



The

Carolinian

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
LIBRARY

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, S.V.D., Ph.D.

Vol. XV

August
1950

No. 1

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CAROLINIAN

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In
a
Nutshell

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Seeming to have conspired and be in accord with the general spirit of melancholy, the weather shed a gentle drizzle on the evening of Sunday, July the 23rd. The faculty of the University of San Carlos met at the new library promptly at six o'clock. On the central wall, appropriately, simply, and starkly awful like the handwriting of doom, stared the words, "Good-bye, dear Fr. Hoerdemann."

The ladies came attired in sober colors. There was nary a red note. Miss Milagros Urgello, fresh from her Holy Year pilgrimage, was definitely elegant in something resembling brocade with a dark royal blue velvet deep collar, while the Misses Inday Borromeo and Loly Batto were sumptuous in pronounced gray, the later in a gown of flesh color with a plunging neckline. Paz Noel, every inch the proper schoolmarm, was in white with light green stripes, while Carmen Camara and Gertie Ang were gracefully sweet in apple green lace and baby-pink organdie, respectively. Mrs. Caroline Hotchkiss Gonzalez was distinctive in printed green with a white lace collar. With a sleek hairdo, a big beautiful chignon and soft brown gown, Mrs. Pilar Ortega made a fetching presence.

The benedicts were very much in evidence. Forean Teeson of Commerce gave his speech in Spanish. As a salute to the occasion, it was grammatically correct. Mr. Ferreros kept constant company with a fragrant cigar. The professors Ordoña and Bigornia reminded us of the adage about still waters running deep.

The bachelors kept their line. Bing Borromeo came in coat and tie. So did Nap Rama and Jesus

Roa of the Art department; Eli Hubahib and Fabian Villoria both with un-bachelor-ish spectacles.

Quered about his status, Mr. Jesus Cerilles refused information with the reply, "When the heart is full it cannot speak."

The different heads of the university's departments each delivered speeches of varying lengths, all with the undercurrent of sincere regret. Those by Dean Lawrence Bunsel of Education and Atty. Fulvio Pelaez of Law were notably spellbinding.

Rev. Fr. Rector's speech was specially enlightening. His choice as a going-away present was a beautiful set of colored slides about San Carlos. The lights were dimmed and machine-wise Fr. van Engelen projected them on the screen. Fr. Luis Eugenio Schonfeld narrated a running commentary amidst admiring oh's and ah's at the brilliant pictures.

The guest of honor, Fr. Hoerdemann, gave a last testament-message - thank - you - sermon-advise-lecture all rolled into one and producing a stirring yet vastly consoling effect on the faculty that indeed greatly miss this famed and favorite teacher-friend.

But the most painful scene of all was at the airport the next day. A big crowd of the city residents, USC faculty and students missed their lunch to see Fr. Hoerdemann off. Some carried placards that said: "We miss U", "Don't land in Korea," "Bon Voyage" (See cut on page 5.) And when Fr. Hoerdemann walked under the crossed swords of ROTC cadets to the plane, almost everybody had moist eyes. To say good-bye, really was to die a little.—JNLim



KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGG

Editorial

The Government Exhibits A Solid Talent For Tapping Revenues For Ratholes

The alacrity and talent exhibited by our government officials for tapping sources of income are truly remarkable. They throw into the job an exuberance equalled only by the spending splurge they have blithely indulged in during the heyday of U.S. surplus goods and goodwill at the expense of the people. This time they also discover that religious schools are after all taxable. It took them 43 years — since 1907 — to make such an epic discovery. No wonder they are making such a big splash of it — after all it is not every season they turn up bang-up things like that.

The moth-eaten line they duck behind whenever the kicks start coming their direction is that national disaster is just around the corner. The government has to meet its expenses if it has to keep on operating. Like a desperate man, back to the wall, with no visible means of support, it is fighting for survival. All told, its one big drive today is to get the funds, no matter how—even if it has to pull a stick-up.

The analogy is not without merits, and we submit, not thoroughly derogatory. After all, a fight for life can be justified in more ways than one. What has debased such gallantry is that the catastrophe had been stupidly and deliberately self-willed. For years the government has been deliberately strangling itself, bleeding itself white. A ring of cloaked characters, do-nothing incompetents and racket artists seem to have found their way up the high perches of our government. On a binge in the public office, they ran a government shot through with graft and corruption.

Now these architects of our disaster whose bare-faced thievery has emptied our national

coffers, would have us take the rap for their sins.

In a time when our public educational set-up rocks on its heels, their move to levy tax on religious schools may prove to be the blow that would knock cold the goose that lays the golden egg. And coming as it did on the heels of an unprecedented tongue-in-cheek official admission that it was contemplating to slam the doors on 800,000 intermediate students and a like number of grade tots, this kind of persecution unleashed on the schools that have lightened the national educational burden, strains our sanity to the breaking point.

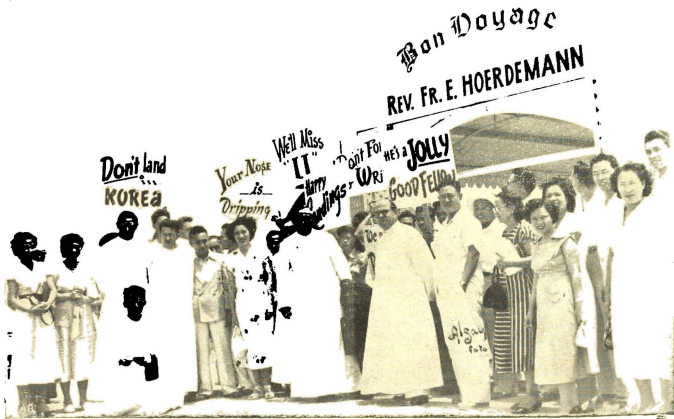
The major role played by Catholic schools in the education of our youth cannot be blinked at. Upwards of four hundred Catholic schools and colleges with 250,000 student population are now operating all over the country, according to statistics disclosed by the Catholic Education Association. Some of them antedating our public schools by centuries, these Catholic schools did not only make history for the Philippines but have provided the main props for our educational system as far back as we can remember to this day.

A line should be drawn between privately-owned institutions that are run like business concerns and distribute dividends to stockholders and schools managed by the religious who don't receive dividends or even get paid. A quick survey of the schools all over the country will show that the religious schools are way ahead in their rehabilitation program of most privately-owned schools. The reason is that the proceeds of the religious schools go right back into the school itself rather than into stockholders' pockets. The profits that piled up in the

minds of tax-conscious officials are no more real than their fancy. The tremendous reconstruction program undertaken by the religious schools all over our war-battered country have driven most of them deep in debts. Our state-run institutions that drew whopping subsidies from the government but had to close shop just the same should know about the hazards of running schools under poorer postwar conditions.

But to get to the legal aspect, our policymakers' one-eyed interpretation of a crystal-clear statutory tax provision rates as one of the prizest official boners in years. Where the statute states in unmistakable terms that "religious, educational, cultural institutions are exempt from tax... if no part of their income inures to the benefit of private stockholders"... and that "only activity conducted for profit should be taxed... from any of its properties real or personal," they jumped with a bright idea that tuition fee-collection is *per se* an activity for profit and therefore should be levied on. To follow this line of thinking one would conclude that the school's chief mission is to collect tuition fee and only educate on the side. And that in order to benefit from this tax exemption provision the religious must not in the first place collect tuition fees. Which, of course leads to the question, why this provision was ever made. If there's nothing to levy tax on, what are we going to exempt the schools from? But this is too deep for our experts on statutory construction, maybe.

Napoleon J. Rame



EVEN THE HEAVENS GRIEVED. USC faculty, students and city residents skip lunch to see Fr. Hoerdemann off. Shortly after this picture was taken, it rained.

“...That You Be Great”

By JNLim

“... for San Carlos, these halls, these towering works of man will be gone — out of existence — if you care to put it that way. But what will remain will be the greatness of the man. So take care — that you be great.”

—Theme of Fr. Hoerdemann's last speech to the faculty of the University of San Carlos.

One never realizes how hard parting could be until the day of departure. To leave just home would not be half as hard as to tear away from a home which you have built with your bare hands. That is why when he turned to wave good-bye to us for the last time at the door of the PAL plane that was to take him away in the first leg of his trip to

Nagoya, Japan, Fr. Hoerdemann, no matter how he tried, could not keep back the gathering mist in his eyes — and almost everyone of the big group of students and faculty members who waved back to him, cried.

He knew what he was leaving. To him USC was more than a home. He had worked and sweated and planned and built postwar USC almost singlehanded. The reconstruction of USC is a minor miracle perhaps with no parallel in the whole country. In a very bold venture with no visible financial backing at all, he started rebuilding USC close on the heels of the American liberators of Cebu. He finally turned USC the biggest school outside of Manila. Of the USC story and Fr. Hoerdemann it can be said: “Never was so much built with so little, so soon by one man.”

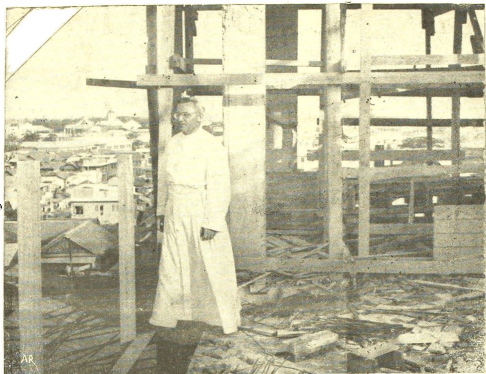
The year was 1937 when as a young missionary Fr. Hoerdemann had come to teach at the Colegio de San Carlos.

Thus began the work that was to rise in a crescendo of organization and construction and that was to engender the simple missionary-teacher to numerous people from students to laborers.

He went about his duties with a conscientious and quiet capability. Those were the colorless, uneventful years. To be sure, there were school parades, programs, and athletic meets, but he was primarily a teacher occupied with the educational advancement of his boys. In journalistic parlance, his was the classroom beat; humdrum, academic routine.

Yet during the perilous years of the Japanese occupation, he was

(Continued on page 6)



"Never was so much done with so little and so soon by one man."

".. that you be great"

(Continued from page 5)

among the few who stayed on to administer his missionary duties. He became the parish priest of the Santo Rosario church a position which had become one of taxing responsibilities because the parish carried on the added activities of the city Cathedral which had been destroyed. To anyone with eyes to see, the remarkable industry and service which were to characterize the years to follow were already evident. Gone were the drab, quiet days of the classroom.

The years of the war became even more fearsome and perilous. Throughout the intensive American air raids preceding liberation which finally razed the Colegio de San Carlos, the pitiful bomb casualties, the panic and disruption of the city: the man whose mission had first been to teach became one of few who stayed and endured, administering the sacraments, reassuring the fearful with his presence.

Immediately after liberation, with Rev. Fr. Arthur Dingman, he opened school at San Carlos with the barest minimum of assets. The flowering of the personality of the missionary who came to teach but stayed to organize and reconstruct had grown in stature together with the gutted ruins of 1945 to the to-

wering structures of 1950 and the limitations of a few colleges to university status.

In the course of the construction of the buildings, often he could be found handling the shovel, wielding the hammer, spurring and enlivening the drab chores of the carpenters with his example.

He saw the greatness in the lit-

tle man who did the humble work. Of an aging man whose duties were in the refectory he could say that he was greater man than many because he lived a life of faithful service; he received Holy Communion daily, too.

Old and young, officials, students, teachers, laborers, clerks, professionals — all these have each their story to tell of the missionary teacher who has become an unforgettable favorite friend, mentor, and counsellor.

Many were the young Filipinos who got their training of logical thinking from attending his philosophy classes. Many were those who were enlightened from attending his religion classes, and minded to attend the yearly retreats who would not have done so otherwise.

Father Hoerdemann preached the exhortation on the first day of March's (1950) retreat. The theme of his sermon was that man's stay on earth is transient. These were the very words, "And yet we who are here today in this church will be gone tomorrow. Other people will be sitting on those pews; another priest will be preaching from this pulpit." Oddly enough although this is true, yet nobody dreamed how imminently close time could press.

For only three months later he was to fill his new assignment in the University of Nagoya, Japan.

Fr. Hoerdemann Writes to the Faculty

Manila, July 27, 1950

Mr. President and all Members of the Faculty:

Next Tuesday, August 5, the PRESIDENT WILSON will take me to Japan. My heart goes out to you all in fond memory of the days God's providence brought us together for a common task; and my soul overflows in gratitude for the unmistakable signs of true friendship you all showed me in the last days of my stay in Cebu.

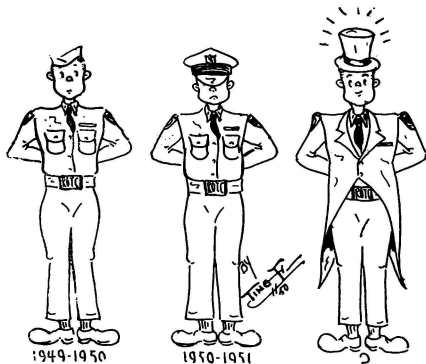
May God bless you all and keep you all in His service with your knowledge and consent, since there is nothing greater nor more satisfying than to do His Will with a willing heart.

With best wishes and my prayers for you all,

(Sgd.) Fr. ERNEST HOERDEMANN, S.V.D.

Passin' Through

By VICENTE LIM



In the ROTC Fashion Show, the slips are showing

REGARDING OUR TRAINING CAPS

So now we're all officers. We wear Pershing caps in our ROTC. Last year it was overseas caps; the year before last it was helmet liners. This year, Pershing caps. Next year we'll probably be sporting top hats in the drill grounds, eh. The year before last the rookies wore helmet liners, canvas leggings, and no neckties. Mighty he-man lookin'. Last year they wore overseas caps, no leggings (except the MP's), neckties, and white gloves. Seemed like overdressed Boy Scouts. Also, a new uniform materialized, the olive drab fatigue coveralls—Class "C". Now we're dress'd up in Pershing caps and no leggings. Turning out general's this year? Don't look now, but next year our Class "A" uniform will likely be khaki tails and silk top hats. Has the **New Yorker** magazine that much influence?

"YOU ARE LISTENING TO . . ."

Every now and then radio announcers prate during their stint about payday being near. I wish they'd stop bleating about their payday being two days near. Sounds like a child anticipating a birthday present. Or the arrival of a favorite aunt or generous uncle. Still corny.

Mr. Disc Jockey, won't you please keep your career's returns to yourself? I should think you're underpaid or something, the way you whoop when your pay envelope is only two days away (at last!). Your listeners, don't, particularly care if you get your shekels on time or not. The first time I hear it I thought it was cute; the second time I thought it was stale. After the dozzenth time I knew it stunk. The boss knows how much you're glad of it, so you don't have to air your elation. Try looking around for better blah blah, huh.

"SANDS OF KOREA" . . . ?

What with the climate in the Far East, it look like H'wood will have more materials in the future for war films. Would it be fantastic to imagine—or shall I say "foretell"—films in the category of "Battleground", "12 O'Clock High", "Sands of Iwo Jima", etc., dominating theatre mar-quees five or ten years from today?

EXCUSE ME, YOUR SLIPS ARE ALWAYS SHOWING—

And it seems nothing is ever done about it. In every issue, and almost in every page, there is an error in the prints of most publications, newspapers, or magazines (local). Witness:

seth: "... policemen, whether un-
formed or in plainclothes..." Other
errors are more misspellings and
jumbled words like "wrok" for work,
etc. Oh, but we have such an under-
standing reading public, anyway...
Just thought I'd mention this.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD . . .

At a classroom discussing the finals
one nitwit asked the prof if it was
"possible to give the exams in cross-
word puzzle form." One instructor
contended that it was best (all kid-
ding aside) to give the quizzamina-
tion in essay type. Another half wit
proposed, "Sir, why not just make
us compose an article titled, say, 'The
Wonders and Value of Intro. Sec. 2?'
Sir??"

ATOMIC ENROLMENT?

Something which modern science and
mechanics should do something
about; a mechanical registrar, dean,
adviser, clerk, cashier, and recorder
so the student won't get calloused
waiting for that smug big shot of the
registration room every registration
week.

ACADEMY AWARD TO AN OSCAR . . . ?

In spite of their talents and great
ability, movie actresses Joan Craw-
ford, Marie Windsor, Claudette Col-
bert, Bette Davis, and others of that
type have little following from the
young 'uns. But those who have eye
appeal and cheesecake! Hhph! Just
goes to show how the optical sens-
has gotten over the aesthetic sense

DREAM JUNKS—

I was wondering what would happen
to these hundreds of automobiles
here if war struck us again. A one-
way trip to the scrap pile, probably.
Can you imagine a jet fighter man-
ufactured in chrome, or a battleship
with three small, round, decorative
exhaust tubes at its side, or a conver-
tible Sherman tank with chrome
trimmings and adjustable spotlight
with pearl and silver handles?

(Cont. on page 21)

• By R. B. Barriga

A PILGRIMAGE TO ROME

—And Globe-Trotting

USC Pharmacy Instructor attends the Holy Year celebration at St. Peter's, sees the Holy Father and girdles the world

It's part of everyone's dream to girdle the earth in a pleasure look-see. And if he happens to be a Catholic, top of his schedule of "must-see" cities will be the Eternal City—Rome, the Vatican and the Holy Father. To most, the dream soon becomes a luxury they can ill-afford but a lucky few make their dream come true.

One such fortunate personality is Miss Milagros Urgello of the USC Faculty of Pharmacy who recently arrived from her first trip abroad and a Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome.

On April 5, 1950, Miss Urgello together with Misses Flora Borromeo, Carmen Cuenco, and Architect Imelda Borromeo, left Manila aboard a Pan American Airways luxury plane on their first leg to Rome. On that same afternoon they landed in Hongkong.

The next day the party enplaned for Bangkok. Bangkok's completely oriental atmosphere — its architecture, national costumes and customs — struck the visitors as unique. On the day of their arrival the coronation of the new King of Siam took place. Aside from having witnessed this ceremony our globe-trotters also saw the late king's funeral pyre.

They made only a short stop in Calcutta where a communal riot was in shooting stage. New Delhi and its famous Taj-Mahal were a relief. From there they hopped on to Karachi, Pakistan. Two hours later they were roaring on to Damascus. Here they saw the ancient building where St. Paul the Apostle effected his escape in a wicker basket from his former friends turned persecutors

after his conversion.

The next stop-over was Istanbul, Turkey. It was here the pilgrims felt the bite of Europe's cold air despite its being springtime already. Turkey's landscape was a breath-taking white carpet of apple trees in full bloom. Miss Urgello was surprised to discover a general misconception about the Turk people. She observed that they were blondes, blue-eyed, and white-complexioned, and not dark as erroneously reported. The Turk women were the most beautiful she had ever seen.

They were then winged to Athens and finally they scrunched wheels on a Rome airport. The Filipino group was awed by "the magnificence and tremendous sizes of the churches." There is something in Italian churches which is not apparent from the external view. One has to see the interior to appreciate the mystical splendor.

Museums invariably are traditional landmarks in European cities. Louvre, France and Florence and the Vatican City boast of elegant and commodious museums. In the Vatican Museum Egyptian relics — a specimen of the papyrus and the mortar and pestle — dating as far back as 2000 B.C. afforded Miss Urgello and her company no end of wonder. She was much impressed by a study in contrast of two paintings of Mary Magdalene in Italian churches. One showed her not as a saint but as a gorgeous half-nude woman, the other as an aged and too plain saint. The first depicted material aspirations, the latter the nobility of the soul triumph-



MISS MILAGROS URGELLO
Pilgrim globe-trotter

ing over all.

In Rome the Pitti Palace, a huge affair of some six hundred rooms, told a tale of the quarrel between the Pitti and the Medici families in which the latter emerged victorious.

The highlight of the pilgrimage centered on the private audience the Filipino ladies had with His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. It was a rare opportunity to have an audience with Church's highest dignitary. The privileged appointment was arranged by Padre Pedro Dedicacion, Procurator General of the Order of the Receptors, who personally delivered the letter of introduction given to the four by Monsignor Vagnozzi, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, to the secretary of the Pope.

On the designated day Miss Urgello and her friends were ushered through winding staircases and capacious rooms into the waiting chamber some half-hour before the Pope entered. They composed one of four groups numbering seventy-five persons. There was the crowd of members of the English nobility;



Eye-opener: Coliseum



Backdrop: Eiffel Tower



At St. Peter's



Kew Park, London



St. Paul staid on this wall

another of South Americans; and the last of a combined aggregation.

The traditional kissing of the Pope ring followed. When the Pope came upon the small group from the Philippines, he readily condescended to bless hundreds of rosaries and other religious tokens which our travelers brought with them for the purpose upon the request of their many relatives and friends. The whole experience was awe-inspiring, the Pope conducting the audience in the English language.

Our tourists motored then to Florence, passing the town of Assisi, birthplace of St. Francis. They moved on to Venice, where St. Mark's Cathedral impressed all. From the city of canals and gondolas they proceeded to the industrial city of Milan, where an industrial fair was going on.

They crossed the Italian border into Switzerland by train. They found quarters in Lausanne in the French district. During this brief sojourn in the land of Swiss watches, trips were made to Geneva and Montreaux. At this juncture the party took the bus to the French Riviera.

French Riviera, sporting ground of European destitute aristocrats and American millionaires, fairly took the breath off the Cebuans. In the city of Nice, they did not forget to see the famous Monte Carlo and Cannes in this French coast. In Grasse they visited the noted perfumeries where Miss Urgello being a pharmacist, carefully noted the complicated extraction processes exhibited for their benefit. They did not fail to make a trip to Lourdes, the shrine of our Lady of Lourdes.

They crossed the Pyrenees to Spain from the French Riviera. In Barcelona an Exposition of Roses was being held. They continued to Zaragoza where they were swept by the grandeur of the Basilica of the Nuestra Señora del Pilar. They passed on to Madrid, then on to Sevilla where Miss Urgello missed a bull-fight after having bought a ticket, and she blamed her over-indul-

gence in chocolates.

In Spain they soon felt like royalty, the way the Spanish people grandly received them. In Granada they visited the exquisite Palace of the Alhambra.

In Lisbon the three took the plane back to France, Paris. One visiting the Capital ought never to forget the splendid sight of the Arc de Triomphe, or the Eiffel Tower, or a drive along the Champs Elysses.

Miss Urgello generally noted that every European city has lovely parks. The chief advantage of the poor people of Europe over our own poor lies in the consolation and luxury offered by its cities' large and beautiful parks and gardens.

The travelling druggist averred that Europeans as a whole are people of culture. They are all great lovers of the classics. Even the drivers could be better cultured than a number of our blustering hoity-toity members of the so-called Elite.

She, therefore, made it a point, like her other companions, to dress up properly especially during dinnertime, not for her own sake, she said, but because she was aware that somehow she was representing the Philippines in a Europe where only a sad few knew or had heard something, if at all, about our country.

Great was her dismay when in

Amsterdam, after coming from Brussels, an American friend referred to an article in the June issue of the Reader's Digest. She felt and saw all her magnificent endeavors to sell the Philippines crush down with a loud bang when she heard this unfortunate report. However, she ended the discussion by reassuring him that the predominance of Catholicism in the Islands would ultimately smash the inroads of Communism.

They made a flying trip to Copenhagen and Stockholm, and thence to London. They included Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford in their itinerary. From England they sped on to New York.

In America the world-circlers went to see Harvard on the day Romulo was conferred an honorary degree. It was also graduation day at Harvard. Boston and Washington made lasting impressions on the party.

Going home they passed Chicago, Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. In California they examined the cyclotron at the State University. In Frisco they took the air on board a strato-cruiser for the Philippines; making short stop-overs in Honolulu and Wake.

Finally on June 15th, 1950 "despite the breath-taking scenes of foreign countries it's still nice to come home," so concluded Miss Urgello.

Carolinian Mouthful

REV. LAWRENCE W. BUNZEL (in the send-off party tendered by the faculty for Fr. Hoerdemann): "I have never known a man in our Society who works as hard as Fr. Hoerdemann. We used to be room-mates and I know this man worked even far into the night. His day is so full that very often he has to say his Office in the wee hours of the morning."

REV. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, (in his farewell speech, breaking the 3-minute limit imposed by Toastmaster Doc Salom with a penalty of 3 Coca-Cola bottles): "I don't care if Doctor Salom fines me 6 bottles!"

ATTY. FULVIO PELAEZ: "These walls, these chairs, these pillars and we ourselves would not have been here, if not for Father Hoerdemann."

A Year in Good Ole Alma Mater

A hilarious life history of the lowest form of animal life—freshman to you—who recounts the romance, raw deal, ROTC and red marks in first year college



What the Sophs do to the Freshman

FIRST SEMESTER

For ten months and two semesters I am going to become what is known as the lowest form of animal life—I will be a college Freshman! O.K., so I tumble down from the lofty heights of high school senior to the humble gutter of college freshman. Gone the pomp and grandeur of graduating from high school. Came the humility and meekness of a college frosh trying to wangle himself a place in the bustle and bustle of the college world.

Sophomores jubilantly and triumphantly cackled about their going into "Quali" and "Quanti" and I wondered what the heck those were. I was then made to understand that those were the higher forms of Chemistry, and the speaker would add, "Boy, wait'll you reach these subjects!" That's what the Sophs did to the Freshmen. They always felt superior, higher, and they made no bones about it, too. Talk about a teacher and they'd interrupt: "Oooh, HIM, I spent a semester under him and regretted every minute of it! He'll drive you nuts . . ." So high-falutin' some of the Sophs were, you wondered if they'll make the Freshmen wear caps or distinguishable marks that showed the Frosh's status.

The Juniors were a shade different. They were full of suggestions and advices, all the time feeling like they were granddads speaking to our grandsons. "If I were you I'd take

this subject first and take that subject in the summer so I'd be advanced . . . Just between us, that certain prof is a tightwad—you'll have a hard time under him . . . Father So-and-so gives you all the breaks . . ." Them and their know-it-all, grand-men-of-the-campus airs! It's a conviction of most Juniors, and some Sophs, that God sent them into the world to teach. At that, what they tell you isn't intended for your edification and future good. It's just a way of announcing "I'm smart and you're a lunkhead."

The days dragged on. I met a fellow who introduced me to Pool and then and there I knew I was a push-over. A regular fall guy who fell for that absorbing, diverting past time, a gullible sap whose interest in the game increased until he made the mistake of giving the game just a bit more attention than should have been safe for him. That folly accounts for the few red marks in my cards in case anybody's interested and wants to profit (eh) from my mistake.

ROTC. I met the rifle for the first time and learned to take care of him, to carry him in the proper ways, clean and oil him, scrub him, to baby him. Long periods of lecture. Notes scrawled on pieces of scrap paper, and afterwards, discarded, forgotten, and lost.

Also, getting acquainted with chem-

icals that blew up in your face, burned your fingers, ate through your pants and put a dark, ugly hole where a crisp crease should have been. Chemicals that stink and burn and explode. So this is part of college freshman year, huh.

Then mid-term exam, followed by several weekly quizzaminations and topped off by the finals. Well, the first half is over and I find I don't quite click. One 4 and one 5—damn that! Fine way to start, I thought. But what the heck, when we yelled "Give us 3 or give us death!" the profs didn't even twitch an ear. My Philosophy barely made the grade, but did anyway. Charity, we cracked! Math 1, that nightmare! English was a pip, but Chemistry was a hard nut to crack.

SECOND SEMESTER

Now the second half crack the books, burn the midnight oil, self-imposed curfews, leave the bottle alone, abandon Pool, buy more notebooks. Had enough of that prof; avoid him in the future. New subjects, the field's getting broader and more complicated. Like I never thought a single thing like a drop of water contained so many confusing elements and power until I entered Chemistry 1b.

By this time I knew my way around and was even starting to develop a sort of bum feeling of superiority over high school kids. But

(Cont. on page 21)

By Lino Narvios

The Way of the Lukewarm

IS STRAIGHT TO THE ROCKS

By
VICENTE M. ALMIRANTE,
Law '53

A decade ago if you ask any Filipino living in the Christian regions of the Philippines to what church he belongs you can be almost positive his answer would be that he either belongs to the Catholic or one of the minor churches. But nowadays you need not go far to meet two new groups of Filipino Christians. One group belongs to ALL churches, another does not belong to ANY church at all. The latter is a product of the former. I am not a theologian but I venture to discuss these NEW Christian groups as far as ordinary reason could follow. Theologians call the first group **INDIFFERENTISTS**. Let us call the second group **UNCHURCHED**.

Indifferentism says that one church is as good as another; that because all churches have God for their ultimate goal; because all churches teach people to discern between good and evil; therefore, it does not matter to what church one belongs. In other words, *Indifferentism* claims that God does not care what doctrines you hold and believe as long as it has for its ultimate goal, **HIMSELF**. Let us examine closely these bold assertions and use our God-given reason to find out the rationality of this new religious philosophy.

God is **TRUTH**. He hates deceit, lies, and untruth. Great is His dislike for **FALSEHOOD** that He sent His only Son to earth as a "testimony to the truth". Christ, in defending this truth, terribly suffered and most generously died for it. The Only Son of God walked the earth and actually lived with man to show him the **LIGHT**. What

does indifferentism say? It says **GOD DOES NOT CARE WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IN TRUTH OR NOT**. You may say that I am accusing indifferentists of blasphemy. They only believe that one church is not as good as another. That does not mean that *God does not care whether one believes in truth or not*. I am not only accusing them of blasphemy but shall prove here their blasphemous act and also expose their contradictory reasonings.

To say that one church is as good as another is the same as saying that one doctrine is as good as another: for each church has its own doctrine essentially different and contradictory to each other in beliefs. One church teaches that baptism is an absolute necessity to salvation. Another church teaches that baptism is not an absolute necessity. One church teaches that Mary is the mother of God. Another church teaches that Mary is not the mother of God. One church teaches that Christ is really present in the Sacrament. Another church teaches that He is not present, never will be present and that the contrary teaching is idolatry. Many more contradictory teachings can be enumerated and may only cover the whole space allotted for this writing. Now, in contradictory statements only one of them could be true. Nothing can be and not be at the same time. For instance, if it is true that I am writing now it could not be true that I am not writing now. Only one of these assertions must be true. Similarly, if it is true that Mary is a mother of God, then it is not true

that she is not a mother of God. What does indifferentism say? It says that God does not care whether you believe that Mary is a mother of God or not; whether you believe that baptism is an absolute necessity to salvation or not; whether you believe that Christ is present in the Sacrament or not; He does not care at all and never will care what you believe as long as it ends up in **HIM**. Is this not blasphemy? And is this in conformity with right reasoning? God Who is **TRUTH** and who hates untruth does not care whether you believe in a true doctrine or a false one! Yet, this is what indifferentism says!

My dear readers, God gave us reason. It is that faculty which elevates man far above the animals. It is that faculty which makes us think and arrive at truth. We must use it. Ask yourself. Why did God send His only Son to show us "the way, the **TRUTH**, and the life"? Why was Christ Himself emphatic in His commands to His disciples "observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you". He did not say "teach what you think is right". He did not tell one disciple to teach that baptism is necessary to salvation and another disciple to teach that baptism is not necessary to salvation. He gave only one command and that was to "teach **ALL** things whatsoever I have commanded". Why? He is **TRUTH** and must have given only **ONE** teaching. If Christ walked with man to teach him the truth and wants him to follow what He has commanded, for what purpose were these teachings and commands for? Was His desire to spread HIS gospel (only **ONE** — that is **HIS**) necessary if only other gospel could do as long as it ends in **GOD**? Then why was He sent to us? For a big joke? If God sent Christ, His only Son, to us, to be crowned with thorns, to carry a heavy cross to which He was later nailed and hung till He died, only to tell us at the end that He was only joking, then God must be a brutal fool. He is **deceit** and untruth rolled in one! What else shall we call a strong belief which was not intended for belief at all? My dear readers, you might be shocked at these accusations against God. But that is what indifferentism actually calls

(Cont. on page 22)

I Shall Retain!

The lonesome feeling creeps over Alex as Herbie gets enrolled in a medical school in Manila. He writes him about summer terms and "optical illusions."

By VNLim

Dear Herbie:—

For two solid semesters I've been suffering under the dose of your corny pap. So here I'm giving you a taste of your own medicine. And never let it be said it was cornier!

I heard you wanted to be a nurse. So now you're an interne in some hospital. Well, I hope you sing lullabies to some cadavers there. But I miss you, oh how I miss you! When you were here it was celestial; now you're not here it's lousy. Anyway, what kind of chatter is this, so let's abandon it and find some other mar-larkey, eh.

I love summer terms. The girls in the classes! In every class I had last summer there was always one or maybe two or three who stood out among the other girls. Like a sailor with a girl in every port, I wanted to be a sport with a girl in every class. But a jerk is a jerk and a drip is no ball of fire, so...

Quo vadis, Adonis??

Herbie my friend, beware when your prof lugs a recording machine in your class and turns it loose on you poor guinea pigs. Last summer our instructor pulled that stunt on us, and the result was pure unadulterated pandemonium. The playback of our voices created a panic in the classroom. You ought to hear a girl's speech on a tape record. It's

terrific, Herbie! Two thousand words per minute and no pauses. And if you don't control your breathing you might as well listen to a banshee squawk. Great experience that was. The mike you hold in your hand weighs a hundred tons, and you're supposed to keep it near your mouth, just above the chin. When you're excited and turned upside down inside, even a feather weighs more than a six-by-six. But it was lotsa fun while it lasted. Now you can't say I didn't warn you. Electronics, my eye!

Aaahh, I get intoxicated by the dazzle of these new beauties that have stormed USC's male halls. These imported visions (or should I say optical illusions?) grace every class!

I must leave you now, Herbie my pal, to return to that place called college where there is a mixture of brains, work and toil, glamour, balyhoo, shenanigans, studies, failures, conditions, and whatnot. Any colleg Soph who is blind to these concentrations of variegated human characteristics is certainly blind!

Fine scholar I'm turning out to be! Whenever I see a test tube, whether Pyrex or not, I remember those hectic Chemistry sessions we had... and then I realize what a crumb I've been. So long, Herb, keep those mutty paps on the fire.

Mentally wrecked,
Alex



With the principle of "Ignorance of the law excuses no one from compliance therewith," law can be a good study for everyone. But I know, however, some vital truths about rights and obligations which are about the general subject matter of Law, does not need its thorough study. Here, in an unauthoritative analysis and synthesis of the different rights and obligations one may ruminate on the question of "hasty marriage and land in misery".

There have been several discourses and interesting books written on marriage, its harmony and all other sweet nothings; as well as about its evils and paradoxes. And along these lines treatises on divorce followed suit -- long before anyone of us felt the necessity of a timely advice for a better outlook on marriage. With the advent of the new Civil Code which took effect last July 1st, we are now in the position to invoke more rights granted to us than those which we had before -- and none for divorce. This particular embodiment of laws governing our civil rights was a conglomeration of different codal provisions of several leading countries. The reason behind this is to build up a more adequate, moral and uniform set of rules for us and our generation to follow. However, the whole truth is "things are not always what they all seem."

Particularly interesting to all of us (unmarried or negotiable) is the provisions on marriage. Before we dig deep into the intricacies of this alluring contract, let us consider Art 52, new codal provision which overrides among others that "Marriage is not a mere contract but a social institution". By institution is meant a "relationship for life by virtue of which the contract can not be rescinded or terminated in any shorter period." To put it in a layman's language, it is a lifetime relationship manifested formally in writing but really in other manners which only the married people can tell. The contract provides not merely for an OBLIGATION to last for a day, or for a year or till I get tired of you but for life-long generally stipulated "until death do us part". Quite long for an unhappy, nagging life! And too short for a happy one.

In passing we may state here that anyone who has no legal impediments, with the age of 16 upwards if male and 14 upwards if female can marry, with the consent of the

HOW NOT TO MARRY UNDER THE NEW CIVIL CODE

If you contemplate marriage—hold it, until you have read this. Marital ties may mean a berth behind bars these days if you don't know the law. The New Civil Code has some bad news for the ladies.

By VICENTE DELFIN

parents. However those who want the shorter, less troublesome way marry without the parental consent at the age of 20 upwards if male; 18 upwards if female. It is shorter and less troublesome because the first law providing for the legal capacity of those below 20 and 18 upwards respectively, require the parental consent. But that is not all. The new code (art. 62) provides that males below 25 but above 20, females below 23 but above 18 shall be obliged to ask the advice of their parents or guardian. If such advice is not obtained or favorable, the marriage shall not take place until after three months following the completion of the publication for the marriage license. This is primarily intended to avert the evil of celebrating marriage without the knowledge, at least, of Pa and Ma.

On the second thought isn't this a usurpation of our constitutional right of "... pursuit of happiness"? Is it not unfair for a legally, capable son or daughter to manage his or her own affair? At least to be left free in matters of his or her own lot?

However the law is very equitable to you and me on one side -- your dad and mom on the other. The old folks have to know and give you their blessings or their whip. It can be possible that you can manage to get yourself into the mess, push through it, without the aid of your pa and ma. But the generally respected and accepted principle observed in our country today, is that you'll eventually and ultimately return to you "Tatay" and "Nanay".

You'll even come back in tears of repentance as the biblical citation of a prodigal son is told. And if your parents want to make use of the new provision on damages, it could be possible that the court may issue a "writ of attachment" to your property comprising your last "thread-bares", unrepaired shoes and a broken tooth-bridge. Of course that is far from being probable. Yet, who would ever know? It is never impossible to require you to reserve such property, even if they were the last things in this world. The law does not give way. Dura lex sed lex.

Regardless of how old you are, how eager you are and how attractive the partner is, you'll have to restrain yourself a while. Reflect on the bright side of life even if the law permits you to go thru it. The Church has always been the best-known preacher advocating the necessity of parental consent and knowledge. With the law almost conforming to the teaching of the Church on this point of marriage, the law is kind, and equitable.

As a general rule, therefore, marriage is not merely a bilateral contract of "give and take". But it is your duty and obligation to make good to the end of the contract which finds its exit in death alone. If you think there is a loophole in the law, forget about what you think and take this bit of good-neighbor advice. You'll see no "moon" and "honeys" without being prepared for, much more so, without the old folks' being notified, about the popular institution. But you're bound to see stars in your honeymoon.

The exhilarating adventures of a Botany student into the tree kingdom where you don't call an acacia an acacia but mister

I used to be the type who aims to breeze through college, the take-it-easy, happy-go-lucky way. When they served me the curricular menu, I told myself there won't be hard fare for me, only liquids. An old-timer Carolinian who took pre-med offered me his expert services, defining the subjects, while I listened like the traditional freshman. When we came to the electives I made sure I picked the ones with less memory work, less reading, and less digesting, if I couldn't get around it at all.

The lab subjects I found the most unfamiliar and therefore the most intriguing. But after my good friend had unscrambled them for me I knew I was going to make one of the easiest pickings. I didn't have to think twice at all to decide between a subject which teaches how to concoct poison, chemistry to you, and another that is only the study of trees. Inside of two weeks, I calculated we'll cover any size of tree from roots to shoots. Not much memory work there outside of leaves and the law-an varieties. Pretty dull, of course but that suited me to a T. And since I don't enjoy breaking up a cat either, I was more firmly decided in favor of Botany.

In my first day in the Dictary class, I brought along dark goggles—something handy to duck behind just in case I decide to doze off through the period, to protect myself from getting bored to death. A neat-looking marm with a neat English tried to impress us with tongue-twisting, jaw-breaking Latin words. When I asked a bespectacled neighbor just what was all that gobbledygook, he snarled at me and said: Just trees. Then the pretty instructor dictated two dozens of the different kinds of shrubs and another two dozens stuff from a Mandrake vocabulary. "Be sure to call the plants by their scientific names tomorrow without the help of your notes, class," said she sweetly. Right there, I knew I had walked into a trap.

Our little instructor had a deep respect for trees and plants. She never called an acacia an acacia, she gets a dignified Latin name for it. She would pronounce the latin moniker so clearly and reverently as if she

The Root of the Matter

• By LEON GENSON

we have arrived at the core of it all—and the last thing in trees visible to the human eye.

I was heaving a sigh of relief when I heard my teacher's voice call for microscopes. "Now," she announced excitedly, "we will find just what the core is, made up as we take up the study of cells."

That one got on my nerves. I was all set to face the teacher and call it quits, had I not remembered that I promised Perla. I was going to be a doctor thru hell or high water. The botanical grind went on while I groaned. After peering into the insides of the core, we proceeded to the layer next and next until we got to where we started—the bark.

They've studied the guerrilla plants, (beg your pardon) the ones that like to go underground, i.e. the camote, potato, etc. And there is the submarine type that breathes under the water. But the most enterprising of them all was the fly-catching plants. (No, I haven't heard yet about the plants they could employ at the city dog pound). These are the ones that build their flowers like a mousetrap. When a silly fly alights on their petals, it doesn't have to say, "close sesame. It's funny; the fly plants don't hunt flies, like the English hunters, for the fun of it, but fly deficiencies are strictly on their menu—they feed on them. The odd ends began to perk up the otherwise unbearable study of plants. From the first time my interest got stirred.

But still one thing puzzled me. I couldn't understand our teacher's insistence in tagging the plants by their latin names. And in the meanwhile I developed healthy aversion against words I couldn't understand because I couldn't get myself to memorizing them. Just for the heck of it, I looked up in the dictionary the meaning of mimosa pudica, a high-sounding word for a thorny shrub, that shrinks at the least touch of human hand. I found pudica, (adj.) a feminine; for pudicus—meaning shy, timid. Maybe it's the poet in me, but that really got me. There could not be a more felicitous name for a plant that melts away and blush when in contact with the human fingers. To me, the latin word, hitherto cold and foreign, took on a warm significance. When I pronounced it again, I felt as if I was reciting a great poem.

The other day in our oral exams, Miss Benitez held up a tiny plant.

(Cont. on page 21)



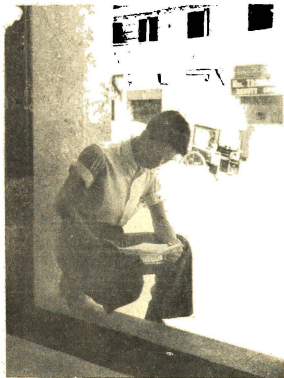
was actually calling the tree mister.

When a classmate of mine admitted that his favorite pastime was burning "kaingangs", she called off the photosynthesis assignment and spent the whole period berating the enemies of the trees, using barbed language, calling them cruel, brutes, inhuman. At the end she said that there ought to be an organization here for the protection of the plant kingdom and a Sing Sing for the woodcutters.

As days lengthened into weeks and weeks into monthly quizzes, I know I had picked up a hot potato. The trees got more and more complicated. I was hoping we would stop somewhere in the study of plants, after getting to the roots of the matter. But the root, didn't stop our tree-adoring marm. We then took up the bark, and after that, the layer behind the bark and deeper and deeper until we reached the core. At this point, I leaned back and relaxed. At last,

Campuscoop

The campus is a stage where students play their best and most enjoyable roles in college life . . .

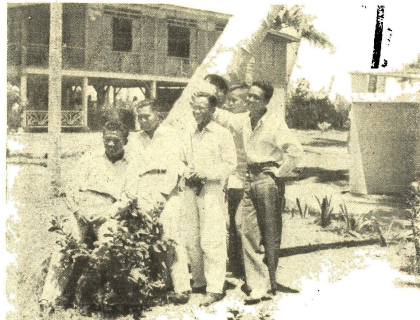


SIT-DOWN STRIKES on college horseplay are staged when the quizzes come around the corner. —Photo by Guillermo Ang

THE PATTERN. The file-in, file-out routine and the corridor traffic are so much part of college life as textbooks.



NEARER THE STARS. The coeds during intermission go up the USC Roof-garden not so much to escape the dust as to get that "windblown look".



SUNDAY BREAK. USC office personnel get a breathing spell from attending to overflow enrolment backbreaking routine. In the picture: Registrar J. Arias, Cashier R. Siervo and Rector's secretary Equipilag.



WISHED WEEKEND. This is the Liberal Arts and Normal coeds' idea of a weekend. Flor, Mila, Viol, Angeles Paking, Luz and Ninia wished everyday was a weekend in Talisay—at the USC Summer Resort Miramar.



FEATHER FINGER TOUCH. At the Secretarial Dept, the budding secretaries touch off the tick: noise on their machines.



SCHOOL DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. And they are happy days too. A familiar scene throughout the country from June to April: students trooping in and out of school.



BOILED DOWN. Pharmacy coeds feverishly at work on the formula of poison. Lab work is great fun, they



—say, until one of those darn things blow up in your face.



THE BOOK CRIND IS ON. Education girls tackle their lessons in the roomy, noise-proof new USC Library at the Main Building. L to R: Lucrecia Hulleza, Fe Montayre, Araceli Kuan.



TIME-OUT. Liberal coeds kill time on the windy roof-garden—Photos on this page by Guillermo Ang, Cecil's Studio

USC in the News

USC ACQUIRES STATESIDE COACH

The acquisition of Coach Raymond F. Johnson, onetime most valuable guard of topflight Washington State U varsity puts the USC Five on top as the team to beat in this year's inter-collegiate basketball competitions among the Cebu fives.

It was through the efforts of Father Bunzel that Mr. Johnson's services were acquired.

Mr. Johnson is a graduate of the Washington State University, where he played guard in its varsity team from 1944 to 1948. An all-around athlete he confesses more proficiency in basketball and golf.

State-side basketball know-how is applied by our new Coach in the training of our boys. With the brand of play he mentors the boys with, USC chances to win championship pennants look big.

Mr. Johnson is currently connected with Caltex (Phil.) Inc., Cebu branch, as Marketing Assistant.

—B R. R. Tupas

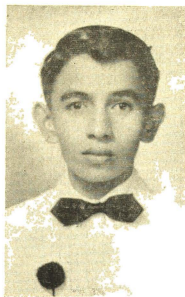
USC VALEDICTORIAN WINS HARVARD SCHOLARSHIP

Frederick Kriekenbeck, a live wire of high school boy, 1950 valedictorian of the USC High School Training Dept., president of the USC HSTD Catholic Action, editor, Greece and Gold, student council president, legionary of Mary topped off his remarkable achievements by winning a Harvard scholarship.

Passing the standard entrance examination required by the Harvard authorities, Mr. Kriekenbeck received last week a letter from the Harvard registrar admitting him to that university as a scholar. It was also learned that Mr. Kriekenbeck obtained excellent marks in Physics and Biology in the college entrance test which he took under the auspices of the American Consulate in Cebu. The examination covered the U.S. high school curriculum and prepared by the Educational Testing Service, Berkeley, California.

Mr. Kriekenbeck was enrolled last June in the USC Liberal Arts Col-

Caroliner of the Month



MR. FREDERIC KRIEKENBECK
Harvard Scholar

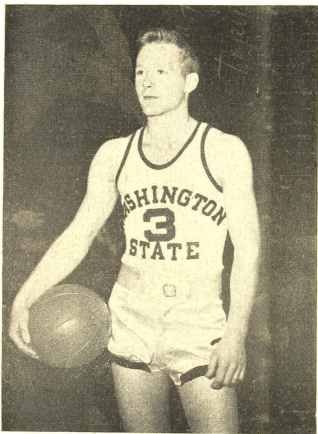
lege, pre-law course. He finished high school in three years at the USC High Training Department run by Principal-Director Rev. Constance Floresca, SVD. (Story on Kriekenbeck in September issue, CAROLINIAN).

FATHER OSTER EXPERIMENTS ON SUPERSOUNDS

With the characteristic secretiveness of one who is on the verge of a great find, Father Oster, physicist, could not reveal details of his experiments when interviewed in his scientific laboratory at the USC Science Building. He made a generalized statement that he is experimenting on supersounds.

He explained that immediate object of his experiments is to determine the velocity of propagation of supersounds in metal rods under special resonance conditions given by the different dimensions of certain rods of different kinds of metals. His experiments may have some application in the accurate study of the structure and strength of metallic materials, and he expects to find practical application of scientific facts he might be able to gather therefrom.

Father Oster's task will prove beneficial for technical, engineering and scientific purposes, although he modestly insists that it is too early to say much. But this much we understand from his attitude: he is keeping to himself until he is sure of it, the knowledge of something valuable to science.



MR. RAYMOND F. JOHNSON
Varsity Coach

USC in the News



Rev. GREGORY HAGEMANN, SVD
Astronomer
FATHER HAGEMANN
JOINS USC

A Doctor of Science in Astronomy (University of Berlin), the Rev. Fr. Gregory Hagemann is now with the USC faculty.

Father Hagemann studied priesthood in the College of the Divine Word in Rome. Ordained in 1936, he then studied at the University of Vienna for two years. In 1938, he was at the University of Berlin where he got his doctorate's degree in 1940.

Assigned to the field, he was sent to the University of Peking stayed there from 1940 to 1948. But he was sent to Australia in 1948 for astronomical research until May, 1950, when he was assigned at USC. He is currently teaching Religion, Mathematics and Philosophy of Law.

Father Hagemann was born in a small village of Hoesael, Westphalia, Germany.

RECTOR, ENGINEERING DEAN ARRIVE FROM TACLOBAN

Rev. Fr. Rector Albert van Ganswinkel SVD, and Dean Jose Rodriguez arrived recently from a visit to St. Paul's College, Tacloban, Leyte.

The Engineering Dean, it was learned, will supervise and construct the blue-printed 300,000-peso building for St. Paul's. The edifice will be a 3-story affair and will cover the

same length as the USC main Building.

FACULTY DRAPE'S RESOLUTION OF GRATITUDE AND LOYALTY TO FR. RECTOR

In their last meeting held last month, the faculty drew up a resolution expressing gratitude and reiterating their loyalty to Fr. Rector. The text reads:

"RESOLUTION OF GRATITUDE AND LOYALTY TO OUR VERY REVEREND FATHER ALBERT VAN GANSEWINKEL SVD

WHEREAS, our Very Rev. Father Rector has shown much solicitude and interest in the welfare of all members of the faculty of this University right at the very start of his administration,

WHEREAS, he has initiated measure that would redound into our own betterment of living,

WHEREAS, he has promulgated administrative measures for the social amelioration of the lot of teachers, WHEREAS, his dealings with all faculty members have been always on the professional level,

WHEREAS, he has been always fair and just in his policies in the University,

THEREFORE, be it resolved as it is hereby resolved that the Faculty Club expresses its heartfelt gratitude and reiterates its loyalty to the Very Reverend Father Rector and that copies of this resolution be furnished the following persons and entities:

- The Very Reverend Father Rector
- The Superior General in Rome
- The Father Provincial in Manila
- The Carolinian — Official Organ or the Student Body of the University of San Carlos

Done this thirtieth day of July in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty."

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION BOLSTERS FACULTY

Recent addition to the College of Education faculty is Dr. Lourdes Mesqueda, Ph.D. and Miss Gertrudes Ang, MA (UST). Dr. Mesqueda, holder of a doctorate's degree in Education (UST), handles education subjects in USC, while Miss Ang's forte is English.

Two topnotchers of Teachers' Examinations given in Cebu have also joined our faculty. They are

Miss Praxedes Saligumba who topped in the last Teachers' Examination, and Miss Paz Noel who topped the same examinations two years ago. They are teaching in our new Elementary School Department at Jones Avenue. Both finished ETC at USC.

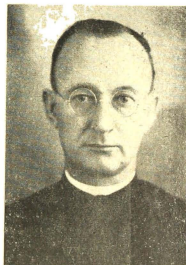
A ballet dance maestra of note: Mrs. Luz Paz Mancao-Sandiego teaches in our fast-growing Girls' High School Department. She had just acquired her BSE from USC.

Another graduate of our College of Education who teaches in the Girls' High School is Miss Corazon Cruz. She handles National Language, while a brainy young lady Miss Concepcion Rodil recently graduated from the College of Education, summa cum laude, now teaches Spanish in the USC Training Department.

Misses Aurora Causing and Carmel Camara also products of the USC College of Education summa cum laude and magna cum laude, respectively, have also joined our faculty. Miss Camara teaches English in the Girls' High School, while Miss Causing teaches Philosophy.

REV. JORGE KRIEGER TAKES OVER NEW CONSTRUCTION

Oldtimer Fr. Jorge Krieger, one of the SVD pioneers in Cebu arrived to supervise the unfinished building program of USC. Not new to this job, he directed the construction of the prewar San Carlos annex housing the chapel, dining room and library. Also he was responsible of the SVD constructions at Vigan. One-time treasurer of the Colegio de San Carlos. Fr. Krieger couldn't get over his surprise seeing the new USC and said, coming to USC is "like coming home."



REV. JORGE KRIEGER, SVD
Pioneer come home

Essays are made
 by fools like me
 But only God
 Can make a tree

By BIENVENIDO S. OZARRAGA



FOREVER A WONDER

A leaf is not only an impressive piece of Divine ingenuity. It is picturesque. It claims that it has innumerable gadgets which are almost synonymous with those found in a rational animal — especially the female specie. The exact composition of a leaf is sometimes a mother of doubt that even the most diligent biologists have been credited for having given false theories about this wonderful masterpiece of God — a leaf.

Do you know that a leaf can express thoughts and crystallize emotions with deeper and more enduring understanding? To some persons, a leaf may be small and meaningless — it may be nothing! To me a leaf is an old favorite that has won a niche in my heart. There is nothing as majestic as a graceful leaf that is lost in enchantment in the whirl of a cool summer evening breeze. One can not help but envy a leaf when it glides and caresses the early morning air pregnant with the tender rays of Aurora. Really, a leaf is born with the blood of a ballroom dancer running in its veins.

No one can rightfully assert that he is the sole practitioner of this noble art of leaf-loving. Each and every one of us — from the cave or from the court — has the right to acquire freely the exquisite leisure, freedom, and independence which are the capital of a leaf-lover. These

come only by the grace of God — a direct dispensation from Heaven!

A leaf, unlike a woman, belongs to the fifth race — the green or chlorophyl race. A leaf inhales carbon dioxide, and gives off oxygen; a woman does the exact opposite thing. A leaf manufactures food; a woman consumes food. A leaf uses cut-ins on its surface for protection; a woman uses cream on her face for advertisement.

However, a leaf and a woman are born with great similarities — before the eyes of man and God! A leaf marries either a branch or a stem that gives it moral and physical support until death divorces them. A leaf is made up of millions of cells — living and dead! It practices the conventional customs of respiration, transpiration, and perspiration. It drinks, eats, grows, lives, get sick, and dies as mortals do. It has for its skeletal system the midrib and netted-veins; it has for its flesh the flat and broad blade which may take any conceivable shape.

The cross-section of a leaf, as seen through a microscope, looks like anything that I have not seen and understood before. It is like the world that one usually hears the doctors talk about in the barber shops. Let us take, for example, the statement that there are two millions or more guard cells, or stomata, which are the breathing organs of a leaf — a

fantastic number which when compared with a woman's pair of nostrils would seem more absurd than real.

The irregular epidermal cells of a leaf are used to protect the delicate heart from mechanical injuries that may be inflicted by any irresponsible intruder—such as a man.

Great verse can help to vitalize our thinking about the commonplace and elemental in life, and can idealize and give meaning to the simplest things in creation. Listen to Tennyson:

*"Leaf in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, blade and all, in
 my hand,
 Little Leaf — but if I could un-
 derstand
 What you are, blade and all, and
 all in all,
 I should know what God and
 man is".*

It is written in the Commandments that thou shalt not kill. Killing a leaf, therefore, for financial or sentimental reason, is not justifiable. Only God can take back what He has given.

Yes, a leaf is worthy of our love and care. It is the choicest gift that Heaven has kindly lent to mankind. God has given us eyes to see, and lips to tell how great God Almighty is Who has made the wonderful leaf.

• A Short Story

Battle Thoughts

*No word above a whisper was spoken . . .
his heart drummed against her picture
in his breast-pocket.*



The mellow dusk deepened into ebon darkness. From the next hill the glimmer of firelight appeared, one after the other, like fireflies on a tree. He knew as he gazed upon them, from where he was sitting, what they meant. No fool would dare show his campfires at a time like this. Those on the other side, he thought could not be friends. They could only be one thing — the enemy.

For a moment, he lost himself in a maze of memories. It was the only vice he occasionally indulged in under the circumstances. To him it has become a luxury. And he usually remembered with fondness "Lahuc Heights."

In his reflections, he could see once more the twinkle of lights as he gazed on the City below. He admired the beauty of that night long ago, with the stars and the milky way, with the moonlight which seemed to turn the cogon grass into golden billowy waves as the wind blew upon them, although the silently breathing hills that sprawled around seemed threatening and grim. On that particular night of the past, he was lost to the beauty around him while by his side was "Pic", sweet little figure who drank with him the intoxicating magic of moonlight and its effect upon the senses. He remembered that night of all nights he spent at Lahuc Heights because it was their last night together. He loved her and he felt that she would not belong to anyone but to him. He was sure of it because there was something inexplicable inside of him which told him so. And they had grown together since childhood. She was essentially a part of him as he to her. It was to him that she always turned to when she had troubles of her own. He recalled that he proposed to her

By TIMOTEO R. QUIMPO, Jr.

that night but she said simply that she was not ready, that she would think it over. He knew that she was right.

When he took her home later that night, he wanted to tell her one thing more. He believed that she would change her mind if only he could tell her about it. But he could not afford to tell her, because he knew that there would be tears. He could never stand tears shed by a woman.

Her father was at the door when they reached her home. Telling her became more difficult. But he hoped that he would have nerve and opportunity to tell her the following day — that he was expecting orders to leave at once to report to some Army unit.

On the following day, the opportunity never came, because his special orders arrived marked "Confidential"; and he left without even bidding his friends "Goodbye".

He did not want to believe that he sailed, but he realized the pain and suffering it caused him, the loneliness that overwhelmed him when standing against the railings of his departing ship and staring blankly at the fast receding landscape of his home island, the dark anxiety of not knowing his exact destination. He remembered "Pic" and the photograph of her he was not able to forget to include while packing up his things, but just the same, the outlook appeared dark and gloomy. Days of bitterness and back-breaking experiences one by one crowded into his life after that. His sole consolation was to think of her and of that night he proposed to her, her loveliness and the consciousness of the fact that he had

always carried her picture on his breast-pocket next to his heart...

He reached automatically for the picture in his breast pocket, and wanted to look at it over again as he used to in spite of the enveloping darkness. He wanted to see the serene face full of life and promise.

But suddenly: "Order for you, Sir", a sergeant approached him in the gloom and handed him a note. By the light of his very carefully shaded one-celled flashlight he read it. He was ordered to report to Battalion Headquarters for combat orders.

The "Old Man" of the Battalion gave the officers a briefing. He talked for a while about valor and patriotism and the glory and honor one gets in the battlefield. After that, all the officers were given their respective combat orders.

When his turn came, he stood at attention before the map and the "Old Man". He was oriented on the situation of the field of action. It was very necessary that they knew the deployments of the other companies to avoid getting shot at or shooting at them.

"Lieutenant Villarín, you will take your Company to this point here, on the right of the current position of the enemy. Connect your left flank with the right of 'A' Company. You will attack when you hear the firing of 'D' Company which will serve as center and key Company to our battle formation. You will take position at 2200 Hours and get as close as you can to the enemy until the firing from 'D' Company signals the synchronized advance. All other movements are left to your discretion. Is that clear?"

When he reached the Company, he found his junior officers excitedly waiting for him. He transmitted

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ROTC

HOTTER PATTERN

Ever kicking "like a cog on a wheel rolling... rolling... on." Even San Carlos U. has to. But let's concern ourselves with this school's military organ.

Here's an astounding fact about it. One out of three males you meet in the campus is an ROTC cadet. Old man Juan de la Cruz ought to tip his sombrero for that. You see, even during the first couple of weeks of registration a handsome queue of eager flatfoots had belined to this department to get their names on the roster. But it was not as easy as that. Every gentleman had to get himself processed in that serious machine of ciphers that sized him up for eligibility to the minutest detail. We can't afford sloppiness in this outfit.

Now the combined Artillery-Infantry Corps of the USC is 1,739 strong—the biggest yet outside Manila.

You remember it was only an artillery corps we had last year. But it was remarkably outstanding. We extend due respects to the men who led it. You can't forget Capt. A. Concepcion, FA. He was the commandant, and he did the job superbly. Now he's out as Hq S-3, Artillery Training Group, PGF, in Fort McKinley. And Capt. F. Romero 's now Ex-O of the "B" Btry., Artillery Training Group, PGF. First Lt. M. Gonzaga took a tough assignment. He was our Adjutant. Now he's in the 303rd M. P. C. in Tubacao, Guisnon, Samar.

The rest of us old birds in this corps are thanking them. We've learned a lot. What's more, we're sure we won't be giving our new

By JV/AM

leaders a hard time making us look alive.

I guess this unit is bound to always get the best. Now they've picked out for us the training officers who'll make of this outfit something to remember. They're a big-pushing, hard-knuckled, commendable group. We certainly are glad about that.

We take mention of our new Commandant. First Lieutenant Anacleto Garcia, FA. This well-built, clean cut gentleman of five feet seven or eight inches in his thirties makes a click in every word he says. "I want esprit de corps and discipline in the ranks," he declares. And we're building ourselves up to meet that.

There's something in him and in that well-defined "past of his that strike us: Persistence. And he didn't get that for nothing.

Some eight years ago, with thousands of other Bataan defenders, he found himself laying down his gun at the feet of the enemy. Even by superhuman guts one could not have acted otherwise. It was the "Kiss now and blood later" principle they seemly upheld. Well, he got out of it: out of the famous Death March, out of the Capas concentration camp and out of obscene corruptions of a dirty war. Years later, his first prize basket was his selection as army pensionado to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, USA, where he completed his Advanced Course in Field Artillery. Back to the Phili-



CDT COL CIRIACO BONGALOS
Corps Commander

ippines the Far Eastern University in Manila took him as head of its ROTC Artillery Department. More years later, he was assigned gunnery instructor at the Artillery School of the Philippine Ground Force.

Now he is Assistant Plans and Training Officer in the III Military Area in Cebu. He was integrated into the Regular Armed Forces with the rank of First Lieutenant. Of that rank, he is the fourth leading officer in the whole Philippines.

From there, you know the rest. Fellow, here's a man who's really worth our best salute.

Going on, allow us to introduce to you our new Adjutant, Lt. Ricardo Z. Fullon. There's a hidden tinge in this man, let me hasten to say, something for you to see by yourself. He was a PMA cadet, this fine-featured, well-packed young man of an exemplary calibre. He's got a soft voice but he hasn't got a soft sword when things are not concerning common good. We guess it was the war that did it. At that time he was serving with the 61st Division, PA, in Panay. Well, as generally, luck didn't turn to his direction and the Japs got him behind barbed wires in Capas. They, somehow, didn't find any good with him and they sent him out. He was taken into the famed guerrilla unit in Panay. There was where he gained the most merits.

It takes more solid timbre to get stuck with a gun and still like it. Lt. Fullon didn't seem to mind that. After liberation he joined the 41st Division, PA, in Leyte. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in 1946. In 1948 he was assigned Adjutant at U.P., Iloilo City. Then U.S.C. took him in 1950 for the

(Cont. on page 22)



New USC Commandant

Why Can't Catholics Join Masonry

By Roman Ruiz

It is not seldom that an indignant young man demands in fervent tones why Catholics cannot join Masonry and remain at the same time Catholics or why Catholics are forbidden to become Masons?

I do not wish to write about Masons as individuals nor against Masonry. I am going to write about Masonry and the stand the Catholic Church takes in regards to Masonry and Catholics who join Masonry.

Masonry or Freemasonry came into existence on June 24, 1717 with the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England. It is because Masonry is opposed to the Catholic Church, that the Catholic Church has to take a stand against it. In the words of an illustrious Mason, Parkinson, "The two systems of Romanism (Catholic Church) and Freemasonry are not only INCOMPATIBLE, but they are RADICALLY OPPOSED to each other." (Cf. Freemason's Chronicle, 1884, 11, 17). This is so well understood that Masonry does not want Catholics in their ranks. Let me quote again: "We won't make a man a Freemason until we know that he isn't a Catholic". (Cf. Freemason's Chronicle, 1896, 11, 347.) No one therefore will blame the Church for disapproving of an organization which itself professes to be Her enemy, and which has for its aim the destruction of the Catholic Church as we shall see later.

It is true that many Catholics are misled by the assurance of some Masons that there is nothing in the masonic organization which is in any way opposed to the Catholic Church. And some Masons will tell Catholics that Masonry is not a religious institution, but that it is a purely fraternal and philanthropic organization. These Masons may be sincere in their pretensions. This is due to the fact that only some of the rank and file of Masonry are acquainted with the real, inner purpose of Masonry. Let me quote the great Mason, Oliver. He says: "Brethren high in rank and office are often unacquainted with the elementary principles of the science of Freemasonry . . ."

"Masonry may be fifty years masters of the Chair and yet not learn the secret of the Brotherhood". (Cf. Oliver, Theocratic Philosophy, 355, and Oliver, Hist. Landmarks I, 11, 21.)

Now what is the true purpose of Masonry? Let Masonry itself declare it through the mouth of another great Mason, Senator Delpech, President of the Grand Orient, in his address, Sept. 20, 1902: "The triumph of the Galilean (Jesus Christ) has lasted twenty centuries. But now He dies in His turn. The mysterious voice, announcing the death of Pan to Julian the Apostate today announces the death of the impostor God, Brother Masons, we rejoice to state that we are not without our share in this overthrow of the false prophets. The Romish Church founded on the Galilean myth, began to decay rapidly from the very day on which the Masonic association was established." (Cf. Comptes-rendu Gr Or. de France, 1902, 381)

Masonry, therefore, claims: 1) that Jesus Christ is an impostor God.) that the Catholic Church is founded on the Galilean myth, 3) that it rejoices in helping overthrow the Catholic Religion.

The way and means that Masonry adopts to accomplish this aim and purpose: the death of the impostor God, Jesus Christ, and the destruction of the Catholic Church, may remain hidden and unknown to the rank and file of Masons; the tactics may vary in certain localities and according to the circumstances; but the Masonic purpose remains the same all over the world. For Masonry is unified the world over, as the Grand Master, Clifford, assures us: "The absoluteness of the craft (Masonry) is a glorious thought. Neither boundaries of States nor vast oceans separate the Masonic fraternity. Everywhere it is one. (Cf. Freemason's Chronicle, 1906, 11, 132.)

Besides Masonry is not only a fraternal and philanthropic organization, but it is also a religion of naturalism and denies the supernatural order; Mackey's Lexicon of Freemasonry tells us that "All the ceremonies of

our Order begin and terminate with prayers, for Masonry is a RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION". Hence Masonry aims at the destruction of Jesus Christ and His Religion, the Catholic Church.

With these facts in mind, the Catholic Church would be coward and a traitor to Her trust if She did not oppose Masonry and punish any of her subjects who join the Masonic ranks with excommunication. Just as any government who would turn their back to their country, go over to the ranks of their country's enemy's cause, Masonry is the professed enemy of Jesus Christ and His Church and we have it on their own word and authority.

A soldier obeys his superior officer, even if he does not perceive the reason or the wisdom of the orders given. Citizens obey and trust their government. We, Catholics, should be at least as loyal to our Church and trust Her, as we trust and are loyal to our country. And for us, Catholics, it should be wholly sufficient that an official pronouncement has come from Our Holy Father, the Pope, to accept and obey it unhesitatingly, even if we may fail to perceive all the implications and wisdom of the document. For the Church, only after a long, tedious and careful study and investigation has come out with Her condemnation of Masonry. Pope Clement XII (1738), Benedict XIV (1751), Leo XII (1825), Pius VII (1821), Leo XII (1826), Pius IX (1884) have condemned Masonry and prohibited all Catholics to join it. The present law of the Church as contained in the Canon Law: "Those who join a Masonic society, or other similar associations, which conspire against the Church or the legitimate civil authority, incur by that very fact excommunication reserved to the Holy See." (Canon 2335) This excommunication runs off the Catholic from his Church, deprives him of the Sacraments, of all share in the Church's public prayers and of Catholic burial.

Our Government knows who and (Cont. on page 21)

by ryon barriga

Like a shaky mendicant who loses a coin from hungry, unsure grasp into a wayside manhole, we drop on all fours to probe frantically muckish depths of our minds for a coin of an idea, and like him we finally withdraw slush-dripping hands unclitoned to show a desperate emptiness...

The aftermath. Remarks overheard from some optimists suddenly gone cynical:

"A school is only as good as its student body, despite its marble pillars."

"What picture is thus evoked when every constructive proposition by a well-meaning student is jeered at by not a few so-called colleagues?"

"Gross irresponsibility!"

Ultimately, this parting spike:

"They must all be cases and I don't mean legal, not at all!"

Only the strong can refuse adamantly clay-self's clamor for release in moments when self-denial is an impotent virtue.

Prologue.

Headline — JARSITY STUDES STAGE WALK-OUT ALA GROMYKO.

The provocation — A recent class election.

Qualification or rectification, please Whether it was plain boredom or just a mild case of dissidence, some members of a L — class tramped out minus a "by your leave" in the midst of an election of a class candidate for the L-Circle presidency.

Orchids to the class Prexy! Reason? For his magnificent inability to treat the matter as a slap in a civilized face.

...Limbless forces of the Will battling vainly Self's white-clad hordes... knowing that in the end there's only the wreck of a fighting token to lover chastised eyes of enough! enough!... as foes victorious hoist inglorious banners on high... then mutually... punctuates the field a cry of despair...

* In line with the austerities of the times this column is ushered into journalistic-life sans wanted ruffles and flourishes of introductory superfluities.

THE REACH OF THE MIND

"Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines in the Gospel" —GOETHE

BATTLE THOUGHTS...

(Cont. from page 16)

orders without delay. Extra rations were issued, canteens filled, and non-combat equipments secured and moved to the rear.

The Company moved in single file over the rough hilly terrain. They moved like wraiths in the darkness of a seemingly breathless night. No word above a whisper was spoken. Occasionally the dull thud of falling body was heard followed by inuffed curses. He knew that his men were in the right pitch. When they cursed, it meant that their fighting temper was on.

His scouts reported that the camp of the enemy was only six hundred yards ahead. The position of "A" Company was located and simultaneously a halt was ordered. A deployment followed systematically from the extreme right of the "A" Company. Each soldier glided noiselessly into assigned positions.

After the deployment, there was silence complete and ominous, an unholy stillness presaging violent action. The thought of the grim realities of war made him shudder. He could not believe that there could be anybody who does not fear death even if life is not sweet. And even if deep in his heart he felt that dying would be sweet with the consciousness that you are sacrificing your life for others so that they may live to cherish the freedom which you are fighting for, the thought of it made him dizzy and sick. For he remembered his loved ones at home and his lovely little "Pic", the one dear girl he would wish to meet again. His memory of them made him bitter against the business of killing and being killed. If only he could have his way...

Staccato sounds of firing aroused him from his thoughts. From the direction of fire, he knew that his first platoon committed itself into action, may be after having been sighted and sniped at by the enemy. Bullets whizzed by. But he crawled towards his first platoon to verify.

But suddenly he felt something hit him. He fell. A numbness enveloped him, fogging his thoughts. Faintly, he battled for consciousness. His hazy thoughts conjured an image of his "Pic" beckoning to him. He felt light and rising, rising, he walked on velvety clouds. On and on, he went until oblivion claimed him.

When he awoke, he did not know where he was. An attendant spoke to him gently. "Please don't move, Sir. You are in a hospital." She made him drink water which was a blessing to his parched throat. She told him his Company was outflanked when he was wounded. But his Company held the enemy until re-enforcements arrived. The Battalion line was held intact, thanks to his Company. Gradually, everything became clear to him. He felt a faint elation in spite of the unfeeling numbness of his bandaged head. He was tired and he slowly rested back his head on his pillow. With half-closed eyes, he wanted to give up thinking because of the effort of it and lay back to unconsciousness. But unconscious again, he felt remote echoes, faint and distant throbbing in his sub-conscious mind. Staccato echoes of firing.

When he reopened his eyes, the door suddenly opened. A familiar figure in white glided in. His eyes gradually cleared and from being dull, they became excited. She smiled through her tears. Could it be "Pic" really? He asked himself. It must be a mirage or a mocking dream.

The shock of reality was too much for his weakened brain. He fell back into a coma for sheer happiness. And he dreamed. He could see the glimmer of firelight as they appeared like fireflies on a tree. He saw the stars on the Milky Way, the moonlight which seemed to turn the cogon grass into billowy waves trying to envelope him. And the hills, they have ceased to look grim and threatening. An unmistakable light of promise glowed from them as, reflected from the golden beams of the rising moon.

"Rene dearest," the letter began. Mira's heart beat hard against her breast. She wished again and again that this moment was yesterday, a year ago, that this moment was over now and had become a blot in her memory and a harmless dream.

She stopped writing to gather her thoughts. She had been thinking for days, for months. Even her sleep had been one endless thought. She was thinking still. And yet, thoughts took her nowhere, leaving her nowhere, leaving her more confused than ever. If she had only one thought. But her thoughts were many, too many that each one little thought took her farther away from the thing to do.

The drumming pain in her heart heightened, seemingly suffocating her. She opened the windows to be able to breathe freely, to assuage a little bit the silent agony that was silently eating her heart. And she almost cried. For there, outside, everything was calm and peaceful. The silent night seemed to mock the restless raging of her soul. The skies were clear and a million stars looked steadily upon an already slumbering world. Not a light from the neighboring houses flickered. All was silence. Mira smothered a sob.

She stood for a long time by the window. She composed herself, but the raging of a thousand furies inside her still remained. The letter must be written tonight. She had put it off for months. She could not go on putting it off forever.

She looked down at the letter she had began. "Rene dearest", what should she add to that? The words would not come. Always she would stop at that. But this time, she knew she must write on. She received a letter from Rene that morning asking her for a definite answer. In seven years anybody's patience could be sorely tried. Others could not wait that long. Loving, loyal Rene.

Her mind went back to the time she met him, at one of those party dances a girl of eighteen never missed. It was not love at first sight. An interesting friendship; but after the enthusiastic discussions, the long arguments and witty repartees, it deepened into a mutual affection for each other.

They were not engaged at once. A disappointment in her first love affair made Mira wary of all men. But she never knew a more persistent man than Rene. He wrote her letters, called her on the phone eve-

The Letter

By MARINA F. DIÑO

ryday, and occasionally went to see her. What woman's heart could not be moved?

They had been engaged for two years when Rene decided to go to Manila to look for a job. When he did not write for three months, Mira thought it was the end of their affair. She was ready to think that men can never be trusted when a letter came which proved how wrong she was. Rene had at last found a job and was ready for anything, even marriage. That was the first hint he gave of his true intentions. But Mira was troubled. She knew she was too young to get married, although she loved Rene very much. She told Rene so, and poor Rene answered he could wait.

It was not easy for Rene. He could have married any other girl and been happy since then. But he chose to wait. He never bothered her. He just wrote her faithfully and Mira saw now and then his longings and his dreams between his lines.

Lately, however, his letters became less frequent. Was it because of the girl he wrote about once, the girl he met at a military ball? Mira never gave a thought to this before, but Rene's silence lately gave her a dread that something was wrong. For the first time she was afraid. What if Rene should stop loving her?

And suddenly this morning, his letter came asking her for as frank an answer as she could give to his proposal. Not that he was tired of waiting, he said, but he wanted the truth. He said it was about time she give him a direct answer. And he did not explain about his silence. It was not like him. What should she do? She should not lose him, she could not bear the thought of losing him. Yes, she would write, she

would write at once. She would tell him she loved him. But she stopped short on her emotions when she remembered her father.

There was her poor father to think of. Her love for Rene was equalled only by the love she had for her father. Her father loved her dearly and she could not help but love him as much. She had never known of any instance in her life when her father punished her, although she was as naughty and active as the other girls. She still could remember those times when her father would take her on his lap and tell her the nicest stories ever. When her mother scolded her for something and whipped her, her father would usually comfort her and give her some coins without her mother's knowledge.

Only there was one time when her father took to gambling and grew violent-tempered. That was the only time when she feared him. She was then in the primary grades. There were frequent quarrels between her father and mother, and she always found her mother in tears. Mira wondered at the change in him, but it was not till she was in the high school that she found out why.

Her father was ambitious for his children. Though he himself did not have much of a schooling, he believed in giving a full education to his children. He sent his eldest daughter to college intending her to finish dentistry. But without even going through her first year, she eloped with her classmate and sweetheart. Her father was terribly affected which accounted for the radical change in his temperament. He never entirely recovered from that blow when his second daughter married much against his wishes. He knew that the man was a good-for-nothing and would give his daughter only much misery. When she found out to her great sorrow that her father was right, it was too late to repair the injury she did to herself. Mira's father seemed to have no more heart for his family after the second disappointment. But there was one exception. He had always been very kind to him in spite of everything. It seemed that he has trusted her more than the others and has placed all his trust in his one remaining hope — her loyalty to him.

The last dreams of his ebbing youth were gradually revived at the
(Cont. on page 22)

THE LETTER...

(Cont. from page 20)
thought of Mira's approaching graduation from college. She knew that she could not let him down. She remembered what he said to her one day. "I hope you will stay with us all ways." He did not say more. But it told her all the anguish there was in her father's heart at the thought of this two past disappointments. Dear, dear father. She would try her best to comfort him and make him happy.

And yet, Mira's seemingly impulsive heart rebelled. At 25, she had every right to live life the way she would want it. She hated to think of her becoming an old maid. And Rene. She would become old and he would not love her anymore when she is faded. There would not always be a father to love her. And she wanted to love and be loved very much and always. Hers was a passionate nature and she thought she would wilt away without affection and care.

It was an outrage. She could not, and must not waste her life with her folks. She stood up, unable to quell the turbulence of her fast beating heart. As she turned from the table she was writing on, she saw the image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the wall. Praying for many nights past, could she pray more? But she prayed, pouring out her very soul into her prayer. And as she prayed, she heard her father's loud snoring in the other room. He always snored like that whenever his sleep was peaceful. The thought of it seemed to ring a bell in her heart. The creak crowd for it was already very late at night, but she felt at last the peace of many torturing moments. At last, she could finish the letter now. She had found the definite answer. "Rene dearest", he would always be dear to her. That much she would hold even if her nodding head shall have turned grey and her loving father shall have long been dead.

THE ROOT OF THE...

(Cont. from page 14)
with tiny, folded leaves clasped like hands in prayer and called my name. I stood up, breathed deeply and said: Mimosa Pudica, in clear soft, reverent tones, as if I was really "Miss"-ing it. Miss Benitez looked no at me, knitted a startled brow, then scratched my grade on her record. "Next", she said to the student behind me.

A YEAR IN GOOD...

(Cont. from page 10)
when I remembered my grades in the first semester I sunk lower than kindergarten!

The Tactical Inspection is about to round the corner. So, you lowly stinking rookies, git busy! Brush up on weapons, close order drill, gun drill, squad drill, battery drill, manual of arms, learn to disassemble and reassemble the arms and name the parts as you take 'em apart. Poke at that dusty bore with a cleaning rod, swab that breech with a rag and make it shine. Overtime in the field as we learned Interior Guard Duty, First Aid, Scouting and Patrolling. Map reading, lectures, pop sheets, delinquency reports, make up tours in the Armory. Change that bushy haircut and adopt the military or crew cut. (If I were a dame it'd be the newfangled "shingle bob" or whatever it is that hairdo which the girls are now crazy about is called.) Your head looks like a tire with white sidewall, someone quips. Shave off that tickler on your kisser; we won't have no gorrillas and hairy apes in this man's student army. Target shooting on the firing range. You wonder if in actual combat you'll have the nerve and sense to aim that carefully, or whether you'll just cut loose with everything you got when you face the enemy.

Another mid-term, and you get the shivers all over you. Get in there and ritch. Bub. It's funny how other fellows take this business. When the mid term exam hovers above them like the Sword of Damocles, they cram night after night, as if tomorrow were The Day, memorize, study, pore, crack their heads. Then, on the night before the blow, everything is readied. Books, note books, paper, pencils and pen, notes, blue books, all are stacked neatly on the table for a quick grab on the morrow. Then off, eager and anticipating, to school—and whatdaya know? the admission slip is left home, forgotten!

University Day, the one bright day of the year. Parade, gayety, glamor. Nights of revelry, when all the girls are sober and most of the men are high. Contributions, which make income-tax evaders of boys and girls. The affair drags on through three nights, and then all that's left are crumbs.

Well, the cycle is almost complete, and then Freshmen turn Sophomores. Sophomores become Juniors; fledglings enter regular courses, some go to other places to continue

PASSIN' THROUGH...

(Cont. from page 7)

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALMA MATER—

Fr. Rector said so few students write for this CAROLINIAN of ours. Well, either: (1) with the exception of the staff members and frequent contributors, the students of USC are so infernally wrapped up in their studies; (2) there could be the spirit but no brains (eh!); (3) they pay one buck fifty cents a semester for the publication and it can go wrap up some bread for all they care; or, (4) they're afraid to try. This is a call for all "Carolínians" to chip in their two bits worth of schmalz.

ANY OTHER RADICAL READER?...

I ast th' adviser once about what he thought of the corn in this mag. He sed, "(anyway,) there are corny readers!" Now look who's talking about pap and pulp! Mebbe I should have headlined this PAP CORN. Yak yai.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—

A nut cracked. He said the bell in our roof garden tower is for lazy students who cannot get up early enough for the first period. Any ringing, buzzing alarm too?

CONCLUSION (CONCUSSION):

Okay, okay, so I talk too much. Can you concoct such balmy ideas all by yourself? Without a straight jacket, that is...

WHY CAN'T CATHOLICS...

(Cont. from page 18)

what her enemies are. So does the Church know and should know who and what her enemies are. Shall we criticize and condemn any government for taking stand against the country's enemy and for punishing her citizens turned traitors? When Masonry itself has openly proclaimed "to be radically opposed to the Catholic Church" and calls her Founder, Jesus Christ, "an impostor God, a Galilean myth," there is hardly any reason to criticize or condemn the Catholic Church's stern and uncompromising stand against her enemy.

their studies. To Manila, usually. So it is one step up the ladder, one rung higher.

THE WAY...

(Cont. from page 11)
 Him — a big deceit!

As I stated in the beginning, a consequence of indifference is the group we call the UNCHURCHED. This group has all the reasons in the world to belong to NO CHURCH at all. Basing their philosophy upon the indifferentists' theory that one church is as good as another they have indeed a very reasonable conclusion.

If one church is as good as another, as indifference holds, then religion is just a matter of choice—whichever suits your taste best, go to it; whichever touches and moves your heart most, go to it; whichever offers the least resistance to your worldly desires, go to it. In other words, religion is merely a matter of opinion. You are free to choose which church you like as you are free to choose your hobby or social group. In opinion there is no certainty. It follows then that in religion there is no certainty. This is what indifference means when it says that one church is as good as another.

With these premises in mind many people began to doubt whether religion is necessary to man or just a pastime. They began to doubt whether there is truth in religion at all. Not a few Filipinos who at one time belonged to ALL churches now belong to NO church at all. Yes, they are baptized Christians but do not belong to any church. We call them the UNCHURCHED. And God forbid that day to come when many Filipinos do not get baptized at all—when religion becomes a matter of fancy: he who thinks it a "waste of time" keeps out of it. And I think this is an inevitable consequence of the UNCHURCHED group.

Our belief DOES make a difference to God. One Church is not as good as another. You must believe in only ONE church. Reject the others. God is truth. He wants us to know the truth and cling to it. There is only one true church. That church is the one which Christ Himself established. But how do you know that you belong to the true church?

If the church you are in can satisfy the following questions then it is the true church.

1. Does the church have only one teaching? Are the members of that

HOTTER PATTERN . . .

(Cont. from page 17)
 same post.

Say, fellows, have you ever seen a small man with a big heart and a determined, ox-hard push in his fist that would rate him class as an army old man? That sort doesn't number much hereabouts, but we've got one with us! Cadet Colonel Ciriaco Bugalos, Corps Commander. Five feet five inches of real Filipino flippus, one thousand ana one burks of sterling stamina. Out there he's just another classmate, but tail him about—you'll know more to your surprise.

He didn't have enough to recount when we met him, but what we've got is more than enough. Back in 1941 he enlisted in the USAFFE, got assigned with the 305rd Inf. Reg., Bogo, Misamis Oriental. To his dismay he saw no much fighting there when war came on. The great drive in that short-lived bloody career of his came when he took active participation in the resistance movement in Misamis Occidental. He was a "boy about the brass" of an American, Captain Gil, who must have seen in him a self-forgetting belligerent. He recalls of that encounter in the Bucangan

church united in only one faith, one sacrifice and sacraments, and united in one head? ONE truth means one doctrine. A doctrine which is the same throughout the world and does not vary from century to century.

2. Is the church holy? Jesus is holy and must have founded a holy organization. And the church's saints are legion. "By their fruits thou shalt know them..."

3. Is the church universal? God is the sole Creator and Supreme Ruler of the universe so that His Laws must be imposed upon all people of all places and of all times.

4. Can the head of the church rightfully claim real authority from Christ in leading the organization He founded and left to be carried on forever? Christ said He was building a church that would live forever. To realize this He must have appointed a head of His church to carry on the leadership after He was to leave the earth and who was to be succeeded if the church must live till the end of the world.

If you belong to the church that could satisfactorily answer these questions, then you are in the ONE TRUE CHURCH, brother, and you are safe.

Hill held by the enemy who numbered close to a company. With five others, he stole up there, found a likely spot, lifted himself up and raised hell with a 30 calibre machinegun out of its tripod. Twelve hours and two dinners missed later they went home in 'Jap uniforms'. What was left of the enemy walked ahead of them, denuded and hands in the air.

"I cannot forget that," he said solemnly. Neither could we.

Speaking of our own kind, key positions have now been occupied by key men of this outfit. Some of them may not be there for long because of favorable reasons or otherwise (the latter most predominant-ly). So, no hard feelings, boys.

Here's the smackstack line-up:

Regimental Commander—
 Cdt. Col. B. Bongalos
 S-1 & Adjutant—
 Cdt. Maj. C. Jamtro
 1st Battalion Commander—
 Cdt. Lt. Col. C. Macachor
 "A" Btry Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. F. Borromeo
 "B" Btry Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. R. Avanceña
 "C" Btry Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. J. Vestil
 2nd Battalion Commander—
 Cdt. Lt. Col. R. Alonso
 "D" Btry Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. J. Solidum
 "E" Btry Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. C. Llanos
 "F" Btry Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. F. Cato
 3rd Battalion Commander—
 Cdt. Lt. Col. R. Espina
 "A" Battery Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. E. Samson
 "B" Battery Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. L. Espeleta
 "C" Battery Commander—
 Cdt. Capt. A. Alho

As said, these are tentative assignments. The Office of the Commandant hasn't concluded this roster even after much serious and careful deliberations which was undertaken in the elimination of unfit aspirants.

Which just goes to show that the ideals of this organization are high; but not high enough to deny possibility of attainment. Boys, that would mean we need to give them more—show them what we're made of. If we fail them it's clear that we also have failed in our sense of nationalism which we always claim we have.

USC in the News



REV. EDGAR T. OEHLER, SVD
Geologist

FATHER EDGAR T. OEHLER IS CHEMISTRY DEPT. HEAD

Rev. Fr. Edgar T. Oehler, Bachelor of Science in Chemistry and Master of Science in Geology (University of Chicago) now heads the USC Chemistry Department.

He hails from Barnesburg, Ohio, near Cincinnati; went to China in 1935 to teach in the University of Peking until 1942 when he was transferred to St. Mary's Mission Seminary at Techy, Illinois where he did a stint teaching Sciences. The University of Peking got him back in 1946. He was granted his M.S. in Geology by the University Of Chicago in 1947.

But Father Oehler's odyssey which eventually led him to San Carlos really started in July, 1948, when he was sent on a mission by the University of Peking to Yunan Province located in southwestern China with a two-fold purpose. The first was to collect a special type of fossil, scientifically termed BIENOTHERIUM, and to see dinosaur beds at Lufeng, located on the Burma Road. He spent four months in Lufeng collecting the rare specimens above-mentioned and other fossils. He then started the Geology Department at the University of Peking.

At the end of 1948, he was ordered to proceed to Honekon* to wait for further instructions. At Hongkon*, he was informed by a message of the Father Superior of the University of Peking that he was wanted back in the University, but that

he had yet to arrange with the Communists who took over control of Peking for his reentry permit. He waited at Hongkong for eight months losing hope of reentering China. By instruction from the Superior General of the SVD, he came to the Philippines to join the University of San Carlos.

FR. SCHONFELD COMPLETES 38th YEAR

Last August 8th marked the 38th birthday of Rev. Fr. Luis E. Schonfeld, SVD, dean of Liberal Arts and moderator of the CAROLINIAN.

Congenial and typically Latin American, Fr. Schonfeld was recipient of many happy-returns-of-the-day greetings from a great number of students and friends.

DRAMATICS CLUB ORGANIZED UNDER FATHER SCHONFELD

The Rev. Fr. Luis Schonfeld will direct the Dramatics Club this year. He is ably assisted by the Rev. Fr. Edward Norton in exploiting Carolinian talents in the art of make-believe. With their expert guidance and supervision, the success of the USC Dramatics Club

this season is assured.

Father Schonfeld announces that all those who are interested to join the club may apply to him for membership, as soon as possible. Last year Fr. Hoerdemann competently handled the dramatics club.

ENGINEERING DEPT. ENROLLMENT INCREASES

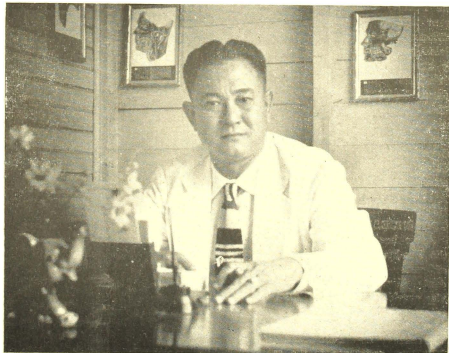
With a total of 178 students enrolled, the Engineering Department this year bids anew for popularity. Ten valedictorians from different high schools have enrolled on free scholarship.

Students enrolled for each branch of engineering are as follows: Civil Engineering—92; Mechanical Engineering—73; Chemical Engineering—9. The recent successes in the Board Examinations of products of our Engineering Department account for the marked increase in enrollment.

SAN CARLOS U LEX CIRCLE ELECTS OFFICERS

The following officers were elected in the annual election of the Lex Circle of the University of San Carlos held at its Roof-Garden on the evening of July 28:

Mr. Pablo Garcia, President; Major Villarosa, Vice-President; Miss Corazon Saguin, Secretary; Miss Gloria Pareja, Treasurer; Messrs. Napoleon Rama and Vicente Delfin, Reps. to Student Council; Mr. Cesar Alconar, Set-at-Arms; and Mr. Emilio B. Aller, Press Relations Officer.



DR. PROTASIO J. SOLON
Two executive jobs in a row

USC in the News

USC POPULATION HITS NEW HIGH

This year's enrollment reaches the all-time high of 6,850 students, not counting the 3192 Summer enrollees. The college department alone has 4,435 students from all over Visayas and Mindanao. The present population bettered last year's mark by some 850 students. Over 2,000 have enrolled at the 4 USC high schools and the rest are distributed among grade and intermediate schools.

Enrollments in the different college departments are: Graduate School, 102; College of Law, 298; Commerce, 698; Education, 1018; Engineering (Civil, Mechanical, Chemical, and Electrical), 178; Pharmacy, 299; Liberal Arts (General Course), 321; Pre-Medicine, 340; Pre-Law, 189; Junior Normal, 671; Junior Normal (Home Economics), 153; B.S. in Home Economics, 169; Secretarial, 69; and Vocational, 5.

USC, the biggest school outside Manila, is still growing.

DR. P. SOLOÑ ELECTED FACULTY CLUB PRESIDENT

Keynoted by Fr. Rector's speech, the Faculty Club of the University went through its annual election of officers, and chose Dr. Protasio J. Solon president. Dr. Solon is currently also Cebu Medical Association President. The other officers are: Atty. Mario Ortiz, vice-president; Mrs. Gil, secretary; Mr. Jose Teson, treasurer; Messrs. Ben Borromeo and C. Villarosa, auditors; Cornelio Faigao, PRO; Mr. Mauro Tobes and Atty. Jose L. Briones, sgts.-at-arms.

USC PRE-MEDIC CLASS ORGANIZES

After hectic days of campaigning, the Pre-Medics elected the following officers: Salvador Petilos, president; Alipio Ruiz and Noly Cortal, vice-presidents; Angeles Adolfo, secretary; Florentina Borromeo, Treasurer; Francisca Estanislao, Asst. treasurer; and Benito Liu, athletic manager, assistants to the treasurer were appointed for the different sections of freshmen and sophomores.

LAW CLASS ORGANIZATIONS CHOOSE OFFICERS

In separate settings, the four class organizations of the College of Law held elections of officers for the current year last July 21. The following were elected after the boisterous outburst of campaign speeches died down:

Fourth Year Law Class Organization — Mr. Fernando de los Santos, President; Capt. Anastacio Acebedo, Vice-President; Miss Rosario Cañete, Sec.-Treas.; Mr. Lazaro Jahonero, Mr. Cecilio Seno, Rep. to Student Council; Mr. Napoleon Rama, Press Relations Officer; Mr. Sergio Lactao, Sgt.-at-arms.

Third Year Law Class Organization — Mr. Saturnino Villegas, President; Mr. Hermilandro Tocmo, Vice-President; Miss Corazon Saguin, Sec.-Treas.; Mr. Rafael Belarmino, Rep. to Student Council; Mr. Napoleon Aliño, Press Relations Officer.

Second Year Law Class Organization — Major Pedro Villarosa, President; Major Urbano Francisco, Vice-President; Miss Manuela S. Bardi-

llon, Secretary; Major Enoveja, Treasurer; Mr. Emilio B. Aller, Mr. Benjamin Rafols, Rep. to Student Council; Mr. Cesar V. Alconar, Press Relations Officer; Mr. Antonio Mendez, Mr. Rene Espina, Sgt.-at-arms.

First Year Law Class Organization — Mr. Jesus Vestil, President; Mr. Emilio Samson, Vice-President; Mrs. Eleuteria Alfeche, Secretary; Mr. Jesus Cui, Treasurer; Mr. Felipe Alkino, Mr. Cesar Vergara, Press Relations Officer; Mr. Felix Oppus, Mr. Nicolas Lopez, Rep. to Student Council; Mr. Florentino Teves, Mr. Manolo Alcoriza, Sgts.-at-arms.

THIRTY-NINERS FETE FR. HOERDEMANN

Graduates of the 1939 class tendered a farewell dinner for Nagoya-bound Fr. Hoerdemann at a downtown restaurant. The affair was a lively, full of good-old-days reminiscences of the high school class which Fr. Hoerdemann handled during his first days at San Carlos. Most of them now professionals, the 39'ers remembered Fr. Hoerdemann as the good-natured, erudite teacher who moulded their young lives into the patterns of a good Christian gentleman. (More on Fr. Hoerdemann on pages 3 and 6)



LAST SUPPER: Thirty-niners feted their former high school teacher Fr. Hoerdemann.

Sección Castellana

La Educación De Los Hijos

Por Miren M. Tenchavez

El hogar es la mejor escuela y la más excelente universidad para los hijos. En el hogar los hijos encuentran los mejores profesores para ser instruidos moralmente y guiados por la senda de la virtud.

Digo que el hogar es la mejor escuela y universidad para los hijos, porque desde que el niño abre los ojos a la luz, hasta alcanzar su uso de razón, recibe de su madre sus primeras lecciones. Ella, mientras vela con ternura a su hijo, le enseña a balbucir sus primeras palabras; ella es la que acompañando sus tiernas manecitas le enseña cómo hacer la señal de la cruz, ella es quien corrige sus pequeños defectos que podrían llegar a ser grandes si se dejaran pasar desapercibidos. Ella, en fin, es la que despierta en la imaginación el deseo de saber, contando cuentos sencillos que poco a poco fijan en la mente del niño el discernimiento entre el bien y el mal.

Al alcanzar el niño el uso de razón, principia a darse cuenta de las acciones de sus mayores y es entonces cuando los padres han de empezar a cumplir su deber ante Dios y la humanidad. Es entonces cuando dirigiéndoles en sus estudios, los padres deben con su ejemplo y sus consejos encauzarlos por los caminos de la virtud y la moral. En el hogar aprende el niño lo que vale y significa para la sociedad la familia constituida bajo la doctrina de Cristo. En la intimidad de la familia es donde el niño aprende el amor a la patria y en donde se forman los buenos ciudadanos.

Mas, ¡ay! Cuántos desgraciados nacen y crecen bajo un techo donde predomina la indiferencia en lugar del interés; el odio en vez del amor; la herjería en lugar de las enseñanzas de Cristo; la discordia en vez de la paz, todo ello regido por padres que olvidan sus deberes para

con los hijos y la sociedad en aras de las vanidades mundanas.

Los padres por medio del cariño y del ejemplo, deben obtener la confianza y fé de sus hijos. El cariño es la luz y el calor de un hogar cristiano, es lo que une al esposo con su esposa, y a los padres a sus hijos, y no puede haber en realidad un hogar feliz sin él. La madre cumple en el hogar una función esencial, ella es el punto de enlace, a ella afluyen todos y con afecto y comprensión se establece por su mediación la concordia doméstica. Quizás no existe una influencia más poderosa que el cariño de los padres para despertar afectos ya apagados en corazón humano. Pocos hay, aun en las naturalezas más rudas en quienes no influya. Encierra en sí mucho más poder que la fuerza bruta. Una palabra, una mirada cariñosa, tiene efectos sorprendentes sobre hijos

descarriados en quienes la fuerza ha sido probada en vano. La dulzura del cariño paternal invita al amor y a la obediencia, el castigo corporal provoca resistencia, temor y aversión, porque la fuerza carece del poder persuasivo de la dulzura.

La educación de los hijos en la universidad del hogar, es el complemento necesario de la educación escolástica que se recibe en colegios y universidades. Lo que los hijos aprenden debe ser pulimentado en el hogar, no basta para una completa educación los conocimientos adquiridos en las aulas; los padres con su conocimiento de la vida y con su ejemplo deben formar el carácter moral de los hijos y hacerlos aptos para luchar en la gran batalla de la vida, porque no hasta predicar, es necesario practicar también lo que se predica. Dice un refrán español: "De tal palo, tal astilla." Este refrán aplicado a la educación de los hijos en el hogar, quiere decir, que los hijos se formarán intelectual y moralmente de acuerdo con los ejemplos vivientes de sus padres.

Si los padres se encuentran impotentes para llevar a cabo la misión educativa que la naturaleza les impuso al engendrar a sus hijos deben escoger para la educación de los mismos aquellas escuelas en las que se da educación cristiana, que es la base moral de la sociedad constituida y; por ende, de la familia, base de la misma.

Persigamos Un Ideal

Por Luis Eugenio

En todas las almas dormita alguna inquietud ideal...

En el fondo de todas las conciencias palpitan aspiraciones nobles, y se agitan ensueños de elevación y de actividad. En los pliegues de todos los corazones se esconden blancuras de alas, que nunca tal vez se agitaron, porque el ambiente frío del mundo, y la innata cobardía de los egoístas, las obligó a ocultarse.

Siempre ha parecido más fácil y cómodo seguir la malsana corriente materialista que no sofoca, que agitar al viento y al sol la sublime rebeldía del espíritu. Por eso, en el fondo de las almas, continúan alertargados los ensueños de muchos ideales.

Pero ha llegado la hora de las

santas rebeldías. Un soplo de primavera espiritual agita las conciencias. Abre tu corazón al sol esplendoroso de la fe y sacude el letargo de tu espíritu.

Todo ideal tiene un encanto especial, porque tiende a elevar el nivel moral o espiritual de la vida humana.

Pero existe uno que en dos palabras condensa todo un programa de elevación individual y de indiscutible repercusión social. Ideal que sobrepasa la belleza de todos los ideales y que se sintetiza en esta frase: ser un santo apóstol...

Ser santo: o sea, llenarse de una exquisita y divina bondad basada sobre la perfección de todas las virtudes. ¡Nada más hermoso!

Es simplemente estupendo y asombroso el ver cómo y con qué claridad y talento proceden nuestros empleados del gobierno cuando se trata de horadar las fuentes de rentas. En esa su empresa despliegan una exuberancia fabulosa de celo y energía que halla su parangón tan sólo en aquellos días de apogeo de vitalidad, o sea, en los días venturosos del "U.S. Surplus" y cuando gozaban aún, si bien aparentemente, de la buena disposición y voluntad del pueblo. Y ahora su cabeza de chorlito les balbucea en los oídos que las escuelas dirigidas por Ordenes religiosos también se prestarán a hinchar los bolsillos en haciéndolos pagar impuestos. Para dar en este épico descubrimiento han tenido que devanarse los sesos por espacio de unos 48 años. De ahí que se entreguen a una desmedida chacota; pues no es hecho de poca monta el dar en tan "lucrativas" fuentes.

El manuseado subterfugio de que se vale cuando se ven víctimas de la justa ira del pueblo, haziendo de farsas, es la cantilena de que el país se halla frente a un desastre financiero. En realidad de verdad el gobierno tiene que saldar gastos y deudas y estar en condiciones de seguir funcionando. En una palabra, el gran cometido del gobierno, por el momento, es recaudar fondos por todos los medios posibles, aún a costa de atrocidades.

Esta analogía tiene sus méritos, y protestamos sin pestañear que es en manera alguna derogatoria. Porque después de todo la lucha por sobrevivir puede justificarse en más de un modo de actuación. Lo que degenera tan galante lucha es el hecho de que esta catástrofe ha sido permitida y conjurada estúpida y deliberadamente. Por años sin cuento el gobierno ha venido estrangulándose por su propia cuenta y desangrándose sin piedad. Una pandilla de pseudo-peritos, bajo la cansabida capa de "proteccionismo" ha logrado encaramarse y sentar sus reales en los altos tronos del gobierno. Mientras viven a sus anchas, manejan las riendas del mismo, haciéndole rodar por los suelos. Y ahora esos arquitectos de nuestra devrota financiera, cuyos manifiestos robos han dejado vacías las cajas de la tesorería nacional, quisieran que nosotros satisficéramos por sus pecados.

En estos tiempos, cuando nuestro sistema de educación balaceo y se agita en convulsivos estertores de agonía, este movimiento de recaudar réditos de las escuelas religiosas puede bien llegar a asestar el golpe de muerte a ese oasis de paz, orden y moralidad que aún nos queda en este misero erial. Como que esta acción drástica sigue de inmediato a un hecho sin precedentes, o sea, la declaración oficial de parte del gobierno de cerrar las puertas ante las varices de unos 800,000 niños de las escuelas primarias e intermedias, por falta de fondos, esta clase de persecución de las escuelas religiosas, que por décadas y centurias han aliviado y aligerado el peso que gravitaba sobre el erario público en el campo educacional, nos hace cavilar de "si somos o no somos".

El papel que han desempeñado las escuelas católicas en la educación de nuestra niñez y juventud, no puede echarse en saco roto. Más de 400 escuelas y colegios católicos, con un total de más de

250,000 estudiantes, funcionan en toda la república, según nos lo muestran las estadísticas presentadas por la "Catholic Educational Association". Muchos de estas escuelas católicas le ganan en vida a las escuelas del Estado no sólo por décadas sino por centurias. Estas escuelas no sólo han forjado nuestra historia patria, sino que han servido de puntales principales a nuestro sistema de educación desde tiempo inmemorial.

Es necesario demarcar la diferencia substancial que vige entre los institutos privados laicos, regentados a base comercial con los correspondientes dividendos que se vuelcan en los bolsillos de los accionistas, y las escuelas dirigidas por Ordenes religiosos, que no reciben emolumentos ni dividendos.

Echese una somera mirada en todas direcciones del país y se podrá constatar a todas luces de cómo las escuelas católicas llevan decididamente la delantera a las escuelas privadas neutras en la gran obra de rehabilitación. La razón es obvia. Las "entradas" que las escuelas católicas perciben son volcadas inmediatamente en las escuelas mismas, para introducir mejoras de grandes proporciones, todo eso en beneficio directo y exclusivo de los miles de estudiantes. Nada de ese dinero encuentra el camino al bolsillo de algún accionista.

La tremenda obra de reconstrucción emprendida por las escuelas religiosas, ha llevado a muchas de ellas a contraer grandes deudas. Muchas escuelas del Estado, que perciben del gobierno millones de subsidios para su funcionamiento han tenido, no obstante, que cerrar, debido a las innumerables trabas y dificultades de toda índole que debieron encarar. Esos millones que las escuelas religiosas recogen año tras año existen sólo en la mente febril de algún diputado de mala cara.

Enfrentemos ahora el aspecto legal. La interpretación mal intencionada y torcida, por parte de nuestros peritos legalistas, de una provision acerca de quién ha de pagar tasa, provision de por sí tan clara y limpiada, representa un bochorno mayúsculo, un bochorno modelo para muchos años. Tal provision dice en términos inequívocos: "Quedan eximidos de pagar tasa instituciones religiosas, educacionales y culturales... siempre que ningún rédito pase a beneficio de accionistas privados" y que "sólo actividades dirigidas para adquirir ganancias deberán ser tasadas en su propiedad, ya sea real o personal". De ahí que esos "peritos" saltan a la conclusión de que el exigir a los estudiantes el pago de derechos de matricula es per se una acción tendiente a hacer ganancias, y por tanto, "tasable". A juzgar por esa mentalidad mezquina, se ha de concluir que la misión principal y primera de la escuela es recaudar los derechos de matricula, y luego, de paso, educar a los estudiantes. Por lo mismo debería de concluirse de que si los religiosos quieren eximirse de pagar tasa, deberían cesar de recoger derechos de matricula. Eso, natural y lógicamente nos trae la pregunta de ¿por qué se ha promulgado tal disposicion? Si no hay objeto que pueda "tasarse", ¿por qué entonces eximir de la tasa? Pero, eso es demasiado "profundo y abstracto" para nuestros expertos en construcciones legales. ¿Nos las tenemos que ver con desbarajustes mentales??—

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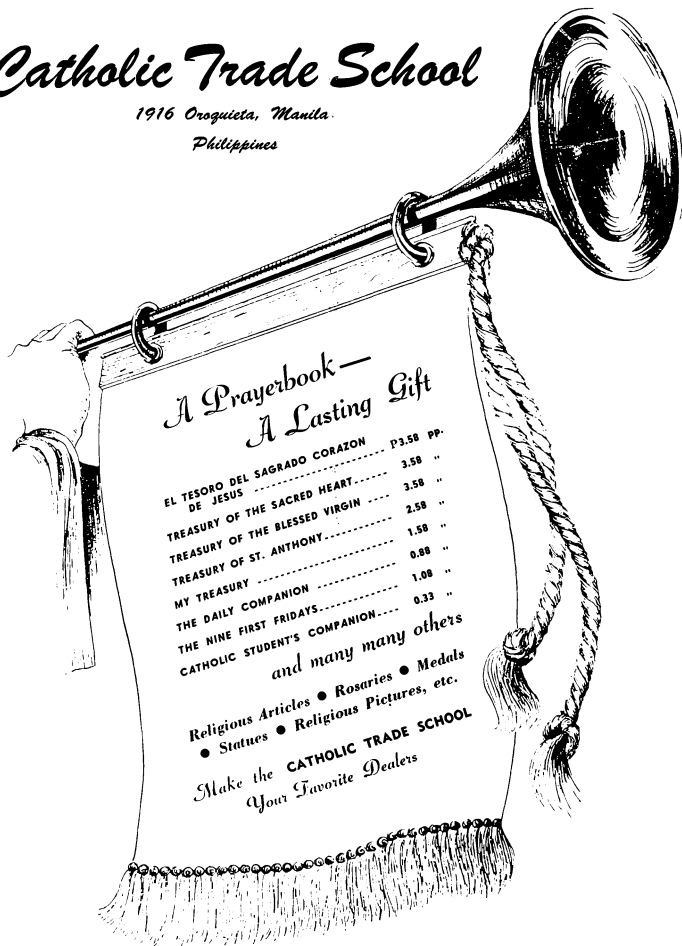
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