

XVI-NO. III

NOVEMBER, 1949

*Lord of all Learning, to Thee
these halls we consecrate,
these buildings, these equipments,
these rooms where congregate
the aristocracy of ages
in silent, purple state,
but above all, our hearts strong
for buffetings of fate,
and the mind forever athirst,
forever insatiate.*

from

COMMEMORATION ODE
*A poem on the inauguration
of San Carlos University*
By C. Faigao



The CAROLINIAN

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
(General Course I)

1. Alvizo, Bonifacio	1.14
2. Reyes, Ermenia	1.39
3. Alino, Teofila	1.8
4. Agravante Blas, Januaryo	1.51

(GENERAL COURSE II)

1. Mar, Norma del	1.70
2. Amigable, Manuel	1.8
3. Cruz, Bonifacio	1.8

Third Year

1. Sanchez, Felipe	1.25
2. Tin-ga, Jose	1.70

Fourth Year

1. Morales, Alberto	1.12
2. Cavada, Carolina	1.28
3. Barta, Trinidad	1.31
4. Morre, Isazani	1.71

(PRE-LAW I)

1. Almagro, Prudencio	1.52
2. Dauyucy, Auxencio	1.41

(PRE-LAW II)

1. Gonzales, Jose	1.35
2. Alanias, Bienvenido	1.72

(PRE-MED I)

1. Velayo, Teresita	1.34
2. Ouano, Calinca	1.41
3. Yu, Gerardo	1.58
4. Ruiz, Alipio	1.60

(PRE-MED II)

1. Lim, Dick	1.92
2. Lim, Kasian	1.39
3. Alerre, Firdardo	1.69
4. Lim, Juaden	1.65

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

First Year

1. Lim, Edna	1.04
2. Go, Pacita	1.05
3. Bermudez, Juliana	1.31
Tio, Indalecia	1.31
4. Dy, Jovita	1.36

Second Year

1. Alcuino, Victoria	1.16
2. Sanchez, Ciriaca	1.31
3. Abijay, Lydia	1.70

Third Year

1. Veloso, Estrella	1.1
2. Puentes, Fe	1.23
3. Ceniza, Benedicta	1.31
4. Inocian, Restituta	1.32

Fourth Year

1. Pepito, Caidad	1.12
2. Gantuaingo, Anieliana	1.38
3. Lasala, Priscilla	1.47
4. Catan, Luz	1.60

COLLEGE OF CIVIL
ENGINEERING

Fourth Year

1. Gonzalez, Victorino	1.5
2. Tan, Eduardo	1.73

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

First Year

1. Quiblan, Caroline	1.13
2. Tenebro, Lucena	1.41
3. Villamor, Dolores	1.51
4. Geonzon, Ana	1.54

Second Year

1. Ruiz, Socessa Faz	1.17
2. Olarte, Natala	1.27

HONOR ROLL

First Semester, 1949-1950

3. Regis, Virginia	1.30
4. Villegas, Valeria	1.37

Third Year

1. Ypon, Prudencio	1.52
2. Palatinburg, Fe	1.43
3. Go, Gliceria	1.41
4. Yap, Ester	1.45

Fourth Year

1. Rodil, Concepcion	1.07
2. Villorta, Julita	1.17
3. Albarracin, Carmelina	1.18
4. Causing, Aurora	1.23

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

B.S.H.E. (Home Economics)

First Year

1. Brones, Teresita	1.56
2. Piczon, Estrella	1.88

Second Year

1. Rich, Cecilia	1.89
2. Esplanada, Leonor	1.89

Third Year

1. Lazo, Psoario	1.51
2. Bernaldez, Consuelo	1.53

COLLEGE OF JUNIOR NORMAL

First Year

1. Laude, Rosario	1.38
2. Bahena, Josefina	1.49
3. Talbo, Apolonia	1.50
4. Cabatbat, Eugenio	1.65

Second Year

1. Damalerio, Nancy	1.98
2. Basalo, Leandra	1.38
3. Bongbong, Eufronia	1.39

COLLEGE OF JUNIOR NORMAL
(Home Economics)

First Year

1. Santos, Leonita de los	1.34
2. Tiampo, Segundina	1.39

Second Year

1. Avila, Candida	1.61
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COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

First Year

1. Unabia, Ruperta	1.25
2. Paulin, Angelina	1.31
3. Ang, Lourdes	1.37
4. Cuyugan, Carolina	1.60

Second Year

1. Cabalfin, Gerardo	1.21
2. Benedicto, Benilde	1.33
3. Iriaya, Prudencia	1.39
4. Veloso, Leonolda	1.52

Third Year

(Accounting Major)

1. Nario Vicente	1.39
2. Du, Rosario	1.76
3. Iriaya, Prudencia	1.76
4. Floredo, Remedios	1.70

Fourth Year

(Accounting Major)

1. Sabala, Maria	1.78
2. Pucivar, Evencio	1.83
3. Acedo, Paulino	1.75

COLLEGE OF SECRETARIAL

SCIENCE

1. Albinda, Maximo	1.53
2. Feinan, Vicenta	1.77
3. Adraincem, Patria	2.00

WEEKLY SAILINGS FROM CEBU

M O N D A Y — MS. "TAGBILARAN" At 9:00 P.M. for Baybay.

MS. "BOATSWAIN'S HITCH" OR SS. "TURK'S HEAD" At 10:00 P.M. for Dumaguete, Bais, Zamboanga, Cotabato, Jolo & Isabela de Basilan.

MS. "MILAGROSA" At 10:00 P.M. for Tagbilaran, Larena, Dumaguete, Dipolog, Sindangan, Labason, Liloy.

MS "ORMOC" At 10:00 P.M. for Ormoc.

T U E S D A Y — MS. "BOATSWAIN'S HITCH" OR SS. "TURK'S HEAD" At 5:00 P.M. for Manila

MS. "ORMOC" At 10:00 P.M. for Ormoc.

W E D N E S D A Y — MS. "TAGBILARAN" At 9:00 P.M. for Baybay.

MS. "ANTONIA" At 10:00 P.M. Tagbilaran, Larena Dumaguete, Polawan, Sindangan, Labason, Liloy and Salag.

T H U R S D A Y — MS. "TAGBILARAN" At 9:00 P.M. for Baybay.

MS. "CARMEN" At 4:00 P.M. for Oroquieta.

F R I D A Y — MS. "ORMOC" At 10:00 A.M. for Ormoc.

S A T U R D A Y — FS-165 or 177 At 10:00 P.M. for Dumaguete, Polawan, Zamboanga, Cotabato, Dadiangas, Lebak, Kling, Glan, Kiamba, Davao and Mati.

FS-272 or FS-176 At 6:00 P.M. for Manila.

MS "ORMOC" At 10:00 P.M. for Ormoc.

MS. "TAGBILARAN" At 9:00 P.M. for Baybay.

MS. "CARMEN" At 8:00 P.M. for Kasaan, Pintuyan, Cabadbaran, Butuan.

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Caroliniana



Rev. Fr. Hoerdemann visits sister in U. S. A.

We received a most welcome photograph of the dear unforgetful Father Hoerdemann with his sister (eight years older than him.) Together with it was one of his letters, interesting and factual as always, so much like seeing the States through the alert eyes of Father Hoerdemann.

(Here follows the latest letter.)

Los Angeles

Sept. 19, 1949 - Monday-night

Dear Fr. Rector and community,

Since last Saturday I am here in Los Angeles. In San Francisco I saw: University of California, for a day; University of Stanford, in one day; University of San Francisco (Jesuits) in one evening (registration nite for nite students) 101 Fathers and Scholastics (300 students).

Stanford has 8000 acres! Miles and miles of Campus. In Los Angeles I saw University of California, Los Angeles branch; U.S.C. (Southern California) and Loyola University (Jesuits, 1700 students!) U.S.C. lies all around streets, like U.S.C. Cebu; but all cars here have mufflers and nobody ever blows a horn, unless a Mexican marriage passes by! So there is no noise. Our buildings are better for classroom than most Universities I saw so far.

Last night I was in the Coliseum, 35000 Catholics were celebrating the founding of California. It seats 101,000 people. Mr. Hofex drove me all around for two days and I saw most of the city Los Angeles twice, including all of Hollywood, Beverly Hills, all the motion picture studios (they are like University campuses; M.G.M. and 20th Century Fox the biggest. I have a hard

(Continued on page 4)

CAROLINIAN

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Philippines

NAPOLEON G. RAMA
Editor-in-Chief
JOSEFINA LIM
Managing Editor

Emilio B. Aller
Narciso Aliño, Jr.
Associates

Delia Abesamis
Fitz Geraldo
Features

Aristoteles Briones

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C. FAIGAO
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Poetry

REV. FR. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, SVD
Moderator

In
A
Nuts�ell

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ON OUR COVER is the newly-finished USC Main Building. A massive, eye-filling job that covers a whole block in P. del Rosario Street, it stands head and shoulders over the rest of the buildings in Cebu City. The project was done under the construction and supervision of USC Acting Engineering Dean Jose Rodriguez with the cooperation of USC Engineering students. The architecture was drafted by Instructor Paulo Beltran, also of the USC Engineering department.

This Side of the Articulate

*A good poem is an incandescent glory. No two poets ever got settled on one definition of poetry. Like a noon sun, it's got a eye-stunning effect on experts who try to examine it too closely. Consider our own José Garcia Villa. He doesn't get settled on his own over three dozen definitions himself. His stock is still swelling, most of them nebulous but all unbearably charming. A JVG prize definition runs: "A poem is a rose whipped by silver lightnings". On our poetry page "Loose Leaf" you'll stumble on some more with poems to illustrate them. We ambitiously run this poetry column for the education of budding poets and phoets, as well.

*A close-up of a well-loved, eminent-by-knowledge and greatest Carolinian of them all is between our covers this issue. Now archbishop of Manila, but known among carolinians as USC Board of Trustees President, His Grace, Gabriel Reyes is the most consistent figure at USC graduation exercises. Since as far back as most carolinians can remember it was always Monsgr. Reyes who gave the diplomas and put on the hoods on the graduates. With his recent promotion USC suffers a great loss but shares in the pride that someone its own is filling one of the highest ecclesiastical posts in the country.

*It is a poor soul who knows nothing of his forbears. Governments extol heroes and some races practice ancestor worship. We put as a "must-read" and number one on the agenda the biography of Rev. Father Janssen, written by one who knows whereof he writes.

"Don't Stick Your Neck Out" is strictly must reading. Although it maybe of the "regret-after-the-dead" variety, (much like crying over spilled milk) it shows the right, very proper Spirit. If one gets a grade way down, down below, the thing to do is to reform — it may not be too late. Don't stick your neck out indeed!

*Faint heart never won fair lady, as one can see in "The Note", written by one of our long-standing Carolinians. Mauro Tobes, who was also actively connected with the pre-war "Carolinian" staff long before the war. This brief wistful little piece is one that happens every day, every year, every generation.

*On the other hand, Benjamin Aliño dotes on the ladies. This theme is familiar-advice to the ladies by one who is not. It is highly doubtful if his briefing will produce "beauty" but then "beauty" can be an arbitrary word and there are as many different conceptions of beauty as there are heads.

Carolinian Mouthful

Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD: (On his arrival in U.S.A.) This is America! It's all like a dream I have a hard time keeping my feet on the ground though I used to boast I boast always do so.....all cars here have mufflers and nobody ever blows a horn, unless a Mexican marriage passes by!

Law Dean M. Zosa:

To be a politico, one has to have a big heart, a big mouth—(comment from a student) also a big pocket.

Math Student:

(To the instructor's question, how far he was from the right answer) Only three seats away, sir.

Mr. Cornelio Faigao:

(On being treated to a snack at USC Coop by Mr. Mariano Fordelis) Good! This time it's on you, but in me.

Luis Limchiu:

(Looking at the new USC edifice constructed and supervised by the Engineering Dean Jose Rodriguez) USC is an Everest among hills.

Luis Gonzales:

(Bumping on Al Singson) Boy, you are stepping on my favorite corn!

"CAROLINIANA".

(Continued from page 3)

time to say my office and to get sufficient sleep.

Love,

Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann

When they have graduated and gone on to the open fields beyond, armed with the tools that years of study in San Carlos have taught them, what do they become?

LUIS ESMERO, pre-war editor of the "Carolinian," is an up-and-coming newspaperman. He has long been connected with "The Republic", one of Cebu's popular daily newspapers.

FRANCIS MILITANTE, who was the editor a few years ago, just after the college's opening after the second World War, is presently hanging his barrister's-shingle in his home town in Mindanao. Francis passed the bar at one sitting and it may not be amiss to foresee him as one of Mindanao's future legal lights.

Up north in Luzon, (specifically Manila), BENJAMIN MARTINEZ keeps the balance of successful former editors of the Carolinian. During his incumbency the "Carolinian" was awarded the prize as the best college paper of Cebu province. Today, he is one of the editors of the "Sentinel", a national Catholic paper voicing the thoughts, ideas and opinions of Filipino Catholics.

TRINIDAD ALVAREZ who was an acting staff member of the pre-war "Carolinian," is now an English schoolmarm at the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion, and edits the society page of a local newspaper.

As one remembered most in USC Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, in turn, never forgets his "..... dear old San Carlos" as evinced in an earlier letter.

(Here follows the letter dated Sept. 12, to the faculty through Mr. Faigao.)

Dear members of the faculty:

This is America. I arrived five days ago in San Francisco, spent the next 5 days with my sister in Monterey. It is all like a dream. I have a hard time keeping my feet on the ground though I used to boast that I always do so. My sister looks younger than I according to the children here (she is eight years older). Beautiful stores, clean streets, careful drivers, plenty of cars, sweet people, these are the first impressions. There is not much I can write now, just to let you know that I am here and intend to be back in time. Until then may everything be peaceful in dear old San Carlos.

Here in Monterey there is: Hotel SAN CARLOS, Rectory San Carlos, San Carlos Cannery and most people have Italian names. The fishermen are almost all Italians.

God bless you all.

(Sgd.) FR. ERNEST HOERDEMANN,
SVD

e d i t o r i a l * p a g e

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

Next to the thunderous arrival of the atom bomb, the most revolutionary thing that happened to our modern world was man's discovery of what he endearingly terms his inalienable, personal or constitutional rights, in one breath—liberty.

Seldom has man stumbled upon as wonderful an idea and few ideas were as easy to die for. In his defense and devotion to his new-found rights, man has moved heaven and earth, fought his worst wars, knocked a lot of crowned heads off arrogant shoulders, but best of all, he opened a new horizon bright with hope for all mankind.

Indeed, if we have to sum up in one word modern man's intensest obsessions—it will be freedom. When he finally took hold of freedom by the tail, one of mankind's finest and slam-bangest stories was told. The only trouble was that emancipated man didn't know where to stop, he kept demanding for more and more freedom like a drunk for another and another shot.

Soon things get hazier and freedom takes on a broader but mistier meaning. The itch becomes sharper and more recurrent, setting him on flimsiest pretexts to yelling for freedom, by which he means letting him alone or enjoying life at the expense of another.

He wants a freedom that is bankrupt of purpose and—a freedom that has nothing to do with responsibilities, law, justice, truth, or morality. He gets to thinking of freedom as peanuts in the streets—something one can buy a dime a dozen.

This false concept of liberty has fired the imagination of the peasants in Central Luzon. It is also freedom that they are fighting for—their own peculiar brand of freedom with a strong Russian flavor in it. They fell for a treacherous teaching that whoever works on the land, owns it. The fallacy is comparable only to its original—the Marxist Utopia where every man is king, every woman a queen and eventually everybody wears a chain around the neck instead of a crown on the head.

In like manner when the unscrupulous writer raises the howl for more press liberties, more often than not, he is merely clamoring for the right to throw dirt in somebody's face and enjoy the fun. In the same frame of mind, a government official interprets public trust and democratic processes as the right to shine the seats of his pants and pick the pocket of the government.

The mistake of course lies in that modern man confuses liberty with license. Politicians and newsmen very often mistake freedom for tolerance with untruth, while criminals believe that to be free is to be independent from laws. Dictators and their fans—who now abound in this country—are under the impression that they are the source of freedom, hence have the power to give it away or take it back. Nothing can be farther from truth.

Freedom is rooted in the spirit of man. It was there before King John set his stamp on the Magna Carta or before Jefferson drafted the Bill of Rights. It rose out of man's nature, not out of pieces of paper, because nobody gave freedom to anybody but God.

Yet liberty cannot stand alone by itself. It must lean on a purpose, aim at a goal and thrive on responsibility because liberty is not the right to do whatever you please: but what you ought to do.

We have bought it with dear price; a million lives were laid down in holocaust before the altars of liberty. But this freedom can be wrested away from our hands as surely as it can be crushed within our own fingers. Unless we put a stop to this betrayal of liberty, and roll back the forces that seek to prostitute the true concept of freedom, we can no more be free than the inmates of Bilibid Prison.

Venerable Arnold Janssen:

God's Stalwart and SVD Founder

It was mostly by miracle of fervent prayers and sacrifices that the imposing Missionary Institution of Steyl was established in an age of cynicism and apostasy. Its founder, the Servant of God Arnold Janssen, sought first to win the co-operation of a goodly number of his German fellow-citizens in favor of the great work of the Catholic missions. But it was the design of God that Janssen himself, against anything he could have ever foreseen, was to be singled out as instrument in the founding of the Society of the Divine Word, and to be the driving spirit of the splendid missionary movement which he — or rather God through him — brought about in Germany.

The Society of the Divine Word came into existence and flourished by dint of love and the silent labor of a great many, whom God alone knows — and rewards.

Arnold Janssen descended from a simple devout Catholic family of Goch, in the Lower Rhine. A profound piety and a deep sense of work had been for centuries the great virtues practised in the home of the Janssens. His parents were certainly models of simplicity and of the good old customs of a plain, unpretentious uprightness. Arnold was the second of the ten children with which God had blessed that home. November 5th, 1837, is his birthday.

What the parents strove to lay down as a basic foundation both by their words and their deeds, brought forth in this child the most cherished fruits. The care and solicitous attention of the genuinely Catholic family had fortified and prepared Arnold for the gigantic undertaking to which Divine Providence was to call him later.

An unselfish priest enabled him to pursue his studies. After finishing successfully his Gymnasium in 1855, Arnold dedicated himself for nine semesters to studying Philosophy, Mathematics, and Natural Sciences. He began his higher studies in Munster and continued them in Bonn, where in the end he acquired the best school-certificate.

But, in 1859, he was enabled to follow his most ardent desire, namely, to be admitted into the Seminary for priests. Our fortunate seminarian was elevated to the Holy Priesthood on August 15, 1861.

Shortly after that, he became professor and co-rector of the Gymnasium at Bechtel. There, in spite of the much work he already had, he still undertook

the propagation and direction of the Apostleship of Prayer in the diocese of Munster. He devoted himself to this work in such a manner that he showed his zeal for the re-union of all Christians, even those beyond the boundaries of his home-diocese. It was precisely in this endeavour that his gifted dispositions found the best course of development for his future world-embracing apostolic activities.

Aside from his intensive work in connection with the missions at home, this zealous priest found ways and means to busy himself assiduously with the foreign missions. He hurled himself into the gigantic task of winning the pagan world for Christ. He got in contact with missionaries, and also sent substantial gifts to Catholic missions. To his friends and fellow-priests he would deplore that the German clergy was paying scant attention to the mission-idea, that the German Catholics were far behind in their cooperation in the great task of propagating the Faith.

In order to be able to dedicate himself more thoroughly to his work for the missions, Arnold Janssen resigned his professorship and accepted the directorship of the Ursuline nuns in Kempen. Thenceforth he devoted himself to the service of the Catholic Missions with a steadfastness of purpose and with a courage that could have done credit to the strongest of men. He immediately set about to publish "The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart!", thus laying the foundation of what was later on to develop into the great Mission Press of the Society of the Divine Word. This humble magazine was wholly and solely dedicated to the task of converting the heathen in pagan lands. However, it also was principally directed towards the "Aryan" idea of founding a German Mission Institute, which thus far had been lacking in Germany. This task of organization fell, for the most part, on Arnold Janssen.

This modest and young priest would never have dreamt that he personally was eventually to become the founder of this Institute. But from the moment Monsignor Raimondi, Mission Bishop of Hong-Kong, had encouraged him to lay his own hands on the work, he could no longer get rid of that idea. The events of the German Kulturkampf and other circumstances seemed to the young priest a hint from God. Therefore, after prolonged waiting and hesitation he decided to take matters into his own hands. He established the first German Mission House. This was SAINT MICHAEL'S in STEYL



RICH HARVEST: Cardinal Tomas Tien, SVD. He is the first Asiatic Cardinal.

A determined religious with a daring idea blazed the trails for the German missionary societies and pushed the frontiers of Catholicism.

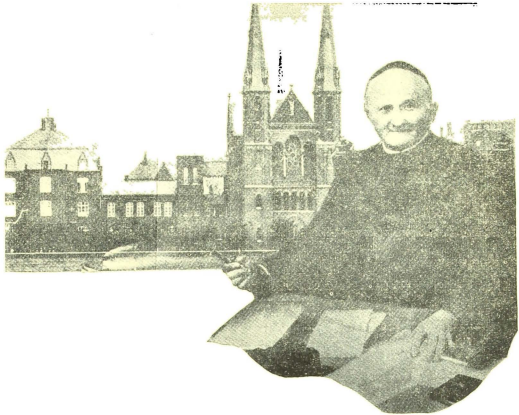
By LUIS EUGENIO

(Holland), near the German border. Then and there emerged the epoch-making work which was to affect so decisively the course of German missionary activities.

September 8th, 1875, feast of the Nativity of Mary, became the birthday of the Society of the Divine Word (S.V.D.)

The Founder of Steyl also planned from the very beginning to found a Congregation for nuns, who would also work in mission lands. Thus, in 1889, the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost was established. Seven years after, Arnold Janssen separated from this Congregation a group of nuns who became the first members of the Congregation of the Servants of the Holy Ghost of Perpetual Adoration. The duty of the latter was to pray unceasingly before the throne of God Almighty, exposed in the monstrance, day and night, so as to draw God's blessing upon the labours of the missionary priests and sisters.

In this way Arnold Janssen became the spiritual Father of a legion of sons and daughters, scattered all over the globe, who today look up to him in veneration and love, and who in joint and earnest prayer supplicate God to grant to their Father, at the earliest possible time, the honour of the altars.



SVD Founder Rev. Fr. ARNOLD JANSEN

A study of the biography of great men discloses that they have climbed great heights over thorny paths, strewn with difficulties. This was particularly true of Arnold Janssen. He was no exception to this general rule. The extraordinary success achieved by Arnold Janssen in all his undertakings, may be considered as the crowning of his heroic grappling with adversaries and adversities.

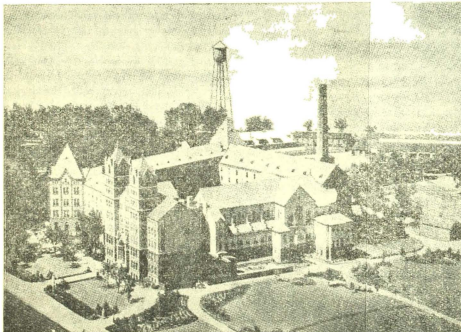
The thirty years from the founding of the Society until the time of his death were for Janssen years of labours and

griets, of trials and deceptions, of continued suffering. There was a world of handicaps which beset him, threatening to thwart and frustrate him in the attainment of his high purposes. But he converted all the liabilities of handicaps into assets of spiritual achievement. He did not face them in a rebellious or self-pitying manner, but calmly, realistically and courageously. In the midst of them all he remained undisturbed, his faith in God unshaken. He transformed all those trials, deceptions and sorrows into a wellspring of power and a flywheel of activity. He considered crosses and sufferings as something very natural for such an enterprise, nay, he even considered them as something necessary. To a friend who tried to console him, he replied significantly, "Be silent! God and souls well deserve that he should sacrifice everything for them."

The unflinching endeavour to recognize clearly, and in everything, the holy will of God, and to fulfill it faithfully constituted the wells from which he drew the strength to face squarely those seemingly insurmountable difficulties. He visualized them rightly, changing them from obstacles into stepping stones, transforming them into sources of power, converting them into rungs of a ladder by which he scaled the heights. Thus he aimed, in everything, to work to the best of his abilities for the greater glory of his Creator.

Arnold Janssen was thoroughly permeated with the sublime thought of the Holy

(Continued on page 25)



ST. MARY'S MISSION HOUSE AT TECHNY, ILLINOIS, SVD Headquarters in USA

Ladies, you can't miss this one. Here are the latest tips on the brand-new method of face-lifting that will turn a face only mothers can love, into one mothers won't love.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Ladies, are you pug-nosed, buck-toothed, or one-eared? Do your faces abound in miniature foxholes? Or do you admit, just for the sake of argument of course, that you are hopelessly ugly? Then, before deciding to end it all thru suicidal designs read this highly informative treatise on beauty culture made available to you only after a prolonged deliberation on the part of the author of the merits and demerits of making a Lana Turner out of every female under the sun. This recommended course, calculated to make overnight Hedy Lamarrs of every female is the happy result of the mammoth and voluminous research into beauty enhancement which has been undertaken by the Society for the Prevention of Further Suffering to the Husbands of Ugly Wives.

To get the full benefit of this course you do not need the optimism and patience of Pascual Recayal, that perpetual Philippine presidential prospect. All that is required of you is a face — or, for that

the second step.

And now on the third, secure a few kilos of lipstick and spread same on your levelly (?) lips. Five generous coatings will suffice. If you are one of the privileged few who are hare-lipped, you may, so to speak, bridge the gap with an adequate amount of sticklip, I mean lipstick. Caution in this phase of the course is very important since lipstick when used in excess of your absolute requirement will make you look like Geronimo on the warpath. (Apologies to Geronimo.)

Now we come to the hair. There are several different ways of beautifying the hair but the most spectacularly successful one is outlined here. First get a red-hot curler and apply deft touches with it to parts of your hair where some cute frizzes will look best. In the case of those who have distressing bald spots some of our customers are senators the following procedure is preferred. Get a horse, a black or blue one, depending upon the color of your hair. Cut the requisite

In Five Easy Lessons

matter, what resembles a face — to be improved upon, and two literate eyes for reading the instructions (one eye will do.)

The first step, which has been popularized through the kind cooperation of Hollywood, is getting a few crates of Pond's face cream and dubbing it on your face, or on what, as I mentioned before, to all intents and purposes is a face, a thin layer of this, say about two inches thin. A shade thicker would be a notch over the bounds of modesty. However, if you're a woman who is the habit of being frequently slapped, you may put on an added inch of cream to serve the double purpose of beauty agent and shock-absorber, that is, slap-absorber. Thus we see that the face cream can be used not only for amour but also for armour. After the face cream has been cemented in place, several inches of face powder — just about enough to choke an average-sized hippopotamus — should be patted on: top of the face cream. This completes

amount of hair from the horse's tail without of course arousing the wrath of the horse, otherwise what you would need would be an undertaker not a beautician. Give the correct amount of horsehair to your bald spot and that will be that. Naturally you will look a little bit silly but the ridicule of your friends will be more than compensated for by the novel exotic clamour you will acquire after the process. True beauty, like genius, is never readily appreciated by those who lack them, you know.

Beautification of the body comes next. For thin underweight women, the exercise known as "Knocking Somebody's Teeth In" should be very beneficial. The exercise is self-explanatory. You just go around and knock anybody's teeth in (excluding, of course, those who have false teeth, for in the latter case very little effort would be expended in ramming the ersatz teeth the necessary distance down the throat, thus thwarting the aim of achieving grace and supple strength through the vigorous em-

By **BENJAMIN L. ALINO**
College of Commerce

ployment of the muscles. Ladies who want to develop muscles to discourage frontal attacks from wolves or those who want to have the strength necessary to catch their pairs and only marry them under duress should go to the university physical culture instructor, Mr. Narciso L. Alifio Jr. (What the heck is he there for if he cannot develop muscles for ladies, anyway?) Stout women will find jumping from the top storey of the USC main building which by the way is only about five storeys high — once in a while eminently successful.

If this course fails — an impossibility, of course — to make you ravishingly, tantalizingly, and divinely lovely, you can always marry a poet. First of all you must find a poet. That is not a very hard matter. Just look for an exceedingly intelligent-looking fellow. Then knock on his cranium. If it has the sweet musical sound of pure unalloyed bone then, lady, you've got your poet.

Through your poet's eyes you will wonder at the entirely new loveliness you will acquire. As, suppose you are a bearded lady recently escaped from a circus, you will not be able to believe your ears as he goes into poetic ecstasies to describe your somewhat unusual attribute. The way he will describe you, you will think that the unknown artist of Venus de Milo made the mistake of not having put a beard on the Grecian nose of his masterpiece.

In short, if your summers are beginning to feel like winters and you're still single by virtue of an absolute lack of that neurotic instrument called beauty, then by all means hunt for a poet!

END

Epithets are not arguments. Neither are epithets a proper substitute for facts. The use of an epithet in place of an argument or a fact is a dodge, a shameful dodge.

—Rev. JAMES M. GILLIS

New Star in Our Firmament

BY E. B. ALLER

He will go down in our history as the first Filipino Archbishop of Manila but among Carolinians he will always be remembered as the good and generous father who made San Carlos the great school it is now. There hardly is anybody who had given more for San Carlos than His Grace. It can be said that his first love as archbishop of Cebu is the University of San Carlos as safely as one could say that USC is among his greatest achievements as Prelate of Cebu.

The 24th of March 1892 will be written down in the annals of the Catholic Philippine in golden letters. It is the day when the "New Star" guiding us in our religious firmament was born in Kalibo, Capiz of the respected family of Eulogio Reyes and Maria Martelino. And the 12th of September 1949 marks the day when our guiding star added luster to his brilliance upon his elevation as Archbishop of Manila succeeding the late Archbishop Michael O'Doherty.

His Grace, Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes is a pride of Catholic Philippines, and an honor and inspiration to Filipino priests. His meteoric rise within the period of thirty four years since his ordination as a minister of God on March 27, 1915 is an achievement unparalleled in our religious history.

To enumerate the important milestones in his life the story has to begin with a simple barrio priest who be raised to the great heights by the sheer merit of intelligence, ability, driving force, zeal, good judgment and solid piety. His Grace became a parish priest a little after his ordination until July 20, 1920, when he was appointed chancellor and secretary to the then bishop of Jaro, Monsig. James P. McCloskey. In 1921, he was named parish priest of Sta. Barbara, Iloilo, without giving up his post of chancellor-secretary. In 1927, he was chosen vicar-general of Jaro and retaining his parish at Sta. Barbara.

Cebu was favored with the benevolence and the religious leadership of His Grace when he was consecrated Bishop of Cebu on Oct. 11, 1932. About two years later, on April 28, 1934, with the elevation of the Cebu diocese into an archdiocese, His Grace was simultaneously promoted as Archbishop of the same. The signal honors of being the last bishop of Cebu and the first Archbishop of the same goes to His Grace, Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes. And about less than a month before the fifteenth anniversary of his episcopacy, our guiding star shone brighter although higher with the announcement made by the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, Mgr. Egidio Vagnozzi that His Holiness, Pope Pius XII had appointed His Grace, Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes as Co-Adjutor of Manila with full powers of a residential bishop and the right of succession to late Archbishop Michael J. O'Doherty who was then critically ill. And later, he became archbishop of Manila upon Mgr. O'Doherty's death.

His Grace, Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes, has al-



His Grace Archbishop GABRIEL M. REYES

Before his elevation to the Archbishopric of Manila Monsig. Reyes was the President of the Board of Trustees of the University of San Carlos.

ways been a benefactor to the University of San Carlos. His spiritual and moral guidance has been impressed within the hearts of Catholic Cebu. His educational leadership to educate the masses in Catholic religious precepts and obligations have been outstanding. It is therefore with pride humbled with love that this Catholic University of San Carlos extends her orchids of most reverent salutations to the new ecclesiastical head of the country, man of God, "a leader of men and a beacon in an age rocked by irreligion and confusion."

THE NOTE

I can still see her eyes now, blue, deep, filled with a world of unspoken emotions that would have flown out like a hungry dove into the nest in my heart. But I was a coward. A stupid coward.

She stood there waiting for me to tell her all about it. Why did I write that stenographic love-note? She wanted to know I now remember that she said she hated me. Let me see... Yes, I see her: beautiful, with a charm that left me breathless; alluring, with a grace that only angels can display. Let me see more clearly now... back into those days. I was a student librarian then, you know. I saw her approach the counter, heard her ask for a pencil to borrow. Coming up to her, I offered her mine.

"I hate you" She exploded in my face. My face fell, and dumbfounded, I sank into disappointment having entirely forgotten the case of the note I wrote in short hand in class, which I gave to one of our girls there. Frankly, I intended that note for Carmen, she of the dancing eyes and dimpled cheek. But she would not accept any trash. So my little love note travelled on and found her I mean, Nena. Knowing short-hand, Nena was able to decipher who wrote it.

All this I entirely forgot.

"But why do you hate me?" I asked. "Have I done anything wrong?" "I hate you!" was all she could say.

I left my work, followed her to her table. I felt she was ill at ease.

"Please, Nena, what is it? What is the matter? What have done?"

No answer. She didn't speak nor move. Anita, her sister, was watching us furtively, sensing that perhaps something was afoot.

Suddenly, Nena slammed the book she had been reading and left us. She ran out of the library.

"Why don't you go after her, Carlos?" Anita suggested.

Taking the cue, I went out to catch up with Nena. She saw me approach, so that she hurried her steps, and practically flew downstairs.

I followed her down, through the corridor, and into the garden.

Nobody was in sight. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and everybody was either in the Library or in the Coop.

The trees looked on and the grass seemed greener than usual. There was oppressive tranquility in the air. Too unbearably tranquil, I thought for I could feel a ponderous thumping inside me that sounded like thunder against the calm of the day.

She spoke first, breaking the silence that threatened to congeal the air.

"She reached for a rose at her side, crushed it in her palm and flung it in my face."

By M. E. TOBES

"Will you tell me why you wrote that note to me?"

I was struck dumb by those words. It was as if the earth yawned and gulped me, body and all. Now I realize what a fool I was. I can now see myself standing there in front of her, shaking like a leaf, not knowing what to answer. I can now surmise how vivid my stare must have been, how doltish and inane I must have seemed.

And all the time heaven was at my side, waiting for me to open its doors and enter. But I stood there agape and arid discomfited, without knowing that I could have made myself master not only of the situation but also of her affection.

Those words keep echoing in my ears now, haunting me like an accusing finger out of the past.

Now she is married. Married to another man.

Still I can hear to think how a little knowledge of human nature could have meant a happier ending to my story, how a little courage could have won the day. Now I realize the necessity of grasping every opportunity that comes along, of opening every bud and sipping every cup of life.

"Will you tell me why, right now?"

I stammered, I groped for an answer. It was the note that was behind all the

mystery in the library. Her voice sternly demanded, why, but her eyes pleaded with me with infinite tenderness.

But what did I do? I was a fool. Young, fresh and unscrupulous, utterly unacquainted with the subtleties in life. I stood before her, confused rattled, trembling, as I never before. Cold sweat stood on my brow and in a hoarse voice I croaked:

"Tomorrow. I will tell you all about it tomorrow, ha?"

The world must have flagged from under her feet and the heavens must have crashed down on her for I actually saw her close her eyes in what seemed to me a gesture of utter disappointment. She reached for a rose at her side, crushed it in her palm and flung it in my face...

I could not see her the next day. She was nowhere to be found. That night I wrote her a letter pouring into it all the tenderest emotions I could muster, telling her of my dreams, of how empty life would be without her, of how enduring my love would be. No answer came from her. In the meantime my heart was eating itself away, leaving a dull, gnawing void that would not be filled.

I did see her again after that but she did not seem so responsive nor sensitive then. She merely looked past me, if she looked at all.

I wrote her again.

Her answer was curt and to the point. "Finis," I thought. I read and reread it till my eyes smarted, and saw no way out of it: it was a closed affair.

"I am sorry that I can not fall in love with you. I am still too young and studying. Do not write to me anymore."

And so with those words that blasted my hopes I turned my gaze away, my heart heavy with grief and pain.

Failure and defeat is the lot of the weak of heart.

At a Loss for Words

A lovelorn sailor decided to celebrate the day by sending a wireless to his girl in Duluth. After chewing on his pencil for several minutes, he finally turned in a cable that read:

"I love you, I love you, I love you."

The clerk in the cable office read it over and said, "You're allowed to add a tenth word for the same price, son."

The sailor pondered for several minutes and then added his tenth word. It was, "Regards."

—Seahorse

Cheated!

The monks of Grande Chartreuse Monastery in France are very austere in their practice of discipline. If a monk suffers personal inconvenience during meals, for instance, he may not complain.

On one occasion, however, an old priest discovered a rat drowned in his jug of wine. He was extremely thirsty, but naturally he did not care to drink the wine.

For awhile he endured patiently. Then he had an inspiration. Attracting the attention of his superior, he said:

"Father, my brother here hasn't any rat in his jug of wine."

—Peter Flynn

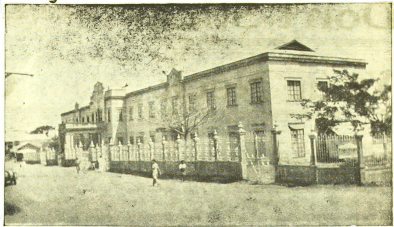
REBIRTH

When a Carolinian stands on P. del Rosario Street and looks up, invariably a swell of pride surges inside him, lights up his face as he scan an immense monument. He stops in his tracks and nudges the fellow next him, and allows himself a minimum of modesty as he points at the building and says aloud: "That is my school. I belong there".

The USC story revolves around a dream, a love, a prayer, a hope, and a lot of sweating. The beginning was in love, the conception was in a dream, the hope was in the labor, and the swell of pride was on the mound of a marvelous monument.

It was yesterday. Yonder stood the proud pillars of San Carlos. In another yesterday that great monument tumbled down into a heap after pillage and plunder. What labor had built in the bosom of time became shambles of twisted steels and scattered debris. The massive structure of wisdom became only a memory and a name.

Yet to some there were things that withstood the bombardment. The past glory was not only a memory; it soon became



The pre-war Colegio de San Carlos which the bombs reduced to stones.

into a full and tangible beauty. His Excellency, the Archbishop of Cebu gave them the encouragement and their needs. Yes...

By Vicente J. Uy

anticipation. What love had inspired — the Carolinian spirit — remained aglow. In some hearts were begotten a hope and a prayer.

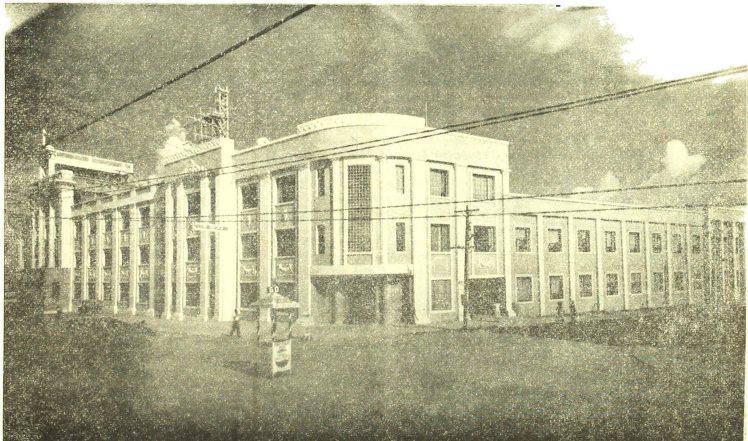
That was in 1945. In the huge heap of old San Carlos a soul began to breath. From out the ruins and shell of a demolished building came the first blush of a dream — the young progeny of labor. The years that followed were days of trial — of self-sacrificing toil, of love.

The crusaders of the Divine World wielded their blessed hands to care and to rear painstakingly the scion from a war-torn cradle with with the hope that their dream would blossom

the years that followed yielded to their zealous prayers and honest efforts. The dream bloomed into the fulness of a real glory... the University of San Carlos.

Yet the university is only what we see with our bare eyes. It is much more than that. It's massive structure is only an outward manifestation of the noble meaning it stands for. Among other things our Alma Mater is a fruit at the apex of toil. It is an answer to a hope and a prayer... a glorification of a dream... a reciprocation of love... a blessing from Divine Providence.

AFTER



USC REBORN: From out of the ruins and the shell of the old building a mammoth monument has sprouted. The new University of San Carlos sprawls on two huge blocks of downtown Cebu.

Don't Stick Your Neck Out

By VICENTE N. LIM

Dear Alex,

Drat it. Please ignore the remark. I usually don't start letters this way, but this time I threw away the book on How To Write Properly. I am clacking this off an ancient portable with blurred ribbon, in a cramped position, with fire in my blood and gin fogging my gray matter — so don't expect a treatise. Read this hash and don't weep — mull over it and be extra careful you don't fall in the same rut.

The semester is fast approaching its end and so am I. It seems I am steadily on the downgrade these days and always behind the eight ball, Alex my boy, and no wonder. My last rites went to the tune of 5 in Math and 3 in Chemistry. Neat, huh. A self-respecting hobo would be ashamed of marks like those, eh, Alex old boy. Well, I'm no bum and so I'm not ashamed, I'm flabbergasted! Sometimes I wonder why that mishap one time in chemistry lab didn't blow us all to pretzels. One group of studs mixed the wrong chemicals and the dratted thing blew up in their faces. No harm, though; only a bad case of frazzled nerves and singed brows. The ceiling was splattered with ferric chloride and someone gasped, "They're making a bomb!"

That was long before they issued the mid-term cards and that was when we used to pay more attention to pool than to old man chemistry. Another thing, Alex my man, I breezed into my English 2 class one day, and the prof delivered his ultimatum on a silver platter: I have only two more days of absence. And the red ink takes a place in my finals. C'ya, isn't it.

But I am not intending to make you serve as waiting wall for my lamenta. And not only mine, nossir. This fix is many others'. I know some fellows take their 3's and 4's with a shrug and a crack, but inside they're taking a beating. Don't let those sheepish smiles and halfhearted jokes fool you... One of the jerks laughed loud and long at his own Conditioned subject and made sure he was heard 'round the campus. Later, he drew me aside and asked should he drop it, the boob. I dropped him like a sizzling spinter and listened to more enlightening air. Who wants to bend an ear to his own troubles told by another, answer that.

Alex, next semester don't stick your neck out like we stuck ours. The profs will bite it off and leave you with a ton of worries. Playing hooky is not, I sady found out, like playing pool. I'd rather make the classroom my havens than make the poolroom my living room. Chew that over, Alex. Leave the poolhalls alone and concentrate on the book. It's more solid. The payoff will bring more grins and less glum, that way.

You know, there ought to be a law against illegal smuggling of comic books in the classroom. I was caught once by our wof during hours. I developed a technical interest in Blackhawk and Batman, and completely lost myself in them. The prof creeped up on me, and with a whiff I was holding thin air. Alex, it was the neatest sideswipe I ever saw. With one hand and one second the comic book was torn from my mitts in a silent flash, and there I was with wide open eyes and stark enryria stamped on my mug. Then the prof went into a spiel. Profs nowadays sure can sing your ears off, Alex. Next instant, with Superman-like strength and Flash-like speed, the booklet was torn to shreds. Even Capt. Marvel couldn't have one better. I've been scouring newsstands for metal covered and armor-plated comics ever since.

Well, Alex, this is the semester. The catch-up time and make-good time. This is time of feverish cramming and frenzied copying of notes, of being present all the time and hoping the profs will notice the attendance, of turning up your nose to those who invite you to game of pool and trudging wearily to the classroom while the others are chewing the rag on the steps of the Science Building, and, of course, this is the time of keeping up a staid interest in the current lessons. And all that.

Some fellows have already dropped their weakest subjects and turned the right on their less weaker ones. Poor jerks! They stuck their necks out. Who am I telling it to?!

Your pal,
Herbie.

Mr. Webster Aside.....

By Aniano C. Ferraris

In the course of our readings, we often come across with word-meanings suitably termed "diffynitions", and we chuckle as we put Mr. Webster aside. We are passing on to you the funnyman's dictionary which we gathered from various wits and would-be wits for the sake of the shakes you will get out of it. If that fails, at least "laughter is good medicine". Here we go!

Adam: The only wolf who couldn't use the opening gambit, "Excuse me, but haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing at the middle

Bed: The only perfect climate

Blotter: Something you look for while the ink dries

Bride: A woman who does not have to worry where her next man is coming from

Courage: Fear holding on just a bit longer

Experience: Business man's definition of his own mistakes

Expert: An ordinary citizen, away from home, giving advice

Forger: A man who makes a name for himself

Kiss: A cunningly devised operation for the mutual stoppage of speech at a moment when words are utterly superfluous

Love: One darn thing after another

Marriage: A legal and religious alliance entered into by a man who can't sleep with the window shut and a woman who can't sleep with the window open

Medest Girl: One who never pursues a man (Nor does the mouse-trap pursue the mouse)

Mendocino: One woman talking (Not to be confused with Catalogue: Two women talking)

Mornine: Time of day when the rising generation gets ready to retire and see the retiring generation rises

Nagging: The constant reiteration of the unhappy truth

Oratory: The art of making a loud noise seem like a deep thought

Perrot: The only living creature with power of speech, content to repeat just what it hears trying to make a good story of it

Peace: In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting

Education Girls At USC Resort, Miramar



"By the swimming pool"



*Instructors Borromeo, Causing, Rodil
sampling the cuisine*



Nena Bono & Luz Mancao



"My throat is dusty"



The smile that makes cameramen happy



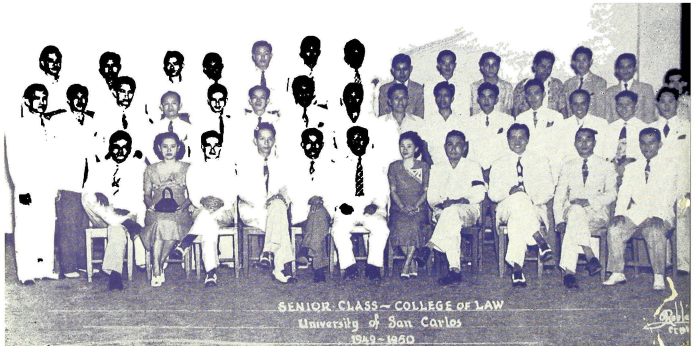
Let's forget about the figures, huh?



*USC High School Varsity Team
With an eye on the CCAA Trophy*

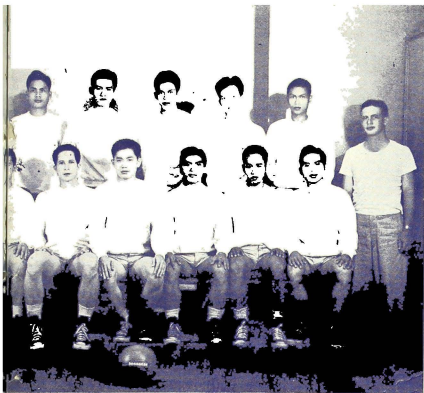


*USC C
A tr*



SENIOR CLASS - COLLEGE OF LAW
University of San Carlos
1949 - 1950

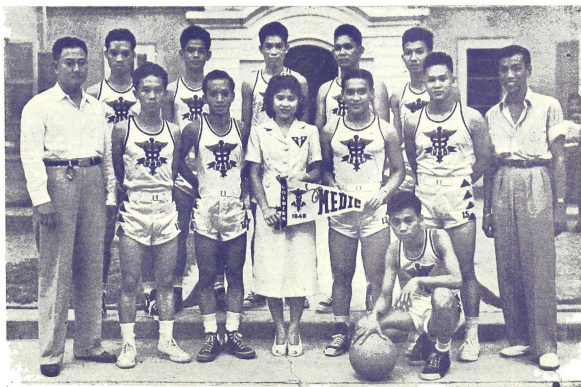
One thought in the back of the head: Bar Exams



*Varsity Team
Determination to uphold*



Warm-up 10 minutes before bell. An unposed picture taken by Fr. Rector.



*Pre-Med Basketball Team with Adviser Dr. P. Solon
They got the slick uniform award*

CAMPUSCOOP



USC Main Building Corridor



Gogo sisters, Carmen and Amparo



*Clowning at send-off
program for Fr. Hoerdemann*



Spanish Instructor I. Abad scans notice board

Forecasts On The 1949 CCAA Basketball Classics

With six of Cebu's leading institutions vying for top honors, the current CCAA cage series promises to be a slum-bang affair. By sheer number of teams competing this "tournament of champions" should be a super-colossal spectacle. But it has to be better than anything ever staged here in Cebu if it is to surpass last year's championship in the senior division when the mighty San Carlos Golden Warriors, by the proverbial skin of their teeth, lost the crown to the powerful Southwestern Commandos in the final game. And because of that I had to eat my hat and had to part with my beloved crystal ball. Besides, my conscience got the better of me after hearing that poor Madame Robinson was quite hysterical about the mysterious disappearance of her crystal ball. To think that she solemnly announced, once upon a time, that the guy hiding behind those glasses (I wear them so that I can see these butterflies more candidly and in glorious technicolor!) was destined to sit on the presidential chair of the Republic of the Philippines instead of the one-legged stool I am used to! Man, oh! man, was she glad to have it back!

As expected, the "leading" basketball dopsters of Cebu are trying to out-do each other in picking the winners. A dopster, by the way, is a frustrated non-gypsy fortune teller, who, for the price of a bowl on anything under-and-over-the sun. As usual and very much like the big dope that I hope I am not, here I am with my forecasts, which according to my friend Angel Anden, are more inconsistent than any woman, living or dead!

The defending champions, the SWC commandos, a heavy favorite to repeat this year, looks like a sure winner. While it has practically suffered no loss of manpower it has even been strengthened by a few who have graduated from the juniors. The Cortes-Alcudia-Jaen-Pardiñan combination can really go to town and it will take a whole of a team to stop them. Dadoc Cortes, Cebu's foremost pivot man and one of the country's greatest court generals, has shown little signs of wearing off in spite of his long years in active competition. Should he be barred from playing in the series (his participation is under protest) this might break up the fast-breaking play which the Commandos dish out and may mean curtains for their hope of repeating this year. Remember Dewey? No! all the predictions, forecasts and whatnots of all the self-styled political experts (first cousins of the sports dopsters) could make him win the presidential race! Do you follow me?

My colleagues in the unmanly art of star gazing are almost unanimous — anony-

Our super dopster treats us to another of his fearless forecast on who is going to get the CCAA trophy, at the risk of having to eat this page without vanilla.

mous is a better word — in picking; University of the Southern Philippines (whewl) as the mosc likely to give the SWC Five a run for their money; A few say it will be the CIT Technicians. Although aware of the much-vaunted ferocity of the USP Pantors and the great improvement of the Technicians, I still hold that the USC Warriors, 1946 National Intercollegiate Champs, will be up there in the thick of the fight. This rarer sounds like an overdose of plain, unadulterated optimism considering that of last year's team only a handful have remained. The rest have found the call of Manila simply irresistible. Funny how some athletes, after being developed, for-

By NARCISO L. ALIÑO Jr.

get their alma mater and seek greener pastures....!

The current USC squad is almost new all over with a sprinkling of a few battle-tested and combat and serviceable veterans. Smooth-playing and sharp-shooting Erot Estreza tight-guarding Paquit Borromeo and play-boy, slippery Celing Valmayor, all veterans of national competitions and members of the champion '46 Warriors, will bear the brunt of making the Warriors click. And should they click like a well-oiled machine there is no saying what they can not do. Simeon Alvarez, a pre-war Carolinian varsitarian, has donned his uniform again and how well he recovered could mean victory for San Carlos. Intramural graduates, Monang Zosa, soccer goalie turned cage forward, Jesus Ma. Cui, Jr. and Ricardo Reyes, may prove their worth and may even be overnight sensations like Cui last year. And there are those juniors who will make their debut in the senior rank like Rudy Jakosalem and Eddie Tabura. Graciano Mahadit, who has been playing quite well, may click, who knows?

Just how well the Warriors can fight with these young upstarts is anybody's guess. But there is the San Carlos esprit de corps which must be beaten first. A team is as good only as its coach. New basket-

ball coach, Joe Puhek, doesn't care for lip homage. But the way he is driving the Warriors in practise and pre-season games can mean no less than that he has his eyes on the crown. His secret play, a complete departure from conventional basketball, may yet win back the title that the Warriors lost in 1947. With the loss of Mumar, Cui, Gonzaga and the disqualification of skipper Inting Cortes (no degrees holders can play) it is no wonder why San Carlos is an underdog. But Truman who incidentally was not given a chin-man's chance made a lot of Americans eat their hats and look very silly by winning the presidency, with Dewey, a heavy favorite and sure-winner, a poor second. The Warriors may do it a la-Truman!

The \$64 questions remain: who will occupy the cold, dark cellar? The boys from Lahug and the Colegio de San Jose Five are very heavy favorites to fight it out to the very glorious end for this much "uncoveted" honor!

Lawyers Virtual Intramural Champs

The powerful and formidable Law Quintet, which has yet to taste the bitter pill of defeat in the current intramurals, moved closer to the title with its close triumph over the much-inspired, Comerciantes last Monday, October 10, when the new USC basketball court thereby finishing the last leg of the single round with a clean slate of 6 wins in as many starts. The loud-talking and "lawless" embryo lawyers, with their surprising show of strength and teamwork, have at long last exploded the myth that they are only good in arduin' but not in doin' with their impressive string of victories. As winners of the single round they need only beat the runner-up once to clinch the much-coveted championship trophy while the runner-up has to beat them two times out of three or twice in a row — which is like saying that "forever" Racually will win the presidential race.

Playing as they never played before Coach Tecson's Comerciantes scared the ordinarily boisterous and cocky abogados into neat hysteria, holding their bigger opponents at bay until the very last 3 minutes. But for the super-brilliance and deadly accuracy of Ben Echavez' side-potshots and the unerring artillery barrage of Etot Solon (law scoring aces) in final cents, it would have been another story and not the seemingly comfortable 45-39 triumph.

Playing-coach Willy Lazo, Law senior (Continued on page 25)

WHAT'S COOKIN' in the

Pharmacy Lab

By J. P. NAJARRO

This column is dedicated to the Junior Apothekers of the College of Pharmacy. With all due apologies to those concerned, we attempt to view (through our glasses darkly) their morphological and physiological characteristics during their "off hours" with Mrs. Beneciera Ceniza. Easily the most popular woman in the college of pharmacy, she was twice elected president of her class and at present is treasurer of the U.S.C. Student Council. Once a nurse, she is planning to take doctorate in pharmacy after graduation. Gosh! she's really one woman who knows her onions. Her favorite role is that of playing champion to the common cause of her fellowmates. At times she has temperamental outbursts coming from out of nowhere: at times too can have the room rocking with laughter. She thinks the world is much too much wonderful when hubby doctor and kids are around.

Definitely a lady, Restituta (Toots) Inocian is one girl who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman. Outwardly she's that soft-spoken, cool, well-mannered lady who does things with a naiveness exclusively her own. Lately however, we begin to suspect an alteration in the mechanisms of her heart (Else... why does it have to have those faint murmurs...?) Spill it Toots!

S.S. can mean a lot of thing, for instance Sad Sack. (Don't let that get you baffled). We refer to our almond-eyed "heavyweight baby" whose extra bulk had us wondering whether it has something to do with the candy bars she always keeps handy. Hmmm... it's time we need hybrids that huge...

From across our lab table we see the most lovable team (don't take it too literally), Betty Sayson and Carloman Zoobrado. A father by profession, gentleman Carlo is one regular guy who can crack jokes with anybody like nobody's business. He had planned to be doctor; came war: he landed in a marital maze. So you see he's shifting things. And Betty... ah... oh!... ..the girl with lots of "it" Don't let 'em start chasing you Betts. We happen to know she's an expert in Pasteurization (Hee... hee ... nice housewife you'll make).

Speaking of beauty within our corridors, we have Jess Padayhag.... a somebody's dream... soft hair... long flickering lashes... Ah woman! how many hearts (gulp)... We've often heard the phrase "Hindu beauty" but honest we never knew what it meant

(Continued on page 26)

H. Economics Kitchen

BY C.R.C.

- The Beauty of the Year—
Pasty Mendoza
- The Favorite and Model Teacher—
Mrs. Caroline H. Gonzales
- The Leader—
Luz Paz Mancao
- The Model Wife—
Mrs. de Pio
- The Actress—
Carmen Gogo
- The Swimmer—
Caring Revil
- A Bundle of Arts—
Mrs. Rosario A. de Veyra
- The Charming Co-ed—
Patsy Omboy
- Model of Industry and Success—
Mrs. Corazon A. Ceniza
- The Songbird—
Glor Aleonar
- The Figure—
Inday Añover
- The Scholar—
Aurora Causing
- The Stork's Friend—
Mrs. Marcelina Falcon
- The Pet—
Beda Aballe

LADY DO YOU?

(A quiz with prizes exclusively for women only.)

- Lady, do you know.....
- When is a hat not a hat?
- Why is a sandwich called a sandwich?
- Why is a vain woman like a drunkard?
- What did the lobster see inside the refrigerator that made it blush?
- Why is the electric chair given as an example of a "Period Furniture"?
- Why did the cookery teacher say that the pig is (a) a very strange animal? (b) a provident animal?
- Why is a newspaper like a woman?
- When does meat resemble a poet?
- Why is it not safe for you women to gossip in (a) a corn field? (b) a potato garden?

PRIZES:

- First Prize...Kitchen Utensil Set
- Second Prize...Picture Frame
- Third Prize...Cloth for a Dress
- Fourth Prize...A pair of Flower Vases

RULES:

- 1.—This contest is open to U.S.C. students taking B.S.H.E. or B.S.E. majoring or minoring Home Economics.
- 2.—Send your entries to Miss Carman Camara, Editor of "Some Food For Thought" Quiz, c/o The Carolinian, U.S.C.

(Continued on page 26)

Engineering Dept.

—The USC College of Engineering was host to Engineering students and Carolinians alike who are interested in the scientific mysteries of the micro-minute things called atoms and its super-powerful potentialities. It did not require an Einstein to explain and illustrate with auspicious help of movie film slides how atomic fission and the resultant release of incalculable atomic energy had been or could be brought about, for in our midst was our own Father Engelen of the College of Engineering who lectured quite exhaustively on the subject at the spacious roof-garden of the new Collegiate building last September 24. Said lecture on atoms and atomic fission was well-attended and everybody still looks up to the time when a gathering of a similar scientific and cultural vein can be had in the future regularly.

—Another manifestation ago among the builders and wreckers is the organization of a fraternity, the Sigma Kappa Epsilon, which elected the following grandees: Eduardo Tan, Jr., High Grand Epsilon; Victoriano Gonzales, Jr., Grand Epsilon; Carlos Bacalla, Keeper of the Seal; Remedios Salzar, Exchequer; Welisberto Zosa, Scribe; and Rodrigo Campos, Sr., Herald. Initial activity of said fraternity was an excursion to Mactan Island where practical observation was had by the members on the working of the machineries and other allied gadgets in the "Cebu Shipyard and Engineering Works". The excursion was had last Oct by the 3rd and everybody who joined it enjoyed its educational and leisurely aspects.

—Only a few knows that last April, the College of Engineering had its first bunch of graduates. They had a hand in the structural designs of the new Collegiate building while under the tutelage and supervision of Dean Jose A. Rodriguez who handles the lectures on Reinforced Concrete Designs. USC has high hopes that they will eventually hurdle their board exams in easy strides when the proper time comes.

—The various structures which can be found in Cebu City such as buildings and bridges will be under the understanding observation of the Seniors of the College of Engineering. A plan is decidedly afoot to this effect. On-the-spot lectures will be available to them while entour which will be given by Professor Bienvento Villamor, the idea being his brainchild. Professor Villamor is in charge of lecturing on Structural Designs in the College of Engineering.

—The new shoproom of the College of Engineering, after its having been completed

(Continued on page 26)

Darling I Listen

* For the education of our poets and our near-poets, we are publishing beginning with this issue reprints from writers who have definitely arrived. Our first offering is from an American poet. Coffin is a professor of English at Well College, (New York), and the author of many books, including *Golden Facon* (1927) and *Portrait of an American* (1931).

* *A complete poem is one where an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found the words... a poem doesn't start from a good subject, but further back in a strong vague emotion. The emotion comes first. Then the emotion finds its subject or thought and the thought finds its words.*

—Robert Frost

* The author of "The Fool's Reply" is no relation to Saroyan (whose name is Aram, remember?) Aram must be an admirer of Villa, witness the form of this piece (a little piece of Villa-iny, eh?) Aram is a junior in the College of Law.

* *"If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can warm me. I know it is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know this is poetry. These are the only ways I know it."*—Emily Dickinson.

* Fe M. Sarthou (the Lonely Heart) gives you free verse of the more transparent type. She teaches in a City high school and is a post-graduate student in this University.

* *You will notice that there is a decided trend towards free verse in our poetry writing. Bad free verse is easy to produce, good free verse is one of the most difficult things to write. Of the many unfulfilled lovelinesses that come to us for consideration, we have found verse that rimes in the first stanzas and gradually descends to mere chopped prose. If you write free verse, by all means write free verse. If you choose to stick to the traditional, borrow Mr. Faigao's book of rhymes. If either case read the Book of Job, and be patient.*

* Sarah G. M. (the one with a plea) is, we are informed, also from the College of Law. What, only the lawyers?

* *Finally, we have been advised that Mr. Faigao is organizing a little Post Club, by which is meant not a club of little poets but a little club of people who can dream in a big way. Those who are interested please submit their names to the Literary Editor.*

LOOSE LEAF

THE JELLY FISH

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

*Had God no other heart but this
To show the beauty that is He,
This single, cold heart were enough
Solitary in the sea.
Here are the chorals of the tides,
The music of the far moon's might,
Here the processional of day,
And here recessional of night.*

THE FOOL'S REPLY

By Aram

*Yes, there are rivers to the end,
songs
I can not sing
and
voices I can not still
and no end. This is enough. You walked
by the waters of my sleep,
you drank the cup
you drained the flowers for me
and this is the answer: You. But . . .*

*is not
thy love also
to be thy arrow?
My Street, I chant you my
song. On my soul I simply wrote
what is to be.*

*And,
while there are more
river
to the end, this is
the answer: Love.*

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

By Fe M. Sarthou

*Who can tell
with what lonely courage I face the day
even on a morning in May
how the strains of mellow music
only taunts my heart because
there is no one to drain its sweetness with?*

*Who can tell
the excruciating pain my heart goes through
the ennuï and the misery
and coldness of solitude
with not love but long cloaks of thought
how like eternity the day seems?*

*Who can tell
None but the lonely heart like mine.*

P L E A

By Sarah G. Montecillo

*For every gust of wind
that shakes my walls,
For every wave that dashes
against my shores,
For every sorrow
that rends this breast apart;
To receive all these, Lord,
give me an open heart.*

Let's Hear

 By **BEN PONCE**

From Mr. Philippines

(Author's note:

What if the Philippines were suddenly like you or I—an individual opening his eyes to the cross-crosses of Filipino existence in this part of the world? What could he say?

This is purposed to be an oration piece.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have been dead many times.

I died when I saw my people petted by the bloody fingers of a foe four centuries and a score ago. Just when I was about to creep up from the wallows of Incivility to the light of culture and civilized living, some foreign invaders came into my islands and usurped Filipino rule-over-Filipinos from the hands of my people who spoke the language of Freedom because freedom was the color of their blood.

Ah, those years of embittered struggle. Those lives I lost. Those steel-hard souls who refused to assent to any other creed than that which their forefathers died to uphold. My people was a brave people. But then I was frail as frailty is the nature of the young; so I closed my eyes like a loathsome coward.

Yet, as I have always remained at the mercy of time and circumstance, I saw a new dawn break through. A force came to my shores and broke the chains that bound me. I was able to awake and shake of the lethargy that crippled my being and I lived again.

I lived like an infant struggling to a new breath of life. Above me I saw the resplendence of equality and freedom, the God-given seed that would grow and be nourished by a hungered people who will only survive upon that glory to offer to their children and their generations yet unborn. Along the years happiness and progress shrilled in the air. I tasted no more of blood that once changed into crimson what were verdant evergreens and moistened the dust of my valleys. I arose from the

cubbyholes of defeat and tugged on at the heels of a generous benefactor who tutored me in my youth and cleared ignorance from my eyes.

But, as the principle of uncertainty is inherent in the existence of a nation, so was I drifted into the abyss of another greed-born incineration — more grim, more tragic.

"Fellow Orientals" they said they were, and when my people reached out to their attracting policy they drew me into their treacherous embrace that I could smell the ugly stench of their dirty carcasses. They ravaged and plundered and brought what vile inhumanity this world knows of.

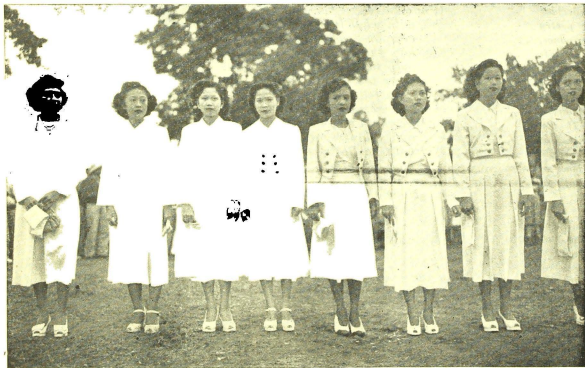
I wept and wept until cowardice got the most of me and my eyes fell closed to blood and hunger and poverty.

Like a lone figure in a corner of this earth, undefended and weak, I lifted up—the picture of a tattered warrior—head bowed low and eyes stared tearfully at the warm, red pool soaking my feet. But though my people lived like brutes in the wake of sub-human oppression, I saw them smile from the dust and mire, a hope gleaming in their eyes.

But that, too, has gone. Time has patterned for my people a newer phase of endeavor. That self-sufficing endeavor for the uplift of the staggering masses: the fight towards a happier living where the troubled air of societies are made peaceful and efficient in their pursuits; the strife towards the establishment of a government of their own, strong, powerful, and democratic and ever-aware of the personal rights and liberties of its subjects.

It could sound incredible that in such economic and political activity I still am woe-begone. Well, that I am.

Endeavors' and fights and strifes — they do not imply success together with what they stand for. And, as things are now, those idyllic ends which my people have endeavored and fought and striven for have still remained a dream.



Sponsors for ROTC top brass: Corazon Saytin, corps; Carolina Cavada, Natividad Martinez, Remedios Castelo, Regimental Staff; Nemia Dorotheo, 1st Battalion; Jane Pareja, Staff; Carmencita Ty, 2nd Battalion; Josefina de los Santos, Staff.

ROTC BRIEFS

Edited by Cesar Gonzaga

USC ROTC UNIT PRESENTS RADIO PLAY

With a view to apprising the people of the urgency of maintaining a strong and efficient Army in the country, the HNDP, in carrying this effect, is conducting a military program every Friday evening from 9:00 to 10:00 thru Station DZFM, Manila.

Units of the Armed Forces are requested by HNDP to contribute plays, songs, and declamations.

The III MA, thru the USC ROTC Cadets, presented a radio play last month, participated in by Carmen Gogo and Nora Florendo.

The troupe arrived from Manila last week by Army plane.

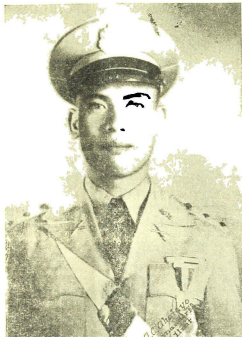
USC ROTC CADETS HONOR FR. RECTOR AND FACULTY MEMBERS

The Cadet Corps of the University of San Carlos presented a military evening parade and review in honor of Rev. Fr. Rector, Albert van Gansewinkel, and the members of the faculty at the Cebu Normal Parade Grounds last month.

Highlight of the ceremony was the firing of a shot by an artillery piece. This presentation was the second of its kind ever to be held in the city, the first was that of last year given by the same University. The presence of the cadet sponsors and of a large crowd lent color to the parade review.

CADETS PAY LAST TRIBUTE TO CDT MAJOR PAÑARES

The USC Cadets rendered its valdictio-



Cdt. Col. Alejandro Abatayo
ROTC Commander

ry tribute to the late Cdt. Major Eduardo Pañares, a USC commerce student at Tinean, Naga. Cdt. Major Pañares was one of the victims who sustained grave physical injuries as a result of a bus accident.

A military funeral with honors was given to the deceased by the cadets, headed by ROTC Commandant, Capt. Antonio N. Concepcion, and his staff officer, Lt. Florencio Romero.

CADETS HOLD FAMILIARIZATION TRIP TO BOGO

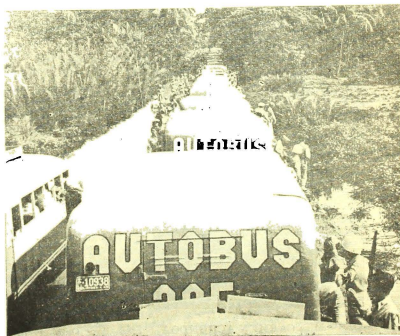
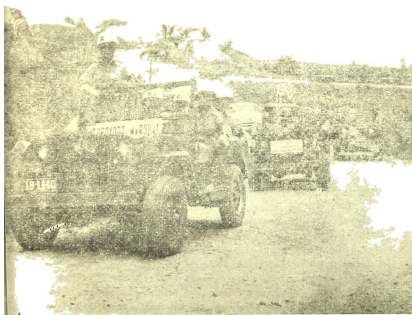
The Corps of Cadets of the University of San Carlos held a 73-mile familiarization trip to Bogo, headed by ROTC Commandant, Capt. Antonio N. Concepcion, and his staff officer, Lt. Florencio Romero.

Before starting for Bogo, the corps held a mass at Fuente Osmeña. The 20-truck-convoy arrived at Bogo at 11:45 A.M. Due to heavy rain, the DSMT military program was not carried out perfectly as expected. However, the cadets played a good part as future soldiers of tomorrow by showing exemplary courage and mettle inspite of the rain.

A program was conducted by the corps, participated in by the different batteries of the Unit. The basketball players too, mostly from the M.P. Battery, played with the local team of Bogo.

(Continued on page 26)

In the last issue of THE CAROLINIAN the following item escaped the vigilance of the ROTC editor... "with a new adjutant in place of Lt. Moreno, the corps welcomes a new promise of a more proficient source to carry its program." The ROTC editor would let it be known that there was no intent at all to cast discredit on the efficiency of our former adjutant and that the ill-advised phrase was his own and not of the ROTC Department. Apologies to Lt. Guillermo Moreno ere in order.



CADETS ON FAMILIARIZATION TRIP: MF's leading the main body of troops in scores of convoy trucks.

USC IN THE NEWS

FATHER RECTOR RETURNS WITH MORE BOOKS

Reverend Father Rector, on his return from an official trip to Manila brought with him more books for the USC Library. The books were mostly texts and references in English for the Graduate Course. These new volumes have greatly augmented the already complete library of the University. Aside from these, other book shipments are scheduled to arrive about the end of the first semester as ordered to be on time for the second semester of this school year.

THE SOCIAL HALL AT MIRAMAR REMODELLED

The Social Hall at Miramar, the most favorite resort of Carolinians will be renovated these succeeding days. The partition between the present hall and the ladies' private room will be removed, thus making the space for the hall bigger. A new dressing room for ladies is being constructed in lieu of the old and it is situated by the side of the swimming pool exclusive for them.

NEW FEATURES TO BRIGHTEN THE ROOF GARDEN

With the flooring of the roof-garden floor with colored tiles, the roof-garden pavillion is in the process of streamlining. There will be installed a magic fountain with multi-colored waters sprouting which readily will seem to outshine the beauty of the unfound fountain of youth. Of course, its magic quality to the perception will be supplied by skillful arrangements

in the combination of lighting effects which will give this rare feature real boost.

THE DEMOLITION OF USC RUINS TO BE RESUMED

With the help of handy and ultra-modern pneumatic hammers, the demolition of the old San Carlos ruins will be hastened during the semestral vacations. The demolition operations hitherto done on said ruins were in the minimum during the class-days of the first semester to avoid undue interference and nuisance in the classrooms adjoining.

INTERCOMMUNICATION SYSTEM INSTALLED

To facilitate communication between the Father Rector's Office and the various



Miss FLORENTINA BORROMEO
First in the declamation tilt

College of Education and the College of Liberal Arts.

Dressed in the uniform of a war-crippled Macques and with a pair of crutches to match, Florentina Borromeo rather transported the audience, in her portrayal and translation of the excellent subject she picked, conjuring up the horrid scenes in the battle between the Germans and the English of World War I in the fields of Soissons, France. Her betrayal of intense feeling as she lived through "The Hell-Gate of Soissons" lulled the jampacked University Hall to silence.

Nora Florendo, a Junior of the College of Education got second place in the line of master declaimers. She impressed the audience with the superb delivery of her niece in almost the Old England way. With commendable fluency of speech and diction, she acted the drunkard in "The Wine Cup" quite naturally that the judges were convinced that the award belonged to her.

Still backwards into the past the spectators to the close competition for the title of best declaimer went on a good excursion of the imagination. With masterful strokes of the veteran in the dramatist, beautiful Carmen Achondoa in turn drew the onlookers to the twelfth century beside the Castle of Elsinore, Denmark. For a time, she held them there, awed to silence by her equally beautiful Hamlet costume and well-timed gestures that they must have forgotten to listen to the flowery words of Hamlet's rage. She delivered with ease and without any stage fright the quite difficult passages of the scene right after "To be or not to be" in Shakespeare's "Hamlet". Representing the Pre-Law, College of Liberal Arts "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" easily got third

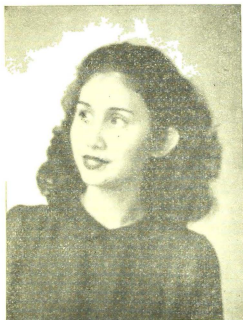


Miss NORA FLORENDO
She placed second

classrooms of the Collegiate building, an intercommunication system was installed. The Father Rector will have easier time now in giving his instructions and orders to the persons or group of persons concerned.

LIBERAL ARTS FIRST IN DECLAMATION TILT

The stage was bathed in klieg lights as Florentina Borromeo, declaimer for the Pre-Meds of the College of Liberal Arts, received her prize from Father Rector with the warm smile of a victor. She was adjudged first or best in the decision rendered by the Board of Judges for the declamation tilt held at 6:00 P.M. of Sunday, October 9th at the University Hall. The contest was jointly sponsored by the



Miss CARMEN ACHONDOA
Third with Hamlet's soliloquy

in the roll of winners.

The spectators were pushed further back into Biblical times when Justina Mansueto, senior of the College of Education, depicted Longfellow's "Judas Escariot". She did it so well Judas would have turned purple had he been there.

"Number 3 on the Docket" delivered by Dahlia Cadell, Education Freshman was fourth; "Leah, the Forsaken" declaimed by Delia Abesemis of the General Course, Liberal Arts sixth; and "The Death Penalty" of Victor Hugo by Sophomore in Education Lourdes Villahermosa, seventh.

The Board of Judges were composed of: Very Rev. Fr. Albert van

Gansewinkel, SVD, Rector	Chairman
Rev. Fr. Stephen Szmuto, SVD,	Member
Rev. Fr. Edward Norton, SVD,	"
Mr. Angelo Consunji	"
Atty. Cornelio Faigao	"

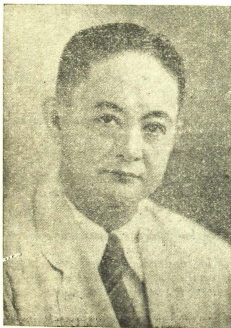
CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN GETS ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE

The last weeks evidenced fine results of Reverend Father Rector's campaign for cleanliness and neatness of classrooms. The students responded enthusiastically to the "spick and span" policy that called for, among other things, ridding the campus of discarded paper scraps, arranging the chair in neat lines after class hours.

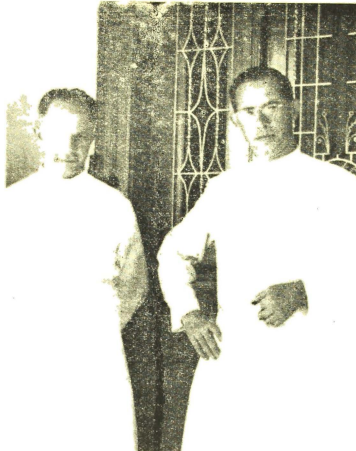
The campus is now getting a well-scrubbed look, while the classrooms look roomier and more comfortable with chairs put in the right places.

FACULTY MEETING HELD

The members of the USC faculty gathered last Sunday to discuss important policies of the administration. Among the salient points taken up was the strict



Mr. VICENTE MEDALLE
President-elect of the Faculty Club



Reverend Fr. Rector and Fr. Louis P. Paulsen, former USC faculty member, who just arrived in Manila from a European tour. Fr. Paulsen is now liaison officer between the SVD Colleges and the Bureau of Private Schools.

enforcement of the limitation to five subjects only for English instructors. This, the Rev. Fr. Rector explained, would increase their efficiency and would provide the students greater proficiency in English.

Stress was also laid on the enforcement of discipline upon the students as regards their every actuation during and off school hours.

Another business discussed was the possibility of insuring all the members of the faculty with the premiums to be paid on the 50-50 basis, 1/2 to be paid by the University, the other half by the policy holder. According to plans, a three-year stay in USC would entitle an instructor to this insurance policy.

The proposition now is in the hands of USC legal adviser Atty. Fulvio Pelaez for further study.

FACULTY CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Spiced with dashes of oratory and sparks of wit, an election of officers for the U.S.C. Faculty Club was held last September 27. An account of the Club's activities for the year 1948-1948 was rendered by Atty. Cornelio Faigao, outgoing president. Dr. Protasio Solón, incumbent treasurer, gave a brief financial report in his usual jocular, light-hearted manner.

The following officers were elected:

President,	Mr. Vicente Medalle, College Instructor;
Vice-President,	Mr. Jose Rodriguez, Acting Dean, College of Engineering;
Secretary,	Miss Leonor S. Borromeo, Dean of Women, College of Liberal Arts;
Asst. Secretary,	Miss Milagros Urgello, of the College of Pharmacy;
Treasurer,	Dr. Protasio Solón;
Asst. Treasurer,	Miss Milagros Urgello;
Auditor,	Mr. Rosendo Siervo;
Liaison Officer,	Mr. Dámaso Morales, Head, Junior Normal College;
Adviser,	Very Rev. Albert V. Gansewinkel, SVD., Rector, University of San Carlos.

Most of last year's activities were along humanitarian lines like extension of financial aid to sick faculty members and to the bereaved families of deceased members.

COMMERCE WOMEN'S CLUB HELD EXCURSION

The Women's Club of the College of Commerce, University of San Carlos went on an excursion to Miramar. The group was accompanied by the adviser, Miss Flor F. Causing, Jose G. Tecson, Dean of the College of Commerce, Atty. Bonifacio Yuson, professor in law and Fathers Bunzet, Schonfeld, Beck and Norton.

Highlights of the whole-day affair were
(Continued on page 27)

SECCION CASTELLANA

Editoriales

Gloria y Prez de Su Gente

El país entero conoce y venera al Excelentísimo y Reverendísimo Sr. Arzobispo Gabriel M. Reyes como dignatario eclesiástico, príncipe de la Iglesia y pastor amable de su grey; los carolinos, empero, le estimamos y le conocemos como padre de la familia sanacarina, siendo como es Jefe de la Comisión de Fideicomisarios de nuestra universidad y su más generoso bienhechor, y por ser él quien suele conferir los títulos académicos en los fautos y venturosos días de graduación.

Su reciente promoción a la sede arzobispal de Manila justifica el que tengamos un tantico de vanagloria, porque su triunfo lo consideramos ser inevitablemente nuestro triunfo al igual que su honra la conceptuamos la honra de la Universidad de San Carlos.

Consta de que, siendo aún arzobispo de Cebú, su primer amor era la Universidad de San Carlos; pues desde los primeros días de su estadía en esta ciudad, ya mimaba a esta institución, la colmaba de favores y le prodigaba toda su paternal atención. Dotado de corazón grande al par que generoso, no escatimó sacrificios ni trabajos ni cariño para engrandecer este centro docente.

A consecuencia de la última guerra, el antiguo Colegio de San Carlos quedó completamente arrasado. Despojado, pues, San Carlos de sus edificios y de otros bienes, nuestro magnánimo Prelado acudió sin pérdida de tiempo, y sin consideraciones personales, a nuestra ayuda, ofreciéndonos asilo y socorriendo a nuestras apremiantes necesidades. Negándose a sí mismo las legítimas y necesarias comodidades y pompas de un palacio arzobispal, alquiló una casa residencial para que la universidad pudiera reanudar las clases en los edificios del arzobispado que las bombas habían perdonado.

El Excmo. y Revmo. Sr. Arzobispo Reyes disfruta de una reputación nacional tanto por su vasta erudición como también por sus magníficas obras de caridad cristiana, por su buen humor y máxime por sus reñidas luchas en defensa de nuestra sacrosanta religión. Resultaría interminable si pretendiéramos dar siquiera una reseña de sus exitosos trabajos y triunfos. Su vida es trabajo, tanto en lo religioso como en lo cívico. Su elevación al arzobispado de Manila lo consideramos no tan sólo providencial, sino también como algo inevitable y verdaderamente justo y está muy en su punto el que Su Excelencia Reverendísima se encuentre a la cabeza de la Jerarquía católica de este país.

Aplaudimos muy de veras la feliz selección hecha por la Santa Sede aunque nos parte el corazón el que tengamos que ver como se nos arranca al buen padre y bienhechor. Sólo nos resta el consuelo de que nuestro estimado Prelado es uno de aquellos de quienes Filipinas puede enorgullecerse legítimamente. Nos llena, pues, de íntima satisfacción de que ocupa ahora el más preeminente puesto eclesiástico del país para mayor gloria de Dios y—¿por qué no?—de la patria.

—N. G. RAMA

Ángel y Bestia

“En cada hombre hay un ángel que canta y una bestia que relincha”, ha dicho el apóstol. Con ello ha expresado una gran verdad. En el hombre hay fuerzas contrarias; instintos que le arrastran hacia el polvo y lodo, y fuerzas que lo quieren elevar hacia las estrellas. ¿Quién no siente en sí este constante duelo? Contrastes más grandes que los que hay en el corazón humano no hubo jamás en un terreno tan pequeño.

Si, en este pequeño mecanismo que llamamos corazón hay dos motores; pero notamos que obran en sentido contrario. Los dos debían moverse en la misma dirección, tal fué el plan del divino arquitecto que esbozó y creó este mecanismo. Mas el pecado produjo el desorden en esta admirable maquinaria.

La armonía de nuestro ser fué perturbada, iniciándose la lucha entre las fuerzas sensitivas y espirituales, las pasiones contra la razón y la conciencia.

Existe una guerra continua y sin cuartel por la supremacía entre la tendencia animal rebelde y la voluntad racional, que es la que debe gobernar. Esta guerra civil se produce en el corazón de todo hombre y constituye la tarea más difícil de nuestra vida a la vez que la más gloriosa.

Luchar contra sí mismo, es la lucha más difícil. Vencerse a sí mismo, la victoria más hermosa.

—LUIS EUGENIO

Por Gloria V. Pelaez

La Sampaguita

¿Qué es la sampaguita?
 Para una niña es la estrella.
 ¿Para un niño?
 Es un juguete.
 ¿Y para un escritor filipino?
 Es un tema.
 ¿Pero qué es la sampaguita?

Verdaderamente es una flor tropical. La sampaguita es una flor hermosa con pétalos menudos aglomerados al rededor del cáliz de una planta en forma de la presión de una beso. Es de una planta trepadora sin espinas, con hojas ovaladas, de un verde de la sombra del mar profundo. Sus pétalos están hechos como las lágrimas que resbalan por las mejillas de una niña.

Es blanca como extraída del corazón de una perla por las manos finas y delicadas de la sirena del inmenso mar. La flor sugiere una calma y cándida paz que se asemeja al dulce silencio de la madrugada esperando los primeros rayos del sol naciente, anunciando la salida del Rey del día. Cuando sopla la brisa, su gesto de caricia le habla de las virtudes, de la pureza y delicadeza que adornan a las jovencitas.

Su olor es tan agradable y suave que la joven que la lleva prendida en su pecho o colocada caprichosamente en sus cabellos, no necesita ningún perfume. Por eso las jovencitas siempre la llevan a manera de collares en las funciones. En los bailes na-

tivos rara es la joven que no adorne con ella su cabeza como estrella iluminada en el firmamento. En los altares de iglesias y capillas, al pie del Santo Cristo agonizante y de la Virgen pura, las sampaguitas están depositadas a manera de ofrenda que al mismo tiempo esparce un aroma muy agradable y dulce, símbolo de la oración pura que se eleva al cielo.

Para un poeta o escritor, la sampaguita es una inspiración. El ve en esa flor el alma de una niña, de una joven quizá llena de humildad y de pureza, que produce sueños de bondad y de dulzura; le inspira al mismo tiempo para desarrollar algún tema de pureza y encanto.

Es la sampaguita un mensajero de amores. Cuando un joven filipino ofrece un ramillete o collar de sampaguitas a una jovencita le basta con eso para saber que es ella el objeto de su amor. José Rizal en su novela hizo a la sampaguita testigo y mensajero de amor. Ibarra regala a María Clara esa flor como testigo de su declaración y ella, besando la flor y acariciándola, se la devolvió. Pero en ese trance, ¡cuántos miles de pensamientos y mensajes se encierran! ¡Cuántos miles de secretos profundos se revelan! ¡Cuántas tristezas de corazón se manifiestan!

La sampaguita es, pues, la flor que en Filipinas significa bondad y humildad. Y al mismo tiempo se la considera como mensajera del más puro amor.

LA MADRE

Por JULIA L. OBINA

Un veredicto providencial contemporáneo, con la creación del Universo, dispuso que se hiciese indispensable la creación de la mujer, la mujer que, por su propia formación fisiológica, respondía a una sagrada misión, la misión de madre.

Haciendo un poco de análisis de los diferentes procesos de la vida y de esto a los grandes desarrollos de la misma, ora bajo la calma, dianfanidades del cielo, y halagos paradisíacos, ora bajo las adversidades del tiempo, hallaremos, como la palanca promotora para la formación de los caracteres fundidos, no en una herrería, sino en el hogar donde funcionan los deberes y se tamizan esos procesos educacionalmente fundamentales, a esa misionera abnegada, la madre.

La madre es la consejera y confidente de toda criatura, es la amiga acrífima y confortadora de esa criatura, desde la infancia a la adolescencia, de aquí a la juventud y aún sigue mas allá; pues el chiquitín escurre a su madre, el joven

acude a ella en sus penas, pesadumbres y desequilibrios juveniles. Por eso mientras la madre siente aun latido de vida, la criatura que le debe el ser se mantiene inecelume, porque la madre, toda manseoubre, se convertirá en vivora al ver a su criatura en peligro de caer bajo las garras de algun enemigo o alguna fatalidad.

Gracias al amparo de la madre contra los posibles desvíos, la criatura fué desarrollándose bajo una atmósfera sana, sin esturaciones perniciosas, y guiada por sí misma con las luces proporcionadas por aquella, fué pasando por diferentes procesos hasta llegar al de la formación de familia, base de los pueblos y naciones.

En resumen, los pueblos se forman mediante la formación de los caracteres y los caracteres se forman fundiéndolos a modo de hierro candente en el yunque del hogar donde es absolutamente imprescindible la presencia de un ser descendido del cielo al universo, ¡La Madre!

VENERABLE ARNOLD...
 (Continued from page 6)

and Triune God in Whom all thinking, all praying and all striving originate. That also accounts for his looking with supernatural eyes at everything that stood in relation to the glory and majesty of God. This his almost staring gaze into eternity gave all his doings an invincible quietude and an inward reliability. Nothing could shake his faith in God. With serene eyes he watched adversities fall upon him like raindrops from on high. Out of this un-faltering trust in God was born a spirit that stood calm and serene, while the world was falling upon him, — a spirit that transformed adversity into merit, suffering into joy, and weakness into strength.

Accordingly his life of prayer also surpassed many of his fellows. Far into the night he could be seen prostrated on his knees before the Holy Eucharist, or even stretched out before the altar. The veneration of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Jesus were among the many devotions near to his heart. Yes, he did everything in his power to foster these two great devotions.

All in all we may well say that Arnold Janssen was a man who would utilize with all sincerity and with the deepest convictions his whole personality to serve the plans of God. This correct interior conduct made him a loyal son of Holy Mother Church, a solicitous Superior and a humble confere who guided his establishment to achieve all those successes which give glory to God.

Here indeed is a philosophy in which faith in the primacy of the spiritual values in the life of man shines forth luminously.

The monument of his Christlike zeal stands not only in Steyl, but is seen throughout the world in the Order which he founded.

On January 15, 1909, God called this loyal, indefatigable sower to grant him the Apostle's reward. When Father Arnold Janssen closed his eyes to the world, all who knew him were unanimous in saying that "he was a man of Divine Providence, a saint." This may also account for the fact that his burial turned out to be a triumphant parade rather than a funeral cortege. Over his tomb in the cemetery chapel, his children wrote on a marble slab the following impressive words:

Dulcissimus in Christo
 Arnoldus Janssen
 Pater Dux Fundator
 noster in pace

ROTC BRIEFS....

(Continued from page 21)

ROTC HONORS SPONSORS WITH REVIEW AND BALL

The USC ROTC Cadets presented a military parade and review in honor of the sponsors early this month at the Cebu Normal Parade Grounds.

After the presentation, the sponsors proceeded to Yarrow Refreshment Parlor where an ice cream party was tendered in their honor by the officers of the "Can-noners Fraternity".

Last October 9, a sponsors' ball was given them by the officers of the corps at the PC Recreational Hall. The cadet officers, for the first time, wore the new and slick and smart prescribed PMA gale uniform.

Highlight of the affair was the distribution of prizes to winners of different dance contest.

USC ROTC CADETS BID ADIEU TO ARCHBISHOP G. M. REYES

The USC ROTC Cadets bid adieu to His Excellency, Monsignor Gabriel M. Reyes, Archbishop of Cebu last September 16 at 6:30 A.M., on the occasion of his appointment and departure to Manila as co-adjutor to the archbishop of said city, by participating in the general field mass officiated by him at the Cebu Abellana Parade Grounds.

The USC cadet officers formed the guard of honor for His Excellency.

EX-CORPS CO LEAVING SOON FOR USA

Lt. Eduardo Javelosa, former USC ROTC corps commander, will leave soon for Fort Riley, Kansas. He is one of the ten probationary second lieutenants to be selected by the PGF Officers Training School to undergo extensive training to USA. He is presently assigned to PGF section, Manila, waiting for further orders.

CAROLINIAN GETS COMMISSION IN RFP

Narciso L. Aliño, Jr. an A.B. graduate of this institution and presently a sophomore in the college of law, recently received his appointment as second lieutenant in the Reserve Force. Lt. Aliño is the first to be so commissioned among the 124 Prob. "2" Lieutenants who graduated at Floridablanca. He was sixth in the final roll of merit in this class and first in the efficiency rating.

Lt. Aliño finished the ROTC Advance Course as a distinguished graduate and was awarded the Col. Causing medal for leadership. In the processing for the OCS School, he topped the Physical Fitness test, scoring a total of 413 points out of a possible 500 points, the highest ever

THE H. E. KITCHEN...

(Continued from page 18)

3—Entries must be submitted not later than Nov. 1, 1949.

4—Prizes listed above will be given to the winning entries by the Home Economics Organization through the dean, Mrs. Caroline Hotchkiss Gonzales. In case of a tie, the earlier entry shall be the winner.

5—The selection of the winning entries shall depend upon wittiness and aptness in answering. Remember, ladies, wit gives more weight.

6—Decision of the judges will be final.

"A Letter From An Unknown Husband"

By G. R. CAMARA

When my wife comes home from school
And gets the rolling pin, her favorite
kitchen tool,
Relieve me, I'm either very glad
Or gosh—I'm either much too sad.

When she gets, too, some eggs, water and
flour
And mixes these into a dough, tis a hap-
py hour,
But tis heart breaking if she snatches my
head
And rolls it as her dough instead.

Dear Cookery Teacher, to you I implore
And I'll surely thank thee galore,
If the proper materials you'll teach my
wife,
In order to put an end to this loathsome
strife.

Tis indeed paradoxical, I say,
For the rolling pin to be the shortest way,
Either through the stomach to husband's
loving heart
Or through the head to a husband's being
badly hurt.

THE PHARMACY...

(Continued from page 18)

until we saw Remedios Diaz. A capable
and efficient lab worker, Medicine is one
girl who is strewing roses along her
path. And baby-faced Nena. "oomph girl"
Ruiz (whistle)... where eyebrows meet
and dreams begin.... Say, do we have
to sa more?

In a favorite somewhere (coop), we

made in the Philippines. Lt. Aliño who
is USC's athletic coach and physical in-
structor is the Cebu lightweight weight-
lifting and wrestling champion and our
associate editor.

ENGINEERING DEPT.

(Continued from page 18)

in record time, was first put to use last
October 2nd. The builders and wreckers
are jubilant and thankful to the Universi-
ty authorities for affording them this facility
in the pursuit of their practical studies
in shopwork.

—Parties and such-like gatherings seem
to be in vogue in Carolinian society. Under
the leadership of Luz Paz Manaco and Car-
men Camara, the Home Economics Depart-
ment held an Acquaintance Party on Septem-
ber 18 last at Miramar. (It was only then
that they became finally acquainted.)
Students taking B.S.H.E. and B.S.E. ma-
joring or minoring Home Economics, to-
gether with the H. E. faculty attended the
affair.

Gustatorial highlight was the serving of
a sumptuous dinner cooked by the students
hemselves under guidance of the tea-
chers.

Games and contests participated in by the
students gave life to the party. Among the
winners were Glor Aleonar and Caring Re-
vil for the swimming contest, Jesuita Am-
balong and Rosario Cerna for the "Famous
Love-Birds Quiz", Patsy Omboy and An-
dres Pasco for the apple-eating contest,
and Carmen Osorio for the Hit-It-If-U-Can
game.

After dinner, the party proceeded to Car-
car as guests of Luz Manaco. Refreshments
were served and an impromptu program was
held which included piano playing, singing
of modern songs by Glor Aleonar and Car-
men Osorio, dancing and declamation of
"Faustus" by Miss Gogo.

—In a meeting of Home Economics stu-
dents the following were elected officers of
the Home Economics organization: Presi-
dent, Luz Paz Manaco; Vice-President,
Carmen Camara; Secretary, Seno; Treas-
urer, Mrs. Segundina Tiempo; Press Rela-
tions Officers, Gloria Aleonar and Mrs. de
Pio; Representative to the Student Council,
Aurora Causing.

found our favorite girl (Estrella Velo-
so) sipping a favorite drink (?)' We
knew not wonder: she's a little on the
skinny side. Yeyeng can be the life of
of the class during rough sailings. She's
an expert in driving away the "blues".
Her glasses (ouch: stop showing): be-
come her. Sometimes we itch to dissect
that brain of hers and find out just
how deep is that grey matter within
that gives her the two-fisted wisdom of
Ching. She can be a super-de luxe Inter-
national Airways flight hostess or a Vo-
gue's model for that matter; only she
prefers to stay home and be Papa's girl.
Now isn't that nice?

USC IN THE NEWS...

(Continued from page 23)
 games participated in by almost every member of the organization. Prizes were given to the following: Ruperta Unabia, first year commerce, winner of the swimming contest — prize given by Rosario F. Kodil; Consuelo Paulin, Second year commerce, winner of the badminton tournament — prize given by Miss Flora F. Causing; Milagros Villamor, secretarial won the pingpong tournament — prize given by Benilde S. Benedicto; C. Solon, M. Rizalado, C. Paulin, M. Antigua, A. Velez and C. Mendoza, members of the winning volleyball team; prize given by Miss Perfecta Guanco.

CIGARETTE CASES MARKED USC DISTRIBUTED

Beautiful plastic cigarette cases on which the name "UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS" is engraved have been distributed among the faculty members, ROTC cadets and the college teams. The gift-giving was supervised by Muller and Phipps. Representative Van Pruitt.

The cases were gifts of the Muller and Phipps, Cebu branch.

EDUCATION WEEKENDS AT MIRAMAR

Sunday, October 9th saw Miramar filled with Senior Education studs in their swim suits. After a splash in the waters of the swimming pool, they fringed ping-pong, volley-ball and badminton good exercise for their unused muscles and joints. Some got engrossed in the not-so-strenuous but wonderful game of "croquet". Rev. Fr. Schonfeld, SVD, got his hands full at teaching the girls the know-how of the game but was to learn shortly before dinner time that the bright girls of the Senior class got interested in and absorbed "croquet" quicker than they do their books. Asst. Dean of the College of Education, Mr. Ordonia and other members of the faculty were guests of the Senior Organization's affair.

TO TRY UNESCO SUGGESTION

It was learned from the head of the College of Jr. Normal, Dean Damaso Morales, that the Junior Normal Department is going to try the suggestion offered by the UNESCO in the course of its visit to the USC. Individual student teachers doing practice teaching will be given a chance to teach full day instead of only one subject or one period of practice teaching each day. In this way, the members of the UNESCO delegation expecting a more efficient product of educators will be forged.

8 CAROLINIANS HURDLE CPA EXAMS

—USC had a good reason to be flattered during the last week of September.

Products of her College of Commerce passed the CPA exams. A bonfire was had under the sponsorship of the reserved comerciantes and their contented professors in the athletic field. The successful Carolinians who hurdled the CPA exams this year are Benjamin Borromeo, Pedro Niere, and Jesus Martinez. Here's wishing them some more good accounting of themselves in the field of practice.

COMMERCE ALUMNI ON A BINGE

—A group of USC Commerce alumni and former students and their friends motored to Boleboloc springs in Barili a couple of weeks ago for an excursion. The whole-day outing included bathing at Boleboloc springs, a visit at the Hospicio of San Jose, a stopover at Carcar, a young-coconut sherbet party at the Garces country home in San Fernando and a visit to Conrad's Frozen products in Mabolo where ice-cream was served by Chief of Secret Service Conrado Tudtud.

The members of the group included alumni who made good in their respective fields: The first lady CPA of Cebu, Miss Andrea Paras; Mr. Teotimo Abzlana, a former Carolinian now also a CPA; Mr. and Mrs. Jose Kimseng; Niniting Solon of Stanvac; Nena Garces of the RFC; Gloria Ramirez of Corominas-Richards; Marianela Rama of Dy Buncio; Lourdes Manuel de Ludo; Estrella Gonzalez, Lily Pajares, Cristina Solon of the Naric; Jose Castro of Hijos de F. Escudero; Expedito Lumayno of Stanvac; Cesar Cabatangan, Manuel Suico, Teodoro Madamba, Luis Farcro, Modesto Salazar, and Mercedes and Socorro Paras.

CHOIR OF SAN CARLOS ON DYBU AND DYRC WAVES

The choir of the High School Training Department and of the Boys' High School, of the University of San Carlos, went on the air for the first time over the DYBU and DYRC radio stations, at the Solemn High Mass during the Fiesta of Santo Rosario Parish, Cebu City, October 9th.

With unusual interest and enthusiasm, the members of the choir spent hours of practice under the very able supervision of Father C. Floresca, S.V.D., Principal of the High School Training Department. More than thirty members showed up for the final rehearsal with the orchestra of Mr. Vicente Garces of Talisay. The cooperation of Mr. Fabian Villoria and his sister, Miss Villoria, and of Mr. Vicente Cabanlit, and of Mrs. Montejo and Mrs. Santos, made possible the success of the choir.

Members of the choir, from the Training Department as well as from the Boys' High School, gave signs of continued interest, and of ambition to make the choir the best in Cebu. The Solemn High Mass was sung by

LAWYERS VIRTUAL...

(Cont. from page 17)
 and the biggest homo sapiens in captivity, played a stellar role for the vectors and made maximum use of his gargantuan proportions. Time and again, Lazo had practically the whole Commerce squad on his back, clinging for dear life in the futile attempts to stop him from puncturing the much-punctured Commerce basket. Skipper Diox Nacua and Paquit Borromeo repeatedly stopped the infiltrations of the slippery Comerciantes into the law perimeter. Toning Avila contributed much to the law victory with his beautiful flips, especially in the first canto.

Skipper Aquino and B. Solon were the big guns of losers and were ably assisted by Concepcion, Flores and Onre. Had this combination not blown-up in the last 3 minutes, the Comerciantes might have upset the law apple-cart. As it was, the bookkeepers could not keep their books balanced.

Fighting for runner-up position — and a crack at the abogados for the Fr. Rector's championship trophy — are the Engineers, who blasted their way with 4 wins out of 6 engagements, and the Comerciantes. It's all up to the business-minded boys of Tecson. If they best the law Liberals, as they are expected to do, then they'll earn the right to meet the Engineers for the runner-up position. However, should the Liberal Arts score an upset — which is not beyond them considering the fact that their lone win thus far was at the expense of the Pre-Lawyers who in turn once licked the Comerciantes — then it will be Engineers vs Lawyers for the grand final which will be a dream game with all its trimmings.

How They Stand

Team	Won	Lost
Law	6	0
Engineers	4	2
Commerce	1	2
Fdu-Jr Norm.	2	3
Pre-Law	2	4
Pre-Med	1	4
Lib Arts	1	4

Rev. Luis Eusebio Schonfeld, S.V.D., Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. He was assisted by Rev. Stephen Szmutko, S.V.D., Director of the Boys' High School, and by Rev. John Simon, S.V.D., Director of the Tubigon Catholic High School, Bulhol.

BULOKBULOK PICKED FOR EXCURSION SITE

The Camarin students of the University have picked Bulokbulok as the site for the excursion they have decided upon to hold last Sunday, October 16th. For want of a change and the desire to see other sights outside of city limits, most of the members of the organization voted for Bulokbulok and the cool medicinal waters of its swimming pool.

University of San Carlos

CEBU CITY

Second Semester 1949-1950

REGISTRATION: NOVEMBER 14, 15, & 16, 1949

CLASSES BEGIN: NOVEMBER 17, 1949

Day and Evening Classes

Courses Offered:

- * Post Graduate Courses
 - M.A. in English
 - M.A. in Education
- * Law (LL. B.)
- * Commerce (B.S.C.)
- * Education (B.S.E.)
 - Major & Minor:* Spanish, Tagalog, English, History, Mathematics, Physics, General Science, Biology, Home Economics, Physical Education, Library Science.
- * Liberal Arts (A.A.; A.B.)
 - Pre-Law, Pre-Med, and General Course
- * Pharmacy (B.S. in Pharm.)
- * Engineering
 - Civil (B.S.C.E.)
 - Mechanical, Electrical, & Chemical (first 2 years)
- * Home Economics (B.S.H.E.)
- * Junior Normal (E.T.C.)
 - General & Home Economics
- * Collegiate Secretarial (C.S.S.)
- * Vocational:
 - Typing and Stenography
- * High School:
 - Academic
 - General (Home Economics Type)
- * Elementary