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Carolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



Vol. XV

*What you shall ask through my Rosary
you shall obtain.*

October
1951

No. 9

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Our Cover: The Queen of the most Holy Rosary on the occasion of the month dedicated to the Queen of Peace. (See Story on page 3).

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• Editorial •

Why Vote?

I once met a fellow who said that he would never vote again. "Why vote, when I run the risk of not only losing my birthrights, but also my life?" He immediately recalled some cases of terrorism in the polls during the last elections, and he was quick to cite newspaper accounts about instances of election frauds which were mostly alleged but may not have been proven, just so that he might be justified in deciding not to vote again.

The poor fellow was laboring under a very dangerous phobia and he expected other people to partake of his irrational fear of what might happen to him at the polls. He is the worst kind of an alarmist who would make his friends give away their only potent weapon to right wrongs in the most legal way. He may be able to sway weaklings who have too soon lost faith in the government because they have lost faith in the administration which he blames for past election frauds and terrorism. But he would only be talking through his hat if he confronted people who could never lose faith in our government under a Constitution which guarantees and safeguards our civic rights. He is confused. He needs a bit of enlightening advice not only for his own good but also for the good of other people.

If one should lose faith in the administration, is it reasonable for him to give up his right to vote? Any right-minded citizen who is not a fair-weather patriot would surely be justly indignant if asked not to vote again. If he is of the belief that his candidate is more capable of handling office, there is more reason for voting in order that he may better have his influence felt in the choice of the men he would like to get elected to public office.

Even revolutionists and reformers look up to the right of suffrage as a fundamental right in a democracy. It is regarded as an obligation we can never dispense with. It is the only effective weapon of the masses against unwarranted encroachments on their rights. Only defeatists and professional pessimists can be bamboozled into inaction and indifference by the hallucinations and the haunting bad dreams of the past elections which they seem unable to dispel from their confused memory.

Can't we let bygones be bygones when those who are concerned have made up their minds to see to it that fraud and terrorism will not occur again?

All of us students and good citizens should, therefore, vote this November, exert our influence to safeguard the sanctity of the ballot, and get up enough courage to expose irregularities should any be committed. We are not alone in performing these civic obligations. The National Movement for Free Elections (NAM-FREL) sponsored by civic-spirited and influential organizations such as the Lions, K of C, Rotarians, Jaycees, etc., is unconditionally backing us up. And vote we shall because we should and must. No country can be really free whose citizens renegue their highest right and privilege — the right to the ballot.

Emilio B. Aller

off the record

by LIZA F. GARCIA

A very wise friend of ours observed — "In this business of keeping (or, if we must be exact, trying to keep) a column one of two things is to be expected: you win friends and influence people — or you lose friends and influence people into minor crimes like man-handling, murder and mayhem." And from acid experience, we know that's true — too true.

Right at the moment many of us are fully occupied with this important, problematic business of growing up — We — well, we're grown up — quiet. How do we know? It's this way: We used to want a lot of things. Many things, important, useless, good, bad etc. — and we hollered and raised coin when we couldn't have them. That's the way it is with kids.

And then, we couldn't have the one thing we wanted most — we just couldn't. So, we've grown up. Now we don't kick when we can't have the minor things (like going to movies and parties and dates everytime we want so). This is being adult. If this isn't, what is? Take a lesson, children.

Believe it or not, there's actually a man alive who admits that this stuff about guys preferring girls who are un-lipsticked, un-maceraaded and unroughed is all hokey — you know, baloney, bunk.

Quote: When I was eighteen I always declared I didn't like painted women but deep down in my heart I loved them. There's something about Max Factor (when spread all over a girl) that has a soothing effect. It's very good for a guy's morale. Unquote. Mr. Gonzalez, Instructor, USC.

Before press time we peeped at VN LIM's "Passing Thru." He speaks about professors. We copy. We say: There's something refreshing and interest-catching about professors who come to class looking neat and fresh out of fashion magazines.

This is a very effective way of presenting the "spinachy" Sort of subjects. (The not-too-exciting-but-very staple-kind) You like to keep looking at the rostrum and when you keep looking, why, you listen.

But we know of one school marm who goes one better: She lectures with a sparkle in her eyes. She loves and lives her subjects. The interest she feels, she projects, graciously, painlessly, to the students.

Sounds like a poem praise? — no, we're just commenting.

And while we're on teachers — we hear there's an Engineering Instructor who's sweet on some one in the Education department. We hope that next issue we can give you the "cutting-the-cake-picture." November — or October — or late September weddings are all right too, you know.

Before people get to weddings, there's usually the proposal. We've always taken proposals for granted until, in our news writing class, someone raised the earth-shaking query — Who proposes first — the man or the woman? This was in connection with human interest angles to the news story. You know, the man-bites-dog stuff, etc. We wrangled and wangled and warred for the last quarter of the period. When the bell rang, Mrs. G. asked for an opinion, countered calmly (before she joined Mr. G. who was waiting for her at the door) "Boys, are you men or mice?"

That, ma'am, is the moot question.

In an off-the-record moment, the Jr. Carolinian Moderator — with a canary-that-just-digested-the-cat air remarked, "Wait till you see our first issue." Why, Father S... that actually sounds as though you think the Jr. Carolinian will do us one better. If that happens, that will be because you have such a good model in our Carolinian. Yep, you high school children will always do well to be guided by our pen prints. Don't be too disappointed if you don't quite make our grade. Takes time, and growing up.

Politics is in the air — we can't help feeling it too, friend Herbie and us. But we have more edifying things to think of, so we don't bother too much. Could be also we're less
(Continued on page 7)



LEONINEZA

Looks At...

... a looker lurking among test tubes and chemicals is Rosita Ty. Lurking among chemicals is one thing and concocting something from them is another thing. Both she does with an amazing skill and accuracy, which can't be said for a greater part of us. ... dubbed "Smilin' Jack" by his high school principal, VICENTE ABELLANA still breaks into a bashful smile when given even a slight ribbing by his pals.

... MANOLO MERCADO. Small guy, big noise, Smart alecky cracks and not only wonderful but amazing sense of humor.

... PAT VELOSO, JEFFY CANCECO, ELLIE RELLOSA, and LYDIA SOLIA. There never was a bunch of ladies who are as conscientious as they are in their Dance 4 and you can't blame them. It's the only subject which has something to do with "curves" and "figures" (ehem!) Well, happy triment, girls!

LUZ JIMENEZ whose beautiful orbs inspire an all-day humming of "Beautiful Brown Eyes". Or maybe "I'd Love To Take You On a Slow Boat To China!"

A fugitive from the General Course, WALDO CANOY who is also currently a Commerce fresh. Waldo complains that his eyes get in the way of his hands when he sit down to pound off on an Underwood at his typing class. What with this semester's fresh batch of "Dear Secretaries" providing pleasant distraction ... who wants to learn to type!

... Slick Fe Cabatingan who not only stands for Lucero's SV Battery but for USC Green and Gold dribblers, as well.

... PIO PASTORFIDE, a robid believer in "Beauty is a matter of opinion," who is convinced that he has come upon an "angel" straight from Hollywood ... or was it, French Gongo, Pio?

(Continued on page 32)

WANTED: *A Catholic Party*

Speech delivered at a Convocation in Holy Name College, Tagbilaran, Bohol, last September.

By: ARISTIDES GONZALEZ

May we not be justified in accusing our present government of deliberately hastening the conversion of this country to Communism?

WHEN I was invited last week by Father Lesage to become your guest-speaker for this occasion, I immediately started ransacking my memory files for recollections about Bohol. The almost legendary figure of Bohol's first hero and martyr, Dagohoy, at once projected itself in my mind's eye. There must be something in the climate and soil of this rugged little island that has the magic of quickening the pulses of exoticism and of blazing paths that lead to immortality. By a twist of fantasy, however, the picture of Dagohoy is not that of a farmer with bolo upraised, defending his home and his native fields, but a picture of that symbolic status which graces the campus of the University of the Philippines, Oblation — youth, spurning the arms of battle, youth proud of his dignity in a free country, youth, in the immortal destiny which must be his, embracing in the generous sweep of arms outstretched an entire universe of fellow human beings, like him wayfarers towards an eternal rendezvous.

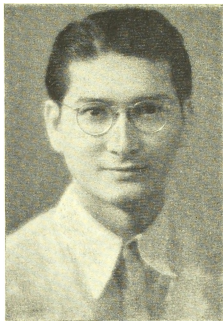
An eternal rendezvous! Yes, friends, "In the house of my Father are many mansions". We are indeed travelers in this bourne of time and place, but flitting shadows — how many sages and poets have not proclaimed it? And after we have crossed the bar, the rest is not silence. The rest is Absolute Truth, Goodness Infinite — Everlasting Happiness. That eminent general

Mr. Aristides González is an M.A. graduate of Ateneo with English major, and has been head of the English Department of San Bede College. He is currently professor of Sociology and English in U.S.C.

of Christianity, Ignatius of Loyola, laid down this paramount truth in a terse axiom of human conduct -- God made us to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him forever. That was four hundred years ago.

Since then, much has happened. We call these things Progress. From the accumulated facts of centuries, we glance from our eminence and sneer at the ideas of serious men who believed that the world was flat, whose knowledge of the stars was reduced to charlatan astrology, who believed in ghosts and burned witches at the stake. Can anything good come out of Nazareth? We ask contemptuously. And forthwith we stoned these prophets of the Middle Ages, and pillory the ideals which they have accepted as immutable truth. We welcomed each philosopher with a new set of fantastic doctrines, provided they spat upon the old truths that came from religion. We prostrated ourselves at the feet of the goddess of Reason, an actress of the French opera, and chanted the liturgy of Secularism led by Jean Jacques Rousseau as he proclaimed the brotherhood of man without the Fatherhood of God. Without the Fatherhood of God, men ceased to be brothers. Under the fanatical creeds of Hitlerism, Fascism and Shintoism, only their respective race were human beings, the rest were degenerates unfit to live in a world which must be Nordic. We the democracies, the believers of Secularism, we destroyed the enemy. Our progress in the sciences, the Industrial Revolution, had made us survive.

The ink from the pen of General Douglas MacArthur was scarcely dried after the treaty of Japanese surrender, the dramatic words of the General: "We consider these proceedings closed" were still reverberating through our thrilled hearts, when the 36th parallel jumped from our books of geography into the inmost recesses of our fears and hopes, chilling the human heart with forebodings of global disaster. And well indeed should they cause universal panic, for here was an enemy more formidable than the tanks and



THE AUTHOR

the tables of Valhalla. In the brief span of thirty years Russian Communism had fanatically embraced the worship of Material Progress, outstripping its American exemplars in its devotion to production and more production. Take up the Life Magazine for a comparative view of the potential and actual strength of Russia and the United Nations led by the United States, and read through it the handwriting on the wall. Read dispassionately the news items regarding the present peace negotiations in Korea. You see there no submissive opponent squirming in abashed confusion, like an unruly child before the stern eye of the disciplinarian, but the cool strategist of a chess-game calculating and unrelenting in the pursuit of his objective. The pupil has learned his lessons well from the master. Russia has learned from America science without conscience.

With this difference, though. There is a difference, my friends, which is precisely the strength of Communism and the weakness of American democracy, also of our Philippine democracy which is but a reflection of the American way of life. To the worship of Material Progress Russian Communism has not only added, it has infused a

(Continued on next page)

belief. I use the precise word infuse, as it connotes not merely an external appendage, but a purely spiritual concept, the idea of a substantial being with its determining form. Can I be more clear if I compared it to the spirit of Faith which is infused into the Christian soul at baptism? The substance of Communism, is its Power, the form its religion of State Worship, so successfully theorized on by Engels in his Philosophy of Dialectic Materialism, and efficiently carried out in Russian schools of indoctrination. We hear of such centers of indoctrination in our own country, notwithstanding the precarious existence which our communist foes are forced to lead because of our government's vigilance.

What is this belief, this religion of irreligion? With your kind permission I would like to inject a bit of ontology here, as this is how Engels proceeds. In our philosophy we base our system on the primary concept of 'being'. All things have one concept in common — being, that is, everything that exists, has 'being'. On this our reasoning is built. The Primary Being is God; man is a contingent being, participating analogously in the Being of God. The foundations of the Communist ideology are different. According to Engels, the concept of being is non-existent as all things really are 'becoming'. They are in a constant flux towards no particular perfection. How they happened to exist is not any concern of his, as that is a foolish question — all things are simply 'becoming'. Lenin supplied the answer to the question of becoming what by stating that men will become so perfect that there will be no need for government. The government withers away as man becomes perfect and a brave new world of saints gradually replaces the old. For the time being, Stalin adds, the Communist Party must lead the proletariat to that much-desired end, through bloody revolution and the establishment of one common denominator, the proletariat. The State must therefore be absolute in its control over the individual as the individual has value only in so far as it promotes the welfare of the state towards ultimate perfection. The individual's significance under this philosophy is thus reduced to that of a cog in a giant machinery. The moment it refuses to perform what is expected of him in the blueprint of Communist government, he must be liquidated as a liability. This is where the word

WANTED: A CATHOLIC PARTY

(Continued from page 5)

liquidated has taken such a cold-blooded meaning.

If you would stretch your patience a bit, I would like to mention a practical application of this philosophy or belief. It was good twenty years ago to relax the marriage laws and allow card divorce, a divorce granted by merely taking out the marriage card from the shelves of the bureau and crossing out the name of the erstwhile marital partner. This worked both ways for all parties. Today divorce is discouraged and family life made much of, in the interests of the present militant aims of Communism. Since the State is supreme, its mandates are never determined by absolute principles of right and wrong but by expediency.

But enough of this abstract disquisition. It is sufficient to note that the belief of Communism is firmly grounded on a Philosophy of Relativism which is assiduously learned in Russian schools. Faith in State absolutism is the credo of every Russian subject; the ideal of service to the welfare of humanity is held out as the *raison d'être* of every individual. In the words of the British historian, Arnold Toynbee, "Communism is a doctrine more seductive than the tenets of Islamism. It offers an ideal of service to mankind."

What beliefs, in contrast to this, what immortal principles, does American and Philippine democracy, offer to their citizens? It is not sufficient to say that democracy guarantees the rights of individuals because the Constitution says so. It is still as insufficient to enthuse with Rousseau about the excellence of man and universal brotherhood. The stronger and the more powerful can afford to despise these sentimental slogans and ride roughshod over the weak and the destitute. Nor can we gather enough strength, nor would we desire to gather such strength to offer our homes and our lives to a belief in defense of an abstract term which modern humanists have canonized as 'human dignity'. Man's person, so modern secularism holds, is intrinsically deserving of respect. It is so because he can reason, he can create art, he can invent things, which no animal can do. Therefore, because

of this he should have human rights. He should enjoy the four freedoms. No one should trample on these rights. But if a brutal majority should seize the power of government, can it not sneer in open contempt of such a childish illusion. Possessing the power can he not tear up the Magna Charta of the people's right and throw it into an ashcan as so much mollicoddling of a mere weakling animal, who after all, according to chemists, is materially worth 97 cents? If such a person believes with Darwin that man is but a supersensitive baboon, why should not the stronger baboon prevail?

Two years ago I was present at a Town Hall meeting in Manila, where we had as guests several Town Hall members from the United States. Also present was Mr. Guillermo Capadocia, Communist. He complained that the Communists were being denied their four freedoms in a supposedly democratic country. One of our visitors from the United States declared that even at the expense of exposing the state to the dangers of sedition, the freedom of speech should not be curtailed. He was a lawyer. To him democracy meant freedom without restraint. He would defend a communist to the best of his abilities although the accused was plotting publicly to overthrow his government. He would defend his right to speak. He believed implicitly in that Voltairian maxim: I will disagree with you, but I will defend with my life your right to speak. My friends, the part cannot be greater than the whole. It took America exactly another year before they started rounding up the Communists in the United States. We beat them to the punch by a couple of months. The freedom of speech is only one of your freedoms, the freedom to live in peace, to be secured in the democratic way of life we now enjoy is certainly greater than this.

What delusions, what aberrations have resulted from this fanatical worship of freedom. You are free to conspire against your country, provided you are not caught. You are free to steal from the people, provided you know how to pad your accounts. You are free to raid the coffers of the government, provided you are in power. You are free to commit adultery provided the police does not catch up with you. The communists have a right to sneer at this way of life. At least they delude themselves with the

(Continued on next page)

VOTE FOR

Catholic Education

IN OUR BULWARK of Christianity in the Far East, in our Catholic Philippines, we Catholics are the emaciated victims of our own stupid complacency against the pernicious onslaughts of Protestants, Masons, and unscrupulous politicians in our educational system.

We pay tax to support public education, even if we do not use such Godless education for our children. We pay to establish and maintain our own Catholic schools. To top the sad situation, we have to pay more, because the Government taxes our Catholic schools!

Should a public or another private school be operating already in locality, with its inadequate, Godless education, we are prohibited from having our own Catholic school. We have been forced to pay for public education; we are now forced to take the Godless education, or to have no education at all. We cannot have our own Catholic school!

Indeed, it is very strange that, although our Government is fighting Communism, our Government is doing precisely what the Communist are doing in Red China and elsewhere inside the Iron Curtain: discouraging, persecuting the Catholic schools!

We, the people must correct this anomaly. The Administration of President Quirino must be subject to censure in the coming elections unless it reforms its anti-democratic and anti-Catholic policy against Catholic schools.

In the first place, the Administration must lift up the taxation of Catholic schools. Such taxation is against the Constitution, against the democratic way of life, and smacks of an avid desire to get money and more money by whatever means, for the Government to spend and perhaps mis-spend.

In the second place, the Administration must permit the opening of Catholic schools even in places where there are already public or other private schools. Freedom of education, the right and duty to educate one's children, is a God-given, inalienable human right, recognized in our Constitution. It in-

Reprinted from the *Jaro Archdiocese*
Catholic newspaper "Veritas" of
September 9, 1951

cludes the freedom to establish and maintain schools.

Any public or private school that cannot stand the test of honest competition deserves no artificial protection from the State. Moreover, it must be noted that there is something in Catholic education that is absent from our "public" or "secular" education, — the education of the soul, along with the education of the mind and body.

We Catholics must awake from our stupid complacency, and stop being like the placid carabao, led by the nose by the enemies of our Church. We must be militant Catholics in our private and public life. We must make good use of the ballot. We must ask our candidates to state their stand on Catholic education, and accordingly give them or refuse them our vote.

OFF THE RECORD

(Continued from page 4)

patriotic than the Ed who's all afire with enthusiasm setting up a chapter of the National Movement for Free Elections. We can contribute this observation though the political would have lost an asset in the person of Father Moderator. Have you seen Father S. coming down the corridors to his office? Such a lot of "Hello, Inday" and "It's this, my boy, ne?" and stopping to chat and the cheery Catholic wave of the hand and geniality. Winning any election would be a cinch.

Unfortunately, Father S. is happy where he is, so there is lost one who answers the need of the moment — "A Catholic Politician."

In the course of our chat with friend Herbie in the office the other day, we touched on the interesting

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WANTED A CATHOLIC . . .

(Continued from page 6)

ideal that they are subservient, nay, slaves of the State, because they have to live like social beings and must look to the common good. On the altars of this ideal, they are willing to follow their leader to death. Can any one sincerely say: I shall sacrifice my life for the freedom not to get caught by the policeman?

Frantically America today is trying to gain adherents to its bankrupt cause. It strews billions of dollars around the world seeking to lull the intense unrest of backward nations by a temporary prosperity. The Marshall Plan, the Point IV, the war damage, surplus, war equipments, all the letters of the alphabet dressed up gaudily with the glitter of American gold are mustered up to prevent the final cataclysm. The Yankee dollar rolls in vain. Why? Where did the PCAU and the ECA supplies go? Ask the party in power. Where did the surplus and the War Damage money go? Ask the party in power. Where did the billions for Chinese defense go? Ask the Nationalists. Where will all other American aid, intended for the enlightenment and the social upliftment of the masses, finally go? If for once such aid were applied properly, how successful would it be in setting at ease the fevered spasms of suffering humanity, and for how long? How long without a faith that makes the individual responsible to His Lord and Creator, to Whom he must render a final accounting. How long without a faith that recognizes the Ten Commandments. How long without a faith that makes all men brothers and worthy of respect because they are all children of God. How long without a faith that teaches that the salvation of man's soul is the chief concern of man here on earth, and that each right proceeds from God, each duty is owed to God?

The skeptic might at this point raise an eyebrow and say: Why religion of all things in this modern age? To go into a detailed answer could not be difficult, but there is a more powerful answer that comes from the pronounced enemies of democracy. Why do the communist hate religion so much? Scan the newspapers for the atrocities, the inhuman killing of priests, nuns, and other Apostles of Christianity. You remember Cardinal Mindszenty. You remember the Protestant Mis-

(Continued on page 32)

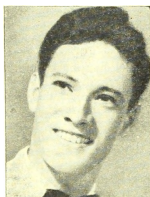
What Do You Think

Conducted by
JAY VERLE

NOTE: On dishing out the topic question for this issue we had to dip our noses into a lot of hokey-pokey and come out with nothing a bit interesting than Hirohito's indifference to the four freedoms or Mama's special dish of spaghetti. Until we bumped into a statement that appeared in the Reader's Digest (July) coming from an acclaimed soldier and citizen of the free world . . . "Everyone has a plan for peace. These plans look good on paper, but we'll never have peace as long as there are hungry people in the world." That was Dwight D. Eisenhower. Let's hear now from among ourselves.

About this Question of Peace . . .

● **Mr. Adrián Miciano, College of Engineering,** says: If it is possible to profess the same religious faith to all peoples of the world, there will be a congruence of the same fears and the same ends. Let that be and the United Nations will run out of business.



Adrián Miciano—Engineering

● **Mr. César Jamiro, College of Commerce** says: Bigheads in the UNO have for some time pooled their brains together with as much flavor on diplomacy as was safe enough; they have done a lot of bickering with each other bearing on the least conceivable detail in an effort to thresh out a little peace settlement or negotiate some kind of a treaty until facts underwent heavy twisting, wrangling and distortion, winding the whole mess into such an unhappy conclusion as to cause them to start all over again. All I can say is, small potatoes that we are, we ought to stand aside and pay our taxes. That ought to let them go on banking. They'll be so busy tossing their tonsils all over the place, they'll forget about war. Meanwhile, peace.

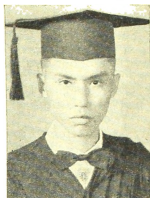


Luz Evangelista—Education

● **Miss Luz M. Evangelista, College of Education,** says: The word peace is not as big as it sounds. Peace should start at home. If every family stays together with love and faith, the community will remain happy and contented to such a proportion as would invite the whole country to remain as ideally peaceful. Being thus, all elements of the nation become united. There is strength in any unity. Strength bears results, one of which is capacity to defend and remain safe from aggression — thus, peace.



César Jamiro—Commerce



Francisco Borromeo—Lib. Arts

● **Mr. Francisco S. Borromeo, College of Lib. Arts,** says: There is no such thing as lasting peace. All along the years, history has recounted tales of bloody wars. Tribes and armies clashed against each other with such ferocity as did render human lives less valuable than thrones and lands. Kings and dictators saw no way to avenge each other's lust for dominion than by the use of arms and man power. Today, Russia wants supremacy which the rest of the world refuse to give her. It is the same old story which must conclude in the proverbial arena and not, absolutely not, behind desks. It is a helluva waste of time.



Luz Sepúlveda—Secretarial

● **Miss Luz Sepúlveda, Secretarial Course,** says: It is just like going fishing in a no-fish water. One can't get fish except direct from Almighty God.

(Continued on page 35)

What Is Russian



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

RUSSIAN COMMUNISM BELIEVES:

- That there is no God Whom we are responsible for our actions;
- That man has no spiritual soul and is but an animal that ceases altogether with death;
- That there are no Ten Commandments or other super-human norms of morality, because the end justifies the means to attain the communistic goal.

(Continuation of Chapter I,
August Issue).

The Truth About Russia

"THERE are none so blind as those who will not see" is an old proverb. Of course, if an unthinking, unreasoning mob does not wish to get the truth about Russian Communism, but, on the contrary, is desirous of lapping up all the poisonous propaganda that is ladled out to it by dishonest, untruthful propagandists, nothing can be done to enlighten such people. But, thank God, there are many who though seduced by such lying propaganda, yet are quite willing to look at the other side of the picture. Every Catholic should be in a position to refute the errors of Communism and also to refer to excellent books that give the truth about Soviet Russia.

In the present work I shall give clear outline and exposition of Russian Communism and show its utter repulsiveness. Meanwhile, let me refer to a few works that any reader may pursue with profit and recommend to Communists who are suf-

ficiently fair-minded to read the other side of the question.

I would suggest that we first take those books which have been written by non-Catholics and even non-Christians, some of whom were formerly Communists or had decided leanings towards Communism, but were entirely disillusioned or disgusted by their experiences in Soviet Russia. Space does not allow me to write even a cursory biography of the authors I am going to mention, or even to give an account of their work or activities in Russia. The reader will get sufficient information on these matters in the books themselves.

Books On Russia By Non-Catholics Or Non-Christians

The following works, written by authors who are not Catholics and of whom some are not Christians (i.e., do not profess the Christian religion), throw great light on the Soviet system and show how miserably and even despotically it operates:

- "I Was a Soviet Worker," by Andrew and Eva Smith
- "Assignment in Utopia," by Eugene Lyons
- "Russia's Iron Age," by William H. Chamberlin
- "I Search for Truth in Russia," by Sir Walter Citrine
- "Return from the U.S.S.R.," by Andre Gide
- "I Chose Freedom," by Victor Kravchenko
- "One Who Survived," by Alexander Barmine
- "In Stalin's Secret Service," by Walter S. Krivitsky

Another splendid book is "This Is My Story," by Louis Francis Budenz, who had been brought up a Catholic but later lost the faith, joined the Communist Party, and

for ten years wrote for the Communist "Daily Worker" of which he later became managing Editor. Through God's grace he has now returned to the fold and has written this excellent work, which everyone interested in Communism—Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Agnostic, or Communist—may read with the greatest profit.

Here is a striking paragraph from the Preface to this intensely interesting book:

The ordinary American has no idea of the alien world which exists right here in our own country, as exemplified by the Communist Party. He or she would be astounded to enter the actual life of a leading Communist Party member, and to discover the intellectual straitjacket in which that person is imprisoned. The leaders of that party are in the darkest ignorance as to what is occurring in the country they serve. Soviet Russia, and yet follow every beck and call of those who command them from abroad. Here is a walled-in community, in the midst of free America, whose leadership works secretly in the shadows and is not infrequently dictated to by the secret police or other agents of a foreign government and even threatened on occasion with removal by such police. And yet, I, a fourth-generation American, have witnessed such occurrences with my own eyes and heard them with my own ears."

Those of our readers who may not be disposed to wade through larger volumes, and who desire a succinct account of Russian Communism and its operations, would

(Continued on next page)

Lyrics

By VIRGINIA PERALTA
(Post-Graduate School)

1. *I could have kissed the face of you into the
Self-same incandescence with which you lit me.
I could have taken the face of you
In the compassing hands of mine
And there could have been music.
None from the spheres could have been more incandescent
Sound.*

2. *We shall walk again that rustic dirt road of an
Afternoon and talk about the things that should really be.
And there shall be no barrier between your thoughts and
mine.*

*For whatever is your name does not matter. but that
We have culled thoughts from out of the slowing sun
And loved it; that you have given me the wool of
Your dreams to weave with the warp of my pain.
Pain and dreams sing a splendid song.
Let me write it and we shall sing it again some day.*

Forgotten One

By IDMILA CALCETA
(Post-Graduate School)

*There is the valley
forlorn
 reposeful
 desolate.*

*And the quiet palm trees
clothed in the cold mist;*

*There is the hill;
 the forsaken bones
Scattered beside a bared helmet
 and a rusted gun.*

*There is the battered cliff
 under the azure sky.
The blood stains on its fragmented bosom.
There is the heart of a long forgotten one
Who fought
But failed to see the march of dawn.*

Cinquains

(Post-Graduate School)

*It was
A surging tide,
The whirlpool swirled untamed.
Perplexed, with fear he asked the
night,
Must I? --F. S. MENDEZ*

*Love real
Get light from night,
Is blind but never blinded.
Warm never frozen, soft,
unhardened
Life long --S. CUYOS*

*I sought
To say how much
Your love still means to me.
But when I spoke one word, I said:
Good-bye! --V. PERALTA*

*The dawn,
Where does it go?
No see, no sage will know
It vaults to some far land till day
Returns. --E. DIANO*

*Take care
That you don't fail
To nourish it with deeds,
Or you will find it lost . . . too late:
Your soul. --V. LIAO LAMCO*

WHAT IS RUSSIAN . . .

(Continued from page 9)

do well to communicate with the Catholic Information Society, 214 West 31st St., New York 1, N.Y., and procure some of the informative pamphlets published by that Society. The entire series of twenty-six pamphlets can be procured for \$1 post-paid. These pamphlets are written by persons who are thoroughly conversant with Soviet Russia and its sinister system: Eugene Lyons, William H. Chamberlin, and other competent authors.

What Does Communism Teach And Practice?

Why is the Catholic Church so vehemently opposed to Communism? Why is this system repudiated by sincere non-Catholics and even by all intelligent, well-informed patriotic citizens of every shade of belief? Is it because Communism denies the right of private ownership?

If I compare the serious objections we have to Communism to the various rungs of a ladder, I should say the matter of private ownership was the lowest rung on the ladder. Certainly we oppose Communism because it denies the inborn right of man to private ownership of property, but that is by no means the most serious objection to this fearful system. We condemn Russian Communism because it teaches and does its utmost to put into practice the following doctrines inspired by hell itself:

1. There is no God, and so a relentless campaign to spread atheism must be carried on, especially in the schools, where children from the tenderest years must be robbed of all idea of God and imbued with utter atheism.
2. Religion is a delusion; it is but "the opiate of the people."
3. Man has no spiritual soul; he is not essentially different from the brute.
4. No objective norm of morality exists; all "morality" comes from the State; the only ethical principle is that whatever helps to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat is right.
5. Marriage is not a sacred institution; it derives its force only from the State, which can make and unmake marriages as it deems fit.
6. Children do not belong to parents; they are the property of the State.
7. Terrorism must be employed as

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HER FOND gaze rested on the photograph on the piano. It was the picture of a young man of about nineteen or twenty. He is handsome, she thought with pride. Her eyes went over each feature lingeringly, caressingly over the warm dark-brown eyes so like her own eyes that somehow promised a wealth of understanding and compassion over the straight finely molded nose over the sensitive mouth.

This was a picture of her Bert taken on his graduation day. That was the day before that other memorable one when, at breakfast he told her of his desire to enter the Jesuit seminary in Manila.

She remembered that day with a good deal of pride as much in herself as in him. He had never known, not even suspected, as he talked in impassioned tones about his being sure the priesthood was

for him that she was dying many deaths inside. She had talked to him, calmly, soberly, even with her usual quiet cheer. She had raised no objections although her whole being rebelled against the idea of giving up her only son she had simply asked him to be sure. He was sure. "Think of it, Mums - to be able to go into this world, farthest, remotest corners - to teach the faith - help save souls - to lead so complete, so dedicated a life - that's for me, Mums."

Alone in her room in the lonely darkness, she had cried out her heart's aching. The struggle had been long and bitter.

But by the time he left for Manila, she had come to a resignation that was without bitterness. She remembered how it had been he who had broken down at the airport how she had been the stronger how he had taken courage from the proud smile she

had flashed at him as he waved at her from the plane window.

When he was away at the seminary she had known many lonely days. But there never had been bitterness. She received his weekly letters with happiness.

They were young, enthusiastic, eager missives. And always, as if to reassure her, the lines:

"I am surer than ever that this is the life for me. I can hardly wait to begin the real task."

And then, only two months ago, the telegram: "Your boy sick. Come immediately."

Her Bert had broken down under the strain. He had been so intense, so eager about his studies; specially Latin which surprisingly he could not pass that the nervous breakdown resulted.

During those two weeks at the hospital she had not attempted to observe her boy as carefully as was

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SO YOU WANT TO BE A LAWYER



by RAMON T. MALIXI
College of Law

Sink or swim,
you must have to do
a lot of kicking
if you must really want
to be a lawyer
and not lower. . .

have that propensity for doing just what comes naturally. Yours is a will inert to anything tedious, quick to grasp instances when you can escape from the dizziness of mental gymnastics. In short, you are an "escapetic". You prefer to do some gallivanting here and a little gallivanting there. With the Hollywood follies in town, who is not a mortal not to be attracted to what is showing? And so you see the show to rest your eyes, to untangle your brain jigsawed by the morbid drowsiness of too much concentration. You do not like to become a rich lawyer in the cemetery or in a doghouse.

When the show is over, you go home mentally relaxed, although perhaps physically exhausted. . . . by the heat of the un-air-conditioned theater. What welcomes you? There lies on your table your Code of Civil Procedure in all its splendor, thick and span, enmeshed with the haywire of commentaries and conflicting citations, not to mention the microscopic footnotes -- footnoted by other footnotes. Like a kid lost in a harem, you make a hasty leaping of the day's lesson. You remember that your classcard is on deck. That makes things bleak. With a determination of a criminal about to hang you desperately read sections and articles, rules and decisions. But law is not a mean subject that can

(Continued on page 17)

TO BE or not to be, is not the question of the day. This is not the time for backing out or for being undecided. You must go on because you only have a year before that wonderful time when friends will call you, attorney; and contemporaries, "compañero." Although the rate of mortality in the one last impediment to being what you aspire to be is disquieting, you are not plagued by that because they may yet pass a law when the passing grade will only be 65%.

Right now your worry is the daily hearing wherein your professor is the judge with powers unlimited and you, the accused, unconstitutionally, without counsel.

Preparation of your pleading to meet the interrogation and the cross examination to be propounded by the professor is entirely a discretion on your part. But you do not wish that execution of your promotion be stayed with a condition. Therefore, to prepare properly is mandatory. How well you can make such preparation is a matter dependent upon the facts and circumstances of your individual case. But if yours is one where moments of mental dementia crowd out the periods of lucid intervals, brother, it is not yet too late for you to hit the road and join the "liberals", or take a course in cooking.

If you are a full-time student you are lucky, probably, unlucky. Because you have all the time, you

I SUPPOSE everyone gets affected to some degree by sunshine. Well, I go for it with an intensity that is almost a passion. I wonder if the fact that I was born under the sign of Leo and thereby consigned to be a "child of the sun" has anything to do with it. Frankly, I don't believe in astrology, but the allusion is interesting and the coincidence fascinating.

I go for sunshine... not wisps and snatches of it... but scads of it, as much as I can possibly comprehend. I may be in the lowest of moods, but if there could only be sunshine when I am in such low moods, I'm sure I'd pull out of the blue spool very quickly.

It gives me a feeling of kinship with those who write or express themselves as I feel about sunshine. There's the line I came across in a book sometime ago in which sunshine was spoken of as liquid golden wine... that's a beautiful gem of a description of sunshine to savor through days of gloom and moodiness. Sometimes, I wish I could keep some of the sunshine I love so distantly instilled in my mind to hold against the darker days.



On Sunshine

By VIRGINIA PERALTA
(Post-Graduate School)

I am no artist, nor do I hope to ever really understand or feel a kindred warmth for much of our abstract modern art. But I certainly go into ecstasies over Amorsolo's paintings. I love the way he dashes his sunshine so brightly over his colorful canvases, lighting up the subjects and bringing them out in all the fullness of their dimensions. Sunshine so dazzles from Amorsolo's brush that, as an American critic of one of the United States world fairs said, on viewing a painting of his, "one almost unconsciously shades his eyes."

Some call Amorsolo naive for picturing his sunshine so unashamedly. If such a sensitivity and passion for sunshine can be reason to call a man naive, then I don't mind being called naive. We share a love for the same thing: sunshine. Surely, naiveness must be something to be proud of, in these days of sophistication and frustration.

In books I never fail to catch the mood of the writer from the way he portrays or speaks of light or of sunshine. Remember in Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession" where a man gets so obsessed with a secret for making use of a power

that is always waiting to be tapped? And whenever he feels the inflow of such wonderful power, as the author put it, it was always as if he saw a door opening in his mind and light, brilliant as sunshine, came in and dazzled him through with the magnificence of it.

There's a book, too, which though I've never read, bears a title I've never forgotten, "Sun in Their Eyes."

Have you ever walked with the sun in your eyes? Try it some morning or afternoon, walking down a quiet road or street towards the sun... actually getting the sun in your eyes. It's blinding, but it's magnificent and it lights up every fiber in your being, making you as alive as you should really be.

Sunshine takes different facets of beauty depending on how you see it reflected. Odd, isn't it, that one never really sees sunshine unless it shines directly in one's eyes or is reflected from something. Ever watched the way sunshine trembles imprisoned in a drop of water, turning the liquid to solid light? Or the way sunshine was splintered by, some jewel into a rainbow of colors?

Did you know sunshine has a pattern... the pattern of whatever it shines upon? It may take the pattern of a flaming canna flower... or of hills in early morning... or of a kitten playing on the floor... or of a loved one's face.

Sunshine is like a manifestation of happiness: a smile, or a bit of laughter. Sunshine livens and warms all that it brushes, whether it be the rain-washed earth in early morning, or the chilled hands of the old.

Sunshine is the color of rich things whether it be gold, or the smooth fragrance of a ripened mango.

Sunshine is life and purpose and activity and warmth. It kisses green immaturity into ripe gold. It brings out the fragrance of the harvest waiting to be taken in.

I could continue waxing eloquent about the way sunshine affects me. But when I walk an early morning street, drenched with the sunshine I love, and as yet untouched by the dust, and arrive at the office in the headiest of spirits, the most eloquent thing I can say about the sunshine I love is embodied in the trite words: "Gee, but it's good to be alive."

ROTC

h_a_t_t_e_r

By
JESUS G. RAMA



EVERYTIME the deadline turks around the corner, we always feel as if we are racing against time and time is racing against us. And the worst part of it is that whenever their "red letter" day comes we find ourselves facing the blank wall racking our brains out for anything worthy to break into print.

However, we may be able to write some tid-bits of ROTC going-on of the past few weeks.

Heading the list of the Corps of Sponsors this year is the simple, unsophisticated 19-year old beauty, Miss Celestina Rubi of the Secre-

tariat Course. Shying away from publicity the sweet-faced "Queen of the Campus" has only a few words to say about herself and when interviewed by this writer she put up a cute smile and said: "Please limit your writing about myself." (a short write-up is found somewhere in this section.)

This year's ROTC has a new crop of beauties from different colleges chosen as sponsors of the different units. Their presence will boost the morale of the "boys" and be a source of inspiration to the whole Cadet Corps.

Incidentally, a military parade and review will be given in their honor early next month. The date of the presentation is not yet fixed but it is sure to fall on a Sunday. Again the public will witness another glamour parade of the feminine cream of the USC ROTC Corps at the Cebu Normal grounds.

Another bit of interesting news is that the Sponsors this year will have to wear a Sponsor's pin in order to distinguish the units they pin-up for. The pin is beautifully designed with fancy letterings. The center piece is a colorful Moro vinta in the crest of a wave which serves as backdrop. Miss *Miguela Martin*, active adviser of the Corps of Sponsors initiated something new when she revealed that sponsors' uniform will be unique and distinct

from that of the previous years. According to her the uniforms will be in elegant French style. No wonder about it: beautiful sponsors with elegant uniforms will make this Corps colorful.

A joint ROTC parade and review participated in by the various ROTC Units of the city was presented last Sept. 9th in honor of the Area Commander, Col. Juan Causing of the Third Military Area. The occasion was highlighted by the firing of artillery salutes on the 105 howitzer by the USC Cadets. Following closely was the parade and review in honor of Very Rev. Father Rector, Albert v. Gansewinkel, faculty members and administration officials. The presence of a large crowd and lovely sponsors of the corps lent color to the parade and ceremony. The success of the affair was already credited to Captain Antonio Gonzalez, Commandant and Lt. Eduardo Javelosa, Adjutant.

Sponsored by the III MA, a joint ROTC Acquaintance Ball was held at the Club Filipino with the participation of all ROTC Units. Important features of the affair were the contemporaneous numbers and dance contests participated in by the Cadet officers. Among the guests pro-

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Cdt. Major Cesar Jamira
Corps Adjutant



Lt. Col. Arturo Alife
3rd En. Comdr.

WAR ON MOSQUITOES

By CELESTINO P. RELAMPAGOS. (Post-Graduate School)

"**L**OVE THY enemy," runs a Biblical injunction. Can I love the mosquito? I asked myself. I tried to reason that the command refers only to human beings, not to His other creations. But St. Francis of Assisi, we have been told, loved the birds and other creatures. Fearful of the risk of hell, I sought a minister to get his assurance that the injunction does not include the mosquito. I got what I wanted. I can hate the mosquito with all my heart, and with all the will for vengeance I am capable of.

My hostility to the mosquito began at the breakfast table. I was hastily gulping my coffee when a last one alighted magnificently on the tip of my nose. I felt its sting and the heat of the coffee scorched my lips and tongue as I held the cup to my mouth still while manipulating my left to give it a slap. I struck. Holy cows! it escaped singing its way as it spiraled to the ceiling. The hot, black coffee spluttered all over my face and my newly-pressed clothes. I had never been mad in all my life. From that moment I swore eternal hatred for this base insect.

I have been thinking ever since on how best I can meet this enemy on even chances. In my almost daily encounters with these little devils, I have killed many, but many more have escaped my clutches. An effective device for defense is the mosquito net, but it does not satisfy me: it does not kill. By swinging a tin plate smeared with coconut oil in dark rooms, I can kill many, but they seem to multiply in greater number. I tried Flit now so extravagantly advertised in drug stores, but they have become wise to it: they flee on my approach with the mechanism.

After a long deliberation, I decided that my best weapons were my hands. I can clap and pulverize a mosquito in no time. Now I can meet it on its own ground. But where is its own ground? Is it not my flesh, my very own flesh? The mere thought of it sets my teeth gnashing with rage. Have you not felt your blood boiling within you at the sight of a flying mosquito after it has punctured your



epidermis? To me it is a crime that cries to high heaven for revenge. "All things that are, are with more spirit, chased than destroyed." I have all the enthusiasm and the indignation in chasing a mosquito, but the picture of broken legs and wings smashed against a background of blood on my palms is a source of extreme delight.

A health officer, a neighbor of mine, hear of my troubles with mosquitoes. He suggested a party of volunteers to help me eradicate the pest. I politely declined the offer. I want to meet my enemy in a single combat, I want to meet him man to man, for in a single combat fame speaks clear.

My hatred for this cursed creature is shared by all the members of the family. When I blurt out cursing unprintable words, the kids become silent in their play and begin to nod to one another, whispering, "It must be the mosquito." In our flower garden when I begin to slap my arms, my thighs and my face and shout at the maid, my wife would call, "Is it the mosquito,

Dear?" Often at the table when I appear cross and morose, the kids take turns in brogging, perhaps, in order to appease

me: "I killed two this morning, Pop," one would say. "I killed three myself," another would add, "they are in my arithmetic book."

I have often wondered what could be the most abominable enemy of mankind. Most people say it is the communist. I have not yet met a communist, so I cannot share their opinion. During the war many said the Jap was the worst enemy, but no Japanese ever laid his finger on any part of my body. I hate the Liberal administration but I hate the mosquito's suction more.

Because of the mosquito, I caught myself telling a lie once. I berated the students of my class for their negligence in their studies. "As for me," I announced, "there is nothing more hateful than a student who does not study his lessons." I bit my lips. I remembered the mosquito.

Ah! this world would be a happier place to live in but for the mosquitoes. If I had but one day to live and were asked for my last wish, I would kill a million mosquitoes before I breathe my last.

HERBIE SERIES

by vnlm

PLIGHT OF THE STUMBLE BUM

Friend Alex —

Alright, so here I am again. What's my beef this time? Nothing except that three times a week for one whole semester I have to sit up front in a seat entirely surrounded by females. Imagine me up there feeling like a sore thumb! Maybe I should give the prof an apple for putting me on the spot. Alex, you know how allergic I am to conspicuous spots. Well, brother, I have to take it this time.

And you know what, Alex, this particular class is simply alive with females. There are only about six or seven he-men there, and, true to all forms of gallantry, the same are scattered at the end seats of the rows. And where am I but up there in the second seat of the first row, and, adding salt to the wound, the prof flashes a sweetest smile at me and asks, Would I rather take the *first* seat!

You couldn't transfer me back to my favorite spot at the end of the row with a pyramid of diamonds. It seems the prof has to look at my mug once in a while to maybe see if I am still there or have I vanished.

Why such unwarranted interest in me.... I wouldn't know except that I guess maybe the prof knows we used to skedaddle out when roll call was over back in the days of our Math 1, eh Alex? Or maybe the acoustics of this room-in-question is so excellent, our little palavers I hold in the back seats with some of the boys are clearly audible in the prof's platform.

Mary had a little lamb, but my prof has a little guinea pig, and brother when this bovine fails to take that second front-row seat the neighboring girls start looking around with glee in their eyes and snickers from their lips. So what can I do but make a spectacle of myself going up front where them gals are and generally making a thorn of myself among them roses!

Pooey.

Still,
Herbie.



MONTH OF THE ROSARY

(Continued from page 3)

ing us on the path of Christian virtue?

c) Finally, the constant practice of the devotion of the holy Rosary secures for us the greatest of all graces — the grace of **final perseverance**, or of a happy death. This is a special grace, which we cannot merit by any work of ours, but which is to be obtained by humble and persevering prayer. But thus we can infallibly obtain the grace of final perseverance. For Almighty God has set no limits to the efficacy of prayer, as far as our eternal salvation is concerned. But it is not sufficient to pray for this grace incidentally or from time to time; we must pray for it without ceasing, according to the teaching of our Lord, "that we ought always to pray and not to faint" (Luke 18, 1). Now, it is certain that there is no more suitable way of praying this continual prayer than by frequently saying the Rosary.

As a proof of this assertion, instead of the many arguments I might advance, I shall adduce the following simple, but well authenticated fact. A celebrated preacher of the last century was one day summoned to the death-bed of a young nobleman, who was well known to be of dissolute habits. Not without much misgiving in his heart did he obey the summons. But how great was his surprise to find the dying man most contrite for his sins, and fully resigned joyfully to offer the sacrifice of his life as an atonement for his errors! He confessed his sins and received the last sacraments with the most ardent devotion. The confessor, unable to explain this miracle of grace, asked him the cause. The sick man, amid tears and sobs, answered: "Oh, my Father, this grace must be ascribed to the intercession of the Mother of God. When my mother lay on her death-bed, he called me to her bedside and made me promise that I would daily say the Rosary. I have kept my promise, though for the last ten years I performed no other act of religion. The Mother of God has saved me." He soon breathed his last in the greatest peace of soul, and the priest took his departure, blessing the mercy of God and the power and efficacy of the holy Rosary.

That the holy Rosary is also a
(Continued on page 25)

THE CAROLINIAN

My Secret Love

The barbed darts
of the less understanding
may cause pain
when it results in
stiffing the nobler nature
of man . . .

By ROBERT L. SPEARS
(Post Graduate School)

much greater measure than the love I gave them because they came to me in great profusion in exchange for the littlest care.

But my love brought pain in its wake. I was young then, and I was not wise. People passing by our house or coming in for a visit would immediately exclaim, "What a lovely home! A young woman surely lives here."

Time and again I hear such remarks. I looked at the flowers and they seemed to say, "Don't mind them, they mean well." Yes, perhaps. But I was not ready to take their words in that light. I was beginning to be afraid that I was different and to be different from all other men was, to a young man like me, the height of unmanliness. In a dilemma I had to make a choice between love for flowers and love for self. I chose the latter.

As days went by my growing neglect for the plants and flowers was registered in the speed the poor dears wilted, withered, died. In the wake of their going came a pain, soul deep, refusing to be soothed in the many years that followed. I knew it was there because like a breeze of nostalgia it swept through my being time and again. My refusing to have any plant in my new home to which I moved from the old, my stifling the itch for flower arrangement wrought in me a change. I was unhappy. I realized that something important was missing in my life.

The recurring pain of the soul unsoothed must be eased; the great longing for flowers must be satisfied. So, now that I am heavy with forty-five years of weight, now that I have acquired a thin sheet of wisdom to shield me from the barbed darts of the less understanding, I can, with some degree of courage, give vent to my secret love for the children of Mother Nature — the flowers.

SO YOU WANT TO BE . . .
(Continued from p. 12)

be sized up by a once-over. You begin to be sorry for the time wasted for good nothing. You wish it were a long way off before the start of classes, but time can not be checked just as you can not hold back the dawn.

Suddenly "big ben" thunders forth its lengthy announcement that classes are about to start. So to school you go, with a couple of oversized books. You look impressive. Your brain may not be above board but with those huge commodities in your arms it is sufficient advertisement that you belong to the college elite, that "eres estudiante de derecho." You make the ladies sigh. At this time you do not care for the impression and the sighs. Your heart is at a state of convulsion awaiting the moment of reckoning when to the professor you render an accounting of the day's agenda.

Now we come to you who wear double crosses: the inevitable working students, who are not immune to extra-curricular activities besides.

At break of day when it is time to get up it is so easy to sleep; but come Sundays or holidays, you can not sleep even when it is no time to get up. Because this is a working day you must have to get up. You have to earn. Monetary claims with perennial school activities must be satisfied. Your account with the university is probably piling up. With the examinations just next door, "permits" to take the exams must be had.

To office you go with your load of law books. Friends and people who see you wonder whether you also have classes at the City Hall or at the Goticaco building. The building is where you work; the books, for the moments when you do not work. Your job is one that involves transactions with people and bosses. When there are no people there are the bosses.

Somehow you manage to make a sneak preview of the day's lesson. You finger the pages covered by the provisions assigned. You nearly faint. You come to the painful realization that the two articles of law eat up nearly a hundred pages. You forget that in law a three-little worded enactment is as complicated as tens of cases based on it. What do you care for the cases? You would say that you are
(Continued on page 34)

I HAVE almost come to an age when whatever people say about me matters but little. At forty-five one ought to possess some measure of wisdom, or at least, some semblance of it. To me it has been slow in coming, a confirmation of the common claim that knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.

This brand of wisdom in me has much of the ingredient of understanding of the lack of it in many people. In their attempt at expressing themselves they become too frank at times and, if they try to be kind in their opinions, they let slip in the most unconscious manner a word seemingly innocent yet unkind and cruel in its ultimate effect upon a sensitive nature into which the barb of the arrowy word makes a painful lodgment. To ease the biting pain of a remark like that my poor outer self has to say in a soothing voice to the shrinking sensitive me within: It is said in love.

One of my very few loves has been for flowers for as long as I can remember. Flowers, no matter what they are, wherever they may be found, have always had a strong attraction for me. In years past I had them all over our place — out in the garden growing in pots or in the ground; up on the vines on the trellis or on the walls; down from the eaves hanging pendant from potted plants; up on the roof in a mess of intricately woven vines; in the house peeping or openly blowing from pots and vases. They were everywhere, and I loved them all. I knew they loved me in a

her wont, so engrossed was she in helping to nurse him back to health. She had time for that during the convalescent week following. It hurt her to notice how little Bert talked. She had attempted to ask only once and he said in tones, inconspicuously bitter, "I'm a failure — imagine failing in Latin! — And then cracking up!"

"But when you're well enough, you can have a special tutor in Latin. And when you go back, you can be careful and not take things so-so-vigorously." "I can't ever go back. Mums. Father Rector himself told me the best way would be to resign myself to giving up the vocation. And, I don't want to go back." He had refused to say more.

She had taken him home, hoping that the old environment, the old friends would help. He had shut himself up. He had been polite to the friends who came but he was markedly aloof. With her he had not been the usual confiding, teasing, son. He kept to his room often, bothering only to take solitary hikes in the early mornings and listening to his favorite Bach records in the evening.

She could see he was not happy. He had not been to mass since he got home. He had put off going with her to daily mass — he who used to say "No better way to start the day than going to Father Dolan's early mass with my best girl." Now, she could not get him to go with her even to Sunday mass.

So, she had waited for Father Dolan in the parish house parlor after this morning's last mass. She had said —

"You've got to help me, Father. Perhaps you could talk to him. He will surely listen to you — you've always been close."

"Yes. In fact, I've felt pretty disappointed when Bert never came to call. I actually was going to call on him today and ask him to go swimming with me. Please tell him I'll be around about eleven thirty. We'll go to the point for a dip and have lunch on the beach somewhere there."

She had gone home feeling better-spirited. Father Dolan, the good man, would do something.

II

"Say, Bert, why the long meditation?" Father Dolan asked his companion as he expertly avoided hitting a curious carabao on the road. "Which reminds me, 'he continued' how'd you like that preachy passage on the value of meditation

THE VINEYARD IS WIDE

(Continued from page 11)

in my sermon this morning? Don't tell me you have been so affected."

"I was not at mass this morning," Bert said, tones, flat, wooden.

"Felt sick? Or did you over-sleep?"

"Neither. I did not want to — I never want to," passionately.

"Why Bert?" He knew it was coming. And he was glad. At least now some of the bitterness would flow out.

"Why? You will not understand, of course. But if you had been found-unfit-like me—you would never want to see the others — the chosen ones — at the altar offering up the sacrifice. How can I like going to mass when always, there, before me will be living reminder of my failure — flaunting before my eyes the privileges denied me? You cannot expect one to complacently and still faithfully keep my mind on the rituals when a living monument to my unworthiness stands there before me, haunting me, always reminding me that He did not want me to be as close to Him — that He did not consider me worthy enough to be one of His priests!" The young man stopped, spent by his own vehemence.

"Why Bert, you are actually implying that there is a caste system in heaven, with us poor priests on the first level, above and detached from the rest. That won't be so good. Why then, I would not be allowed to go swimming with you, I'd have to take along some rheumatic old monk who couldn't be as pleasant company. I'm not sure I'd like that. Come, you know He is above such petty favoritism. Bert, if you can't be a good priest, you can still be a good something else — a lawyer, a doctor or an engineer or a college professor, and not loss caste."

Bert did not say a word. They had reached the point by now. The priest parked the jeep under a huge Talisay tree and the two went about changing into swimming trunks in impersonal silence.

Father Dolan's "Last one in is an old maid" broke that. Before long the two were in the water

swimming, racing, trying to outfloat and then out stay, each other, under the water. Both were good swimmers. It was this bond that drew them together two years ago when Father Dolan first came.

They did justice to the picnic lunch Bert's Mom had packed for them. They swam some more after eating every crumb of the lunch and it was about two when they started home.

"I have my boys' Sunday school class at two thirty. My, but those kids are lots of fun. You'd be surprised how much more intelligently those boys take in their bible stories than the most pious members of the Ladies Circle. You should come around see us at baseball practice at around four this afternoon. Bert, I've got a good team."

"Don't tell me you're coaching a baseball team, Father. How can you possibly? You never could catch the slowest ball!" Bert jibed in affectionate banter.

"Well," Father Dolan grinned sheepishly, "I have a book — How to Play Baseball."

"That's a good one" Bert said with a chuckle.

The chuckle was encouraging and the priest began.

"You going to which college this July, Bert?"

"I'm not going to college."

"Oh, Doctor says no?"

"No. I'm going to stay home — just leave everything to Providence."

"That's a swell effort at buck-passing — but, well, 'God helps.'"

"Sure, 'those who help themselves.' I started out to. I started on the way towards a life that I was certain was for me. And Providence stepped in and took over — as if to show me how vain my hopes were, how futile my efforts. Very obviously the Hand of Providence was there — I had always been good at languages — why should Latin be so difficult for me? That break down — it happened at just the right time — when I was struggling hard with my Latin. Since, it is obviously useless to try starting anything, I'm staying home."

"Bert, if you were not chosen for the priesthood then there must be some other special job waiting for you."

"You mean take second best if you can't get the best? No, thanks. Oh, Father, when you've had a glimpse of how full a priest's life can be — all other efforts at serving Him seem — ineffectual, puny.

(Continued on page 24)



Miss EDITHA PO
1st. Bn. Sponsor

CORPS



Miss ROSARIO MERCADER
2nd. Bn. Sponsor

Pictorial



Miss CELESTE R. RUBI
Corps Sponsor

Section



Miss DAHLIA CADELL
3rd. Bn. Sponsor

SPONSORS



Miss LUZ EVANGELISTA
Corps Staff Sponsor

House Keeping . . .

Every girl dreams of getting her hands into a house and running it into a home — sans Ma-ma's, sans Mama-in-law's help and advice.

If a girl takes her BSHE then she gets a chance. To pass the course there is a subject she has to take called Home Arts IV. A description of the subject would be — Practice Housekeeping and Management.

For one whole month the BSHE young lady stays in a well furnished three-bedroom house and along with four other embryo-housekeepers, housekeeps — and budgets — to her heart's content.

For the month of September Inday Añover, Mameng Malazarte, Medy Martinez, Chita Sevilla and Lourdes Salazar had their turn at housekeeping in the USC Home Economics building. The girls start the day early. Everyone is up five-thirty so as to be able to start the day right with mass at the Sto. Rosario church, just a few steps away.

They take turns at cooking breakfast. — "More often, we all squeeze into our cozy kitchen and prepare our first meal together," Medy Martinez remarked. "This is also when we talk over the day's activities. We plan the schedule — at times I do the marketing, sometimes I get the dusting and interior decoration job." — "We do things on rotation," Chita Sevilla added.

"It's lots of fun. It's not like staying at home where mother does all the cooking and the budgeting. We do our marketing — and since we have to get a



Start the day right! The ideal housekeeper knows how to keep herself too.



This, says Father Norton, looks nice enough to be a Puritan ad—minus the usual carton.



Herbie calls this "congrisration". They're talking about . . . politics, do you think?

House Dreaming . . .



Ummm! cakes and cake for merienda.



This is how to pour tea. Also how to sit when tea is being poured.



Before turning in, the girls get together and sew and crochet and chat — and dream, lady?

balanced meal on a balanced budget, marketing becomes very interesting." Inday Añover chimed in.

"We have the house to ourselves. We can arrange the furniture the way we want. Almost without our knowing it, we really get to feeling that it's our very own home. The proprietary interest grows on you, you know," Mameng Malazarte said eagerly.

"Now I can cook — I even like eating my own cooking. If I should ever have a home of my own, at least I'll be able to serve meals without a bottle of bicarbonate pills on hand." This from Lourdes Salazar.

Yes, in this practice house, with the guidance of Mrs. Caroline Hotchkiss-Gonzáles, our young ladies learn the most vital of the arts — Home-keeping. Because they are left to themselves, the girls have to go beyond the theoretical and knuckle down to the application of the recipes and the rules.

While the girls are taught the very fine sides of keeping a house, they are also taught how to do it to the tune of moderate purses. The future wife and mother learns how to keep for her future family a nice-looking, comfortable home at minimum cost.

The HE home is a lovely place. It's the perfect setting for the young girl who dreams of that dream house with her dream man — if and when. And, if she never does go beyond the dream stage, at least, the month's stay in the USC HE place was fun while it lasted.

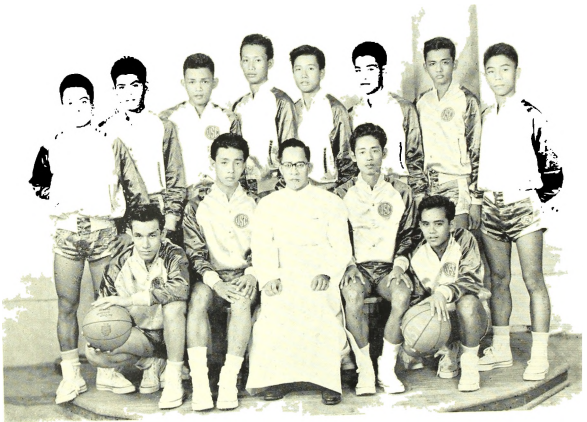
The USC Varsity of 1951-52



Sitting, from left to right: R. Macasero, R. Jakosalem, Mr. R. Johnson (Coach), Miss Fe Cabatingan (Sponsor), Mr. M. Baring (Assistant Coach), M. Echivarre, R. Morales.
 Standing, same order: E. Sagardui, D. Tan, F. Archie, F. Arriola, J. Espeleta, C. Alvarez, V. Dionaldo, T. Echivarre, Father C. Floresca, SVD., Director.

Sitting, from left to right: J. Yrastorza, C. Esplanada, Father C. Floresca, SVD, (Coach), F. Jakosalem, F. Gella.

Standing, same order: B. Maligmat, L. Espinosa, T. Visarra, J. Medellin, A. God, D. del Mar, W. Salgado, N. Gomez.



The USC High School Team, 1951-52

ALUMNI CHIMES

Alumnos

BUST, PORTRAIT OR STATUE OF ST. CHARLES?

Perusing the August issue of the *Carolinian*, I came across the Alumni President's letter to the alumni of the University of San Carlos. He urges us to take keener interest and have more active participation in the affairs of the USCAA. His appeal couldn't have been more forceful. I am sure many other Carolinians who have read his letter now have a livelier interest in the Association and are eager to do their share in promoting closer relations between them and the Alma Mater as well as among themselves. Let us hope that San Carlos graduates, where-ever they may be or in whatever situation in life they find themselves in, will find time to tell their fellow-alumni, through the "Alumni Chimes," their activities, their achievements, and even their problems, or to pass on to the "Chimes" whatever interesting news they have about their fellow-Carolinians.

Coming down to brass tacks, he asked for suggestions as to how we can best spend the ₱1,292.00 that our Association has. I was wondering if it would not be a good idea to donate some enduring thing for our Alma Mater. Specifically, I think it might be a good idea to have a bust or statue made or a big portrait painted of St. Charles Borromeo in whose honor our University has been named. If it is a bust or a portrait, it can be placed in the main hall or entrance of USC. If we decide to have a statue, it can be placed in the center of the campus or in front of the administration building, as the statue of John Harvard is in Harvard Yard. (It's funny, the campus at Harvard is still called the "Yard.")

There may be other worthwhile suggestions from other USC alumni. Let's have them all and find out at a meeting of the Association

(Continued on page 25)

Do You Know . . .

That Atty. Epifanio S. Hermosima and Leocadio Liante, full-blooded Carolinians, are candidates for Mayors in the towns of Sibonga and San Fernando, respectively?

That Atty. Jesus Iriarte, another prominent Carolinian is the Division Auditor for the Visayas and Mindanao, and at the same time the Acting Provincial Auditor of Cebu?

That Atty. Vicente O. Frias is presently with the Senate (not as Senator yet!) but as PRO to the Senate President Mariano Jesús Cuenco (a blue-blooded Carolinian, non-the-less)? Atty. Frias was and still is an orator of the first calibre bringing honors to his Alma Mater during and after his days at San Carlos on oratorical tilts.

That in the progressive municipality of Dumanjug, five young Carolinians are simultaneously running as Councilors: Atty. Juan Mercader, Attorneys-not-yet Pablo P. Garcia, Domingo Zozobrado, Aniceto Zozobrado and Eliseo de la Serna (Lex Circle Prexy of 1951 and current Registrar of the Colegio del Sto. Niño)?

That Atty. Michael Mayol (still a bachelor!) is now head of the Department of Surveying in the University of Southern Philippines? He was the Carolinian who topped the list of successful USC Bar candidates last year.

That Mr. Mauro Tobes is still at it, I mean, a bachelor? And besides, he is the Council Tidings, official organ of Cebu's K of C, editor.

That Lieutenant Ben W. Alpuerto, dashing and handsome in his San Carlos days, has long been naturalized American citizen, is currently serving as a regular U.S. Army Officer stationed in the United States, and has been slated to middle-class with a beautiful Mis-sourian bride last September 19? All Carolinians join in wishing him good luck and congratulations on his marital fling.

KNOW AN OFFICER OF THE USC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



Miss Fortunata J. Rodil
Secretary

Pacing, as she is known to her many friends, is a Faculty member of this University, is Secretary of the USC Alumni Association, is a member of the Philippine Association of University Professors, a Promoter of the Children of Mary, an active member of the YLAC, a member of the Board of Directors, UST Alumni Association.

Her Academic qualifications read like an honor citation. H. S. valedictorian, Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion; A.A., with highest honors, University of San Carlos; B.S.E., summa cum laude, University of San Carlos; M.A., benemerita, University of Santo Tomas, Candidate for Ph.D., University of Santo Tomas. What, no gold medal with silver oak leaf?

After her doctorate she plans to travel abroad. Hobbies: Reading, tickling the black-and-white keyboard (or would you rather want it put this way: She plays the piano!) Likes pancit canton, lumpia frito, coke, snappy conversation, ferns and roses. Her tender side of life: she's in love with two people yet: Papa and Momo. Her closest friends: Flora, Indoy, Lily, Ely, Niting.

She can type, take dictation by short-hand, swim (she once won a 50-centavo pipe in a swimming contest among the lady faculty members), declaim with considerable eloquence, orate, partake in dramatics, trip the light fantastic in sweet numbers, sew a frock, cook a meal.

Winding up, Pacing is a tried-and-true product of Catholic education.

which of the suggestions majority of the members think the best. I hope we have started the ball rolling and let's hope other USC alumni will follow through.

—TEODORO V. MADAMBA
Administrative Ass., USIS

I had the pleasure of reading the Alumni President's open letter in this section of last issue. Allow me therefore to congratulate the alumni officers. With the hope that the spirit of our Association will grow ever with the Alumni officers' unselfish leadership, I place myself, as every true alumnus of San Carlos, at the service of the Association.

Anent the amount now in the hands of our Treasurer, I would like to suggest that the same be used for the purchase of a bronze bust or statue of St. Charles to be placed at the lobby of the University. A survey of the University will reveal that USC is bereft of a picture of St. Charles in whose honor the University of San Carlos is named and founded. A memento of his face and figure will therefore make a beautiful memorial gift to the University.

It is further suggested that the members of the USC Alumni Association shall be given access to the library and other facilities after payment of a nominal fee for the use of such facilities.

I trust that these suggestions will merit your kind consideration and the support of all its members.

—ADOLFO J. PALACIO
Class '47

The USCAA officers have been very well pleased by the enthusiastic response given out by the letters above to the open letter of the Association's Prexy in last issue.

The USCAA will appreciate very much if more letters will be received which would give more suggestions so that the officers may be able to gauge the trend of the alumni's ideas regarding so many things which should concern them.

Regarding the suggestions just mentioned above on how to spend the little amount which the Association has, they are all very wise and commendable. The USCAA will be glad if the University Administration would be able to read this column so that they may be able to know and be convinced by the whole-hearted interest which we, alumni of USC have for the honor and glory of San Carlos. Then we may be able to join our efforts with their's on constructive ideas which the alumni may be able to help to realize. As it is now, we would like to lan more intensely the alumni's fervor on giving more suggestions especially on subjects which the letters above have expounded. Then, when a meeting will be called for the purpose of deciding to carry out such commendable and workable suggestions we will surely realize them with the never-failing help of the University Administration.

—ATTY. JESÚS P. GARCÍA
USCAA President

Carolinian Mouthful

ATTY. FULVIO PALAEZ: (To a student who asked for pointers for the midsemestral exam): "Just point your nose to the book."

MR. CANDIDO JUMAPAO: (In his pre-election speech, belying the claim circulated by his political rival that he is not interested in becoming president of the Lex Circle): "That is not true. Since I was a first year I have been running (for the presidency) and now I am flying!"

ATTY. JESUS GARCIA: (on sweepstakes): "Your chance of winning the sweepstakes is more slim than dying the next day."

MR. COSME MIRABUENO: (Freshman law, on being asked why the Convention chose to have the Philippine Constitution begin with the phrase "The Filipino people" instead of "We like that of the United States!"): "Well, because perhaps they wanted to camouflage the intended imitation."

MR. VICENTE DELFIN: (In one of his campaign speeches for the Lex Circle presidency): "The game of politics is dirty. A while ago, I was intimidated."

Quoted by: Artemio V. Gebana
College of Law

THE VINEYARD IS WIDE

(Continued from page 18)

"Bert, Bert, that's not so, Boy. God's acres are many — and wide. Good, full living is made up of looking for your place and working there. We can't all be corn-growers — some of us have to raise potatoes — and hens — and hogs. Priests have no monopoly on the business of glorifying God and serving Him.

So many try for the priesthood — very many don't make it. But most of those, sooner or later find out what is meant for them. Many ex-seminarians are doctors, lawyers, engineers, college professors, writers, farmers, sailors now. And if you are a good lawyer or a good sailor or a good farmer, you're as good as a good priest."

"He found me unfit for the one calling I feel I know I can do better than anything else. Well, I find the other jobs unfit for me."

"There is so much work to be done — so many hands needed in the vineyard — and the vineyard is wide, my son."

They had arrived at the convent now. A couple of dozen boys of all sizes came in one wild rush and clambered all over the jeep.

"You're late. We've waited for you. Have you got enough nuts now, Father," was chorused in one clamorous jumble.

Father Dolan was trying to satistify each interrogator when a black packard came into a screeching stop beside the jeep. A uniformed chauffeur got out and spoke in low but hasty tones to Father Dolan.

"All right, just a minute now. Bert, you come in with me. I want to give you my list. Just call the roll for me. — You fellows can go home after the roll call. I don't know how long I may have to stay. Old Mrs. Moret wants me. It seems she wants the last rites — she feels she is going to die today." Father Dolan said as he and Bert went into the convent.

"Mrs. Moret — again?" Bert asked with raised eyebrows. "Haven't you ever found a good excuse for skipping those sessions?"

"Well, it might be the time has really come. I sure hate to give up today's sessions with the boys — they'll feel cheated. Oh, well, a man can't be in two places at the same time. Be sure you call the roll Bert." With which request he left the young man.

Bert, with the roll-book in one hand, idly attempted to turn over (Continued on page 33)

PASSING THRU— by VN LIM



Did you know that this magazine reaches a reader (or, more probably, some readers) in the USA? I used to think that when this mag was distributed it would end up under a pile of dust in some battered cabinet. Or maybe YOU can put it to more practical use such as a bench cushion or a form of sunshade. Me, I usually use it to . . . aw, skip it.

What do you read first in a magazine like this? Some people start with the Editorial, follows same with the news, then glides on to the articles, features, and ends up eyeing the pics. Others start the attack with a rapturous gaze of the cover, then turn it over to read the latest ad plastered on the back cover, after that they open the mag at the middle and scan the photos on the pictorial page, then riffle the pages for some chance eye-catching headline, peer at the cuts and drawings, take a peek at the Sección Castellana, and simply slam it down after that and return their attention to the prof. Me, I look at the Editorial staff lineup and see if my name's still there!

Say, what's a caged lizard doing in the men's washroom up there in the third floor? I'm thinking what a riot it'll create if it should go free for a while and decide to take a look-see in the Pharmacy lab next door! Those grey-clad Pharmsers will no doubt make a lively panic. Hoh, very funny.

There are two sorry guys nowadays. By the time this'll come out in print they'll be away in Camp. You see, last year while we labored under a Springfield rifle they were in the poolroom shooting marble balls and giving us the rib for being 'tall guys' and sad sacks. In other words, they thought ROTC evasion pays. They were right. It does pay — in terms of ten-month training period. Now they had to leave school and train. One of 'em is married, too. Poor guy. . . . I mean, poor wife!

Maybe the university should also install a student telephone service. Like a public phone booth where the caller has to pay for a call. Right now the lady in the University drugstore singles you with a withering glare if you ask to use the phone in the office. Yeah, how about it . . . ? And this time no dials, please. Just the sweet voice of the Telephone Company's operator cooing, "Number, please!"

MONTH OF THE ROSARY (Continued from page 16)

powerful means of obtaining **temporal blessings** we have the most striking evidence in the very existence of the feast of the most holy Rosary. It was to commemorate two great temporal favors obtained through its instrumentality that this feast was instituted. These memorable events are the two great victories over the Turks — one at Lepanto (1571), the other at Temesvar in Hungary (1716) — both miraculously obtained through the intervention of the Queen of the most holy Rosary.

2. But the fruits of the holy Rosary are not confined to this life; they extend also to the **life to come**. As a penitential work, and an exercise which enjoys the privilege of many indulgences, the Rosary is a most effectual means of cancelling the temporal punishment due to sin. Besides, it secures for ourselves and for the suffering souls in Purgatory the powerful intercession of the Mother of God, which appeases the divine wrath and moves Almighty God to shorten or alleviate the pains of the suffering souls. Such are, in brief, the fruits of the devotion of the Holy Rosary.

It is a subject on which much more might be said. But which is not the little I have said sufficient to convince you of the excellence of this devotion, to fill you with a high esteem for it, and inspire you with renewed confidence in its effects, and fervor in its practice? The least I can expect of you, then, and what your heavenly Mother expects of you, is that all of you — also the men, — have your beads and use them; that those who are not yet used to the practice of reciting the holy Rosary, start doing so this very moment. Besides, I would earnestly entreat you, Christian parents, for the benefit of your own souls and those of your children daily to assemble your children around you for the recitation of the Rosary in common. If you cannot recite all five decades, it will not be too much to ask you to recite one or two every day. Thus you and your household will be under the special protection of the Queen of heaven, the Queen of the most holy Rosary. She will bless you in this life, plead for you before the judgment-seat of God, and receive you into the mansion of everlasting bliss.

USC HONORS FIRST FILIPINO MISSIONARY

The Society of the Divine Word (SVD) holds the distinction of counting among its members the first Filipino missionary priest to be sent out from his motherland. This missionary, **Rev. Fr. Fernando de Pedro, S.V.D.**, will leave sometime in November of this year for Indonesia where he will contribute his share in the work for the salvation of souls.

On August 15, the University of San Carlos, a university run by SVD Fathers, had two causes for rejoicing. In the first place this day was the celebration of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Mother of God. In the second place, the university had a distinguished visitor — Rev. Fr. de Pedro.

At 7:00 o'clock, a.m., a "Missa Cantata" was officiated at the university chapel by the honored guest. At the choir loft, the newly re-organized university choir joyously sang "Misa de San Pedro." In the afternoon a crowd turned in at the San Carlos Quadrangle to attend a literary-musical program sponsored by the College of Education in honor of Fr. de Pedro. While the numbers on the program were being rendered, collection plates were

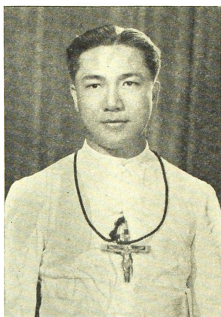
passed through the audience by lady members of the Faculty.

The guest was introduced by **Rev. Father Albert van Ganswinkel, SVD**, USC Rector, who was one of the instructors of Father de Pedro during the latter's student days in the Vigan Seminary. Father Rector proudly praised his former student for seriousness and diligence in his studies.

"Perhaps," Father Rector said, "it was while working on the paper, **Outside the Catholic Church there is No Salvation**, that Father de Pedro was inspired to work for the salvation of others."

The first Filipino missionary to Indonesia thanked the Faculty and students of USC for the honor given him. He said that his visit to this university was "a never-to-be-forgotten memory" which would serve "to dispel the dark clouds that hang over a lonely missionary." He exhorted the audience to pray for the missions.

Fr. de Pedro is a native of Laoang, Ilocos Norte. He pursued the priestly studies in Vigan Seminary. Ordained in 1942, he was assigned organist and in charge of the choir of Vigan. For six years he worked as secular priest in Vigan.



Rev. FERNANDO DE PEDRO, S.V.D.
First Filipino Missionary to Indonesia.

Feeling the call to the missions within him, he applied for membership in the Society of the Divine Word and was admitted into the Christ the King Mission Seminary in 1947. In 1951 he made his perpetual vows as one of the SVD Fathers.

Fr. de Pedro's departure to Indonesia will be a response to a request made by that country two or three years ago for two or three missionary priests. He is to be accompanied by another SVD priest, Fr. M. Villoruz. His station will be in Timor, one of the islands of Indonesia four times bigger than Cebu.

This island has a population of 1 million of which 70 thousand are Catholics.

The guest's parting message to all Carolinians was: "Keep up the good spirit!"

DOORS RECENTLY INSTALLED IN CHAPEL

Beautifully carved wooden doors recently installed in the USC chapel make it possible for students to pass through the corridor on the third floor of the main building crossing the chapel without giving disturbance to the Blessed Sacrament. These doors can be folded to give more space to the chapel during Sundays and least days of obligation.

Meanwhile, the communion rail which has been expected by those who attend Holy Mass in the USC chapel, has arrived from Manila and are already installed.



Carolinians join the NAMFREL. Photo taken at the first Cebu NAMFREL Convention held at Times Kitchen on Sept. 17 last. USC was represented by Messrs. E. de la Serne (Lex Circle Presy.), J. Chung, Jr. (Lex Circle Vice-Presy.), & A. Cimafrance (Law Seniors Presy.). At the head of the table is NAMFREL National Coordinator Col. Jaime M. Ferrer. Other Cebu schools were represented; and the Cebu K. of G. Rotarians, Jaycees & YMCA had each at least a representative in the Convention.



Mr. JULIAN N. JUMALON
College of Engineering and Architecture

WORLD PEACE DEVOTION HELD EVERY SATURDAY

As USC's participation in the world-wide movement for peace, devotion for "Peace of the World" is held every Saturday, 5:00 o'clock, p.m., at the USC chapel.

The devotion consist of various prayers, recitation of the Litany of Loreto, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Students having no classes at that time have been urged to attend said devotion.

FORMER PEKING UNIVERSITY RECTOR TO JOIN USC FACULTY

Reverend Father Dr. Rudolph Rahmann, S.V.D., Doctor of Ethnology, formerly rector of the Catholic University of Peking, will join the faculty of the University of San Carlos next semester. He will teach ethnology, anthropology, philosophy, and religion in the department of Liberal Arts and other subjects in the Post Graduate School.

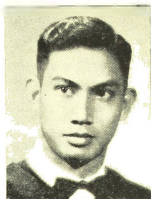
With the coming of Father Rahmann a new course in anthropology, in the department of Liberal Arts will be introduced. Father Rahmann is at present connected with the staff of the anthropological and ethnological magazine of the S.V.D., "ANTHROPOS," which publishes articles in eight leading languages.

After the fall of the Catholic University of Peking into communist hands, Father Rahmann was sent to Switzerland by the S.V.D. Superior General to join the staff of the "ANTHROPOS."



Father Rahmann visited the Philippines during the International Eucharistic Congress in Manila in February 1937.

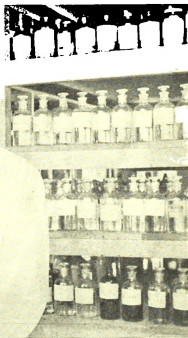
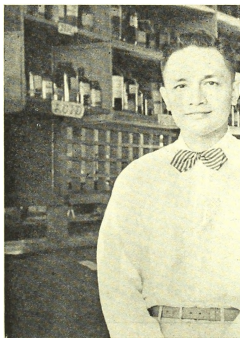
— Valeria Vito G. Villegas



Mr. AGUSTIN A. CANCIO
College of Engineering and Architecture

NEW INSTRUCTORS IN COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE

Seven new instructors have been added to the Faculty of the College of Engineering and Architecture for this school year. The new additions are Messrs. Agustín Cancio, B.S.M.E., B.S.E.E., University of the Philippines; Salvador Hife, B.S.C.E., University of the Philippines; José Campo, Feati Institute of Technology; Ignacio Salgado, B.S. in Architecture, Mapúa Institute of Technology; Cristóbal Espina, B.S. in Architecture, Mapúa Institute of Technology; Julián N. Jumalon, B.S. Fine Arts, University of the Philippines; and Anastacio Torralba, B.S.E.E., Mapúa Institute of Technology.



Mr. HONORIO GARCIA, young, likable USC instructor who got his M. S. in Chemistry degree with Organic Chemistry as major in Fordham University while a Fulbright scholar, is the new Vice-President of the USC Faculty Association.

He joined the USC faculty of the College of Liberal Arts second semester of last year despite tempting offers from universities and colleges in Manila when he arrived in the Philippines last September from the United States.

The Messrs. Cristobal Espina and Ignacio Salgado joined the USC faculty last summer. The former, Board exams topnotcher in 1950, is presently handling architectural designs while the latter is teaching history of architecture and architectural designs.

Mr. Agustin Cancio takes charge of the classes in Mechanical processes, advance electrical engineering, and electrical designs; Mr. Salvador Hile teaches elements of electrical engineering and elements of Mechanical engineering; Mr. Jose Camacho handles subjects in kinematics, principles of direct current, and engineering economics; Mr. Julian N. Jumalon teaches freehand drawing and color drawing, and Mr. Anastacio Torralba handles a class in advanced electrical engineering.

DISTINGUISHED SCOUTER VISITS USC

Fr. Bernardo Roos, S.V.D., formerly a professor of this University, during pre-war days, returned to USC for a visit last Thursday, September 6. The Reverend Father, while in this University was teaching Religion, Tagalog and Philosophy. He was on his way to the Diocesan Seminary of Tagbilaran, Bohol, to substitute for Fr. Fernando de Pedro, who is going to Indonesia.

Fr. Roos is one of the Directors of the Boy Scouts of the Philippines, and is holder of high awards in the Philippine Boy Scout movement. He



earnestly believes that scouting is one of the best means for developing the youth of our land into useful citizens. "I like the Visayas very much," was Fr. Roos' comment on his new assignment.

— Felicitación Enerio

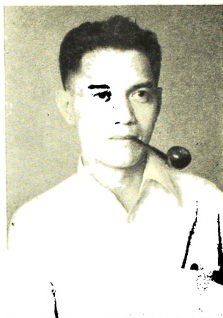
SENATOR TANADA TO LECTURE USC LAW STUDIES

Senator Lorenzo Tanada will give regular week-end lectures on political and constitutional law to USC law students, Dean Fulvio Peláez of the College of Law, announced. No definite schedule has yet been fixed for his lectures but it is believed the dean said that the Senator will come to USC on Saturdays.

Dean Peláez further disclosed that law students from other universities and local lawyers will be invited to listen to these lectures.

LIBRARY EMPLOYEE CROSSES THE GREAT DIVIDE

Rufo Mérida, 21, an employee in the USC library, died of tuberculosis of the brain last August 24, at 7:00



Mr. RAPAEI FERREROS, handsome, pipe-pouchin, debonair and silver-voiced oratorio announcer is one of the faculty members of the USC College of Commerce.

He completed his Commerce course at Manila's La Salle College, and joined the USC faculty last year. Currently he heads the management department of the College of Commerce.

a.m., in Dumaquete City, A. Mass. officiated by Rev. Father Joseph Baumgartner, head librarian, and attended by other employees, was held last September 3 in the university chapel for the deceased.

Mr. Mérida had been in the service for 1½ years. He was a third year Education student and was highly esteemed by his superiors and friends for being a hard-working, uncomplaining student.

At the first attack of his sickness, he was brought to the Southern Islands Hospital by his brother. After one week's stay in the hospital, he was brought home and there passed away.

— Leonita Tan



OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION COLLEGE OF EDUCATION — 1951-52

Front row: C. Ybanez, Secretary; S. Aparis, President; Rev. L. Bunsel, Dean; Mr. A. Ordoña, Assistant Dean; F. Palanco, Vice-President; C. Antonio, Representative to Student Council. — Standing, left to right: P. Sierra, Treasurer; A. Allie, Representative to Student Council; R. Holganza, PRO; J. Calangud, Peace Officer; T. Sabay, Peace Officer. — Not in picture: Mrs. R. D. Javelosa, Treasurer.

DE LA SERNA HEADS LEX CIRCLE

A hotly-contested election of officers of the "Lex Circle," law students' organization, held on August 24, resulted in the victory of the following lawytes: Eliseo de la Serna, president; Joaquin Chung, Jr., vice-president; Lilia Javier, secretary; Gloria Pareja, treasurer; Felix Oppus and Olando Lucero, representatives; Macario Remolador and Edilberto Maglasang, sergeants-at-arms, and Emilio E. Aller, PRO.

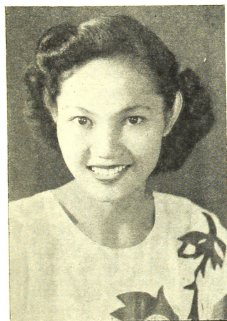
The elections, done with printed ballots, were presided over by Judge Wenceslao Fernán, adviser of the organization.



Mrs. **REMEDIOS R. SORDO**
College of Liberal Arts, Spanish,
Chemistry and Botany.

Vigorous campaigns preceded the elections. Aspiring candidates delivered speeches in classrooms and posters and handbills, bearing each party's line-up, were issued to the student body.

Presidential candidate de la Serna's victory became seriously threatened when the freshmen, in an eleventh hour decision, nominated PC Captain **Damaso Quioso**, a freshman himself, their presidential candidate. Desertions of a few first year lawytes saved the day for de la Serna.



Miss **FE ZENIZA**
College of Education — English

October, 1951



Blackhorse among the candidates for vice-president was **Joaquin Chung, Jr.**, who launched his candidacy independently of any party. Combined support of the freshmen and sophomores, among whom he proved to be popular, gave him an overwhelming victory over his opponent.

Representative of every class in the College of Law, is an outstanding feature of this year's **Lex Circle** election results. Of the key officers, de la Serna is a Senior; Chung, a Sophomore; Javier a Freshman; and Pareja, a Junior.

Judge Fernan, in his opening remarks before the elections, humorously commented, "Among other things, my enthusiasm in presiding over this election is inspired by my confidence that this will be a clean and peaceful election... where there are no bearded people... where there are no birds and trees do not vote..." A thunderous applause followed the remarks.

ENGINEERING BOARD EXAMS CHAIRMAN VISITS USC

Chairman of the Board of Examiners in Engineering **Mr. Eladio Santos** expressed deep impression with the facilities available for engineering students in USC when he dropped at this university during his visit to Cebu last September 3.

Engineer Santos predicted a great future for the USC College of Engineering. He was especially impressed with the apparatus and other instruments in the engineering laboratory and shop.

The Chairman of the Board of Examiners came to Cebu on an official business with the Bureau of Public Works but was kind enough to pay a casual visit to USC.

NEW U.S.C. INSTRUCTORS

Supplementing the pictorial list of new USC instructors of last issue, we present this time the pictures of the following:

Mrs. Remedios R. Sordo, College of Liberal Arts; **Miss Concepcion Zosa**, College of Liberal Arts; **Mr. Gerónimo Llanto** and **Miss Fe Zeniza**, College of Education.



Mr. **GERONIMO LLANTO**
College of Education — History

SECRETARIAL STUDES GET ACQUAINTED AT MIRAMAR

The Secretarial Course students had their acquaintance party at Miramar last August 19. The party was well attended mostly by the feminine sex and it looked more like a hen party.

Games were played as first order of the affair. The fair oncoming secretaries tried their luck at volleyball, pingpong, and others just went the rounds of the Miramar grounds to get acquainted with its set-up. Later, the girls bundled themselves up into pairs of swimming legs and



Miss **CONCEPCION ZOSA**
College of Liberal Arts — Chemistry

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Miss **MERCEDES ROSELLO**
PRO. Secretarial Course.

transformed themselves into sirens gracing the clear waters of the girls' swimming pool.

The eats topped the days activities. There was *lechón*. Some other delicacies were thrown into the bargain. Everybody had the time of her life when the party was over.

The officers of the group who were mainly responsible for the success of the party are the following: **Miss Linda Dalope**, president; **Miss Victoria Abad**, vice-president; **Miss Jovita Trinidad**, secretary; **Miss Celina Tan**, treasurer; **Miss Mercedes Rosello**, reporter; **Misses Rosario Mercader** and **Melba Fernández**, class representatives; and **Messrs. Roberto Puentespina** and **Venustiano Lood**, sergeants-at-arms.

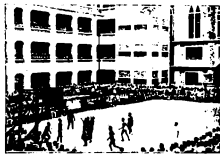
The Secretarial Class organization functions under the able guidance of **Miss Perfecta Guangco**, adviser.

— Mercedes Rosello

SPORT-SCOPE

The USC intramural basketball games opened at 4 p.m. of August 14 with a bang, amidst the blaring of bugles and the ruffle of drums of the ROTC band. Appropriate ceremonies were performed at the outset and before the start of the games. With all the teams headed by team captains and sponsors representing different colleges and departments of USC lined up before the thundering crowd of students cheering for their respective teams, the **Rev. Father Constante C. Floresca, SVD**, administered the Carolinian Athletic Oath, which, summed up in a few words are: "In the spirit of a true Carolinian... to be a good sport in spite of the great zeal and desire to win." The band played a march after the oath-taking and the teams moved out through the spirited ovations of athletic fans and admirers.

The matches on schedule were announced and the first teams warmed up. The uniforms, minus the jackets became conspicuous. Law looked formidable with its deep dark-blue and the Engineering dependables were smart-looking with their gold itched by brown lines and letters. Before the other teams laded out to give way to the first match of the opening, the student crowd were able to discern the Commerce plain goldies, the Education Indians bathed in red with yellow war-paint as letterings, and the Liberal Arts Whites accentuated blue brands of nerves and courage on the pants.



A bird's eye view of the Basketball Court and the Crowds.

The first ball ushering the first intramural match was tossed by **Rev. Fernando de Pedro, SVD**, missionary to Indonesia and a USC guest at the time. Law and Engineering teams pitted their strength against each other on the first match.

The Law stalwarts drew blood first, but final result of the game registered a lop-sided score of 41-17 in favor of the Engineers.

The next match was played between the Commerce Goldies and the Liberal Arts Whites on August 16. Score was 32-24 with the Goldies winning. This match was followed by another between Law and Education with the former winning to the tune of 23-17 on Aug. 21. August 23 saw quite a thrilling game, although a bit lop-sided between Liberal Arts and Engineering with the score of 34-23. Liberal Arts won. But Commerce won the championship of the first round, and the second round will have a lot of surprises in store, maybe upsets.

THE INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL TEAMS



Engineering

Education

Law

Liberal Arts

Commerce

USC TOPS RED CROSS FUND DRIVE

A total amount of ₱711.97 was accumulated by USC for the National Red Cross Fund Drive, placing her first among all universities and schools in the City of Cebu, this year.

The fore-mentioned amount was collected through the joint cooperation of the Faculty members and students. (U.V. placed second with a total amount of ₱150.00.)

Very Rev. Father Rector, Division Chairman of Schools and Universities in the Division of Cebu City, turned over a check of P2,518.72 to the City Treasurer through Mr. Paulo Equipilag, secretary to the Rector. An amount of ₱486.95 was turned over to the City Treasurer's office directly by certain schools within this division.

NO GRAFT AND CORRUPTION

It is not impossible to have a popular election sans graft and corruption! This was proven by the High School Senior Class Government elections held on September 5. The students turned out with apparent enthusiasm to the three precincts located in strategic places in Boys' High School. There was no disorder, force, no coercion of any kind. It was a clean and quick election.

"We called it an experiment in democracy, and it worked out all right. Next year we will attempt the project on a larger scale. At least, when these kids get out to exercise their voting rights, they'll know how things should really be run," Rev. Father Steve Szmukto, Boys' High School Department Director, commented.

Days before the elections, there were the usual campaign speeches, rallies and posters.

Three students did not vote; they were absent from their classes due to sickness.

FATHER BUNZEL HONORED WITH SEND-OFF PARTY

A "send-off" party was tendered in honor of Rev. Father Lawrence W. Bunzel, S.V.D., Dean of the College of Education, by the instructors of that college at the Home Economics Building on September 10.

Father Bunzel is presently on sick leave until the end of the semester. He left on December 11 for Baguio. Instructors and students of the College of Education expressed their wishes for his speedy recovery.



Class of 1951 in Vocational Education, "Gardening and Handicraft" Junior Normal College, under Mr. J. Rea, Instructor.

GRADE CAROLINIAN OUT SOON

USC holds the distinction of putting out an elementary school organ, the first elementary school paper in this province. The Grade Carolinian, will come out with its first issue on the latter part of this month.

Realizing the importance of a school paper, Mr. Victorio Labantog, Elementary Training Department Principal, conceived the idea of setting up the Grade Carolinian as a means of inspiring would-be writers in the grade school. "The school paper will provide an opportunity for the pupils to express their ideas in well constructed sentences," said the principal. "This is in consonance with the aim of teaching language."

The idea was presented to Rev. Fr. Director, Edward Norton and was met with his enthusiastic approval. Language teachers in every grade are now busy sorting out the contributions of the budding writers.

Mr. Benjamin Caballo, Jr., staff artist of the varsity Carolinian, will make the layout for the front cover of the Grade Carolinian.

— Catalino Gonzalez

PROGRAM OF ACTIVITIES LAID OUT

An all-the-year-round program of activities of the Faculty Club was formulated during a meeting held by the Club members on September 2. The program includes educational, cultural and professional activities, sports, and the celebration of the Spanish Week and the National Language Week.

To implement the results of the meeting, several committees have

been created to make the plans of the different activities.

FACULTY CLUB INITIATES ACTIVITIES WITH ACQUAINTANCE PARTY

An acquaintance party, held at the USC quadrangle in the afternoon of August 19, initiated this year's activities of the Faculty Club of USC. Outstanding features of the affair were: Weenie Roast "a la Ordoña," games contested between male and female members of the Club, drinks and lots of fun.

According to information this year's party was one of the most successful affairs the Faculty Club has held.

ACCOUNTS SECTION USES VALIDATING AND POSTING MACHINES

A validating machine and two posting machines have been purchased by USC to promote efficiency and accuracy in the accounts section of the administrative officers in the Cashier's department.

The validating machine, which automatically adds remittances made by students while the amount paid together with the date the remittance is made, is stamped upon the official receipt which serves two purposes: (1) it keeps an accurate record of the total amount received by the clerk during the day; (2) it minimizes the chances for cheating by the students.

The posting machine is employed to make file records of students' individual accounts with the University.

(Continued on page 36)

CAROLINIANA

(Continued from page 2)

written under it, you might as well read to crown up your reading menu of every issue of this mag. Our associate ed is that valuable to the staff, this mag will become drab and desolate without this pen-itchings.

● The alumni are just beginning to stir from the inertia of inaction. With two letters received in answer to their proxy's open letter of last issue, we think there ought to be some coming. But as we said, probably they have just stirred, and we expected them to write more letters giving in suggestions for the good of the alumni and their relations with the University which should be strengthened always. The Alma Mater is calling them, and it is up to them to heed the call by chiming inside their hearts whatever reaction they may have to their proxy's request for some suggestions on important matters which should concern them very much.

● Two wide-awake alumni suggest a bust, a statue, or a portrait of St. Charles Borromeo. The alumni proxy seems to be in a quandary about these suggestions at present, because he is still waiting for the ideas of the other alumni. The Association's funds are waiting to be spent, too. But unless the other alumni voice out their opinions and their suggestions acted upon in a meeting convened for the purpose, nothing will come out of it. If we are to be requested to give a suggestion, this we will say: The alumni have got to wake up.

● The pictorial section consists of varied features. If your eyes are sore, turn to the first page of the pictorials and you will be relieved of your malady, at least, figuratively speaking. Cute and prime sponsors whose lovely, lovely [omigod!] features define beauty can be ointment to sore eyes.

And we are playing up big the Home Economics. Liza Garcia was assigned on the job, and she is a go-getter who really gets (I don't mean 'em). The HE set-up is swell, she was genuinely impressed. The practical training future house-wives go through in the course will qualify them magnificently for roping 'em elusive princes-charming. But there is one thing: no visitors allowed in their exclusive sanctum. It is presumed that HE girls can have all the training in hospitality and entertaining of visitors in their respective homes.

● We shall wind up this section before we forget that space is limited. There have been a lot of good-writing we had to discard and defer for next issue just because an issue should only contain so much and not more. So, here's where we get off hoping to see you again next issue if we are still here to bamboozle you into reading us. So long.

WANTED: A CATHOLIC . . .

(Continued from page 7)

sionaries who were massacred. Count the temples of God that have been desecrated, the images of saints that have been torn down in the orgies that accompany each Communist victory. Are these Russians insane? They cannot be, for they have amazed an entire world with their stupendous achievements in the brief span of thirty years. Their orgies of killing representatives of religion are planned from the politburo, cool, calculating murders to remove the greatest enemy of Communism on earth . . . religion, the belief in God, in man's immortal soul, in man's immortal destiny, in man's ultimate responsibility to God, not to the State.

In the face of this intense hatred of Communism towards religion may we not be justified in accusing our present government of playing right into the hands of the enemy, of deliberately hastening the conversion of this country to Communism, by denying to our youth the knowledge of things that belong to religion? Where shall the people of the Philippines learn the principles of justice, of virtue, of mutual respect and co-operative endeavor, if the portals of education lead into the labyrinths of skepticism or into the abyss of Opportunistic Materialism? Last year I witnessed a terrible defeat suffered by 85% of the 20 millions of Filipino citizens, the Catholic population. I saw the struggles kept up by one representative of Masonry to prevent the inclusion of religion in school curricula, and I saw him triumph. Look into your Revised Administrative Code and you will find out what antagonism exists against religion in any form being taught in our schools. The Liberal Party refused to listen to the pleas of 16 million Catholics. Neither will the Nacionalista party listen to the pressing need of spiritual rejuvenation, for which the country cries. These are deaf ears. They cannot have the moral standards of this country elevated, because their hands are not clean.

There is a third party which started out with the shining ideals of Sir Galahad. Their hands are clean, but their knees are wobbly. I am referring to the Citizen's Party under Senator Tañada. The shining shield of Galahad is tarnished with moral cowardice. Its members are tongue-tied in the face of the secularism of the present age which believes that any talk about reli-

(Continued on page 33)

LEONIE LOOKS AT . . .

(Continued from page 4)

. . . . CAROL MODINA. You can't help but notice her . . . unless you're blind. A newcomer, she spent her high school at St. Theresa's; is presently a Commerce freshman. For Carol a MAN-ogment maybe is a cinch.

. . . . TERRY BLANCH who is probably one of the reasons why there always is a bunch of interested spectators hanging in front of the open doors of the typing room.

. . . . That advocate no mirth-control, CASIANO CORPIN. C. C. has double reason for incessant gaiety. He just had a close shave with the Army. (Almost got sent up to a training camp for a ten-month stretch, Y'know) The other — do tell, Mr. Corpin.

. . . . That's tall, slim CELESTE RUBI, the sponsor of the Corp in which ever way "corps" is taken. Either simply "corp" or "corps-commander." Both, by simple deduction, amounts to the same person.

. . . . Ever heard of guys who have a remarkable penchant for plaid shirts? Right under the same roof with you are JESS VILLEGAS and EPREN VALMONTE. You can recall the days when these two aren't sporting a striped get-up.

. . . . The Liberal Arts beauty-cutie BONINA SHINN, the focus of ROTC Co. "C." A shoky handshake to the "charlie" soldier-boys. After-oll, such espy is sporadic!

. . . . RAUL BORROMEIO is one guy who can still afford to whistle along the lobby in the midst of the hubbub of the exams whilst all others go about with moving lips. . . . murmuring the conjugation of Haber, perhaps.

. . . . Among the "Pharmers" there's a little group of inseparables made up of CIONY MUJANA and her pals CHATTA SOLANO, BELITA PILAPIL . . . would-be pharmacist all.

. . . . What's your favorite recreation? Bowling and movies are MONCHING BLANCO's. More often, he shoots pool. Another frequenter of a local poolroom, "ALFOT" ALFON insist he just goes there to wait for his class times.

. . . . What our Varsity squad needs is probably EEEEE KING KYAMKO, the gangling curly-haired guy. His six-foot frame is undoubtedly handy for dead-ringers.

. . . . One lady who's set on becoming a Portia, DOLORES MARIN has the woman's determination to qualify for the Bar exams in the future. Ain't women's just about all for today, folks. If I don't stop looking now, I'll be needing glasses pretty soon.

gious principles would expose them to ridicule. They could not even attach to themselves the real name of their party, thinking it premature to proclaim the existence of a Catholic party with Catholic principles and Catholic objectives. Would to God that they possessed the same zeal that sent twelve meek fishermen into the world of the powerful, the greedy and the selfish, there to preach Christ and Him crucified.

My friends, I have made mention of domestic politics only when they come to touch on the vital facts which the wisdom of worldliness cannot possibly understand. Education is a thing primarily of the spirit. If the politicians of this day fail to grasp the indispensability of rejuvenating the minds of youth in the ageless truths of Christianity, it is because fifty years of education patterned after the objectives of Masonry have indoctrinated them in irreligion. Yes, our system of education, while it has manifestly sought to guarantee freedom of worship, has methodically produced a generation of skeptics and unbelievers. Can we expect a wholesome government from men of this type?

Walter Lippman, addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science on December 29, 1940, states: "The prevailing education is destined, if it continues, to destroy Western civilization, and, in fact, is destroying it. The plain fact is that the graduates of the modern school are actors in the catastrophe which has befallen our civilization . . . Modern education is based on a denial that it is necessary or useful, or desirable for the schools and colleges to continue to transmit from generation to generation, the religion and classical culture of the Western world. By separating education from the classical religious tradition the school cannot train the pupil to look upon himself as an inviolable person because he is made in the image of God. These words, though they may now sound archaic, are noblest words in our language."

No less a person than President Roosevelt has this to say: "We are concerned about the children who are outside the reach of religious influences and are denied help in attaining faith in an ordered universe and in the Fatherhood of God. Practical steps should be taken to make more available to children and

the pages of the Catechism pamphlet he had also picked up, with the other. He entered the church thru the left altar door. As he genuflected before the tabernacle on the main altar, he felt queerly light hearted. He was surprised because he had shunned seeing altars, fearing that the pain would be too much to bear . . . He walked down the middle aisle towards the boys who filled the four last pews.

"Are you going to tell us stories, Bert? Father Dolan said you would," a shiny nosed lad piped up in a clear child's treble.

"Oh he did, did he? Let's call

youth through education the resources of religions as an important factor in the democratic way of life and in the development of personal and social integrity."

How true, my friends, indeed how sadly prophetic have these words, spoken ten years ago by the lips of such great men of democratic America, become today. The education of the past fifty years cannot meet the fanatical machinery of Anti-Christ's Communism. Your two political parties can only come out with a choking gasp that they are against communism. But why? But how? These questions they cannot reasonably answer because they have themselves practiced surreptitiously what Communism has inculcated as expedient, as necessary, as reasonable — practice like promises unfulfilled, vicious skepticism, disregard of human life and liberty in the lust for power, public spoliation under the name of laws.

You are truly fortunate that you are imbibing your ideals from the crystalline founts of everlasting Truth — your Catholic schools. If this generation is unfit to save our country from the savage attacks of the forces of irreligion, your knowledge and your practice of religion will form an unyielding fortress which shall confuse the enemy. I have not come here today to proclaim a new order, but to sound the assembly under the guidon of the King of kings. May His banner, floating triumphantly over our country, unite our people as one against communism, as each and every one of us lives and prays and fights for God, who made us to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this life, and to be happy with Him forever.

the roll"

The day had faded into early evening when Father Dolan turned the jeep home. He was tired and weary. That Mrs. Moret with her periodic "I-am-going-to-die-today" spells always left as its effect the uncheering realization that he could maybe never hope to be a saint. His patience somehow managed to unsanitarily wear thin before the querulous old woman decided she was going to live and allow him to go his way.

He wished she had not chosen to have her spell today. He hadn't quite finished his talk with Bert. He was worried about the lad. Bert was made of good stuff, but with too-intense outlook on the fundamental things, his too sharp, too meticulous conscience, he worried one at times.

He went into his office, switched on the light and wearily sat down. He had been stung at it for a couple of seconds before he picked up the note. It read:

"Father, leave this corner of the vineyard to me. You're a lousy baseball coach. And I know enough religion to make a first rate Sunday school teacher — for this vacation any way. I have a date at the St. Tomas College of Journalism after that.

You don't mind losing your Sunday afternoon job for a while do you? You really can do with some help you know — the vineyard is wide, Father, — very wide.

Thanks,

Bert."

Folding the note slowly, a smile lit up the priest's face erasing all the tired weary lines. Now he knew why Mrs. Moret should be blessed with so many spells.

OFF THE RECORD

(Continued from page 7)

topics, false teeth and people. We agreed that we people are quite like basketballs — we take in a lot of air (hot, tepid, cold and what-have-you air). "But," says Herbie, "basketball are better than some of us. At least when the air is pumped into those balls, they bounce. In this certain kind of people it doesn't work that way. The air just goes stale — very stale."

We concurred.

WHAT IS RUSSIAN

(Continued from page 10)

- an effective weapon to spread Communism.
8. Constitutional government must be violently overthrown, even by bloodsheds.
 9. Patriotism is absurd. The only "patriotism" is love for Soviet Russia and the desire to sovietize the entire world after the pattern of Russia.
 10. Practically all true private ownership must be abolished.
 11. Farmers are lowered to the level of the serfs.
 12. Workmen are reduced to the level of slaves and are but cogs in a steel machine.

CHAPTER II

COMMUNISM REJECTS ALL MORALITY

COMMUNISM is of its very nature materialistic, and hence it denies that man has a spiritual soul and that there is any such thing as morality emanating from any source beyond man himself; in fact, *morality*, in the true sense of the term, is quite meaningless in the Communist vocabulary.

It is not my present purpose to refute Communism or to prove the truth of the Catholic position; I am but giving a full exposition of the teachings and practices of Russian Communism, without any exaggerations or misrepresentations, in order to show the utter repulsiveness of this system of "philosophy" and this brutal policy.

If man has no spiritual soul, as Communism maintains; if he is but an aggregate of merely material elements following the inexorable laws of matter without any power of self-determination, then man is assuredly not different essentially from a horse, a dog, or a pig.

In his most instructive pamphlet, "Just What is Communism?" (published by the Faulist Press), Father Raymond Feely, S.J., narrates the following amusing incident, told him by a young American athlete who had just returned from Russia.

One evening the specially trained girl-guide furnished tourists, asked him (the young American) if he would like to see the graveyard of the Revolutionary heroes. He replied in the affirmative. Wandering about the tombstones, he suddenly asked:

SO YOU WANT TO BE A LAWYER

(Continued from page 17)

studying law not cases. My dear budding lawyer, you forget again that law is not what it is but what the Supreme Court says it is. "Down with the Supreme Court!" You are about ready to shout. You were about to grasp the meaning of a provision you were trying to eat up when you hear the bell. It is your boss. Must he call you at that time? What can you do? You are being paid to work. You are not in the City Hall.

At the close of the day you hurry in winding up the day's transactions so that you may yet out-smart your boss and sneak out of office, before time is up. But of all times you can not locate the difference which prevents you from balancing your day's transactions. You curse, sweat, and finally makes it; but at what time? Too bad we do not have jet-propelled jeeps that can take you from your office to school during such occasions when there are but three seconds before class time.

You are lucky, though, for your first period is always a period late. It is handled by a professor who probably himself has a case here and a case there, or else he would not have the guts to be a professor of law. You knock out a few more pages of the lesson, but to no avail. You forgot the "unless" and "excepts".

And so, like the prodigal fellow who only has his father to blame for his concupiscence and desire for the lighter side of life, you are in class, raring but not daring.

The professor comes in. He calls the roll. Your name is tenth. You size up the situation and employ your bit of strategy shared in by your classmates. It would have been too bad had your name been on top of the roll, er, on top of the deck of class cards, because you will never know whether he would pick up from where he left off, in the other day's discussion. Professors have a way of jumping from one end of the lesson to the other. You jump at a decision to center

your concentration on what seems to be the veritable ground on which the professor would explode the first bombshell.

Because you are not the first called upon to recite, yours is a more strategic situation.

This is the time you use your knowledge of "calculus". You calculate what on section of the lesson you will be asked, and there all the honor lies. You do not bother so much for the preceding sections nor the following ones. It is going to be a sure hit.

Somehow you sense there is something wrong with your timetable. The guinea pigs seem to be falling out and annihilated which throws off-balance your timing schedule. One by one they drop out of the picture with the professor not covering enough ground to reach your name as per your estimate. You have overshot the objective. Like a south Korean caught unawares in the wake of new developments you abandon your line of defense and move towards another to meet, an unforeseen event. Although there is nothing like an old fort you have dug in so heavily. To a fresh and open ground you must go or else it shall be the iron curtain for you.

You take to another section. You find it completely hazy. One more guinea pig fell before the professor's battery barrage of cross-examinations, and it is two minutes before time. With the fellow preceding you a well-known figure for his propensity on delaying tactics, you let off a sigh of relief. You are saved. Wait, no. The professor by accident side-steps him. He calls on you instead. You sweat. You squirm. What a catastrophe! To think it was a matter of forty seconds before salvation by the bell. Maybe it was the food you ate.

With wobbly knees you stand up. The professor asks the question. At the sound of the musical chimes you drop dead. Anyway there are still tomorrow when you can make up and probably many more tomorrows when you will do some more dying acts.

"Didn't you tell me that you didn't believe in a soul?"

"Surely, we young Communists have gotten over that," came the stereotyped response.

"Didn't we see paintings this afternoon of some of the cavalry of the Red Army?" the American

continued.

The girl, puzzled, replied, "Yes, of course."

"But why aren't the horses of the cavalry buried here?" persisted the American.

(Continued on next page)

ROTCHATTER

(Continued from page 14)

sent were high military officials and sponsors of the different corps. All in all the evening was wonderful and delightful.

A series of radio programs will be regularly presented by the Cadet Corps twice a month. As a starter, a radio program was aired last week and among the participants were Mr. Danny Holganza popular radio songster and Staff Sergeant Romeo Sta. Cruz of the USC Unit.

Songs, light comedies, humorous anecdotes and portrayal of ROTC personalities and news usually form the repertoire. Cebu City's ROTC units have been requested to participate in these programs. They have been sponsored to appreciate the people of the importance of the ROTC training of our youth and to bring the masses closer to our Armed Forces.

As part of the ROTC orientation training, the Supreme ROTC Fraternity spearheaded by Frank Borromeo, agreed to have an observation tour to neighboring provinces to observe the doings of other ROTC units. If plans do not miscarry the trip will be pushed through sometime in December.

HERE'S NEWS FOR THE SAD-SACK:

Coming from the Commandant's office is an order requiring all cadets to wear proper uniforms whether they are in or outside the parade grounds. OD's and FOD's are given instructions to check on these sloppy cadets and give them demerits. Another special order is that beginning next semester squad leaders will have additional duties aside from being squad leaders. They will have to attend special classes to orient themselves with the different phases of commands and to enhance their efficiency in leadership.

The USC "sad sacks" will no longer go straight to the drill grounds without attending mass on Sunday. The problem of cadets not attending mass was solved by the Department with the requirement that Sunday drillers shall have to attend mass on Sunday or be dropped from the roster of cadets. Officiating on these special Sunday masses is Rev. Father Schonfeld.

NEWSSETTES ON THE SIDELINES:

From among the omphous sights we made out all the luck in the world when a 19 years young Miss Celeste Rubi, obligingly stood up to her full five-feet-four and winsomely honoured us with her con-

WHAT IS RUSSIAN . . .

(Continued from page 34)

"Because the graves are for our dead heroes," indignantly shot back the young woman.

With biting logic the American shot back, "Well, you said Communists haven't any souls, and so

sent to be this year's ROTC Corps Sponsor. Miss Rubi from the Secretarial stools shied from her interviewers but missed to hide the surface fact that she possesses about everything that ought to get this man's army clicking. So simple and unaristocratic, she will remain in an enviable pedestal before the boys and we won't be surprised to get a report one of these days about a guy in the ranks who broke his arm on that rifle just trying to impress her!

We are proud to introduce here our Rose among the "sponsorial" array: Miss Rosario Mercado, 2nd Battalion. When we landed our first sight on her, Spain suddenly revealed herself before us.

And the 1st Battalion is coloured by a cute little package of heartache in the person of Miss Editha Pa. (Did I hear a moan?) Because of her cadet elbowed the man beside him and asked, painfully: Why weren't you born a pretty dame? Amen, brother, we say to you.

Miss Luz Evangelista graces the Corps Staff. That feminine air, that look in her eyes, those cheeks, and . . .uhhh, that figure. Pardon me, but if you insist, she has also that frame of mind that'll floor you. The boys need that, especially in those times when blank is blank.

And here, a declaimer in her own right, is Miss Dahlia Cadell, 3rd Battalion.

M'gosh, fellahs, why don't you just get busy and hunt them up rather than screw me tight for adjectives. I ain't no Shakespeare!

WHAT DO YOU THINK . . .

(Continued from page 3)

● Mr. Manuel Baylisis, College of Law, says: Get a load of this:
Orator: (remonstratingly)

Dear . . .

Wife: After everything, don't master your art on me. I've just about got my right foot home to mother.

Orator: Dear . . .

Wife: Not a word from you!

Orator: But . . .

Wife: Shaddup or I'll . . .

Orator: Lord, even unto mine home, canst Thou bless me with peace?—Now what are we talking about?

these heroes were just animals. Horses and heroes both fought and died for your Revolution. Both, according to you, were animals. Why not erect tombstones over both?

The young girl shrugged her shoulders—the argument was over

Man Not a Free Agent in Communist Philosophy

If there is no spiritual element in man, he is not a free agent. Free-will is simply an illusion and a delusion. If man is but an aggregate of material atoms, obeying the necessary laws of matter, he exercises no more freedom than the sun or the moon, than a plant or an irrational animal. And since man, according to Marxist philosophy, has no free-will, why all this invective against capitalists, who are no more responsible for their exploitation of the workers than is the lion that devours a lamb, or the fire that burns grass? Why all this harangue of workmen, of the proletariat, to struggle against the "bourgeoisie" or capitalists, since workmen in any case are following blind necessity and inexorable laws of matter and can make no free effort to liberate themselves from slavery or oppression? Why, the whole philosophy and practice of Communism is a ridiculous contradiction of the very principles it so blatantly lays down!

If man is not a free agent, but must, of sheer necessity, obey the blind laws of materialistic evolution, let Communists cease to air any grievances or advocate any effort, and supinely allow nature to take its course, for they can do nothing whatever to divert this course. Deny free-will, and human life becomes an absolute farce.

Morality Fundamentally Impossible In The Communist Scheme

According to their own "principles" Communists must admit that there is no such thing as morality, and, indeed, we read in Lenin's own writings the following candid statement:

"In what sense do we deny ethics, morals?"

"In the sense in which they are preached by the bourgeoisie, which deduces these morals from God's commandments. Of course, we say that we do not believe in God. We know perfectly well that the clergy, the landlords, the bourgeoisie all claimed to speak in the name of God, in order to protect their own interests as exploiters. Or, instead of deducing their ethics from the commandments of morality, from the commandments of God, they deduced them from the idealistic or semi-idealistic phrases which in substance were always very similar to divine commandments.

(Continued on next page)



Miss LINDA DALOPE

SECRETARIAL STUDENTS' PREXY CELEBRATES 18TH BIRTHDAY

Linda Dalope, president of the secretarial students' organization, tendered a party at the Dalope residence on the occasion of her 18th birthday celebration last September 16. Present during the affair were some USC instructors and a host of Carolinians.

Miss Dalope is the only child of the Dalopes, owner of one of Cebru's leading business establishments.

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION TO SPONSOR FIFTH ANNUAL DECLAMATION TILT

The fifth annual declamation contest will be sponsored by the Seniors of the College of Education on October 7. This contest is open to all colleges and departments of the university. Each college is to be represented by two contestants while one representative for every department may participate in the tilt.

Prizes will be awarded to the four best declaimers. These prizes will be solicited from prominent citizens in the city.

Judges for the contest will be selected from leading educators in the city.

LIBRARY, RECIPIENT OF DONATIONS

Gift books have been lately received by the USC Library from the U.S.I.S., the Kellogg Foundation, and Burlingame Toastmasters Club.

From USIS, 24 volumes of books and a number of pamphlets were

"We deny all morality taken from superhuman or non-class conceptions. We say that this is a deception, a swindle, a befogging of the minds of the workers and peasants in the interest of the landlords and capitalists.

"We say that our morality is wholly subordinated to the interests of the class-struggle of the proletariat. . .

"That is why we say that a morality taken from outside of human society does not exist for us; it is a fraud. For us morality is subordinated to the interests of the proletarian class-struggle" (*Religion*, pp. 47 & 48).

"The ethics of Communism," writes Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, "are the natural sequence of its materialistic belief. The Communist theory of ethics is that all moral standards grow out of certain economic conditions. 'All moral theories are the product in the last analysis of the economic stage which society has reached at that particular epoch' (F. Engels, *Anti-Duhring*). Morality as consonance with the Eternal Law of God reflected in conscience is denied, since it is not God but economics which makes morality. There would logically be a repudiation of both the Jewish belief in a Divine Law as expressed in the Ten Commandments and the Greek view of a Divine Order expressing itself in purpose and fixed behavior, once one translated Hegel's idea of a flux in the world of ideas to flux in the world of reality and history. Then there can no longer be any transcendent order, but only the historic process itself which moves by dialectical necessity to a classless society. If a man is a member of the Communist class he is predestined as was the Calvinist of old, except that his heaven will be the classless kingdom on earth. If, however, a man belongs to the 'exploiting class,' then he is historically

received. The Kellogg Foundation of the United States sent its donations through the Bureau of Private Schools. Fifty volumes were given to the USC Library. The donations of the Burlingame Toastmasters Club, Burlingame, California, came in the form of CARE (Committee of American Remittances to Europe) book package containing 9 books, valued at \$50, most of them pharmacy books.

doomed" (*Communism and the Conscience of the West*, p. 65).

The fundamental principle, the only principle, of Russian Bolshevist "ethics" has been boldly and baldly stated by E. Yaroslavsky: "What coincides with the interests of the Proletarian Revolution is ethical" (*Red Virtue*, p. 12). Since the Communist State is the infallible organ which decides the tactics to be adopted in order to attain its end, we may say, in the last analysis, that all "morality" in the Communist code comes from this State, and that the Red Dictator is the supreme, infallible teacher of Communists' "morality." In a word, the Communist masses, in "morality" as in other matters, are "dictator-determined."

Let me now refer to a second pamphlet from the able pen of Father Raymond T. Feely, S.J. (*Communism and Morals*, Paulist Press). In a passage entitled *Gangster Ethics*, Father Feely writes:

"Perhaps this subtitle is particularly apt, as Stalin's earlier life is a perfect illustration of the doctrine we have been examining. Money was needed for the work of the revolutionists. He turned gangster and robbed a bank to supply the necessary funds.

"The end justifies any means" is the commonplace phrasing of Communist ethics. "The end" is the perpetuation of Lenin's or Stalin's dictatorship; "the means" — whatever is necessary. Most readers who are interested in the subject of Russia have read W. H. Chamberlin's *Russia's Iron Age* — the classic on the subject. He recounts there the well-known incident:

"When Lady Astor, in company with Bernard Shaw and Lord Lothian, met Stalin in the summer of 1931, she blurted out the unconventional question: 'How long are you going to continue killing people?' And Stalin, possibly taken a little by surprise, shot back the retort: 'As long as it is necessary.' (p. 152).

"There you have bluntly," continues Father Feely, "the whole ethical system of Communism. The criminal who kidnaps a babe, the gangster who mows down a fellow gangster with a machine gun, the pervert who ravishes a child, all are practicing the same philosophy. 'The end' — money, or power, or satisfaction lust; 'the means' — murder or theft or rape."

(To Be Continued)

Octubre
1951

Cristo Rey

Por MARÍA MERCEDES SEÑORANS

¡R

EVELAN los orbes su grandeza! ¡Rey universal!

Por su propia esencia y naturaleza y, en virtud de la maravillosa unión hipostática, el Verbo, por el cual fueron hechas todas las cosas visibles, preside los cielos y la tierra y mide todas las acciones.

Eterno y universal reinado es el de Cristo Nuestro Señor; reinado de verdad y de vida; de santidad y de gracia; de justicia, de amor y de paz, según la bellísima represión del profeta.

Rey tan poderoso que con sólo el eco divino de su voz, aliena el ronco acento de los truenos y el fulminar de los rayos.

Rey tan infinitamente bueno y amoroso, que escucha tiernamente el arrullar de la paloma herida y el gemido del alma acongojada.

¡Rey de reyes!

Cuya realeza, de esencia tres veces adorable, no hay lengua que la cante ni laúd que la proclame.

¡Rey Divino! Resplandor de la gloria del Padref

"¡No pretendo comprenderle

Ni llegar a definirle:

Tan sólo aspiro a sentirle,

A admirarle y a quererle!"

Redentor dulcísimo del género humano, Dios de paz y de amor.

Cristo Jesús es el único Soberano a quien presentamos nuestros potenciales enteramente rendidas a su amor.

¡Día de Cristo Rey!

Mágicos pinceladas de topacio, en el arrebol de los horizontes.

Y, en las intimidades del alma, finísimos jervores.

Van llegando a las cumbres, las aspirales de litúrgico perfume.

Ascienden también las ondas de brisa, aromadas con las fragancias delicadas del octubre.

(Continúa en la página 39)

Sección Castellana

EDITORIAL

Las Rosas del Santo Rosario

No plantéis rosas en medio de los arenales del desierto... No plantéis rosas en medio de las olas del mar... No plantéis rosas entre el humo de los incendios. Allí donde halléis un rinconcito de tierra sana y buena y un rayito de sol y un hilo de agua, allí sembrad flores y plantad rosas, que ciertamente crecerán bellas y perfumadas...

No, no hallaréis la guirnalda del santo rosario ni en las manos de los descaradamente impíos ni brotando de los labios que nunca bendijeron el santo nombre de Dios... Pero dadme un corazón que tenga sentimientos cristianos..., dadme un alma en la cual no ha muerto todavía la vida de la fe. Allí hallaréis ciertamente las rosas del santo rosario.

Sabéis por qué? Os lo va a decir desde su lecho de muerte el más grande de los reyes que se sentó en el trono de España: Felipe II. Se moría. En aquella hora que siempre será la hora de las grandes verdades y de los consejos prudentes y salvadores. Llamó a su hijo que había de sucederle en el trono y le habló así: "Mira, hijo mío, dos coronas tienes ante ti: la corona de rey de España, que es ahora la más grande y más gloriosa del mundo. Pero no olvides: con esa corona puedes perder la corona del reino de los cielos..."

"Hay otra corona que es muy pequeña y de ruin valor: la corona del santo rosario. Pero si diariamente lo rezas, no perderás la corona del reino de los cielos..."

Así hablaba aquel rey a quien la Historia llamó por antonomasia "el Prudente", y que nunca mereció llamarse así mejor que en aquella hora grave de la muerte.

Por eso debemos ofrecer todos los días a la Virgen María, y muy particularmente durante este mes del Santísimo Rosario, la guirnalda de rosas del santo rosario, porque esa guirnalda de hoy será mañana nuestra corona de gloria.

EN EL JARDIN de la Iglesia las rosas del santo rosario siempre han exhalado su perfume de santidad. Abrid los ojos y contemplad la conducta de esa sociedad divina que Dios dejó en la tierra para perpetuar hasta el fin de los tiempos sus leyes, sus sacramentos y su amor.

La Iglesia lee a los hombres las páginas de los Libros santos, porque allí esta la ley y la doctrina verdadera de Dios.

La Iglesia va por el mundo derramando el agua bautismal sobre la frente de los creyentes porque ha recibido de su Fundador, Jesucristo, la orden de engendrar un pueblo santo unido a Dios por los vínculos de la fe y del amor.

La Iglesia levanta en sus manos la Hostia santa y el cáliz de bendición, porque allí está el Cuerpo

La Galanura del Jardín de la Iglesia

(Las rosas del santo rosario)

lo alto de una montaña. Desde allí podían contemplar los horizontes de toda la tierra. Y habló así el demonio: "Jesús, adórame y todo este mundo que es mio, será tuyo. Te lo entregaré yo."

Fué locura y soberbia de Satanás . . . Pero entremos en la gran familia de la Iglesia católica. Y los Pontífices de todos los siglos nos llevan a una cumbre. Desde allí se divisa el Calvario . . . Allí muere Jesucristo . . . Allí de sus llagas manan los tesoros de sus gracias divinas . . . Y nos dice la Iglesia: "Yo tengo en mis manos esa riqueza divina . . . Míos son esos tesoros de gracia y de salvación . . . Dispuesta estoy a derramarlos en el corazón de los servidores de mi Señor . . . Y, sobre todo, a manos llenas los derramaré sobre aquellos que rezaran el santo rosario . . ."

A los que entran en la Cofradía del Rosario . . . indulgencias . . . A los que lo rezaran en alguna capilla dedicada a la Virgen del Rosario . . . indulgencias . . . A los que tomaran parte en los procesiones de la Virgen del Rosario . . . indulgencias . . . A los que lo rezaran cada semana . . . indulgencias . . . A los que lo rezaran todo el mes, indulgencias.

Y así, a manos llenas, va derramando la Santa Iglesia esos divinos tesoros sobre aquellos que caen de rodillas y ofrecen a la Virgen la guirnalda del santo Rosario.

Pero a mí me impresionan las palabras, pero me convencen los hechos. No puedo negar que la Iglesia canta y pregona las excelencias del santo Rosario. Ahí están los decretos pontificios. Forman volúmenes inmensos. Ahí tenéis lo que sobre el rosario ha escrito y legislado esa institución divina que se llama Iglesia católica. Pero abrí los Sagrados Libros y vi allí que San Lucas ha escrito, en nombre del Espíritu Santo, que Jesucristo comenzó su vida haciendo y la si-

guó predicando: "Coepit facere et docere". Comenzó haciendo muy bien y como Dios, y luego, como Dios también, habló y enseñó. Podemos afirmar también que la Iglesia católica ha seguido esas huellas que le ha dejado su divino Fundador? Afirmad y escribid rotundamente que sí.

Abrid las páginas de la historia eclesíastica. Allí la pluma serria y firme de la verdad histórica nos va contando lo que ha hecho la Iglesia en los momentos solemnes de su vida. Hay una vida como su vida? Hay persecuciones como sus persecuciones? Hay luchas como sus luchas? Ahí la tenéis expuesta siempre al odio de Satanás y enfrentándose con divina entereza con el poderío de los libertinos y con el orgullo de los poderosos . . . Ahí la tenéis . . . sin espada, sin ejercicios, sin dinero, sin nada . . . Sólo sabe hacer una cosa; predicar la verdad, seguir adelante sin desmayar . . . Y, sobre todo, rezar, porque sabe que la oración pone en sus manos la omnipotencia de Dios. Y, a quién llama a su ayuda? A aquella mujer que quebrantó la cabeza de la infernal serpiente . . . a aquella mujer que ha recibido de Dios la misión de defender a los hijos de Dios, a la Virgen María. Y, con qué devoción? Con la del santo rosario . . .

Acordémonos de Lepanto, de aquella ocasión, lo más grande que vieron los siglos, como dijo y como escribía la pluma maravillosa del gran Cervantes, que fué testigo de aquella hora gravísima de la humanidad cristiana. Los turcos avanzaban orgullosos y triunfadores por las olas del Mediterráneo . . . Ya todo era suyo, desde las orillas lejanas de la Arabia hasta las playas de Alejandria y hasta las puertas de Constantinopla. Sus bajeles se paseaban vencedores por todas las playas africanas. Y ahora Selim, el amo del Oriente, ha resuelto apo-



y la Sangre de Jesucristo, que serán hasta el fin de los tiempos vida, resurrección y redención de la humanidad.

La Iglesia manda que sus sacerdotes se conguen en los coros de sus cátedras y les manda que allí abran los labios y canten la salmodia sagrada, que es el himno de la gloria de Dios.

Pero la Iglesia toma también en sus manos el santo rosario y se lo enseña a todos sus hijos y les recomienda que lo recen todos los días, y para ello lo enriquece con el tesoro más abundante de sus indulgencias.

Oíd. Llevó Satanás a Jesús a

derarse de la isla de Creta... Desde allí caerá sobre Grecia... desde Grecia sobre las costas de África... desde las costas de África saltará sobre las playas de Roma... Allí, allí, en la misma capital del cristianismo, pondrá él el estandarte de Mahoma...

Lo piensa y se lanza al mar... Y tembló Europa... tembló Italia, tembló España. Las naciones católicas tenían que temblar. Parecía que había llegado la hora del poder de las tinieblas... En aquel momento de peligro supremo se juntan Venecia, el Papa y España. Sus escuadras surcan las olas del Mediterráneo. Les manda un joven español, Juan de Austria; pero ese joven parece que está destinado por la divina Providencia para salvar el mundo en esta hora de angustia suprema...

Avanza la armada cristiana... Allí están Doria, Barbarigo, Alvaro de Bazán. Todos se dan cuenta de la solemnidad de aquel momento histórico... Todos saben que perder la batalla es dejar todo el Mediterráneo en el poder de los hijos de Mahoma. Y, por tanto, ay de Itálica, y, ay de España, y, ay de Francia... ay de todas las naciones católicas...

El Papa San Pío V mandó al mundo cristiano que rezara el santo rosario... Sólo le quedaba esa esperanza, la Virgen María.

En efecto, Don Juan de Austria pasó revista a sus innumerables bajeles y mandó que en todos ellos se rezara el santo rosario... Y el *Padrenuestro* y el *Dios te salve, María*, divinamente mezclados en quinanda de rosas, resuenan en las bocas de aquellos soldados de la fe...

Y empieza la batalla... Trueno el cañón, las gabarras descargan su metralla, las naves se embisten... el humo ciego, se oscurece el sol, las aguas se tiñen de sangre... gimen los queridos...

Allá, en el Vaticano, asomado a una ventana, clava los ojos en el cielo, el Papa Pío V... Tiene en sus manos el rosario... Con qué fervor lo está rezando... Con qué ansias dice a la Virgen que salve a la Iglesia y a las naciones de Jesucristo...

De pronto, el Pontífice lanza un grito de alegría: "Victoria, victorial..." En efecto, la victoria era de las escuadras católicas... "Victoria", gritaba Juan de Austria... "Victorial", al frente de sus bajeles repetía Doria... Y Alvaro de Bazán,

La Defensa de la Familia

Por J. ROBERTO BONAMINO

LA FAMILIA es la institución fundamental de la sociedad, es, según la clásica definición, la "célula viviente" de la misma sociedad. De aquí toda la importancia y la trascendencia que ha de dársele a cuanto se refiere y atañe a su defensa y a la conservación de todos los factores que concurren a su mejor desarrollo y desenvolvimiento. La sociedad familiar constituye, en su conjunto, un organismo de tal naturaleza que cualquier ataque que se le lleve o toda deficiencia en su protección, termina por volverse en contra de la misma sociedad, de la cual es fuente de constante renovación y de crecimiento.

En la República Argentina ha quedado incorporada a su carta magna la protección a la familia, al considerarla "como núcleo primario y fundamental de la sociedad", agregando que "será objeto de preferente protección por parte del Estado, el que reconoce sus derechos en lo que respecta a su constitución, defensa y cumplimiento de sus fines", señalándose, luego, los diversos planos sobre los cuales habrá de proyectarse esa defensa de la familia.

Como consecuencia de las corrientes materialistas y egoístas que envenenan la vida social contemporánea, son frecuentes los ataques que se llevan contra la institución familiar y que para evitarlos hasta donde sea posible, en procura de llegar a su eliminación, han de aunar esfuerzos todos cuantos están en condiciones de hacerlo. Y a este respecto cabe señalar como una de las diversas modalidades de ese ataque, no pocas publicaciones, audiciones radiales o exhibiciones cinematográficas y teatrales, donde se ridiculiza la institución familiar en su mismo fundamento, que es el matrimonio indisoluble, presentándolo como una exigencia o impo-

sición contraria a la libertad y al amor, que se lo confunde con la misma concupiscencia, en aras de la cual se pretende sacrificar a la familia y, más que eso mismo, a la prole, que es la que, en definitiva, termina por ser la parte más perjudicada.

La formación de la juventud debe estar encaminada a enseñarle su posición frente a la familia y, por ende, a prepararla para que sepa y pueda cumplir adecuadamente con la responsabilidad que ha de incumbirle en los futuros hogares que esté llamada a formar.

Además de estos aspectos tan importantes, hay otros muchos, en los cuales el deber de defender y afianzar a esa institución es ineludible. Uno de los que en estos momentos reviste entre nosotros particular gravedad, es el que se refiere a la vivienda. La familia, sin el ámbito correspondiente a su creación, se resiente en el mejor logro de esa finalidad específica que es la prole. Por razones que son bien conocidas, la vivienda atraviesa en el país y fuera de él también, por una aguda crisis de escasez y consiguiente encarecimiento. El ideal social en la materia reside en que cada familia pudiera disponer de su propia vivienda individual, con el mínimo de comodidades necesarias a su condición.

Que hoy gravitan pesados factores, es cierto, pero que no se debe ahorrar esfuerzo alguno para lograrlo, es no menos cierto. El ordenamiento de los elementos del problema y la superación de los obstáculos existentes, cuando se trate de defender a la familia en relación a la vivienda, justificará plenamente cuanto se haga, tanto para el bien de las presentes generaciones como de las futuras, que tan directamente dependen de las condiciones de existencia, de vida y desarrollo de la institución familiar.

CRISTO REY

(Continuación de la página 37)

Y una muy dulce melodía de plegarias, va cruzando la transparencia azul de los espacios.

El universo de rodillas, aclama la sempiterna realeza del Señor de los señores, del Rey de los reyes, del Hijo del Altísimo.

¡Es el gran día de Cristo Rey!

desfilando radiante de alegría delante de los barcos españoles, gritaba: "Victoria... victorial..." Y la victoria era absoluta. Casi toda la escuadra musulmana se hundía para no levantarse jamás...

La victoria había sido de la Virgen. El santo rosario una vez más había triunfado de los ejércitos de la impiedad y del demonio.

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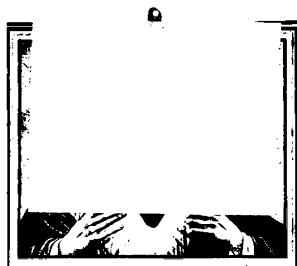
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