

The

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*Jesus — Mary — Joseph*  
*Bless and protect our families.*

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No. 5

# *A Catholic Student's Prayers*

I



**D**EAREST Mother, with an invocation to the mystery of thy Immaculate Conception, I desire to place under thy patronage my studies and all my written tasks. I declare that I undertake them solely that I may better promote the honor of God and devotion to thee.

Therefore, most loving Mother, Seat of Wisdom, look kindly upon my efforts. As is but just, I promise willingly and dutifully to give the credit to thy intercession with God, for whatever good results I may have. Amen.

II



**O**UNSPEAKABLY great Creator, Who didst order most perfectly Thy whole creation, Thou Who art the true fountain and highest source of light and wisdom, favor me with a ray of Thy brightness to enlighten the darkness of my intellect in which I was born, namely, sin and ignorance. O Thou Who makest little ones to speak divine wisdom, direct my tongue and pour out upon my lips the grace which flows from Thy blessing. Grant me a keen understanding, a good memory, system and ease in learning, exactness in explaining, and eloquence in speech. Enlighten the beginning of my efforts, direct my progress, perfect my completed work. Thou Who art true God and man, Who livest and reignest forever and ever. Amen.

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In  
a  
Nutshell

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By LEO BELLO

Before we went to press, we were filled with misgivings that we might not be able to make it. There were a few materials contributed and most of them did not make the grade. We had to scrape and scratch just to be able to produce what little we needed for an issue. And, at long last, we are lucky that we made it, for here we are.

Our initial remarks lead us to the lamentable fact of the dire dirth of Carolinian writers who are obliging enough to use their already rusty pens and give chances to their urge to express themselves in print via our magazine. Time and again our mentors, not excluding our erudite Father Rector, have consistently advised us to take our fling at writing for the Carolinian. Why, this here, our official organ, is purposely instituted by the benevolence of our University to accommodate the sparks of inspiration (whether urged by the Muses or not) our minds and hearts may be pregnant with. For who knows, there might be geniuses in our midst who are yet, as a mine is, to be prospected, found, struck and claimed as our very own in order to supply us with rare nuggets of golden thoughts and noble emotions.

We ought to be very thankful that as a good and prosperous University worthy of the name, San Carlos affords us with the instruments and the opportunities to have our precious gems of thoughts come to the fore in order to be appreciated and admired. And yet, where are the oncoming philosophers, the developing literati, and the budding poets? They must still be inhibiting themselves from being understood, stifling themselves in unwarranted silence. Or can it be possible that they are merely shackling themselves with simple indolence? But always this truth we hold: unless a beautiful or noble idea is brought into the open, no appreciation or admiration can give justice to its beauty or nobility. Sir Thomas Gray appropriately expressed our point when he said:

"Full many a gem with purest ray  
serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of the  
ocean bear,  
Full many a flower was born to  
blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness in the  
desert air."

These times are such that we should need some introspection. The beloved Dean Rev. Fr. Luis E. Schonfeld, SVD, of the College of Liberal Arts takes the cue. In the true spirit of an astute moral crusader he makes a diagnosis of the shortcomings of any ordinary so-called Christian family, and the many dangers it is being beset with from all sides and from within, in his "Crisis in the Christian Family".

The poem "Invocation" treats of the ails, not of the ordinary family, but of the family of Nations. It is a prayer for Divine Guidance if human efforts to attain world peace seem to fail. The technique used is that of a new-fangled version of a sonnet, and may be described as a rimeless sonnet.

When Time was younger than our Age, one of the most noble of professions was unduly caricatured by fictionists as sour-puss unlimited. Teachers must have been so nasty, cranky and tyrannical in those days—a far cry to our primp, understanding and kind (with very few exceptions) modern version. But read all about them in Jo Lim's "Personage on the Platform".

Mr. Vicente Ranudo's portrayal can be well-appreciated if his personal traits could be known as background. But we may infer from his writings that he has the poet-and-dreamer's streak in his blood. He must be descended from a poet.

The only new-comer in this issue is a woman. With our one and only Mr. Faigao's compliments, we give you "By Candlelight" by Miss Gloria Sanchez.

Our society editor has been busy in her own right. Besides her regular  
(Continued on page 10)

## Editorials



## A Vital Reawakening

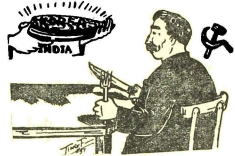
The indignation rally staged by the students and civic organizations of Cebu City last January 20 against the immoral city ordinance which allows the operation of jackpots in Cebu City is an eloquent indication of a much over-due reawakening of Cebu City's civic spirit. Such sizable rally did not only show how any group of citizens can openly and freely give voice and shout to the four winds their opinions and sincere convictions regarding matters of public concern, but it also significantly marked a decided revitalization of our city's civic consciousness. In public rallies of this kind, the potential strength of public opinion manifests itself, which should be one strong reason (should we need only one) why rallies ought to be resorted to as much as possible to publicly discuss reasonable objections to any public issue. We trust, therefore, that it would not be presumptuous to declare that the right-thinking citizens of Cebu have nothing but praise and gratitude for the sincere and plucky individuals who joined the rally. It has also been properly expressed that there should be contempt for those who believed in principle that which inspired the rally and could have joined, but did not join it, for fear of extraneous repercussions from unprincipled individuals. Their hesitation

and unjustified fear are disgusting signs of civic defeatism. They may not know it, but they have denied themselves the beauty of their own convictions.

But why vacillate on your own convictions when the right to peaceably assemble to petition the Government for the redress of grievances is a constitutional mandate? Guaranteed to all citizens in a democracy, it is a tool which can be resorted to and should be resorted to in the proper way in a democratic way of life. In more enlightened communities this right has come to be regarded as a moral obligation for the citizenry to perform whenever public welfare demands it. That this tool had practically become rusty with misuse in the past years of our own city is no argument that it is not necessary, nor that it can no longer be used. Had public rallies been resorted to everytime they were necessary in the past, time could have shown us now the many benefits our city and our country could have derived from their effective use.

But let the past alone. It is now and the future which should really count. Now that the reawakening of our civic spirit has been enhanced, what is left for us to do is to live up as citizens true to form and spirit by never hesitating to use our rights and privileges as citizens of our city and of our country. The "supreme law of the land" gives us a very important instrument which, together with the others, secure to ourselves the liberties which are ours in a "land of the free". Nobody can take it away from us, no matter how bitterly we may have to disagree among ourselves or with the improper actuations of constituted authorities on any public issue. This particular right is one of the corollaries of the freedom of speech and of opinion which begets the freedom to disagree, as of necessity.

And now that our civic consciousness has been reawakened, we should suffer it not to fall asleep again with inaction in the midst of our vicissitudes, if we are really serious about loving our freedoms, because, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty".



## India Privaricates

In spite of the fact that Communist China rejected the UN cease-fire proposals, India would like to have concessions in the wrong way and to the wrong party a la the infamous Munich "sell-out" at the expense of principles and the power, honor and prestige of the United Nations. She is going to the extent of trying to swallow everything, hook, line and sinker dished out by the Communists to pollute the minds of the easily-gullible throughout the world. She is even trying to exert her presumptuous influence in trying to sway the temperaments of other nations to her dangerous level of thinking.

India and the other nations she can mislead might believe that abject appeasement may dissuade the Communists from their no-longer secret determination to dominate the world. But judging from the obstinacy of their acts past and present, the Reds won't stop at anything short of practically demanding that the insouciously elongated Korean pie be proffered to them on a silver platter with the trimmings and icings.

And India is too brazen in her pretensions that she is the champion of world peace in spite of the fact that she did not hesitate to grab Hyderabad and Kashmir.

Should India succeed in her prevarications and confusing the issues at stake with the Korean debacle, the whole world and posterity will never forgive her for this ignominious attempt at selling the United Nations and democracy down the river.

EMILIO B. ALLER

# The Crisis of the Christian Family

By Luis E. Schonfeld, SVD  
Dean, College of Liberal Arts

*The desolation and misery in the present-day family which is confined in a home beset with materialism, socialism and impiety lie dreadfully before our scrutiny*

## I. THE FAMILY CRISIS

Our present family is fraught with such moral perversity that every upright person feels great apprehension and concern. Well may we repeat the Biblical phrase: "*Omnia ergo corruptam vitam suam*."—"No creature on earth but had lost its true direction." (Genesis VI, 12). This dismal condition causes great fear among moralists, statesmen, and rulers, as well as persons who ponder seriously about it. The great centers of population, found to be as corrupt as Babylon, Corinth, and Rome of old, are in fear. Even in small villages, where one might still find some traces of Christian decorum, this state is rapidly deteriorating due to the facility of communication which brings them into contact with the wicked world.

Immorality is truly a present social cancer. Our very progress and refinement of life accentuate the disease more and more. Sex rules supreme in family attractions, such as movies, stage-plays, fashions, dances, and burlesque. On beaches feminine flesh is displayed for lustful eyes and the human form impudently exhibited. This problem of corruption is universal because immorality is like a waterspout that sweeps the whole society into the estuary of destruction. Youth and the very fountain of life is polluted, and the very foundations of social order are menaced.

Lust for pleasure has become, as it were, a second nature to modern society. This condition is gravely felt in the family. The family is no longer "*principium orbis et quasi seminarium reipublicae*", as Cicero put it, centuries ago. That is, "The family is no longer the foundation of the world and the nursery, as it were, of the State".

The old familiar traditions of family life, as handed down to us by our forebears, have disappeared from our midst. Nowadays the home as-

(Continued on page 6)



How far is the moral degeneration in our present-day family and home? What are the dangers which have made themselves apparent due to wanton application of pernicious doctrines which only lead to "more coffins than cradles"? This timely article diagnoses the ails of the Christian family and prescribes spiritual remedies to cure these ails.—Ed.)

## THE CRISIS OF THE...

(Continued from page 5)

sumes the form of a hotel, a point of departure to which one repairs only to eat and to sleep. It is the victim of materialism, socialism, and impiety. Inner corruption is its most formidable enemy. It is this corruption that reduces the number of homes, of children. It leads to free love, to temporary civil marriage, to nefarious divorce. The result is successive polygamy, union without God, without love; without children; desolate homes without number. Such modern life ejects spouses and children from the sanctuary of the home and throws them into the street, the theatre, the cinema, the dance-hall, the cafes. Christian practices are banned from family life; it is no longer Jesus who presides over weddings, as He did at Cana. Man has shut the doors of heaven and only looks for material pleasures.

## II. DESOLATION

The desolation and misery of the present-day family lie dreadfully before our gaze. Men and women are fleeing from matrimony. They prefer a free union, without any moral law attached to it, unbridled, with no other sanction but their caprice, their lust. Vices and immoral environment increase steadily the number of the "homeless," fitting counterparts of the numberless "countryless people". Not only does vice bring desolation to the home, but it leaves it anaemic. For, when man wastes his life in disorder, what strength can he still have to transmit to his children? What vigor, what vitality can he give them, after he exhausted himself in the mire of sensualism? Those poor offspring are often but a mimicry of life, who curse their parents for having given them death instead of life, for vice has poisoned their blood and killed in them all life.

If we add to these the superficial education, the reign of alcoholism, effeminacy, excitement to pleasure, luxury, erotic literature, movies and all the other factors of corruption, then do we have a complete and accurate picture of the desolation of modern homes.

## III. ITS DANGERS

Other dangers pop up on the horizon of our modern family, and one of them is low "birth rate". There is one fact, a clear and evident fact, proved and confirmed by eloquent statistics, namely, that the reign of immorality and divorce have caused a dreadfully decreasing birth rate. "We have more coffins than cradles", said Pinard.

times the Malthusian theories prevail. They have invaded the sanctuary of the home. These theories are prevalent even in countries that have an excess of population. It was so in Germany before the war.

The decrease of births bewilders statesmen.

France loses twenty-eight thousand inhabitants every six months, said Bertillon. And Leroy Beaulieu has demonstrated that if this evil is not remedied, by the year 2012 France will have no inhabitant of French origin.

The cause of this dismal decrease is to be found, according to Bertillon, Mercier and others, in the pernicious doctrine of Malthus and in divorce.

A decrease of population is noted in all the countries that have facilitated the granting of divorce, which is given with increasing ease. In the United States of America, records show more than 200,000 divorces are granted per year; in France, more than 32,000. The vegetative increase of population in France is 2.4, the lowest in the world; and France is a "divorce-country" *par excellence*. In the United States of America the increase is 9.2, inferior to that of Italy, which is 12.4, and to that of Colombia which has a rate of 15.8, and that of Chile, which counts with 12.6.

All statistics are consonant in their proofs that divorce leads to immorality, towards a diminishing of birth rate; that it increases criminality and illegitimate children; that it foments free love and pagan customs. It is an indisputable law of History that the life and greatness of a nation depends upon the number of its inhabitants and the morality of its customs. If a country is unable to occupy and defend its own territory, it will not be long before another nation will take possession of it. This is the law of History, and History repeats itself. When the Roman women no longer desired to have children then came the day when the Mistress of the world had no soldiers to defend herself against the onslaughts of the barbarians. In our present

## INVOCATION

*Within the human family there is  
No peace: our spirits grovel in the mire  
Of bitter woes; the evil forces, strong,  
Which seek to trample with impunity  
All that is good and right in existence  
Have thrived; and hatreds and the shameless lusts  
For gold and power have now possessed our world.  
In fervent pleas, we seek to clearly voice  
The desperateness of our hopeless state;  
We beg to be allowed to bend our knees  
And raise to God our hearts in common prayer:  
Dear God of Justice, human efforts failed;  
Having recourse to Thee, relief we beg.*

—E. B. Aller.

Confronted with such a great evil which we bewail, we may well regret those wrathful words of the great Bossuet in his *De la Politique Sacree*: "Be accursed by God and men all unions whose fruits are not wanted and whose desires consist in being sterile". Nowadays there exists among women a growing horror towards maternity, which an author anatomized in the following terms: "When those words written about a nation become true, that nation is rotten to the core. When men fear work and a just war, and women are afraid of maternity, then they are tangling on the verge of condemnation, and it were better they disappeared from the face of the earth, where they are in all justice the object of contempt of all men and women endowed with souls, elevated, strong, courageous."

The cause of this evil is to be sought in the utter lack of religious principle, in egotism, in the "laissez-faire-attitude" of family customs in the alarming progress of immorality, in divorce, in the daring advances of modern feminism which presses more and more heavily on the already disintegrated socio-religious order. It lies in the nefarious contraceptive literature which expounds to all the sundry procedures of Malthus which in truth may be called the corrupter of souls, the assassin of humanity.

*More coffins than cradles!* That's the situation of our modern family. And speaking of France, where the population is in constant decrease, an author said, "Finis Gallie! That's the beginning of the end. And thus will disappear from the scene of the

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# THE PERSONAGE ON THE PLATFORM

by JNLim

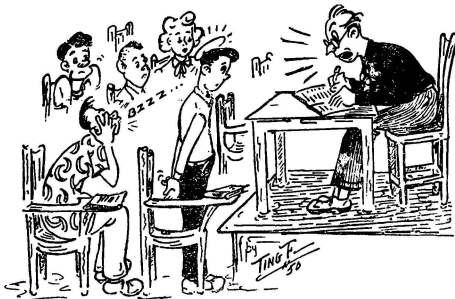
*But really the schoolmarm and her male counterpart can't anymore be that ogre as fiction made-believe them to be*

In circulation is a perennial tale about two persons introduced separately to an audience. One was a lawyer and there were heard admiring "oh's" and "ah, a lawyer!" The other was a teacher and there were heard "aw, just a teacher!", a reaction presumably unadmiring. As if that were not enough vinegar and gall, we hear the same attitude from higher quarters. For instance, there is the twentieth-century wit, George Bernard Shaw, who might be expected to know better yet gave utterance to the oft-quoted passage "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

Do we rush to do anything at once, without being first guided and taught how to do it? How in reason can one read a book without first learning the alphabet; how learn surgery and cure human ills without the guidance of a medical teacher; how learn which is right and which is wrong, without an instructor? Surely not by a wasting trial-and-error method.

Paging the "Educational Forum", perhaps there is a clue in the fact that popular literature has consign- ed the teacher into ridiculous types: cranky old-maids and stern specta- cled spinsters, undersized fops and blockheaded simpletons, whose indis- pensable and ubiquitous symbol is the stinging rod.

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' fascinating psychological novels, the teacher is described as "a poor, overtaxed, nervous creature, we must not think too much of her fancies." The teacher in Thomas Wolfe's prize-winning "Look Homeward, An- rel" is an unangelic "gaunt red- faced spinster, with fierce glaring eyes." Apparently not a prize-win- ning creature. A character in one of Sherwood Anderson's short stories is described as "silent, cold, and stern." Well, of course, she was a teacher. You guessed it.



Then there is Washington Irving's beloved, classic, skinny Ichabod Crane of the "huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that (his head) looked like a weath- erecock perched upon his spindle neck..." Tom Sawyer's bald but be- wigged school master, was a diminutive tyrant, "his rod and his ferule were seldom idle." Moreover, he was frustrated. "The darling of his de- sires was to be a doctor, but poverty had decreed that he should be nothing higher than a village school- master."

In actual life, it is common obser- vation that most teachers vegetate into gray and withered spinsters. Theoretically, men teachers are ob- served to grow a bun or a topknot very much like that of Iya Hull's.

But all is not lost. There is a bright, if small, minority of teachers described as "sweet, young things" although they usually catch them- selves just in time by marrying or becoming secretaries before it is too late.

In fiction however, teacher-heroes are not wanting. Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" is "power- ful smart..." One of Louisa M. Alcott's lovable "Little Women" mar- ried a professor.

Although fiction dons the teacher in cap and bells, actual life clothes her in toga and hood. One has only to glance at the records to see how many intelligent young people are en- rolled to be teachers. One has only

to look around at the comely coeds stu- dying to be teachers, at the pleasant instructors looking just like any other pleasant person; no less pretty than secretaries, no more human or nor- mal than you or movie stars. And they are far more well-mannered and more polite.

The reasons go still deeper. Loula Grace Erdman, after winning a heavy prize for a novel she wrote, was queried by a reporter, "Of course you'll give up teaching now." Her answer was, "Of course not. I'm going to stick to teaching!" It made the headlines.

Her reasons are just as valid for the Filipino teacher. Her first rea- son is that "a teacher has the great privilege of constantly being able to renew her youth." Every semester we come in contact with new young people. We are forced "to clarify our thinking, to examine the basis of (our) beliefs, to make sure of the va- lidity of (our) opinions," to be alert and keep up with the progress of the times, to be a student and thus learn that there are infinitely many things we do not know, and no time to ever finish learning them, and thus ar- rive at a vast humility. The real teachers are the most humble. Make no mistake about it. They are hum- ble not because of a small salary but because they realize the little that humanity knows.

Teaching has its rewards. The Christmas greetings, the postcards from former students gone to other  
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## Short Story

## By Candlelight

By GLORIA C. SANCHEZ

It was summertime in May. The sun had just hidden behind the mountains. The birds were twittering in the trees, calling for some straying companions, for soon they would be flying home. The "dama de noche" was beginning to send its sweet scent to the air. The acacia trees were slowly folding their leaves, inviting all to rest.

Sitting on one of the benches just behind the hibiscus hedge, Doña Carmen Lopez was watching the natural beauty around her. She breathed a deep sigh as she thought that after an absence of almost thirty years, she had at last come home. Doña Carmen or Ninay as the others called her, was old. The parish register in the church could testify to the number of her years. Yet there was an ageless quality about her, as if in youth she had sipped from an Elysian fountain. The curling gray hair had a wind-blown girlish swirl. The shorter strands fell forward and caressed her cheek. The old woman was so engrossed in her thoughts that she did not notice Alicia, her arms around her neck.

"It is getting late, Lola. Supper is already served," said Alicia.

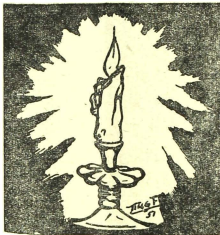
"Oh, I almost forgot. It had been such a lovely day and the fading twilight was so beautiful. Just like what it used to be when I was here," Doña Carmen said as she walked with abated steps to the house.

Alicia hurried for a while. She looked at the distant road. She was expecting a visitor that evening.

The evening meal was over. Alicia made her grandmother comfortable in a low, cushioned chair. She lighted a candle. Then sensing the other's unspoken wish to be alone, the girls slipped out quietly into the deepening twilight.

Alicia seemed to be preoccupied with some new care, or one not new but had grown insistent for a solution. But her kinswoman, whose thoughts were with the past, saw no chance in the girl.

Doña Carmen sat by the marble-topped table. The room was lighted by the candle put there by Alicia. The



old woman's dress was black, widow's mourning. She had worn no other since the death of her husband ten years ago. The color of her dress accentuated the thin white hands and the gleam of the pearl rosary slipping through her fingers. Ever and anon her lips moved in prayer.

Doña Carmen had been born in this house. In her care-free childhood she had played in the old orchard and roamed the neighboring hills. But she had been shifted to an environment far from her childhood house. From that time, until a few hours previous to the opening of this last act in the drama of her life, Doña Carmen had never seen the home of her childhood. She had been a famous concert pianist. Her engagements had brought her to every place. She had toured every island of the country and later in search for greater fame and fortune, she went abroad. Then she suddenly quit the stage, when, in an accident she broke her left arm. That was at the time when she was invited to be the soloist in one of the famous concert halls in New York. But then her fame had been known and music lovers still recall the graceful beauty of the woman. The critics said that music flowed from her fingertips.

Doña Carmen was old now. All the people who had lived with her in this house had passed away. Al-

*Fate has chosen to unfold the threads and write a sad finis to a stifled love while paving a way to fulfillment for the life and love of the young in heart in a sincere moment by candlelight.*

most all the neighbors about it had long been dead. Some were lying in the churchyard, others in graves beyond the seas. Her parents had died long ago in their prime. That was when the scene in her life had just first shifted. She had had brothers, sisters, husband and daughters. All of them have passed to the next world. She was hoping to be with them soon.

As she said her prayers, she paused for a while. Faces, forms, ghosts came back and moved the vision of the lovely woman sitting there. She saw once more her father with his pipe sitting in the same chair, her sweet-faced mother and her twin sister singing as she, Doña Carmen, played the piano.

Then a stalwart young man stood before her. He had dark waving hair, lofty brow and deep-set eyes. Manuel Ferraris had a strong body crowned by a giant intellect. She did not know where he was now because like her, he had sought fame abroad.

When she was at the height of her career and all the world was young, he had sought her out to lay his great love at her feet. But one month previous, she was married to another. And in her married life the bitter mistake she knew she had committed in her marriage kept on torturing her. She shivered there by the glowing light as if the cruel years that had followed had yet the power to crush her. She hastily closed the portion of her brain which housed



those hateful memories. They were intruders and aliens that could not be guests during these precious hours. For a long time she sat very still. Through the half-opened door came the scent of the "dama de noche". Its fragrance brought with it long forgotten dreams.

After what seemed a long time, a hand touched the door and pushed it open. A light step crossed the red-tiled floor. Alicia stood there in the glow of the candlelight. The girl's eyes were shining, her lips parted as if about to speak. Yet wordless, she sank on her knees by her grandmother's side. A long sigh quivered through the slender frame.

After a time, Alicia lifted her face. With its clustering black curl framing the finely sculptured features, Doña Carmen saw herself, as she looked long ago. Alicia was an orphan, the only child of Doña Carmen's daughter and the last link which tied her to earth.

"Are you praying, Lola?" Alicia asked. "Always praying?"

"What else can an old woman do, Alicia? She only waits for her end, so there's no better way to spend her last moments on earth," Doña Carmen answered.

Alicia smiled musingly. She was silent for a time. Then she stood up and clasping her breast, she gazed deeply into the candlelight.

"Lola," she burst forth, as if some spring had released a tide that could no longer be suppressed. "Delfin is — is coming tonight to try — to — to win you over to give your consent to — to —"

"How could you!" Doña Carmen cried. The words and her scornful

gesture were eloquent. "You've kept communicating with him after all, he has followed us then!" She looked at the girl reproachfully. "A young man who does not know who his people are..."

"But, Lola," Alicia pleaded, "Delfin is such a decent sort. He has been forging ahead in his profession. I think I told you before. I can't understand why you have always refused to see him. Delfin is a physician too."

"Of course, he would be a success at something or other." Doña Carmen's voice had a hint of scorn. "Yet even if he had not any prospect and he had been well born, blood will tell, and I should be pleased to give my consent."

"Lola, I love him so. Doesn't that count make up in some way for other things?"

Doña Carmen had been looking searchingly into the eyes that were a replica of what her own had been. She looked hastily at the hurt expression in Alicia's face as she pleaded piteously.

"Oh, it does count," she remarked in mock-sympathy.

Doña Carmen's words had such fierce vindictiveness that Alicia turned to her grandmother in astonished wonder. The old woman bent her head. She seemed to have forgotten the girl's presence. Alicia touched her hand gently to arouse her grandmother.

"Delfin is coming to see you in a few minutes," she said. "Oh, Lola, please be kind to him. Do not, I beg you, hurt him."

Down the road a youth hurried along the way Alicia had trodden a

short time before. His step was almost as light as the girl's had been. His face was set in lines of anxious earnestness, and he passed haltingly before the open door. Then he lifted his head and stepped forward at a word of invitation from Alicia. He drew near; standing before Doña Carmen, he said his greetings softly. To the fastidious eyes of Doña Carmen, this handsome young man with clear candid eyes, left nothing to be desired.

"Bring chairs," Doña Carmen said, "and both of you sit with me for a while."

Delfin and Alicia sat down, each carefully avoiding each other's eyes. "Alicia is my only and last care on earth," Doña Carmen led the way sensing the difficulty of her visitor's position.

"She is my only and last care," the soft voice repeated. "I want to see her happy, of course, but happiness is not the greatest, the most important thing on earth."

Delfin smiled. He had been looking and interlacing his nervous fingers.

"Mrs. Lopez, Alicia of course had had to tell you that I am an orphan. I was given to understand that my mother died in the hospital when I was born. Then a kind gentleman who was in the hospital took me to his home and gave me every advantage. He is the only man whom I can call my father because he does not know anything about my paternal side. My adopted father had never a wife or children. I was treated like a son. Later, when I was about to finish my high school his old profes-

(Continued on page 26)

## DEFINITIONS

*Oratory*: the art of making deep noise from the chest sound like important messages from the brain. —H. I. Phillips

*A flirt*: a woman who believes that it's every man for herself.

—Country Gentlewoman

*Punctuality*: the art of guessing correctly how late the other party is going to be. —P. C. F. in *The Saturday Evening Post*

*Cost of living index*: list of numbers proving high prices are not expensive.

—Richard M. Weiss in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

*An historical novel*, like a bustle, is a fictitious tale covering up a stern reality. —Augusta Tucker, *The Main Miss Susie Loved* (Grosset & Dunlap)

*A budget*: a method of worrying before you spend, as well as afterward.

—Papyrus

*A kiss*: a contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

*A bore*: a person who has flat feet. —Joe Havigton in *Boston Post*

*Fishing*: a delusion entirely surrounded by liars in old clothes.

—Don Marquis in *Liberty*

# Passin' Thru

by vni

The first semester is over. The battle is half won. For many, it has been a complete victory. For some there are scars. These scars are the 4's and 5's in the finals. Or the 'incomplete' and the 'dropped' which are as good as flops, anyway. These flunkers usually deserve the red mark but they can take it. They're young and able to take the same subject all over again in the next semester or the next term. But who really gets the raw deal are their folks. The flops have the time and the energy to repeat. Some of them have the blindness not to feel compunction. Some of them really lack the brains to plow through that book in which they floundered and sunk. But I know of two boys who were forced to drop one subject at the end of the term, when the final exams began. At that time! This is their story.

This is not a sob story. Those boys don't "cry over spilt milk." They have burned their bridges behind them. They had to flop not because they lacked the brains to learn or understand the subject matter but because their principles differed with the instructor's passé, bookish, opinionated, one tract, misunderstanding apprehension of a student. Other teachers tolerate contradictory discussions and set out to correct them. Others don't. They simply browbeat the student and sling maestra mud at him. In front of the class. Now, if there's anything a student — any student, no matter how moronic or idiotic or sanctimonious or cynical he may be—resents his being hamstrung and insulted and hurt in front of his classmates. Some teachers resort to sarcasm and inadvertently kill the student's interest and will to give the subject proper attention. The dogged stubbornness of these students at issue to adapt themselves to the teacher's seeming unfairness and failure to understand them, coupled with sheer ennui, resulted in their frequent absences

which in the end forced them to drop the subject.

Some students simply scratch the back of their necks and smile embarrassedly when they make a bum recitation and meet with maestra mud-slinging. Others expect to be set straight when they make a faulty recitation. Some teachers point out the defect of misconception regarding lessons and set the student right. Others just go to pieces and debase themselves by shaming and hurting the innocently errant students. Some teachers demand that the student recite his lessons verbatim from the book. Some students maintain that as long as the thought is understood he can give it in his own words. There is the conflict of ideas and principles. Who wins? The teacher, of course, because she's armed with a sensitive record book in one hand and an itchy pen in the other and a very short patience and almost no understanding at all in the middle.

This semester and hereafter a lot of students are going to be very careful in seeing whom they will study under. Not in the pursuit of easy, lax teachers but in the latent desire of human nature to seek one who will give respect for respect and understanding for the usual classroom recitation faults. No, the student of today does not expect nor want to be handled with velvet gloves in the classroom. He has too much pride and good sense for that. All he asks for is a teacher who needs not go back to her student days and take an Ethics, Logic, or Psychology. Or maybe read Dale Carnegie.

## Caroliniana...

(Continued from page 3)

"In the Know-Who", she dabbles in informal essay with "Your Fountain Pain".

Before everything can be said and done, we might forget our lines are limited and spoil this issue with kilometeric monotonies. We therefore decide to leave you alone to yourself to find your own way without the aid of a boring guide such as we may be. But not before we shall proudly point to you a literary structure of some eminence in "The Catholic Church and Communism", anonymous in its authorship.

### THE PERSONAGE...

(Cont. from page 7)

places; these are big little things. It has its heartaches too. Anonymous caustic, blistering notes attacking the teacher's personality, teaching methods, appearance may occur. If it could happen to the prize-winning Miss Erdman, it can happen to lesser lights. One realizes that back of any failure in dealing with others there are perhaps some personal failure. This makes for the teachers's patience, understanding, self-control, broadmindedness, and best of all, humility.

It is easy to appreciate a teacher once we have shown ourselves of the mentality of the first-grader who piped out, "Miss X, I wish you were smart enough to be promoted to second grade with me!"

## The Call to Worship

*It was inevitable, I suppose, that in the garden I should begin, at long last, to ask myself what lay behind all this beauty . . . When guests were gone and I had the flowers to myself, I was so happy that I wondered why at the same time I was haunted by a sense of emptiness. It was as though I wanted to thank somebody, but had nobody to thank: which is another way of saying that I felt the need for worship. That is, perhaps, the kindest way in which a man may come to his God. There is an interminable literature on the origins of the religious impulse, but to me it is simpler than that. It is summed up in the image of a man at sundown, watching the crimson flowering of the sky and saying — to somebody — "Thank you."*

—By Beverley Nichols in his autobiography, *All I Could Never Be*

No amount of portrayal can contain his exemplary loyalty and attachment for "this woman"

Perhaps, there will never come a day when I shall see a woman as beautiful as Francisca. For in beauty there is frankness and truth and she had both — as a matter of fact, those are the very foundations on which her beauty grew and depended.

And, perhaps again, I will never come to love any other woman as I had come to love Francisca — for in her I saw comfortable companionship and unselfish devotion.

As a person and if in that sense alone, there isn't any reason why I should be wasting your time and mine over this woman.... for confined as such, she did not achieve anything beyond the ordinary; her deeds, no more glorious and colorful than yours and mine. her achievements and successes, not a fraction greater.

She had her blunders and her moments of glory — but not one of these is the real reason that made me write and let you know about her — for as I said, as a person she was nothing to write about.

But as a woman and the beauty behind a woman... The eternal question of woman and beauty — the sad absence of it in some and the abundance of it in others — the kind that is so easily done away by time — all these could be answered in the life of Francisca herself. For in Francisca, I saw the birth of beauty that is still living though she has long been dead.

Yet, strangely enough, Francisca was really no special attraction by herself. She was a little below the average height and her burnt-brown skin certainly did not make her obvious among many. Her hair was a



little thin for a girl; though the eyebrows that slanted down to round, firm cheeks were thick and dark. Her only special asset was the way she walked. She had a sort of special way of swinging her body so gracefully to the sides that she arrested your eyes at once though she tread with many.

I have never seen someone with so many friends as Francisca. They flocked her house every day each of them had given their friendship to Francisca because she earned it.

When I met her she was already a mother of two dead sons and one living daughter — who was about 4 or 5 years older than I was. Her husband was already dead and the years that passed left its mark by the illusive lines that criss-crossed her face.

Though without her husband and in financial difficulty, she always managed to help her friends with their problems. She was at her work all day and still come out of it fresh and sparkling — ever ready to give a smile to a passing friend. To the poor, she was a saint; to the mediocre, an angel of perpetual help from heaven and to the rich, a symbol of a woman's courage. It was among these group of friends that her beauty was born — for it was really born among grateful and admiring hearts. If you worship someone so much for her kindness or courage or amiable-

ness — you just can't help but see her as a model of perfection; and perfection is beauty — beauty that time can never touch and destroy.

I have seen a lot of women more beautiful than Francisca — their faces replicas of goddesses — but their beauty ended there; after that, nothing is left but a blank and meaningless face — an ornament you could hardly notice because it is so ordinary.

But Francisca's beauty was born and made in the hearts of the people she had been graciously kind to, the people she had lent a helping hand — the people who admired her for her genuine courage and understanding heart. And as long as things like courage, gratefulness, kindness, and truth shall live her beauty shall grow with the passing of time.

When I was but a boy, I wrote a poem about her in tribute and admiration. I have never really found a name for it, but it runs thus:—

*Oh, how I would love to paint  
The portrait of a Saint  
The Paradoxes of the skies  
The picture of the bird that flies.  
But with more intention and anxiety  
I hope to God, that they be  
I would like to blend them into each  
other  
And produce a portrait of my  
mother.*

# Getting Hitched Can't Be Easy

*Love and the will to get married  
are not enough to qualify  
lovebirds to pronounce "I do"*

By **VICENTE F. DELFIN**  
College of Law



"Marriage" according to one irresponsible commentator, "is a woman's (or man's) perfect alibi for a free board and lodging". Of course, the writer does not hold himself responsible for this definition, in any manner. According to the New Civil Code "Marriage is not a mere contract but an inviolable social institution. Its nature, consequences and incidents are governed by law and not subject to stipulation, except that the marriage settlements may, to a certain extent, fix the property relation during the marriage." Another author gives his definition as "signifying in the first instance that act which a man and woman for life discharge toward society and one another those duties which result from their relation as husband and wife. The act of union having once accomplished the word comes afterwards to denote the relation itself."

Marriage is therefore a contract and a social institution. It is a contract because there are the meeting of the minds (consent), consideration (generally love) and subject matter (to have and to hold). But it is a peculiar kind of a contract because

it demands an extraordinary obligation to support one another, as husband and wife, not merely for a day, a year, but for always. Like most contracts, marriage prescribes many requisites. It is difficult indeed to live together, uncomplainingly for a life-time. It is as similarly difficult to obtain all the requisites of law. However, for purposes of general knowledge for those of you who may be interested, this is how to go about getting married without need for any legal assistance and extra charges.

"No marriage shall be solemnized unless all these requisites are complied with:—

- (1) legal capacity of the contracting parties;
- (2) their legal consent, freely given;
- (3) authority of the person performing the marriage; and
- (4) a marriage license, except in a marriage of exceptional character."

With regards to the first requisite, the law requires that only those who have attained the age of 14 years upwards for female and 16 years upwards for male can marry — unless, of course, there are legal impediments such as relationship, bigamy, polygamy, and others which the law expressly provides. Moreover those below the age of 18 if female, and 20 if male should need parental consent, or else the marriage shall be-

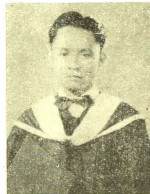
come voidable. By voidable is meant that the marriage stands valid in the eyes of the law, until it is proved otherwise and adjudged by a competent court to be annulled.

The second requirement of the law is that the consent must be freely given. As the terms "freely given" connote, the parties duly agree to be so united without mental reservations, without necessity of pointing a gun to one's head or such factors as threat, force or the use of clubs and other instruments of war. Neither must the consent be obtained by misrepresentation of identity by any of the parties. But this does not mean a simple case of one misrepresenting himself to be a millionaire and the other marries him for that consideration. The term misrepresentation denotes those of age, non-disclosure of previous conviction of crime involving moral turpitude with a penalty of two years or more, or the immoral condition of a woman who refuses to disclose the fact that she is on the family way. Any other form of misrepresentation would not be within the meaning of the law.

The third requirement is the authority of the person performing the marriage. In the Civil Code, the following are the authorized persons to solemnize marriage:—

- 1) The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court;

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THE AUTHOR

Mr. Vicente F. Delfin is one of the busiest students in the College of Law when it comes to extra-curricular school activities. Presently he is Editorial Board member of Carolinian, USC Law Review and USC 1950-51 Annual. He specializes on writing about legal oddities and/or points holding them down to circumscribed expositions.—Ed.

# IN THE KNOW - WHO

By Sally Valente

The shopping of the last Christmas season gave a lot of somebodies some trouble. A gift is to be picked out for a favorite friend, a favorite aunt, a favorite nephew, a favorite cousin. Even a gift for the favorite peev. Tita Espina, I guess, had a rough ride in her shopping spree last year. What with favorites springing from every corner. So did Chito Gaerlan. Don't you know her? She's that prospective pharmacist who sometimes keeps watch of the drugstore in front of our drug...

Guess now that we have a brand-new year, Tillie (the toiler) Dunque has resolved to slow down on her dear serious determination to stock her pig-tailed little head with the fragments of knowledge...

I wonder how Noah An, David dela Rosa, Caesar Carabuena, and Joe Padaihang, could have made a Christmas lantern together. Noah asserts that Joe just relish to eat wooden steaks. If this were true, three cheers for Joe's digestive system!...

Would any friend, Roman or Lover lend his ear to Mr. Cum and Mr. Corpin? They sweated out memorizing the speech of Brutus after all, and it's a pity if only the English 3 class will hear it...

If any missus had a hard time selecting a magi gift for her hubby lost Christmas, she should have turned to Mrs. Priscy Orat Dioces and Mrs. Caring Ybanez Alonso, the brand-new wives of Esting Dioces and Rudy Alonzo, respectively. Who's next on the list of to-be-married's? Heard somebody is going to exchange "I do's" with somebody in June. Both somebodies are prominent people in the USC. Here's hoping for that lucky June bride. Carmelinda Malzarate, Conchit Sevilla, and Medy Martinez, I guess, wouldn't need any such luck whenever they decide to give up the life of single-blessedness because they can cook their way into their man's heart (through his stomach, of course). Yes, girls, cook 'em with inspiration. Speaking of inspi-

rations, I really do believe in the 4-syllabled magic. Poch Cui's twin inspirations are his kids. Glad he don't see doubles everytime he bags the ball. And don't tell me Tito Espeleta can't use some bit of inspiration, too. For all you know, while he's dribbling a ball his heart is also being dribbled by some feminine hand and the owner of that hand might be his inspiration! The ROTC's inspiration is no other than Nimia Dorotheo. The cadets really do take off their caps to their corps sponsor. Who or what inspired Linda Zosa in her declamation and Nena Dorotheo in her radio programs? You can't get it out of me folks, that's this month's food for thought.

Have you heard? Three little girls in gray are concocting some Macbeth kind of brew. This time test tubes, instead of kettle, are used and the "witches" are not old and ugly but those three charming pharmacy students, Araceli Gonzalez, Lilia Cinco, and Elena Quano. The most appropriate season's greeting to them is Happy Brewin'! To commerce students like Fely Alonzo and Chripina Tolentino — Happy Balancin'! And to Leonie Lianza, Lilia Dorotheo and Raul Borromeo (Pre-laws) I say Merry Arguing!

'Bye now, til next issue...

## On Keeping Young

MR. ALFONSO DALOPE:

You know, I always feel young. I have a secret elixir of youth.

MR. FORTUNATO VALOCEES:

Oh yeah? If you are a pupil of Mr. Guanzon, it must be "mo-lasses".

MR. ALFONSO DALOPE:

Why, my laughter keeps me young.

(Loud guffaws)

## THE CRISIS OF THE...

(Continued from page 6)  
world all nations that have torn to bits the fundamental laws of life".

### IV. REMEDIES

In order to remedy these great evils which beset the family, we must needs point out some moral "medicine".

A) *LIFE OF FAITH.* — Faith reveals to us an unknown world that fills us with holy fear and love of God. "*Si erederis videbis gloriam Dei*" — "If thou hast faith, thou wilt see God glorified" (John XI, 40). The faith that shows us God everywhere, envelops man in a supernatural atmosphere that draws him nearer to God, to ask Him favours, to praise Him, to fear His just judgments and punishments. Faith makes Christ known to us, and in this knowledge lies life everlasting. Faith will bring Christ to us, to our home, to our loved ones, as it happened to the couple at Cana. When Christ rules in the home, peace, quietude, and harmony will reign, too. But when faith will disappear, then materialism and a pagan way of life will set in. Then we may repeat: "They are corrupt, and are become abominable in their ways: there is none that doth good, no not one" (Psalm XIII, 1).

B) *PRACTICE OF PIETY.* — It is not sufficient to believe. "*Fides sine operibus, mortua*" — "Faith separated from good deeds is a dead faith" (James II, 26). Christian life is a life of prayer, of religious practices which are long forgotten but which are the element that can restore our family. They are many. The fulfilment of our religious duties, the Family Rosary, the devotions to the Blessed Virgin Mary, our morning and evening prayers, etc. "*Desolata est terra quia nullus est que recogit corde*" — "With desolation is all the land made desolate; because there is none that considereth in the heart" (Jeremias XII, 11). These practices will enliven piety and will bring about Christian life, so necessary in the families.

C) *FLIGHT FROM DANGERS.* — Christian life is sanctifying; everything in it tends towards purifying souls and preserving them from sin. St. Paul vividly describes how our family life, and life in general, should be "dressed up" in good deeds. "And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is

(Continued on page 20)

# So You're Going to Graduate?

Friend Herb,

At the end of this term I'm gonna graduate. Associate in Arts, supposed to be. So far the only "art" I'm associated with is the art of truancy. Never let it be said my college life hasn't been colorful. It has been a stinking series of flunks and conditions and shifts — purely unmonotonous and non-drab!

All this began two years ago when I enrolled in the College of Pre-Medicine. I was going to tote a small black bag ten years later. But before the first round was over I was kayoed by Chemistry 1a. So before I blew myself up over a test tube of nitric acid, better judgment made me shift over to Commerce. Seeing as how my weekly allowance disappeared before the week was over, I knew I'd stink in business. Thrift and Economics are not on speaking terms with me, Herbie old boy! When the Summer term came around I decided to fool around with Engineering. That was the time when "The Fountainhead" came to town. Right then and there a classmate and I thought we'd design Cebu's future houses and apartment buildings — maybe we might even design USC after the Third World Riot — and so the clerks in the Record Section of the Registrar's Office had to make me a new record card. This time under Architecture I.

You guessed it, I couldn't design a one-room windowless pigsty. And those hours spent hunched over a drawing board! Before the first week of dodding around with a drawing pencil was over I was drooping forward like a stinking question mark. And you know

how enraptured I am with Math! I don't even know what the heck a polynomial is.

By the time summer was over I was searching my muddled brain for a subject to conquer. I was seriously contemplating typewriting and steno. This wish was induced by several lecture hours under a fast-talking prof. I yearned to scribble as fast as the prof screeched and slammed the notes back at him, verbatim, afterwards. No soap. Only dames make proper secretaries, it seems. The room was full of them, anyway, and if I'm not a misanthrope at least I sometimes feel like a misogynist.

Then a bright idea struck me. How about being a teacher? If not for the labor, then at least for spite?! I imagined myself standing before a swarm of pallid poker faces. I saw myself stand before that leering, glaring mass of blank expressions, wide eyes and gaping mouths, at that senseless horde of idiots, and I saw myself trying to talk some sense—some education!—into that sea of staring, open-mouthed masks — and resolved I'll go nuts first.

Having romped all over the university and trying most of the courses, like an undecided buyer trying on a dozen pairs of shoes on a Christmas shopping spree, I gritted what teeth I have and firmly decided to settle down on some course without abandoning it the next semester. There was one he-man course left untried, and I promptly crabbed it. I like the sound of the word barrister. Also, being a frequenter of bars and waterfront dives, I think it would be a good idea to take the Bar exams some sunny day and amaz-



the Phil. Bar Association, including the Cebu Lawyers League, with a terrific sensational exhibition of legal knowledge. So I landed on Pre-Law. And now, after all those terms of booze, sweat, tears, excuse slips, and maybe a bottle or two of gin, I'm gonna graduate Associate in Hearts; i.e., cr, Associate in Arts.

On second thought... I could be a pioneer and be the first male to invade what has always been the feminines' domain. After all, they (them femmes) have stormed men's professions (medicine, law, engineering, and whatnot). Suppose I enroll in Home Economics next year...?

Grrrrr, what a life...

Alex



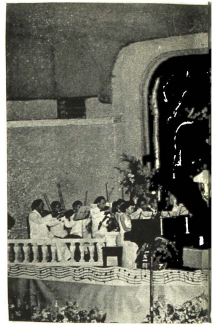
## *poem for lilia*

. . . a finger pinch of stardust,  
a tiny bit of moon,  
a thimbleful of sunset  
tainting a pink lagoon . . .  
a wavelet dancing softly,  
October's gentle breeze,  
the song of Maya's flitting  
among the leafy trees . . .  
a strain of native music,  
a poet's magic phrase,  
and the warm heart of a woman  
weave these in magic lace . . .  
the result may be a rainbow  
or a dream too sweet to know,  
it may be a day in april,  
or it may be you.

— ANONYMOUS



Miss Anita Cabahug, Liberal Arts coed on her recital as Bachelor of Music (Battig Piano School, Cebu City) smiles with confidence at her audience in the Avenue Theatre, Cebu City.



Anita, with fingers on the keys, incidentally, she is first to graduate a music school outside of Manila.



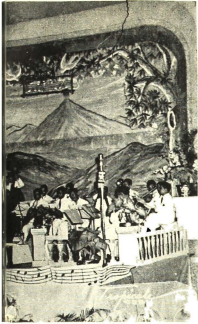
A third year Liberal Arts coed, Miss Salvacion Abatayo, made her graduation recital recently as Associate in Music (Battig Piano School) at Vision Theatre, Cebu City.

Another Liberal Arts coed, Miss Lutgarda Delgado, graduated as Associate in Music (St. Cecilia's Piano School, Cebu City). Here she poses within a pause on her recital.

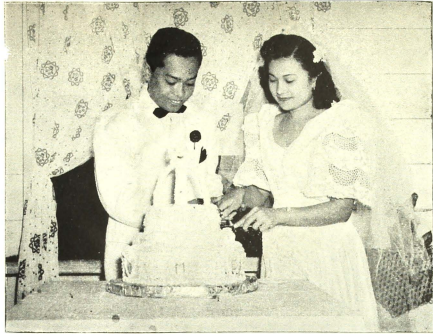


Modern Portia in-the-making. Miss Gloria Paraja is Steno-Typist in the Cebu Provincial Auditor's Office at daytime and takes Law at USC evenings.





Accompanied by the Cebu Orchestra,  
4th degree of Bachelor of Music in



Atty. and Mrs. Gavino Melgar (nee Remedios Echavez), both USC alumni, exchanged marriage vows last X'mas Day. Here they are shown carving their wedding cake. The bride and bridegroom are products of the USC College of Pharmacy and College of Law, respectively.



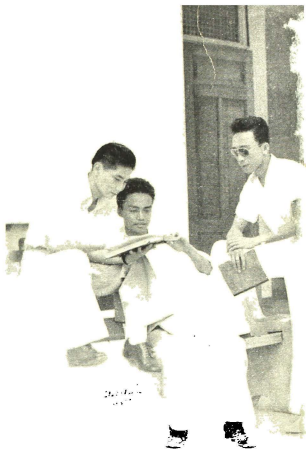
Accompanied by the famed Philippine Army Orchestra with Major Buenaventura on the baton, Miss Delgado gives a rendition of the music of the masters on her recital.



Miss Laura Castillo, Commerce coed, poses for the camera. She is just another proof that even female working students can have a little leisure in their studies.

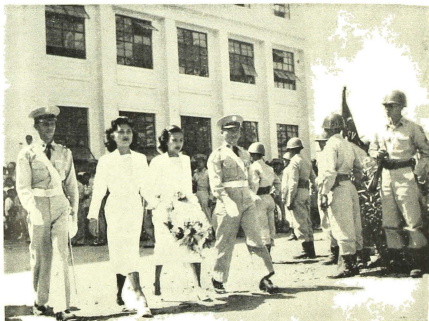


Here are some eye-fillers who grace the USC campus. These are the Alfiecho sisters of Iligan, Lanao, with friends. Carazon at the extreme left takes Liberal Arts; while Juliet and Filomena, first and second from the right, are taking Liberal Arts and Commerce, respectively.

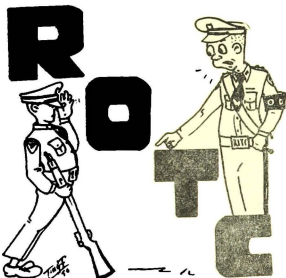


Apparently engrossed with their lessons, coeds Inocentes Yap and Catechista, while flanking another, may have been conscious of the cameraman. They are Zamboangueños.

A souvenir of the ROTC familiarization trip at Danao, Cebu, last Dec. 10, this picture is posed by USC's ROTC high-brass with the Danao Mayor and daughters. From bottom right up are Lt. Javelosa (Instructor), Major Juan (Commandant) and Cadet Major Aller (Corps S-2, S-3). Cadet Col. Bongalos (Corps Commander) is at extreme left.



On the occasion of the last National Heroes Day ceremonies at Cebu City Hall, two cadet sponsors representing USC are shown escorted by ROTC PRO Morales and the Corps Commander on way to lay a wreath at the foot of a symbolic tomb of Cebu's Unknown Soldiers.



hotter

patter

By AM



Who was that brainhead of the ages who said: "Nihil est in intellectu quod non erat prius in sensibus"? Well, that's simply a restatement of the fact that nothing makes your gray matter grayer except that which first comes in via the senses. Which is approximately the gist of this department's fuss and furor exhibited these last few weeks. And to an exceptionally good end, too. As our commandant here says, "if we are to end right, we must start right."

So the same traditional hand that turns the wheel of military history in the hearts of great nations, also started the grind on our unit here with a 3-hour organization and orientation period which finally kept in place every element of a squad, of a platoon, of a company...

Last November 26, the Corps worked out an orientation program with Cdt. Col. Bongalos right behind the microphone doing the emcee stuff. Lighting the first beam, Major Juan, Commandant, among other things, asked for the unstinted co-operation of all members of this unit because with it the first berth in the Tactical Inspection (due early this year) would be "in the bag". He went further to say something about any superior who would anytime and place reprimand an inferior reasonably, would do so for the common good and, without expecting that ill feelings would be lodged in the cadet's heart.

Lt. Javelosa took another tune out, emphasizing that his insistent warning to "slackers" still boils stamina, and if anybody wants to stand the "Sad Sack" enjoying the ease and comfort of absences (unwarranted), he'd wind up in the cooler — which in military interpretation means eleven months of sweat and dust in a military camp.

Somewhere down the line, the bat-

alion commanders made out something to say. Cdt. Lt. Col. Macaechor made it clear that in the seine of military agencies, the ROTC has an ever loud striking tone. It's important, eminent, vital and indispensable. Its exigence equals the hazard of its loss.

Cdt. Lt. Col. Alonso singled out the fact that where there is a huddle of mad dogs there must be a whiplash. Though we are the latter by far, yet discipline must ring out loud and clear in every cadet's ear. And as for courtesy, the golden by-word in every street or slum or kingdom, the army needs it too says Cdt. Lt. Col. Orbe. Learners of militarism must inscribe it in their souls as one virtue over and above all the rest. As an after-detail, Cdt. Lt. Col. Espina denominated teamwork to be a significant factor without which an army has only the dust to hold on.

The buck privates let their say, out through Cdts. Geronilla and Pengson who talked on the singular duties of cadet privates. Cadet Luce poured his brain out with none the least train of thought and laid the comic hot seat on the audience's bot in laughter. And that was that.

November 30: National Heroes' Day. The "blair of bugles and the ruffle of drums" echoed in the streets, but the works had to start out with spiritual acknowledgments. The cadets heard a field mass at the Cebu Normal School grounds. After which they lined out in parade to Plaza Rizal in front of the new City Hall of this city where a program was held in honor of our national heroes. High-light was the firing of a 21-gun salute by our unit.

At the solemn instance of the laying of the wreaths at the foot of the obelisk which symbolized the tomb of the Unknown Soldiers who died for

the Cause, the USC ROTC Unit was represented by Sponsors Nimia Dorotheo and Jane Pareja.

Sunday, December 10 was D-Day for the yearly familiarization trip. Objective: Danao, some 40 kilometers to the north away from the din and dust of the city. At 9:00 that morning, a 29-truck convoy with 1000 or so cadets, wormed its way out of the city and reached its destination at about 11:00 A.M. Four kilometers from the town proper, the boys debarked and finished the trip on foot. It was searching hot but no gripes were heard.

Overnight, Danao teemed with khaki-clad cadets, a sight which would have reminded one of a military camp right after Liberation. Throughout the "alert" period, no untoward incidents happened, and for acquitting themselves with honor, the Commandant and the Adjutant commended each and everyone of the boys.

We would like to say here that the hospitality accorded us by the Danawans, particularly Mayor Sepulveda, will long be remembered by us. In return, we put up a street parade in the afternoon which evinced "ahs" and "ohs" from the public. It's not everyday they see such a splendid performance. It was good, clean fun while it lasted but when it was all over, all of us were so doggone tired we slept like logs the night following.

Talking of more fun, the night of December 17 found some of our cross at the colorful Mardi Gras at the Club Filipino as Guards of Honor to the Queen Matron of Cebu for 1950, who was crowned in a fitting ceremony. The slick and smart gala uniform of our boys drew a thunderous ovation from the sidelines.

(Continued on page 20)

# YOUR FOUNTAIN 'PAIN'

By SALLY VALENTE

*Pen or pain, the  
thing either  
serves or molests  
you.*

Our pet peeves come in various colors and sizes. Sometimes they're such common things, as for instance, a fountain pen. Yes, a fountain pen—that fountain of cute little devilities that may pen your peace of mind with black traces of some kind of trouble and disturbance. This otherwise sweet little thing may have come first into your life on your 10th or 11th birthday when your mother began to be convinced that her "dear little boy" wouldn't make it a substitute for chalk in writing on his bedroom walls. Or it might have had so unobtrusive an entrance as your teacher's not understanding the merits of a pencil. So you have to have this one evil, after all.

There are several types of fountain pens that really get into anybody's nerves:

One could be the "it's-not-therewhen-you-want-it" fountain pen. This peculiar type should remind you of the rainy weather. When on picnic trips, suddenly from off the blue comes rain. Or your long-lost-newly-found uncle may have sent you a token of his regard in a brand-new raincoat or jacket (as the case may be). Regardless of your wishing for the nth time that it may rain, the heavens just won't open to pour H<sub>2</sub>O. So is this fountain pen type. When there is something special you want to scribble, you feel it in your

pocket or purse, and chances are that it's not there. Yet, only wait 'till you don't need it, and it has a smart way of being noticed.

A second type could be the "black-mailing" kind. Not in the ordinary sense of the word though. You go avisting a special somebody in your best snow-white suit. At first you seem to wonder why the lady has to keep looking at your breast pocket. Then, to your dismay, you find out that your best suit has been "blackmailed" with a big blotch of black within the environs of your breast pocket where your precious fountain is oozing its liquid out, in order, perhaps, to be noticed by all and sundry.

The third kind of fountain pen could be the "look-Ma-no-ink" phenomenon. Worse than the first two types in that it just wouldn't write when you scribble it on paper whether you press it down so hard or lightly. So handy, yet, so useless. You think it has no more ink, so you ask for that precious liquid. But the person you ask ink from must be a dope. He is so... so all-thumbs that he spurts the ink all over your face, and worse, all over your clothes. (You believe that clothes and not the face makes the man, don't you?) The ink might have camouflaged your face so much that you can tell your mother. "Look Ma, no face".

The "love-me-love-my-ink" class can be mentioned here as the fourth. This is the kind which is very intimate and familiar to us all. You are writing a very neat letter on your only first class stationery for a very special somebody. (What's her name? Mind your own business.) Then it blows out its ink all over the page in surrealist confusion. And every time you use this type of pen, you always experience the glory of having your fingers stained, not mentioning the paper.

Thus, with the four representative classes of our fountain pen family exemplified as notorious above, we ought to consider Mr. Fountain Pen as a competitor for the highly publicized title of Public Enemy No. 1. The public ought to be guarded always against its silent, but very effective petty devilities. If you have time, wash its innards as often as you can. Be meticulous with its bath in the same manner you bathe your little brother. (Scrubbing well behind the ears and around the neck, remember?) Guarding ourselves against its dangers is as simple as that; but I wonder if we can have time to bathe it once a week.

## ROTC Hotter...

(Continued from page 19)

But you should have seen some of them doing the intricate steps of the "mambo" with swords dangling. Oh, brother... what an ordeal!

A discordant note, however. It seems the Grim Reaper didn't take a holiday despite the festive Yuletide season. Our condolence to Cdt Lt. Col. Celso Macachor for the death of his father last Dec. 29, and to Cdt Maj. Eustaquio Cabillo, Jr. for the loss of a sister last Dec. 28.

And so that ends our hotter pattern for now. Shivering in the otherwise lively tune, are you? No? Thanks.

## THE CRISIS OF THE...

(Continued from page 13)

gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found — let this be the argument of your thoughts" (Philippians IV, 8)

There is nothing that characterizes better the follower of Christ than flight from the world in which the three concupiscences rule. The pagan way of life consists in following the maxims of the world, its diversions, voluptuosity, gluttony, drunkenness, and revelry. But the Christian way of life consists in the service of God; it consists in controlling one's passions with their veils and impulses, in order to follow Christ: "*Qui Christi sunt carnem suam crucifixerunt cum vitis et concupiscentiis*" — "Those who belong to Christ have crucified nature, with all its passions, and all its impulses" (Galatians V, 25).

Therefore, the true Christian subdues his passions, he uses up his life in good deeds, in charity, in compassion, in alms, in zeal, in the Christian apostolate, etc.

If we lament the pagan way of life without God, without religious principle, without Christ, let's stop bewailing and start working in order to sanctify our own homes so that Christ Jesus and Mary may reign and rule as on one throne in our hearts and in our homes.

# The Catholic Church and Communism

## AN EYE-OPENING PORTRAYAL OF THE STAND OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AGAINST COMMUNISM AND ITS EVILS, BACKED UP BY EXHAUSTIVE RESEARCH

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of mankind, bestowed upon Holy Mother Church the commission and the power to lead all the faithful to their ultimate goal: ever-lasting bliss in heaven. Thus, as a good mother, the Church appears before her children to admonish them, to warn them, and if needs be, to punish them whenever godless doctrines and hostile heresies crop up from amongst her children. In our days, communism is definitely the worst doctrine and heresy the world has had to deal with for many a century. In order to safeguard her faithful from the immediate dangers consequent upon this heresy, the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office issued, on July 1, 1949, with the consent of the Holy Father, a decree on excommunication of communists.

(1) It is not lawful to enroll in or show favor to the communist party.

(2) It is not lawful to publish, read or disseminate books, newspapers, periodicals, or leaflets in support of communist doctrine and practice or write in them any article inasmuch as this is prohibited by law itself (cf. Canon 1399, *Corpus Juris Canonici*).

(3) Catholics who knowingly and freely place actions, as specified in Nos. 1 and 2 above, may not be admitted to the Sacraments, in accordance with the common principles governing refusal of the Sacraments to those not having the proper dispositions.

(4) Catholics who profess and particularly those who defend and spread the materialistic and anti-Christian doctrine of the communists, *ipso facto*, as apostates from the Catholic faith, incur excommunication reserved especially to the Holy See.

Philippine Catholics should study this document carefully, not only because of its immediate value as a guide for their lives, but also in order that they may be in a position

to answer the many questions and to correct the many apprehensions the reports about the document did occasion.

This decree is not a political manifesto of the Church to the world. It is a religious document, an announcement of dispositions already set down in the law books of the Church and a repetition of the condemnation of previous Popes of the doctrine of atheistic communism, a warning to the faithful of an anti-Christian doctrine which, under the mantle of social reform, more emphatically than similar movements in the past, poses as the savior of the poor.

The Church condemns communism because the basic philosophy of the communist party is materialistic and anti-Christian. Although communist leaders sometimes verbally assert that they are not opposed to religion they show nevertheless, by doctrine and by action, to be in reality enemies of God, of the true religion and of the Church of Christ.

Communist doctrine is anti-Christian. It professes materialism and consequently denies the existence of a personal God. The origin of life is not a personal God but matter, the blind forces of which evolve into plant, animal, and man. Communism denies the existence of the soul and the survival of the soul after death; therefore also no hope of future life.

Communism, moreover, strips man of his liberty, robs human personality of all its dignity, and since human personality is, so to say, a mere wheel in the machine of the universe, the natural rights are denied to the individuals.

In man's relations with other individuals, communism holds the principle of absolute equality, rejecting all divinely-constituted hierarchy and

authority, including the authority of parents. What men call authority and subordination is derived from the community as its first and only source.

In this system the individual is granted no property rights over material goods or the means of production.

Communism makes of marriage and the family a purely artificial and civil institution. There exists no matrimonial bond of juridico-moral nature. Naturally, therefore, the notion of an indissoluble marriage-tie is repudiated.

The doctrine of the communists proclaims the emancipation of woman as a basic principle. She is, thus, withdrawn from the family and the care of her children, to be thrust instead into public life and collective production under the same conditions as man. The care of home and children devolves upon civil society. (*Encyclical Divini Redemptoris*, Pius XI).

This doctrine of the communists is shaking the very foundations of our Catholic faith, and according to the great Pontiff Pius XI, "is a struggle cold-blooded in purpose and mapped out of the least detail between man and 'all that is called God'".

Where communism has been able to assert its power it has striven by every possible means to destroy Christian civilization and the Christian religion by banishing every remembrance of them from the hearts of men, especially the young.

Wherever communism has come to power, bishops, priests, and nuns were exiled, condemned to forced labor, shot and done to death in inhuman fashion; laymen suspected of defending their religion and the

(Continued on page 26)

## 1951 UNIVERSITY DAY SCHEDULED

USC celebrates its traditional University Day on February 16-17-18. Fanfare, exhibitions, parades, athletic competitions,



literary and musical programs and evenings of joy and merry-making are slated for the annual celebration which makes another milestone for USC's scholastic existence.

The educational exhibits will be formally opened in the morning of February 17. As was done last year, the Collegiate Building will be converted into a veritable museum of scientific, artistic and biological exhibits.

The grand parade is scheduled at 2 in the afternoon of February 17. Each College and Department in the University will be represented.

In the morning of the 18th, the high schools of the University will offer exhibitions in calisthenics wherein the cream of our teenager population will be seen in action.

A basketball tournament will be played on the 16th, 17th and the 18th. It will be participated in by the Notre Dame College of Cotabato, St. Paul's College of Tacloban, Holy Name College of Tagbilaran, and by local Catholic Colleges.

The USC Alumni Homecoming Party for this year will be held at noon on the 18th. There will be elections of new alumni officers in connection with this affair.

The Executive Committee which handles this year's University Day program of activities is headed and spark-plugged by Dean Fulvio Pelaez of the College of Law. He is ably assisted with Dean Jose Teecon of the College of Commerce and the amiable Dr. Protacio J. Solon as members.

All paths will lead to the USC campus during the University Day celebration. Carolinians, students and non-students, citizens of Cebu and those of the neighboring provinces are expected to grace the occasion.

### USC FACULTY PARTY HELD

The traditional faculty party of the University of San Carlos was held last January 6 at the USC Social-Library hall. This year's Affair was a cocktail party thrown by the

### USC Administration.

High point of the celebration was the gift-giving where everyone of the faculty including the SVD staff received gifts. These gifts given away by the Administration consisted of books, leather-bound prayerbooks, religious statuettes and silver rosaries.

A wholesome time was had by all.

### CAROLINIANS ON PROBATIONARY STRETCH

Three Carolinians left last January 16 on the M. V. Boatswain's Hitch for Fort McKinley to undergo a stretch of probationary training for a period of six weeks. They are all Advance Course ROTC graduates slated for commissions with the Armed Forces of the Philippines after their probationary training. They are Messrs. Vicente M. Almirante, Benjamin Rafols, and Quirino Ragay.

Mr. Vicente Almirante belongs to the Infantry group, while Messrs. Benjamin Rafols and Quirino Ragay belong to the Artillery bunch. The first and the second are second year students of the College of Law, while the last is a senior in the College of Commerce.

Other Carolinians called to the colors but who requested deferments of probationary training are Messrs. Vicente F. Delfin and Vicente Gochoco both of the College of Law.

### CELEBRITIES GRACED LAW X'MAS PROGRAM

USC Rector Rev. Fr. Albert Ganswinkel and College of Law Dean Emeritus Hon. Manuel Zosa joined the law students on their X'mas celebration and program last Dec. 16. Both emoted their best and cordial wishes for the season to the would be lawyers.

The characteristic fun and merry-making was had together with the resounding speeches and comic antics of College characters. Parts of the program were interspersed with picture shows. The exchanging of gifts rounded up the affair.

### ELEVEN CAROLINIANS HURDLE 1950 BAR EXAMS

Out of twenty-eight entries in the 1950 Bar exams, the USC College of Law scored eleven who succeeded in passing. USC's percentage of passing is only a little more than 39% with a mortality rate of about 60%. Taking into consideration that only 32% passed of all those who took the

Bar exams, the USC percentage of passing is relatively above-average when compared to the mortality rates of other law schools in the country. USC has the highest percentage of successful candidates in all Law schools outside of Manila.

Atty. Michael Y. Mayol with the grade of 84.35% is second only to UV's Quijano who got 84.75%, among candidates from Cebu Law schools.

The Carolinian new lawyers and respective ratings are as follows:

1. Atty. Michael Y. Mayol 84.35%
2. Atty. Vicente D. Dakay 83.25%
3. Atty. Guillermo C. Lazo 83.05%
4. Atty. Lelah Chew .... 81.80%
5. Atty. Eustacio Ch. Veloso ..... 79.90%
6. Atty. Prospero V. Manuel ..... 79.55%
7. Atty. Zoilo D. Dejesaco 77.20%
8. Atty. Bernardina T. Vda. de Pilapil ..... 75.15%
9. Atty. Gerardo R. Alfafara ..... 75.10%
10. Atty. Benjamin C. Llanos ..... 75.05%
11. Atty. Vicente Uy .... 75.00%

### LAW REVIEW SECOND ISSUE OUT

The second issue of the USC Law Review magazine, official organ of the College of Law is off the press and limited copies are selling like hot-cakes.

This quarterly magazine is edited by law students of USC and contains interesting legal articles, compilation of syllabi on recent decisions of the Philippine Supreme Court, resumé of Republic Acts, reprints of established principles of law, and legal maxims used in the legal profession. This innovation for the up-and-coming lawyers in case-reporting was started through the inspired direction of Law Dean Fulvio Pelaez.

Students from all classes in the College of Law are represented in the Editorial Board of the Law Review. They are handling specific jobs in syllabi-reporting as follows: Dr. F. A. Sabelle and Emilio B. Aller on Remedial Law, Mr. Vicente F. Delfin and Avelino Estorco on Civil Law, M.S. Flordeliz and J. D. Palma on International Law, Pablo Garcia and J. P. Vestil on Commercial Law and Legal Ethics, and F. de los Santos and Napoleon Alifio on Criminal Law.

The second issue of the Review of

fcrs syllabi of decisions not yet reported on the Official Gazette.

This magazine is handy not only for law students but also for lawyers who would like to keep abreast of decisions recently enunciated by the Philippine Supreme Court. It also serves as a guide to Republic Acts passed by the Congress of the Philippines.



#### M. E. COURSE COMPLETE BY JULY

The College of Engineering will offer the fourth-year in Mechanical Engineering for the first time in July, this year. The first three years have been opened at USC successively. The completion of the course would mean that by 1952, USC will have her first batch of candidates in the Board exams for Mechanical Engineers.

The Engineering department will also offer Architecture in July for the first time. This has been particularly talked about these past months.

It was further disclosed that new faculty members will join the impressive list of professors in the rapidly growing department. Dean Rodriguez expresses assurance that the incoming professors are men of some distinction in the Engineering profession.

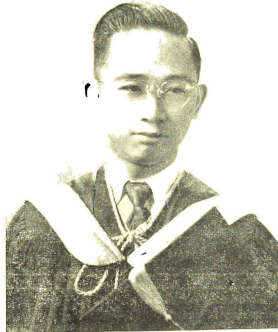
#### USC PLACES THIRD IN CPA PERCENTAGE

USC got third place in percentage of successful candidates among the universities and colleges in the Philippines whose graduates in BSC took the latest CPA exams.

In the individual rankings of all successful candidates, Miss Gloria Ramirez of USC took 8th place with the rating of 80.33%. Mr. F. T. Delima (whose picture appears on this page), also of USC, was 25th place among a field of 224 successful examinees with a grade of 77.83%. The latter is currently pursuing his first year law studies at USC and is the first CPA of Toledo, Cebu. He is connected with The Shell Co. of the Philippines, Ltd., Cebu Branch.

List of USC's latest CPA's with their respective ratings follows:

Miss Gloria Ramirez ..... 80.33%  
Mr. F. T. Delima ..... 77.83%



MR. F. T. DELIMA, CPA

Mr. Carlos Puentespina... 77.33%  
Mr. Conrado Costanilla . . . 75.00%  
Mr. Carlos Puentespina may be considered as a USC candidate in that he took his first three years of the BSC course in the university.

#### COMMERCE X'MAS PARTY CELEBRATED

A X'mas get-together party of the faculty and students of the College of Commerce was held last December 16. A short program with impromptu parts followed a very hearty supper which virtually thawed out any vestige of the usual stiff instructor-student relations.

At the outset of the program, Dean Jose G. Tecson started to roll the ball of wholesome fun by comically trying his best to enunciate a speech in Spanish. The rest of the Commerce instructors, Messrs. Jacinto, Atilano and Gozum, Atty. Yuson, *et al.*, followed suit by attempting to sing Visayan songs. Mr. Ferreros was toastmaster.

The party was capped with the exchanging of gifts.

#### USC COPPED 1950 SWIM CROWN

USC again captured the Collegiate division swimming crown and placed second in the secondary division, by garnering 29 points and 12 points respectively, in the CCAA swimming tilt held at Miramar, Talisay boys' swimming pool.

Angel Colmenares, the formidable Carolinian natator, exhibited a sensational feat by winning two first places with record time, one second place against four. Help by brother Manuel who contributed two second places had aided win the relay. Angel was timed at 5:52 minutes and 1:045 minutes in the 400 and 100 meters freestyle respectively, a fraction of a second less than the National record. Angel, Manuel Colmenares and Guyotin splashed for the sensational winning 3-man relay against CIT's four.

In the Secondary division, the two-man team composed of Uy and Aliño, gained 12 points to place second.

#### BPS INSPECTOR PRAISES USC

During the last week of classes last December, an Inspector from the Bureau of Private Schools visited USC. His comments about our University are very satisfactory.

He was especially impressed by scientific, engineering and laboratory instruments and equipment available at USC, more than what are officially required.

The Inspector commented very favorably on our high discipline, cleanliness and orderliness. He was also impressed by the fact that the requirements of all courses offered and the USC Library have all been complied with to the fullest. In the USC Library alone, he noted that we have

# USC in the News

much more books on some courses than are officially required.

He also praised the organization of different offices in the University, especially the Offices of the Deans, Directors of Schools, and the Registrar. He found that all records are properly filed and as complete as possible. He was convinced that San Carlos is the best university South of Manila.

## USC CLOCK ARRIVING SOON

A donation of USC friends in the States, the USC main dial is due to arrive on the February 28 shipment.

The new USC clock is the only one of its kind outside of Manila. It is with chimes and carillon which are very pleasing to hear.

## ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT GETS MORE EQUIPMENT

More scientific, engineering and laboratory equipment has arrived from abroad, and some more is due to arrive in a few weeks. The Engineering Department's need for this equipment has been felt by the University authorities so that they may realize plans to equal the standards of Engineering Colleges in the United States.

One piece of equipment which arrived lately is the *theodolite*. It is a German precision instrument used by the Engineer in surveying; it is much better than the common outdated transit; and there are only a few of its kind in the Philippines.

## USC CHAPEL UNDERGOES FINISHING TOUCHES

The new USC Chapel is undergoing finishing touches. It occupies the whole of the 3rd and 4th floors of the eastern annex to the Collegiate Building. The old USC Chapel before the war was located on the second floor of the same annex; and the new Chapel is a resurrection from the ruins of the old one, although of much bigger dimensions.

Modern facilities and gadgets are being installed without sacrificing the

aesthetic features enhanced by its simple architectural design. The indirect lighting system minimizes glaring effects inside. The acoustics or sound effects are well promoted by the contours and design of the inner walls and ceilings aided by electronic devices.

All in all, the new USC Chapel, when finished, bids well for a distinction: it is simple, yet very impressive. Its completion will be a blessing to the spiritual needs of the student body.

## STUDENT BODY DONATION DUE TO ARRIVE END OF FEBRUARY

The brand-new organ for the USC Chapel is due to arrive about the end

of February. Its total cost including freight charges and tax is \$4,568.48. It has been revealed that the amount of P4,000 has so far been raised by the zeal and efficiency of the College of Pharmacy in sponsoring two benefit shows. The University has advanced the difference in the cost price to facilitate the shipment of the order.

## USC PHARMACY GRADUATES PASS 100% IN BOARD EXAMS

The USC College of Pharmacy which presented ten candidates in the 1950 Pharmacy Board exams made good with a perfect passing percentage. Incidentally this bunch of ten USC College of Pharmacy graduates is the first ever to take the Pharmacy Board exams for USC.

The ten new Carolinian pharmacists are the Misses Priscila Lasala, Caridad Pepito, Luz Catan, Juliana Gantuango, Corason Page, Eutropia Uisal, Honoria Ruiz, Remedios Echavez, and Nilda del Carmen; and Mr. Eugenio Villacorta.

Dean Aranda of the College of  
(Continued on page 25)

## COMPLETE RESULTS: CCAA SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP HELD AT USC MIRAMAR POOL

January 21, 1951

### SECONDARY DIVISION

TOTAL POINTS:		USC-12		USP-12	
CIT - 31		CSJ - 1			
400 meters Free style					
1st—Yuson	USP			Time: 6:184	
2nd—Babol, U.	CIT				6:325
200 meters Breastroke					
1st—Basanung	CIT			Time: 3:223	
2nd—Uy	USC				3:31
3rd—Babol, J	CIT				3:338
4th—Bas	CIT				
100 meters Free style					
1st—Babol, U.	CIT			Time: 1:132	
2nd—Aliño	USC				1:18
3rd—Yuson	USP				1:24
4th—Versales	CSJ				
100 meters Backstroke					
1st—Yuson	USP			Time: 1:36	
2nd—Cuino	CIT				1:389
3rd—Pinote	CIT				1:48
4 x 100 meters Relay					
1st—CIT		2nd—USC			
(Bas		(Uy			
Swimmers (Basanung		Swimmers (Aliño			
(Labrador		(Uy			
(Babol, U		(Aliño			
TIME: 5:24		TIME: 6:06			

(Continued on page 25)



**GETTING HITCHED..**

(Continued from page 12)

2) Presiding Justice and the Justices of the Court of Appeals;

3) Judges of the Courts of First Instance;

4) Mayors of cities and municipalities;

5) Municipal judges and justices of the peace;

6) Priests, rabbis, ministers of the gospel of any denomination, church, religion or sect, duly registered, as provided in article 92; and

7) Ship captains, airplane chiefs, military commanders and consuls and vice-consuls in special cases provided in articles 74 and 75.

Legally, not all rabbis, ministers and priests can solemnize marriage unless such persons have been duly authorized by the "director of the proper government office", now the Director of the National Library. In an analogous manner, not all ship captains, airplane chiefs, military commanders, consuls and vice consuls can solemnize marriage. Only in special cases of marriage "in articulo mortis" which means "at the point of death", can those first three persons mentioned solemnize marriage. In other words marriages performed by any of those persons outside the realm of "in articulo mortis", shall not be valid.

The last requirement is the marriage license. And no such license shall be issued until the completion of a ten-day publication of the application. In the manner prescribed by the law, such application for a marriage license shall be posted in prominent places. The reason for this mode of publishing is to notify any person who has any knowledge of any impediment to the marriage and advise the person authorized to issue licenses of his knowledge. This innovation in the new Civil Code is purposely to avert further trouble and litigations in court. Moreover, this same law on publication applies even if the parties are accompanied by their parents or even if the marriage to be performed will take place in the church and proper bans or "Tawag" was duly made. In the old law, with the presence of the parties and their parents, a marriage license could immediately be issued.

Of general interest, however, the contract and institution of marriage are not subject to party-agreement, except those regarding the property relations and such agreement should be made before the marriage. You can not, in other words, state in your marriage contract, that it shall be

**Complete Results...**

(Continued from page 24)

COLLEGIATE DIVISION

400 meters Free style			
1st—Colmenares, A	USC	Time:	5:52
2nd—Colmenares, M	USC		6:369
3rd—Bondoc	UV		7:36
4th—Salazar	CIT		
200 meters Breastroke			
1st—Sheng Su, K	CIT	Time:	3:32
2nd—Colmenares, M	USC		3:589
100 meters Free style			
1st—Colmenares, A	USC	Time:	1:045
2nd—Lopez	CIT		1:13
3rd—Sable, I.	UV		1:15
4th—Enriquez	CIT		
100 meters Backstroke			
1st—Lopez	CIT	Time:	1:341
2nd—Colmenares, A.	USC		1:378
3rd—Sheng Su	CIT		1:40
4th—Bondoc	UV		
4 x 100 meters Relay			
1st—USC		2nd—CIT	
(Colmenares, A		(Lopez, J	
Swimmers: (Guyotin, R		Swimmers: (Enriquez, L	
(Colmenares, M		(Salazar, P	
(Colmenares, A		(Meñosa, R	
TIME: 5:17		TIME: 5:41	
TOTAL POINTS: (COLLEGIATE):			
USC—29		CIT—23	
			UV—5

deemed extinguished or ended when you get bored of him or her. Neither can you stipulate or agree with one another that the marriage is terminated upon staging your first "Boxing bout", because although the author believes that such gymnastics may be incident to a marriage, yet it is hardly credible that it is a necessary means to maintain discipline. And lastly, it can not be acquiesced or be an understanding between the man and woman that the marriage shall be deemed "through" because of inability to buy her or him a new pair of shoes upon demand or when either has used up the money of the other; because that will not only be tolerating "racket-marriages" and selfish motives: but the pledge of "to have and to hold... for richer or for poorer..." will mean nothing and marriage would not be as sacred as it should be if marriage is allowed to hit the rocks on such flimsy excuse.

**USC in the...**

(Continued from page 24)

Pharmacy revealed that all but one of the new pharmacists either have already secured employments or have established their own drugstores. It is the policy of the college to aid its successful graduates in making auspicious starts in their profession.

The lone exception to the ten new pharmacists who is currently not

practicing her profession recently got hitched with another Carolinian. (See pictorial section). She is Mrs. Gavino Melgar, nee Remedios Echavez.

**THE MANILA HEART-BREAK**

In the National Open Basketball Championship, USC suffered a heart-breaking defeat when she lost to the Baguio Colleges with the score of 43-44. The game was branded by a Manila sportswriter as one of the most hectic ever played in the Rizal Memorial Gym.

Both sides exerted every modicum of effort to make a real go of the closely-contested game. From the outset to the last five seconds of the game, USC was on the lead. The Baguio boys, however, exerted all efforts to narrow down the lead, until finally, in the last quarter, the score came to a tie.

Early in the remaining ten seconds to play, Espeleta converted a free throw earning a single point ahead for USC. It could have meant a USC victory.

But in the last two seconds, an erratic USC pass was intercepted by a Baguio guard which resulted in USC's Arche committing a foul on Baguio's Ausejo. The latter made good his free throw and the game was lost to USC.

## By Candlelight...

(Continued from page 9)

sor took him to America and he had stayed there ever since. I was left to the care of the Jesuit fathers until I finished my course. My adopted father has just returned and I came to Baguio to meet him. He will head a new mining company which will soon operate in Benguet. He has accepted the offer because as he had told me, he is from this place too."

During Delfin's monologue, Alicia had remained silent, her fingers interlocked.

"This marriage business is serious my child," Doña Carmen admonished. "It is forever and a day. Have you ever thought that when you enter into this, only death can let you out? Wait a little while and pray for guidance. All right you may run along now. You have many things to say to each other and I want to finish my prayers. And Delfin, kindly tell your adopted father to call on me when he comes to Benguet."

"He'll be here in an hour, Mrs. Lopez. He would have come along with me, but he had some papers to finish so I just came ahead," said Delfin.

The pair moved slowly over the great stretch of tiled floor and passed into the moonlight. The soft murmur of their voices was wafted back to the woman, as they sauntered down the graveled walk to the gate.

After their departure, Doña Carmen sat motionless. An expression of self-forgetfulness settled on her face. She had resumed her prayers; her thoughts were not of this world. She was recalled to earth by the sound of footsteps. An old man paused before the door.

"Fardon me for intruding. They said I'll find you here," begged a voice that belonged to one long dead to Doña Carmen, dead perhaps, but not forgotten.

Doña Carmen remained motionless; her face, save the great wide eyes, had taken on rigid lines and color of marble. The old man came forward, glancing sharply, at the woman.

"Good evening," said the old man. Looking more sharply, a cry came out of his lips, "My God! It is Ninyal! I didn't know!"

"I'm surprised too, Manuel. It has been a long time since we lost each other," Doña Carmen said staring at

the candle that was already half consumed.

The old man took his seat and bowed his head. Doña Carmen looked away. It was the old man who interrupted the silence.

"I always hoped and prayed that God would let me have one hour to talk with you before the end comes; one hour, to tell you how much I've always cared. When I found that you were the bride of another, I concealed my love for you as best I could."

"Oh, Manuel, you did not conceal it. I saw and knew then, as never before, that it was for you I cared."

"Do you remember," his look was an invitation to journey back to the land of yesterday, "when your uncle took you off to Cebu? Your parents had died, your brothers and sisters were scattered, the old home broken up. It was May. This month always brings back these memories. But I was poor then. How I toiled to be worthy of you. But success came too late. You had made up your choice when we again met."

"It is not proper to talk of what has gone before. But then I can't move on to the next world without telling you now that I found out almost at once, that I had made a great mistake," the old lady spoke in broken words. "But then I always recalled the wedding ceremony and the promise I made to my husband. Marriage is sacred and so I tried to be faithful. I had begged God to give me grace to realize that my marriage promise could not be put aside lightly. God has been so kind." Eloquent silence followed.

"I have wandered far from the errand which brings me here," He tried to smile. "It is all right about Delfin and Alicia, I hope," he said. "I have searched long and succeeded in finding that Delfin's people did not like his mother because she was poor. So she ran away. She was half-frantic, died a few hours after Delfin was born. Only a locket remained to bring about her identity. It belonged to Delfin's father and so traced his paternal ancestors. He belongs to a fine family. You will no longer stand in the way of what might have been. I am glad it is your grand daughter he met and loved."

"Yes, Manuel," sighed Doña Carmen. "Delfin is every inch a gentle-

## The Catholic...

(Continued from page 21)

Church were vexed, persecuted, dragged off to trial, and thrown into prison (Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris", Pius XI).

"Such, Venerable Brethren, is the new gospel which bolshevistic and atheistic communism offers the world as the glad tidings of deliverance and salvation! It is a system full of errors and illusions. It is in opposition both to reason and to divine Revelation. It subverts the social order, because it means the destruction of all its foundations; because it ignores the true origin, nature, and purpose of the State; because it denies the rights, dignity, and liberty of human personality" (Pius XI).

This is the sort of communism that is already knocking at our doors. Catholics, can any one of you who has still a spark of faith left and is still concerned with his eternal salvation, be so foolish and so stupid as to sympathize and join forces with the communists? Let us heed the warning of Holy Mother Church!

man. Now I have realized that Alicia has found the man I should want for her as life-long partner. I shall not leave her unhappy."

A silence, hushed and restful fell, the silence that comes when words are no longer capable of expressing thoughts. The candle was burning low. Their hours were over. The old man stood up. Doña Carmen also rose. Their hands met and clasped for the last time.

He turned slowly and her eyes followed him to the door. She watched him go into the deepening shadows. Before they completely enfolded him, he turned and bowed his head and she knew it was "farewell".

Doña Carmen sank on her knees. She looked searchingly into the candlelight in quest of a dream that had been lost there. She seemed to shiver and grow older, and with groping hands and blinded eyes, sought her rosary.

When Alicia came in, she saw her grandmother sprawled on the floor. She gave out a piercing cry, but the cold ears could no longer hear.

WHEN YOU START DREAMING, LOOK-OUT  
OR YOU MAY WIND UP INSIDE

# A Castle or A Doghouse

By J. Narvios



People weave sparkling dreams of being heroes or heroines, big names, glamour girls or campus kings, and such Walter Mitty-like phantasies. In a way it's sort of mental recreation, the natural and probably normal tendency of the mind to stray from reality into self-styled Utopias. It needs very little or sometimes no provocation at all to lapse into one of these reveries. In its duration the dreamer is not a skinny sophomore or a spindly-legged coed but a brawny he-man chunk of male dream-boat or ravishing sensational siren. Where in real life the dreamer is not the conqueror but the victim, in his dreams he is the mahatma, the idol, the regular heart throb. If the dreamer is a lady, she is, in the process, a cross between Venus and Jane Russell with blobs of Helena Carter, Elizabeth Taylor or maybe Joan Evans thrown

in for good measure.

What's about it? Is it a pathological disease or a perfectly normal and natural function, a mental pentence or subconscious aspiration, a silly frivolity or a sign that one's sanity is still unimpaired? When the dream wears itself off and the dreamer wakes up into reality... maybe mentally refreshed or rested and satisfied, can he be said to be mentally "tetched" or emotionally unbalanced for indulging in such adventures?

Who does not partake of this ephemeral bliss? Who is not a "dreamer"? Who does not, at times, give in to flights of fancy? Every sane, normal person with average IQ probably has at one time or another in his life imagined himself to be somebody different from what he really is. Those

with above-average IQ probably did something about their imaginations or dreamed up better, useful, productive, more practical things and thus passed on to the category of inventors or geniuses. Those with below-normal IQ probably live too much in their dreams and quite failed to return to sobriety, and thus made themselves candidates for the straight-jacket or the asylum. All the rest are those who neither created, produced, or invented something tangible from an abstract idea nor fell through for their imaginations.

So I guess it all depends on how the dreamer takes his dreams: if he has "superior" brain cells maybe he comes to make something out of dreaming... If he lacks the sense to "slow down" and instead loses himself completely in his dreams, he turns out to be a nut. So what started to be an innocent reverie ends up in a mess.

## Approved Proverbs

\* DON'T marry for money; you can borrow it cheaper.

—Scottish Proverb

\* THE SECRET of life is not to do what you like, but to like what you do.

—A World Treasury of Proverbs

\* IF SOMEONE betrays you once, it's his fault. If he betrays you twice, it's your fault.

—Rumanian Proverb

\* THERE IS a Hindu proverb which says, "You will only grow when you are alone"

—Rumer Godden

\* HE WHO marries might be sorry. He who does not will be sorry.

—Czechoslovakian Proverb

# Sección Castellana

## Editorial

### Con El Pontifice

*En las inciertas horas de la persecución, en los instantes decisivos de la historia del mundo, la humanidad vuelve sus ojos hacia la colina del Vaticano, donde reside el hombre puesto por la Providencia para suceder a San Pedro y ser cabeza de la Iglesia.*

*Porque es en el momento del sufrimiento y de la angustia cuando aun los indiferentes y los ateos y los herejes y los paganos sienten la necesidad de buscar la orientación de aquel que habla por boca de los Pontifices.*

*Los hombres tanto como las naciones sólo alcanzan su perdurabilidad en la historia y sólo cumplen acabadamente su destino, cuando sujetan su voluntad a la voluntad del Pastor del mundo. Y es que desde la colina del Vaticano se irradia hacia todos los senderos y en todas las direcciones, la doctrina de la Verdad, de la Justicia y del Bien.*

*Y la escala ascendente que ha seguido la civilización y la cultura, ha sido fruto de la constante prédica de los Pontifices y obra de la dedicación igualmente constante de todos los cristianos.*

*Y cuando más altos han brillado los valores del espíritu y de la concordia humana y de la justicia en las relaciones entre los hombres, entre las clases sociales y entre las naciones, ha sido cuando la palabra de los Pontifices se hacía realidad en las realizaciones de los gobernantes.*

*La historia prueba que cada vez que los hombres que han tenido a su cuidado las comuni-*

*dades nacionales se han apartado del faro de la Iglesia y han pretendido substituir su luz con el deslumbramiento de doctrinas que aparecían con la insolencia luminosa del magnesio, han sufrido no sólo a causa de la fragilidad y la poca durabilidad de las mismas, sino que, como el magnesio, sólo servían para deslumbrar y no permitían ver.*

*Y cuando los hombres que han tenido a su cuidado las comunidades nacionales intentaron crear un mundo nuevo de donde se excluye el concepto de Dios y se niegan las consecuencias sociales de la doctrina, sólo lograron crear un mundo donde la guerra se hizo necesidad y los hombres fueron lobos para los hombres. Y el hambre, y la injusticia y la desolación y la muerte constituyeron la segregación lógica de esas realizaciones alejadas de Dios.*

*Es que el hombre, quiera o no quiera reconocerlo, es obra de Dios y a Dios está sujeto. Y como Dios ha querido que fuera la Iglesia maestra de doctrina y guía de gentes y sendero para naciones, el hombre que no construye con Dios y con la Iglesia, sólo construye sobre bases endebles que no habrán de perdurar en el tiempo. La Iglesia, construcción de Dios sobre la roca de Pedro, es la expresión de esa perdurabilidad a través de veinte siglos de vicisitudes, de luchas, de persecuciones y de triunfos.*

*Nosotros estamos a los pies del Pontifice, en nuestra filial obediencia a la Jerarquía en las Filipinas, con la inquebrantable adhesión de nuestra inteligencia, de nuestra voluntad y de nuestro corazón.*

# Organización de la Sociedad

Gravitan sobre nuestra economía las consecuencias de un excesivo y a veces abusivo concepto de la libertad, derivado del clásico liberalismo económico, que ha creído encontrar la solución para la convivencia de factores de aparente oposición, en dejarlos librados a sus propias determinaciones, de todo lo cual ha resultado en definitiva una lucha de intereses particulares que no pocas veces adquirió caracteres alarmantes, pero por cuya lucha el bien común quedó

## PRUEBA DE FUEGO

Por José Peña Roca

Lo que era dable esperar se ha producido. La península de Corea ha servido como campo de experimentación, igual que hubiera podido serlo cualquier otro lugar de los tantos conglomerados por la actual situación del mundo. Nos expresamos con estas palabras, dando al episodio coreano un carácter experimental, porque por debajo de las contingencias anecdóticas que sirven para señalar las peculiaridades del hecho en sí, existe un alcance subyacente que da la verdadera pauta de los acontecimientos.

En una palabra, Rusia ha querido verificar el verdadero ánimo de los Estados Unidos mediante una prueba de fuego capaz de revelar hasta que grado llega la voluntad de acción del gobierno de Washington.

Desde la iniciación de la guerra fría, los gobernantes y altos jefes norteamericanos han hablado sin cesar sobre el peligro comunista y la necesidad de contenerlo por todos los medios. Se ha creado, además, por conducto de la prensa y los restantes vehículos publicitarios, la conciencia de que una tercera guerra mundial era y es probable. En suma, los Estados Unidos, como ningún otro país, han realizado todos los preparativos y objetivos requeridos, para inculcar en la opinión pública la idea de la guerra posible, aunque no inevitable.

Ahora Corea es el hecho que obliga a Washington a demostrar hasta qué punto aquel estado de cosas responde o no, al propósito de obrar a fondo e instantáneamente si el caso llegaba a presentarse. Y en verdad que así ha quedado probado.

siempre relegado, en razón de los egoísmos propios de esta parte.

A este respecto cabe recordar que es principio fundamental de la doctrina social de la Iglesia proclamada, para no citar sino uno de los más importantes documentos oficiales que la condensa, en la "Cuadragesimo Año" el de la organización de la sociedad, sobre el cual dice textualmente: "Como la unidad del cuerpo no puede basarse en la oposición de "clases", tampoco la recta organización del mundo económico puede entragarse al libre juego de la concurrencia. De este punto, como la frente emponzoñada, nacieron todos los errores de la ciencia económica "individualista", la cual, suprimiendo por olvido o ignorancia el carácter social y moral del mundo económico, sostuvo que este debía ser juzgado y tratado como totalmente independiente de la autoridad pública, por la razón de que su principio directivo se hallaba en el mercado o libre concurrencia de los competidores y que en este principio habría de regirse mejor que por la intervención de cualquier entendimiento creado."

Surge claramente de las transcripciones enseñanzas de Pío XI la necesidad de organizar la sociedad de tal suerte y manera que el bien común sea la resultancia de este ordenamiento. Por esto ha de empeñar su acción el Estado mediante una función reguladora que, si no debe crear una economía dirigida en el sentido integral del concepto, tampoco puede desentenderse de su fundamental carácter y finalidad de agente y defensor de su necesario bien común de la colectividad, que nace del equilibrio de las partes.

Tanto el trabajo como el capital, en la diversidad de sus representaciones, deben organizarse. Sindicatos, asociaciones profesionales, cámaras gremiales y demás formas organizativas, que, partiendo de unidades básicas, lleguen a la cúspide representando la totalidad de las actividades en juego, constituyen la meta a alcanzar en materia de que se trata.

No omitimos, para colocarnos en nuestro propio terreno doctrinario, la necesidad de hacer concordar esa reforma con la valoración de los factores morales de la solidaridad cristiana, que hacen más efectiva y más

conducente a su finalidad eminente la organización que se propugna. Y debe ser así, atendida la realidad del hombre, pues es ese mismo hombre quien ha de ser el factor primero de toda organización social.

Sin esa organización, se tendrán Estados capitalistas o comunistas sin estabilidad que la razón de la fuerza que los sostiene, o sea, por el poder de la riqueza o por el imperio de la masa, y siempre, saliendo del Estado de su función específica para transformarse en un poder avasallador de la justicia y de la libertad

## HABLAN LAS CIFRAS

Por Luis Carrasco Amagro  
(Colegio de Artes Liberales)

Siempre se reciben noticias entrecedoras procedentes del sector rojo. Allí donde domina el extremismo comunista a los católicos sufren persecuciones interminables. Se les comete a procesos originados en supuestas e imaginarias actividades subversivas, en cuya invención trabajan febrilmente los dirigentes bolcheviques; se los condena a toda clase de penas, desde la de muerte y reclusión perpetua a la de confinamiento, deportación, trabajos forzados. No falta la tortura en todo esto. Tortura mental, moral, física, agotamiento... La radiofónica del Vaticano ha proporcionado nuevas cifras sobre esta acción persecutoria de los comunistas, ejecutada con toda sangre fría, implacablemente, detrás de la famosa "cortina de hierro", que separa a occidente del mundo impenetrable donde domina el emblema soviético. Son números muy elevados los de las víctimas de las campañas "depuradoras" realizadas por el comunismo. Números que impresionan. Números que convencerán sobre el sistemático y persistente sentido destructivo de la "revolución comunista". Sólo en Ucrania fueron muertos 3.600 sacerdotes, y 1.000 iglesias quedaron destruidas. En los países bálticos, en Polonia, en Checoslovaquia, en Hungría, en Rumania, en Bulgaria, en Yugoslavia — informa la radio del Vaticano — fueron ejecutados o apresados "momentos en que los emisarios del comunismo hacen campañas en el mundo por la paz".

## INVENCION RIDÍCULA PERO TRÁJICA

Por JAIME JOSE DE LA CALZADA

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

Los católicos de la Europa central, en modo principal, han sido objeto en los últimos años de las más encarnizadas y ensañadas agresividades. El Cominform quiere destruir esa fuerza moral profundamente enraizada en las poblaciones de esos países donde la fe ha levantado seculares monumentos a Dios. Templos que elevan al cielo sus cúpulas y campanarios en demanda de la protección divina, acogieron a lo largo de los siglos generaciones y generaciones de creyentes que sabían elevar sus preces al Divino Redentor, cuya presencia espiritual mantenía la cohesión de pueblos azotados por los huracanes de conflagraciones que determinaban reinos y conglomerados, se modificaban las denominaciones geográficas, pero siempre se mantenía en pie, sin tambalear, resistiendo todos los embates, la Cruz redentora. En torno ella se congregaban constantemente las multitudes agobiadas por las más sufridas experiencias. Cristo triunfaba. Cristo unía.

Otros tiempos y otros sistemas son los de ahora. Desde la estepa hacia occidente, sopla un viento frío que azota las obras del espíritu. El sozogamiento en que yacen muchos pueblos de Europa — podría mirarse icualmente el mapa torturado del Asia — es cada día más duro. El padecimiento de los católicos que tras la "cortina de hierro" resisten los ataques de los poderes terrena-

les manejados desde la capital roja, aumenta sin cesar. Las fuerza anticristianas del mundo no se detienen ya. Los planes destructivos están en pleno desarrollo. Quieren avasallar la libertad espiritual y, para lograrlo, promulgan toda clase de acusaciones, sin detenerse mucho a confrontarlas con la lógica, la sensatez, la revoisimilitud. Son, en realidad, sólo pretextos para infundir en esas sociedades el terror. Objetivo destinado al fracaso. El catolicismo — lo dicen los siglos—es imbatible.

Lo deberían comprender así quienes ahora han iniciado en Praga una nueva causa contra altos dignatarios de la Iglesia Católica. Se los acusa de sacerdotismo y espionaje a estos dignos sacerdotes encabezados por el Arzobispo de Sacramento, doctor Stanislav Zela. Pero el acta de acusación contiene una máxima incongruencia, fruto del cinismo o de la torpeza, ¡vaya a saberse!, pues hace el cargo a los dirigentes católicos involucrados en la misma de colaborar con el Vaticano, como si colaboran con el Vaticano constituyera un delito. Así, la justicia de estas "democracias populares", incoa al Arzobispo Zela y otros eclesiásticos, en Praga, en síntesis, "por haber sido agentes del Vaticano para realizar actividades subversivas y espionaje".

La inconsistencia de este nuevo ataque a la Iglesia católica es tal que no necesita siquiera ser analizada. Hacer la imputación al Vaticano, como ahora sucede en Praga, "de apoyar a los elementos capitalistas,

## ¿En Qué Consiste el Español 8?

Por José S. Ruiz, B.S.E. '51

El español 8, propiamente llamado *Elocución y Estilo* es una de las asignaturas avanzadas de español ofrecida en la Universidad de San Carlos.

Esta asignatura da mucha y gran ayuda a los estudiantes que están ahora especializándose en el español. Tiene por objeto principal suministrar vocabulario en general porque la elocución sirve como materiales de Construcción — materiales que necesitamos para expresar precisa, clara y lógicamente nuestras ideas. Uno sin duda, no puede expresar su idea propia sin vocabulario.

El estilo que es otra parte de la asignatura, sirve para dar variedad a la manera de presentar nuestras ideas. El estilo es exclusivamente personal, mientras que, la elocución es universal.

fascistas y nazis, en contra del pueblo" y de haber entrado en una "vasta conspiración urdida por las potencias imperialistas y por las bandas fascistas y los criminales de Tito, contra los países gobernados por democracias populares" estado burdo y tan absurdo, a la vez, que no requiere el esfuerzo de una réplica y menos el recurso de serias argumentaciones. En sí misma la acusación lleva implícita su desmentido. La invocación es ridícula. Pero es trágica. Tristemente trágica. Porque ella envuelve a un núcleo de dignos sacerdotes que la impiedad roja—plañificada desde Moscú—ha conducido al camino del martirio.

## Flor de Amores

—Dulce flor, orgullo del vergel malayo,  
¡Oh mistica flor de lindos colores!  
Lastimas con tu espina cual rayo,  
Obrando que diga el vate ¡Oh dolores!

Rondando mi jardín el vate visayo,  
Encontró una flor: tú, la flor de amores.  
Sufrió y dejó de ser un joven gajo;  
Bastóle una flor, odiando otras flores.

Aun allende el mar, el vate te adora.  
Noche y mañana su corazón llore,  
Añorando tu dulzor, su vida y alegría.

Sueña en antaño, cuando niño era—  
Cuando en paz, tranquilo y feliz viviera  
—Ignoto que una flor dolerle podría.

—Rafael V. GUANZON

The famous Dr. L. . . . dean of the Medical College, was appointed private physician to the king. Whereupon he proudly wrote the following notice on the blackboard of his classes:

"Professor L. . . . informs his students that he has been appointed Honorary Physician to His Majesty the King."

When he returned to his classroom in the afternoon, he found written under his notice this line: "God save the King!"

\* \* \*

**Family Physician:** I congratulate you, M. Bonifis.

**Patient (excitedly):** Will I recover?

**Family Physician:** No, I'm afraid not. But you're dying of a new disease, and we are going to name the disease after you.

\* \* \*

Professor Munro, of Harvard, relates an illuminating incident in a Harvard Law School classroom.

The students were discussing a point of law, when one of the young men stood up and said, "But, Professor, this point may be legal, but it is not just."

"My dear young man," said the professor. "If you are looking for justice, go across the street to the Divinity School. This is the Law School."

\* \* \*

This was one of O'Henry's favorites:

"I couldn't serve as a juror, your Honor. One look at that fellow convinces me he's guilty."

"Sh-h. . . That's the district attorney!"

\* \* \*

When the sick lawyer asked the doctor which side it is best to lie on, the doctor, with a knowing smile, said, "The side which pays you the biggest fee."

\* \* \*

"Tell me, Bishop Berkeley, is there a life after death?"

"There certainly is. When we die, we enter upon a life of eternal bliss. But let's talk about something pleasant, instead."

\* \* \*



## Have A Good Laugh

Mark Twain occasionally attended the services of his good friend, the Reverend Mr. Doane. One Sunday he decided to play a joke on the minister.

"Dr. Doane," he said, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not, Mr. Twain!"

"I certainly have."

"Send the book to me! I'd like to see it!"

"I will."

The next morning Mark Twain sent the rector a copy of Webster's Dictionary.

\* \* \*

On Tuesday, the colored maid asked her mistress for permission to attend her fiance's funeral on Friday.

"But you're not wearing mourning," remarked her mistress.

"Tain't time yet. They're hangin' him on Thursday."

\* \* \*

The following inscription is to be found in an old Irish cemetery:

"This monument is erected to the memory of James O'Brien, who was accidentally shot by his brother as a mark of affection."

\* \* \*

The Irish sailor was telling the inquisitive old lady about his adventures:

"An' one foine day, ma'am, I fell into the ocean, an' along came a shark an' grabbed me leg."

"Merciful heavens!" cried the old lady. "And what did you do?"

"Let 'im have me leg, ma'am. I niver argue with a shark."

\* \* \*

Sandy Ferguson went to London for his honeymoon. When he was asked where his wife was, he explained that he had left her at home, because it was too expensive to take her along.

\* \* \*

During the sermon a baby began to cry at the top of its voice. The mother rose from her seat and began to carry the baby toward the door.

"Don't go," said the minister. "The baby isn't disturbing me in the least."

"The baby may not be disturbing you," said the mother, "but you're disturbing the baby."

\*

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman each owed five dollars to a certain man. When the man died, the three decided to pay their debt at once.

The Englishman put a \$5 bill into the coffin. The Irishman did likewise. The Scotchman put into the coffin a check for fifteen dollars and took the ten dollars in change.

\* \* \*

Professor Brun, of Harvard, used to tell this one to his class:

**Frenchman:** We've got a remarkable sausage machine in Paris. We put in a live pig at one end, and we turn and turn the handle until the sausages come out at the other end.

**Yankee:** That's nothing. We've got an even better machine in Boston. We put in a live pig at one end, and we turn and turn the handle until the sausages come out at the other end. Then we taste one of the sausages; if we don't like it, we put them all back into the machine and we turn and turn the handle backward until the pig comes out alive again.

\* \* \*

Mark Twain was listening to a famous violinist at a private reception. The piece contained some particularly long rests. During one of these intervals, Mark Twain said to the soloist:

"Young man, why don't you play something you can remember?"

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