



The

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UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES

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Vol. XVII

Youth Steps Onward

August
1953

No. 1

Enroll in the University of San Carlos

Cebu City

COURSES OFFERED WITH GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION

C O U R S E S	REC.	SERIES	EFFECTIVITY		D A T E	
	Rec. #	1946	Feb. 27, 1946	May 18, 1946	June 20, 1946	
1. Acad. Secondary	Rec. # 258	1946	Feb. 27, 1946	May 18, 1946	June 20, 1946	
2. Gen. Lib. Arts (Pre-Nursing)	A.A. Rec. # 336	1946	Feb. 27, 1946	June 20, 1946		
3. Pre-Medicine	Rec. # 337	1946	Feb. 27, 1946	June 20, 1946		
4. A.C.S.	Rec. # 338	1946	Feb. 27, 1946	June 20, 1946		
5. Pre-Law (A.A.)	Rec. # 339	1946	Feb. 27, 1946	June 20, 1946		
6. Kindergarten	Rec. # 447	1947	July 1, 1947	Aug. 27, 1947		
7. Elementary	Rec. # 448	1947	July 1, 1947	Aug. 27, 1947		
8. E.T.C.	Rec. # 449	1947	Nov. 17, 1947	Aug. 27, 1947		
9. Law (LL.B.)	Rec. # 450	1947	Nov. 17, 1947	Aug. 24, 1947		
10. B.S.E.	Rec. # 451	1947	July 1, 1947	Aug. 27, 1947		
11. B.S.C.	Rec. # 452	1947	Nov. 18, 1947	Aug. 27, 1947		
12. Post Grad. (Educ.)	Rec. # 199	1948	July 1, 1948	April 6, 1948		
13. A.B.	Rec. # 200	1948	July 1, 1948	April 6, 1948		
14. C.S.S.	Rec. # 490	1948	July 1, 1948	Aug. 28, 1948		
15. Secondary H.E.	Rec. # 171	1951	July 1, 1951	Nov. 7, 1951		
16. B.S.H.E.	Rec. # 172	1951	July 1, 1951	Nov. 7, 1951		
17. B.S.Pharm.	Rec. # 173	1951	July 1, 1951	Nov. 7, 1951		
18. B.S.C.E.	Rec. # 174	1951	July 1, 1951	Nov. 7, 1951		
19. B.S.E.E.	Rec. # 415	1953	June 15, 1953	May 2, 1953		
20. B.S.M.E.	Rec. # 416	1953	June 15, 1953	May 2, 1953		
21. 1-Yr. Special H.E.	Rec. # 669	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		
22. B.S. (Major in Chem. or Zool.)	Rec. # 670	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		
23. Night H.S. (6 Yrs.)	Rec. # 671	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		
24. ETC-HE	Rec. # 672	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		

COURSES OFFERED WITH GOVERNMENT PERMITS

1. B.S. Arch. — I-IV	T.P. # 369	1953	June 15, 1953	June 6, 1953		
2. Pre-Dental — I-II	T.P. # 356	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		
3. B.S. (Major in Physics) — I-IV	T.P. # 357	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		
4. A.B. (Major in Philosophy)	T.P. # 358	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		
5. M.S.B.A.—(One Yr)	T.P. # 359	1953	June 15, 1953	June 5, 1953		
6. B.S.E.Ed. — I-IV	T.P. # 472	1953	June 15, 1953	June 12, 1953		
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August, 1953

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Our Codes: God's eloquently upturned Hand presents Youth to our schools which mold him further according to the precepts of the Creator's love for all Humanity. When tutorage ends, he goes out into the world alone. For him, the future might be uncertain. But with God's love as guide and inspiration, he trudges on and on, unafraid and unbowed. The sketch is done by Adolfo Caballo as inspired by the last paragraph of editorial "Student Opinion Grossly Maligned" of this issue.—EDITOR.

Caroliniana

By LEO BELLO

A SHINING EXAMPLE

To be a Smith-Mundt and Fulbright scholar is something to crow about. It can rarely happen, if at all, to any student of any university in the Philippines. It has only happened to one USC graduate; and that, in itself, is a signal honor for San Carlos taking into consideration that there have been only very few institutions in our country to whose students this combination travel — and — scholarship grant has been awarded. His unusual achievement makes him a choice morsel for this issue's **Caroliniana**.

Engr. Victorino Gonzalez, who graduated **summa cum laude** from the College of Engineering of the University of San Carlos and took fifth place in the 1950 Board Examinations for Civil Engineers is that particular person who was granted a year's Smith-Mundt-Fulbright scholarship and travel grant. He went to Stanford University in the early part of 1952 and came back to San Carlos in March, this year, with a Master of Science in Civil Engineering (MSCE) degree appended to his name. As we would have it said with a cliché, "he brought home the bacon," and USC is glad to have it happen to one of her alumni.

The singular success story of Engr. Gonzalez is one that awes and inspires. It awes in that it is the first time that a graduate of USC has meritoriously been so honored. It inspires in that, Carolinian students can very well use his story as a shining example urging them to greater effort and enthusiasm in their studies. They are made to realize that perseverance, persistence, constancy and enthusiasm in applying one's self to his studies may earn for himself some kind of due reward. Students are enlivened by the incentive that sometime, somehow, they also may acquire for themselves awards worthy of the time and effort they exert in their school work.

This is the great significance of Engr. Gonzalez's achievement to every Carolinian heart.

HUMANIANA, NO HOLDS BARRED; OR HOW FREE MUST A STUDENT PRESS BE?—

This here question is quite an order. Still, we are attempting to answer it indirectly here.

Our world is mad, if ever we saw one... The saving grace left might only be that even if a lot of people, high or low may disagree with us, we still are free to register our reactions in black and white.

It has come to pass that the **bursitis** evolved into the **tummy ulcers**...

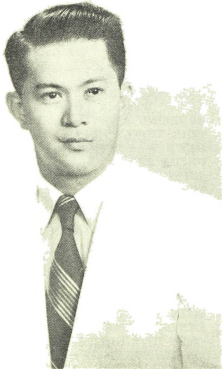
Nestor Morelos shed a cocoon and developed into **Nestorius**, which gradually chameleoned into **notorius** (boy! it should stick to him as the final stage in the complete metamorphosis of a pestiferous insect) with his persistent knack in putting into task our so-called **galamorous coo-eds**... **On-Da-Level** smugness could still splash kerplunk below da level if charges that **Buddy Quitaro** played the role of flying voter during the melodramatic **Lex Circle** elections hold a tank-full of water. We wonder, can it be possible that **Buddy** has overgrown himself and sprouted wings?...

Scholarships could not be granted to the scribes of this here mag. They say that would be goodbye to amateurism... The Student Council could not be revived within the couple of years or so past, due to the allegedly 'Invaluable' opposition of just one tyro who is alleged to consistently and nastily (three cheers for his trouble!)

throws iced water into the students' and some understanding professors' burning enthusiasm at framing up one for the welfare of the students...

It has come to pass that the "Honorable" **Sickly-tarry of Just-tease** allegedly bullied a Colonel into an attempt to arrest **Hizzoner** the Mayor of Manila without the necessity of a warrant... The "messiah" of Cebu fool-itics gets into the hair of his own "respected" old man and receives a sound spanking on the seat of his pants via the press.

(Continued on page 51)



Prof. VICTORINO GONZALEZ
"Smiling thru..."

Welcome Home

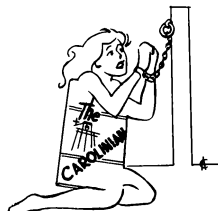


On the arrival of the Rev. Fr. Albert van Ganswinkel, our beloved Rector, from abroad last July 2, 1953, all Carolinian hearts excitedly pulsed up and in unison exclaimed: "Father Rector, welcome home to San Carlos!"

But in spite of the hectic receptions, the beaming smiles and warm handclaps of welcome which followed his arrival, nobody overlooked the great significance of his recent trip abroad and his having been received back at San Carlos as a hero. For Father Rector has brought back with him actualities in the offing out of the "visions, unlimited" which he first carried with him when he left six months ago.

And yet, whatever results his top-important mission abroad has garnered for San Carlos, whatever visions, dreams, hopes and plans to be crystalized soon in our midst which will serve as proofs of the success of his mission, the happy fact that Father Rector is now back with us to paternally listen to our plaints and our needs, comforts and gladdens every Carolinian heart in the Administration, the Faculty and the student body.

Temperance Over the Printed Word



Sometimes people get heated up about something printed which they believe should not be printed at all. That is justifiable, because people should sound off their opinions regarding matters that concern them.

But in so doing, they can't have their side prevail without hearing the other simply because they sincerely believe in their own opinions.

It is more just that both sides be given a chance to speak out and be heard. Or that all opinions about the matter in question be considered before a well-balanced judgment and a sensible course of action be formulated. Because the press is free as long as it does not stray from truth and from the bounds of the laws of the land.

Benjamin Franklin was known to have written, "that the opinions of men are as varied as their faces and that it is unreasonable in any one man or set of men to expect to be pleased with everything that is printed. . . that printers are educated in the belief that when men differ in opinion, both sides ought equally to have the advantages of being heard by the public; and that when truth and error have fair play, the former is always an overmatch for the

latter." And, we hasten to add, that if there should be successful efforts to gag the expression of truth, there would be an end to free writing.

We therefore beg your temperance over whatever is printed in *The Carolinian* as we would beg it of you over whatever is printed in other newspapers and magazines which may happen to be not of your liking. After all the printed word is only as human as those who write it.

We Need the Student Council



The acute need of a Student Council has long been felt by the student body of this University. This need cannot be overlooked. It ought not to have been overlooked.

The whole student body of this University needs to come together and deliberate on things for its own good if only to train the students to think for themselves. And more.

They will be given the chance to act for themselves, thus developing their initiative to plan constructively for the common welfare and to solve common problems together. That would only be in consonance with a sound principle that an institution of learning should not only cultivate the students' morality and mentality, but also their capacity to think and plan for themselves.

Therefore, it is not enough that plans for a Student Council merely freeze while in the formulation stage. They should thaw into liquid action under the inspirational warmth of those concerned.

Student Opinion Grossly Maligned



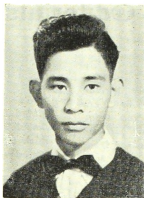
Among the valuable things that some people are liable to grossly take for granted, student opinion is one. They think that students are merely students, tender in age and premature in judgment; and that, therefore, whatever ideas and opinions their minds may evolve concerning a lot of things are better than malled upon.

This presumptuous narrow-mindedness and perverted sense of judgment among mistrusting elders can be ascribed to various causes. On account of their tender age and excitable young blood, students sometimes act silly and

(Continued on page 59)

Emilio B. Allee

VNL's Page



Vicente N. Lim

now, alex—

the rookies are saying they deliberately and premeditatedly started this term early so that the july fourth parade will have more marchers!

well alex, this semester's nincompoopulation makes our society columnist happy . . . she has many schoolebrities to write about, with emphasis on glamour, natch. 'fyou want proof, why, just abandon this bomb-boo/a and skip over to Campuscrats. . . too bad there aren't any photos. you'll wonder if they learn as well as they look, which really doesn't make much difference, anyway.

come the mid-term murders. . . every prof, teacher, instructor and dean becomes a snoopervisor. . . and every student is regarded as a crooked, corrupt, unreliable suspicious character. well before the actual sacrifice to the gods of roman law 1, torts & damages, civil procedure and trial techniques, the prof's face goes solemn and from his podium he announces ominously: "Class, I'm your friend but during the exams I'm your enemy," or some such warning spiels. ho hum. . . .

alex, the staff of this rag is in a doleful conspiratorial mood. we're angling for the same breaks they give to the guys who toot the horn and beat the drum, or the moes and schmoes who dribble the ball and lose the game gloriously for dere ole you-is-see in other words, alex, we'd like to at least be exempt from the USC fees, at least. ain't got no union, though! what we need, alex, besides aspirin pills and posture chairs, is a crusade for privileged staff members. of course the good old esprit de corps, the loyal-to-alma mater stuff, the staunch spirit of whimper tedeles, etc., is still intact. . . though some what trayed and shopworn. this rag we bat ourselves ragged to put out reaches many parts of this remarkable globe. we've had readers write in from canada, SVD schools in the States, rome, japan, malabuyoc and sander! ! we've made this, ahem, win an interscholastic contest on college publications. yeh, we probably (?) deserve some payment exemptions, alex and don't say this is treasonous!

that, alex, concludes this wonderful piece of crap, and now to bamboozle that new girl into a movie date without her vigilant stoperone. . .

herbie

Passing THROUGH

• by VNLIM



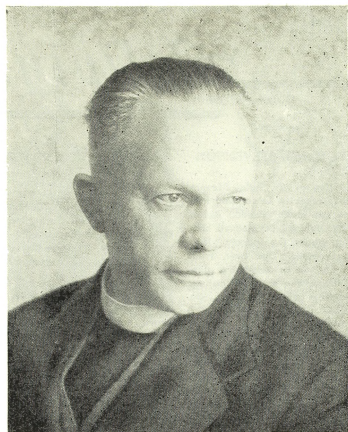
THE USUAL PATTERN. Shortly after classes become regular and falls into the routine rut of precise, clock-like regularity the matter of class organizations and installation of student class officers follow as surely as a chaser follows a straight whisky shot. It's a scholastic ritual as ancient as a pagan sacrifice, and a tradition as revered and scrupulously observed as a national holiday.

CANDID CANDIDATES. In any class organization election, the most popular fall guy or pushover usually gets voted class proxy; the prettiest girl in class unquestionably becomes the secretary; and the noisiest pair of louts get eased into the dual and ineffective, needless posts of sergeants-at-arms. The rest of the class. . . the suffragettes, the electorate . . . sit back and watch the amusing proceedings with a bored air and a naive, indifferent attitude.

OH YEAH? Probably the most believable reason for class organizations. . . . regardless of every other studied excuse for it! . . . is that when college celebrations, school dances or class excursions loom ahead, there is always a handy bunch of students on whom the professor can pass the bucket. Of course
(Continued on page 60)

WHEN on Dec. 7, 1952 I left Cebu in order to make my annual retreat and spend Christmas in Baguio and later to attend the First Philippine Church Council in Manila, I did not think that I actually began a round-the-world tour. While in Baguio, my correspondence with General Headquarters in Rome took an unexpected turn, more unexpected was a cable, which I received on January 5, and which plunged me into hectic travel preparations! I was going to Rome and home! After 18½ years! My attention at the Church Council, solemn and important as it was, was quite divided. But there was also a "stimulus satanae" which subdued my joy which otherwise might have grown exuberant.

On Jan. 28 I donned a black clerical suit over heavy drops of perspiration, which soon dried up when four humming engines lifted us high above heat and dust into the clear and cool air of the stratosphere. The Star of the Orient of the Philippine Air Lines hung quiet and smooth like a real star in the sky; only the ever changing scenery deep below reminded us that



Rev. Fr. Rector ALBERT VAN GANSEWINKEL, SVD
"I'm happy to be back in San Carlos"

On his five months abroad, Father Rector narrates with refreshing enthusiasm about the

Thrills of Travel

we were moving, travelling. We saw the limitless evenness of China and thought of the upstarts within man so unnatural to the peaceful placidity of China.

After some 10 hours of flying the plane went down in Calcutta for refuelling. A kind Indian brought us to a restaurant where refreshments had been prepared for us. Soon we were up in the air again, looked into the forbidden land of Tibet, and marvelled at the beauty of the Himalaya. We travelled with the sun from East to West, and though our watches showed 6:00 P.M. (Manila Time), evening would not come. In the late afternoon we reached Karachi and after an hour "on earth" we were on the way to Palestine, where

we landed at mid-night. A lady, who spoke English fluently, led us to a Dining Room. She had a beautiful complexion with flowing brown hair. Such a one could have been the Blessed Virgin, I thought. Of the kindly offered meal we ate little, we tried to feel the touch of the "genius loci" of the land of our Lord instead. But everywhere there were bars and barriers — we were not allowed to see anything. When after an hour our lady-guide brought us back to the plane, I thanked her, somewhat sarcastically, for her kindness in showing us around in Palestine. She snoped, "For your information, Sir, we are in Israel, not in Palestine!" Decidedly, such was not the Blessed Virgin . . .

On we flew, direction Rome. The reclining soft chairs with cushions and blankets made the night's rest quite comfortable. But the first rays of the sun that looked over the horizon woke me up. A tinge of gray and blue and red and yellow lay over the Mediterranean and soon spread over Italy. I was to set foot on Europe which had been saturated with blood during my absence and whose people I expected to be weary. Rome was covered with fog; a fact I regretted, yet the thrill which I felt recognizing Via Appia is indescribable. Thirty eight hours earlier I had left Manila; thirty four hours I had been in the air.

(Continued on page 12)

Filipinas

★ THANK YOU, MR. STEVENSON

At the last leg of Mr. Adlai Stevenson's world tour recently he stepped into the Philippines and made friends. But it was only in Baguio that he pleased himself in walking about the market place "in strict anonymity". One time, from the corner of his eye he spotted a pint-statured inhabitant who wore a coat on top and deficiency below. "Oh me, Oh my," said Adlai.

Being a politician in his own right, he did not fail to sink his teeth into politics and, grant me to say, when he finally disengaged his molar system from that big hunk of grime he found he needed the very steel brush itself to work his teeth back to normal. There's no telling he discovered a lot of stench in our government offices from corruption to bankruptcy to political hedge-podge, all the way down to bursitis, that he had to think twice to get just the proper shade for the title of his article ("LOOK").

He had to settle down for "Bullets and Bullets". (A fine example of an allegory, if I get my grammar right.) A sub-title reads: "Politics Calls For Bodyguards".

On the lighter side, however, Mr. Stevenson mentions how an average Filipino is "20 to 25 per cent worse off than before the war". No other estimate could go any nearer the truth. But now, "if things are better, they are not good." That statement doesn't have to be a syllogism to go to show that Adlai is not kidding. I remember, during the good old days, one can feed himself down to his shoes for only ten centavos.

The Philippines is poor. Do you need another adjective? Ask Mayor Lacson. He might tell you that if a fly dives into our cup of coffee we'll have to squeeze it in order to retrieve the coffee he drank.

In fact, we are almost ignorant of what economic inflation means. The only thing we have ever inflated so far is the presidential ego and the presidential ailment. Don't mention Philippine economy, brother, or you'll be joking.

★ THE CLOAK AND DAGGER COMEDY

If Manroy's killer is a smart man he is a rich man now. Because the deal must have been: Cash first, then do. Otherwise, 50% down. But why bother with figures? One can always get chummy with a flour dealer and rake off the Judas price.

But, no matter how they went about it, Arsenio Lacson is not happy. You heard how much he tried chasing the culprit. Why, he personally handled the job. For a while he thought he was a bloodhound and started sniffing. It seems that all he got was a darned cold. No, that's not all. He also got himself bedecked with criminal charges: unlawful arrest, illegal detention — let's stop there, the thought already stands between my teeth. Hasn't he been suspended yet?

Lesson: When you want to be a bloodhound, grow yourself a beard then wait for elections — elections, you know, that period of history when you can swing the old sword around and somebody pays you for it. I thought Arsenio Lacson is a wise bird.

★ GOVERNOR AND PROOFREADER

We've got a local newspaper (?) here. I don't mind saying it's the Cebu Daily News. Well, there's a story behind that. It seems that in 1951, Cebu elected (?) its governor. He's a guy with big ears and plenty of money. He also has a lot he wants to say. So, in order to cover a wide territory, he thought that nothing is better than the printed word. So he bought himself a printing press — and what turned out is what its editor, Napoleon Dejaras, insists to refer to as a newspaper.

It's really a daily tabloid that earns its meal tickets by the amount of political riffraff it can pronounce. Meaning, it cannot spread its tablecloth without accelerating Serging Osmeña, Jr. as the demigod of anti-terrorism and Elpidio Quirino as the champion of good government, et cetera, ad infinitum.

Don't blame them, anyhow, they're just putting into actual calisthenics their freedom of the press.

Yet, can't help but chuckle at the way they're treating the terrorism issue. Here comes Osmeña, Jr. first shaking off his routinary business raiments then going home with the gubernatorial seat. (You must remember that the Nacionalistas were behind him all the way and practically dished him that triumph. Heck, wait 'til you see Joe Briones spit out the taste of that unpleasant memory.) Well, the issue that pushed him through was terrorism. He would put a stake to it. Hot jiggy! He snarled like a raving Goliath during the fight. And when he finally dislodged the Cuencos from their stratum, he found that his mission had been accomplished. Well and good.

Say, neighbor, do you think that the Cuencos have what it takes to mobilize the army and the constabulary and the jailbirds to adorn the electoral precincts? Think twice, mind you. If the Cuencos alone were responsible for the 1949 infamy, do you think (in your senty!) that His Excellency Elpidio Quirino, President of the Republic of the Philippines, can simply sit aside like a sea-Nero and observe the complete ruination of Philippine prestige?

Brother, that's a question for the primary grades! We are sure that Quirino just cannot fold his arms in front of him and whisper love noelities to the angels. Why, he'd probably order a mass execution of anybody who wears a beard under his nose. But that, actually, Quirino did not do. Why? Because he knows that he himself will have to consult the mirror first and ascertain the fact that his face does no longer show any evidences of The Beard.

And here in Cebu, our own governor is shaking hands with The Beard — I mean, Quirino. Boy, are they great pals!

Are you a Cebuano? Take my condolences.

★ MORE ON THE PRESIDENT

I haven't got the pesos, but take the seat of my pants as a bet that Quirino, at the eleventh hour, will withdraw his candidacy. This fact is understood, I presume, by Serging Osmeña, Jr. — if I have any arithmetic at all. The fight he is waging in favor of EQ is built on a foundation no more solid than soap suds — and he knows it. But politics is a game. The more aces you throw on the table, the higher the stack of cards you build and the more chances there will be for the other side to bring it down by a breath. Serging is a smart guy. He isn't taking any chances. He has hoodwinked the Nacionalistas once, he can hoodwink Quirino now. And, in the last analysis, he is liable to pull the wool over the eyes of anyone who comes into his sphere of influence. Wise, Wise.

(Continued on page 54)

They are coming, are come, and then, gone; but they are still our . . .



Short Story

THEIRS was a beautiful friendship, one of those friendships that lives through childhood. They grew up together. Linda lived in the white-painted house, and Fe was only a short distance from her. Whose house was the nicer, always was an argument to them as kids. Several quarrels of theirs had resulted because of it. After such quarrels, they would take back all the toys they gave each other, then make faces, shout, and stick their tongues out as long as they dared, to one another. They were not always like that though. They had their friendly moments too. On such occasions, they would confide their secrets to each other. There was the secret they shared which, until now whenever remembered, makes them burst into laughter. It was about the little spare room near the porch of Linda's house. They would take turns peeping through the small hole they made and giggle at the sight they saw. Every morning Linda's Tito Peeping would enter that room. The things he did inside amused Fe and Linda. He was always unaware of being watched. He would make faces in the mirror, or talk to himself with extra funny noises from his throat. During this friendly moments too, they would

promise to be always each other's best friend.

In school, they were classmates. A teacher said almost seriously, that he tried not to assign them in different sections, lest they might sink to nothingness if kept apart even for a few hours. It was always Linda and Fe, and so on until high school. They were closer than ever as high school students. Especially the last two years — for during those years, they experienced first love. They would exchange confidences, laugh at nothing, and then emit a giggle or two instinctively understanding what the other was thinking of.

While in the third year, Linda fell complimented Cupid for Carlos Ocampo, the basketball player. Linda and Fe always laughed whenever they remembered that meeting with Carlos. It happened in the basketball court after they watched a thrilling game. They were disgusted the way it turned out. The team they cheered for lost. "That careless Ocampo guy," they said accusingly. "He thought those passes of his were smart, — pooh!" A voice from behind interrupted them and patiently explained why the team lost. He was Carlos Ocampo, the tall basketball player.

Best Friend

By ROSARIO TEVES
College of Liberal Arts
and Sciences

When Linda and Carlos afterwards broke up their little love affair, the two girls thought it even funnier. Linda commented that "it was a perfect ending to an imperfect beginning."

Fe fell in love again in her senior year in high school. His name was Bert. She was proud of him. Linda too, thought him nice and smooth.

Graduation to them was exciting, even long after it was over. They planned to go to college. Unfortunately, Linda's parents refused to send her through college away from home since she was an only child. As if this was not enough, Bert also had to stay. It saddened them. They consoled themselves that at least they will have a meeting to look forward to when the school year ended.

Fe had no idea she would miss Linda so much. The first few days in the university was an ordeal. She was terribly lonely, knowing no one. There is no loneliness like what one feels inside a big crowd, busy with their own selves, unmindful of the others who would have welcomed just one friendly word or look from them. She was grateful that her friends did not forget to write. Linda's letters did her a lot. They were all so gay and thoughtful. She never forgot to mention Bert, especially in the middle part of the year. There were always the words "Bert" or "Bert and I" in her letters.

At the latter part of the year, Linda's letters stopped. And more than that, Bert did not answer Fe anymore. Fe wondered why. Another friend of hers, Carmen, wrote her about Bert and Linda hinting

(Continued on page 35)

From out of a giant nothingness,
reach out for. . .

The Answer

by
P. L. CASTELLANO



The sunbeams leaped
Into the aisle
Carpeted by blossoms
Of concerted hearts.
The choir struck
A master-strain
Over the cords
Beneath the flesh.
Her hands unclasped
With his was locked
Right after vows
Were done and pledged.
While time passed
A prayer was answered
With the magnitude
Of an untainted rose.

You mold, you create, you build
and bear for an. . .

Awakening

By
APAWITAN JR.

My heart's eye
Asleep unseeing
saw her
on the brink
Of speaking out
pent-up emotions
While trying
to clutch
at hypocrisy
she fell
screaming
Startling haunting
I WAS
awakened.



Experiences can't be
as thrilling as the . . .

First Date

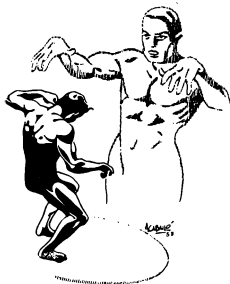
by
BUDDY K. TORIO

Now be assured against

Betrayal

by
RIA RARUZA

Betray you?
never.
To me —
you
Are myself:
if
I betray you
then
I betray. . .
me.



It was never like this before
I mean this big, hard ball
jumping in my throat. . .
I never felt as queer as this before
I mean after the first brush of lips
An invitation to many more.

On Three Pages

Hear ye and be lessoned on

How to Make Your Love-Life Lovely

by
NAPOLEON G. RAMA

If you must love at all
Love well and completely
Don't love with your right ventricle
And loathe with your left.
Do not invite with your eyes
And repulse with your lips
Nor caress with your words
While cursing in your mind.

If at all you must love
Love well and thoroughly
LET EVERY BIT OF YOU FEEL
DEVOTION
LET EVERY ATOM IN YOU SAY:
I LOVE YOU.

Reflect under the glow . . .

Freedom Gleams

by
P. L. CASTELLANO

That is freedom
Liberating my soul
To peaceful enchantment
Beyond darkened reaches.
Here I stand
Kissed by winds
Above the heights of dreams
Exulting on the sight.
Darkness passed mother
Leaving whitened skulls
Where tall grass
Now bend in tribute.
Lights radiate on her
Overflooding, overflowing



Driving away shadows:
Thus, I crawled-
into
the noble stature
of immortal molave.
And in me
There is rebirth
In my beauty of foliage
Oft her leucod breast.
Now I know there's greatness
Even in a single leaf
That glitters and sways
Under those lights.

AUGUST, 1953

The heart speaks with . . .

Devotion
by
ELSA VALMONTE



The selfless understanding
and sweet compassion
you have shown me
in spite of all my faults
Has shone for me
my guiding light
That comforts me in solitude
and gives me solace
in misery. . . .
Do keep me in your heart
protect me with your care
And give me more. . . .
yourself
To look up to.

Can it be that short, this:

Shortest Love Story?
by
LEO BELLO



A young man
and
A young woman
gazed into
each other's eyes
And pink rosebuds
bloomed

PAGE 9

Is it possible?

No, Never

by
EMILJO B. ALLER



You never can compose
its lyrics into words
No, never can you sing out
and amply satiate
the soul's up-reaching
the heart's deep sighing
No word nor line
can beat the rhythm
intone the time. . .
of the music
So write not, speak not:
it's better felt inside
than openly worn
else burning embers turn
of dead coals.

+ The heart groans with an. . .

Emotional Enigma

by
LEX EAMIGUEL



You've never realized how much you mean
To me because you never can reflect
On the bitterness and misery I bear
With love unlettered by the pity, you,
And only you can give to hapless me.

Alas, 'tis true. I never did reveal
To you the depth and warmth of what I feel
For all the while conscious of my state,
I know, I never can be worthy of
Your love, my eyes may lift up worshipping
The idol of my every breath in vain.

I had preferred to make a secret of
The sacred thing I feel inside of me. . .
I wanted just to be a silent slave
Adoring you, without the hope that you
Can ever hear the faintness of my pleas.

With trembling heart and downcast eyes I did
Invoke my prayers at the altar of
My love for you in fervent whispers, love,
And laid prostrate before your feet my soul
In silent sacrifice you've never known.

But then, it better be that way that you
Should never know the anguish in my heart:
The unrequited love, the endless pains;
The bitter tortures borne by hapless me;
The utter misery of hoping hopeless hopes,
Aspiring but in vain for one not meant
For me to have, to hold, but only to adore;
The knowledge of my rank unworthiness
Destined to worship only, not to love,
For aye, whatever suffering I bear
And sacrifice I lay before your feet
Can never make you look and recognize
With pity and compassion on my woes.

Why must it be that fate should make me bear
This heavy cross of suffering? Alas! . . .
What we can have, we never really want:
We only crave for things we cannot call
Our own: this life is but a mockery.

Apollo spoils

The Trust

by
BART DE CASTRO



Where else but yonder
where night meets dawn
Do we keep our rendezvous
below Love's glow?
Yes, and the twilight
dawns early ghosts
With the gossamer softness
of your silken hair
entwining the winking eye
of the peeping tom of a morning
star into enrapture ogling

With the softness of your steps
uncrushing the pearly tears
of the dying night
And the warmth of your touch
belying the possibility
of a dream
And soon, Apollo knocks
at the sylvan portals of the east:
no more, our ghosts are gone
and we empty stare
at the emptiness
of a sunny morning.



mate, Pacita Ysmael. Remember she prefers Patsy to Pacing." Patsy smiled very obligingly like the good girl that her Mama would like her to be all the time. We immediately found her interesting. Anyway, wasn't she the first youngster who dared herself into the "New Look" in our adolescent midst?

* * *

Short Story

cently witnessed, we ventured to transgress the rule of privacy.

"Does your Daddy always greet you that way?"

Though she did not answer at

Love gets you under the chin ofttimes . . . but you don't groan so long as . . .

Daddy Knows

By **LILIA CINCO**
College of Liberal Arts and
Sciences

In our English class, Miss Cordera, the soft-spoken teacher, smiled at Patsy. Ven did not fail to notice the sign of recognition. He scratched his temple.

"Itching, Ven?"
He only smiled kind of sheepishly.

"How is Mr. Canape, Pacita?"
Miss Cordera asked before leaving the class at the end of the period.

"Same, Madam. Fifty watts! Ha ha . . ."

When the teacher left, I asked Patsy, "You met her before, Pat?"

"I did. She was our student-teacher in Manila."

"What is 'fifty watts'?" Ven sounded off.

"O, nothing really. It's only our principal teacher's bald head!"

* * *

It was two weeks later when we met Patsy's Daddy. We were going over our "Silas Manner" when a beautiful remodelled jeep stopped directly outside.

"Daddy!" Patsy leaped from the writing desk on which she felt very much at home. Mr. Ysmael ordered whom Patsy inherited the well formed thick eyebrow, dark eyes, and full lips, gathered her in his arms and literally tossed her in the air so matter-of-factly that we all gaped at the little domestic scene that was going on in the middle of the small road lying across the baseball field.

When Patsy rejoined us later, she breathlessly told us she would soon have her whole bunch of new friends at their new house. But still so touched by what we very re-

once, she smiled to our relief and explained patiently that her father was a "new arrival." When our "gab-session" was through, I concluded that Patsy had much that most of us were wanting.

* * *

Pacita was busy with her Butter Balls.

"Explain the development of the pollen grain on the stigma. Let's see . . . Pacita." The teacher's voice was sharp.

Startled, Patsy swallowed her candies painfully and proceeded in acquitting herself before the class, beginning and ending every sentence with "Madam."

Distraught the teacher politely interrupted, "Pacita, will you please forget the 'Madam' in your explanations?"

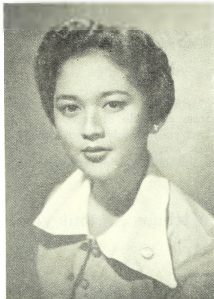
"Yes Madam, er . . . ah, I mean . . ." The laughter of the class drowned her excuses. The teacher didn't get mad.

Laboratory period gave us time to loiter in the balcony; Ven, Patsy, and I discovered a big jar full of preserved sharks.

"They stink!" Ven covered his nose and opened his mouth, whereupon the tempted Patsy got his pencil, moistened it with formalin, and thrust it into Ven's mouth.

(Continued on page 54)

EVERYTHING was about to be called lousy when Juanita rushed in tagging along a girl in a "New Look" dress. At her right hand the girl had, after the fad of the time, a round fancy "buri" bag that somehow looked too big for her. But strangely enough we admired the picture. Framed against the door, with the soft rays of the morning sun behind them, the two unconsciously did a much-needed pepping-up. Like a mother waking up her children in the early morning, Juanita cheerfully called, "Girls, meet a new friend and class-



Campuscrats

By
DELIA SAGUIN

Time flies like a jet-plane. Suppose we start with schooldays [aw! does it really matter where we start?]. . . . before we know it, it's already vacation (Picnics, dances, summer classes, "bugoy-bugoy", et al). . . . and then it's school days again . . . before even our corns have a chance to grow!! Gee whiz, I always hate to

think of the flight of time . . . it makes one thing of Judgment Day! Why, who knows we might live to witness the D-day yet . . . good!! Now let's start talkin' about 'em 'Campusrats' . . . er . . . crats' or we'll find ourselves talkin' about Magsaysay and all those great people running for presidency.

First day of school . . . Yakkety-yak yaks at all corners (usually these were the old, rule-wise, D-line-wise Carolinians flapping their lips like Mag-pies) . . . hullabaloo at the different counters . . . business transactions at the cashier's desk . . . and what-nots at the registrar's. Result: no classes. Super-duper! and all because enrollment had been delayed by those slow pokes . . . and of course including . . . ?

Some sniveling 'ducat' asked me if a nursery has been annexed to the College department. According to him, he's been seeing lots of kids roaming around the campus. Well pal, better keep yer trap shut when you're in front of such specimens or you'll be a dead duck. You see, they believe they're "big people" now. And they have every reason to be so. Like for instance

LEONI VALMONTE . . . he's in the College of Engineering now and brother, how he enjoys acting like a regular college rogue. He dreams not only of becoming a level-headed engineer but also a Doctor in Puerto Rican Mambo. Ditto with that kid bro of mine, RENE. At one moment he was busy making his homework in Chem. and at another, he was busy practicing his new mambo maneuvers.

TITO ADAD and PADDY DEEN have a way of making some filly's brow raised whenever they arrogantly pass her while pacing back and forth the College lobby. Regular fellas these guys are. Tito comes from De La Salle while Paddy graduated at CSN. Both are taking up engineering here in USC. Little guys . . . some were wearing short pants yet . . . they're in college now . . . do we feel ancient! When I saw RAMON CUENCO, (he's just a kid, you know) I asked him if he was looking for somebody. No, he said he was waiting for his time. Well!

When I heard that typical giggling, I immediately knew who was behind . . . pretty VICKY MANGUERRA with her inseparable pal LOURDES SEGUERRA. Hollins VICI! What miracle brought you people here? Oh, I know, you want to join happy-go-lucky MA. LUISA ALVAREZ and her riotous gang of 'commerciales'. By the way, Vicky happens to be a die-hard Theresian while LOURDES graduated at CIC. When asked what their impression of U.S.C. was, they answered: "Gee, we never thought how awfully intricate it is to enroll here."

By mistake I found myself at MADAM VALENZUELA'S class in English 1c . . . morning session. I didn't regret it for indeed I found some interesting specimens for my column. As you know most of my classmates were slick secretarial students. Take for example . . .

MARGOT . . . who told me quite disgustingly: "Some people here do make me nervous!" Don't worry Marge, you'll get over it real soon. Those people just want to be friendly. That's the Carolinian spirit, you know.

(Continued on page 59)

THRILLS OF TRAVEL

(Continued from page 5)

Rome! Twenty one years ago, I had been ordained a priest in Rome, and lived there six long years as a student. Upon arriving two confrères came to fetch me at the airfield, and as we drove to the Collegio del Verbo Divino, one remembrance followed the other. Though roads seemed to be improved, historic monuments and ruins of old looked the same as they always had been. The country houses had lost nothing of their idyllic homeliness, but there were many huge buildings in the suburbs which were new. The approach to the Collegio was better, the building the same — beautiful, almost majestic! Verbo Divini Amorem Spiritanti! (Dedicated to the Word of God that breathes love). Father Superior General was absent, the General Councillors were very kind and attentive. I felt like a warrior who had come home and was at home! At first, though, I found it strange noting that all the windows were closed, and that everything looked gray, colorless. In the tropics one keeps the windows open, and most of the time there is a bright blue sky with vivid colors everywhere. It struck me that in the building there lay a characteristic scent, the same as 20 and 25 years ago! The following day a confrère accompanied me downtown. It was a peculiar pleasure just to look at the people, wrapped in heavy overcoats, all with red cheeks, and all with the poise of horn actors and actresses. Being close to them in the streetcar I listened to their conversations, but realized that in the course of the years I had forgotten their language. The goal of the first stroll was St. Peter's basilica. Kneeling at the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, under Michel Angelo's gigantic cupola, emotions of the deepest and strongest kind surged in my heart. How often had I knelt in former years at the same place, praying for the grace to become a priest and missionary! Today I was back, as a missionary, to give a report of my work. Readily I admitted faults and failures, but I was extremely glad and happy being allowed to work for Christ as a real Apostle! Never before had I experienced such a pride and happiness to be a Catholic priest and a member of a missionary society. The same joy I felt the following day when I visited the basilica of St. Paul. The

(Continued on page 63)

THE USC identification card bore the name Rufino Kho, but did not indicate a college department. I batted a quizzical eye at the Ed.

"Special I.D.," he said, "issued to a policeman, alumnus of this school."

"So?"

"So write a story about him."

"My nose isn't so good at this time of the year." I complained in

soon, he vows.

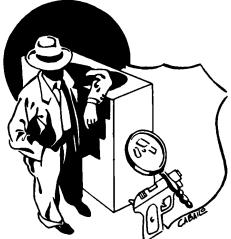
Right now he is piling up a record of law enforcement that defies question. I can straightly say the same about the other members of our present police force in this city starting from their Chief, Capt. Enrique Santiago.

It was quite an opportunity to be able to look into the activities of our present custodians of peace and order. They're efficient! — I

The question now is: Are we playing it fair with them?

"I'm not complaining," says Lt. Kho. "The hundred and fifty I get per month takes me a long ways."

"How about the boys," I wanted to know, "do they still click their fingers for sideline money?"
"Not a chance. They know that they'll get kicked off faster than they can yawn. The Chief sees to that and so does the Mayor."



A Day with A Cop

By
JESSE VESTIL

the effort to pull a chestnut out of the fire. But the favor did not register in his face, so... "Where do I find him, anyway?"

"Where did Julius Caesar find the mole on his nose?"

Oh, fine! And at a time like this when I'm constantly being imperiled by a professor who has now made it a habit of barking down my throat every time I show up no more educated than a stubborn bachelor.

Well, anyway, I hobbledybang-ed out of the staff office and, ten centavos later, I was shaking hands with Detective Lieutenant Rufino Kho. It wasn't hard to locate this lucky bird. There was a blackboard in Precinct No. 1 that bore his name perched like a Mahatma over a sign that read: Officer of the Day. What a break!

Det. Kho hasn't been two months with the force when I met him but it doesn't take a second look to know that he has got what it takes that's why he got hoisted up to his rank and as leader of the CPD Roving Patrol. Tough assignment—even for this tiny bundle of real living all by himself.

USC gave him his A.A., A.B. and an official Second Year Law standing. He was forced out of academic circulation for the same reason that a lot of people go to work give. But he shrugs his shoulders to that. He'll still be a lawyer someday

can say that much even if only to impress you that our own Lt. Kho isn't himself mixed up in a crowd that could easily have been the object of public bludgeoning.

Our Police Chief was busy up to his neck when I marched into his office, but he received me good-naturedly. I couldn't miss noticing the sign over the doorframe which said: Strict, Firm but Just. I found similar signs in the other precincts we went to that night in the course of inspection. And, by the way, the significance of those words connected with what Lt. Kho wrote in every precinct report. It was always, "All Clear."

"What do you say about that motto," queried Capt. Santiago.

"Terrific!" was all I found in reply. I learned that they have been made to keep that thought under their hats and it has turned out good results.

"Crime in this City has been considerably repressed," he continued — and he wasn't being loquacious. It is a fact. Your newspapers show that our policemen are earning their pay. They are keeping the Law in front of their noses and are ready to use it anytime anywhere — all other considerations in the background.

The political roundabout that is polluting the air today finds no echo with them. With them the give and take proposition is enough. Meaning: they blast away at criminals and they expect to be paid for it.

I think that part of it is settled. But then again, are they well equipped to combat crime?

At this writing, they have only one vehicle on four wheels scouting this city. It's an all-purpose conveyance. It takes our policemen to and from their beats. It runs those rounds every two or three hours (as far south as Inayawan, Pardo and up north to Talamaban). It transports prisoners to the City Jail. It must be on hand to answer emergency calls. Now, is one enough?

"We are expecting ten Willys jeep," said Capt. Santiago, "complete with radio systems."

Well, that's something. They would to have those before July 4.

While peering into the other offices, I ran smack into the Criminal Investigations Division. It was a rigged-up affair. I could see that the original nine-by-nine-foot floor space was crudely expanded on the sides by about four more feet.

Somebody grinned. "Cigarette money," he explained.

It was Lt. Ponciano del Castillo, sixteen years with the CID. It appears that in the hope of getting the stale air thinner in that cramped up joint, they raised cash from confiscated cigarettes and stretched the room with it.

The Lieutenant, himself the Assistant Chief of the CID, showed me around. He was sort of proud to show me their ballistics equipment.

(Continued on page 37)



This being my initial wheezing by, dear readers, I make a breezy curtsy.

A lot of people will surely wonder at our ways. Not a few will ask what sort of character we are. This much we can tell you: we don't want to give up our ways and our character. After all, we barely have enough time to breeze by.

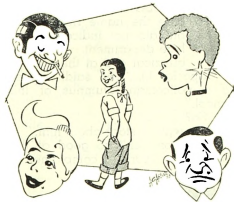
And yet, in this column, meeting us when you feel something brushing against your clothes or your skin, you'll be surprised to know that you'll be dealing with yourself, your own phrases, your own ideas and your own idiosyncracies. Because when we wheeze by you, we mean to observe a lot of things about you. Besides, you yourself are merely breezing away through life's physical and spiritual ins and outs, and there is not much of a difference between you and I.

What says you, then? We won't wait for an answer. But just the same, to preclude rash conclusions, this much we can assure you: we won't cater to anything unethical! We only go through observing things and people as we sail by.

For example, we start on the staffers: that precious (?) group of budding gumptions and germinating talents who presumptuously think the Carolinian can't do without. Some of these *genis* and *shegens* were guzzling, or *retreshing*, over coke and halohalo in one of the *most cafes* fronting the University, when one of their male of the specie excused himself for a very important appointment (so he said) just when the verbal give and take was thick between editorial tongues. There was no comment from the others, or was there? We only noticed a few winks of the eye, as that time he was trying to wheeze us by. But he had to explain without being asked that his date was a boy. The others expressed feigned surprise, voicing out: "no comment". Still he insisted he did not want to have any wrong ideas. Now we're convinced how the little phrase "no comment" can draw a person farther out. That question! That *mal-larkie!* See what I mean?

Speaking of phrases, could you have experienced this? A cute cued (Continued on page 23)

STUDENTS again are in for a tough grind. Doubtless there are fresh brand-new faces, and the same old battered mugs. And talking about faces, we have round faces, square faces, heart-shaped faces, triangular faces and fish faces. There are faces that look like ashtrays, flash bulbs, helmets



Come let us see. . . .

"The Things"

By NESTORIUS MORELOS

and . . . well, you know Jerry Lewis. Someone in this crowd could be The Thing.

Waal . . . the story of the Thing and what it can do is probably obsolete. It can bite. Ouch!! bite. . . ouch!! . . . and just bite!! I remember one night (when it was summertime) when I thought that the bite . . . no-no. The Thing was biting my back. It wasn't really The Thing, dear people, it was *Kuting*. And this *Kuting* could give those overgrown bedbugs in Fort McKinley a run for their bollaad . . . blood. . . er-er. . . money.

This Thing here in school not only can bite, but it can slap, box, kick, wrestle, pinch, as the case maybe, and do other moronic activities. To prove our statement folks, take a gander at specimens.

In a classroom each student gives the others some kind of lecture on generosity but that only happens at the instance of exams, of course. Each tries to prove his point by whacking the other with everything within reach. The classroom is magically remodelled into a bowling alley. A student may ask questions and answer questions sitting down!! — a deliberate usurpation of the professors' prerogatives. Ouch! I don't know where this method originated, but it surely is a very

unique system. As they say, it makes the seat warmer.

Another type of The Thing is that one who jokingly(?) takes another thing from you like notebooks, pencils, fountain pens, erasers, anything worth smuggling. This nut is very fond of collecting souvenirs. He may even take those rubber bands from your hairy legs. The relatives of this guy are those men and femmes who bolt their classes (just like in politics) to engage in important truce talks outside. Those studs must like 3-dimensional 4's and 5's in their grade sheets.

And look at this one. The wolf who prowls around Hilaroing a Coedsela minus the Jaguar. After all, you don't expect a wolf to sport a jaguar. And this Coedsela also allows this Hell-are-you to follow her. . . she goes into the chapel. . . patik!! . . . Pa-believe!! These gals could be a Verano in Osiyas' clothing. (I better leg it to the Yatu river) Just wait 'til you're in front of 'em—ready to laugh up with your best rehearsed line — they'll off and go like nothing flat.

And these "Things" are Carolinians. For as they say, it is easy to become a Carolinian. You enroll yourself, get introduced to all clerks in school, become mangled in the process, pick up your identification card, paste your pic ala postage stamp on it with your saliva, and presto!! . . . you are a Carolinian.

Folks, I'm only telling you about The Thing, Carolinian-version. It exists every schoolyear. Be on your toes, bursitis or no bursitis, or The Thing will catch up with you.

Missing
Page/s

What Is Russian



COMMUNISM

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

Eleventh Installment



ECONOMIC SLAVERY

IN THE first chapter of this book I stated that if I compared the serious objections we have to Communism to the various rungs of a ladder, I should regard the economic argument as the lowest rung on the ladder. Of course, the suppression of private ownership and the reduction of workmen to the level of slaves is a terribly serious defect in Ruscomism, but not so awful as at least some of the other horrible excesses of this system. One might envisage a fairly contented community with common ownership of land, etc., living with very little freedom, each family in its own government-provided cottage, each individual performing the task allotted to him by the state, every householder using ration cards to get the necessities of life from government stores, no one allowed to travel anywhere without a permit, yet each person free to learn publicly his religion and practise it, any aspirant to the priesthood being educated in a seminary, persons free to operate a printing press and to punish and circulate religious books, people free to meet in halls and freely discuss public events, parties at liberty to be married in a church with nuptial Mass, parents free to organize a religious school and send their children to it, and so on. Though such a system would mean great deprivation of human liberty allowed by the law of nature and the law of God, we could imagine a certain amount of contentment prevailing. The great objection to such a system would be the economic disadvantages — and, indeed, they would be serious.

Yet life under such a system would be as paradise compared to hell if we place this imaginary system side by side with the infernal system that is in vogue in Soviet Russia. Too often unthinking persons are beguiled by the specious propaganda of Ruscomists, who deceitfully hide the many abominations inherent in the Soviet system and put forth lying statements about the economic conditions that prevail in the U.S.S.R. From the economic point of view alone the Soviet system must be absolutely condemned. I am using the term **economic** in a rather wide sense, so as to include the questions of private ownership, labor conditions, freedom to undertake whatever work one desires, housing conditions, prices of commodities, etc.

Many excellent works, written by persons who have personally visited Russia and studied these matters, are available. I enumerated some of these books in the opening chapter, and mentioned others in the course of this work.

The favorite tactics of Ruscomist propagandists are to conceal the awful conditions obtaining in the U.S.S.R. or shamelessly lie about them and to depict Russia as a workers' paradise. In addition, they inveigh vehemently about the evils of capitalism and seem to think that, once they have shown the evils of excessive capitalism, they have established an unanswerable case for their beloved Communism. In this they remind me of one who, while condemning a rather dilapidated though habitable house, would point to a pig-sty as the only alternative to such a home. Or they show the same mentality as one who, because the engine

and steering-gear of his car were operating unsatisfactorily, would put dynamite to his car and blow it to smithereens! At times one wonders whether those who swallow the absurd propaganda of Ruscomists are bereft of all reason.

EXCLUSIVE CAPITALISM CONDEMNED BY THE CHURCH

If anyone takes the trouble to read the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI on the questions of capital and labor, he will readily see that the Catholic Church is the true champion of the downtrodden, and that she resolutely espouses the cause of the working man. The Church has emphatically condemned the hoarding of excessive wealth in the hands of a few and the imposing of unfair, at times galling, conditions on the laborer. But this does not mean that all capitalism is wrong. Even one who owns but fifty acres of farm land, or one who owns and conducts a grocer's store, or one who owns and cultivates a vegetable garden of five or ten acres, is a capitalist. It is time for some of our loud-mouthed Ruscomists to define accurately what they mean by **capitalism** and to state exactly what they would substitute and how they would work out their marvellous plan. Unbridled denunciation of capitalism is certainly not an argument for communism.

MORE CANDID ADMISSIONS

In the investigation conducted by the Committee mentioned in the preceding chapter, Mr. Louis Bertrits, who had come from Romania to the United States in 1923, admitted

(Continued on page 56)

The ROVING



by
Ariston P. Awitan Jr.

IT takes all kinds of places for the roving eye to feast on. It must go on roving, turning, changing colors.

We saw the Carolinian Staff reorganized. We saw that we are in again for extra-curricular work. And yet, we also saw that we can't help working for this organ if only to put up what little we can do for good old USC. Maybe, someday people might appreciate us for what little we are doing. After all, the amount of publicity all the members of the staff are unintentionally putting up for USC can outherald expensive athletic teams and fabulous bands or orchestras. And yet they get free scholarships. Us? Free school-hardships. It is not exaggeration that oftentimes we voluntarily set aside our class assignments, homeworks, miss our supper, cut off our dates, miss our sleep, etc., just to beat the deadline. In fact, it has become an unmistakable indication that when we have hollow eyes and lose pounds of weight, the deadline is approaching.

But enough's enough. The roving eye must go roaming around again. The first catch is what Mr. Elmo M. Farnador, the VISAYANIAN Ed, wrote when commenting on school organs:

A school that has no school organ is like a one-way street. It is even a dead-end street. The talented student in such a school is a "dead-end kid". His face should always show that we-wuz-robbed expression. The school organ is the face of a school and its student body. Without a school organ, both school administration and the student body lose face. The only excuse that a school can offer to that literary calamity is that it cannot afford to print one. And if it cannot afford, it has no business existing as a school. Education should not be placed at the mercy of material dependence.

That an official organ is vital, we agree. Students' opinions and ideas need a permanent and dependable mouthpiece.

It seems as though informal dancing, otherwise known as jam session, and even rum-coke session, has found its way into the recreational life of today's

youth. In most cases, the piano does the straining, deadening and disturbing sob of the Puerto Rican Mambo, Mambo Nuevo, Mambo Batiri, Mambo New Yorker, and other bo's. And everybody seems heels-over-head ambitious in trying to get chummy with piano keys. Their reasons are varied. From the "VOICE OF THE SACRED HEART" an advocacy follows:

The main reason why many persons, especially children, all over the world are taking piano lessons, is due to the fact that experts in the field of education have verified that children who play the piano are, in general, happier students and profit more from the mental training they receive in their musical studies. To which we can add: they also become prospective eye-catchers and ear-pleasers.

Sinking our teeth into that imbroglio called politics, the roving eye winked at Marcial B. Adal of the MCU "PHAROS":

During the 1949 election, we witnessed the bloodiest and the dirtiest election in Philippine history. The dead, the birds, the trees were allowed to vote. Is the sanctity of the ballot respected? What is the reputation of the Philippine democracy abroad?

Indeed, such events are poison to Philippine democracy. With fingers crossed, we hope that the 1949 elections will not have a repeat-performance in the future.

From the "TORCH", San Jose College organ of Jaro, Iloilo City, a certain L.B.P. stands high in civic-mindedness. The author, undoubtedly a classroom teacher, convincingly points out with his pen the great importance of teaching the young. A paragraph states:

I teach because I believe I am rendering a high degree of social service since I am dealing with the human young... the most easily influenced of all creatures and the most important for the maintenance of society; with the immature minds who are the greatest wealth of a nation. For after all, what could a country be like if having the greatest factory in the whole world, the greatest farm, army, the richest land, she has the worst people? It would be like a dirty girl in a most expensive beautiful dress.

So far so good LBP. But is it enough to teach? Should it not be of more concern to the teacher, what and how to teach?

To the PMA aspirants, here's an eye-opener from the "CORPUS". Domingo T. Rio, Jr. reveals:

My forty-seven-days stay in the Summer Camp of the Philippine Military Academy, otherwise known as the "beast barracks" has made some transformations in me...

One thing that troubled me much at first were the attitudes of my upperclassmen. Sometimes they were nice, sometimes they hurt. And it was not until I have stayed long enough in the Academy did I begin to appreciate my upperclassmen. There is only one thing behind all these things done to us here in PMA... they're moulding us into men... real men... (Continued on page 59)

Personal Essay

THE pattering of the rain was becoming monotonous. There would be no going out this afternoon, I at last decided, as I undressed and put my things aside. The only thing to do was to sit by the window and count the droplets falling from the eaves and watch the circles they made in the gutter. Like pebbles they were — these droplets —, pebbles thrown

derricks and see the new pier in the making. In time, the stone wall became paved with soil that fell from the feet of many children, who, like us, would go back and forth over the new formed walk. Inside this walk was water — a great big expanse of it — which the sand gathered by the derricks had not yet filled. The water was greenish, smooth, unmoving, no ripples at all, unlike the sea on the other side.

I always liked to watch the unmoving water, especially on moonlit evenings. It was so silent and smooth and looked like a great

like a bonfire mangled by a whirlwind. And I shivered, too. But not for long for the moon was whole and calm again. "You could make her tremble, too," said my sister and she picked up more pebbles and gave me a few. We took turns making the moon tremble. Soon the moon was not what I saw but the circles, small at first, then widening, then gone, — and we made many circles, my sister and I. They were more wonderful than the shivering moon, — big circles, many circles catching one another, then smoothening out again. On other bright evenings

Time has never erased the memories of a poignant past and the author still gladly toys with the thought of

by kids to form circles in the water. Like those pebbles that paved the little walk. If there had been no rain, Nonoy and Nene would be picking some now. They would make little piles of them, take turns at throwing them as far as they could to see which could throw farther.

When I was as small as Nonoy and my sister was as high as Nene, we used to gather pebbles from Mama's garden path. Then we would go to the lagoon. That was fifteen years ago. There was



there were even more and more circles because other boys and girls soon joined us to see who tossed the farthest pebbles and make the largest circles.

The derrick soon stopped working, leaving its task unfinished, and going away we knew not where. So, the big lagoon remained so for many years.

My sister soon went away on a job and I was then a regular schoolboy. On weekends when my sister came home, we used to throw pebbles to form big circles on the

Pebbles For Memories

no "abuno" yet. The construction of the new Pier 3 was just being started and the derricks were busy getting sand from the sea bottom and moving it up to fill a big, big lagoon. There was a wall about three feet wide that ran all the way around in the form of a great big angle starting from the edge of our lot going far out on the shore as far as my young sight then could reach and turned right to join the end of the big road running along the pier designated to become the Cebu Mandawe boulevard. This stone wall then formed the border of the artificial lagoon. We used to pick our way on the stones along this wall, way around, to reach the

By
CRISOSTOMO B. TORRES
College of Commerce

wide mirror. Then I could see two moons, each as big and bright as the other. One evening, I said to my sister, "Lady moon is too bold!" but she challenged that she could make her tremble. I always marvelled at the wonders my sister did. I always believed that she could always do what she said she could. And she picked up a pebble and tossed it far out into the moon in the water — and the moon did tremble. Such shaking and distortions she made — she looked

still and smooth waters of the lagoon. Now, there were two or more small boats on the lagoon. I did not know why they were there, but often, my sister and I and some friends rowed around on these boats. Or we would sit on the wall and watch the boats going round and round and listen to the songs the youthful rowers serenaded into the night to the tone of their guitars.

"Come with and the Starlit waters . . ."

Then my sister stayed away for three years. When she came back she stared hard and blankly at the lagoon — or what was once the

(Continued on page 60)

Sink It In

by
Bartolome de Castro



AS I DOFF MY CAP...

an old bigot hollered: "When a young man writes, expect nothing but love lyrics." Too bad, old man. Young Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* was certainly no "boy-meets-girl" trash. A notorious busybody poked his nose into my column's name with uncomplimentary remarks. Makes us think there's too much freedom of speech here around, isn't it? Arsenic Lacson wouldn't have missed that tomlow as an "argument for birth control."

AFTER PULLING THE FORELOCK...

let's not get ourselves wrong here. I do not preach. I do not argue. I just tell... to move you to smile, to anger, to cavil.

When we sink it in it'll be in short terms — no hedging, no excuses, no save-my-scalp shadow-boxing. There will be direct hits, for sure. So, thanks to Leo Bello's overstretched deadline, we put on our asbestos gloves, and give this flaming quill a dip at a bottle of acid...

WHAT WE'RE PLUGGING FOR....

is a USC Supreme Student Council.

This University is the only higher institution of learning which has no student council. It is not that we, the students, do not want it. It is because one or two do not approve of the idea. A case of a minority browbeating the majority into meek submission.

Our wry-minded censor (is he man enough to show his real color?) doubts the capacity of Filipino students to keep their heads level in the stress and strain of student government. This opinion is prejudicial. It smacks of mockery at the whole Filipino race.

Let it be affirmed that there is no existing order or directive gagging the student council idea. We don't want to raise here a local version of EQ's bugaboo of "U.S. intervention." The Apo has done so well in that line.

Just because U.P. campus politics flared up into violence, or Sili-man U. saw a renaissance of bad politics, does not make all the other student councils taboo. If a pianist makes some discordant slips, it does not make Margaret Truman stop tickling the ivory keys. To follow that reasoning is to side-step the issue.

We cannot escape the inherent defects of democracy if we suppress democracy itself. True, there will be organizational defects. There will be petty squabbles. There will be official indifference. But all these can't be palmed away.

These problems are our problems. By facing them squarely, we learn and to learn, we beg to remind our critic, is what we're here for.

It will be deplorable if, in spite of our vocal lip service to democracy, we suppress the student council, the hallmark of any democratic institution. And more deplorable still, if we let a diabolic minority dictate to the majority!

IS THE PRESS...

in cahoots with politics? Yes!

There's a Cebu daily (noise?) peddling, and still unfortunately cooking up, the myth of a political kingpin. The yellow-sheet's columnist wrote a revealing piece of nonsense: "we are in politics and at the same time, not in politics..."

(Osias certainly started something!)

A self-contradictory riddle to be the flimsy excuse by "One Who Knows" is the height of tolly—an insult to the intelligence of a true reader. Except, indeed, if that foul-mouthed paragon of a red Daily Worker columnist knows that he must either toe the party line and thereby throw aside the ethics of the press, or go to hell with the blessings of a "powerful Messiah."

It seems that this anomalous Fourth Estate jinx was brought to light by a young deliveryman of a local daily. Every afternoon, he said, he brings the editorials and columns to a top bracket politico for "final red penciling." Usually, the "boss crosses out whole paragraphs or sentences which are not of his liking."

Heaven knows the trying hours that poor editor has coaxed his conscience into writing a masterpiece of chicanery and political garbage without his believing a single word of what he writes.

When asked who the "boss" is, our informant didn't bother to answer. We knew. Who would miss knowing this dope ala Don Quixote in shining armor who conjures windmills as vestiges of "terrorism"?

THE STUDENT COUNCIL WAS....

expected long ago. Because there must be one if a University must be. And barring dictation from a few, we bet it shall inevitably come this year.

The protracted USC Student Council is democracy in real setting. It will not be just a run-of-the-mill addition to the many campus organization. It will be by itself an achievement and a challenge. The dare to think, to live, to lead; the challenge to forge a tradition—the USC tradition.

It will succeed because it must. It is in itself democracy, a way of life. Leading. Creating.

OVERHEARD FROM....

CPR's disillusioned admirer: "I wonder when Romy will start lifting passages from EQ's medical bulletins." Any talk of high-level campaigning is out of order, isn't it, Romy?

a Carolinian staffer: "Magsaysay is my guy, CPR is the man, and EQ is the Thing." Not a queer observation. I guess.

THE OSMENA-FATHER-AND-SON CONTROVERSY....

has come to a head. Lately, the older Osmeña has reportedly castigated Junior for inarguable to the NP and for acting too big for his breeches. Is it still "like old times," Don Sergio?

A note to Sergio's notorious conferees: We sure needed Yoyong Rodriguez (senator) to lecture us on party loyalty and Tagalog family relationships. Critics can be so valuable, ho?

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Personal Essay

BEING a poor man I cannot help but wear torn socks. Some say I am crazy. Not only that these people have no sense of economy but I can quixotically retort they do not know how to distinguish between right and

kiri at the thought of the girls making fun of and laughing at me so that I felt like a wet chicken in a barn dance. It would have been my mundane task of pillorying him but I did not resort to it despite the cold fact that I am muscled all the way up my spine fast enough to give him Quirinohipterics.

Through mental gymnastics I found comfort for my worries by substituting them with pleasant memories of happier moments when

By NECISIO Z. ILAGO
College of Commerce

ed to be the eruption of a terminal Bursitis.

It was a pity to see a young man beaten by the dog which finally led him to his eternal home. The hungry dog was not to blame. The young man was. It was when he was marching through a crowded,

Read on, we insist, as the author insists on relating a

Melodrama on Torn Socks

wrong, period. Some few are vocal enough to remark I am thrifty; my heart bloats with pride and satisfaction. It must be for this that in spite of the heckling of friends I still have the warmest predilection to have my torn socks cling to my feet like the proverbial leech. However, I do not deserve much of the commendation. Needless to say I would have not worn them if only I had been born with a golden spoon in my mouth.

One instance, an intimate friend proved to be my bitterest enemy because I considered it a deliberate affront to my dignity when he accosted me in the presence of girls . . . (their legs were firm and well-shaped like that club that Cain wielded upon Abel) looking down his nose to my heels, knitting his eyebrows in mock appraisal and dropping words through one side of his mouth that sounded like, "What happened to your heels, Ilag?"

To vindicate my deplorable situation I could dragged him to court for moral damages. But, on second thought, I relented for fear that the court would dismiss the case for lack of a convincing cause for action. . . only a pair of torn socks for a *corpus delicti!* I know that people will not understand how much my torn socks mean to me, and with their lack of appreciation, they might recommend me for free board and lodging at an insane asylum somewhere. Whackiness can work both ways.

Thrown into the limelight of shame, it was only by a hair-breadth that I did not commit hara-



they start clogging up the channels of my patience. I simply could not help but chuckle from the breadths of my larynx when, participating in a lively game at a birthday party one day, my adversary was hustled to a corner by delirious lam-makers and made to exhibit his legs. . . including the appurtenances thereof. My only satisfaction was realizing my co-equal in him by the tear in his socks that seem-

avenue, the seams of his pants folded as high up as dignity allowed, when a stray dog mistook his five-peso red socks for a hunk of whale meat and proceeded, thereupon, to satiate its gourmand lust. Lesson: Birds of the same feather. . . birds.

It is universally conceded that torn socks evoke laughter and derision among the hypocrites. With the store owner's point of view, on
(Continued on page 36)

It takes a Philosophy student to intimately discourse on the

By
BENJAMIN L. CARREDO

Love of Wisdom

PHILOSOPHY! One feels exalted by a kind of satisfaction that is neither of the senses nor of any other bodily organ after going over Glenn's "Introduction to Philosophy," which is supposed to be a beginner's text, but which for practical purposes, is a refresher and reviewer for one who has gone the rounds of logic, psychology, epistemology, ethics, cosmology, ontology and other branches of the inquiry.

Philosophic discipline does not make a man wise. It makes him a better and a more seasoned thinker, for to be wise is to have wisdom, and wisdom is the completeness of all knowledge, and for this man is too limited a creature. Just as the many man-developed philosophies cannot be synthesized in one coherent formula, neither does the study of philosophy make a man all-wise.

When a man who has acquired and developed rigid philosophic discipline through the study of philosophy speaks out his mind, the man-in-the-street passes judgment upon him as a wise man. To his fellow students of philosophy, the speaker is just another careful and accurate philosophy student. It seems hard to think even of one who persistently pursues the metaphysical speculation as a graduate of philosophy, his academic affixes notwithstanding. For the multiplicity of the how's and why's of our life are problems which it devolves upon the philosophers (meaning lovers of wisdom) to ponder about all through life.

The advantages to be derived from the study of scholastic philosophy are hardly immediate material values to the individual student. But to him, and if there be

others like him and to all mankind, it may mean the coming to stay of a second golden era of Scholasticism, "the best synthesis that man has been able to achieve," which would serve as basis of life lived according to true Christian values in harmony with revealed and natural truth.

Nowadays this is not generally practiced; in some instance shunned, if not looked down.

The man-in-the-street complains that the world is beset with ruthless materialism today. This is commonplace. Perhaps less obvious to him is the fact that deep down it is the cause of what appear as the inexplicable disaster that have been wrought upon man in recent times. He knows his complaint to be a fact, but he is not equipped to find out why there is so much materialism. In the absence of a ready-made explanation, he is resigned to believe that materialism is an inevitable vogue he is helpless to do anything about.

When modern philosophers of the various schools of thought, with their individually opposed and divergent starting methods, tried each

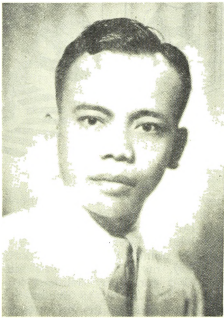
to reconstruct the foundation of philosophy, the very leading minds clashed and the consequent disagreement threw mankind's thinking into chaos. With many of the influential philosophies developed — relativism, communism and pragmatism among them — materialism is a distinct and underlying characteristic.

Communism is the most actively destructive force of our times adveived from an erroneous school of thought. Because of the peril it has placed mankind in, it is challenged — often quite capably — in the places where it started and the areas upon which it has begun to encroach. Mankind is familiar with its basic tenets.

Pragmatism is an idealizing of man's earthly existence. What may be beyond it, is excluded by pragmatism from its concerns. It acts according to mass-thinking. It is the philosophy of utilitarian values. In professing that a thing can be true and not true at the same time in relation to its workability, it gives room for dual standards. It perverts the very prime principles of all thinking and this inevitably leads to their destruction.

Our man-in-the-street often claims that philosophy, pre-occupying the minds of the intellectually active, is a useless unproductive speculation having no practical value to real life whatsoever. He believes he can get along well by doing away with philosophies. He holds philosophy as merely an incidental thing in his life. He thinks that philosophy is only of the high-brows and that whatever philosophies concern themselves about

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The AUTHOR

ABOUT THE WRITER

Ben Carredo is a IV-Year A.B. in Philosophy student. As freshman in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences he started his journalistic venture with the defunct Pioneer Press. He is at present

Cebu correspondent of the Manila Daily Bulletin and executive Editor of the Cebu Morning Times. He is Secretary of the City Hall Press Club and Vice-President of the Cebu Correspondents' Club. Elected President, College of Liberal Arts Ass.—EDITOR.

BY mid-July, when USC swung her mighty doors open for the regular school year, a queer and not altogether unpleasant assortment of people—a sprinkling of fiesta queens and princelings and the rest comprising a race typically Filipino—began signing up for a five-month-stint with unromantic, strait-laced professors, R.O.T.C. tribal sacrifices and playground poe-gantry.

In the beginning, it looked as though the university had laid down a stiff policy of admitting only new registrants and had shown

this side of the barn goes out of the 'Visiting Room' minus sixty centavos.

Meanwhile, the enrolment merry-go-round was going full blast. Across the street, school supplies were selling like scandal sheets and operators of tailoring shops were pulling up on disgruntled "civilians"

quirk and greener pastures for romantic wet blankets. The professors, no less, were inwardly relieved by the debut of new faces—a welcome recess from the trying times they encountered with lun-poking, bluffing and wisecracking wards. Many enrollees, fresh from high school incarceration, flushed with a new sense of dignity at being addressed "mistiers."

On the detailed side of the 1953 enrolment story, these facts are of interest: The opening of new courses in this university was a drawing card. The College of Commerce swelled to an unprecedented height

The Halls of USC resound with an . . .

Enrolment with a Bang!

By

B. K. TORIO

the backdoors, somewhat brusquely, to the old gadabouts. This fearful suspicion became more alarming when the faintest traces of old, familiar faces were found neither here nor there. The freshmen were immensely enjoying an undeserved heyday. But by the time July tapered to a couple of days, "things" began to appear. A hesitant, goose-stepping law senior would step out of the deans' offices and an abandoned sponsor-of-long-ago would swish into the registrar's counter. The next moment, there were lusty back-slappings, uninhibited giggles and a flurry of curses. Where earlier there was cold snobbery, now there was a regaling atmosphere of friendship and congeniality. Everybody was everybody's pal and even new girl registrants did not flare up at ogling drugstore cowboys, wolves and were-wolves. The new and the old Carolinians milled around the lobby, mixing freely and looking at each other with no little measure of amusement and wonder.

At this point, USC was fairly humming with activity. Deans and professors were already earning their pay. They had to ink a thousand-and-some identification cards while hired photographers converted the 'Visiting Room' into a movie lot, still more truthfully into a roques' gallery. There was no fingerprinting. Nothing of the sort but there positively was a 200-watt bulb which glowered at the unwilling "culprit," when every pop of flashbulbs meant that the subject of the most un-aesthetic photography

in favor of a group of khaki-clad military tyros. The enrolment itself kept soaring. There seemed to be no end to the enrolment queue. And when the final reckoning was made, after the last tattered slip was carefully tucked into the files for the scrutiny of eagle-eyed bureau officials, the dramatic crashing of cymbals ending a hectic transition announced: "USC Enrolment Scales New Peak!"

The revelation was, of course, elating. To the students, the increment pointed to new rounds of handclaps, new cliques of upturned noses for those with the snobbish

BREEZING AWAY. . .

(Continued from page 14)

(one who write a gal-amorous column) exclaimed: "Christopher Columbus!" when she saw a handsome cood. A professor nearby, who heard her, asked her who the long name was. She demurely answered that he discovered America. The prof got goggle eyes! He could not notice any connection between the cood and the explorer.

Lots we can tell about but since we only have to breeze away, all we can exclaim to cap it all is "suffering cats!" I have to go, not as ruthless Amy who had to leave misery at her wake, but as refreshing as ever as the innervating breeze.

with the master's course in Business Administration as the latest addendum. The comerciantes now constitute the bulk of USC's population. Next in line is the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences with the Pre-Med course high on the record. "Its enrolment alone could fill a College of Regular Medicine," Fr. Cardo, SVD, says. Strangely, the College of Education has gone down on a "low." The four-year Normal course, however, which is headed by Mrs. Encarnacion T. Marcelo, a magna cum laude from the same institution, has patched up whatever slump the Education Department has suffered. Increases of enrolment in the Colleges of Pharmacy and Engineering have like-wise been noted with enthusiasm. The latter, with the opening of other branches has doubled in enrolment and the same can be told of the courses in Bachelor of Science in Chemistry, Zoology and Chemical Engineering.

The long-felt need for Pre-Nursing and Pre-Dental courses in this university has been answered at length and if the enrolment in these departments can be taken as a reliable gauge of their popularity among the students, these courses are here to stay for good. The current increase in USC's enrolment augurs well for an institution which has held her own through the years. And the true-blue Carolinian who steps out into a brutal world can look back on the year he had his fun, his hopes and miseries in dear 'ole St. Charley.

What Do You Think

Conducted by
BUDDY B. QUITORIO

With elections, mud-slinging and character assassination are usual standard-operating procedures for candidates. It would, therefore, surprise few people to know that our presidential lumberers are pitching bricks at each other's teeth. Since it's near election time, we should expect more than our usual share of political billings-gate. Why are things gnarled up this way? Here, we attempt to give a few quaint answers.

In the first place, perhaps a candidate cannot look forward to victory unless he tells the electorate that his opponents... how he hates to say it... are overgrown, knob-headed boobs. Of course he hastens to add that he is sorry that his opponents ever thought of entering politics. And whenever an aspirant talks about himself, it is natural that he harps on his electrifying achievements although he reminds his hearers that this confession is being made with all modesty aside, he he.

Second off, maybe a candidate likes himself to appear to the people in quasi-divine state instead of making himself known to the people as he ridiculously is. The candidate has to fall back on the antiquated line by belaboring his sacrifices and adding that he was having salad time in his private heaven but his conscience didn't permit him to shirk his duties to God, his people and his country. Not him!

And so he tosses his salakot into the melee but before he can holler "begarr!" People start sniffing for skeletons at his backyard. Strangely, they usually find one or a couple of corpses. Since the cat is out of the sack, the poor candidate is now branded as a plagiarist because he has a "smothered exultation!" The next moment people warn him not to peel a covetous eye on a position "within the gift of the Filipino people." What does the maligned simon-pure kick back? What else but that his adversaries are prize fools who don't savvy a hang about plagiarism and who are bed-ridden with buritis. We bet our molars that's going to get him some place.

Then there's the flora and fauna to reckon with. The educational system must be hell-bent in eradicating illiteracy! Why, in some notorious parts of this country, corpses are more educated than you would care to admit. This was in 1949 and in that year, a new wrinkle was introduced in electoral you-know-damned-well-what. This occurred when voters were allowed to pick their candidates in style, that is, when they were licensed to fly and to vote as many times as they cared to. Well, these things are juicy items for bed-time stories.

(Note: We are not rooting for any particular candidate or political party. The opinions expressed herein are voluntary and free of duress or undue influence.) If that's clear enough, here's what they think. . .

Of The Presidential Aspirants?

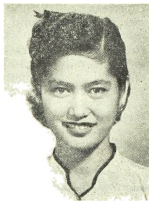
CRISTINO CANGA, JR., Pre-Medicine, says: "Magsaysay is my Guy." He is honest and a hard-hitting fighter, if ever there was one. He doesn't mince words and doesn't compromise with crooks and their ilk. Yet, in spite of this dynamism, he exudes a

personality that strikes me with both admiration and respect. He is a commoner but he has a way with the high-brow. He has none of the pomposity which characterizes people who strut about with smug unconcern for the masses. Because he is great and can afford to be humble at the same time, he is the man for me. He should also be the man for you."



Cristino Canga, Jr.

CONSOLACION PEREZ, College of Pharmacy, says: "I have no doubt but that I am echoing the sentiments felt by many people when I say that the man of the hour is Ramon Magsaysay. One who thinks about Magsaysay and his achievements invariably associates him with the common tao. His integrity while holding a position of trust in the government was and still is unques-



Consolacion Perez

tioned. His programs calculated at the amelioration of the Filipino people have met with signal success. When he pinned down the backbone of the Huk movement he achieved this feat not by force of arms alone but by a keen understanding of the causes which drove our misguided brothers to the hills. Because of these considerations, my choice for the presidency is Ramon Magsaysay.

VICENTE BALBUENA, Pre-Law, says: "The Philippines stands to be benefited by whoever comes out victor in the presidential race. These men who are pitted against each other for the highest magistracy of the land are capable men and they can steer our ship of state during these trying times. With Quirino at the helm of our government, we can expect good
(Continued on next page)



Vicente Balbuena



Nora Noel

leadership because he has the experience and the ability. If Romulo emerges victorious in the presidential fight, the whole nation can look up to a great statesman and diplomat as their leader. And if Ramon Magsaysay will be voted into the presidency of this republic, corrupt officials will be booted out of their offices because Magsaysay is the man who doesn't sacrifice his integrity for political con-

WHAT DO YOU . . . (Continued from page 24)

venience."

NORA NOEL, College of Liberal Arts, says: "I have profound faith in General Romulo's leadership and honesty. He has held his ground in the concert of free peoples and in recognition of his prowess, he was elevated to the presidency of the UN's Fourth General Assembly. He has acquitted himself with honor in whatever capacity he served. If he can head an assembly of foreigners whose temperaments are as varied as the traditions of their countries, there is no reason why he can't be a capable president of the Philippines."

CERES HUBAHB, College of Commerce says: "Knowing his reputation for honesty, his ability as a man of action and unswerving determination to fight with us for a clean, honest and efficient government, Magsaysay is my Guy." His capability as



Ceres Hubahb

a public servant particularly when he served the government as Secretary of National Defense is unquestioned. . . at least by those who are impartial observers of our country's political situation. If there ever was a man who is needed by the Philippines to lead her in these trying times, that man is undoubtedly Ramon Magsaysay, the champion of the common too and the down-trodden."

On Da Level

(Continued from page 16)

were fortunate enough to get close to the hecklers and we can swear that it was not chanel 5 or shallimar which thickened their breath. The nearest guess is that the smell was an omnipresent quality in Dalaguele's favorite beverage (shades of bahal!).

—Let us face icy facts. Mendoza, with his cohorts and his waddies, couldn't have licked Bugarin. Not after the display of barbarism which put our college of law a century backwards in sportsmanship. A lot of vulgar mouthings point to us as having been mobilized as flying voters. Now get this: it is true that we were in the audio-visual hall during the balloting and law dean Pelaez may recall that he gave us a ballot which we reluctantly refused. We were covering the event for the "c". We told him. Talk about electoral aviation and link that with us and it all adds up to a case of bad breath. We didn't vote. We didn't even hope to.

—Corn-fed provincianos like us also have reasons to get uppity with Manilans every now and then. From what we see, a string of distress messages keep pouring into rural offices of outside-Manila top-kicks. It seems that the out-of-town-

ers have seen fit to keep stiff upper lips instead of crowing about the attention they are getting from their metropolitan demi-gods. This biased attitude may be explained by the fact that non-Manilans, especially the southerners, are just about as fed up with Manila directives as any man ever gets to be. Directives is not really the right word for the "friendly letters" we receive. They are invitations to take up the cudgels for an apprehensive democracy.

—Young blood, that's it. No, not for blood banks. But for transfusion into the Manila youth center. Please note that it's the Manila youth center. Exit, non-Manilans. Tee hee.

—Time for breaks. First off, the administration, in a gesture that should be something for the books, donated a dictionary. Then, a table with some chairs and a cabinet for the staff. Well, we are still squatting in the office of the dean of liberal arts but this arrangement was made for the time being according to Rev. Fr. Francis Carda, SVD, who is god-father to the staff. Cheerio, lather!

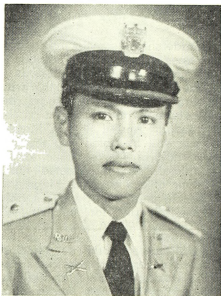
—We were having halcyon existence with Mrs. Pages in our lab

class until our serenity was rudely shattered by a stampede of freshies who were intimidated into taking the subject or else. Before the advent of this unpleasant exodus, we were only about a dozen awe-struck disciples who did not pose a problem to the prof. We battled against microbes in silence and this attitude impressed our teacher no end. (At any rate we hope it did). As all good things must end, this streak of luck didn't last more than a week before the lab room metamorphosed into a vault of shrieks, whistles and groans. Our high-strung freshmen comrades yell all they're worth. And for the heck of it. Gad, it's like living in an Indian reservation. Only it is more interesting here. For instance, a young whipper-snapper stands and shoots a lot of inane questions. The teacher, acting in self-defense, parries the barrage with a matter-of-fact "dressing down" and the kid simply slumps into his stool sort of fazed and kind of whacky. JPR keeps muttering, "I never behaved that way when I was a freshman." Which is far from true.

—Next time the Cebu Press Club sponsored a competition among editors, it had better be on da level or we'll vote straight liberal.

ROTC h a t t e r

By
Desiderio Ando
ROTC Editor



Lt. DAVID B. DULANAS
Former 3rd FA Bn Commander

USC CDT OFFICERS AWARDED MEDALS

During an impressive ceremony held at the PC Recreation Hall in connection with the graduation of all ROTC Advanced Course Cadets in the Visayas last March 28, 1953, four USC Cdt Officers were awarded medals by Capt. Antonio M. Gonzales, Commandant of Cadets.

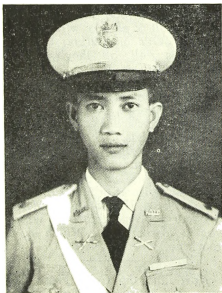
The *Medal for Leadership* was pinned on Cdt Col Cosme T. Mirabueno, Corps Commander. This

LT. DULANAS TOPS 'EM ALL USC CANDIDATES

The latest graduates of the ROTC Advanced course throughout the Philippines were given a qualifying test by the GHQ in order to qualify them as Commissioned Officers in the Armed Forces of the Philippines. Under the III MA, 204 Infantry and 4 FA Advanced graduates took the Exams and among them were the 16 candidates from USC which include the fighting 5 FA. Among the 16, Lt. David B. Dulanas, former 3rd FA Battalion Commander topped them all with a grade of "A" which is equivalent to Superior. Although Lt. Dulanas is finishing his law course this year, we prefer to see him in the AFP than in the Legal Profession because of his outstanding records as a cadet.

was in recognition of his dynamic leadership which was highly responsible for his Unit's having won the "Star", symbolic of his unit's winning the first place in the last annual Tactical Inspection of all ROTC Units in the Visayas. Likewise, the *Medal of Honor* was also

(Continued on page 45)



Lt. NAPOLEON MABAQUIAO
For him a Commission

USC First Place in Last Annual Tactical Inspection; ADJUDGED BEST IN JULY 4th PARADE.

The USC ROTC Unit took first place in the last annual Tactical Inspection of all ROTC units under the III MA embracing all of the Visayas with a rating of 90.21%. For this distinction, the USC Cadets this year are authorized to wear the "Star" at the right sleeve of their uniform.

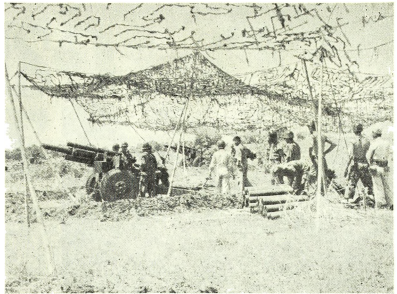
The following are the first five ROTC units adjudged highest:

1. University of San Carlos, Cebu City 90.31%
2. University of the Visayas, Cebu City 88.50%
3. Colegio de San Jose, Cebu City 86.39%
4. Rafael Palma College, Tagbilaran, Bohol 82.70%
5. Occidental Negros Institute, Bacolod City 82.43%

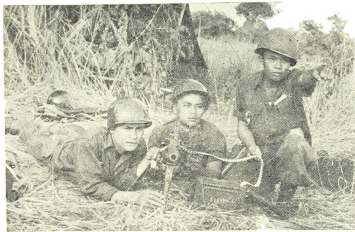
Likewise, in this year's July 4th parade, The University of San Carlos obtained First Place as Best Marching Unit with the University of the Visayas tagging behind on a seemingly accustomed second berth.



At rest by pup-tent at a lull in maneuvers.



Artillery pieces in line for action.



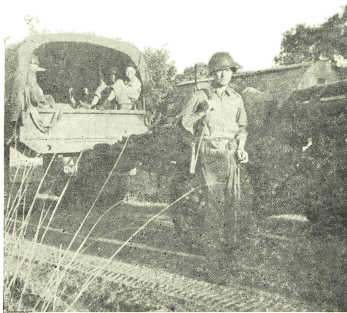
In oct: three spells doom.



By St. Sebastian Church (Manila) while on pass.

*The
USCROTC
Trainees'
Fort McKinley
Experiences
In Pictures*

(See story on page 29)



**Motorized Convoy takes a break while
on way to maneuver area.**



Alone but deadly on the long-nose.



Upon arriving at maneuver's rendezvous area.



Close view of a section awaiting action.

WHERE IS CHARLIE?

Right Here

in FORT WM MCKINLEY

by Ignacio Salgado jr.



"Whreee...!" There goes the whistle of acting first sergeant, **Cdt. Demosthenes Gumalo**. It is 5:00 o'clock in the early morning and the U.S.C. boys of "Charlie" battery bolt their beds, er bunks. Brrrr... it's a cold morning, too!

Here's where we begin our daily ritual. First, we get into those fatigue uniforms that smell like... oh, well, that smell like nothing fat for your nostrils. We put on those heavy, leather service shoes that has so much poundage it really anchors you to the ground. Then we wrap the leggings around. Next we put on the cartridge belt with all the other gadgets hooked on it. Some of the boys hang them loosely, cowboy style. Like **Cdt. Epitacio Codina** (He's got a boil somewhere!)

Finally, we grab our carbines and sling them on our shoulders, putting the helmet liner at the same time. Then, sooner than we can perform a sneeze

Reveille! What a rouser! Then we attend flag-raising ceremonies. Unfortunately, this day, **Lt. Dalumpinez** is the O.D. He has a way of commanding and executing that the

boys will never forget. Haw, haw... That over, we begin to police (that's how they say it there) or rather, to polish the area. **Cdt. Jose Cerilles** says there is a great difference. To police means to be just standing around looking over the

place. To polish... well, we clean up the place.

At about six o'clock, we are ready for breakfast. Line-up, single file — and we get our daily bread, four pieces of "pan de-sal" with a smudge of margarine, and a cup of coffee that taste like dish-wash (somehow, we got used to it and the "coffee" tasted like coffee, after all).

Our schedule for classes begins at seven o'clock in the morning. We hold our classes in the bleachers.

The instructor for today is **Capt. Jose Rosales**. He's been in the army longer than he can remember ("since time immemorial"). But he goes out "every now and then."

Our lesson for today is combat-formation inasmuch as we are still undergoing the basic course. After the theoretical lecture, the Captain moves us out into the field for actual demonstrations. The battery breaks up into small groups. We go in column of two's then into squad column, into the diamond formation, and into skirmishers position. With the searing heat of the sun, we crouch, crawl, then run into the simulated battle situations. All

(Continued on next page)



"C" correspondent out on pass in downtown Manila.



Yes, we have our diverse elections at USC this semester: class group elections and college group elections. And, maybe we might have the USC Student Council elections [his last we have been hoping for!]. Who knows?

But we can't help noticing a lot of things while these hectic events transpire. We were flabbergasted and pink in the face. Gosh, the kind of elections we hold in college nowadays no longer cater to the general purpose for which said extra-curricular activities are introduced in schools: that of training students in the actual process of voting and electing group leaders, and in teaching them how to be high-principled candidates and intelligent voters.

For example, in one of the corridors wherein a group of students gathered, somebody overheard the following straight from the yapper of a number of them:

"This is foul play. What he is doing is double-crossing us. The jerk must love himself too much, he is ready to junk us all on his pledges of support for our official standard bearer, just because of a previous year's disappointment. Why, he thinks he is the whole college of X or a one-man directorate. If he really meant his words of spite spoken last year, he ought to be frank about it now instead of pretending he subscribes to the pledges of everyone in class, but secretly snake, er sneak in the grass."

Rejoined the other: "Anyway we will geb [sic] him da [sic] works [sic]. There's still ske [sic] days to go before D-Day. But da [sic] trouble wid [sic] our bando is da [sic] problem of lower classmen. Dey [sic] pail [sic] to see what sorority is...aw is that seniority, er seniority? Dey [sic] ought to understand dey [sic] still hav [sic] der [sic] chan [sic] wen [sic] dey [sic] dey [sic] becomes seniors."

From an opposite camp, another observer overheard: "True, he has the qualifications but he doesn't click with us freshies and sophies. We will beat him sure with the secret formulae of insinuating one of his leaders to run against him, and presto! The high-chair is in the bag for our guy."

"What the heck should we be concerned about in agreements, tra-

(Continued on page 38)

Where Is Charlie?

(Continued from page 30)

of a sudden everything breaks up! The captain looks around to see what caused the snafu and sees the boys chasing something instead. It has become "Operation Buntog!" (A buntog is a rice bird.) Another squad spots a clump of "siniguelos" and "camanchile" trees, and gourmand hell breaks loose. It's a lot of fun, if you ask me.

After that, we hitch back to camp. Casualties? Well, we got bruises, cuts, and blisters... and fruits! Whew, it was dog-tiring!

And so we come to the hour-o'-day when **Sgt. Remigio Rojo**, the guy who runs the whole show for the "Charlie" boys (no wonder, we heard so much about sergeants running the army!), begins making his rounds of inspecting barracks. With his "bank book" in hand, he starts "accounting" demerits. We have to arrange our equipment and beddings properly. One mistake and the sergeant gets busy with his arithmetic. **Cdt. Teodoro Aquino** forgets to place his toothbrush inside his bag and leaves it hanging on his bunk. **Sgt. Rojo** gets wind of it and throws it into the trashcan. **Cdt. Aquino** in the last analysis, is minus a toothbrush and plus demerits. Eh, "Cuad'ro!"

Speaking of demerits, ask **Cdt. Jose Espinosa** about his credits with the Sarge. He said he'd make it up to 99% of the maximum allowable demerits (over that, you'd be recommended for a ten-month stretch as a regular trainee) Wise guy, eh?

Hey, before we forget, let's go to the sick-callers. About earlier, the sick-calls are made. Cadets who think they are sick goes to the sick list. Then, they do nothing but sleep in the barracks. Wise guys... getting fat! at the expense of the government!) Because if they are really sick, they are sent to the hospital in McKinley proper. Suspiciously enough, the sick-list is reduced to nothing when the day for going out on pass comes around. You bet! Saturday is the best cure for sick-calls! But **Cdt. Cesar Dolino** is an honest-to-goodness champion "call-sick" of them all.

So much for that. Let's go to the details for today. The KP's (Kitchen Police) report to the mess sergeant at the kitchen. What do you think they do? Guard the kitchen? No sir, they help the mess personnel in preparing the food — the "master menu!" According to

Cdt. Pedro Enarbia, it is one of the toughest job in the army. They cook the rice, without washing it, in oversize vats readied with boiling water. Then they use shovels to transfer the cooked rice into smaller containers. Just how do you like that?

The barracks orderlies begin cleaning the barracks. **Cdt. Antonio Alvarez** is assigned to barracks No. 3, and he has to sweep 6 x 25 meters of floor space — plus the washroom and shower booths! And to think he just came back last night, tired and weary, after painting the town red (we were out on pass last Saturday) That's what you get by going with **Sgt. Pili, Tony**.

The Battalion orderlies reports and loses his name temporarily. The officers and enlisted men there simply holler for "Charlie" and you come running, ready to "run errands." You become a house-boy and a messenger rolled into one, says **Cdt. Federico Andriano**.

"Waters, out!" At 10:30 a.m., the officers don't have to tell the waiters to report to the mess hall. The waiters, about five of them, are the ones who prepare the table for the battery's chow. The cadets themselves shout for the waiters to pull out even before ten-thirty! Well, who doesn't want to eat?

Cdt. Florentino Pascual has specialized in the job he says he could easily pass for a waiter if he's hired back home.

At 11:00 o'clock, class is terminated by bugle recall, and we trek back to the barracks to get ready for lunch. At eleven-thirty, the bugle is sounded again for mess-call. That's the sweetest of all calls, according to a poll conducted by **Lt. Basas**, our information officer.

Here we go to the mess hall! In single file, we pile into the hall, alongside the tables good for, one tray each. Hmm... what have we got for today? Boy, something good for a change — beef with sauce and macaroni, and banana for dessert. But you'd better keep an eye glued to your tray because something might do a disappearing act. **Cdt. Boy Rubi** says the hand is quicker than the eye! Gosh, that guy must have learned it from Houdini. But don't worry, Boy is just playing an honest prank.

In the army, everything is controlled, even your eating. Before we could sit down, there is a com-

(Continued on page 38)

Father Rector winds up Mission Abroad for U.S.C.



Rev. Father Ralph, National Director of SVD Universities and Rev. Father Rector of the University of San Carlos "in serious thoughts."

The Father Rector went abroad on a special mission of great significance for San Carlos. He left Manila last January 28, 1953 and travelled by plane via Calcutta, Karachi and Palestine with Rome as immediate destination. He went for a sojourn in Germany, after completing his work in Rome, to see his folks whom he had never seen for 18½ years. He arrived back at San Carlos last July 2 via Switzerland, England, The United States and Japan.

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Goodbye! Farewell!
Greetings to all.

A rousing welcome met Father Rector a



Back here at last, and on his face beams a smile of satisfaction for obtaining results.



The leis were strung around Father Rector by Faculty representatives.



More smiles and handshakes of welcome.



More leis fro

Lahug Airport, Cebu City, upon arrival.



All were smiles



neck by



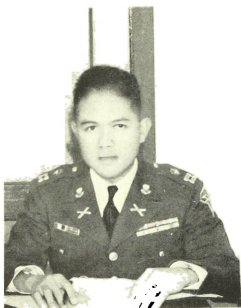
more well-wishers.

On the second evening after his arrival, Father Rector spoke on a Convocation Program held at the USC Quadrangle and Stage reporting on his very special mission abroad.

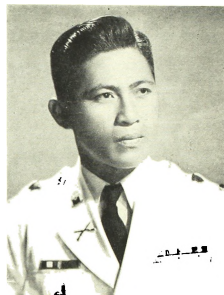


. . . . speaking at USC convocation.

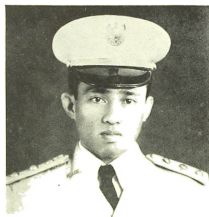
*The Men that make the champion USC
ROTC Unit click to the
tune of "Bagging the Star."*



Capt. ANTONIO M. GONZALES
Commandant of Cadets
U.S.C.



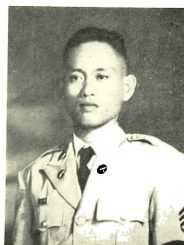
Lieut. FILOMENO GONZALEZ
Adjutant and S-3
U.S.C. ROTC Unit.



LT. COSME MIRABUENO (AFP)
Former Corps Commander
U.S.C. Cadets
1952-53



T-Sgt. SOFIO C. HERRERA
Assist. ROTC Instructor.



Sgt. PEDRO CARABANA
Assist. ROTC Instructor.

"They Hitched their Wagon to a Star..."

AND BAGGED IT!

• By EBA •

THE USC ROTC Unit these many years past has always been hitching its wagon to a star. Year by year, it seemed to lose itself in its zooming efforts through space and time, so to speak, in trying to hit that star.

But the school-year 1952-53 had something in store for it. For, its space-wagon manned by a highly efficient staff of officers and crew, zoomed off ahead with bearing true and tried to effect a convincing bang of a graceful landing right at the very heart of its destination: the star. At long last, the Unit achieved it, after so many years of disappointment in the inter-stellar spaces of persistent and persevering pursuit for a seeming will-o'-the-wisp.

Somehow, the efforts exerted into achieving its goal are worth it; now the USC cadets bedeck themselves with the insignia of the star on their right sleeves as the highest mark of distinction in the Unit's being adjudged the A-1 ROTC Unit of all ROTC units under the Third Military Area. It may well consider itself the best unit in the whole Philippines. And that is something to crow about, no matter how you look at it, if to brag is an immodest term.

And for the record, it is very necessary that we mention names, if only to give credit to those to whom credit is due for the USC ROTC Unit's achieving the much-dreamed of star, which any unit can well be very proud of.

Skipped by Capt. Antonio M. Gonzalez, FA (AFP), the USC ROTC space-wagon had to go places. He is a stickler for discipline and efficient training in the classrooms and in the field where he sweats out with his cadets.

If we have Capt. Gonzalez as Commandant of Cadets for the USC ROTC Unit, we have another Gonzalez as his Adjutant in the person of Lieut. Filomeno Gonzalez, Inf. (AFP). As assistant skipper of the USC space-wagon, he knows the what's and how's of the business on hand. Soft-smiling off schedule,

but persistently hard-driving and efficiently busy as a bee with training schedules, he molds and shapes each USC cadet according to minute specifications.

The whole training staff consists of two more. T-Sgt. Sofio C. Herrera (AFP), and Sgt. Pedro Carabana (AFP) are two cogs in the wheel which cannot be dispensed with.

The school-year 1952-53 has been a lucky year for the USC ROTC Unit to also have then Cadet Col. Cosme Mirabueno as Corps Commander. He is now a full-fledged Lieutenant (AFP). He is a diminutive but intensely inspiring fire-brand of a cadet commander as USC has had to be convinced right when the star was in the bag. He and his corps of cadet officers with the readiness, willingness and ability of all the USC cadets under them last school-year greatly helped in spelling the difference between a star and no-star for USC.

BEST FRIEND. . .

(Continued from page 7)

that they were much together now, and all that stuff.

"I won't believe it! Linda is my best friend! And Bert — why, we are in love!" She exclaimed to herself and gave a low laughter. The thought was ridiculous.

The next day, Fe received a letter from Linda and Bert. She was glad she did not believe Carmen. She read Bert's letter first. It was a polite, apologetic letter telling her to forget him. She read it twice, then opened Linda's letter. The contents were about the same. Linda was sorry, but they could not help it. She hoped they would still be the best of friends. She mentioned several excuses and useless explanations.

Fe wrote them that it was all right, it did not matter.

(Continued on page 63)

ROTCATTER. . .

(Continued from page 26)

awarded to him for having achieved high honors in theoretical examinations.

Cdt Mei Eutiquio Valmorio, FA, Bn Ex O & Adj was the recipient of the Medal for Loyalty for exemplary conduct and loyalty to the Corps since his early days as a basic course cadet until his promotion to Cdt Major in the Advanced Course.

The Medal for Efficiency was awarded to Cdt Capt Dellin Pengzon, FA, CO, "Baker" Battery. The Battery of "Pengay" won first place in Company Competition during the USC day and his Battery also exhibited exceptional ability in the Company Drill during the last annual Tactical Inspection.

The medals were pinned by Colonel Santiago J. Arceño, Area Commander, III MA AFP, while Lt Filomeno Gonzales, USC Adj & S-3 read the different citations.

THEY WANNA BE SOLDIERS:

888 ALL

As cadet officers and the regular ROTC instructors closed their registration books for the final summary of the number of students enrolled with the USC ROTC Corps, as all-time high in the history of the Corps was reached.

The ROTC office announced that for this year, their rosters carry a grand total of 888 cadets. Last year there were only 600 enrollees in the department.

Breakdown of the grand total shows 500 enrolled with the first year basic course. The second year basic course has 300 enrollees. The advanced course itself registered an unprecedented number of 88 cadets.

The registrants have already been organized into two infantry battalions and one artillery battalion.

The great increase in the number of cadets enrolled this year proves to all and sundry the great popularity which the USC ROTC units hold with students all over the Visayas and Mindanao. Their garnering the "love star award" as the best ROTC unit of the year mostly accounts for that enviable popularity. It was further enhanced when the newly organized unit tucked another feather to its cap when it was adjudged as the Best Marching Unit in the '53 Fourth of July celebration of Cebu City.

(Continued on next page)

HEADQUARTERS 14TH BATTALION COMBAT TEAM AFP
PHILIPPINE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE TO KOREA
PAPO 6000

28 June 1953

The Editor
The CAROLINIAN
University of San Carlos
Cebu City, Philippines

Dear Editor:

There is enclosed a copy of a letter of the battalion commander, 14th BCT PEFTOK, to all the loved ones of the Avengers. Please publish this on a prominent part of your paper.

The men of the 14th BCT have already shown their mettle in combat. They will continue doing so as long as they know that all of you back home especially those whom they love are rooting for them. The letter which I enclose attempts to make a report to the loved ones of the Avengers and to the people of the Philippines who have the right to know what we are doing here.

Thank you in advance for any consideration you can give to this letter.

Sincerely,

(Sgd.) ERNESTO J JIMENEZ
Captain, IAGS
PIO & SIA

GUMALO HEADS USC SWORD FRAT

Cadet Col. Demosthenes Gumalo, Corps Commander of the USC's ROTC unit, was elected President of the Sword Fraternity in an election conference held at the audiovisual room last June 22. Other elected officers were Delfin Pengson, vice-president; Marcelo Bernardo, Secretary; Esteban Chua, Treasurer; Vicente Dionaldo, auditor; Perfecto Dequilmo and Conrado Ajerro, Sgt.-at-arms.

The Cadet Corps of this university was adjudged the "best marching unit" in an inter-corps competition held in conjunction with the local observance of Independence Day. Second place went to the University of the Visayas.

The Board of Judges was composed of Military personnel from the III MA. Mr. Vicente D. Flores, manager of the Marsman and Company, donated the pennant to the victorious USC Corps.

MABAQUIAO COMMISSIONED

Napoleon Mabaquiao, student of the College of Law and member of the Cebu Police Department has recently been commissioned Second

Lieutenant, AFP, as per GO 120 dated 22 May 1953 of HQ AFP.

It may be recalled that he graduated from the advance course of the USC ROTC department last 1951.

He is a wide-awake student and concurrently, he is designated as a special peace officer or special policeman of USC.

Lieut. Mabaquiao also served the cause during the resistance period against the Japanese.

MELODRAMA ON TORN SOCKS (Continued from page 21)

the contrary, you are greeted with a walk-into-my-parlor grin. The opinion of a select few who handle situations with more delicacy and tact, I could exactly appraise. They think you are either economical or a souvenir collector with a mule latitude.

But through this maze of diverging opinions, I have another view in looking over this bone of contention. To me, my pair of torn socks connotes my own life—it has given me the tremendous opportunity of expressing my adamant emotions from extreme rage to summon bo-

Summer Cadre Training '53

FORT WM. MCKINLEY, RIZAL

"Charlie" Battery

At the official start of the summer Camp Training on April 13, 1953, all one hundred-twenty four cadets of the University of San Carlos, representing the only artillery unit from the whole south, were assigned to "C" Battery, Artillery Training Unit of the Replacement and Training Center under the Philippine Armed Training Command. Thus, the U.S.C. boys remained intact.

Atu Camp

The ATU Camp is located about four kilometers west of McKinley proper and a good three kilometers east of Nichols Air Base of the Philippine Air Force. The camp is practically isolated except for a concessioner that did thriving business with the cadets, showing the only sign of civilization. Either way out, a pass is necessary. The gates out of Fort Wm. McKinley is guarded by the Military Police in smart and trim uniforms. The Nichols field outlet is manned by the Air Police who look less impressive than the Army MPs.

Out-on Pass

Cadets who were not on details were allowed to go out on pass, on Saturdays, coming back the next day, Sunday, before taps at ten o'clock in the evening.

Among the sights that the cadets frequented while out of camp were, the most important of all, the Philippines' International Fair, Dewey Boulevard, The Luneta, downtown Manila, and Balara. And, the treat of the time were the three-dimension movies, Miss Universe and Gil, and the "Thina."

Back Home

The cadets came back home last May 8, after the two-month grind, with certificates as reserves in the Armed Forces of the Philippines and as non-commissioned officers.

num. That is why I will make it a point that when death approaches I will wear my pair of torn socks.

When islands of beautiful memories begin to rise up above the river of my lonely life in Heaven or in Purgatory, I can just simply look at my pair of torn socks, and the pangs of loneliness will melt to nil and thrive in the realms of the un-converted.

A DAY WITH A COP. . .

(Continued from page 13)

"Best in the country!" he remarked.

It seems that the NBI in Manila are rather envious since what they got is evidently below par. What we have here was ordered directly from the States. You can see how useful it is when a case comes up involving a mysterious lethal bullet that has to be traced.

In another corner of the room, a steel filing cabinet stood with foreboding. It contained fingerprints of police characters, hundreds of them.

"Show me a questionable finger print and I'll tell you whose it is in three to five minutes," dared Lt. del Castillo. I was speechless.

He then, led me into their dark room — you know, for photographing jobs. Sorry enough, it was incomplete. They expect to have it equipped more fully in the future. Funny part about it is, in the absence of other much-needed equipment in that room, I found toilet accessories.

"It was once a latrine," blushed the Lieutenant.

Well, there you have it. What our police have they use and the honest, straightforward way they go about it, has paid them dividends.

By the way, we have two other Carolinians in the Force.

There's Atty. Cesar Languido, USC Law '50. He's an investigator. You know, when there comes a suspect he grills him and gives our fiscals something to work on.

And then, Mr. Julian L. Tuyor, same job. He needs only to show the bar examiner what a hard-boiled Carolinian can do and he's a lawyer. Right now, he's serving the Force thumbs up along the way.

These guys' job is ticklish. It's been their experience never to underestimate new-born crooks. They come educated up and down their spine. Shoot a question at them and they look down their noses at you ready to untwist their tongues to sing out the same old Constitutional routine that goes: I refuse to answer on grounds that it might incriminate me. The sweetest part of it is, that's their right and they're entitled to keep it. And there no longer is any third degree now that can show them that it doesn't take only a question to get an answer.

"But we know how to get results," says Atty. Languido. "Legally."

Continuing with Secret Service
(Continued on page 64)

HEADQUARTERS 14TH BATTALION COMBAT TEAM AFP PHILIPPINE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE TO KOREA PAPO 6000

CO

11 June 1953

TO THE LOVED ONES OF THE AVENGERS:

It is now one month since I reported to you last on the condition of your loved ones here in Korea. Since then we have assumed the defense of a sector and put in our normal share of combat.

I am happy to report that our intensive training in the Philippines is paying off handsomely in the frontlines. Two days after hitting the front, we were proved by the enemy and your boys responded splendidly in characteristic Avenger fashion. A few days later, they captured a prisoner and before two weeks were out, they turned in another one. In Korea, a prisoner of war is easily worth his weight in gold because he is a veritable gold mine of information. Besides, a prisoner who writes that he is well treated is an inducement for his comrades to follow suit. During the month that the Avengers were on the line, our Division captured four prisoners and two of these were captured by your boys. They received a commendation for this unparalleled feat. Some units stay one year on the line without turning in a single prisoner.

We suffered very few casualties which of course must be expected in combat. We had two who were killed in action and all the rest were wounded. They are receiving the best medical care and well on the way to recovery. One of them received the Silver Star from the US Army for his outstanding gallantry. He has continued for all time the outstanding qualities of the Avenger and of Filipino soldiery.

Since we left the Philippines, we prayed together. Even aboard the LST we continued with the Rosary, the Perpetual Help novena and the Mass. Since then, up to the frontlines we kept our date with God and He has helped us all along. So you see, we have not been alone.

We are doing everything to live up to your expectations. All the men are happy. Their morale is very high. They know that you are rooting and praying for them. Their one wish in life is not to fail you. And God willing, they will not. I know it must be difficult for you out there, but please remember that the only thing that sustains your loved ones here is the thought that you are well and that you are waiting for them to return. Without that hope they are lost. That is why I ask you to keep on writing to your boys and telling them to carry on the good fight. Your letters will bring added determination for them to survive this war and return to your arms.

We would like to ask again that all of you who know any Avengers, sacrifice the time and the effort to write a few lines. So much depends upon your thoughtfulness. It takes so little but it means so much to the boys on the line. Do not let these boys down.

The Avengers are carrying on and with God's help and yours, combined with the prayers of a peace-hungry world, we will be back before you know it. Keep up the fight there and remember us often. Do not forget that it is because of you that we are here.

Our love to you all.

Very sincerely,

(Sgd.) NICANOR T JIMENEZ
Colonel, Inf (GSC)
Commanding

Sixin' em Up

(Continued from page 30)

ditions and seniorities, or conventions and powers. Our guy is a winning candidate and the entire college knows it. Let's go, and don't stoop at scraps."

One of them commented: "Minus intimidations."

"Can you beat that! And look at the political scene availing in our country today. Compare our college politics with it. Why, folks, the former has become a carbon copy of the actual one indulged in by our elders. A sad case of youth getting into the crooked footprints of our country's unscrupulous politicians.

But, yes, we hold elections to train youth in the supposed-to-be sanctified art of suffrage. Are we, students being ethical and honest in going about it?

The more reason why the USC Student Council should be realized this year. Because we will have more training in conducting ourselves better in a bigger thing than mere class elections, if we are to moult away our present sickly state and become sturdy men in the future. And let us expect class advisers and professors to have a good hand in making the students toe the line of ethics during the elections of the supreme body for student. With enough guidance and inspiration from our professors, no chicaneries maybe committed and more training in the ethical exercise of suffrage can be had by us.

If we size things up, we do so just for the joy of it. For the hope that we might prune or maybe shape things to size as we want them rationally for what we think is good for the common good.

But more. This beloved country, "ravaged and victimized" by so many indignities committed against her by those who ought to have been more concerned in upholding her virtue, honor and dignity, is for us still a lovable country. And we pity her so much, we can love her forever. Still more, with her, we are free to talk, write and opine as often as we want to, and with anybody. And yet, can that be a saving grace for our politician's infamies?

Decidedly not. But see you later for more morsels sized up.

Where is Charlie?

(Continued from page 30)

mand "take seats." Then we sit down, hands on lap... "Com-mence," and we eat away.

There we are, nice chow — good eating! Boy, everybody is eating fast, so that if there's still some more, they could ask for it in a jiffy. "Hey, waiter, some more rice!" "What? no more *sabao*?" That's **Cdt. Pablo Herrera** harrasing the waiters. But the champion muncher of them all is **Cdt. Jose Atillo** (He was finally assigned to the kitchen during the service practice). Only, he's a cry baby. That made him the target of ribbing from the boys. **Hero, Tillo**, take some more "Tiki-tiki," huh? So that you can knock em' all out! (what...? me, too? Uh, uh, take it easy, we're pals, ain't we?)

Politeness is very well observed in the army too. The battery stands up only when everybody is through eating.

At about a little past twelve, mess is over and we rest until 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon when classes start again. But poor waiters, they are still out there, washing 125 dishes (the mess trays).

Before we know it, the whistle whirrs again. Grrr! somebody should steal that whistle, says **Cdt. Rodolfo Fontanosa**, who is always caught flat-footed sleeping.

Uh, uh... still stubborn to get up, eh? There's only one solution to that. A familiar voice roars out: "All right, in three counts, go to formation!" — pandemonium breaks loose inside the barracks. Up and out in a mad stampede. "Hey, my carbine..." so back to the barracks again. Hey, that's my helmet, a quick exchange and out again. And finally, about a dozen cadets are late. That was **Lt. Ballesteros** who counted and created the chaos. "All right, you lazy bones, strip off and put them back on again in 30 seconds! There they go — racing against hell's time. If you're late... tsk, tsk, too bad, you'll have to do it all over again!

Whew, that certainly was a rough ordeal.

Back to class again at the bleachers at 1:00 o'clock, and the instructor — **Lt. Romeo Ballesteros**. That guy always gives us the creeps, what with his pistol literally giving us the point if we don't get his instructions. **Cdt. Virgilio Yray** was almost always scared to death!

That pistol-packing mama of a Lieutenant, must have thought all the time that all of us so-called provincianos appreciated his terrorist chicanery.

The Lieutenant asks, "If you are caught right in the middle of the stream by a diving enemy aircraft, what would you do?"

"Take a bath!" a cadet snaps back.

"Uh! Well, then what do you people out there in Cebu eat instead of rice?" The Lieutenant inquires sarcastically.

"Corn, sir," **Cdt. Conrado Hol-ganza** retorts. (Eh, "Que tal?")

"No wonder, you people are corny!" the Lieutenant counters. The orgre.

O-oh... JUSMAG's coming around. Everybody sits erect and the instructor proceeds with the lesson. We try to look as impressive as we can, at least, for the Yanks. The visitors are accompanied by **Capt. Gonzalez**, our ROTC commandant back at school. Why, he does not even turn to give us a tumble, to think we were his own boys in U.S.C. Aw, nuts — what the heck do we care, anyway, we're doing fine. But we understand that he did it for discipline.

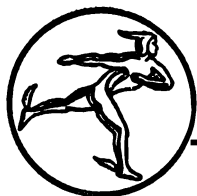
Classes is over at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Then we attend "Retreat." It's no retreat to the chapel or retreat hell, either, just a simple flag ceremony — only it is pulled down for the day.

Hey, we got an early supper this time. Oh, no — not again! But there it is, half-spoiled shrimps and stringbeans. "Master Menu"...ugh!

Here comes some PATC top brass. Just as we thought, they're cautioning us again about complaints. After all, we should not be expecting too much because we have a poor government (baloney!) What about **Quirino's extravaganzas**?

Then comes the newspapermen! (So, that explains for the early dinner — and the top brass) They certainly can get around. They take pictures and interview the cadets. Gosh, we've been creating quite a stir with the newspapers lately. It sure is a lot of headaches for the army authorities. Well, we suppose the rumpus is ground for something too, politically — against the ad-

(Continued on page 35)



SPORTS Round-up

Edited by
TOMMY ECHIVARRE
and
RENE SAGUN

Last year's failure in winning the CCAA championships didn't take away a single bit of that Carolinian fighting spirit from the hearts of our ever-lighting hoopers. Their hearts still crave to hit high — high enough to grab that bitterly-contested CCAA trophy from the hands of the University of the Visayas.

Coach Manuel Baring's brilliant mentoring and the intense daily grind shouldered by the boys are factors which show that USC is likely to regain that long-lost trophy this season. Coach Baring wouldn't spend long, tedious hours at the basketball court for nothing. He has tuned them up to battlefront condition for the frontline action this month.

THE LINE-UP

Though lacking the services of a couple of gamesters who helped steer the Carolinian boat to many a victory as well as a handful of defects, the fund of athletes that will

face an acid test in the forthcoming CCAA are being reinforced by dependable high school grads all ready and trim for the big day. Former captain-ball Rudy Jakosalem has taken the exit because his CCAA days are over... a great loss to USC. So, taking his place in the

captaincy is ROY MORALES, Rudy's co-pilot last year, and Roy has been brushing up his lay-up shots and radar-controlled one-handers.

JJJI SAGARDUI is eager to show his wares when the day comes. He is an excellent interceptor and has an artight guarding talent which can make a good shooter sick and sloppy.

We are expecting MARTIN and TOMMY ECHIVARRE to show their best in the guarding and shooting businesses. Both of them play equally good with dependable push-shots and carpet-like breakthroughs.

Guard NORV MURILLA has mastered his tap-ins. He says he'll make good his debut on the CCAA. He was the former skipper of the Holy Name College juniors.

RUDY ARCELLO specializes on stealing through enemy lines dunking his jump-shots from here and there. He'll try to team up with VIC DIGNALDO, our ever-depend-

(Continued on next page)



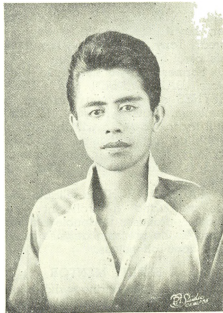
Okay jugheads, let's get this straight: This is strictly a sport-sneezing column. All the hot air, turkey-gobbles and drumming dare-mis about muscular activity in St. Chorley is found here. If you have something to growl about the way athletics is being run here in USC... well, spill us the beans and we'll treat it here, man to man. Commentaries on SPORTS are welcome. But be sure it's legitimate, otherwise the wastebasket will have its fill.

While talking to a bunch of vagrants in the lobby, one of them started blowing his steam off saying: "...and get a load o' this one: somebody picks up a stinkin' ball from nowhere, bounces it around with sadistic delight, gleefully drops it in a hole somewhere, and presto! he gets a nice fat scholarship for it. But that's not all. Hear this: A low-chested creep creates a racket out of a sardine tin and... well, he gets his education free of charge!" If you're interested to know who the pip-squeak was, for your information

(Continued on page 40)



ROY MORALES, '53-54 Skipper
Elected Viva Voce



RUDY JAKOSALEM, '52-53 Captain-Ball
... Far him — Exit

USC Cagers Reign in Ft. McKinley Tilts —CAPTURE INTER-BATTALION PENNANT WITH CLEAN SLATE—

by: Paking Arriola

The Artillery unit, mostly represented by topflight hoopsters from USC, romped away with the inter-battalion crown in an easy fashion after dumping over the five other participating units in the Post Gym-

nasium of the ROTC training camp in Fort McKinley, Rizal. The hotwitzer unit had for their line-up Jiji Saqardui and Inting Dionaldo both current stars of the USC varsity
(Continued from page 37)



The USC hoopmen who composed the victorious Artillery Team at McKinley.

able forward whose "sure-fire" right hand flips and semi-hook shots made him so popular.

Clothespole SERAFIN "A de C" SESTOSO is a tough fellow to grapple with in the rebounds. Together with TONY YOUNG, another center, they'll take turns in the keyhole area. Tony, by the way, is putting his pivot shots to perfection.

Former Colegio del Santo Niño stars, DANNY DEEN and NUTSY REYNES are welcome additions to the team. Nutsy who plays forward will try to wow 'em with his super-dribbling and terrific set-shots. Danny, who fares well in the rebounds and is, himself a foul-boater, will play guard.

FAUSTO ARCHE, a reliable center man and a proficient side-shooter, promises to double his prowess in the pressing defense plays and zone offensives.

A BRAINY MENTOR

Mr. Manuel Baring, who tutors the team, is very optimistic about USC's regaining the coveted trophy this season. He was responsible for the roaring success of the Ca-

rolinian team during the 1951-52 season. Mr. Baring used to be a star himself during his days. He played for the Colegio de San Carlos team before the war. He rose to stardom in the local cage tussles during his student days. Being a USC alumnus, he now devotes his time training his successors. We could be sure then that he really knows what he is doing.

INSPIRING HISTORY

Ever since basketball came to USC, we've always had a shining name in local cagedom. Thank God, we are still holding that prestige. But that doesn't mean we have always been first-placers. It means that, at least we were always a top-seeded team. USC has been the birthplace of famous spheroid stars, some of which are still key-figures in top Manila hoop leagues. We are indeed proud of them.

Before the war, the Colegio de San Carlos was an opponent-feared aggregation. Even Manila found it no joke at all to fight against San Carlos. The contingent was composed of big, fast and tricky hoop-

masters . . . and to play around with them might prove to be very costly.

After the war, Carolinian cagers saw action with foreign quintets. The Mexicans, the Canadians and the Americans found the San Carlos cagers not joking matter. In 1946 we finally became the NATIONAL CHAMPIONS. San Carlos was really riding high. Then came the big draw-back.

Big Manila teams bid heaven and earth just to get the USC mainstays on their outfit. The offers were too tempting for our cagers that finally they gave in. GENARO "Bay" FERNANDEZ went to the Pontifical U and LAURO MUMAR, the foul-boater, donned the Letran shirt. The loss of these pillars affected the team so greatly that in the next years, although it was still rated among the best, Luck did not ride with them anymore.

But never a year in the cellar . . . that's the prestige we are holding through all these years. With a promising lineup this time coupled with an inspiring background, we will do it again this year . . . this season!

MAN TO MAN . . .

(Continued from page 39)

he acts like Jess Vestil, gabbles like Jess Vestil and looks like Jess Vestil!

* * * * *

Straying from one thought to another with Rudy Jakosalem, the 1952 basketball steward of the Green and Goldies and the trickiest thing in the dribbling business, one comes to feel that after all this dorned work of dashing from one goal to the other, wouldn't pay your way out of college. Now that he's out of the varsity just because he can't qualify anymore in the CCAA, he has got to start digging! This being his graduation year, he ought to have been helped, by the school he had been playing for during the past eight years by giving him a reward, or at least, sort of a reward, in the guise of a scholarship or a discount in his tuition fees . . . just to let him see that the school really felt his services rendered unselfishly. So, how 'bout giving him a nice break?

* * * * *

Now that the hoopla season is on, we expect more bones broken, more jaws smashed, two dozen pairs of blockeyes, a jupleful of scraped knees, ALL the windows broken, one trampled doorkeeper, and two basketball officials kicked in the seat of their pants!

ALUMNI CHIMES

Conducted by —
JOSE CERILES — Alumni ed
JOHNNY MERCADO — assistant

ALUMNOTES

ALUMNUS EARNS WINGS, HONORS

When class 53-B, Philippine Air Force Pilot School held its graduation exercises at San Fernando Air Base, Lipa City last month, **Antonio R. Oppus** graduated as class top-notch. For accomplishing this feat of topping the class of eighteen fliers, the young lieutenant was awarded three medals: the McMicking Award for highest proficiency in flying; the Deputy Commander's medal for the highest military proficiency and the Commanding Officer's medal for over-all proficiency.

Carolinian Boy Oppus of USC High School class 1949 is a native of Bohol and is the son of Col. Oppus, former Provincial Commander of Cebu. He graduated from the College of Engineering at the Mapa Institute of Technology.

He passed the board examination on civil engineering the year he entered class 53-B of the pilot school where he earned the golden bar of a Philippine Army airman.

CAROLINIAN SAILS FOR U.S.

Atty. Eulalio Causing, who was among those who hurdled the bar examinations of 1952 left for Manila June 23 on the first leg of his journey abroad. He will touch San Francisco for the world's fair celebrated in that metropolis while on his way to New York where he will take up post-graduate studies majoring in Corporation Law.

ALUMNI-HEROES

The plan of the Alumni Association to build a monument in honor of those Carolinians who perished in line of duty in World War II while still in the blueprint stage is gathering interest and support

from the administration and the whole association. Parents whose sons were among those unsung heroes who fought in their own little way the aggression, are enjoined to communicate with the association.

USC SCHOLAR MAKES GOOD IN USA

An exclusive mathematical society of American universities admitted two foreign students to its roll of membership.

(Continued on page 12)

With Cupid's Help



—Smile of triumph?

Regal-looking **Miss Cristina Redoña** of the College of Commerce faculty changed her name to Mrs. Eulalio Causing in quiet ceremonies last summer. Atty. Causing is himself a blueblooded Carolinian.

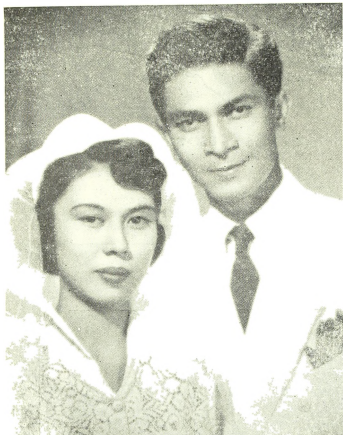
Luz Evangelista became the lovely Carolinian June bride of Pulsedame Dumon in a late afternoon wedding early last June. The

wedding took place at the Santo Rosario Church with Msgr. Esteban Montecillo officiating and with the bride's mother and Mr. Tereso Dumon as sponsors.

In Gingoog, Misamis Oriental, **Tony Garcia** took Gloria Co Untian as his bride and made a stir of socials in that town.

(Continued on page 12)

With Cupid's Help



Mr. & Mrs. RAMON CASTILLO
Sweet was the Wedding March.

Milagros Gabillo became the wife of Mr. Julio Harder in a wedding solemnized at the Archbishop's Palace mid-June last.

The San Nicholas Church was the scene of the **Ramon Castillo-Dolores Romero** nuptials last February. The groom was a pre-war stu-



MILAGROS HARDER (nee MILAGROS GABRILLO)
"He die is cast"

dent of engineering and is now an Assistant Mechanical Engineer of VECCO while the bride is a USC education graduate of recent vintage.

Do You Know . . .

That **Carmelita Moran** despite the scarcity of jobs and the onrush of applicants has landed a position in Buenavista, Agusan her hometown, as a school marm right after graduation last year? Of course Carmelita has a Cum Laude added to her degree on her diploma. In her student days she was such a good Thespian. These spelled the difference.

That **Noe V. Ilamo** finished his Bachelor in Music degree at the Battig Piano School last May and copped it with a grand concert at the Club Filipino provoked favorable comments from local music critics, thus making him the first male pianist who graduated outside of Manila conservatories? He has gone to Manila for higher studies.

That former GI **Allan Wayne** who studied in San Carlos immediately after the war has come back from the States where he took studies in TV and is now connected with the Armed Forces of the Philippines Headquarters at Camp Murphy taking charge of all Army programs over Manila station and is regularly heard over DZFM? He talks about fond memories of Fr. Hoerdemann, Atty. Pelaez and Ortiz and other Carolinian intimates.

That come January 1954, when new leaders take over the reins of government, San Carlos might have some of her own in the halls of Congress? **Atty. Natalio Castillo** until recently Commerce professor who stepped into the arena of local politics successfully made the nomination of the Nacionalista Party for the first Congressional district of Bohol. Considering that he

(Continued on page 60)

ALUMNOTES . . .
(Continued from page 41)

Miss Carolina del Mar, who was sent to the United States on a two-year scholarship grant to take up advance studies in Mathematics at St. Louis University, Missouri, was admitted to the Pi Mu Epsilon society, SLU chapter recently. Miss del Mar was one of the two foreign students whose membership was approved, the other being Paulo Ito of Nagoya, Japan.

Miss del Mar was teaching mathematics in the USC Girl's Hi Dept. and was enrolled in the College of Engineering prior to her departure abroad. She has been visiting various scenic spots and tourist centers in many states including the world famous Niagara Falls and will enroll back at the SLU this fall on her last year of scholarship. She will teach at San Carlos when she finishes her course.

Administration

● 145 Graduates in Summer Cap-and-Gown Ceremonies

A total of 145 seniors successfully graduated from the University of San Carlos at the commencement exercises held on June 6, 1953.

The series of activities of the graduating class started with a Baccalaureate Mass at the University Chapel celebrated by Rev. Fr. Robert Hoepfner, S.V.D., Regent of the College of Pharmacy.

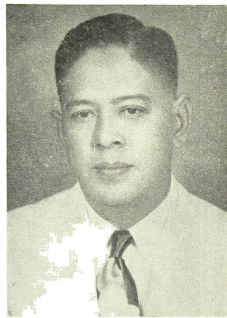
At 5:30 P.M., the commencement exercises began with a processional

degrees, titles and certificates to the graduates. Those who received their diplomas as magna cum laude were: Miss Patricia Kriekenbeck, BSE; Miss Rosetta Fernandez, BSE; Miss Vicenta Lee, BSE, and Miss Irene Ordon, BSE.

● New High in Enrollment Reached

Enrollment for the first semester took a sharp climb, latest reports showed. An encouraging increase in all departments was noted.

Rev. Fr. Francis Carda, Secretary General, termed the swelled enrollment as "beyond our wildest expectations." This was considered



Mr. RIZAL ORTEGA
MSBA Course Faculty Member
Post Graduate School

USC in the NEWS

led by the graduating students. Following the graduates came the Faculty, Board of Trustees and finally, the Guest of Honor.

Chosen guest speaker for the occasion was Mr. Esmel Alvarez, K.S.S., Faithful Navigator, Chief Justice Arellano General Assembly, Fourth Degree.

After the presentation of the candidates for graduation by their respective deans, Rev. Fr. Laurence Bunsel, Acting Rector, awarded the

significant in view of the slump in enrollment felt in other institutions.

The College of Commerce, Liberal Arts, and Education reported the biggest enrollments. Other colleges follow, in the order of their percentage of enrollment, viz: Pharmacy, Engineering, Law, Home Economics, Normal, and Secretarial.

It was further noted that the students followed closely the schedule for enrollment. Enrollment officially opened June 1 and classes immediately began June 15.

● New Courses, Recognitions and Permits Bared

With the end in view of providing new avenues of opportunity for her students, the University of San Carlos offered a set of five new courses, according to a statement revealed by the office of the Secretary-General.

The new courses are Bachelor of Science in Architecture, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Science in Elementary Education, Pre-Nursing and Pre-Dental.

The press statement bared also the recent government recognition of the following courses: B.S. Zoology, B.S. Mechanical Engineering, and B.S. Chemistry, B.S. Electrical Engineering and one-year special Home Economics Course.

Permits were granted also to the following courses: B.S. Architecture, B.S. Chem. Engineering (up to 3rd

BARTOLOME C. DE CASTRO
News Editor

IGNACIO SALGADO VICTORIA PARAS
Assistants

year) and B.S. Elementary Education.

An enthusiastic response marked the enrollment in the courses newly opened.

Graduate School

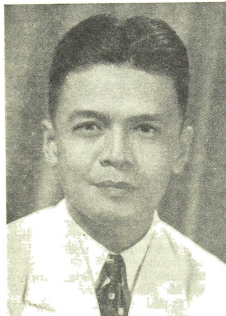
● Master's Degree in Business Administration Offered

A new division of the Graduate School was created recently with the opening of the new Master of Science in Business Administration course, according to information supplied by the Graduate School Dean.

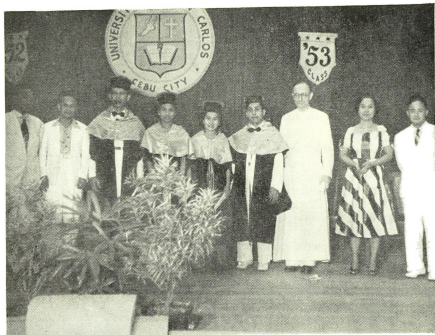
It was noted that a sizeable number of faculty members of the College of Commerce are presently pursuing MSBA studies. Mr. Jose Tecson, MSBA, Head of the Accounting Department, and Mr. Sisenando Buot, MSBA, make up the faculty row.

● School Graduate Four

Four students completed post graduate studies in Master of Arts in Education and in English, according to a press statement released



Mr. JOSE TECSON
MSBA Course Faculty Member
Post Graduate School



The Four MA graduates of '53 Summer class with Post Graduate School Dean Fr. Rahmann and some of their professors.

by the Office of the Dean of Graduate School. Of this group, three got their master's degree in Education and one in English.

The M.A. in Education graduates and their corresponding theses are: (1) Mr. Lorenzo Ga. Cesar who wrote "a Socio-educational Study of the Town Fiestas of Tacloban City and Neighboring Towns"; (2) Mr. Miguel D. Matlao who wrote about the "Manobos of Agusan"; (3) Casilda P. Pena who took up "The Rise of the Filipino Woman in the Social, Economic, and Political Fields Since the End of the Spanish Regime up to the Present Time." (4) Lourdes M. Cosenos who took up M.A. in English, dealt on "The Religious and Para-religious Elements in the Seven Great Tragedies of Shakespeare."

● **Revilla Thesis Sent To U.S.**

It was recently announced by the Rev. Fr. Josef Baumgartner, S.V.D., USC Librarian, that an exceptionally well-written thesis submitted by a graduate of the USC Post Graduate School has been selected out of those submitted as requisite for graduation, and sent to the Library of the United States Congress at Washington, D.C.

The author of the selected thesis is Miss Tecla Revilla who graduated as a Master of Arts in Education at USC last March 27, 1953. She is currently teaching at the Cebu Normal School and at the same time taking BSSED and Philosophy

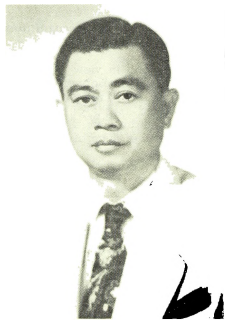
subjects at San Carlos.

The title of her thesis is: "A Study of the Difficulties of Student Teachers in the Cebu Normal School and of Beginning Teachers in the Province of Cebu as a Basis for the Improvement of Elementary Teacher Education."

College of Law

● **Pelaez Named Permanent Law Dean**

Atty. Fulvio Pelaez permanently took over the reins of the Deanship



**Mr. SISENANDO BUOT
MSBA Course Faculty Member
Post Graduate School**

of the College of Law, according to administration sources. For the last three years, Atty. Pelaez had held the position in an acting capacity.

Dean Pelaez' permanent appointment was hailed by the students and instructors from the College of Law and from other colleges, it was learned.

The new dean was all smiles when he received the news. He immediately issued out the statement that his major policy will aim at maintaining the high prestige of the College of Law.

Meanwhile, an upward swing in the number of matriculating students in the College belied former reports of a decrease in enrollment, figures compiled by the Dean's Office revealed. The increase in enrollment has reportedly resulted to the doubling of the number of classes.

● **Attorney-Doctor Becomes Law Professor**

Former Carolinian Editor-in-chief (1948), Doctor-Attorney Felix Savelon, recently joined the ranks of the College of Law professors, according to information supplied by the Office of the Dean of the College of Law.

The attorney-doctor is presently teaching subjects in Legal Medicine. He is popularly known for his double-barreled practice in the law and the medical professions.

● **Bugarin Romps Away With Lex Presidency; Senior Tradition Broken**

The audio-visual room became a hot-bed of campus politics at dusk of July 18 when the College of Law wrought chaos with the ballot boxes for the choice of elective officers to run the Lex Circle.

Personal merits were not accentuated in the raucous since the clenched-teethed aspirants preferred to hammer on the sadistic angle of defiance of tradition (that a Senior must be president). It became a case of "seat a Barrister or bust!" on the side of the more conservative members from the senior and junior classes. The lower strata were for the whitewashing of the whole business, leaving no shade of the much argued "traditions" on the foreground.

Marching into the hall, supporters of Mr. Germiniano Mendoza, Senior presidential candidate, exhibited placards that denounced the "ambitionism" of the Radical's choice, Mr. Expedito Bugarin whom they also labelled as a "tiny hunter

out for big game." The Mendoza party had the room all to themselves at the first bell until the convention was called to order by Chairman Atty. Dr. Felix Sabellon, Faculty member.

Almost simultaneously, staccatoed cheers rang in the corridors outside, as Bugarin's gang trooped in waving placards of their own style, most impressionistic of which was one which read: "The Senior's Lex Circle was a failure!" It seems that this one was inspired by an off-hand remark of Law Dean Atty. Fulvio Pelaez who had underscored the outright non-success of last year's Lex Circle. This statement was, of course, an impartial chip off the Faculty block.

Winding up the proceedings, and after throwing the water bucket into a pygmy violence that nearly got wild outside, the votes showed the following results:

Expedito Bugarin, President, Marcelino Bontuyan, Vice-President, Esperanza Fiel, Secretary, Dinacat Arona, Treasurer; **Sats-at-arms:** Emilio Lumontad and Captain Lumbré; and Vicente Lim, Press Relations Officer.

The presidential post dropped out of Mendoza's breadbasket by a bare one-vote. The tally was 98-99 against Mendoza. To this effect, a spirited hush-hush reached us that the Seniors will question the validity of the results basing on the one principal allegation: That outsiders (approximately two) secretly voted for Bugarin and were counted.

● **Portia Club Elects Officers**

The election of this year's officers for the Portia Club was held last July 3. The Club is an exclusive organization of female students of the USC College of Law which was founded last year by Miss Teresita Calderon who was elected as its first President.

Elected as this year's high brass for the Club are Miss Adelaida Palomar, President; Miss Esperanza Fiel, Vice-President; Miss Cecilia Villagonzalo, Secretary; Miss Gloria Kintanar, Treasurer; Miss Operetta Pamplona, Rep. to the Student Council; and Miss Mardonica Camacho, Press Relations Officer. The Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage was also chosen as Spiritual Adviser.

The Club has prescribed a uniform for its members which they have agreed to wear on Fridays. Fraternity pins bearing the name of the Club have been ordered.



Victory banquet tendered by President-elect M. Remulador

● **Law Juniors Elect Officers**

In a turbulent election meeting held early last by the Junior Class, the following officers were elected: Macario Remulador, president; Mrs. H. Palacio, vice-president; Norma Labalan, secretary; D. Cabilin, treasurer; R. Bunagan, Sgt.-at-arms; S. Ursal, PRO.

A victory banquet at the Sambag Inn was given away by the victorious presidential candidate.

Liberal Arts

● **New Courses Are Drafting Cards**

A marked increase in enrolment

for the first semester at all departments of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences was noted, according to figures compiled at the Dean's office.

The increase in enrolment was attributed to the opening of new courses. Pre-Nursing and Pre-Dental were listed as the top drawing cards with enrolment doubling the expected number. It was learned that due to this fact laboratory classes in Chemistry and Zoology were upset.

Meanwhile, interest was shown by a large number of students who enrolled in B.S. Zoology and B.S. Botany, courses heretofore unknown and untapped.

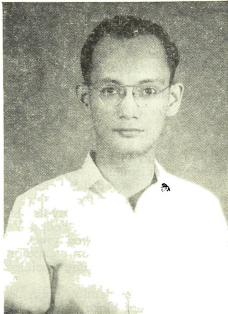
● **Trend For More Specialized Courses**

Preference by students for more specialized courses was one of the trends of enrolment observed by the Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. Reason for this new trend was known to be the unemployment plaguing graduates in general courses and the fresh supply of highly qualified lectures in specialized courses.

The trend for specialized courses had resulted to a corresponding decrease of enrolment in general courses.

● **Pre-Law Studes Protest Bureau Circular**

Second year Pre-Law students are set to petition for a reconsideration of the Bureau of Private Schools



EXPEDITO BUGARIN



Mrs. CARIDAD F. DRIS
Normal College Instructor
SSE Ed Pioneer at USC

● **New Science Instructors
in Liberal Arts**

Two new science instructors swelled the ranks of the College of Liberal Arts faculty staff. The new instructors are Mrs. Paulina Demery Pages and Mr. Bienvenido P. Marapao.

Mrs. Pages graduated with honors as Bachelor of Science in Agriculture from the University of the Philippines. She was an active member of UP's Phi Kappa Phi. From 1943 to 1950, she was an instructor first at UP's College of Agriculture, and later at UP's branch in Cebu. When the latter was closed, she became the head of the Biology Department of the University of the Visayas until recently.

Mrs. Pages has elicited praises as an inspiring and resourceful teacher in the different institutions where she taught. She is at present a candidate for M.S. in Botany at the state University.



Mrs. PAULINA DEMERRY PAGES
New Botany Instructor

memorandum number 25, s. 1953, increasing the units for graduation in Pre-Law from 71 to 77 or 79.

It was feared that the present crop of second year Pre-Laws will not be able to graduate this year unless they take summer classes. Their petition for reconsideration sought either the dropping off of the new requirements or the giving of overload to graduating students.

The new distribution of units by groups follows; English-18; Spanish-12; Laboratory Science Elective-10; Mathematics (1 & 4) -6; Social Sciences-27; and ROTC or PE-6 or 4.

In an interview with a reporter, Mr. Marapao, holder of a B.S. in Zoology degree from the University of Santo Tomas, was greatly impressed by the facilities extended to students taking science subjects. Classroom atmosphere in San Carlos U., according to him, is a welcome change from the other schools where he taught because "here, there is more orderliness and discipline." He scouted the over-emphasis on socials in other schools.

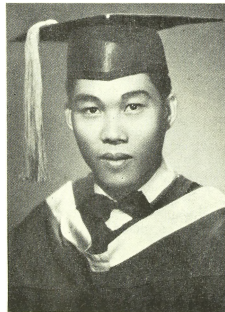
Mr. Marapao hails from Calape, Bohol. Before coming to USC, he had a two-year teaching stint with the Southwestern Colleges where he taught science subjects.

It is being hinted that Mr. Marapao maybe sent to UP on a scholarship grant where he will take post graduate studies. If plans will miscarry, he will go there on his own, he pointed out.

cente, a rebel candidate. The vice-presidential gavel for the first year was easily won by Mr. Barloleme C. de Castro who garnered the biggest majority of all with 39 votes against his rival's one vote.

The election had all the trimmings of any local political race. It was complete with walk-outs, political mudslinging, party caucuses, defections, intra-party squabbles and standard campaign harangues. In point of enthusiasm and thoroughness, this year's political spectacle surpassed all previous ones, observers disclosed.

After the elections, the victors were reportedly bucking down to

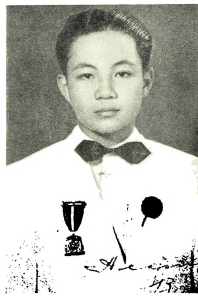


Mr. BIENVENIDO P. MARAPAO
New Zoology Instructor

● **Abasolo Wins Pre-Law
Presidency**

In a hotly-contested, three-cornered fight for the prized presidency of the Pre-Law first and second year class organization, Mr. Cristino Abasolo, Jr. emerged the victor with a comfortable majority of thirteen votes over his political rivals, Mr. Primitivo Lara and Mr. Felipe Verrallo. The election was preceded by a hectic, man-to-man campaigning conducted by the three political parties.

The Vice-presidential berth for the second year class went to Mr. Floridel Estorco who won by a very slim majority over Mr. Alfredo Vi-



Mr. CRISTINO ABASOLO, JR.
President
Pre-Law Class Organization

work while the presidential losers goodheartedly accepted the electoral verdict and announced their intention to cooperate to the full limit.

The other officers newly-elected are: Mercedes Gozo, Secretary-General; for the second year class: Nora Noel, Treasurer; Wilfredo Manzano, PRO; Manuel Monteclaros, Sgt.-at-arms; for the first year class: Zenaida Ty, Treasurer; Vicente Balbuena, PRO; Rodolfo Gonzalez, Sgt.-at-arms. The class adviser is Atty. Catalino Doronio.

Meanwhile, it was also learned that the Pre-Law Class Organization are formulating plans to hold an annual inter-departmental oratorical contest. The creation of forensic, debating and dramatic clubs is also receiving careful study and consideration.

● **Carredo-Quitorio Ticket Wins in USC Liberal Arts Poll**

The powerful combination of Ben Carredo and Buddy Quitorio, both seniors in USC's Department of Philosophy, carried the popular "Young Front" into a near 100% feat in a well-attended election meeting held at the audio-visual room last Thursday afternoon, July 16. The election, which was conducted *viva voce*, was presided over by Atty. Catalino Doronio. Results of the election follow:

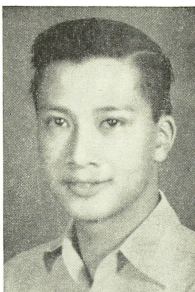
Ben Carredo, president; Buddy B. Quitorio, vice-president; Maria Delia Saguin, secretary; Rosario Teves, treasurer; Isabelita Allaro and Bernardo Bautista, Press Relations Officers; Pedro Varela and Angel Desquitado, Sgts.-at-arms. Elected Sweetheart of the College of Liberal Arts was beautiful Vicky Manguerra.

● **Pre-Med Elect Officers**

Mr. Francisco Japson, third year Pre-Med student, was recently elected President of the Pre-Med Class Organization after marshalling a slim majority of four votes in a neck-to-neck race for the presidency last July 10. Mr. Eduardo Caballangan, Japson's political rival, readily conceded his opponent's victory and pledged all-out cooperation for future activities the Pre-Med Organization may undertake.

Final tallies showed the following officers elected:

Mr. Reynaldo Echavez, Jr., Vice-President; Miss Elma Zapanta, Secretary; Miss Corazon Jimenez (Third Year), Miss Fely Manzano, (2nd Yr.), Miss Dulce Kintanar, (1st Yr.), Treasurers; Mr. Rene Saguin, PRO;



Mr. FRANCISCO JAPSON
President, Pre-Med. Organization

Mr. Julian Banzon, Mr. Alfredo de la Pena, and Jose Borja, Sgts.-at-Arms. Sweetheart of the Pre-Meds is Gracita Rodriguez.

● **Pre-Laws' Jaunt Successful**

For once, the USC Pre-Laws bade goodbye to stodgy volumes for a twofold bingle: to get acquainted with each other and to give a fitting send-off for departing Carolinian editor, Mr. Emilio B. Aller, an Smith-Mundt grant awardee. The Pre-Law acquaintance party was held in windy Miramar, Talisay, last July 28.

The whole affair turned out to be a whooping success, observers disclosed. With the Pre-Laws blowing the lid off the pack of proposed activities, the other class organizations are slated to follow suit.

Aside from the games, eating, swimming, and dancing which featured the day's activities, two well-participated contests were held, namely, the extemporaneous public speaking contest and the "Pmirilong Saguing" eating contest. In the first contest, the winners were Felipe Verallo, Jr., first prize; Bartolome C. de Castro, second prize; Vicente Balbuena, third prize. Mr. Verallo also walked away with the first prize in the eating contest. Two songbirds, Miss Mercedes Gozo and Miss Percy Olaco, each gave a vocal rendition.

Among the important guests who attended were: Very Rev. Albert van Ganswinkel, Rector; Rev. Enrique Schoenig, Dean, College of Liberal

Arts and Sciences; Rev. Bernard Wrocklage, Regent, College of Law; Rev. Joseph Jaschik, Girls' High School Director; Mrs. Bernardita Valenzuela; Dr. Fortunata F. Rodil; Miss Leonor Borromeo; Mr. Emilio B. Aller, the honoree; Mr. Ignacio Salgado, Mr. Francisco Morelos, Mr. Ariston Awitlan, Mr. Buddy K. Quitorio, "C" staffers; Cdt. Col. Demosthenes Gumaraog, Corps Commander, USC ROTC Corps.

The success of the affair was attributed to Atty. Catalino Doronio, one of the Deputy Governors of the Province, and Mr. Cristino Abasolo, Pre-Law Class President, and his staff of officers.

● **Pre-Nursing and Pre-Dental Students Organize**

In a lively election of officers to head the Pre-Nursing and Pre-Dental Class Organization for the present school year, the following officers were elected:

Angela Villalor, president; Clara Aparis, vice-president; Antonietta Gabuya, secretary; A. Estanislao, treasurer; S. Ceniza, ass't treasurer; Dattva Gorro, social manager.

An acquaintance party is scheduled to be held sometime after the mid-term exams.

Education

● **Extracurricular Plan Readied**

A set of extracurricular plans calculated to provide the students with maximum participation in the affairs of the College of Education was recently released by Rev. Fr. Lawrence W. Bunzel, S.V.D., Dean, College of Education. The plans include: (1) the immediate election of class officers; (2) the reorganization of the basketball team of the College; (3) declamation tilts; and (4) elaborate plans for the Fifteenth Anniversary celebration of the College of Education.

The press statement bared new class advisers and their respective advisory classes, viz: Senior Class, Mr. Alfredo Ordoña, Junior Class, Dr. Fortunata F. Rodil; Sophomore Class, Mr. Vicente Medalle; Freshman Class, Miss Gertrudes Ang.

Messrs. Vicente Espiritu and Vicente Medalle were slated to revitalize the basketball team of the College of Education, which has been reputedly one of the best teams of this university. The coaches were reportedly girding their plans

for the eventual capture of the coming Intramural championship.

The annual College of Education declamation contest, one of the biggest activities held annually, will receive the attention of Educator mentors, Mesdames Avelina J. Gil and Esperanza V. Manuel.

● Celebrate Fifteenth Anniversary Founding

The College of Education lately announced plans for the Fifteenth Anniversary Celebration of the founding of the College. Part of the elaborate program of activities was made known in a circular issued by Rev. Fr. Lawrence W. Bunzel, SVD, Dean of the College of Education.

The committee charged with the coordination of all celebration activities is composed of the following: Mr. Alfredo Odoña, asst. dean of the College of Education; Dr. Fortunata Rodili, Atty. Cornelio Faigao; Mrs. Caroline H. Gonzalez; and Mrs. Maria C. Gutierrez.

Partial plans called for a symposium on Education to be participated in by five speakers. The Dean of Education officially fixed the date of anniversary celebration on August 9, 1953.

Commerce

● Reports Biggest Enrolment

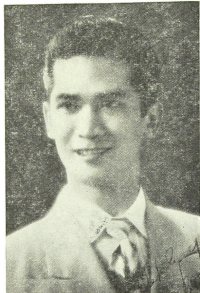
In point of plurality of students, the College of Commerce holds the distinction as the biggest college in the entire University, figures compiled at the Office of the College of Commerce Dean showed.

Mr. Lolito Gil Gozum, Dean of the College of Commerce, noted a 20% jump in enrolment. This fact was hailed by a great number of Commerce faculty members and students.

When queried about his plans the Dean intimated that he will leave much of the initiative and planning to the students themselves. His statement paved the way to the organization of a student council for the College of Commerce, it was indicated.

● Top-Flight Instructors with Commerce Faculty

Four top-flight instructors boosted the ranks of the College of Commerce faculty row, a recent press statement revealed. The new mentors are: — Mr. Sisenondo Buot, M.S.B.A.; Mr. Rizal Ortega, B.S.B.A.; Mr. Rulo Amores, C.P.A., B.S.C.; and Mr. Jose Tecson, M.S.B.A.



Mr. ALFREDO VEGA
JCC President

It maybe recalled that Mr. Buot was formerly manager of the Cebu Portland Cement and ex-dean of the College of Commerce of the then Visayan Institute. He is at present handling subjects in Economics and Business.

Mr. Ortega was formerly connected with the Colegio de San Jose as dean of the College of Commerce. He is presently assistant manager of the Rehabilitation Finance Corporation, Cebu Branch.

It was also learned that Mr. Tecson former dean of USC's College of Commerce, was until recently dean of the Cebu City Colleges. He is presently teaching subjects in finance and economics.

● FEU Campus Leader Holds Jaycee Presidential Reins

Mr. Alfredo C. Vega, former FEU campus leader, recently took the helm of the USC Junior Chamber of Commerce when the Jaycees unanimously offered to him on a silver platter the Jaycee Presidency last July 8.

The choice of president of the local Junior Chamber of Commerce, the highest-governing student body of the College of Commerce, drew a chorus of hearty commendations, it was learned.

The new prexy, upon assumption to office, promptly released a bold new program of extra-curricular activities for the whole college. The program envisages frequent educational tours of business firms, the enforcement of more rigid discipline

through a Student Court, a well-oiled coordination of all departments in the college, and participation at conferences of the Student Council Association of the Philippines. The program is well under serious consideration and study, the President stated.

The president's statement followed closely the announcement of Dean Lolito Gil Gozum of the College of Commerce which pointed out a program to let students and teachers plan together their own program of activities. This policy was hailed even by outside circles.

Mr. Vega hails from Manila. During his student days in the Far Eastern University, he was simultaneously President of the Institute of Accounts Student Council, and Grand Prefect of the Rho Omega Tau, a well-known fraternity in the FEU campus. Aside from those posts, he was formerly president of the United Youth Organization of the Philippines, FEU Chapter, treasurer of the University Student Council, and member of the Central Executive Board of the FEUSCO, auditor of the CONDA and the SCAP.

In a feature carried by FEU's *Advocate*, he was credited "to have placed his institute among the acknowledged leader-institutes in campus activities."

Other Officers elected were: Tancinco Antonino, first vice-president; Lim Suy An, second vice-president; Antonio Alvarez, third vice-president; Juan Ferrer, fourth vice-president; Consuelo Cantillas, fifth vice-president; Glorificacion Suma, general secretary; Febes Tan, general treasurer; Fe Hirang, George Guy, PRO's; Emeterio Alfuerto, auditor; Cirilo Sario, Benjamin Yrastorza, Sgt.-at-Arms.

● Gozum is Permanent Commerce Dean; Bares Policy

Mr. Lolito Gil Gozum, received recently his papers of appointment as permanent dean of the College of Commerce, a position which he had occupied in an acting capacity until recently. The appointment took effect last June 15, 1953.

In an interview with this reporter, the new Dean termed his appointment as "a greater opportunity to serve our dear USC." His main policy, he stated, is to provide a meeting of minds between students and teachers in the mapping out of plans and activities to be undertaken.

Missing
Page/s



The Mexican Dance. Presented by P. E. Students last May 30 at the USC Quadrangle.

umes in the USC library hit the 36,000 mark and swelled the number of magazine subscriptions to 130, Rev. Fr. Josef Baumgartner, USC Librarian, revealed.

The new book arrivals valued conservatively at P3,000.00 were personally bought by Fr. Baumgartner during his trip to Manila recently. More books are expected to arrive soon.

The Librarian pointed to the high prices of books and the dearth of book supply as the main reasons for the slow arrival of books for the library. Import control red tape, according to him completely hampered plans to buy books direct from the United States. But he indicated that he will make another try in importing books from U.S.A. and other countries.

● New Library Set-Up Noted

A new, convenient set-up in the USC main library, designed to place at the students' disposal as many books as feasible was reportedly nearing completion, according to a statement from the Office of the USC Librarian.

The new set-up consists of providing more open shelves to accommodate the ever-growing number of books of general interest which are presently receiving too little attention by the users. The plan calls for placing in the sections for

leisurely reading and reference all the books that can be possibly placed there.

Plans for the expansion of shelving space and research facilities of the Graduate School and Faculty Sections were being readied, it was further learned. The Librarian stated this major expansion program will take the main attention of his office.

Minor improvements in the Re-

tion of valuable clippings, manuscripts and other reading materials, the reporter disclosed.

● Librarian Bats for General Education; Outlines Policy Anew

Rev. Fr. Josef Baumgartner, USC Librarian, batted recently for education that "will develop the well-rounded man," in an interview with this reporter. He bewailed the students' tendency to stick to their own specialized courses and at the same time neglect other branches of knowledge.

He stressed anew his policy to develop the students' taste for classical fiction. In this connection, he termed the present literary taste of students as "none too good." He hit the preference of students for the modern, run-of-the-mill love stories — a tendency, he said, which may pamper the reader and thus, make him lose "appetite for real literary food."

On the other hand, he stated that "students should try to fill in

Girls dancing the La Jota E Moncada. Nice costumes and bright smiles.



ference Section are also due. To provide inducement for reading, guide books will be placed on display soon.

Meanwhile, the binding of old books, magazines, and pamphlets is progressing at a fast clip with the addition of the Binding Department to the USC Library. This department will facilitate the preserva-

tion of their own reading the holes which early specialization tends to leave in their general education." The USC Librarian, according to him, will cater to the students' demands on this line.

Physical Education

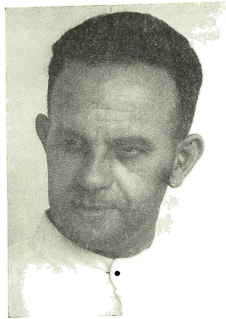
● Playground Demonstrations Presented

To mark the close of summer classes, P. E. students presented playground mass demonstrations last May 30 at the USC quadrangle. The affair had for its purpose to give public school teachers-summerians actual training in conducting such activities.

A select group of light-footed students danced a variety of dances which included the Alcamior Chinese Four Dance, Mexican Dance, Poldabal, and La Jota E Moncada. The masterful interpretation of a



On the balance beam . . . another of P. E. Students' presentation at the close of the summer classes.



Fr. JOSEPH GRAISY, SVD
Boys' High School
New Director

well-known native dance, "Cura-cha" by Eddie Pascual and Miss Rosal, both natives of Leyte where the dance originated, drew accolades from the public. The "balance beam exhibition" provided the top suspense-thriller of the whole show.

Music

● *Symphony, Band, Choir Reorganized*

In line with the policy to develop the students' taste for classical music, Rev. Fr. Joseph Graisy, SVD, Director of Music, set the wheels turning for the reorganization of the USC Symphony Orchestra, the USC Band, and the Choir.

Of the three music groups, the Orchestra will receive the top billing, the Director of Music stated. Concerts and public appearances are high on the list of plans. The Director of Music assessed their chances of success as "bright."

Under the baton of Mr. Candido Selerio, the USC band counts with 70 members while the Symphony Orchestra has 40 members. The choir is slated for church and special occasion purposes.

All future plans, according to the Music Director, will synchronize with the avowed aim to develop the students' liking for classical music.

● *Offer Music Courses*

The USC music school threw its doors wide open when it offered recently music courses in Piano,

Voice, and any wind instrument, the music department announced.

Under the directorship of Rev. Fr. Joseph Graisy, Ph.B., the faculty staff is composed of Mrs. Lourdes Perez Sala for piano and voice courses; Mr. Vicente Abellon for violin; and Mr. Candido Selerio for wind instruments.

Enthusiastic response to the new music courses was gauged by the great number of students enrolled in the music school. It was further learned that music is also offered as a vocational course in third year high school.

● *Mull Plans for Conservatory of Music*

The Director of Music set 1953-54 as the target date for the opening of the Conservatory of Music. Meanwhile, long-range projects are being undertaken preparatory to the opening of the Conservatory, the Director announced.

The announcement came close to the purchase of one piano, P2,500.00 worth musical instruments, Band uniforms and music pieces valued at P1,500.00 and P300.00, respectively. Four new rooms were also added to accommodate the growing number of music students.

● *Bandmaster to Study at UST Conservatory*

A plan is afoot to send Mr. Candido Selerio, USC Bandmaster, to Manila for further study of wind instrument-playing at the UST Conservatory of Music, it was learned.

His study and expenses will be borne by the University, according to the Music Director when queried about this matter. He will be away for about a month or two.

High School

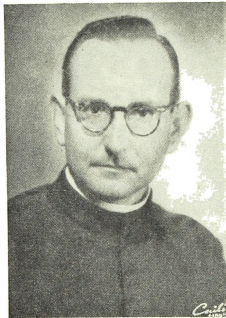
● *Boys' High School Sports New Look: Fr. Graisy New Director*

Innovations in roofing and painting of USC's Boys' High School were completed in a P12,000.00-project this summer, the Office of the Boys' High School Director revealed.

Meanwhile, Rev. Fr. Joseph Graisy, Ph. B. took over permanently the directorship of the Boys' High School which he held temporarily during the second half of last year. New plans for improvement are due to be revealed later.

● *Girls' High Has New Director*

The directorship of the Girls' High School Department changed



Fr. JOSEPH JASCHIK, SVD
Girls' High School
New Director

hands recently when Rev. Fr. Joseph Jaschik, SVD, became the new Girls' High School Director vice Rev. Fr. Jose Lazo who is now parish priest of Espiritu Santo Parish, Manila.

Fr. Jaschik was formerly Director of USC's Dumanjug branch for five years. Up to the time of his return to USC, he was assigned to Laoag, Ilocos Norte.

In an interview with this reporter, the new Director stated he contemplates no new plans and that he will toe closely the policy of Rev. Fr. Edward Norton, former Director now on study-leave.

Miscellaneous

● *Carolinian Editor U.S. Bound*

A U.S.I.S. press release recently appeared in the Cebu City doilies carrying word of a U.S. travel grant awarded to Mr. Emilio B. Aller, **Carolinian** Editor-in-Chief. The heartening news reportedly threw the whole editorial staff into jubilation even as felicitations from countless students, professors, and teachers continued to pour in unabated.

The Smith-Mundt travel grant, part of the U.S. Exchange-of-Persons program, will afford the **Carolinian** head to observe American youth movements, and student press activities abroad. He will be away for a period of three months with travel expenses and per diems to be paid by the U.S. government.

Caroliniana

(Continued from page 2)

The "liberator" of Cebu's alleged neo-terrorists and would-be terrorists, allegedly terrorizes in effect his own "beloved" step-mother. The "kernel" who has ordered to arrest the second Leason (In dis kerner) got bawled out this sweet: "Get do Hell outa here!"...

It has come to pass that the Korean affair originally intended to stop Communist international aggression turns into a wholesale sell-out to the Reds in the guise of **truce** which may yet mean **trash**. Memories of the Munich sell-out must be that sweet to encourage the allied diplomats to sell out some more in their blind desire to barter the peace for a short-lived worthless **trash**... France's Christine Martel, the new Miss Universe, **don't want no boys for the present**: she only wants to act in the movies and eat (yumyum) dishes a la France. Buddy remarked gruffly: "Dat so?"...

... And it has come to pass that some people gets green-eyed at other people's good luck they could not sleep of **nites** thinking of their badly beaten and deflated egos. When the lucky guys meet them, their mugs contort into shades of belaboredly uncooked grins that betray **bitterly bitter** envious hearts, tchh, tchh! It would seem that the foxes are confronted with inviting but unattainable, (and therefore), sour grapes which **they never even have the chance of ever tasting**. Their malady beats EQ's burser, tummy ulcers, in that it curls up double in their insides, they had to spit out nasty epithets to the four winds if only to relieve themselves....

... And this litany of symptoms are **Humaniana** which has always been in the black and white of the human heart ever since Adam and Eve legged it out of Eden. One lighter **Humaniana** symptom which has become **Caroliniana** in vogue has been the result of Homer's bugs having bitten the propensities of the majority of our staffers. Currently their pens drip with sentiment and self-pity. Melodramatic, they have become! "**Ay naku!**" coos a coo-ed.

We dished it out profusely even if you did not like the idea of our taking off the lid from a lot of nauseating, stinking garbage. **But now that we dunnit and you may not like the way we dunnit**, how far can a student press be free? Shall it only be free not to sound off freely? You have your answers. But we have ours tucked in Magna Cartas, constitutions, bills of rights, manifestos, statutes, and plain horse-sense, if down-right common sense won't do. **Gowan, think!** (Similarities to OWK's own version of yappy-yapping is purely coincidental and never intentional. Dissimilarity might be that we are more civil to women than he is not.)

THIS NUMBER —

We did not think we could pen down some four editorials. But the pen gets itchy at proper times, so that having been given the proper inspiration to write, we were even itching to write more, if space were more accommodating.

It has been said that to have a wish is to admit of imperfection. That is perfectly right. But when we **wished** for more space, we already, and have always, admitted in the past our own imperfections, human that we are. So why **wish** to be perfect when it is impossible to be so without the grace of God properly intervening? For by anybody so **wishing**

to be perfect, in the **wishing** alone to be perfect, succumbs to imperfection.

And because we are but humans, we cannot help but **wish**, and we take occasion to **wish** for the revival of the Student Council, after **wishing** Father Rector a very pleasant welcome back home to San Carlos. We are **wishing** that he grant his approval, out of the goodness of his heart, for the revival of a very much overlooked student privilege. We beg his indulgence to consider, this desire of the majority of USC's population.

The Father Rector, on his arrival from abroad, opened his heart to all. He is glad to be back to San Carlos. It was his wish to be back sooner in spite of the **Thrills of Travel** he now writes about, which we designate as the **piece de resistance** of this special issue. The thrills that travel brings can only be approximated. But the real thing can only be poignantly experienced in the mind and heart of the person travelling. And yet, the vividness of his narration makes you feel that you were with him in his globe-girdling. We hope we can do a thing or two like it if our scheduled chance to go abroad will not hit a snag somewhere. Say, Bud, are we really going abroad? Says Bud: "Everytime and anytime we like it, by vicarious experience."

VNL beams about the free scholarships until now not granted to staffers of this mag. Armed with sarcasm barbed with wit, he dishes out gripes unlimited.

And here comes Jake Verle, the quondam radio announcer and actor now turned into law student and virulent dissenter. More facets evolved by his ebullient character are that of budding crusader and on-coming knight-in-shining-armor. And his pen and tongue are decidedly mighty. With fancy phrases, he bewails the sad plight of **Aling Filipinas**, victim of many a politico's ulterior motives and shady deals, grovelling from the effects of the indignities committed against her by her own spoiled, mercenary and ruthless children.

Jake exudes with exuberant energy and flares up with righteous indignation at people in public life who need to be told any concerned citizen's piece of mind via tongue-lashing and pen-slashing. The true spirit of the genuine Filipino youth perks up in his column, braving the ire of elders who may not like his language. He dishes out a lot of common sense, guilelessly unperturbed because confident, and rightly so, that he is right.

Once in a while, good fortune comes our way. Perhaps a gentle rain from heaven. But virtually, this time, a gentle rain from heaven falls into our midst. **Rosario Teves**, one of our brand-new literary eds came, saw and conquered us. With her pen, of course. (What else do you expect, eh, Bud?) **Best Friend** is only her initial vehicle, but she already bags a higher-chair in the staff with it. Atta-girl, Rose, er, Charito, er, Charing, er, Inday, er, we give up! (She didn't bother giving us her nickname).

But **Best Friend** is told in smooth flowing language, you'll be inclined to believe the author is an old hand at writing. The Staff is honored with her pen.

(Continued on page 58)

Daddy Knows

(Continued from page 11)

Shocking, simply unforgivable! But Patsy had only to flutter her bone-to-long eyelashes and to look mischievously into Ven's susceptible eyes which were already profusing with tears, and the next minute he was turning his pencil on the painted wall and came up with: "PATSY POISONED VEN — SEPTEMBER 1, 1947." Patsy got away with a sweeny charge of murder — peacefully!

* * *

Sultry afternoons drove Patsy and me under the shady tamarind tree. The place gave a very intimate view of the mountains and the broad blue sky. She particularly loved this place because she said it sent her nearer heaven and earth at the same time.

"You're romantic, Pat!"

"I know. Well — speaking about being romantic — Here's a letter I had this morning. It's from Manny. Read!"

As I pulled out the letter from the envelope, petals of Everlasting fell out. She gathered them carefully back to the envelope.

"...and we surely missed our sensitive Addinsell enthusiast. There is not one of us here who can play the "Warsaw" so well... and you know, Pat, I was scolded by the student-teacher. I kept on staring at her, I didn't hear she asked me to recite. "Poor Manny" they said. She looked very much like you..."

Good grief, Pat, he's falling for you!"

"Ditto here." Patsy admitted readily, tapping her left breast dramatically with the tips of her finger.

"But I can't... I mean you're still..."

"A child?"

"I'm sorry, Pat!"

"You don't have to sound apologetic. He is one reason why I'm here. I would not have met you, Let." She tried to smile and I was not much comforted. "Dad wants me to be a doctor. I think I can tackle it too. It would mean years, Let, and Taboo on Manny. I could see their reason. They're all so good to me, Dad and Mom and the rest. I just can't afford to fail them. They've looked up to me as some sort of an ideal dropped out of the blue — and I'm afraid they'll have to be disappointed one day. That's what price glory, to me. They

thought being away for a while would let me forget. I hope I will."

"Judging from what Miss Cordeira said, you are forgetting, Pat. Being the valedictorian in this High School means devotion only to books, lectures, books, and more books."

"I doubt that."

* * *

Patsy became a regular letter-writer since she went back to Manila four years ago. She's enrolled in the College of Medicine now. Her letters send me to side-splitting laughter. They're the kind that one loves to read three or more times without their being "love-letters." But one of her latest, caught me off-guard.

"...Manny is back from Pasadena. I ought to be happy but I'm not. I've tried not to mention his name or even to think about him. For doing this, I make the folks at home pet me more. You even envy me for that. I've learned by this that nobody could ever be perfectly happy in this life. One has to have privations one way or the other. Manny is waiting for my decision. He's going back to the States. He has a job there that pays him big, quite bigger than I had imagined he was worth.

"I'm going to send my Dad a long night-letter and collect. Just to show them I'm still a young woman not a mere medical student..."

Latest letter:

"...if only Dad and Mom would outrightly object to him, maybe I would be sure about what to do. I wish they would turn raving mad at me... Manny took my words like a real man. I know Dad will be proud of him... but later. Meanwhile, I'll still have to remain their darling bundle of mischief. An item for income-tax exemption!"

FILIPINAS

(Continued from page 6)

* WHAT, HERE, TOO?

During the elections of class officers in the College of Law here, drinks and eats became the by-word of the voters. The result was healthy.

So, if you want to win as prexy, take it from me, you buy 'em all; if the rule doesn't change, you'll be prexy. Otherwise, you may console yourself with the thought that the rest of us still have our prerogatives that you can't usurp that easily.

Dawn Was

could recall fond moments. There was that oftentimes recalled memory of his conversation with Lina right after graduation from high school.

"Bert, I'm afraid Tatay Sebio may know we are engaged. This will irk him. He wants me to graduate from the four-year Nursing Course before I can ever entertain any proposal."

"But Lina, we shall not marry now. I'm still studying as you are. Tatay Tonio wants me to study in U. P. You know, I love music and I wish to be a great musician."

"But Bert..."

"Never worry Ling, four years from today, we'll be graduating, if God permits. We'll marry after that. And before that, I'll help your Tatay watch over you, look after you and inspire you."

"But you're going to a city where many..."

"You mean girls? Don't be that crazy. I have given up everything for you."

"But a playboy like you..."

"There, again... don't you trust me?"

"Of course, Bert, yes, I'll wait for you — for your return."

That was long before the war was declared. Before Tio Tonio died of malaria. And after that, Roberto had worked tooth and nail to support his studies in college. He graduated, and had renewed his plans to marry Lina three years later. But, unfortunately the war was declared and he had returned.

It is easy to hope, easier to wish; but to Roberto, it was the easiest to dream. He oftentimes dreamt of Lina — and Lina alone. He could only dream of her because he knew that he was not yet in a position to marry her. He must be prepared for the needs of matrimony first before he could ever mention marriage to Lina.

A day was over... a night... many days and many nights... then... years. Bert continued his everyday-routine on his little farm. General MacArthur had returned! US aid came pouring into the Islands. The liberation of all of the Philippines was in the offing.

Life became brighter for the Filipinos. Time had to change as circumstances made them. The change was assuaging, comforting.

The smell of liberation was a relief to a be-nighted person — to a mother who craved for her son to

Breaking (Continued from page 15)

return from the battlefields, to a wife whose aching arms awaited a husband's homecoming, to a farmer who wished that life would become a bit easier, and to the soldiers who dreamed of victory and the fighting to cease. And part by part the Islands were liberated, and signs of the new peace were already in hand.

In that barrio of Gasa, the people were rejoicing. A dance was held at the house of the Barrio Lieutenant in honor of guerrilla and American officers. Lina, one of the prides of the barrio losses, was invited to attend. A lot of the officers of the liberation forces attended. Capt. Richard Nell was one of them enjoying the dance that lasted past 2:00 o'clock in the morning.

Lina seemed not to mind the lateness of the hour. What suited her fancy were the attentions showered upon her, and later, the proposal of Capt. R. Nell to marry her. Attracted by the glowing bars attached to his collar and the pistol hanging on his right hip, Lina chose to forget all about Roberto. Capt. R. Nell was suddenly all that she cared for.

The following day, she wrote Roberto a letter of separation. She did every means to avoid meeting him again. As far as she was concerned, Roberto was not as dashing as Capt. Nell. Roberto was out.

She hated to recall the pledge of love that once she vowed to Roberto. Capt. R. Nell became her one world, her one thought, her one obsession. Roberto could rot in his fields, for all she cared.

Roberto soon understood everything between Lina and Capt. Nell. He felt he was robbed but at the same time he could not blame anybody. Not even Lina.

Speechless, motionless, broken-hearted, yet, thoughtful, Roberto stretched his legs on a bamboo bed one sultry evening. Thoughts crowded into his mind. Alone in his room, in the lonely darkness he bit his lips and tried to assuage the sharp pang of his aching heart. "Cruel... Lina... yet, I can't hate you... I love you," he mumbled under his breath.

The clock chimed twelve. But he kept recalling fond moments.

"You made me love that piece. It haunted me every night while you were away. Won't you play it for me again, Bert?" (Cont'd on page 64)

Where's Charlie?

(Continued from page 38)

ministration. It was a lot of hulla-balo but we love it anyway, though we are on the losing end — cripes!

Well, it's quite dark already but we can't call it quits yet, not after the day's schedule — we got to have some fun too. We usually end up in "Bull Sessions" under the huge water tank. **Cdt. Felix Ruiz** is always a sucker for a song. But don't let them "push you around too much," eh, Phil? Here's a guy who can raise the roof with his mule-opera. **Cdt. Julian Evangelista** baritones with fervor and terror, his "Ottomobiles" (But we sure got scared when a moro aboard the same ship that took us to Manila started chattering like a machine-gunner after we pitched in with "Ottomobile," led by Julian, sometime around midnight! Whew, we were aloud there was going to be a "Huramentado.")

A lot of other guys are at the concessioner's too. Ten cents worth of peanuts can get you in conversation with Lily. But over at Chayon's counter, it's got to be 30 cents, for "Halo-halo." "Well, they're girls, the only ones in our lives (uh, uh... take it easy, Roger)... at least in our camp," says **Cdt. Rogelio de la Serna**. Hey, look! No wonder we heard somebody talking like a moro. **Cdt. Solomon Riveral** is scaring the daylights out of those "Able" and "Baker" boys. Eh, "pagari!"

The artillery basketball team is practicing with the Engineers in a night game. Triggered by old U.S.C. stalwarts, **Cdts. Evaristo Sargardui, Vicente Dionaido, Amado Rubi and Francisco Arriola**, the "Charlie" cagers, who practically formed the "charge 5" of the ATU first team, are showing the Manila boys their "super-luze-quick" brand of basketball. (They finally knocked out from the running all the rest of the other battalions in a clean slate during the Inter-Battalion Intramurals to take the championship — and the trophy to the ATU camp, 5th battalion. Incidentally, the ATU volleyball team also won the Volleyball championship.)

Back at the barracks, some of the boys are writing letters in front of pictures. Speaking of pictures, some guys simply keep staring at them, like pictures of **Armi Kusela** which they bought at the Philippines' International Fair and using polaroid glass they used in seeing 3-D

films in downtown Manila (They're trying to see her in three dimensions too!) Gosh, we did not know **Miss Universe** is cheap... why, her pictures only cost a dime each! And you could make a bargain for a dozen. But too bad, we missed her... "Why, if **Armi** had seen me first," says **Cdt. Loy Bernardo**. "Gil could've been out of the picture!"

Cdt. Daniel Aguas, incidentally, our battery representative, has just arrived from his nightly chore — massaging our battery commander, **Capt. Cesar Campo**. (Actually, he had been in six or seven accidents already. The last one being the gunshot wound in his leg, which accounts for his limping and consequently, the need for massage.) Why, the Captain liked it so much the first time **Danny** tried it that he has to call for **Danny** ever since. Poor guy, he needs to rest right away, but how the heck can he when just next beside him, **Cdt. Enemecio Solon** is talking incessantly. Then **Cdt. Evangelio Lao** keeps moving up on the upper deck — on top of **Danny**!

At 9:45 P.M., the bugle sounds call to quarters. And finally, taps comes at 10:00 o'clock... lights out and everybody is in bed — except the guards.

The guards, with lack of sleep and plenty of mosquitoes, are always on the alert. Maybe just in case the "Thing" shows up. **Cdt. Rodrigo Tumalak** had just read about the "Thing" in a Manila newspaper and he has to guard tonight. "Brr... gives me the creeps just trying to figure out what the 'Thing' is," says he. It bites too, Rod!

Ho-hum... everything seems to be quiet now. Yep, everybody must be sleeping now. Oh, oh there goes **Cdt. Arsenio Velez**, the guy who talks in his sleep right in the middle of the night! And he does it every night, too. Brother! He wouldn't want to be in his shoes if he ever sleeps in the house of his mother-in-law. You'll never know what he'll talk about!

Well, oh! well that ends well, and before we know it there goes the whistle again!

NOTE:

To **Cdt. Orlando Israel**: (our lone "Casualty" — left behind and recuperating at the V. Luna Army Hospital).

We hope you come home soon. Somebody is waiting for you.

What is Russian Communism?

(Continued from page 17)

ted that he was a Communist (he later became editor-in-chief of a revolutionary Communist daily published in Hungarian in New York). The following is part of his testimony; his answers were given in reply to questions proposed by Mr. Eslick.

Mr. Eslick: You would go to the extent of using force and violence the same as they did in Russia when the Russian provisional government was overthrown and the Communists took control?

Mr. Bebrits: I cannot imagine a revolution without the same methods as the Russian workers and farmers used.

Mr. Eslick: If your idea of the new state would come into being at once, a change from our form of government to the Soviet form of government, would you pay the

The Above Doctrine Brutally Applied in Russia

In the fifth chapter of this book I showed how frightfully this doctrine of expropriation was put in force against the kulaks and how cruelly the plan of establishing kolkhozes was executed. Of course, in Ruscomism "morality" there is no such precept as "Thou shalt not steal."

In 1929 the U.S.S.R. determined to force all the peasants into collective farms, where they would be under absolute state control.

The entire class of kulaks were expropriated. They and their families numbered several millions. All their property was forcibly taken and they were put as so many sheep or cattle on to freight trains and sent off to work as slaves in timber camps, mines, canals, rail-

Does Expropriation Abrogate Classes?

Only those who are woefully ignorant of Soviet conditions labor under the delusion that the expropriation of property owners has abrogated class distinction and that there are no longer any distinct classes in the U.S.S.R.

Those who have read Mr. John Fischer's interesting book, *Why They Behave Like Russians*, will surely not accuse him of being prejudiced against Russia; rather, I think, some readers will consider him somewhat biased in favor of the U.S.S.R. Yet he writes: "when an American speaks of classes he usually is thinking of differences in living standards, education, and social standing. Class distinctions in this sense do exist in the U.S.S.R., sometimes to even greater degree than in the United States. (No Russian denies this fact, although American Communists occasionally do. Moreover, class privileges are created by the government itself, frankly and deliberately, as one of the main tools for enforcing its policies. (bold-face mine.) They run through every aspect of Soviet life, from the distribution of power down to the handing of theater tickets.

"There is a venerable Russian legend about the master who got an astonishing amount of work out of his serfs by using two means of persuasion — a cookie and a whip. The moral has not been forgotten. Today Soviet rulers are using the same carefully-balanced combination of rewards and punishments to squeeze the greatest possible effort out of their weary subjects." (pp. 91 and 92.)

Eugene Lyons tells us that "there are rich and poor, educated and ignorant, just as there are in non-Soviet lands." (*Everyday Life Under The Soviet System*, p. 5.) And he states — what has likewise been expressed by so many other students of the U.S.S.R. system — that, after all, it matters not to the working man whether he is laboring for the State or a private corporation, whether he is working for a private landlord or the government, when all he gets personally are his own wages or his own small portion of the farm produce. The fact that property owners have been expropriated does not mean all that now "all things are in common and equally shared."

MEMO TO PRESS RELATIONS OFFICERS OF ALL USC ORGANIZATIONS

In consonance with our desire to have a thorough coverage of all campus doings, we kindly request the Press Relations Officers of the different campus organizations, clubs and sororities to make frequent news reports or press statements to the CAROLINIAN.

It is further requested that all Press Relations Officers must see the CAROLINIAN clerk for proper registration.

All news reports, tips, or press statements maybe sent or delivered personally to Mr. Joe de la Riente at the Office of the Dean, College of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

— EDITOR

landowner and the merchant and the other property owner anything for his holdings?

Mr. Bebrits: The landowner, the property owner, will not get anything. I hold that property owning, in my opinion, is the result of robbing generations of the people.

Mr. Eslick: You would take away lands, merchandise, banking?

Mr. Bebrits: Yes.

Mr. Eslick: You would make no compensation whatever to the owner?

Mr. Bebrits: No.

Mr. Eslick: But suppose the capitalist class and individual corporations refused to give it up, then how would you take it away from them except by force?

Mr. Bebrits: All revolutions are working by force.

Mr. Eslick: And you would go to the extent of killing him in order to take his property, would you not, if it became necessary?

Mr. Bebrits: I guess he will be wiser than to say he will stand and get killed.

way construction, etc. This despotic act of the Soviet government terrorized the other peasants to accept collective farming, for anyone who opposed the new system could be denounced as a kulak and dragged off to slave labor.

"Ever since that time," writes W. H. Chamberlin, "the Soviet economic system, latuouly described as 'economic democracy' by liberal commentators in other lands, has rested on a base of mass slavery. (bold-face mine.) The kulaks were not the only victims of this system. Nationalist discontent among the Ukrainians and the peoples of the Caucasus and Central Asia, economic discontent among the prosperous Cossacks of the Don and Kuban valleys, in south-eastern Russia, was repressed with the aid of mass sentences to exile at hard labor." (*Communism Means Slavery*, p. 6) And that's the unspeakably vile system that Ruscomism wish to introduce into the good old U.S.A. and other free countries!

USC Cagers Reign in McKinley Tilt

(Continued from page 40)

team. Additional cagers from San Carlos were: Boy Rubi, Paking Ariola (both former varsity cagers), D. Aguas, and R. de la Serna. They were reinforced by six other hoopmen from the "Able" and "Baker" batteries. Latonio and Flores of the latter batteries supplied the brawn and brawl to make things complete. Coaching the team was Captain Perez. Captain Francisco Casintahan, Battalion CO, was manager. The latter supplied the uniforms and cases of beer and booze as "refreshments" and his stern voice lifted the morale of the Cannoneers.

Their initial encounter was against the Unit VI aggregation. This unit was the toughest customer in the list for most of its crew were members of the Mapua Institute of Technology varsity team and currently NCAA leaguers. They had Berting Yratorza and Socrates Pilapil as their mainstays both of whom were former USC high school stalwarts. But in the long run they found themselves ousted by the determined Unit V. The game ended with Unit VI holding the dirty end of the stick. Score: 34-32.

The next dish on the menu was Unit III. The Howitzer lads clowned their way into merry 49-34 victory over the ill-starred Rifle unit.

Unit II offered a short-lived opposition to the rebellious Cannoneers in the last quarter. The latter was so over-confident in the first three quarters that an upset would have been inevitable had it not been for the labors of Skippah Sagardui and the spectacular drive-ins by Dionaldo. Final Score: 46-30.

The best contender for the Artillerers was the Unit I speedsters. It fielded a strong wall of basketeers with Godoy and Lobregat of Letran spearheading. The score seasawed from all starts and one couldn't tell who'd come out as victors. Godoy was off form... one could easily see that... but he created so much harum-scarum during the whole route that to turn your back on him for a split second might cost Unit V the game. So, Ili Sagardui was assigned by Generalissimo Perez to put Godoy in a straitjacket... he did well, and Godoy looked like a wet chicken in hot summer. But there was Lobregat to be taken care

of yet. He was a pain in Unit V's neck. Initing Dionaldo put the kibosh on him ably assisted by Boy Rubi and sometimes Latonio or Santos, taking turns. From there on, the travel was smooth... bothered occasionally by sporadic attacks

Sink It In

(Continued from page 20)

FROM LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA COMES.....

this AP report: "Tall, blonde Nancy Petraborg of Seattle, Washington was just beginning her strut down the run-way in the finals of the Miss U.S. beauty contest. Sud-

Department of Public Works and Communications BUREAU OF POSTS Manila

SWORN STATEMENT (Required by Act No. 2589)

The undersigned, EMILIO B. ALLER, Editor-in-Chief, of *The Carolinian* (title of publication), published six times a year (frequency of issue), in English and Spanish (language in which printed), at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City (office of publication), after having been sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2589, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1953, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibited to me his Res. Cert. No. A-1549482, issued at Cebu City, on January 14, 1953.

(Spd.) FULVIO G. PELAEZ
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Until December 31, 1954

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from Godoy and Lobregat. Final tab: 52-46.

Unit IV, their last meat on the dish, were pushovers. The usual slapsticks of Boy Rubi and Paking Ariola were too much for the crowd of riflemen. This was a clean victory for the Cannoneers. Score: 58-42.

Coch Perez deserves a separate and hard pat on the back for his damning tactics and timely replacements. Manager-Captain Francisco Casintahan had the proudest chest in the whole training unit for having not only the best cannoneers in the whole area, but also the best basketeers.

In June 4, 1953, Captain-ball Evaristo Sagardui marched proudly up the platform to receive a shiny trophy in behalf of his victorious team and the entire artillery unit from Colonel Tirso Fajardo, vice commander of PATC.

denly, she broke her stride and began clutching at her hoop skirt. Her slip was slipping... After the necessary repairs, she completed the walk amid tumultuous applause.

That's news to prospective Silvana Manganos and Armi Kuuselas. By the way, folks, "Universes" are getting business-like these days. A Jaquar can make a contract.

A TIP FOR "UN-FILIPINIZED" PHARMERS....

after hearing of USC aliens disqualified from the Board Exams, *Omicron Weekly's* Editor, Rosita Ty, penned: "Anyone of you not yet 'Filipinized'? Better hunt down, or better still, grab a hubby who's a genuine P.I. citizen. Act, act before it's too late for the Board exams! Sabes?"

There's a matrimonial safari coming. That's some strategy the ROTC tacticians missed.

RT is a new find. But here comes another one with a kaleidoscopic pen. That **Daddy Knows** all the answers motivates her short story. **Lilia Cinco**, the new literary ed herself, beams with homely charms pleasing to the eye. We just can imagine her homesickness while reading between her lines.

In person, this new staffer is a soft-spoken conversationalist. She is a scion of the **Cinco's** of optical fame. The way she writes, we blamed ourselves not to have been able to invite her into the staff earlier.

The lines of poetry already overflowing on pages 8 and 9 overflows further on page 10. With our poets mushy with love, love and more love, this issue drips with it. With only an exception: **Pat Castellano's Freedom Gleams**. But then it also deals about love: of country, though. **Apawitan, Jr.** awakens. To what? It must be quite wide-eyedly a rude **AWAKENING**. **Bart de Castro**, new nose news ed, must be good at secret interludes. He waxes romantic about **The Tysl**. Pat, too, exudes with emotion over a happy event. He must be imagining about his own in the future. Say, Pat, is that **The Answer?** The **Devotion** the lucky one gets from beauteous **Elsa Valmonte** should be a heaven on earth. She just pours all her heart and soul into her lines which must be inspired by every particular him. **Elsa** is a new staff-member.

The **Shortest Love Story** may look short when told in new-angled poetry. But we doubt if love can be that short-winded. **We wrote it, and yet we are confused ourselves**. But that being so, we vouch for Dovegion as having no peer in confusing people. However, Filipinos may not have liked to be confused, it seems, so that **JGV** took a powder and left for America for keeps some time years ago. Americans seem to like being confused by a human with a tri-animal personality: the **dove**, the **eagle** and the **lion**. The lion may be ours too by coincidence, ha-ha, but what's in a name? But yes, it seems that our name has already confused two dainties in the literary section, we would like to meet and explain up to, if we are not only too **shyly introvertible** in our moods. So, what's the use? We better be a mystery, an enigma, a question mark, forever amber . . . er, alter. (Bud, s.o.s.)

No, Never, we say. But don't make that bamboozle you into submission. We only pretend to be poets, although we may only qualify as poetasters. And yet don't blame us for not trying. **It's better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.**

Who can be assured against **Betrayal?** **Ria Raruzta** seems to be sure about herself. She would not listen to this whole deceiving conceited world. The more she is admired for her unshakable faith in the purity of her heart and the understanding naivete of her presentiments.

NGR comes in again with a resounding admonition to all **sirens** who should ever thought they are in love. The dashing attorney must be in love again, **as always**. Wonder, wonder, wonder! (Herbie: "Do you really wonder?")

What? This guy shows up in the most impossible of places. Call the cops, er, the hunting dogs: here comes the **wolf** in person, er, pardon us, he-he-he, it's only **Buddy**. We thought the **wolf** in person was on a **First Date**. (Tummy quip: ". . . must be the first hundredth date, rather, for the **polydater**."

Now for a touch of good old conventional poetry. **Lex Eamiguel** of the College of Law obliges us, not to groan and sigh, and weep and whimper. Another good man gone wrong, perhaps. Love, how many some persons have been inveigled into your clutches! What happens to him may happen to you. We don't say it did not happen to us before. Tchik, tchik. Suffering pulsations in pathetic words! (Jesse Vestil overheard and gave out with: "suffering cats'!") Anyhow, **Emotional Enigma** is in.

Delia's Column is still going strong. But the poems are trying to steal the thunder out of her chatter-box. Still, she stands on her own as the inveterate gossip-monger of this campus. But look ye and hold on to yer laurels, **Dels**. Here comes **Brenda Starr**, er, **Esmero** out to outsmart you yet even if she be one of the exchange eds only. For an initial bow, **Brenda** debuts with **Brezing Away**. She doesn't dwell long on any topic, but treats trifles and sundry a trifle too briefly. Just like a refreshing breeze that comes and goes, but always welcome again. And, what do you know, the new columnist is a mesmerizer with her looks. Ask the **CEGS** members for effect.

Awitan, Jr. tries his hand at anything — the tireless learner. In his poem he awakens; and his short story specifies the time: when **Dawn** was **Breaking**. And he still has the energy for his **Roving Eye** to roll over exchanges for possible subjects of repartees he uses as material for his column.

Crisostomo B. Torres has **Pebbles for Memories** of his poignant boyhood. Take a gander and notice a style all his own. He makes the grade with this initial try.

So does **Necisio Ilago** make it with his first try riding on the pathos of his **Melodrama on Torn Socks**.

Love of Wisdom is a must to those who would like to become savants. Incidentally **Ben Carredo** is angling for an A.B. degree in Philosophy.

Sink It In seeped into a flower of a column. Thanks to our new News Ed in the person of **Bartolome C. de Castro**. We were sure he could deliver the goods. This is the first time **Castro** is with **The Carolinian** although he was last year's big boss of the **Jr. Carolinian**. But he is earning spurs so soon. He writes with wisdom, wit and humour, it is unlikely readers would pass him up in this and future issues. **Pat Castellano's Sizin 'Em Up** gives how much it can in granting our pages. On being asked why so many columns and columnists, we retorted: "Not **5th** columnists, mind you; but the more columnists we have, the merrier."

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Editorials

(Continued from page 3)

look irresponsible. Most have got a lot of extra energy which they try to get rid of in spectacular antics, pseudo-moronic histrionics and ineluctable boisterousness. So much so that they look like clowns and buffoons minus the paint, baggy outfit and tinkling bells but more scurrilous than them.

The impressions upon observers brought about by such clowning figures are diverse. One from a broad-minded observer is judicious amusement and applause for their keen sense of humour. But pity some narrow-minded inconspicuous who are prone to hastily conclude that such students act silly and ridiculous, and therefore, incapable of thinking right about anything.

But it is about time that these elders understand youth in students. They ought to overhaul their misleading psychology on students and their thinking powers. Time is up that they wake up to the fact that students' minds are more cultivated than that of the average citizen, and that, on the average too, students are more informed and enlightened about things and events going on in this city, in this country and in this world yesterday and today. That including the new-fangled antics and histrionics they have learned in films, books and comics. And if given the right guidance, the warm inspiration, the wise leadership and the necessary impetus, their extra energy can be funnelled into better use. Knowing these, student opinion should be looked up to with more consideration and regard.

Furthermore, the students of today are the leaders of tomorrow. It is but in order that their well-balanced ideas and opinions about the present order of things as we see them around us be read, heard and mulled upon rather than be grossly disregarded or worse, maligned. The present is where the students live in; but, incidentally, what they live for now is the future for their individual selves, their country, their people, their world and their God.

The Roving Eye

(Continued from page 18)

lit into the profession we have chosen. To me, "beast barracks" has done so many things... changing my ways of life for the better. We were taught all the fundamental things in life, things which a man must know and do in order to succeed.

So how about it PMA dreamers?

From the UST "VARSITARIAN", an article of Leonidas U. Candasan delayed our roving eye. We are assured that not cakes or salad alone need recipes. World Peace needs them too. And there is a lot to be done. L. U. O's formula:

1. To have world peace let us have, in the first place, peace in the individual man.
 2. Let us have peace in the family.
 3. Let us have economic security and peace in industry.
 4. Let us have peace within the nation manifested by peace in government.
 5. Finally, there must be a sense of understanding, friendship and fair dealing among all nations.
- And we can have an addendum: truce between petty-quarrelling sweethearts.

The summer heat might have affected our exchange mess... or it might be the summer dust that germinates colds. For only a few mags from other schools reached us. The roving eye roved searching-

Campuscrats

(Continued from page 12)

yes, Margot is a neophyte and a looker at that... dreams to be a secretary... simply goes for that skirt and blouse combination which makes her look exceedingly girlish.

RUTH ORSOLINO... Gosh! did I have a hard time getting her name. In fact I almost got caught by the teacher. But the risk was worthwhile. I didn't only get her name but also a sweet smile. Best cries, BQ jumped the gun on me and interviewed her alone I knew what was happening!

Lucky is the "boss" who can have this girl with a charming disposition for a secretary. Nena VELOSO... she's that lass who sits next to Ruth. Another smooth-looker too pass it. I heard that another one year class has been added to the Pre-Law course. No wonder CRISTINO ABASOLO (P'rex) and MANOLO MONTECLAROS looked awfully distressed and deflated. Well kids, do accept our heart-felt condolence.

PATRIA ESTORCO... when I asked her what she was planning to take up she said with a raise of her aristocratic brow: "Law... I dear." Well, what do you know, she wants to be a Parlia... only Pat, you won't have enough time to swoon over your De La Salle heroes and record moaners now... too bad!

One of the good-looking rearedors of St. Niño is enrolled in the Pre-Med Department. JOHNNY GIBERSON is the guy. He sez he's gonna be a serious student this time. "I won't look at a girl before she has passed by me."

What a slow-poke this reporter is! A lovely girl passes by and all she managed to get is her name. Here's CARLOTTA TORRES... sure enough the Hindu blood runs through her veins... or how can one explain that mystic beauty shining through her dark eyes... her sable hair? That she is a brand-new student is beyond doubt.

Here are two incidents concerning those 'greenies' who have come to enroll here.

A lovely greenie goes hopelessly back and forth the first floor lobby trying to look for some thing. Then she sees a friendly face... a sign of relief... without hesitating she approaches the other and says: "Joe, may I know what time it is?... Can you beat it, folks? There she is standing right under the big, four-faced school clock which hums a tune every 15 minutes.

On the other hand, there's that smart, 'big city' buster who believes that St. Charles University is just a small institution (What nerve!) He eyes the pretty girls with distaste and goes around the campus like an "Ace." This time he asks his buddy where the elevator is... hallis!... is. But his buddy is no stooge either. He answers, "Mr. Smart Aleck" squarely: "OH... it's out of order. I suppose it won't be able to function until the next term. It takes time, you know! That fixes him.

(Continued on next page)

ly but it has fished only a few. We will surely appreciate those concerned if exchange copies of other schools' organs will come to us regularly and on time.

We had better switch our roving eye over tangents, vectors, weights, masses, speeds and velocities in Foley's College Physics or concentrate on normality, sensitivity or calibration of weights in Talbot's Quant. Now our roving eye is tired and weary for want of more school mags to feast on. It can no longer wink to communicate our so-long-and-not-good-bye sentiments. In fact both lids are closed by now. And to dreamland we go for better sights. This time we have our subconscious eye lording over all.

PASSING THROUGH

(Continued from page 4)

there is always the bromide about class cooperation, school spirit, and such frantic pleas for student participation (starting with a desperate chase after contributions, running through the gamut of haggling with caterers, frenzied negotiations with truckers, and winding up with an exhausted report on the "accomplishments"). And then, ha-ha, the class officers pat each other on their aching backs and congratulate themselves for being such reliable, dependable, resourceful student leaders.

QUACK POLITICS & CLASSROOM CAMPAIGNS. With the fervor of a real, true-to-life, honest-to-crookedness politician browbeating and mud-slinging his way into a government post, the student post, the student candidate for class president soft-talks to every other person he meets on the corridor, hall, laboratory, latrine, classroom, drugstore and campus. The law freshmen are the targets of a concentrated campaign. The Lex O aspirants are training their quasi-political guns on this term's Law Freshies, the latter being strong and formidable in voting power when it comes down to it. Being more in number than any other single upper class, the Law Freshies are wooed with considerable stratagem. Well, *actus non facit rem nisi mens sit rea!* or, in other words, Be sure to vote twice, you stinking Freshman....!

LOVE OF WISDOM

(Continued from page 22)

does not go down to the level of the common man.

Was not lascism formulated by a few high-brows? What happened when dictators used the masses as the material with which to put this philosophy into practice? Was not atheism a system of thought evolved by men of remarkable intellectual powers? Did not it cause the loss of many souls when its concepts penetrated the lower intellectual level? Communism was a system of thought which pre-occupied the minds of a few individuals several centuries ago. By then it had no direct bearing upon man's life. In the very recent times, we realize its dangers after its tenets and theories have been absorbed in many places.

From this short discourse on some elementary aspects of philosophy, we may conclude that the sum-total of one life — and every other life taken together as one — is acting and reacting according to some basic notions or primitive phi-

PEBBLES FOR MEMORIES

(Continued from page 19)

dark and still waters of it. For now only the far off blue sea could be seen. No more stone wall, no more lagoon but a broad space of sand and clumps of thick, tall grass whose white plumes waved up high in the slight noon breeze. My sister seemed to be trying to recall something. I picked up some pebbles for her. But she held them listlessly in her hands, not knowing what to do. I tossed a large pebble far out into the midst of the tall grass. Soon there was a slight rustling, then silence. "Toss!" I commanded her, and she tossed all her pebbles in one throw. Again came the rustle, the plumes waved back and forth, and then up soared a number of big brown birds, flapping their noisy wings at first, then rising in silent flight — hawks. Up, up high into the sky, then after a time, plummeting singly back into the thick, long grass. I could not tell what my sister felt but twice again she threw pebbles at the grass. We walked toward the grass on what was once the big lagoon. We walked around the wall towards the new pier that was just finished. There were two motorships alongside it. Men were loading sacks. We went home through the patches of the grass. We could not see the birds. But we knew they were hidden in there.

War. — then peace! Where is the still lagoon? The tall thick grass — home of the birds of prey? From my window I can no longer see the sea. Only the smoky black roofs of strange new houses. I shut my eyes and I see with my mind's eye, beneath floors of looming buildings, the dark, still silent waters of the lagoon — the big widening circles made by pebbles. They live on the lagoon — those new laws — but they do not see the shivering moon beneath them. Nor the boats guilelessly floating on the languid waters, nor hear the guitars strumming to the somorous love songs of the good-timers.

Droplets from the eaves into the gutter — widening circles that chase each other. Pebbles on the gravel pathway! Fond Memories! Pebbles for memories!

osophy. Will these basic notions, from which all his other activities proceed lead him to self-continuity and self-perfection and eventually to his certain goal?

DO YOU KNOW THAT....

(Continued from page 42)

is on the right bandwagon, he will not be left holding the bag empty, for he is such a good mixer besides being highly qualified.

And that **Attorneys Ortiz, De Pio and Garcia** among others are keeping us in a state of nervous anxiety if they can pull another Castillo feat? The first two are seeking the Nacionalista nomination for the 4th and 7th districts respectively, while the latter as unpredictable independent candidate for the 6th.

That the acting principal of Lily Central Elementary School of Lily, Zamboanga del Norte, is a Carolinian who answers to the name of **Tarciano Adriatico**, a product of class 1952 of the College of Education? These were another man worthy of his name!

That Alumni Chimes editor **Alberto Morales** has passed on to greener fields? Bert is now in FEATI teaching in its High dept. while acting as its principal at the same time.

And we? We've been looking up with the greatest of admiration at previous Carolinian chroniclers who wrote with ease and facility while wondering how they did it, when down fell on us the load just off the shoulders of Bert!

And finally that tracking down alumni is as hard as sleuthing after the murderers of Monroy, where you may only bump against a blank wall? Not that we are wanting in men who have made good but that they have invaded diverse fields of endeavor so that we have lost track of them. And some have gone far above in accomplishments and honors that we doubt whether we could still claim them as one of us. Or because some have that virtue of humility wanting in men of the Honorable level, which keep them to hold things to themselves.

CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 58)

Something about the basketball team... the players are trying to bush-up for the coming CCAA games again. This time we do hope they're gonna be the Champs. Added to the old dependables are three young yet promising players. First of all, there's Danny "Marion" Deen... that looker from Colegio de Sta. Nifia. Tall, fair and boy! He certainly can play... he has already acquired Jiri's habit of mixing sugar with H₂O. Notatio (Continued on page 62)

POST GRADUATE SCHOOL PROJECT:

Visayan Folklore

Conducted by REV. FR. RUDOLPH RAHMANN, S.V.D., Dean

GATUSAN ka tuig kanhi, samtang kining atlong Sugbo bulig pa lamang sa yuta nga mihitw sa sabakan ning hapad nga dagat, may usa ka mamamagal nga nagpuyo, uban sa iyang asawa ug anak, sa usa ka gamayng pagyang nga nagpungko ilawom sa kakahoyan sa daplin sa baybayon.

Panahon kado nga tingdulom, ug sa dihang bag-o pa la mang mopatig-hulog ang adlow luyo sa maluspad nga kapuna w p u nawan, gisa-og ni Betyo ang iyang dyutayng sakayan ug gisinggit niya ang ngalan sa iyang asawa nga padali-on na kay manggikan na sila. Ug dayon, nagdali-dali si Manda sa pagpanghi-pus sa ilang dadanon — ang mubong baling, ang sibul, ang bukag nga u-way ug ang ilang balon a-lang sa panihapon didto sa lawad — apun, sa wala pa siya malikod, gidalikyatan niya pagpahi matngon ang ilang anak nga pakan-on na lamang kun gutomon na ug pakatuogon. Ug mao pa siya manaug ug mopadulong ngadto sa naghulat niyang bana.

Ang batan-ong Gono nga mao dang usa nga nahibilin sa ilang

balay, tungod kay na-anad na siya niini, mitulot na lamang sa abuhan diin gi-asal niya ang langgam nga banog nga iyang napana ni-

sa gabii mamauli. Unya, gisubhan niya ang kalayo — apun gibilin nga nagsiga gihapon ang ilang pu-nga ngalita aron aduna si-

THE LEGEND OF SANTO NIÑO

Ang Sto. Niñong Dagsa



Sinulat ni JPU

nang hapon pa. Ug, sa pagkaluto niini, gisulod kini niya sa paya, gitabunan ug dahon sa gabii ug gihikling gihulat alang sa iyang amahan ug inahan kinsa tunga pa

ya'y kadagatan kon mogahaling na unya siya ug kalayo inapamauli sa iyang mga ginikanan.

Mapagarbohon raba si Betyo nga naka-angkon niadtong ilang puwawan. Siga-on kado ug kasaligang dili mapalong hangtud sa pagkabuntag. Dili kay daku kaayo: may lima ka dangaw lamang nga gitason ug ang kabaga, igo gayung mahakop sa duha ka kamut.

Kagabihon. Sama sa halapad nga babol sa kangitngit nga nagbukot niadtong dapita sa katiubtan.

Ug si Gono mihinay-hinay na sa pagpahiluna sa dapit nga iyang katulgan. Apun, sa dakung kakalit, iyang nabati ang masipa nga witik sa kilat nga

migisi sa kapanganuran. Ang mabsubob nga dinahunog sa dawogdog nga wisunod nahisama sa tunob sa mga higanti nga nagta-akta-ak sa pinuy-anan ni Bathala.

Ug, wala madugay, usa ka dakung ulan mibuhagay gikan sa kалантан. Mikusog ang hangin. Uu

(Continued on next page)

ang mga balud sa dagat mihasmag sa basosang baybayon nga daw namungot. Midagku ug midagku ang mga balud ug misamot ang hinaguros sa hangin.

Gi-abut sa kahadlok si Gono. Wala pa mahiuli ang ibang mga ginikanan! Gilayon, mibakod siya gikan sa iyang gihihda-an. Didto sa ilang lambo-anan, may dahon sa saging nga nangawhat. Iya kadlong gi-abis aron ikapandong ug unya nangita siyag sarang ika-barwag sa iyang agi-anan. Didto sa ilang abuhan, nagsiga gihapon ang ilang puwawan. Iya kining gi-punit ug gidala, gi-apil niya pagpandong sa dahon sa saging, ug nana-og siya.

Kinahanglan adto gayud siya sa baybayon — tingali unya kon atubangan sa kalisud ang iyang amahan ug inahan, makalabang man gayud siya.

Didto sa laypyahan, gisuid niya ang kangingit — nanghinat nga aduna siyay makita sa iyang mga ginikanan. Pagkahit sa mga lusok sa ulan nga nangitik sa iyang panit. Ug ang hinagsa sa mga masuk-anong balud mi-abut ngadto sa iyang gibarugan.

Nangita siya . . . unya nanawag sa mga ngalan sa iyang amahan ug inahan. Apan wala. Walay tubag. Walay lain kondili ang sikmat sa makusog nga hangin.

Unya, sama sa gituyo sa usa ka katingalohang diwa, may tingog gayud nga mipatigbabaw sa hilahihang kasaba. Tingog sa babaye ug lalake nga nanawag ug pakitabang . . . nagagikan sa lawod!

Dili mahitabo nga lain pa, nangamuyo si Gono, mao gayud kadto ang tingog sa iyang mga ginikanan.

Miduol si Gono ngadto sa ngabil sa baybayon nga daw nangulip sa mga mahatigong balud ug gipakabad-kabad niya ang iyang dalang puwawan, nanghinat nga ilang kining hikit-an ug makatutol sa ilang padulngan.

Wala magkabana si Gono sa kakuyaw nga iyang gi-atubang ug — diha-diha, usa ka habog nga balud mihakop ug misuyop kaniya ngadto sa kinapusoran sa kamatayan.

Ug, sa pagkasunod buntag, sa samang kakalit sa pagka-usab sa Kinaiyahan, nalinaw. Misubang ang adlaw nga dinuyogon sa iyang pagkaharianon sa kinalulgan sa lamahong dagat.

Si Betyo diay ug si Manda dukung buhi. Apan didto sila mapugos pagdunggo sa dapit nga layo-layo da sa ila. Sulod niadtong

dakung unos, wala sila makapauli kay namasilong na man lamang didto ilawom sa kahoy nga Dapdap.

Ug sa paghi-abut nila sa ilang pinuy-anan niadtong buntaga, magsakit nga kaguol ang misugat kamila. Wala na didto ang ilang anak. Nalukop nila hapit ang ti-buok pulo sa pinangita kang Gono, apan wala, wala nila hikaplaga ang batan-on nilang anak. Mao, nga hinimisan sa lumang kaguol, nanguli ang alaut nga magti-ayon ug, sukad niadto, kanunay nang maghinampiling nga maghinukot si Betyo sa daplin sa baybayon.

Unya, usa niana ka hapon, usa ka anod nga kahoy ang midunggo sa tungod sa gipuy-an sa managti-ayon. Sa sinugdan, wala lamang magkabana si Betyo niini, apan sa iya na kining giduol ug gisusi, usa ka singit sa dakung katingala ang mitunga sa iyang baba. Hi-ilhan niya kadlong kahoy nga mao ang ilang puwawan. Hi-ilhan niya kini bisan nga aduna nay diuyatayng pagkabalhin sa iyang hulma. Kay kadlong maong puwawan, sa lawog nga pagsud-on sa bana ug asawa, daw gikulitan sa usa ka katingalohang kamot ug karon dayag kaayo nga adunay duha ka gawmayng tiil ug kamot ug ulo sa tagmo. Itum kadto kaayo. Tungod ba kaha kay sunog na.

Wala makatingog si Betyo ug si Manda sa ilang nasabut: Ang lawas sa patay na nilang anak nakigitpon niadtong puwawang Balite — kaha tungod sa pagbuot sa usa ka Makagagahum. Ug, sa tanang katarungan, kinahanglan nga ila kining pagahalaran ug ampo-an. Dili tungod kay ilang anak, kun dili tungod kay nahimo kining Manunubos sa ilang kinabuhi.

Nanugok ang ubang mga katawhan niadtong dapita ug miduyog sa ilang paghalad. Hangtud nga kadlong maong larawang itum sa usa ka Gamayng Bata mooy gibamoy nilang Bathala. Wala magkawang ang ilang gipanganti ug gipangaliya. Walay paghanayo nga gidang himoon atubangan niadtong Gamayng Bata nga dili ikabatog kamila sa labing katingalohang mga paagi: Sa dakung huwaw, mibundad ang ulan alang sa ilang mga tinanom; sa dakung kakuyaw, gi-panalipdan sila; ug sa mga kasalanan nga ilang nahimo, gipasaylo sila.

Midagsang ang mga makina-admanon sulod sa katugan nga namglabay ug nangabot usab ang mga Katsila ug kadlong Gamayng Bata naka-angkon sa laing ngalan sa pagtahud: Ang Santo Niño.

The Post Graduate School has Folklore as one of its subjects for graduate students taking MA in English or Education. To supplement studies on said subject, through the initiative of Post Graduate School Dean Rev. Fr. Rudolph Rahmann, we are opening up a new department on VISAYAN FOLKLORE that prints local folktales straight in the vernacular version. Fr. Rahmann hopes that this project will be of help to folklore students and the teachers of the elementary grades. We begin in this issue with the Legend of Sta. Niño of Cebu. Incidentally, the Child Jesus is the Patron Saint of Cebu City.

* * * * *

In *The Romance of the Green Cross*, Bartolome C. de Castro takes an encore. It is his first feature article in *The Carolinian*. You can see for yourself how last year's editor-in-chief of the official organ of the USC high schools, can dish it out on a subject originally shunned by some staffers in the post as hard to write about.

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All the other sections are in. And we have more features this time which we hope will please everybody. A lot of sleep has been lost. But we have sacrificed it to please every Carolinian. For the "C" Staff's secret is: There is nothing that it can give which is good enough for San Carlos. This is taking a lot from the hearts of Art Editor Adolfo Caballo, and his assistants, who collaborated and lost sleep with us to put up this special first issue.

CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 60)

'MARCUS HAINES' REYNES has also joined the league. With his magnificent dribbling, he's sure to help the team win a game. "The third guy with us" sez Chibo, "is that skip from Holy Name College. He is NORY AMORILLO. Like Nutsy, he's taking up engineering. . . he loves to be alone all the time. . . Hey, wait a minute, is he shy perhaps? Oh no! he couldn't be a Mesoginist!!! Congrats Roy! So you're the new skip. . . you certainly deserve it. . . everyone knows that. Incidentally, if you want to know more about ROY MORALES, he's that great, little guy who plays like nobody's business. . . He's been a truly loyal dribbler too! He's not only an excellent player, but also a real "Square."

Best Friend

(Continued from page 35)

Fe knew Linda will still be her friend. Yet she knew it can never be the same again. Friendship, she realized, has some irreplaceable soft spots that can easily be destroyed. Friendship, she thought, is like a delicate statue which two or more persons mold into shape. When at last it is finished and has been put safely on a stand, one should reach for it carefully, caressingly, taking care not to make the hold too hard else a part might break. Yet if a part breaks, the figure is still the same, though slightly changed. Friendship is like that. After the chains of trust and the rest of the links have been disconnected, you still are friends, but a little something may be lost and it can never be recovered again.

This vacation, two months ago, I saw Linda. We met at the tennis court one morning. She was glad to see me. She clasped my hand and pressed it warmly.

"I sure missed you," she said, "I'm glad you're back." She continued to talk about Ozon whose boyfriend was now Fred, and how it will surprise me that Letty and Ben had split and so on.

I did not say much. Once there was a minute of awkward silence between us. I noticed an embarrassed guilty air about her.

"I'm learning to play tennis. You know, I deserve all this after studying so hard," she said, emphasizing the last two words.

"I know," I replied, "but say, how about a coke with me while we talk? After all, it's been a year since we were together." She started to say something about being in a hurry to go home. "Almost twelve now," she added. She looked uneasy.

I stood motionless looking at her as she walked away from me. I watched her for a long time. She walked forlornly and slowly, as if she wanted to turn back to me. I felt an urge to call her and to say: "It is all right, Lin, I understand." A lump stood in my throat when I called her name. I thought she heard because she stopped. She stood, unmoving, in the middle of the street. I tried to call her again, but immediately choked back her name because I realized she was waiting for an approaching figure, it was Bert. I did not call her again for all at once it seemed too much for me even if Linda had been my best friend these seventeen years.

Sección Castellana

Bienvenida

al

Padre Rector

**Bienvenida Rector Paternus,
A los pechos acalorados,
De amores y vivos anhelos,
Reanimados los esfuerzos.**

**Vuelto estais entre nosotros,
A reanudar la misma obra;
La buena suerte de San Carlos,
Por vuestras manos alcanzada.**

**Se siente hoy una alegría;
Se nos ha traído algo de Roma;
Esperamos que nos ligare,
La bendición del Santo Padre.**

**Aquí ha vuelto para regirnos;
Aquí estamos para seguirs;
Viva, viva Rector Paternus,
Viva, adelante San Carlos.**

Por Meva.

Thrills of Travel

(Continued from page 12)

time I spent kneeling at his tomb was much too short for me. I felt little inclined to see the hundred and one places of the Eternal City which had drawn our interest when we were students. I would have liked, however, to see His Holiness Pope Pius XII; unfortunately, he was sick, and there were no audiences whatsoever. — A confrère of mine drove me around in the city one Sunday evening. Rome at night now-a-days offers an unforgettable sight. All important buildings, the modern ones as well as those of ancient Rome, are illumined by indirect lighting which makes them stand out in a sheer fantastic beauty, bright, intangible, fairylike. In spite of the war and all that went with it: Oh, felix Roma! — With a former classmate, who happened to be in Rome after 18 years in China, I went to see our Alma Mater and sitting on the same benches in the same halls we thought of the years gone-by. How many years had passed became

unmistakable clear by a very peculiar incident. Formerly I had had a dear friend in Rome, an instructor of Modern Languages. When his wife had expected the first child, she had fallen sick; the young couple had been in need of help, and I had been able to help them a little. When I visited them now, the dignified Professor and his charming wife greeted me with joy and affection, and before me stood a young lady of 18 years, the then unborn babe, leaping over the years into adult womanhood! The hours we spent together were all too short. So many things to ask, to tell, so many and such deep joys to enjoy!

Going to Rome and Europe was not only for pleasure and vacation; there was serious business which I had to attend to. For several days I had to work hard, and after obtaining the satisfaction of getting results, I prepared for my journey towards the North, towards home.

A. van GANSEWINKEL, S.V.D.

DAWN WAS BREAKING. . .

(Continued from page 55)

"Some other time, Lina. . ."

That was four years ago, just when the war started.

His recollections fired him with an idea. It gave him courage. Slowly, he rose to his feet and took out his favorite instrument.

The night was silent. The stars twinkled above. The cool breezes from the foot of the mountains chilled him. The cold lanned by the whistling wind was numbing. He hurried briskly towards a direction in spite of the vastness of the darkness which swallowed him. Dawn was at the offing when he arrived at his destination. It enabled him to recognize the small, closed window of Lina's room. He paused while and with his skillful fingers he made the appealing strains of the "Schubert's Serenade" sob into the air from the chords of his violin. Its sweet, dreamy and pleading melody crept into the slumbering Lina awaking her as if from a trance. It made her remember the past. It reawakened the one thing in her heart she wanted suppressed.

Inside of her there was peace. There was no more conflict of emotions. Suppression was gone. She knew that this dawn must come into her being after her nights of restlessness while trying to stifle an only real love.

She began to wake up into a new light recognizing the sharp contrast between love and mere infatuation.

And dawn was breaking when the final strains of the serenade echoed inside Lina's heart.

A DAY WITH A COP. . .

(Continued from page 47)

Chief, Atty F. F. Mangubat, you could have seen the bright grin spread on his face when he said that our police have succeeded to force criminals back to their holes and stay there.

"We have nothing to worry about," added his Assistant Chief, Capt. Pablo Mangubat, a soft-spoken, hard-hitting gentleman.

And I agree. I agree with a heavy heart, if you don't mind my saying so. Because then I spent a sleepless 24-hour round with our own Lt. Rufino Kho and had to come home as peacefully as I set out with no cloak-and-dagger story to grapple with.

The Romance of

The San Carlos U. green cross and clock have been an institution by itself for four years, and as yet no one has contested her right to be so. This fact alone doesn't necessarily mean it wouldn't succumb to age and time. But when it does, the seat of learning for which it now stands will be referred to, fifty years or so afterwards, as "that old school with the famous green cross and clock." This, in common parlance, is immortality.

The shimmering green cross, perching atop the Administration building like a tall proud vessel breasting an invisible current, is undoubtedly one of Cebu City's most famous landmarks — a fact which needs no telling. The cross holds the distinction as a regular timepiece. Operating under a single complex mechanism it marks time through a big hour-clock, reminiscent of London's Big Ben, which gives out quarterly, mellow chimes.

Facing east, the green cross appears awe-filling and resplendent against the bright sunrise. As the sun goes down, she puts on a mantle of gloom. But a moment later the pall of gloom is suddenly lifted. Out of the clear blue sky, the neon-lighted cross radiates with a glowing green light.

Way back in early 1949, the construction of the Administration building was all set. A minor project, though, escaped attention. So when the bulldozers began breaking the sod, the SYD fathers little dreamt of the far-reaching importance of a small project atop the new building.

Pieces of gadgets and rare mechanisms for the "little project" began arriving by piece-meal in 1949. They were tested and carted up. The year 1949 finally found the green cross and the clock for the first time high up the sky.

This symbolic fixture immediately caught the imagination of the city folks. Speculations on what it stands for became a sizzling topic. A mystical gray-beard went far to say "the green cross, far from being a blasphemous reproduction of the cross in Calvary, conveys the invisible form of the Man Who carried it first."

Another twist of meaning was provided in the following incident.

In last year's commencement exercises, Governor Sergio Osmeña, Jr., the guest speaker, was visibly disturbed in his speech by the quarterly chimes of the clock. To placate the embarrassed chuckles of Fr. Engelen, the governor

put in an off-the-cuff rejoinder to his favorite piece:

"Each time I hear those chimes, my conscience feels comforted. . . Every chime of that clock is a commemoration of the return of freedom and democracy to Cebu!"

A resounding applause met the statement. Thus, the green cross and the clock, earned another label: the symbol of democracy!

A funny sequel to this incident was a city councilor's resolution, loaded with the characteristic buffoonery for which city aldermen are known. "To thank the Gods of heaven for their magnanimity in giving the City of Cebu the most valuable Christmas gift (the green cross)

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By

BARTOLOME DE CASTRO

•

in the annals of history." The city dad surely knew who to thank for!

Although the green cross and clock is as much a part of the common *fae's* vocabulary as bread and butter, little is known of the thread of influence it weaves around the lives of the grass-roots and upper-ups alike.

Varied shades of opinion were registered by everyone I met. To the milkmen in Mandawa, six kilometers away, the early morning chime is the beginning of his hard morning grind; to A. Caballero, a hard-working student from Talisay, ten kilometers away, it means the six o'clock bicycle ride for the city. As the clock strikes 6:30 A.M., the rig driver knows it's time to lead the horses from the stable, while the wharf hands think it's another day under the scorching sun. To the streeturchins, the chimes usher in the anticipation of fear for the big stick from the owners of the doors before which they sleep on.

The upper crust of society gives out a highly differentiated conglomeration of viewpoints. A priest frankly admits he has "put aside my wrist watch out of respect for that great clock. . . The cross somehow conveys to me what many people forget: Christ's death for our salvation." On the other hand, the lawyer, that creature who's sure to go to hell, according to popular predictions, gives out a reassuring statement: "In the maze of legal technicalities and pitfalls,

The Green Cross

the chimes afford me the breathing spell to remember the Great Dispenser of Justice..." A medical practitioner puts it this way: "the chimes prompt us to our twenty-four hour duty to humanity."

The lighter side of the picture presents the viewpoints of students and teachers. Speaking the mind of a typical college freshman, R. Gonzalez declares: "In keeping tab with our sked, the clock is an invaluable help... And gosh, whenever I see that green cross, my heart cries out loud: 'I'm a Carolinian.'" A lady teacher aptly states the viewpoints of her co-marms: "The green cross evokes in me, in a way I can't tell, a feeling that the teaching profession is not all a bed of roses."

A newspaper reporter when queried about his impressions, blurted out: "When the deadline nears, those chimes give me the creeps... The boss stops pounding the typewriter and lets out a threatening groan — every quarter, that is. If that's no torture, well..." At this point, the newspaper lensman pitched in: "I don't give a hoot for those chimes. But, wow, the green cross is certainly a photographer's delight."

From the cross-section of opinion I have gathered, a few conclusions can be gleaned.

The fact that the chime has a hearing range of within a radius of 10 miles, during the night when noise is at its minimum, establishes the green cross and the clock as an institution. The consensus of opinion is a tacit admission of this conclusion.

It is noteworthy that the clock and green cross have not been out of order ever since. The first-blush impression is that the university has, to a superior measure, maintained the highest standards of learning in a manner beyond reproach. And that is indeed a proven fact.

The USC student knows that the green cross, the symbol to which his university clings, is figuratively the standard of learning he must reach. To the USC alumni, there is as much a feeling that he has a standard to uphold. It's no wonder, therefore, that when a Carolinian beholds the green cross it makes his heart beat twice faster.

There is one more significance which eclipses all the others. It must not be forgotten that the green cross is a tribute to the pioneering spirit of the Gansewinkels and Hoerdemans and other SVD fathers who have thoughtlessly car-

ried the brunt of work for USC.

The Carolinians, in particular, are proud of the green cross. It goes with the Cebu landlubbers. They look up to the green cross as an institution and as the foremost landmark of Cebu City.

A story brings this point to the fore.

A sea gab, after a vitriolic valedictory have come to an emphatic finale:

"...and if there's any good feature of Cebu, it's that green cross and clock up there in San Carlos tower... The green cross served me well to know my bearings; those chimes, by golly, they sure make me feel I'm just below our county church bell tower."

And there, with all sincerity, was a glint of admiration in the sailor's eyes.



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