarse cries and ear-splitting shrieks lauded both teams as they exchanged swats and slaps, for the volleyball top berth.

In the first frame, the skirted Greens sparkplugged by Skipper Alejandria Salinas battered the Nurses' defenses with deadly volleys of ack-ack accuracy. Netters Huguete and Villararosa bolstered by Hipe and Evangelista joined hands in dunking the SIH hopes for the net supremacy. The score for this set: 21 for the Carolinians and 9 for the Whites.

The second set proved fatal for the Wound-healers. Unsteady serve and erratic placings worsen their situation but were lucky enough to earn a point as their score for the rest of the game. This clinched the pennant for the Green Amazons, who scored 21 markers against the White-capped damsels' lone digit.

The third setto was purely exhibition, giving a chance to the second team to display their reserved net talents. The Wound-healers, with gritting teeth and vengeful eyes, showered the Greens' territory with slashing fury and a sleet of hard serves toppling the Carolinian fort and smothering them to ashes. This was also the canto where Cap'n Salinas, the Block Buster, absented herself to give the White maidens a chance. The final score: 18 for the Carolinians and 21 for the Fuente Osmeña netters.

### WHAT DO YOU THINK? . . .

(Continued from page 10)



César Clímaco

● César Clímaco, College of Education, says: "What a person is when he tackles the responsibilities of life, he owes largely to his training during his formative years. It is while he is still in the grades that he learns the fundamentals of education. What little bits of wisdom he acquires, in those years, become ingrained in his mental as well as moral fiber. Let us not lose sight of this. Neither of the fact that our school children today are, on the whole, ill-taught because of the negligence and indifference of those in whose hands rests the power to overhaul our present unsystematic system. There is a crying need for the restoration of the seventh grade. If some teachers are not strangers to being catalogued as morons, what can we say about the grade too? Calling him a donkey or a saphead would only be too mild. And that's unkind."

ive record of the man, the professor, and the lawyer. The man is eminent if we judge him rightly through his scholastic achievements. But, principally, the man is cultured with meekness and humility in spite of the greatness and erudition. He is an example of a learned man who has become too self-conscious because the more he learned, the more he knew that he still did not learn enough.

#### His New Assignment

When interviewed at the eve of his departure, he outlined to this interviewer the principal functions of an Associate Officer of the Human Rights Division of the United Nations. His job will be to undertake studies in the field of human rights and to prepare documentations for the United Nations.

Atty. Yap's office will be located at the super-plush headquarters of the UN at New York City. The UN has a housing project for its personnel families, wherein about 450 families of different nationalities are accommodated. He and his family will be staying therein. By the time this is off the press, Atty. Yap will have been deeply engrossed with his new responsibilities wherein his talents will be put to use auspiciously, even if he would find himself amidst a foreign clime and foreign faces. He has that suppleness of capacity for work and of character to readily adopt himself to any kind of environment he finds himself in.

#### Future Plans

We had the audacity of inquiring about his educational plans. And he readily revealed that he intends to return to San Carlos. We could not help but be overwhelmed by his simple declaration. Here was further proof of the Carolinian by-word that "San Carlos is always where the heart is" for those who have been connected with it one way or the other. Atty. Yap expanded on his declaration by revealing that he plans to stay abroad only for one or two years, and while he is there, he will not bask on his undeniable security; he will take post-graduate studies in international and commercial laws. It can be

(Continued on page 31)

# That's Me

(Continued)

**Rudy:** Sure. Easy. She and Cely, my classmates in political science, are bosom friends.

**Mario:** (Stands up and rubs his hands). Well! Why didn't you say so in the first place? Doggone, What are we waiting for?

**Rudy:** (Pulling Mario down to his seat) Easy does it. There are such things as formalities. And when I introduce you, for heaven's sake, act like your mother's investment in your education is producing results.

**Mario:** "Ah Love, could you and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Would we not shatter it to bits — and then  
Remold it nearer to the Heart's desire."  
(Al enters while Mario is reciting. He goes to the table center right, plunks his books on the table, orders coke, and begins to read. Mario glowers at this interruption in his speech).

**Mario:** (To Rudy) Who's that Nostradamus? Looks familiar.

**Rudy:** He should. He is *only* the president of the University Student Council, writer, woman-hater, scholar ...

**Mario:** And bookworm. Don't tell me. I know the kind. Woman-hater, huh? Looks like a case for a psychiatrist.

**Rudy:** Don't get him wrong. He's not a sissy. Boy, look at those muscles. He just doesn't give women a tumble. Result: they are all falling on each other trying to catch his eye.

**Mario:** Maybe he's just playing hard to get. Maybe he's ... (whistles) Whee! Look who's here. (Two girls, Nora and Cely, enter. They carry books and their copies of the Carolinian).

**Rudy:** (Brightening up). Hi, Cely.

**Cely:** (Smiling at Rudy). Hi-ya there, Rudy.  
(Mario stands up eagerly but the two girls go straight to another table, to the left and in front of the two boys.)

**Mario:** (Growling). Why didn't you say something? That was your chance to introduce me.

**Rudy:** Mario, have you ever known that there is such a thing as a psychological moment?  
(The boys look at their paper again. The girls seat themselves. As they receive their soft-drinks, they settle back. Cely opens her Carolinian, looks around and sees Al near the door).

**Cely:** Psst!

**Nora:** (Raises an eyebrow). Huh?

**Cely:** Don't look now but there's Al ... I mean Mr. Alfredo Isagani.

**Nora:** (Open-eyed) Where?

**Cely:** At the second table from the door.  
(Nora pats back a curl in place and casually turns around. She sees Al and also the two boys. She frowns as she notices the obvious interest in Mario's stare).

**Nora:** Who are those two jerks?

**Cely:** Oh, that's my classmate, Rudy, and his friend, Mario, the campus headache. What's he doing now?

**Nora:** Reading. Does he have to read even in the co-op?  
(Cely thumbs through the pages of the Carolinian).



inferred that he wants to equip himself some more for the good of San Carlos and the USC College of Law.

### His Impressions About USC

We knew that those who are left behind would be interested in Atty. Yap's impressions while he was with USC. He averred that he found great joy working for an institution he has learned to love and uphold as if it were his own Alma Mater. He particularly pointed out to the congenial atmosphere prevailing, the brotherly relationship among the faculty members, and the benevolent and latherly attitude of the USC administration. He was also convinced that the main concern of the SVD Fathers and the whole staff of the USC Administration is the maintenance of high standards of instruction for the university. He enthused that his two and a half years spent in USC was enjoyable and fruitful in the sense that students here are generally more serious in their studies when compared to other students of any average university in the country.

### Farewell to Our Little Big Man

The interview was ended when the despedida party whipped up jointly by the Lex Circle and the Portia Club gradually dispersed after camera shutters had an overtime taking souvenir pictures of law-groups with the honored guest. Practically everybody in the party shook hands with him, bidding him farewell and bon voyage. That was last August 15, 1952 at Barba's beach resort in Talisay. What each one felt at the moment could only be approximated, not fully pictured into words. On the following day he left with his wife and kid for better horizons. For the nonce, San Carlos waits for his return.

(Atty. Pedro L. Yap is married to the former Miss Flora del Rosario of Mandaue, Cebu, pharmacist and UP alumna. They have a bouncing baby boy, nine months old, who is christened Emmanuel.)

## Business

from page 5)

Cely: Hey! What's this?

Nora: (Looking at the paper) What's what?

Cely: Look! An article written by "The Mentor" again called "The Trouble with Women" — Such nerve! Let's read it.

Nora: (Reading aloud) "The trouble with women is: first, they do nothing but gossip." Hmm! I suppose the men don't.

Cely: "Second, they dress to please the men." Is that so? Men don't know anything about fashion, so why should we try to please them? If they have a grain of common sense, they'd get rid of that necktie before it chokes them.

(Al hears the voices and looks at the girls sideways).

Nora: "Third, they are egotistic of men, hence the war-paint." Eeek! Such unbounded egotism. I bet the writer is either a frustrated Don Juan or a rejected suitor.

Cely: "Fourth, they speak hardly above a whisper in class but give out excited, ear-splitting shrieks on the campus." Why, ...he... he... (Looks around and sees Al looking at them. Purposely, she upsets her bottle of coke and the tablecloth is ruined). Oh, I'm sorry, Nora. (Whispers). Let's take another table near him. He's looking at us.

(Mario and Rudy rush to the two girls in distress).

Rudy: Permit me, Cely, to offer our table.

Mario: (Bowing low from the waist and eloquently flourishing his arms). Mesdames, allow me the pleasure of ...

Rudy: Cely, this is my friend, Mario. Don't mind his arms.

Cely: Hello, Nora, meet two friends, Rudy and Mario. They often go by the name of wolves.

Rudy: (Coloring). Now, Cely, surely you don't believe that ...

Cely: Why, Rudy, surely you are not blushing.

(They all laugh and go to the boys' table. The two girls sit between the two boys, Mario beside Nora).

Mario: (Pleased with himself and the world). Uh... uh, what were you two so vehemently talking about?

Nora: Oh, we were talking about this campus mentor who wrote the article, "The Trouble with Women." Have you read it?

Mario: (Looking at Nora and hardly hearing the question). Huh? Oh... yes... I mean, no, not yet. Why, what does it say?

Cely: In other words, it says the trouble with women is they spell trouble.

Rudy: You should be flattered. Don't you know that you trouble us more than the atomic bomb, college exams, and professors all put together?

Nora: But his article is so unfair. Listen. "Fifth, they love to be loved but scorn those lovers whom that love doth possess." So, he's going Sidney on us, too.

Mario: Isn't that true?

Nora: Well, of course, we are flattered by men's attention. But what do you expect us to do? Fall into their arms the minute they open their mouths?

Rudy: N... no. But you should observe the rules of the game.

Cely: See? That's what I think. You just consider it a game.

Rudy: Now, you're being unfair. I don't consider it a game.

Cely: Then why did you say — the rules of the game?

Mario: (Wearily). All right. Let's call it the rules of court. Does that sound better?

(Continued on page 34)

## ALUMNOTES

(Continued from page 17)

Spanish teacher in the Cebu School of Arts and Trades. Her appointment was based on the results of the competitive examinations given by the Cebu Division Office last May 10, in which test she topped all Spanish examinees.

In contrast with the recent exposés on alleged nepotism in the employment of public school teachers, Miss Delana's assignment is certainly above-board.

### NEWS FROM NEGROS

Word has reached us that Mr. Maximino Cobbol, BSE '52 is presently Acting Principal of the Central Negros Institute in San Carlos, Negros Occidental. In this capacity, his 5 years' experience as assistant to the USC Registrar will serve him in good stead. With him are several USC alumni: Miss Carmelina Zozobrado, Mrs. Eneida Broce Padayneg, Miss Felisa Sandoval and Mr. Eusebio Borbán.

Another member of Class '52 who is also in Negros, is Miss Pura José, BSE, magna cum laude. She teaches English at the Oriental Academy in Guihulungan, Negros Oriental.

**ATTENTION: ALL ALUMNI**  
November 4 is a red-letter day for you. On this day, you are expected to attend the unveiling ceremony for the statue of St. Charles and the annual elections of USCAA officers.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT . . .

(Continued from page 17)

tourist's guidebook: Coney Island, Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building, Hollywood, Salt Lake City, Chicago, San Francisco—gosh, she certainly went places, and how!

Wedding bells have rung again for another Carolinian two-some? **Nene Ranudo and Letty Marillo** up and went to Tanauan, Leyte last May 6, paid the parish priest a visit, and got it over with. A month later, June 8, to be exact, one more alumna, **Nena Aranas**, left the single ranks to become the bride of **Mr. Rudy Villegas Sison** of the prominent Villegas clan of Negros. Nena is currently teaching at the Oriental Academy in Guihulungan, Negros Oriental.

**Artemio Mison**, Eng'g II '52, hurdled the last competitive exams for PMA applicants and is now a "ducroi" at the Academy? How did you fare with the upperclassmen, Dumbguard?

farm. Isang saw that to dissuade him was hopeless. She ran to her room after Kikoy kissed the kids good-bye and sobbed violently.

The memory of the incident three days ago came back to him. It was a close shave for him. In the middle of Siquijor Sea a Jap launch stopped his banca. Jap soldiers clambered into Kikoy's seacraft.

"You gerilya?" blurted the lilliputian officer, his almond eyes challenging Kikoy.

"No, Sang, We are civilians. We sell corn and rice to the hungry people of Cebu. We also buy **saguran**, pinkpok and many other people in Mindanao need." Kikoy ad-libbed in his usual flippant manner.

"Uh... sibiryan, huh? Have you... eh... passes Japang?"

"Yes, Sang." Kikoy fished for the Jap pass in one of his pockets. He could not bungle this time. He was sure where he kept the army pass. He carried both passes to anticipate any quandary that may confront him like this one.

"Here, Sang, the pass," he showed the officer. "Capt. Nakamura issued me that." The officer snatched it and scanned the paper scribbled with nipponese characters, nodding approvingly as he read.

"Yuh, yuh... beri good! beri good!" He nodded and grinned. His mouth of gold like a mummy's sparkled in the noonday sun.

Handing back the pass he queried, "No gerilya in Mindanao?"

"Sure there are. Quite a number of them."

"Where,—in town or up mountains?"

"Sometimes they come to town but often they stay in the jungles. They only come down for food, medicine, clothing and many other things they need up there in the mountains," He added in his most logical pleasing manner. The officer lighted a cigarette, drawing on it deeply, breathing out smoke like a snake. He found Kikoy's sensible explanation very delightful.

This was his habit. When alone

## The Trade

he would delight in recalling all the blood-curling experience he went through. Even now reminiscing the second thrilling experience he encountered in that trip filled his heart to overflowing with elation.

It was sunset when they dropped anchor in Argao, that was five hours after their encounter with the Japs near Apo island. As usual he was ready with his two passes for any unexpected search. Just as he opined it was not the Japs who occupied the town but men known as "Way Sapatos." This was a cognomen given to our guerrillas because most of them were barefoot. Two of these were awaiting them on the shore. They seemed like puppet-soldiers standing on the sand table. There were no other persons on the beach. Only felled coconut trees and broken nuts littered the gray shore. One of the soldiers motioned the boat to send somebody ashore. After giving instructions, Kikoy sent his **arraiz** ashore while he briefed his men what to say in case of cross-examination. The **arraiz** came back with the third lieutenant and his sergeant. The sergeant searched the boat while the officer started cross-examining the crew members.

It was Kikoy's turn to be called. The lieutenant ordered his sergeant to search Kikoy. The crew turned pale. They knew that the two passes were in Kikoy's pockets. And all of them had tied to the officer. But Kikoy started ad-libbing: Of course I've a pass, Lieutenant. Here he hastily got it from his pocket and handed it to the officer. "I got this from Major Gomez."

"Major Gomez of the Zamboanga Unit?" The lieutenant welcomed this piece of good news of his brother.

"How does he stand with his boys? Does he still lead them to sallies and ambushes like he used to when he was with us here? He was our commandant at the Cebu College." The sergeant surged with proud reminiscence over those gallant years he was with the Major. He was Lieutenant Gomez; then at U.P. full of ambitions and patriotism.

## SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 11)

"He has become a legend to his boys and bugaboo to the enemy." Kikoy was quiet to harp on the man's greatest weakness... pride.

The Lieutenant and his sergeant were rapt by Kikoy's stories about Major Gomez' gallantry and cleverness in many encounters with the Japs; how he meted justice tempered with mercy to erring soldiers and civilians that won their respect and admiration of this great soldier.

And the hours crept slowly away. The crescent moon had hours ago slid down the walls of the black horizon. The dipper in its nocturnal journey had long crossed the zenith and was coming down the path treaded by the moon. The *Habagat* kept blowing, each time it came it was stronger — a sign that the whole evening was already spent.

Lieut. Gomez and the sergeant shook hands with Kikoy and left very thankful for the inspiring news of the inimitable achievements of their beloved major.

All these came back to Kikoy. He went to the cook to ask if supper was ready. He wanted all of them to have supper before they would reach Simala. With the bulging sails, they would be in Simala only in an hour. There was animated conversation as they partook of their supper. They had chicken boiled with coconut milk, wasted *anduhaw* and a basinful of rice that gave forth an appetizing aroma. After all had finished, Kikoy ordered one of his men to relieve the *timonel*.

Simala was dark and silent. Only a weak bonfire built by soldiers detailed to patrol the beach was the light visible. From the distance the dismal ululation of dogs punctured the silence that shrouded the sleeping barrio. Kikoy and two of his men came ashore in a *baroto*. They headed for the bonfire to see if there were fishermen warming themselves after the evening's haul of fish. A few meters away they heard a gun cocked and a stentorian voice at the post where their CO and group of guerrillas quartered for the night.

"May I know who you are?" The voice of the CO was mellow though a bit jagged.

"Francisco Lagutin," came Kikoy's answer. We come from Zamboanga to sell our corn and rice

here. We had news that the harvest here was poor."

"I'm glad to hear that. Do you intend to sell them to the civilians or to the Army? You see, the Army too, is starving in the mountains. We need not only bullets and clothing but also corn and rice. As a matter of fact anything to stuff our bellies to keep us moving."

"Well, I'd rather sell them to the Army. They need them more than the civilian. I'm sure of that."

"You're a kind of man who's ready to lend us a hand. But you see, the Army buys food a bit lower than the civilians do. Around fifty centavos difference, I think."

"Why not make it ten centavos?" haggled Kikoy. A soldier came and told the officer that there was a courier who had a message for him.

Kikoy watched the lieutenant and the courier. After the courier had spoken his message the officer nodded in surprise and turned to give Kikoy a suspicious look. The courier saluted and joined the other soldiers while the lieutenant went back to Kikoy.

"Mr. Lagutin," his voice was icy and low. "Is your boat christened 'Mutulin'?"

"Yes, sir, why?" Kikoy inquired in his best social manner.

"Were you in Argao before you came here?"

"Uhuh," he yelped.

"May I see your pass, please. Headquarters is very strict concerning that. It has to be that way because many traitors have come in the guise of traders and merchants. They carried things, some as harmless as Japanese money and pass. Headquarters had for them only one irrevocable order: death. Personally, I think this order is a bit harsh, but it came out of dire necessity. The safety of our men impels us to carry out such a precaution."

A fretful gust whistled past Kikoy's ears, giving him a cold shiver down his spine. He tried to steady his knees. With forced smile he thrust his hand into his pocket. The pass made a crispy sound inside. He was sure of it, as sure as he was with the Japs and the Argao guerrillas.

With the air of confidence he handed the paper to the lieutenant while inside his breast he felt his heart beating like a sledge hammer. The characters on the paper gave the officer a start. He gave Kikoy a quizzical glance and fumed: "This will cost you your neck!"

## CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 12)

apron. Poor CARLOTA SEVILLA, had to trace her footsteps with a piece of chalk around the quadrangle... under the rain. She looked like a wet chick when she was paging.

Paging the pre-law prex this semester... JOE CERILLES is the name — the "Smiling Jack". Can't remember a time when this guy isn't smiling, can you? I'm sure it's his geniality that makes him tops among his friends.

In Philosophy class, Father Wrocklage poses a threat to NOE ILANO. The latter appears puzzled by the good father's deep queries. Besides meditating over philosophical questions, Noe is an artist. Nothing stirs him more, than to hear Rachmaninoff's or Tchaikovsky's Concerto.

Aside from having a model student in Philosophy class, they also have a jinx among them. Every time AYON ARANAS decides to be present in class, the Prof gets sick or something. Don't tell me it is just coincidence, for it's happened more than once.

MANOLING MONTESCLAROS who was very much affected by the "Courtesy Week" propaganda, that even if you bumped on him twelve times a day, he'd still be on guard with his "good manners" and "good afternoons"... and that, to mamselles especially.

VIRGINIA HUGUETA (captain) the CIMAFRANCA TWINS — PERLA and PURA — TERESITA VILLAROSA... four valuable players on the USC volleyball team. When these four girls are together in the game, boy, do they spell murder for the invaders!

VICENTE DIONALDO, the Varsity's sideshooter, has a pensive look in his eyes. Quite an introvert this guy is... always wrapped up in his own mysterious thoughts. Hey Ting, snap out of it, will ya?

By the by, caught RUDOLFO LAO passing amorous glances to some very cute femme — with beautiful long hair too — in Spanish I class. What gives, huh LOURDES!

Know more of our campuscrats (Student big-shots to you) next issue. They are of the varied species and types. You will get a kick out of reading about them. Who knows, maybe your name will appear (better watch out). So far now folksies, we bid you adieu — 'till next semester, so long.

vernment processes where freedom of suffrage is denied by reason of what is considered an inferior color? The theoretical answer is "no"—but in practice we are doing it. Why? Because we are selfish—because we do not know God.

The influence of big money in the government is another ill of the present-day democracy. The first ten amendments of the American Constitution were an addition made by a privileged group for the interest of the propertied few— Ferdinand Lunberg, in his book, *America's 60 Families*, stated that the "government has been the indispensable handmaiden of private wealth since the origin of society." John D. Rockefeller habitually contributed large funds to the Republican Party in return for lucrative concessions he received from the government.<sup>4</sup> Calvin Coolidge, U.S. President from 1923 to 1929 was said to be under the domination of Thomas Lamont of the J. P. Morgan & Company, whom Coolidge invariably consulted before ever announcing any decision of the moment.<sup>5</sup> Now, is there economic equality where a single individual could have a law passed in favor of his business enterprise? Democracy recognizes the freedom of man to engage in any business, but only in so far as the rights of others are not encroached.

The insufficiency of education is another draw-back in the development of our modern democracies. How many, for example, understand such concepts as freedom, democracy and religion? A man may go to war and he will tell you he is fighting for freedom — for democracy. But ask him what freedom is, and he is lost. Does freedom mean the right to do anything you please? No—it means the right to anything in so far as it leads you to God. We are not free from God we are free for God. That is why democracy calls for education of the truth. It calls for information for the public. But this is wanting in our modern democracies. Is the public, for example, informed of the background of such persons as Quirino, Osias, Perez and other big politicians? If

(Continued on page 35)

(3) Lunberg, *America's 60 Families*, p. 50.  
(4) *Ibid.*, p. 54.  
(5) *Ibid.*, p. 150.

Nora: Don't be sarcastic.

Mario: (Throwing up his hands). I give up. Women! The trouble with women is ...

Nora and Cely: Yes?

Al: (In loud voice). Quiet!

(The two girls look at Al, then at each other.)

Mario: (Shouts back). Mind your own business! Now, where was I?

Cely: You said the trouble with women is ...

Mario: Let's finish the article.

Cely: "Sixth, when they get excited, their shrill voices rise two pitches higher ... (Pauses. Lowers her voice consciously and glowers). When they get excited, their shrill voices rise two pitches higher..." of all the ... He's impossible.

Nora: Of course. He's a man. Ergo, he is prejudiced. Now, if I were to answer that ...

(Al gets up and strolls over their table. Nora stops in confusion).

Al: (Grinning). Excuse me. But I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. I've lost my concentration. So I might as well join in the fun.

Rudy: Girls, this is the great Alfredo Isagani in person. (Pointing to Cely and Nora), Nora Laurente and Celia Guerrero. (Girls nod their heads to Al. Al sits down).

Al: What's cooking?

Mario: The new Carolinian is out and a certain article has aroused a storm of controversy among the female population in general, which means these two girls in particular.

Al: Oh! And what is the article?

Rudy: "The Trouble with Women"

Al: (Taken off-guard). Why, what's the trouble with women?

Mario that, my friend, happens to be the title of the article. And these two deadly females cannot rest in peace. And we are it.

Nora: But that's our business. We cannot just take this thing sitting down. It's a slur against the women.

Al: (Amused). And what do you propose to do about it?

Cely: Skin him alive. Why can't he be man enough to come out in the open instead of hiding under a pen name?

Mario: He's just being prudent.

Nora: What I propose is to present an article, "The Trouble with Men" and refute every statement he wrote here.

Cely: That's right! You do it, Nora. And in case you run out of ideas, I'll chip in with some of mine.

Rudy: (Dryly) This sounds interesting. Very. And all because of an article.

Mario: Let's change the topic.

Cely: Sure. Let's talk about the trouble with men.

Mario: (groaning) But I don't want to talk about trouble!

Nora: (Flicking her finger at the paper). He asked for it!

Mario: (Starting). But I'm not he!

Cely: But you belong to his kind.

Al: Okay. What's the trouble with men?

Nora: (Airily) The trouble with men is that they talk about women.

Cely: (Clapping her hands). Bull's eye!

Rudy: What makes you think so?

Nora: This. This proves it. A man talks about women.

Mario: Wonderful! Such female logic! Mark, Jew, a Daniel come to judgment.

Al: (Grinning again) And what else?

Nora: Men talk disparagingly, sarcastically about women's make-up but they fall flat on their faces when a pretty face, all made up, hoooves into sight.

Cely: And men are conceited. Each man considers himself a fair target for a woman's charms, even if he is a harmless Milquetoast ready for the ash can.

Mario: Aw, come on. Why do we have to knock our heads off? Let's declare an armistice. You know —

"As unto the bow the cord is  
So unto the man is woman  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows.  
Useless each without the other."

Rudy: (Enthusiastically). That settles it. I always declare Wordsworth was a poet after my own heart.

Mario: (In a hurt tone). Wordsworth! That's Edgar Allan Poe. You know, the poet who had a child-wife. He was so in love with her he wrote this bow and arrow poem.

Cely: (Laughing). Mario, don't be silly. You know this is from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

Al: You know, Mario, I've been thinking. We could use your talent in our dramatics.

Mario: Stop! I refuse to be exploited. I suggest a pleasanter topic. Mr. President, the Students University Council is sponsoring an acquaintance ball next Sunday. Right?

Al: Yes. And you are all invited of course.

Mario: Ehem. Ah, how is it, girls? Will you escort us to the dance? Our mothers won't object. (The two girls look at Al).

Cely: Well . . . I . . . uh . . . I don't know . . .

Rudy: Do you have dates for that night?

Nora: Well . . . no . . . but we don't want to make up our minds yet. Anyway, Sunday is still a long way off.

Rudy: Don't let Mario scare you. He's really a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Al: Sure. Why don't you all go together? I'll see you at the ball.

Cely: Who's your date, Mr. Isagani? (Al colors).

Mario: His mama doesn't trust any woman with him.

Al: No one. I mean, I have no date. I have to go early. You know, see to it that everything is okey-dokey. And a female hates to be rushed. So I'm going stag.

Nora: We'll see you there then.

Rudy: Is that settled? We'll pick you up at nine O'clock.

Cely: Okay. Be sure to bring your manners with you. (The girls smile)

Nora: (A gleam in her eyes). Mr. Isagani, you write for the college paper don't you?

Al: Why don't you call me Al? After all, we've known each other for five minutes now. Yes, I do write sometime.

Nora: You couldn't possibly have written this article, "The Trouble with Women?"

Al: W-what? That trash? That would be an insult to my reputation.

Mario: Oh, you think so? How interesting. Girls, Mr. Alfredo Isagani writes only of such things as the anatomy of the dinosaur, the history of the atom, and the people in Mars.

Al: I resent that. But I'm sorry. Nora's deduction took me by surprise and I . . . uh . . . well . . .

Rudy: That article has its merits.

Cely and Nora: Is that so?

Mario: (Throwing up his hands dramatically). Do we have to go into that all over again?

Nora: (Smiling) No. There goes the bell. That means us, Cely.  
(All stand up)

(Continued on page 37)

we are ignorant of the truth we are not free to act — we are not free to elect them.

A very important principle in democracy is the freedom to choose public officials. In the Philippines, Presidential candidates, as well as candidates of other high offices, are appointed by the members of the Party convention. Members of such convention in turn, are at times appointed not by the people but by the big-time politicians in the Provinces. The appointment, therefore, of candidates is not the will of the people but the will of the selected few. Our choice then, is limited—it is curtailed—and, therefore, freedom is curtailed. And yet we say that the basic principle of democracy is equality in the participation of the processes of government.

The good points of our present-day democracy are of course, too vital to pass over for mention. The asylums, leprosariums, the TB Pavilion, and other government institutions for the needy, deserve praise. The newspapers, radios, public libraries, Bureau of Statistics, and other sources of information shape democratic achievement which should not be overlooked. And there are still other good points which all of us already know.

Our problem, therefore, is how to achieve democracy in its fullest meaning. This can be achieved by unfolding our personal aspirations—such as freedoms, religion and autonomy which is the goal of democracy; by working up a system of religious education; by producing good leaders with fully developed personalities. Democracy does not depend on political principles alone. Neither does it depend on economic principles. It depends upon the individual citizens, upon you and I; upon love.

## CALIFORNIA . . .

(Cont'd from page 6)

On and on you go, visiting many more places of interest. For there is really no end to it all. How can there be, with each new season bringing a promise of something new! And yet, as is but human, deep inside you yearn to go back and start all over again.

## ON DA LEVEL

(Continued from page 8)

red like pretending to ask a light from a friend's bag. And chances are that before I can pick my stick of cigarette, the sucker would offer me one of his which may be a Camel or a Chesterfield.

The CCAA opening cage tournament which turned out in a hoopla at a downtown gym was ably represented by teams and sympathizers of each college participating. What got my goat was neither the major upset of the evening nor the band-less ceremony but the sight of, paradox of paradoxes, two prominent feminine bundles of Carolinian pulchritude rooting for the opposing team as our high school warriors locked horns with their opponents. Can you beat the deuce? I'm suspecting those dame; have some kind of "vested interest" on some of the players. Get what I mean?

A friend from Davao City who has stayed barely three months in USC has observed this: Most of our female students, if not all, are having a fashion competition. Everyone wants to out-dress the other so much so that it looks as if a fashion show is in the offing. I don't want to commit myself to his observation, after all it's not my dough they spend to buy them. Anyway, what do you say girls...er I mean ladies?

My gibberish has got to end. Why, I also have to beat the deadline. See you next semester, G'by!

## Caroliniana . . .

(Continued from page 2)

time when everything in science will be controlled by the impulses engendered by the electrons. Dean Rodriguez should be congratulated for this enlightening article. We wish that some more of the kind will be contributed in the future issues.

● Manuel Trinidad, Jr., a stranger to our pages, philosophizes. In his "Democracy — A Fact or an Ideal?" he wounds up finally with a logical conclusion that democracy can only be achieved by the aid of the legitimate freedoms, religion and autonomy, religious education, development of good leaders, and the cooperation of a civic-minded citizenry endowed with love for what is right and good.

● "What Do You Think . . . about the restoration of the Seventh Grade in our elementary schools?" Buddy this time asks. The answers are varied. They are food for thought.

● Expedito Bugarin breaks into our pages for the first time with a short story, "The Trader." It tells of

## HERBIE ENTERS FOOL-TICS

(Continued from page 6)

Well, there you are, Alex, or should I say there they are. I'm sorry I haven't the complete list of the officers yet. Our pretty secretary hasn't issued press releases at this writing. You'll probably find that somewhere in the News section of this issue, anyway.

Already, the grapevine is rumbling with the rumor that Expedito Bugarin and someone-or-other will be groomed for nomination to secondary and minor posts in the Lex Circle. An acquaintance party . . . a barn dance . . . the usual first activities of any class organization, is planned . . . class spirit and the lever of enthusiasm is very strong (for the first few days, at least).

Say, I guess by the time this comes out in print the issue will be stale, forgotten, passé and obsolete. Too bad this can't come out tomorrow, while the matter is still fresh. But, Alex, it was an exciting and pulse-pounding class election. Now it's all over but the . . . work!

That's all, Alex. Auf weidersee-you-in-class.

h e r b i e .

## WOMAN, GUARDIAN . . .

(Continued from front inside cover)

Where do we go to in times of sorrow and of pain? To whom do we open our hearts when doubts assail us? On whose bosom do we lay our whirling heads when misfortune overtakes us? When in pain, whose hands caress us? When we suffer, who comforts us? And when we fall, who cries for us?

Women! Still it is women! From the beginning of our life woman is already with us. And, in death, her tears are shed for us. We cannot, though try we may, we can never escape the influence of woman.

To her, then, is due most of the good that mankind has ever achieved. Oftentimes reviled, sometimes spoken of in contempt, but always adored and revered . . . women is silent. She receives in silence whatever it is man offers her in gratitude. But no matter whatever it be, she will forever be beside us, guiding our DESTINY.

the adventure of a man who thought he could be very smart during the dark days of the occupation. You will do well to find out how smart he could be at the end. The author is a man of varied activities. Besides studying as a Freshman in Law, he announces every morning in the Milkman's Matinee hour of station DYBU.

● Another new-comer into our pages is Néstor-M. Morelos, who calls out, "Look Here, Junior!" and tells you many things about Carolinian boys and girls as only a real connoisseur can. This attempt at satire shows to any budding writer what interesting subjects one can write about basking under their very noses.

● The neophytes to the pages of this mag seem to make a Roman Holiday of this issue. Another fresher, Rolando Espina, maintains that "Woman (is) Guardian of Our Destiny," in the inside front cover. He uses women of history as examples supporting his contention. We want more of the kind, Rolando, although we would like you to come down to earth next time. Anyway, thanks for obliging us.

**Cely:** Good-bye, boys. See you later. We had a lovely scrapping time.  
**Al:** That's my bell, too.

**Mario:** Let's go out together then. I'm out of my element when no female is around. (Mario mops his brow with a handkerchief pulled out of his pocket. A piece of paper flutters to the ground.)

**Cely:** (picking up the paper). You dropped something, Mario. Hello, what's this? O-oh! How could you?

**Al:** (Concerned) What's the matter now?

**Cely:** (Stuttering). Why, . . . he . . . he . . .

**Nora:** What is it?

**Cely:** Look! (Holds up the paper). He is "the mentor"!

**Al:** Well, of all the . . .

**Mario:** (Blushing) The cat's out of the bag. (Shrugs his shoulders.)

**Rudy:** Well, blow me down! So that's why he . . .

**Mario:** "If it be now, 'tis not to come. If it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come."

I just wanted to feel the female pulse by this article. No offense meant.

**Nora:** All right, all right. The bell saves your hide, Mario. But that doesn't exempt you from explanations next time we see you. Otherwise, you will hear the hue and cry of the females. Come, Cely.

**Mario:** (Skeptical) And that date? Is it still on?

(The girls wink at each other and smile.)

**Cely:** Yes, Mr. Mentor. You're really just a sheep in wolf's clothing, you know. Good-bye. (The girls go out.)

**Mario:** (Talks after their retreating forms) Thank you, thank you . . . Now, what did they mean by that? Mario, my boy, your reputation is at stake. Anyway, "God's still in His heaven and all's right with the world."

(The three boys go to the door, Al going ahead. Just within the door, Rudy stops Mario.)

**Rudy:** Say, whatever made you write that article?

**Mario:** (Winking at Rudy). That's my business. Ah!

"A book of verses underneath the bough

A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, — and thou

Beside me singing in the wilderness,

Ah, wilderness were paradise enow."

(Blows a kiss to the audience.)

CURTAIN FALLS

THE END

advanced course. They are made to think that if short can afford to be seen dragging scabbards that trace figures on the ground, could we not be proud to keep those swords hanging like tails?"

#### SPONSORS' PRE-VIEW:

I was trying to sneak into Delia's Campuscrats for the lark of it as well as for (strictly) honorable intentions of fishing out someone to fill the top Brass of the ROTC Females' Echelon. But I had hardly gone a few steps when I found something like the real McCoy. Well, here she is, dear Cadets. Look up, pardner, look up! Our Dream Girl of the year . . .

That girl with the bedimpled cheeks, long natural curly hair and (sigh!) beautiful smiling eyes. And the name is Miss Luz Evangelista.

The Corps Sponsor's distinction was a natural one for her. Even if a lot of prospects were eyeing for the high-seat, who can deny her the honor? She was the Corps Adjutant's Sponsor last year. Not to be outdone therefore, in the order of promotions, her desirable personality promoted herself on such merits.

#### PARADE AND REVIEW FOR FATHER RECTOR

The Department of Military Science and Tactics held a tradition-  
 (Continued on page 40)

Senior (at a basketball game)—"See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Co-ed—"Oh, darling, this is so sudden!"

Collegian—"What did you do with my shirt?"

Room-mate—"Sent it to the laundry."

Collegian—"Ye gods! The whole history of the U.S. was on its cuffs."

"Mamma," asked little Mary, "if I get married, will I have a husband like Daddy?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid, like Aunt Agatha?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, it sure is a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

## The Bright Side INSIDE OUT



"I had the girls running in circles when I was in college."

"I never knew you were such a sheik."

"I wasn't. I was women's track coach."

Singer—"Don't you like my voice?"

Accompanist (sadly)—"Madam, I have played on the white keys, and I have played on the black keys—but you sing in the cracks!"

A very dejected man walked into a restaurant one morning and sat down at a table.

"I want two eggs fried hard, two slices of toast burnt black and a cup of weak, lukewarm coffee," he told the waitress.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" she asked, amazed.

"To the letter."

The waitress explained to the chef and managed to get the man exactly what he had asked for.

"Anything else, sir?" she asked as he put the order on the table.

"Yes, now sit down and nag me. I'm homesick!"

Octubre  
1952

# Sección Castellana

## Lo Vital en lo Cristiano

Por JOSÉ MARIA DEL PRADO  
Colegio de Artes Liberales

La Iglesia no es una academia de retóricos, mucho menos es un museo para archivar, entre inciensos litúrgicos los cuadros evangélicos, las palmas de sus mártires y los libros de sus apóstoles y de sus sabios. No, la Iglesia es un ser vivo y vital, divino y humano, uno y universal, plantado en la tierra por Cristo, Dios y hombre, para dar la vida eterna a toda la Humanidad redimida.

El alma de este organismo vivo, que es la Iglesia, es Dios mismo. Y Dios es amor. Por eso la caridad, es decir, el amor a Dios y al prójimo en acción es, más que la ley entera del cristianismo, su esencia vital, el cemento de su unidad y la proyección fecunda y brillante de su universalidad, que arrancan del centro mismo del Corazón de Cristo.

Antes de Cristo, a nadie se le había ocurrido establecer el amor en relación directa con Dios mismo con un sentido de familia. Los dioses mitológicos de las civilizaciones paganas eran puros números estelares que se divertían en las lejanías brumosas del Olimpo, indiferentes a las voces doloridas de los hombres. En el Cristianismo Dios es padre, todos los hombres hermanos, y la Humanidad toda, sin distinción de razas y de castas, una gran familia.

Con todo su refinamiento jurídico Roma no consiguió siquiera encasillar a los hombres en su puesto, ni a los derechos y deberes en sus términos de justicia y de equidad. El Cristianismo, sí, y lo consiguió por la caridad, cuyo primer deber es el cumplimiento de la justicia para con Dios y para con los hombres. Es más: la caridad del Cristianismo manda no sólo dar a cada uno lo suyo, y que cada uno ocupe lo suyo, y que cada uno ocupe el puesto que le corresponde jerárquicamente en el mundo; además de eso, y para lograr eso, la caridad no levanta tabiques divisorios entre los hombres, sino que establece una circulación vital de afectos y de sonrisas en la conciencia, que explota con reverberos de armonía y de paz en nuestras relaciones sociales.

## EDITORIAL

### La Iglesia y las Ciencias Profanas

*La Iglesia posee derecho inviolable a enseñar toda suerte de disciplinas profanas en centros propios, reconocidos además por el Estado cuanto a validez jurídica de estudios y títulos, mediante oportunas avenencias entre ambas potestades.*

*La Iglesia ha recibido de su Divino Fundador la misión de enseñar la verdadera religión teórica y prácticamente; en otros términos: de educar cristianamente al hombre: Docete omnes gentes... y esa educación supone dar la debida luz a la inteligencia, e imprimir en el alma las virtudes de la vida cristiana. Dogmas luminosos, criterios verdaderos, normativos de la actividad religioso-moral; y además hábitos virtuosos que faciliten y aun aseguren la ecuación entre la ciencia y la conducta.*

*Otra razón porque la Iglesia tiene derecho a enseñar las ciencias profanas en centros propios, es que esa enseñanza profesada con criterio cristiano, es eficazísima para formar la mentalidad del sabio católico culto.*

*La Filosofía, la Historia y la Literatura, el Arte en sus últimos fundamentos y las Ciencias se conectan en mil cuestiones con la religión. El recto planteamiento y solución de los infinitos problemas de estas disciplinas son imposibles sin la luz de la verdad religiosa, ya natural, ya sobrenatural; y asimismo de la solución dada se derivan trascendentales consecuencias en el orden religiosomoral, y, por lo mismo, en la vida humana doméstica y social.*

*El maestro que trata estas disciplinas sin un vivo y conciente sentimiento de la armonía entre la religión y el saber auténtico profano, fácilmente suscitará en sus alumnos la conciencia de antinomias que intranquilizarán su espíritu y les inspirarán desestima y aun franco desprecio de la fe.*

*Al revés, el maestro que las explica con criterio objetivo, esto es, católico, hará ver que no existe ni puede existir contradicción entre la ciencia y la fe, entre la verdad religiosocatólica y la vida perfecta en que se realiza el auténtico ideal del hombre; que, al revés, la fe prolonga y esclarece los rayos de la razón natural; y la moral cristiana, lejos de implicar mutilación o empobrecimiento de la personalidad humana, la conduce a su plenitud. Más aún: que sin la dirección y los auxilios de la religión de Cristo es imposible lograr, ni aun siquiera el tipo de perfección excoigado por la sabiduría puramente helénica, ni aproximarse al ideal de una sociedad justa, feliz, y pacífica.*

*Pues bien: sólo cuando el hombre culto ha llegado a posesionarse de esos criterios y sentimientos como síntesis de religión y cultura, se puede afirmar que en lo sustancial se realizó el ideal católico, fin de la educación encomendada por Cristo a la Iglesia.*



# En el Día Misional

EL PONTIFICE Pío XI, por tantos motivos genial, estableció como fecha de celebración universal el Día Misional a recordarse anualmente el penúltimo domingo del mes de octubre. Tal fecha será, por lo tanto, el día 19 del presente mes en todo el mundo católico. Desde la Roma de los Papas hasta el más apartado rincón donde se levanta un altar sobre el cual se recuerda el sacrificio del Calvario, se elevarán a Dios las plegarias y las peticiones, y se ofrecerán las penitencias y las limosnas en aras de ese grandioso ideal de la extensión y florecimiento de las misiones católicas que, en las alejadas y peligrosas regiones de la tierra aún no iluminadas por la Cruz y el Evangelio, siembran la semilla redentora de la palabra divina.

"Id, enseñad a todas las gentes y bautizadas en el nombre del Padre, del Hijo y del Espíritu Santo;" fué el mandato supremo que diera a sus discípulos el mismo Cristo; y al conjuero de ese mandato, en cumplimiento de esa consigna que en todos los tiempos y bajo todas las condiciones, venciendo los más duros obstáculos y arrojando las más indecibles penurias que en tantas y en tan repetidas circunstancias reclamaron el sacrificio de la propia vida entregada por la gloria del martirio, es como hombres y mujeres, renunciando a todo, tomaron ellos también la Cruz de su Maestro y se lanzaron a la obra de enseñar a las gentes y bautizarlas, para hacerlas así hijos de Dios y herederos del cielo.

Nuestra misma Filipinas sabe también de la obra imposible de medir y apreciar en valores humanos que cumplieron esos misioneros que, con sus palabras, con sus ejemplos y con sus vidas, abrieron la brecha de la civilización, preparando los caminos de grandiosos presente y porvenir.

¿Como no debemos por lo tanto sentirnos inmensamente agradecidos a la obra de esos misioneros y cómo, también, respondiendo al llamado de la Iglesia, no adherir en la forma más decidida y completa a este Día Misional? Unámonos nuestra plegaria a la que universalmente se elevará en ese día pidiendo por encima de todo, la divina protección sobre esa obra misional que tan dignamente res-

ponde y cumple el mandato del Redentor. Unamos también nuestra cooperación; nuestra ayuda material al enorme esfuerzo que significa internarse en la espesura de la selva, afrontando todos los riesgos y desafiando la hostilidad o penetrando en los más íntimos reductos del paganismo, para levantar allí la Cruz de Cristo en torno de la cual se reunirán los neólitos que por la labor incansable de los misioneros, serán los nuevos herederos del cielo y los ciudadanos hijos de la civilización cristiana.

Por sus alcances y finalidad; por la importancia y trascendencia de su ámbito y por la magnitud de los recursos que obliga poner en movimiento, esta obra de las Misiones reclama la preocupación y el interés particular de los fieles sin distinguo de ninguna clase. El

aporte de cada uno de ellos y según la medida de sus posibilidades, canalizado por la acción organizada y eficiente de los respectivos organismos será siempre útil a una obra como ésta que, lejos de haber perdido una partícula siquiera de actualidad a lo largo de los siglos, es hoy tan actual y tan necesaria como en el primer siglo de la Iglesia. Hoy acaso, más necesaria que nunca, pues no solamente se trata de encender en esas almas la luz del Evangelio, sino también arrancarlos a la posibilidad de conquista por el más declarado e implacable enemigo de Cristo que expande sus redes en aquellas mismas tierras para adelantarse al misionero de Cristo, tratando de cerrarle definitivamente el paso. Y a tono con esa responsabilidad, esté también la respuesta a darse en este Día Misional.

## Invención Ridícula pero Trágica

Por J. ROBERTO BONAMINO

EN UN mensaje que el Padre Santo dirigió a los católicos del mundo, advirtió claramente que en muchos países, abrumados por la opresión más despiadada deben espararse "nuevos ataques" contra la Iglesia de Cristo. La expatriación, la prisión, la dispersión, las trabas a la Divina Adoración, la persecución más implacable se ha desatado sobre los fieles "en esta época que consideramos civilizada." Estamos, ciertamente, como lo ha dicho el Papa, frente a "la barbarie más violenta que recuerda la historia." Tras la "cortina de hierro," se fabrican las causas más antojadizas e inverosímiles, pero las más crueles y perversas también, para llevar, bajo la apariencia de una legalidad que retuerce y violenta la realidad, al patíbulo o a la cárcel a quienes profesan libre y serenamente la doctrina impercedera que esparce por el mundo la luz de la verdad eterna.

Los católicos de Europa central, en modo principal, han sido objeto

en los últimos años de las más encarnizadas y ensañadas agresiones. El Cominform quiere destruir esa fuerza moral profundamente enraizada en las poblaciones de esos países donde la fe ha levantado seculares monumentos a Dios. Templos que elevan al cielo sus cúpulas y campanarios en demanda de la protección divina, acogieron a lo largo de los siglos generaciones y generaciones de creyentes que sabían elevar sus preces al Divino Redentor, cuya presencia espiritual mantenía la cohesión de pueblos azotados por los huracanes de conflagraciones que determinaban frecuentes modificaciones en la estructura de esos estados. Pasaban las violencias de las pasiones bélicas, se desmoronaban reinos y conglomerados, se modificaban las denominaciones geográficas, pero siempre se mantenía en pie, sin tambalear, resistiendo todos los embates, la Cruz redentora. En torno a ella se congregaban cons-

(Continúa en la pág. 40)

tanamente las multitudes agobias por las más suíridas experiencias. Cristo triunfaba. Cristo unía.

Otros tiempos y otros sistemas son los de ahora. Desde la estepa hacia occidente, sopla un viento frío que azota las obras del espíritu. El sojuzgamiento en que yacen muchos pueblos de Europa — podría mirarse igualmente el mapa torturado del Asia — es cada día más duro. El padecimiento de los católicos que tras la "corriente de hierro" resisten los ataques de los poderes terrenales manojados desde la capital roja, aumentan sin cesar. Las fuerzas anticristianas del mundo no se detienen ya. Los planes destructivos están en pleno desarrollo. Quieren avasallar la libertad espiritual y, para lograrlo, promulgan toda clase de acusaciones, sin detenerse mucho a confrontarlas con la lógica, la sensatez, la verosimilitud. Son, en realidad, sólo pretextos para infundir en esas sociedades el terror. Objetivo destinado al fracaso. El catolicismo — lo dicen los siglos — es imbatible.

Lo deberían comprender así quienes ahora han iniciado en Praga, como antes lo hicieron en Budapest y en otras ciudades de la Europa central, una nueva causa contra altos dignatarios de la Iglesia Católica. Pero el acta de acusación contiene una máxima incongruencia, frulo del cinismo o de la tor-

peza, ¡vaya a saberse!, pues hace el cargo a los dirigentes católicos involucrados en la misma de colaborar con el Vaticano, como si colaborar con el Vaticano constituyera un delito. Así, la justicia de estos "democracias populares," incoa proceso al Arzobispo y otros eclesiásticos de Praga, en síntesis, "por haber sido agentes del Vaticano para realizar actividades subversivas y espionaje."

La inconsistencia de este nuevo ataque a la Iglesia católica es tal que no necesita siquiera ser analizada. Hacer la imputación al Vaticano como sucedió en Praga y ahora sucede también en China, "de apoyar a los elementos capitalistas, facistas y nazis, en contra del pueblo," y de haber entrado en una "vasta" conspiración urdida por las potencias imperialistas y por las bandas facistas y los criminales de Tito, contra los países gobernados por democracias populares" es tan burdo y tan absurdo, a la vez, que no requiere el esfuerzo de serias argumentaciones. En sí misma la acusación lleva implícita su desmentido. La invención es ridícula. Pero es trágica. Tristemente trágica. Porque ella envuelve a un núcleo de dignos sacerdotes que la impiedad roja — planificada desde Moscú — ha conducido al camino del martirio.

The Lex Circle's prexy and secretary could produce danceable tunes from the ivory keyboard, we found out. Others contributed their tonsils with the aid of an old song-book they found lying on top of the piano. The sergeant-at-arms of the Lex C., who has the authority to tote an "equalizer," amused himself by pot-shooting at old cans and sea-shells on the seashore.

And so the party went. At the end, the prols gallantly (!) took the girls home in their cars, driving in a late afternoon rain, each car a bevy of laughing, exuberant, gay coeds and a perfectly contented gentleman at the wheel who had temporarily descended from the Olympian heights he usually occupied when in the classroom. The first affair of the College of Law was held successfully, beautifully—and not so expensively!

ROTCHATTER

(Continued from page 37)

nal Parade and Review in honor of the Very Reverend Father Rector at the Abellana High School Grounds last September 28, 1952. The Sponsors' presentation was held at the same event.

ORGANIZATION:

In accordance with Orders No. 4 published by DMST effective August 18, 1952 the Cream of the USC ROTC organization were assigned to their respective posts as follows:

Cdt. Colonel Césame P. Mirabueno, Corps Commander; Cdt. Lt. Col. Eleno Ibañez, Ex-O and Adjutant; Cdt. Lt. Colonel Cirilo Sario, Battalion Comdr. 1st Bn.; Cdt. Lt. Colonel Pedro Patalinghug, Battalion Comdr. 2nd Bn.; Cdt. Lt. Colonel David Dulamas, Battalion Comdr. 3rd FA Bn.

INFANTRY:

"A" Company — Cdt. Capt. Conrado Ajero, Commanding Officer; "B" Company — Cdt. Capt. Natalio Yuzon, Commanding Officer; "C" Company — Cdt. Capt. Carlos Tajada, Commanding Officer; "E" Company — Cdt. Capt. Jovito Capangpanan, Commanding Officer; "F" Company — Cdt. Capt. Hector Bacolod, Commanding Officer.

BATTERY:

"A" Battery — Cdt. Capt. Demosthenes Gumalo, Btry. Comdr.; "B" Battery — Cdt. Capt. Delfin Pengzon, Btry. Comdr.; PRO Cdt. Capt. Estratónico Afano, Infantry.

Republic of the Philippines  
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**SWORN STATEMENT**  
(Required by Act No. 2589)

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

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of September, 1952, at Cebu City on the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1524988 issued at Cebu City, on January 6, 1952.

(Sgd.) FULVIO C. PELAEZ  
Notary Public  
Until Dec. 31, 1952

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THE INTIMIDATING rain, the threatening flashes of lightning, and the bullying, frightful crashes of thunder failed to dampen the high spirits of the Home Economics ladies who were determined to make a real go of their Barrio Fiesta in the USC campus. The preparations went on as planned and it was fittingly celebrated as scheduled in spite of the fury of the elements.

### Special Feature

high-light of the evening was the coronation of the Home Economics Queen. Miss Lilia Tabes was fittingly proclaimed and crowned by Mrs. Caroline Gonzalez, head of the M. E. Department. Miss Caroline Orbe was the charming King Consort in barong

success is COOPERATION in capital letters. In this affair, the M. E. women, being human, may have soared high with the flying carpets of their imaginations. They may day-dream sometimes, but they never lose their pretty heads that way. As easily as they give vent to the flights of fancy, they can readily return to reality and serious thinking. And when they

## BARRIO FIESTA IN THE CAMPUS

### *To the Strains of the Native "Balitaw"...*

Early Sunday morning of the 24th of August, the USC quadrangle was subjected to a face-lifting from feminine hands. Palm trees, sugar cane, banana plants and other evergreen trees abounding in native landscapes, found their way into the university campus.

Old Sol winked bashfully awhile but suddenly hid its rotund face behind gray, menacing clouds. Taking this as a cue for inclement weather in the offing, the plucky ladies decided to move from the quadrangle and installed all the barrio odds, ends and paraphernalia inside the main lobby of the Collegiate building. Several hours later, the lobby was transformed as if by magic. Overhead dangled a canopy of multi-colored tiny paper flags and bunting, with miniature lanterns swaying gaily to the strains of enchanting ballad and kundimeta tunes and to the slow lazy beat of native waltzes. The tiny lanterns hang from artificial vines bridging arboreal branches and hugging walls and huge pillars, finally converging towards the throne as the focal point. Yes, there had to be a throne, for a Barrio Fiesta is never complete without a reigning beauty for the occasion.

The coyness within, and the warmth of everybody's smiles were in contrast to the humid atmosphere without. Proof of ladies' practical decisions was shown when they cheated the weather for the second time that day. Anticipating a down-pour, they had brought their costumes earlier that morning.

After putting up all the decorations and the setting made ready, feminine voices and multi-colored costumes were very much in evidence worn by the fiesta celebrants and filling up all lobby space in a shorter time than expected. There were no traces of the outside down-pour on their faces. The ladies were as fresh and crisp as newly gathered cabbages. It was simply inspiring, how our native attire could be so charming. There never was a more beautifully attired group representative of our native costumes of the past decades than what my eyes feasted on at the moment! To top them: native caps, saricats, bandannas and bonnets.

The cameras, strangers to the whole set-up, took their time clicking in attempts to record the activities of the memorable event. But the

tegalog. The court included Miss Socorro Riveral and Miss Priscilla Abinales. Dulcinea Villamor was crown-bearer.

A huge crowd, all members of the M. E. Barrio Queendom, lined below.

By

MARIA ESTRELLA  
VILLAROSA

Home Economics Dept.

Her Majesty's throne. Each of her subjects were bearing vari-colored lights exuding more color to the coronation. For the Barrio Queen, no worthier crown could be fitting than pink African daisies which nestled snugly her regal head. (It was whimsically whispered that the rare daisies which were used as the Queen's crown were gifts from a gallant African Sultan...)

There is no question that what was responsible for the celebration's

do, they can ve good and uncannily practical at it.

The barrio setting done in the limited lobby space, depicted the pleasant gaieties of a barrio symbolizing the peace, contentment and simple joys our forefathers must have enjoyed in their time. The ladies tried to relive the innocent glory of yesteryears, and brought back to life, the memories of simple barrio folks. These consist of our native heritage about which our own people regret to be continually receding into the background because crowded in by the various self-imposing novel practices and modern attitudes about life and things. The traditional costumes and dances of our ancestors: the patading, tapis, kimono, balintawak, barang tagalog, etc., were in evidence during the celebration as if conjured by magic and made more striking when danced to the haunting strains of native folk-songs, and the swaying movements of traditional folk-dances. There is no doubt that the symbolism aimed to be effected was well-attained: the feeling of nationalism for everything native and our own which will never cease to run as under-currents in our hearts and in our souls.



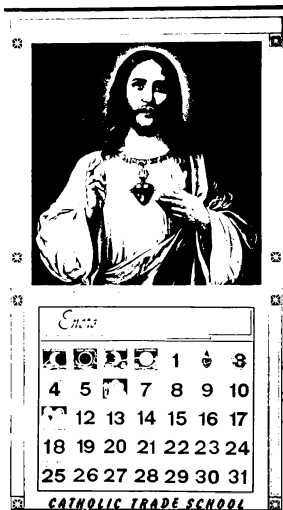
The M. E. Coods at the height of their Fiesta.

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