



The

# Carolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



Vol. XV

*Miss Alma Valencia*  
*The Scholar of the Year*

*February*  
*1952*

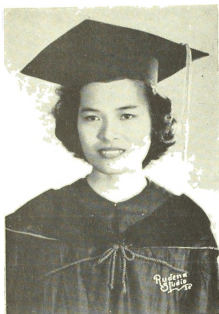
No. 11

# The CAROLINIAN

---

---

● PROUDLY PRESENTS TWELVE OF THE  
FOURTEEN SUCCESSFUL GRADUATES OF THE  
COLLEGE OF PHARMACY WHO PASSED  
THE BOARD EXAMINATIONS HELD LAST  
JULY, 1951.



ADELINA CABAHUG



Mrs. BENEDICTA T. CENIZA



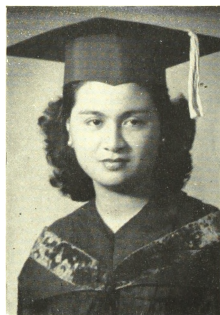
LUISA GERRA



MELANIA CAMPOS



RESILITUTA INOCIAN



Mrs. GLORIA MARFORI-ROSELLO

---

(Turn to back inside cover for the other six  
successful graduates.)

---

Published by  
the students of the  
University of San Carlos  
Cebu City  
Philippines

February - 1952

PHILIP B. ALLER, editor; VICENTE N. LIM, associate; FIDELIZA F. GARCIA, literary; LEONIE LIANZA, feature; MANUEL S. GERONG, news; JESUS G. RAMA, military; BENJAMIN CABALLO, JR., art; JOSE DE LA RIASTE, reporter.

C. FAIGAO  
CARMEN O. GONZALEZ  
Advisers  
Rev. LUIS E. SCHENFELD, S.V.D.  
Moderator

	BAMBOO ON A SLATE
Caroliniana	1
With the New Years, the New Youth	— Guest Editorial
Scholarship in the U.S.C.	2
The Philippine Educational System	3
Shakespeare and His Women	4
Lanlier than Sound — Short Story	6
It is Sweet To Die — Adapted from the Story in the Free Press	8
Communism's Technique	10
Leone Lianza Looks at	12
Herbie Reappears — By VNL	13
Happy Boy Mario — Short Story	15
What Do You Think?	14
Passing Through	15
Pictorial Section	17-20
Social Harmony — By Luis Eugenio	21
This Grave I Dig	22
What is Russian Communism?	22
By Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C.	24
ROTChatter — By Jesus G. Rama	26
USC in the News	27-31
SECCION CASTELLANA	
El Arma del Papa — editorial	34
Donde está Pedro, está la Iglesia	34
Día del Papa	35
El Primado de Pedro	35
La Unidad en lo Cristiano	35
Por J. Roberto Bonamino	36
La Carrera de Derecho	36
Por Roman Galvan	36



Over Cover: Miss Alma Valencia of the College of Liberal Arts, the scholar of the year. (See page 3). Photo by Guillermo Ang of Cecil's Studio.

Entered an second class mail matter at the Post Office of Cebu City, March 26, 1950.



## Caroliniana

● The holidays as usual brought us cheer, gifts, and deadlines. More than ever we are convinced that there is no such thing as a perfect holiday. It's a pity deadlines usually horn in on yuletide celebrations, they complicate one's Christmas vacation.

● Christmas time is a tough season to get contributions for a college mag. We were getting a bit desperate until we chanced upon an old reliable who had never let us down: *N. G. Rama*. We had to step aside to give him the guest editorial berth. His piece is about today's youth written with insight and authority, he being among the young generation. NGR was CAROLINIAN editor for two terms and one of the three Carolinians who made the CAROLINIAN cover.

● Among the biggest accolades gotten by USC came from Rome. On the inside pictorial we reprint with pardonable pride the congratulatory letter from the *Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities* on the spectacular achievements of USC as an educational center. *Cardinal Joseph Pizzardo*, the Prefect of the above-mentioned Congregation, is the eyes and ears of the Holy Father in the department in charge of institutions of learning throughout the world.

● To the wail that USC has swelled so fast you know less and less of the people inside it, not excluding those who compose the high brass, the CAROLINIAN pictorial gives a ringside view of the *WHO'S WHO* in the USC Administration. They run the school and are largely responsible for whopping success they have made out of the job. The Vatican cheer was in their direction, and deservedly.

● Moderator *Luis E. Schonfeld, S.V.D.*, also honors us with an article on Communism. He trains the spotlight on the Communists' snake-in-the-grass ways and hokus-pokus tactics. In a Communism-drugged world, exposés of this kind are in order.

In the confused, jittery, and unpredictable postwar era, this country's youth has taken a back seat. Their fads, ills, morals and problems no longer add up to a lively topic. Beside the headlines of bigtime racketeers in high public places, the economic anxieties and the Big Powers' shadow-boxing, the story of the young generation today reads like a dull, third-rate novel.

What is in the back of the mind of today's youth? What does he plan for the future? His ambitions, his beliefs, his fears? What hobgoblins people his mind? What is he searching for or running away from? What makes him tick or break down?

In no other time has there been such a bumper crop of "working students." With one foot inside the classroom and the other in the raw, real world outside, he thinks he has hit a perfect set-up. Between a good secured job and school, most would not think twice before dumping the books. "What," they reason, "do you go to school for? To be able to make a living. If you can make a living now, why go to schooling?" Culture has too often been mistaken for economic security, and school only a provider of security. Youth has inherited these notions from their elders. (And most educators have done nothing about it, despite golden jubilee celebrations!)

# With the New Years, the New Youth

Guest  
Editorial

By NAPOLEON G. RAMA  
Former Editor of THE CAROLINIAN

The present-day experts do not tell us. They seem to have neither time nor inclination to take up the study of youth, to diagnose him. Their current distractions, e.g., the Kinsey Report, psycho cases, atomic race, Hollywood "all-at-tions" have more flavor and fashion.

This scant concern for youth, while fostering his sense of independence, has also brought a curse upon his head. As a price for such independence, he has to face his problems alone, solve them with his own resources and, more often than not, sink with them with no rescuing hand to pull him out of trouble.

For one thing, the war years and the hard years after them had done much damage to youth's dreams, frame of mind, manners and morality. The raw, harrowing experiences in that grim, ferocious epoch had clipped youth's wings of idealism. The young man of today is practical, a down-to-dirt realist close to the point of gross materialism. This disposition is frankly reflected by the utterance of a smart-aleck commerce student. Over-hearing the one about how hard it is for a rich man to get into heaven, he retorted wryly: "It is just as hard for a poor man to remain on earth."

Unlike his elders who, in their salad days, never had to think of the matriculation fees, or graduation suit, or even the next meal a problem, the young man of today is all too familiar with lean years; too well-acquainted with the pale pinched look of poverty that stared him in the face in the war years, and has never quite gotten out of sight. Today, acutely aware of tough times, he is desperately making sure that he need not have to go through hell again. Economics has been dragged into his orbit of concern. It is now as much his business as his parents' and the bank presidents'. Probably, much of youth's trouble today is his trying to grapple with adult problems while putting up with the pains of "growing up".

Take the average college student. He fervently believes in combining schooling with money-earning.

For all his fuss for security, present-day youth is a more hard-driving specimen than the young people a generation ago. But he is unimaginative, unresourceful, mentally lazy. Whatever he does, he plunges into the task with a furious but uninspired zeal. He keeps desperately looking for a job but never thinks of making one for himself. In an agricultural country, the number of our young men who go for farming or animal husbandry is scandalously few. These rustic occupations are about as unpopular among our young people as cigar-smoking.

Eight out of ten working students are employed as office clerks. And seven out of those clerk-students will anytime prefer the drab, dull life of clerkdom and the risk of growing into early obsolescence to raising chickens. Today's young man goes for a white-collar job like a drunk for a bottle.

Our youth has acquired the instincts of a Boy Scout, he is set for emergencies. He hates to be taken in with his pants down. This lesson he learned too well in the war years wherein he thrived in an atmosphere of sustained emergency. He lived in emergency houses, put on emergency clothes, took emergency food, and unfortunately, also picked up emergency manners and morality. This perhaps explains postwar youth's little appreciation for the things of enduring values, his great penchant for the fast peso, drinking spruces and his get-the-most-of-life philosophy.

But the matter with youth today is that he is hemmed in by horizons barren of ideals and model men and women. He has nowhere to draw the inspiration that might rescue him from the influences of abnormal times. All around him, his elders are acting abnormally. The leaders of the country had set the pace for the rat race for the fast peso, exhibited unabashedly the familiar "emergency" manners and morality. Everywhere, everyday, he is swamped with samples of wartime

(Continued on page 32)

# Scholarship

EVERY school year USC foots the staggering amount of P58,500.00 in forms of free tuition and other school privileges. Keeping in pace with the modern and progressive educational trends, this University has committed itself to a long-range scholarship program to provide honor and other deserving students free education.

The biggest item of the huge education bill shouldered by USC represents the scholars' privileges. These benefits are open to valedictorians and other honor students coming from USC or other schools. Forty-six of these high I.Q. group get the full privilege of free tuition amounting to P9,000.00 as of this year. The half-tuition scholars whose number totals 52, get the dote of P5,000 for the whole school year while those enjoying 30% discount, receive P400.00 worth of tuition privileges. The sum total given away for all the scholars piles up to the whopping amount of P14,400.00 for this school year alone.

Among the best known of these scholarship beneficiaries is Miss ALMA VALENCIA, a young (18 years old), petite and publicity-shy Liberal Arts student from Guihulnagan, Oriental Negros. A conscientious and talented student, Miss Valencia chalked up the amazing academic ratings average of straight "I" for all her subjects in the last semester — a feat that has earned for her the much coveted CAROLINIAN cover as the most outstanding student of the school year. Only two other Carolinians made the magazine's cover.

For such remarkable records, she retains her full scholarship privileges which she has won since her first semester in USC, having enrolled as a valedictorian from the Oriental Academy, Oriental Negros. Currently forty-five other students like her are enjoying this full scholarship benefit in this University.

The next privileged group is the band members who are getting an-

nually P9,400.00 worth of free tuition benefits from USC. At present the USC Band counts 48 members who have swapped free music for free education. Last semester, the fellows who blew themselves through college got P4,700.00 in tuition privileges.

In the Athletic department, P8,200.00 are expended yearly for the USC athletes. The college sportsmen numbering 30 in all, enjoy full privileges to the amount of P5,200.00 annually. The same number of sports beneficiaries in the high school division earn P3,000.00 worth of free tuition benefits, for chalking up honors and trophies for the school.

Another big item in the cost of privileges list maintained by USC are those who come under the heading of Group Privileges. Year after year, the amount of privileges given away for those who enroll in group as brothers and sisters and other close relations whose tuition is paid by the same sum up to the huge amount of P17,300.00. There are at present 309 students in the Ele-

mentary and Girls' High School departments making use of this privilege. In the Collegiate Department, 358 students fall under this benefit grant, while in the Boys' High School department 28 students enjoy this privilege.

The USC has not shirked its responsibility in furnishing the war ve-

## In the

terans the well-rounded education at a 30% discount in tuition fees. In the last semester alone the USC chipped in its share in the sum of P4,200 representing the 30% dis-

## U.S.C.

count off the usual tuition fees for the benefits of our Philippine Army veterans. The average yearly expenditure of USC for the P.A. veterans runs up to P10,000.00. Below we give a summary of all the expenses incurred in by USC in granting these privileges to deserving students:

### ESTIMATED COST OF PRIVILEGES (Base on First Semester 1951-1952)

		Semestral	ANNUAL
1. Scholars:			
	46 Free tuition P 4,500.00		
	52 Half-tuition 2,500.00		
	6 30% discount 200.00	P 7,200.00	P14,400.00
2. Band Members — 48 members-Free all		4,700.00	9,400.00
3. Faculty Members — 25 teachers		400.00	800.00
4. Athletes:			
a) College Division (30)	P2,600.00	2,600.00	5,200.00
b) High School Div. (30)			3,000.00
5. Group Privileges:			
a) 309—Elem. & Girls' High	P8,900.00		8,900.00
b) 28—Boys' High School	400.00		400.00
c) 358—College	4,000.00	4,000.00	8,000.00
6. P.A. Veterans — 30% shares			
Average — P10,000.00		4,200.00	8,400.00
			P58,500.00

● They fashioned an un-American, anti-Filipino and un-Christian system for our public schools.

\* \* \* \* \*

**C**HARGED with the illustrious task of expressing the true sentiments of a Catholic institution on this occasion, the fiftieth anniversary of the Philippine Public School system, we join our voices in the general rejoicing, and add our fervent hopes that the legacy handed down to us by America, universal education for the people, will continue to exist, but this time, as *belitis*, a free Republic, no longer as a medium of scientific colonization, but as education aimed primarily for the individual, and for our country, a fortress of defense against ignorance and the common enemy of all democracy, Atheistic Communism. And just as we are today enjoying true political freedom in a democratic form of government, so may we come to strike off the chains of mental despotism which has enslaved the Filipino people for the past fifty years; which has held a sword of Damocles against the teachers of a democratic country and gradually led the population of a deeply religious nation to the abyss of godlessness, exposing the nation's security to the insidious attacks of Communist propaganda.

Today legislators of this Christian nation are engaged in the task of revitalizing our educational system. Learned men, they must realize that the present public school

● THE AUTHOR ●



Mr. Aristides González

system, un-American in its origins, anti-Filipino in its disastrous results, and pro-Communist in its tendencies and evil consequences, is incapable of suiting the character and temper of the Filipino people, insufficient to establish its position as the vanguard of national defense against the militantly aggressive aims of

tudes of Candaba, in the German gymnasia and nurseries of the monster of Dachau and Buchen Wald. Here is the hand of a group of men that urged education, not to develop the individual but as an aid to a military committee bent on utilizing every means at its disposal to effect the conversion of a subject, defense-

---

# The Philippine

---

atheistic Communism. Well versed in the history of the nation and in the surrounding circumstances that led to the founding of our present public school system, they know full well that this system of public education was brought about more as a tool of political expediency rather than as a well designed blueprint for the education of Filipino youth. They have before them that original poster of American propaganda exhibiting the American soldier with Krag rifle in one hand and a book in the other, employing a new mode of conquest not by simple territorial occupation but by forcing the surrender of the Filipino soul to the force of arms. They have before them the report of the Schurmann Commission which states in black and white, that in order to alienate the people effectively from the bonds of loyalty that attached them to the former mother country, the public school system should be adopted. Here is a document that opens our eyes to the horrible fact that the education of the land, far from being the primary concern of an educational system, has been secondary to the political aims of a conquering nation. Here is a public avowal, candidly reposing in the archives of Washington D.C., of the prostitution of educational aims for the sake of speedy conquest. Such vile methods, totally unworthy of the noble and Christian tradition of America, have found enthusiastic imitation in the re-orientation courses imposed upon government employees and school-teachers at the beginning of the Japanese occupation, in the schools of indoctrination in Moscow and in the swampy soil-

less people to the objectives of the conqueror. Can it be doubted then that such a system, engendered in political expediency, with little regard for the temperament, the customs and the traditions of our country, would prove ineffectual in the span of fifty years to educate our youth?

Ladies and gentlemen; we all have an idea of the environment that gave birth and nourishment to the public school system of godless education. In the United States, a country where 48% of the people profess no religion, where the remaining 52% belong to 256 religious bodies professing varieties of worship and beliefs, there can be no doubt that silence on the truths of religion must indeed be a sad necessity, to preserve a working basis of mutual tolerance among members of different creeds. But at no time have the greatest minds of America and the greatest executives of that powerful nation admitted the godlessness of the public school system as the ideal objective in education or as a necessary condition for the transmission of knowledge and civic virtue. Throughout the magnificent history of America, when it came to the laying down of principles of life and education, we feel the heart-beat of the American people throbbing in sublime diapason through the lips of immortal leaders, the adherence of the people as a nation, to the great religious truths from which they have derived their democratic rights and liberties, and their unshakable belief in the dignity of man.

George Washington spoke for this spirit of American religiousness



in these words: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness . . . We ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which heaven itself has ordained."

Abraham Lincoln continue in the same vein: "It is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the over-ruling power of God; to confess their sins and transgression in humble sorrow, yet with the assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the

fact is that the graduates of the modern school are actors in the catastrophe which has befallen our civilization. . . . Modern education is based on a denial that it is necessary, or useful, or desirable for the schools and colleges to continue to transmit from generation to generation, the religious and classical culture of the Western World. . . . By separating education from the classical, religious tradition, the school cannot train the pupil to look upon himself as an inviolable person because he is made in the image of God. These very words, though they now sound archaic, are the noblest words in our language."

President Hutchins of the University of Chicago in June 1940, decried the godless public school system and its failure to teach de-

scattered helter-skelter in the sprawling continent which is the United States. In the Philippines, not necessarily, but political expediency introduced the public school system of godless education. Common sense laughs at the puerile, yet none the less, malicious propaganda, of the authors of this system of education, to the effect that a tradition of anti-clericalism among Filipinos demanded a godless system of education. Felipe Calderon, one of the active members of the First Philippine Republic did not hesitate to advocate the Catholic religion as the religion of the state. That equality of religions before the state was advocated by the majority can in no way be interpreted to mean that the majority were irreligious or anti-clerical. And if such anti-clericalism were true, can these enemies of religion, the authors of the public school system, reason against the established fact that in the fifty years of the despotic rule of the public school system, 80% of the people of the Philippines still worship at the altars of Catholicism and respect the very persons, the priests of the Catholic Faith, against whom such aspersions and vituperations have been broadcast in this country of ours?

In the Philippines no similar situation as in America prevails. No confusion in multiplicity of creeds demands a violent rejection of religion. For the sake of the godless and the pagans? But we have none here except the Huks. For the Mohammedans? Localized as they are, their religion can be easily taught to them. For the different Protestant sects? Their religious rights and privileges may as safely be respected as those of the Catholic majority.

Our Constitution, indeed, provides for religious instruction, but only according to the rules set down in the Administrative Code; Rules promulgated years before the proclamation of the Constitution; Rules designed by those who then exercised much influence in our subject government, the representatives of godless education in the Philippines. Who will be so naive or to say that no undue influence

(Continued on page 7)

By

Aristides Gonzalez

---

# Educational System

---

sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that these nations alone are blessed."

And if we search for that same attitude about religion from our contemporaries, we find it in even more striking circumstances from the lips of President Roosevelt: "We are concerned about the children who are outside the reach of religious influences and are denied help in attaining faith in an ordered universe and in the Fatherhood of God. . . . Practical steps should be taken to make more available to children and youth through education the resources of religion as an important factor in the democratic way of life and in the development of personal and social integrity."

Illustrious educators speaking of the sad state of godless education in the United States, regret its existence despite its apparent necessity. Mr. Waller Lippman, addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science on December 29, 1940, state: "The prevailing education is destined, if it continues, to destroy Western Civilization, and, in fact, is destroying it. . . . The plain

mocracy because of its attitude of emasculated skepticism. He said: "In order to believe in democracy we must believe there is a difference between truth and falsity, good and bad, right and wrong; and that truth, goodness and right are objective (not subjective) standards even though they cannot be verified experimentally. Are we prepared to defend these principles? Of course we are not! For forty years and more our intellectual readers have been telling us that they are not true. In the whole realm of social thought there can be nothing but opinion, everybody is entitled to his own opinion. If everything is a matter of opinion, force becomes the only way of settling differences of opinion. And of course, if success is the test of rightness, right is on the side of the heavier battalions."

This, ladies and gentlemen, is what America thinks of religion and education. Godless public school education is a burden to be tolerated for the sake of the universal instruction of 130 millions of people half pagan, half belonging to 256 sects, denominations and religions

# Shakespeare

BY  
LEONILA LLENOS  
(Post-Graduate School)

IF SHAKESPEARE had been a woman the world would have known one happy husband. Meaning, had Shakespeare been a woman, he would have been a darling one.

## AND HIS WOMEN



As a male playwright, he was not afraid to tamper with the female kingdom-of-mysteries (few men are afraid, anyway). As an interpreter of female wiles, whims, wit, and will he speaks "a various language". And for each, he has an eloquence that amazes.

But however varied his females might be, there are a number of distinguished marks in each which type them as Shakespeare's and his alone.

His women had aplomb, gusto, aggressiveness. Take Viola in Twelfth Night (Shakespeare must have felt

his corns sprouting when he wrote this play, giving it the title "Twelfth Night; or . . . (o. k.) what you will (boloney). This Viola, again, sale in her disguise as Cesario, dared speak her thoughts to the Duke (Orsino).

"My father had a daughter loved a man, as it might be, perhaps were I a woman I should your lordship".

Then, there was Olivia, loved by the Duke but preferring the Duke's servingman, Cesario (Viola disguised). Imagine! To fall in love with the messenger of a peer, first sight at that (for a lady of her rank that

must have been quite a fall) and then having her servant run after him with a ring, saying he left it, that it was the duke's and that she would have none of it (double imagine). Naturally, Cesario (Viola) who had left no ring, understood her move — he (she) being another clever, aggressive "she".

These same qualities we find in Rosalind, Katherine, and Adriana. Rosalind could go as far as devising the arrangement by which Orlando would come everyday and woo her (disguised as a young shepherd lad) as his own Rosalind. By that, she hoped to quench her longing to see him everyday, to hear his voice and all. At the same time, she also could loathom how much he loved her. All very silly-tho' still in keeping with the typical Woman.

That his woman had fire is a truth that rather has to be recalled by some specific examples than yet to be established.

Kathie, the shrew, even as a tamed one still had that fire in her. (And they say, woman becomes more precious for that).

Just because she said in admonition to her sister, Bianca, and Hortensio's widow — fiancée "I am ashamed that women are so simple to offer war where they should kneel for peace . . ." does not mean that she would always be found kneeling. Her conditions to "serve, love, and obey" was to hold true only in so far as her "husband, lord and sovereign" would play his part as fitted her bended knees. Else . . . it would be another story. One can be certain of this (at least I am). For as far as her miraculous transformation is concerned, the conclusion should be: there are no tamers of shrews. There are only shrews willing to be tamed.

Shaky's females were well-schooled in the art of achieving what they wanted. Often the means were foul, often transparent, and



very less often subtle—but always with the unembarrassed, go-get-enthusiasm.

Yet, they had common sense, too. What the concerned would call "cruelty" was in almost all cases actually practicality and good sense. Of course, they could have been given with less bluntness.

Phoebe could hardly be blamed for saying "I would not be thy executioner. I fly thee, for I would not injure thee." What better answer to give a man a woman does not love?

And yet, she was content to be his (Silvius') when she found out she could not have Ganymede's (Rosalind) love.

Here we meet with another truth. For it seems to be woman's lot to make the most of circumstances that turn alien to her. If she does not care a jot for someone, yet because she has to marry and the one she loves cares not for her, she settles down and tries to love her husband. If she is virtuous enough, she finds herself successful, in no time at all. Such is the (others say) miracle of love and marriage. But (I say) the commonplaceness, the nothing-to-it-after-all of love between man and woman.

Still another show of hard-rock common sense was Rosalind's advice "sell when you can: love him are not for all markets. . . . love him . . . take his offer." Indeed! (Beggars can't be choosers, hm. mm. m.mm?) And suppose a woman just can't take her one, particular "market"? Is love as castor-oily as that? Ugh!

But it's common sense—or so, Shakespeare says. Amen, so be it. Shakespeare's women were not without religious fervour and spirit, but whatever religion they had and practiced got into their system and showed in their words, works, and thoughts.

One senses it in their free play of good turns to one another, their charities, largeness of heart, and rationalized inhibitions, as well. One feels it in their love and respect for parents and elders, in their loyalty and devotion to a cause, to a friend. It was religion practiced in its essence.

Yet, they (his heroines) could also be morally lax as the ordinary, loud-mouthed fish-vendor. They could trick their husbands, fight over another man—gee, but after all, one might well call to mind a certain principle observed in art: a picture can't be all spurious of light,  
(Continued on page 33)

## THE PHILIPPINE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM (Continued from page 5)

was exercised on our representatives while they wrote the Constitution of a nation still subject to America? Our great President Manuel Quezon could not have been so senseless as to destroy with one hand what he tried to build with the other, recommending religious instruction in the Constitution while rendering it inefficacious by the Rules of the Administrative Code. Today the threat of dismissal still menaces the unfortunate teacher who dares talk of a God of religion in his class. Today religion must still be taught as though it were an object superfluous to the development of civic traits and true patriotism. Today religion must still be taught at inconvenient hours as a concession to the demands of 20 million God-fearing, God-worshipping Filipinos.

And who are these tyrants of the twentieth century in our Philippines educational system? Two years ago I was present at the public hearings to discuss the inclusion of religious instruction as part of the curriculum in schools which desired to teach religion. Over a hundred representatives of Catholic Colleges appeared to ask for its approval. One single man appeared in the name of the Freemasons of the Philippines, and, with the air of a conqueror, produced the Constitutional provision binding the 20 million religious people of the Philippines to this wily circumvention of their rights. 20 million Filipinos had been entrapped by the influence of a handful of godless educators! And there they sit enthroned in the councils of our executive and legislative bodies bidding the Filipino people to swallow the education which they, the lords and rulers of our free Philippines Republic, should still choose to dictate.

Our constitutional rights corrupted and emasculated by the existing provisions of the Administrative Code, religious instruction became inefficacious. While Protestant and Catholic missionaries have been sent to Japan to help in the democratization of the people of that country, the representatives of religion have been systematically hampered and rendered impotent to help in the strengthening of Philippine democracy. Freemasonry has continued its rule for the last fifty years. We have reaped the rich harvest of godless education in the last five years. Pushing the philosophy of godlessness and power worship to

its logical conclusion, Jesus Lava a U. P. graduate has started his bid for power. The more cowardly, the less sincere in their convictions have preferred to sit in comfort in the halls of legislation and in the government body. Shamelessness has taken the place of virtue when in justification of the vicious corruption of 1946 and 1949 we have the mocking insult hurled by a leading government official: "After all, what are we in power for, if not for profit?" Terrorism has claimed the lives of peaceful citizens who believed that their form of government being democratic, their rights would be respected by men trained in this system of godless education. Fatal belief that cost the lives of the Nacua Brothers, the horrible death of Moises Padilla, the brutal manhandling of Diosdado Jansay and Inocencio Ferrer. The Philippines has become a scandal to freedom-loving peoples, and a stumbling block to the conversion of Indonesia to the cause of democracy. In blatant derision and open mockery Communist Russia has paraded our country's misfortunes before its intended victims, to use us as a living example for the mockery that is Philippine democracy.

And it is from Communist Russia, my friends, that a more horrible fate threaten our nation because of this system of godless education. Face to face with an enemy has mustered all the resources of destruction at its command, and integrated them under a philosophy of materialism and militant atheism, the fanatic belief that sanctifies power worship and state absolutism because man is a mere animal to be yoked to the chariot-wheels of Communist world conquest, democracy today gropes in confused bewilderment for a faith that can unite the people against the savage attacks of men taught to trample rights and liberties which cannot be defended by giant armadas and marching battalions. Even more pitiful is the plight in which Philippine democracy finds itself. Wanting in the material security which at least temporarily unites the people of the United States of whatever creed in the defense of their civic and economic privileges in a prosperous nation, situated in precarious proximity to the heart and core of the Communist movement surrounded on all sides by the menacing  
(Continued on page 27)

PEDRO stood up and crushed the lighted end of his cigar in the bamboo ashtray. Marce sat quite still, hardly discernible in the darkness of the sala. The silence between them deepened, became a live and palpable presence.

"It's for Lydia's own good," Pedro said, as though the silence had spoken and he was giving answer. "Dionisio is a good man. Lydia will be happy with him."

Marce nodded as if she understood perfectly.

"Come," said Damian, leading the way to the kitchen. "Supper will get cold."

Without a word Sima stood up and followed him.

I understand, she thought, as she watched Pedro and Lydia eat their meal of rice and broiled fish. It was plain enough. This man, Dionisio, had seen Lydia and he would not rest until she had become his wife. He was rich in his own right, and he was the nephew and heir of Don Vidal, who owned half the province and two or three towns in the next one. It was like a novel or a movie come true.

On Sunday, a week from now, emissaries would come to ask formally for the hand of Lydia. Pedro would be surprised; he would protest Lydia's unworthiness and otherwise dilly-dally according to ancient custom. But in the end he would be prevailed upon, reluctantly, to give his consent. A date would be set, and the marriage would be as good as consummated.

It would be, Pedro had said, for Lydia's own good. For her and hers, thought Marce, as she went through the motion of eating.

There was a big farm near the creek. Pedro had often stopped there, and watched, and walked the length and breadth of it, and picked up the rich earth, seeming to weigh it in his rough, strong hands. Dionisio would put him in charge, or perhaps give it to him outright. At long last he would own land, and the things that go with being an owner of land.

And Lydia? Marce looked on a half-chewed morsel of fish. She coughed violently and tears came to her eyes. Wiping them with the sleeves of her "camisa" she left the table and groped her way back to the sala.

After eating, Pedro put on his hat, lighted another of his homemade cigars and went out. The

neighborhood association was having a meeting. As vice-president, he had to be present. His son, Pastor, had gone ahead to remind the members and prepare the meeting place. Mother and daughter were left alone in the house.

Now this silent woman, who in twenty years of married life had not

## Short Story

by

**Bernardita B. Valenzuela**  
(Post-graduate School)

once raised her voice against her husband, and who had not said a word when he told her he had chosen a mate for her daughter, began to talk. Quietly, she told Lydia all that Pedro had told her. Then gravely, she said: "The word is all-important, the pledged word. Your father's word, once given, cannot be broken. Better death than dishonor, as the saying goes. On Sunday, Dionisio's mother will come and perhaps also his uncle, Don Vidal himself. Your father will give his word—on Sunday. That is a week from now. Seven days. After Sunday, your first duty, as a good daughter, will be to obey your father's desire in this matter, to see to it that his promise is fulfilled. After Sunday, after your father has given his word, the thing is settled. No one else's wishes should matter...."

Lydia sighed and for a while she was silent, thinking. She tried to see her mother's eyes. "Perhaps," she said softly, "no one else's wishes can matter, even now. Seven days is a short time. The hills are far. Danger lurks along the roads. Who can go to the hills and back in seven days?"

Marce leaned back and her talk took on a relaxed, meditative tone. "One hears all sorts of rumors these days," she said. "Christmas is only two weeks away. Many people say that the men in the hills are coming down to spend Christmas with their families. They have left their camps,



it is said, and are now in the outlying villages, waiting for a chance to slip through the guards. Capoccan, they say, is full of these men, and some of them are headed this way. Capoccan is not so far from here. Two day's leisurely trip. Three, allowing for unforeseen delays."

"Not everyone can wander about."

"They weave beautiful 'pina' cloth in Capoccan. I am thinking of sending Pastor there to buy me a new camisa to wear on Christmas Day."

"When is 'Noy' Pastor going?"

"I'll talk to him when he comes home tonight. He can leave early tomorrow morning."

"I'll be up before sunrise to prepare his meal...."

Pastor left before dawn, before his father had awakened. He borrowed his friend Tacio's bicycle, intending to ride to San Miguel and from there cut across the fields on foot to Capoccan. He had an uncle in San Miguel with whom he could leave the bike. Capoccan was a well-known guerrilla outpost. The main approaches to the village were closely guarded by Japanese and Constabulary troops.

# LONELIER *than* SOUND

---

He rode at a brisk pace. His instructions were clear. He was to look for "piña" cloth with color and design becoming a woman of forty, letting it be known that it was intended for a camisa to be worn on Christmas Day — or, perhaps, at a wedding which might soon be held. Then he was to go to Celsa's house and give her a message from Lydia.

Celsa was Jose's cousin and Lydia's closest friend and confidant. The message was: "After Sunday, let Jose consider me as one dead. Let him forget me utterly and live his life as though he had never known me."

If Jose was in Capoccan with his men, as rumor had it, he would be staying in Celsa's house. If he was anywhere within call, Celsa would find a way to reach him. If he was out of touch with Celsa, the news that a marriage was being arranged in Santa Fe might yet fetch him.

Seven days. Pastor leaned forward like a racer and squeezed a little more speed out of Tacio's bicycle. His father would miss him today. He had started hoeing the vegetable patch and Pedro wanted it finished before the clods became too hard. Pastor put his weight on the pedals until the wheels hummed and the cold air hit into his face.

Marce had her answers ready, but Pedro was not deceived.

"I know Jose is in Capoccan," he said, cutting short her explana-

tion of Pastor's absence. "I know, too, that he cannot come to Santa Fe. If he does . . ." Pedro shrugged his shoulders. "You know how the Japs punish bandits."

"Jose a bandit?"

"He calls himself a guerrilla. What's the difference? He takes rice from the farmers, eggs and chickens from the poulterers, hogs from the raisers of livestock, money from everybody."

"He has to live, like us."

"Why doesn't he work like us? Why can't he keep peace like Pastor who was his brother-in-arms?"

As always when her heart cried out in protest, Marce was silent. She was proud of her son who had fought in Bataam, but she was prouder yet of that other one who had never stopped fighting.

Pastor had come home without mishap and now it was a matter of waiting. He had bought the cloth his mother wanted, and delivered Lydia's message to Celsa. Tonio had gone to Palompon on a mission, but would be back in Capoccan Friday morning. Friday to Sunday was a long time, Celsa had remarked.

It was Wednesday afternoon when Pastor returned. He had expected to be scolded, and was surprised when his father greeted him civilly, almost cordially, as though nothing had happened. There was a curious gleam in the old man's cunning eyes. "He's happy," Lydia had explained, "Don

Vidal sent for him this morning. They had a long talk and after lunch they went to the town hall together."

"I don't like it," said Pastor. On Thursday, something happened. A large contingent of Jap troops, reinforced by three companies of Constabulary, raided Capoccan. The village was razed to the ground; all the men captured were killed on the spot. That night, the neighboring villages were zoned.

Pedro himself brought the news when he came home to lunch. It was terrible, he said. The whole countryside between Capoccan and Santa Fe was swarming with Japs. Even the fields were alive with them. A man could not even hope to get to San Miguel without a special pass; the cordon was that tight. There was talk that the zoning had been extended to Cananga.

Marce and Pastor listened, pale and tight-lipped, to the tale of horror. "How long will it last?" Lydia could not help asking.

Pedro looked at her until she lowered her eyes. "A week or two," he said. "Certainly not sooner than Sunday . . ."

Three days, Celsa had said, was a long time. Lydia and Marce couldn't find enough things to do in the house that long, terror-charged Friday. Pastor had a better time. He was out in the fields, where a man could expend his strength and tire himself out.

Pedro, however, was in fine spirits. He had gone fishing in the creek by the big farm that afternoon. He brought home a string of mudfish. Pedro dressed them himself and roasted them over the embers, whistling as he worked. His mind was on the future.

He had never been more genial. He insisted that Marce eat the choicest morsels of fish and deprecated Lydia's lack of appetite.

"When I was your age," he said, "I could eat a whole pig, all by myself. How old are you, Lydia?" "I shall be nineteen on Christmas Eve."

"A good age to get married. Not too young, not too old."

"I — I'm not so desirous of getting married."

Pedro pushed back his empty plate, making a little clatter on the table. "Don Vidal himself is coming on Sunday evening," he said, addressing Marce. "Kill the suckling pig and the fattest of the chickens."

He stood up, lighted a cigar, and went to bed.

(Continued on page 30)



# It is Sweet

Adapted from the  
Story in the FREE PRESS

By  
DOMINADOR ENCARNADO

By  
C. Faigao

He saw them coming up the road,  
their steps were sure and tried;  
A civilian trudged before them,  
his hands behind him tied,  
And he knew that they had got him  
to be their unwilling guide.

He pulled down his hat to shed his eyes  
and he readied his gun to shoot.  
He shrank his body behind the tree,  
the while his heart stood mute.  
Slowly came nearer up the road  
the Jap and his brother brute.

One... two... three... for a moment  
his beating heart stood still...  
There was one pleading in his heart  
and its burden was kill and kill...  
One... two... three... he pulled the  
trigger  
the voice was clear and shrill.

The tall and gangling Nippon  
he doubled up and fell.  
The civilian ran to the bushes  
that fringed the verdant hill,  
The second Jap he cocked his gun  
and his face was red like hell.

A bullet rang and hit the tree  
and barely missed his head.  
He touched his shoulder and it was cold;  
his hands were crimson red  
And his own rifle it spoke again  
and the second Jap fell dead.

He took a last look at the pair  
stretched lifeless on the road.  
His head fell limp upon the grass;  
it seemed a heavy load  
Had fallen on his spirit—  
how blue the sky and broad!

He rose with pain as if to wrest  
his body from the claiming earth,  
And a new strength came into him,  
and strange and wondrous birth.  
He was going to live and to fight  
for God, for love, and hearth.

Through the purple dust of the roads,  
past meadows clear as glass,  
He carved a painful way, scattering  
red drops on the lush green grass...  
He reached the house on the hilltop,  
his body a helpless mass.

And the days came and the days went,  
bringing agony and fear...  
And thee specter of death that stalks  
the path of the hunted deer;  
Only the hope of vengeance  
made his life sweet still to bear.

Ah, Manuela, my own Manuela,  
I will never see you again.  
I feel my life is ebbing,  
my road is a path of pain...  
When the shameless bastards got you  
they cut my heart in twain.

O merciful God of my fathers,  
they got my sweetheart away...  
And how they've got my mother.  
Keep them safe, O Lord, I pray!  
My body is strong, You may take it  
but preserve her withered clay.

That afternoon there was a meeting  
on the plaza of the town  
"Nobody reave, the captain said,  
"or our guns wir mow you down...  
You must produce this woman's son  
or you in your brood wir drown.

"Before the sun goes down, he said,  
"produce this woman's son,  
Or we shall burn the houses  
and we shall kir everyone...  
Nobody spoke in the silence  
when the captain Jap had done.

Then up spake the old woman,  
her heart was no longer sore.  
She eyed the captain from head to foot,  
his hatred red as gore.  
She took in a glance the whole of the town,  
the town she would see no more.

And then she spoke untrembling,  
her heart no longer afraid.  
"I will lead you to my darling boy,  
you may strike this shrivelled head,  
But spare the lives these people,  
and spare the town," she said.

A silence fell on the people,  
nobody spoke nor stirred —  
They heard the beat of their own hearts  
like the pick of a prisoned bird —  
Was it the woman? And did she know  
the meaning of her word?

They took her to the mountains,  
across roads of shord and stone;  
Upland they dragged her body  
that was weary to the bone,  
Till they came to barrio Sulukan,  
where the forest were dark and lone.

They saw him up in the branches  
of a mango tree dark and tall.  
She saw him up in the branches  
because he had heard her call.  
And he leveled his gun at the soldiers  
to answer gall for gall.

"Wait till I have spoken, soldiers,  
stay your avenging hand,  
I know my boy, let me talk to him,  
I know he will understand.  
Come down, Melecio, my boy,  
It's your mother's heart command."

"It's I, your mother, Melecio,  
come down and listen to me."

The leveled gun was lowered  
in the branches of the tree.  
"Let them come and get me, Mother.  
I'll die if it has to be."

"You do not understand, my boy,  
it is not your life alone —  
It is the life of the village  
and the people that you have known.  
I know it is not fair, my boy,  
but the Japs have heart of stone."

"Mother, Oh Mother that I have loved,  
as much as the air in my breath,  
You are sending your only son to die,  
your words are a funeral wreath.  
Get out of the way, my mother,  
this time it's a flight to the death."

"You do not understand me, my son,  
I am old as you see.  
Once I gave you life, now I want you  
to give that life back to me —  
Not for me but for the people  
that the people and the village be free.

Give me your life and I will give it  
to the owner of all the mothers.  
There is no death for you — you will live  
in the hearts of sisters and brothers.  
There is no death for him  
who gives his life for the others.

There was silence in the tree tops,  
There was silence on the ground,  
A silence that was deeper  
than the mere absence of sound.  
The rifle dropped, his heart was light,  
the fitters were unbound.

"I have come, my mother," he said,  
Kneeling and kissing her hand.  
If it does not bring you grief, I give  
my life to this evil band."  
I give you my son," she said,  
"let the men and the village stand."

They took him back to the village,  
the young soul loving and brave,  
And they hanged him before sun rise  
and gave him an unknown grave;  
Thou Who had Your Golgotha,  
forgive the sinner and the knave.

In the silence of the graveyard  
low in the dust he lies,  
The passion in his heart is stilled  
and the lovelight in his eyes,  
But this earth of ours is lovelier  
for his youthful sacrifice.

Cebu City  
14 October, 1947

# To Die

A crunching on the road, the morning air,  
by the whining of bullets rent,  
And by the howling of the dogs,  
shilting the soldiers went,  
By the look of fear in his mother's eyes  
he knew what the howling meant.

He took the bolo from the wall,  
the gun from under his head,  
And from the window he saw the Japs  
coming up with hasty tread.  
"Run to the hills, my mother, run,  
there are more to collect," he said.

Run to the hills, my darling boy,  
my heart it speaks no dread.  
Run to the hills and join the boys  
and I will stay to plead.  
They will not harm a hag like me,  
I am much better dead.

He saw them coming up the road  
and there were more in the rear.  
He looked in the chamber of his gun  
and saw one bullet there.  
He kissed his mother and in his kiss  
there was more love than fear.

He sneaked out of the backdoor  
from the top of the wooded hill...  
One push... the door opened...  
like a person without a will...  
A thud... a slam... a scuffle... a  
scream...  
and then everything was still.

They took her out of the cottage  
hands tied behind her back...  
they dragged her down the hillside  
and along the level track.  
It seemed that inside his body  
a something began to crack.

# COMMUNISM'S *Technique*

By  
LUIS E. SCHONFELD, S.V.D.  
Dean, College of Liberal Arts

---

**A**GGRESSIVE Communism is audaciously and ominously stalking on every part of the globe in open defiance to all forces intent on defending the very foundations of Christian society. Communism has a characteristic feature, namely, a spectacular mimicry of the people's will and is embarked on a relentless purpose of inculcating itself into popular movements, remaining always on the alert and watching the developments of events. These events will definitely be utilized by Communists, no matter how much they will have to applaud things today which they censured and attacked yesterday. Communism will always flatter the masses and will always gratify and defend all their positions, because Communism's aim is to penetrate as deeply as possible into the heart of the multitude and from there take possession of such organizations that prove most suitable to its unholy purposes and evil plans.

The proof of this lies in the fright without quarter which local and foreign Communism carries on to get hold of the syndicates and professional labor organizations. It starts out with sowing through the medium of cells, dissension in the rank and file of the organizations of a chosen sector so as to arouse the spirits and demand improvements which may or may not be justifiable, but which will certainly serve as bridge-heads for further tactics. These well-drilled agents, once their elements of infiltration are adequately prepared, will instill in the

rank and file of corporations and organizations an atmosphere of excitement and tenseness which will necessarily end up in provoking a conflict. Once the conflict has been brought about, and particularly after it has been foiled due to its untimeliness or its unjust demands, then the time is ripe for Communism to start throwing the whole organization into a chaotic and anarchical state of affairs. The leaders of these frustrated organizations will necessarily lose those prestige. Communist elements will capitalize on that and even exacerbate them by accusing those leaders of utter incompetency and lack of fighting spirit and therefore set up their own commissions which will pave the way to a split and eventual disintegration of the unions. Broken up, these organizations will fall an easy prey to Communistic conquest.

Thus Communists progress, step by step, within the ranks of the laboring masses and slowly but surely will get hold of all the key positions to which they will stick until the most propitious circumstances spring up, to carry the fight into the political field.

These are tactics which have been thoroughly studied and timed; they have been meticulously examined and tested in different environments. From the experience thus gathered, Communists learn accurately how to go about it best and send these lessons, through their national and international organizations, to all the countries where Communism has its ramifications and tentacles well rooted. There precisely lies, therefore, the danger of its presence, for these activities of

the Communists are not movements or attitudes that would respond to their own causes or interests, but they constitute, so to speak, touchstones in their quest for an adequate place from which to proceed to further progress. The world at large, upon realizing that threat, rises to defend itself with the right and the duty which the necessity of conservation imposes. But one should not fall victim to one's own wishful thinking, nor should any one believe that Communism can be halted by coercive means, or by solely removing the socio-economic causes which may provoke reactions on the labor classes.

To set up a proper defense, we must first bring to the fore the actuating concept of moral order and discipline that would point out the danger of Communism as a fake organization of human society. We must endeavor to bring into the Communism's fallacy and its negativeness in trying to bring good to man. For in depriving man of his liberty and of his personal dignity, very little will all the other goods profit him, even if we were to suppose that Communism could and would provide them.

What are the arms to halt Communism with? Educate the people, lay Communism open to the scrutiny of the world, show to the people the cross errors of Communism's materialism; demonstrate to the people that the anti-natural and anti-human concept of Communism shall never be in a position to give man even a bit of his so much longed-for earthly felicity; make it clear to the masses that wherever Communism did succeed in striking roots, it was only so because it was backed up by brutal force in its diverse and most devastating forms. To build on such foundations, history tells us, is to build on slippery sand. Yes, one has to defend oneself against the dangers of Communism, but at the same time one must teach its essential points, showing that Communism is diametrically opposed to the true end of man, be man considered as an individual or as a member of society. **Let honesty and justice speak and actuate, and Communism shall be wanting in followers.**



L  
E  
O  
N  
I  
N  
I  
Z  
A

**Looks At...**

.... POLDING PETILLA, who's got the most remarkable talking speed on this side of the meridian. Boy, when he prattles, it's just about as fast as a carbine discharging a case of hot lead. You know... rat...ta...tot...ta...ta.

.... LULU DE LA CRUZ. She tells of her semestral vacation and the U.E.'s ROTC cadets assigned down there in Leyte. And, man, she's got a long list of 'em.

.... ALMA VALENCIA, who, when our Pol. Sc. 2 class prof inquired if anyone had classes in conflict with the 3.00-4:30 time, muttered it's in conflict with her merienda time. That's how food-conscious our little Alma is.

.... a low-er JOE CATALAN, has lately been telling people around of his success in saving ten cents jeepney fare every now and then which hastened the swelling of his bank deposit. For this reason, he's seriously been contemplating on writing a book entitled "On How to Make Friends and Influence People to Pay Your Fare." But whew, man, yo kidding? It ought to run this way: "On How to Make Friends and Be Influenced to Pay Fares", because I think that's what you've been doing of late.

.... TITA PODUTAN complains that what Intelligence Quotient she's got deserts her when Fr. Wrocklage starts lighting up that American grin.

.... LETY OCAMPO says she's staying a "free lancer" this semester for a change because, from this century's Cassanovas, she just had all she can take. You know, headaches, heartaches, ... and God knows what other "aches" there are. Toothache, perhaps, eh, Letty?

.... A just-this-term USC-er ELSA VALMONTE, who's causing a mighty big rush among our "lover-boys" populace. She could be the reason why the Drugstore is unusually brimming with males between 5:00 and 5:30.

.... the greatest living philosopher of our time—one way of saying here's the So-time.

(Continued on page 16)

## HERBIE Reappears



by V  
N  
L

Friend Alex -

Of course nobody probably noticed, cared, nor missed, but I was absent last issue! Well, no use crying (hah!) over unprinted trivia... let's get on with the nonsense.

As usual, every term there is a sort of change in the school census: some old students leave for farther schools and some new ones come in, while other students like me stay on and stick it out for one more term because I got a Condition in one of my subjects!

Well Alex, what do you know, we have a "celebrity" among us. At the start of this semester Pengoy Pengson of the Mourning Bequest Show, er, the Morning Request Show, signed up. Disc jockey turns book jockey, and what's more he's also taking ROTC at, of all times, this semester when they begin putting on the clamps!

You know, there ought to be a law against classroom exhibitionists. They heckle the prof, disturb the class, raise the blood pressure of their classmates, and waste a lot of time. What do they want to do for, anyway?

Alex, I'm sorry I can't lend you with much corn this issue. I've been eating rice the whole week! Well, if that's not corny enough . . . what is?

Late flashes from the editor's desk: Last issue's Herbie series was not really lost, but just misplaced. Like the principle of water seeking its own level, MY Herbie manuscript just did what came naturally to it . . . it buried itself under a big pile of papers where nobody could find it at press time. Tch, tch . . . that piece was in answer to Herbie's plight discussed and reported two issues earlier. Y'know, like Rosemary Clooney's "C'mon To My House" and Robert Q. Lewis' "Where Is Your House."

There's nothing to beating the deadline than putting a cute, round period after the last sentence, eh, Alex. Well, here it is . . . . period!

Again.

herbie.



MARIO, who was considered the happiest boy in the neighborhood, was seen one early cool evening preposterously perched on the loftiest plank of the steel Manapia Bridge. His young naked body, quivering and lean, like a woman's finger, was poised against the darkening skies for a thirty-foot dive into the river below whose waters did not rise three feet above its bed.

It was I who first saw the startling, the almost miraculous apparition. Fascinated then frightened, I heard myself of a sudden yelling out for help. In no time, the racket I raised brought the whole neighborhood scurrying to the bridge. The first to arrive was my gang of whom Mario was one. Then came Luis and Nonoy, Mario's cousins; afterwards, the limping old folks, and much later, Mario's mother whom we sent for.

She was raving like mad at the lolly of the boy. In her thin, frightfully high voice, she screamed angrily at Mario to come down. She scolded and threatened him and scolded and threatened him again and again. But when, for all her fury and threats, she could not get the boy down his perilous perch, she broke into her high-pitched, hysterical weeping.

But Mario held on to his tiny foothold. He stood still and contemptuous, unmoved by the din and hysteria before him. Whenever one of us would attempt to climb the bridge to rescue him from his nonsense, he would lean threateningly forward over space in front of him, his arms swinging like pendulums on his sides in preparation for a leap, and that would send us all into screaming fits.

"Mario, for heaven's sake, come down. You will kill yourself!" cried Nonoy.

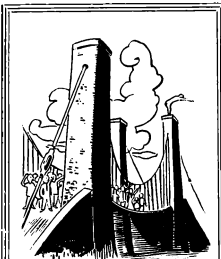
"Silly boy," said Iya Carya, "if you jump, you will stick up to the belly in the mud."

Iyo Isay, the most revered and coolheaded of the group, spoke in coaxing tones: "Boy, if you come down, I'll give you my yellow rabbit lantern."

Mario's head shook vigorously. "No, I am not coming down; I don't want a rabbit lantern. I don't want anything from anybody."

"Mayong," I said, "What do you want to kill yourself for?"

"I want to jump. I want to swim," he replied, very sure of himself.



HAPPY

Boy

MARIO

*A Short Story*

By N. G. RAMA  
College of Liberal Arts

"Look, Mayong, it is low tide. The river is yet very shallow and you will break your neck. Sure."

"I don't care. I will swim away. I will." He stared with anger at me, at her mother and the crowd before him. "You all get out of here. I am sick of you, of you, of you. I am sick and tired of the whole lot of you." Then he started swinging his pendulum arms again for the dive. The air was shot through with the shrieking of the women.

Mario and I went to school together in the grade school. Since then he became my best pal altho

he never got beyond the second grade. In fact, he remained there for two years more and all indications were that he was there to stay. But he never cared a damn about school. He had no love for the alphabet nor for the scrawny little spinster Miss Menendez whose scowling narrow face he used to draw, finishing off the portrait always with two tiny horns on her forehead.

But there was one thing he wanted most to do in this world and most of the time, and that was to whistle. That is why many regarded him as the happiest boy in the community. But I believe it was more than a whim with him, it was an obsession. Early that day of the bridge incident his mother lashed him soundly with a taut guava sapling because he whistled in church during the Elevation, scandalizing the whole congregation and sending the little tots into giggling fits.

I didn't want Mario to break his head. "Mayong, aren't you coming along with us in the *dayong* (carol-singing) tonight?" I lured. But he wagged his head over the river, his arms still delineating the slow rhythmic arcs. The situation had become desperate. There seemed to be no way of bring Mario down. Someone suggested roping him but it was so impracticable. Mario in the meantime became more determined than ever. Now he was looking down intently into the river as if in fascination, and the shouts of the women were sickening.

Suddenly, a bright idea seized me. I recalled how he used to listen in rapt silence to my playing of the harmonica. The first time I got the harmonica, he made me play for three solid days until I grew mumps on both sides of my face. Unceremoniously, I whipped out of my let pocket my harmonica and immediately started blowing with full lungs the popular Christmas song my gang used to sing as we made the nightly rounds of caroling in the neighborhood.

The tune swelled, trilling and vibrant in the impure twilight around us. The crowd, a bit startled and silenced, turned to me like one man to listen. Soon the song dominated the air, quieting the panic in our midst. I could feel my throat throbbing as I lifted my face toward the boy who straightened almost imperceptibly to look at me from across his shoulder. Lamely, his  
(Continued on page 29)

# What Do You Think

Conducted by  
JAY VERLE

NB: When typhoon Amy snorted its wrath into the Visayan Islands and made nothing out of something in its own fashion, the people bawled and howled, hungered and angered, cursed and burst. Period. A week later, everyone had struck a livelier flame of hope that goes somewhat like putting up a dreamer dream house (than that one that took its retirement into knock-out) and so on. In certain cases the hope became not quite dissimilar to Bob Hope's dim whim: that of acquiring a more decent nose.

But politics! Ow, that's an inextricable rock between the teeth. It stays. People always talk and gawk and flash their teeth around, whether to sneer and jeer or simply to express satisfaction. Which has brought us to this topic question now (which still kicks)...

Oh, by the by, get a load of this limerick:  
There was a character in the senate  
Whose soul was the dish that Sin ate.  
He bore holes on everyone  
And at the polls on '51  
He sank to the ire of Politics Pilate.

## About the Elections of '51...

● **Dick Polanco**, College of Education, says: It was free! Thank heavens. That's about all that matters. The government is what the people make it and how they express their rights. In that elections the people won—that is, made a winning over weakness and tolerance, over the lethargic and non-combative germ that had polluted our state of mind all the way along. We have, at last, ceased to be marionettes, strung to the fingers of infamy. We now take our stand; make a turn for the better. Now our bells ring loud and strong, tolled by the people that the people

sors may turn into whispers easily quelled.

● **Concepción Vallecer**, College of Pharmacy, says: It was fair enough. One thing certain is it flecked the mud off our brows before the scrutiny of neighborino



Concepción Vallecer

ners. I cannot say it's anything of a rebirth of democracy in this country because, so far back as I can trace, no comprehensive stand against oppression and debasement has been assumed by our people which would lend toward the strong maintenance and exercise of our free institution. It's a birth. I hope it survives.

● **Cdt. Lt.-Col. Jesús G. Rama**, Military Editor, says: I put no much significance to the defeat of the Liberal Party in the last

elections (nor the victory of the NP for that matter) than I do to the lesson it shed for us. The cards are on the table: this whole scheme of existence is not, then, as relentless as it appears. We can find soft spots if we just try. Before November, 1951, they found jolly time bunching their knuckles to harass, cheat and defeat our ideals. We covered and showed no pugnacity or rebellion against it and made that obnoxious and infernal germ thrive and grow into a terrifying monster causing our national



Cdt. Lt.-Col. Jesús G. Rama

prestige to wane rapidly from a highly decent and respectable one to the lowest form of degradation. I find no need to recount specific instances here. We failed to settle down upon the only remedy available for this crisis: the exercise of our freedoms. I'd rather say, if the elections of 1951 had any peace and propriety at all, it was God-given.

● **Natividad Larrosa**, Secretarial, says: Well, it was bound to happen. It already seems to me like the voice of the people is the word of God. If an administration is dirty and rotten, the people sweeps the whole deck clean off that mess (that is, if they can have their way). All I can say is, from here on, let's gather our guts together and trisk the whiskers of anybody who thinks he can push our pen for us and get away with it.

(Continued on page 33)



Federico Polanco

may be heard from here on. We now pray that those bells will continue to peal the notes of unity and defiance, that the grit and growls of criminals and oppres-

This is the time when the ROTC boys get the raw deal for the coming Tactical Inspection... when the candidates for graduation apply for the necessary papers... when the graduates start getting their transcript of record and get their pictures ready for the annual, and their gowns for the graduation march, and sign up for membership in the Alumni Association... when the University celebrates its birthday.

Yes sir, the second semester is a busy term.

The Varsity squad begins its training for Manila, and that reminds me. There's a combination heart-throb, dreamboat and A-1 athlete in the person of E. Sagardui. This court commando has looks,



## Passing Through

By VNL

a build, and a noteworthy ability when it comes to basketball. He helped a lot in making USC the champion, as well as did, of course, all the fellows in that team. "Sagardoy" personally accounted for a big chunk of the points that spelled C-H-A-M-P for the team. He's probably a good Catholic and at least an average scholar, too!

What's wrong with dances? Why can't our class organizations and our ROTC Unit hold a simple social affair like a dance? Is the restriction of that a part of the administration's program for the "betterment" of the University's standard?

Speaking of raising the academic reputation and scholastic standards, the first and foremost thing they ought to do is to get rid of classroom hecklers, exhibitionists, and pests. If there's anything worse than a girl who takes off her shoes in class it's the classroom soapbox orator and his petty, pedantic inane, misguided "arguments". It's more aptly called bore-atorics.

A good prof is a relief. So, when Fr. Wrocklage talks his students listen. If he talks too low they lean forward and strain their ears.

If some showoff interrupts and goes into an unwanted, unnecessary spiel of his own, the majority of the class sends him dagger looks and feels like slaying the bore on the spot. Why do people that bad have to be in a class that good? Figure it out yourself.

What we need... and want... is a prof who can make us listen attentively and intently instead of making us look at our watches now and then making us ask ourselves, What's the matter with the time, is it standing still?!

## LEONIE LIANZA LOOKS . . .

(Continued from page 13)

crates of the Atomic Age [with proper apologies to Socrates, of course, bless his soul] — NAPOLEON MABAGUIAO. Ask him why women, or was it, men, cry and he'll hand you this line: "Because of frustrated desires." Unique, huh? That ladies and gentlemen, is his masterpiece! . . . . . a microphone microphone [to quote Jeff of "Mutt and Jeff"] PENGY PENGZON, WHO this very moment is CROWING over the radio, that though he may have toothaches (he's simply in love with tooth and toothaches, I gather) as long as there're "Dear Hearts and Gentle People" around, he wouldn't wink an eye even if "Worlds Collide".

. . . . . Saint Charlie's three wise guys—AL TAN, MINGOY TAN, and PETE LIM. For those who belong to this term's "greens", I recommend you to these three who're the proper channel to the knowledge of who's who in what line. (D'you get me, Baby P. and "Chicken" L?)

. . . . . another one of the batch of Leyteñas — Cita Daza. She simply loathes "hagorongs" like poison so much so that she can smell one a mile away. ("Hagorong", by the way, is the most unglamorous nickname for one who is nothing but a bag of wind.)

. . . . . VICENTE VARELA, who's turned a schoolmaster of late. I overheard him correcting a fellow pre-law's enunciation and pouts of Tennyson's "Break, break, break... etc.". Well, he ought to know, being a Varela, you know.

. . . . . BEETHOVEN ENCABO of the Liberal Arts, who believes in science being golden. Don't tell us you expect to "goldenscience" your way to some dame's heart! Not these days, brother. Before you know it, there isn't any Juliet left for you.

. . . . . HELEN HAUTIA, a sweet personification of proper femininity. So sweet that there's a Carolinian columnist who "noted" me that she more than deserves a space in this column. She really does, come to think of it.

. . . . . CESAR PADILLA, who claims to be an introvert and lives up to it by being naturally modest, unassuming, shy and silent but not too silent not to pose before the prof and dish out I.Q. leaser interrogations.

. . . . . DOLORES O'KEEFE and ELLEN OUANO. They apparently have only one thing in common and that is their ash-colored get-ups. This is one of the reasons why they're one of the innumerable inseparables of the "Pharvillies".

. . . . . SOCORRO CERILLES, who is a real gentlewoman. She's a perfect Catholic, the one and only, I suppose. It's rather consoling to know there're still many like her.

(Continued on page 36)

# USC draws Praise FROM ROME

Letter to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of the Divine Word from the Sacred Congregation of Seminarians and Universities, Rome, commending the progress of our University of San Carlos.

Very Reverend Father:

From the heart we applaud the activities that have been carried on these last fifteen years, by the well-deserving religious community which you direct, in order to endow the central-southern area of the Philippines with such an important source of Catholic culture. While we congratulate you heartily upon the flattering results already achieved, we cherish the hope that you will be able to realize fully your project for the University's external expansion and internal development as you have already planned it for the future.

Wishing all prosperity to this well-guided institution, we invoke the very special blessing of God upon all who are working in its behalf.

With sentiments of particular respect, I am, Very Reverend Father, with all my heart,  
Most devotedly in Christ Jesus,  
JOSEPH CARDINAL FILZARDO



● Very Reverend  
ALOYSIUS GROSSE-KAPPENBERG,  
Superior General of the  
Society of the Divine Word

THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS, CEBU CITY





**Mr. Lolito Gil Gasum**  
*Dean of Commerce*



**Mr. Jose A. Rodriguez**  
*Dean of Engineering*



**Mr. Alfredo O. Ordoña**  
*Asst. Dean, Education*



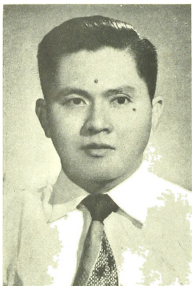
**Dr. Concepcion C. Aranda**  
*Dean, College of Pharmacy*



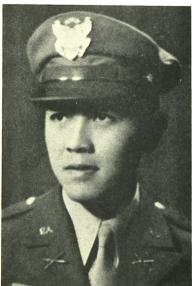
**Mrs. Caroline H. Gonzales**  
*Head, Home Economics Dept.*



**Miss Teopista Suico**  
*Head, Normal Dept.*



**Mr. Jose Y. Arias**  
*Registrar*  
*Head, Secretarial Course*



**Capt. Antonio M. Gonzales, FA**  
*FSC ROTC Commandant*



**Lt. Eduardo M. Javelosa, (INF)**  
*Adjutant*

# SOCIAL HARMONY

By **LUIS EUGENIO**  
College of Liberal Arts

FROM the time the individualistic spirit filtered into the sphere of social relations, particularly into those existing between capital and labor, the precious unity which had been acquired and maintained through the benevolent influence of Christian doctrine during the Middle Ages, quickly disappeared and was substituted by antagonism between classes, and finally by discord and struggle.

In spite of the progress that has been brought about in the social order, our present-day society has not succeeded sufficiently in reuniting, on a basis of common interest, the different classes that make up civil society. The bonds of the common good no longer exercise upon the mind and will that precise and necessary influence which should become the agglutinating element of union. Even the ideal of developing a great and prosperous nation casts no spell upon the contending parties either. Much less does the defense of the territory or of common patrimony serve as a bond of union in the face of an unjust onslaught or the infiltration of a foreign power's elements. This holds true whether we consider the problem in the political, social, and economical field, or in the ideological sphere.

All this evidences that our modern societies have not succeeded yet, in spite of the formidable reactions experimented in the political order, to throw over-board in the socio-economic order all the ballast of the subsisting liberal and individualistic ideas and concepts. These ideas and concepts have already, theoretically speaking, outlived their *raison d'être* and have proven on the other hand an utter failure in the practical field.

It is a lamentable fact that so many erroneous systems have been employed to repair the damage individualistic liberalism has wrought

in social life. Formulae devoid of all philosophico-social content have been utilized. What is more deplorable yet is the fact that it has been tried to create new social concepts based on a philosophy of reaction rather than on the positive aspects of the law of nature, rightly interpreted and applied. This false position towards the problem did give, and still continues to give, the apparent sensation of a constructive and permanent solution. I said a *sensation*, for that's what it is, because intrinsically those formulae and concepts are not only inadequate but also too incomplete as to constitute an integral solution of the vital problem.

If we take a retrospective view and look as far back as to touch the origin of the question, we can detect that all these perturbations and social struggles are not causes in themselves but rather conse-

quences. One should not try to trace the true causes in the repercussions seen in evidence for many years, even centuries, after the causes had been planted. The true causes are to be found in the slow but gradual abandonment of the social doctrine of the Church which is the only authoritative interpreter of the natural law.

The salvation of civilization from social disaster — a consequence in turn of the struggle of classes — is not a question of social structures. Social structures serve only as media through which the redeeming doctrine can operate. Social structures can never constitute in themselves a solution. Take for example the knife. In the hands of a surgeon it is used to save a life; in the hands of an assassin it is brandished to snuff out a life.

The important thing to do at this hour is to restore the old redeeming doctrine. In short, the only necessary and efficacious thing to do is to get back to the Christian social doctrine in all its aspects and consequences. For it has been evidenced to exhaustion that this is the only remedy to avoid the conflict of classes and the crumbling of society. There is no other unifying element that can bring together as tightly whatever is to be united as the social doctrine of the Church. For in all other social classes one can find neither com-

(Continued on page 32)

## USC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION University of San Carlos Cebu City

January 7, 1952

To All Members  
USC Alumni Association  
(Wherever they are)

Mademoiselles, Mesdames and Sirs:

This year's USC Day is scheduled to be celebrated in February. It is therefore requested that all USC Alumni will not fail to flock back to the old familiar San Carlos U campus on the days of the festivities.

All alumni are also reminded that we will not fail to hold our annual homecoming activities on the last day of the celebration. This year we shall prove to the Alma Mater that we are always her loyal sons and daughters by joining with enthusiasm our annual homecoming party.

Your attendance is very necessary, and, therefore, highly expected. It will make our homecoming affair as intimate and jolly as ever and will surely help a lot in strengthening the bonds of fellowship and camaraderie which have always bound us together throughout the years.

We thank you all for your coming and your cooperation.

Very sincerely,  
(Sgd.) JESUS P. GARCIA  
President





come to know the golden silence of the  
peace I know so little of...

Let myself be steel and death crawl  
up on me like brownish rust  
engulfing me, jarring my senses and  
fill my throat till I choke

and I shall be breathless  
For I have no nose?

Let myself be an island and death  
be the wind

cold and unseen  
swift and sure

Sweeping my shores around me

And send the waters across and over

Until I am stripped and bare

Until I am gone and lost

and my bosom shall cradle a thought

But I have no mind of my own?

Death shall be a voice

A sigh in the dead of the night

Calling my name, whispering my  
name, calling my name.....

And I have ears to hear with

Death can be supremely artistic and beautiful

Life so plain and ugly

Death can be neat and clean

Life so sordid and unkempt

Death is the candle, tall and white

Life can be the eating flame above

Death is a wonderful and colorful state.

I would like to die

But I must live because you are alive

For when I am dead

I may still breathe the wind  
from your hair or

Feel the touch of your skin or  
lull before your eyes

I may still thrill to but a thought

of you and

a thought of you I know is not for sale

I may no longer breathe the air you breathe

Speak the words you speak

Love the things you love...

No longer can I gaze at you in mute

admiration

I shall be cold

I shall be unfeeling,

I shall be blind

No storm or tempest above me

No thunder, no quake below

Can replace, and I will forget .

....."this grave I dig is for me

For I must find a tear in the moon

tonight

And hide my life

Under some wind-swept tree

Come inside me thru capillarity?

This grave I dig is for me

But I shudder and feel a sudden fear

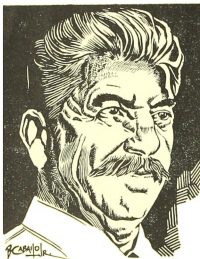
as I see that

It could only be a world

of me—less you and

you—less me

# What Is Russian



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

## Fourth Installment

### Communist Terrorism

IN ORDER to enforce its dire policy, the Soviet regime has invented and perfected, with the ingenuity of Beelzebub, the most effective, the most ruthless (if I may use such an expression), the most barbarous, and the most dastardly machinery of terrorism that mankind has ever witnessed.

To describe adequately this system of terrorism, a writer would need to choose from every language all the superlatives expressive of deception, trickery, espionage, lying, tyranny, cruelty, horror, baseness, torture, and diabolism. In fact, the terrorism exercised by Ruscomists beggars all description and absolutely staggers the imagination.

This terrorism means the unleashing of a pack of numberless insidious, infuriated, bloodthirsty hell-hounds and infernal vampires on a helpless population by a conscienceless, steel-hearted, iron-souled dictator, who wears a perpetual satanic grin while his paid spies trump up lying accusations, while his hirelings submit to unspeakable tortures innocent victims, while his agents extort "confessions" of racked prisoners, while his "courts" hold mock trials, while his secret police invade and break up at dead of night innumerable families, while these despicable minions liquidate countless civilians or condemn them to slave labor in conditions that can be described only a living death!

### Words and Actions

Let us first of all listen to some of the oracles of Ruscomism. Rather, I should say, let us hear two

of the idols of Communism, Lenin and Stalin, speak. In his work (a booklet full of dynamite) entitled *Problems of Leninism*, Stalin heartily endorses Lenin's brutal statement: "The scientific concept, dictatorship, means nothing more or less than power which directly rests on violence, which is not limited by any law or any absolute rules. Dictatorship means unlimited power resting on violence and not on law" (page 25).

In another work from the blood-stained pen of Stalin, "Theory and Practice of Leninism," the present barbaric dictator of the U.S.S.R. quotes with approval the following words of Lenin: "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat is a relentless war waged with bloodshed... a war a hundred times more difficult, more long drawn-out, more complicated than the most bloodthirsty war which war could be possible between Nations" (C.P.G.B. ed., pp. 50 & 196). And in *Left Wing Communism* by Lenin we read: "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat is the fiercest and most merciless war" (C.P.G.B. ed., p. 10).

Rightly does Mrs. Ariadne Williams state, in *From Liberty to Brest-Litovsk*, "The most terrible trait of Bolshevism is its utter unscrupulousness as to ways and means, and the blunt cruelty of its leaders. Deceit, forgery, catumny, murder, violence, treachery — all the low, dark, brutal forces which mankind had for centuries endeavoured to get rid of — have become weapons of government at their hands."

The reader will pardon me for quoting a rather long passage written by Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker in

*The Soviet Five Year Plan* (published in London in 1931), for this passage aptly and graphically depicts the terrorist campaign relentlessly waged by the Ruscomists. Thus writes Mr. Knickerbocker:

The terror has become a permanent institution. There appears not the slightest intention to abandon or abate it. It is much more active to-day than three years ago... Methods of the terror heighten its dreadful efforts. All arrests are made between midnight and the dawn. For political offenders, and the vast majority come under this category, no attorney may be employed, no communication had with friends or relatives. Wives, mothers, learn only from newspapers that their husbands, sons have been shot. The accused are not told of what they are accused. They never even see their judges. Their execution is in secret, their burial places unknown. The G.P.U. allows no martyrs... The G.P.U. is, however, not merely an instrument of police power, but an espionage agency of the first order. The nerve net of the most intensive espionage system in history reaches almost to each individual family in Russia.

All this may be styled a true, forceful exemplification of the principle which Lenin expressed in a letter to Comrade Kursky on May 17, 1921, which was published in *The Bolshevik* on October 31, 1930: "The legal trial is not intended to replace terrorism; to make such a profession would be deception of others or oneself; but to base terrorism firmly on a fundamental principle and give it legal form."

The execrable Krylenko, whom I quoted as saying in the trial of Monsignor Budkiewicz in March 1923 (cf. Chap. II) that he spat on all religions, declared at the meeting of the Executive Central Committee thirteen years later, as reported in *Izvestia* (February 12, 1936): "The methods of dictatorship remain the same, based on the implacable suppression of adversaries and on terror, and in perfect agreement with the ideas of Lenin." — And this is the savagery which (God forgive them and enlighten them!) Ruscomists in the U.S.A., Canada, and other free, democratic, liberty-loving countries, wish to introduce in place of the civilized system that prevails in their own homelands!

But some "fellow traveller" (how silly and gullible and stupid, if not consciously treacherous, these "fellow travellers" are!) may remark: "You are talking and writing of things that occurred twelve years ago. Surely all that has passed, and now there exists in the U.S.S.R. — the beloved, Utopia."

"Now ain't that sumpin' as Custy Shortlegs would say. The same indescribable machinery of terrorism is at work to-day in the U.S.S.R., and it is operating, if possible, still more malevolently and cruelly."

"This constant intensification of terror is the outstanding character of the Bolshevik regime," declares the well known writer, Miss Suzanne LaFollette. "Terror is a familiar adjunct of revolution, but it is usually brief. Once the new power is established, it is succeeded by internal peace. In Russia, on the other hand, the terror has grown with the power of ruling minority. After thirty years of Communist rule the number of concentration camps (euphemistically called "corrective labor camps") continues to grow as the millions who work under the lash of the police continue to be augmented by new recruits condemned to forced with or without trial or even formal accusation. Although the census of these slaves who form the base of the Soviet economic and social pyramid remains the secret of the most secretive government on earth, the most reliable estimates place it at from fifteen to twenty million people whose names, as a former inmates has put it, have been stricken out of the book of life." (Justice by Assassination, pp. 5 & 6.)

The Soviet secret police were first known as the Cheka; later they were called the GPU; next they

were styled the NKVD; and now they are called the NVD. Change of names is very fashionable in the U.S.S.R. and in its satellite nations. How many of the leaders have an alias? But we must expect this change of names on the part of gangsters, such as Stalin, Tito & Co. Maybe the NKVD will soon be

Alexeev, who escaped, at the risk of his life, with his wife and children, from the Soviet embassy in Mexico, and who is now living in free America, though still haunted by the NKVD, which follows its victims throughout the world. (Was Walter Krivitsky murdered in the U.S.A. by an agent of that accursed organization? Ask Joe Stalin!)

"I was less than nine years old," writes Alexeev in his first article, "when the Soviets seized power. My brothers and sisters, radical students at the University of Moscow, joined the Reds and fought in the revolutionary army. Later they rose to high places in the Communist Party. In my teens I lived with my oldest sister in Moscow. Her house was along-side police headquarters. It was the Cheka then — afterward GPU, NKVD and finally NVD — and the boss executioner was Felix Dzerzhinsky. Many nights I heard automobile engines being raced and backfired to cover the sound of rifle shots. Cynical grownups would say, 'Dzerzhinsky is working again.'"

One of the early slogans of Ruscomists, soon realized with a vengeance, was: "Liquidation of the Kulaks as a Class!" The word kulak really means a rich or prosperous farmer and often implies that he has made money out of the poorer classes. But, in the language of Communism, any one is a kulak who wishes to own land and cultivate it for the upkeep of his wife and children. According to the Ruscomist policy State Industrialization and State Collectivization of farms had to be effected even by the most ruthless and terroristic methods.

The brutal methods whereby farmers were terrorized into "voluntarily" surrendering their lands and joining the kolhoz (collective farm under State ownership) have been ably and pathetically described by various writers. To one who desires a first-hand account of those gruesome, savage means I recommend the reading of Victor Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom*. In Chapter VIII, entitled "Horror in the Village," and in the following chapter entitled "Harvest in Hell," the reader will find most harrowing details of the unspeakable terror which crushed the poor farmers into abject submission.

I have already (in chapter III) drawn attention to the Soviet's deliberate starvation of at least two million persons in the Ukraine in  
(Continued on page 28)

## THE LIGHTER SIDE



A first grade kid handed in a crayon drawing of the Holy Family in an airplane. The teacher easily picked out the Holy Family by the halos but was surprised by a fourth man without a halo.

"Junior, who is this man?"

"Why sister don't you know Pontius the Pilot?"

\*\*\*\*\*

The teacher had just finished relating the story of the Crucifixion for the first time to a class of tots, when suddenly one wig-waged his hand frantically.

"Yes Jose?"

"Sister I just would like to know," Jose demanded angrily "where the heck was Mogsaysayf?"

\*\*\*\*\*

A Protestant minister asked an orphan if he knew how to pray. The boy said yes and started the Our Father and upon finishing it continued with the Hail Mary.

"No, No, No! Not that prayer!" he shouted. "Something else" but don't include Mary."

The boy started the creed and when he reached the part "conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of..." he looked up and said: "Here she comes again sirl! What do I do now?"

given a new title. But one thing is certain: whatever be its name, it will remain, as long as the U.S.S.R. abides, the same malignant monster of terrorism.

The *Saturday Evening Post* recently (June 26, July 3, and July 10, 1948) carried three very informative articles by Kirrill Mikhailovich

# ROTC h a t t e r

By  
JESUS G. RAMA



## FORMER USC CORPS COMMANDER RECEIVES COMMISSION

Pursuant to the general order No. 540 HNDP Camp Murphy, Quezon City, former Corps commander **Ciriaco Bongalos** received his commission in the Reserve Force, Armed Forces of the Philippines. Second Lt. Bongalos was one of the advance graduates of class '50. He was one-time the Corps Adjutant in this Unit. For distinguished showing in the field and the classroom, he was recipient of the much-

coveted USC ROTC medal of honor. His effective leadership and the splendid record of his administration during his incumbency earned for him the promotion the corps commandmanship.

Another ROTC cadet officer who made good is **2nd Lt. Antonio Mendez** who has just received his commission in the Reserve Force, AFP.

A graduate of class '50, Lieutenant Mendez was formerly Battery commander of "G" Battery. He made an impressive record in the last year's Tactical Inspection and on sheer merit he was promoted to a Battalion Commander.

Lieutenant Bongalos and Mendez are awaiting the order for assignment. At present, they are pursuing their law studies, in the USC College of Law.

The Corps extends to Lieutenants Bongalos and Mendez congratulations.

## ADVISER OF USC CORPS OF SPONSORS ELECTED

Miss **Miguela Martin** was unanimously elected as adviser of this year Corps of Sponsors. Miss Martin is concurrently a USC Faculty member and a Physical Education instructor for girls.

## TROOP SCHOOL FOR CADET OFFICERS CREATED

A military Troop School for all Cadet Officers was held last Jan-

uary 4-5, 1952 and was personally conducted by **Capt. Antonio Gonzales**, Commandant and **Lt. Javelosa**, his staff officer. This school was created in line with the policy of the Department to determine the individual efficiency and capability of a cadet officer; to give a real down-to-earth training to these officers for development of leadership, efficiently and command responsibility. Efficiency ratings were given to all cadet officers based on their relative showing on the practical and theoretical examinations.

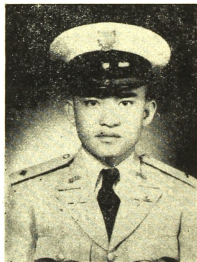
This school is a counterpart of the "Officers Refresher School" which is presently held in one of the Army's Training Center.

The following were the subject covered preparatory to the Tactical inspections: (1) Drill & Ceremonies inspection. (2) Weapons. (3) interior Guard Duty (4) Combat Drill (5) Combat Exercises (6) Scouting and Patrolling (7) Military Courtesy and Discipline (8) Hygiene and Sanitation (9) Bayonet training and Grenade Throwing.

(Continued on page 12)



2nd Lieut. **CIRIACO BONGALOS (FA)**  
Former USC Corp Commander



2nd Lieut. **ANTONIO MENDEZ (FA)**  
One time Battalion Commander

## 14 OF THE 15 USC CANDIDATES PASSED PHARMACY EXAMS

Chalking up one of the highest passing percentages among the Pharmacy colleges, the USC College of Pharmacy now counts with 14 new pharmacists out of the 15 candidates it has sent to Manila to take the board examinations for Pharmacy, held last July, 1951.

The successful candidates are: (Mrs.) **Benedicta T. Cenizar**, (Mrs.) **Fé Fuentes-Alpuerto**, (Mrs.) **Gloria Marfori Rosello**, (Mrs.) **Rosario Ty-Veloso**, (Mrs.) **Aurora Ybáñez**, Misses **Adelina Cabahug**, **Melania Campos**, **Luisa Gerra**, **Resititua Inocian**, **Beatriz Mendoza**, **Jesusa Padayhag**, **Carolina Ruiz**, **Carmen Santillana** and **Lourdes Uy Matiao**.

Dean **Concepción C. Aranda** of the College of Pharmacy has announced that plans for the honoring of the new pharmacists are being prepared by the Administration, Faculty and the Pharmacy student body.

The oath-taking of the successful examinees will be held at USC following a glittering ceremony planned for the occasion.



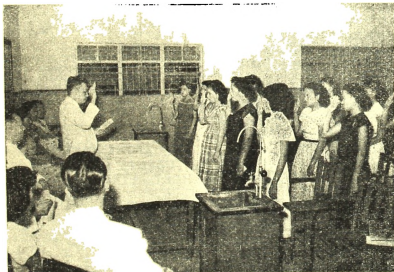
MR. EMILIO B. ALLER  
For him the Annual

## CAROLINIAN EDITOR HEADS 1952 SEMPER FIDELIS STAFF

**Emilio B. Aller**, editor-in-chief of "The Carolinian," was appointed editor of this year's **Semper Fidelis**, annual publication of USC.

Mr. Aller has been relieved in the meantime of his editorship of **The Carolinian** by **Mr. Napoleón G. Rama**, former editor of this same magazine who finished his law studies last year and took the last bar examination.

(Continued on page 28)



**Atty. JESUS GARCIA**, Professor of Law, USC, President of the USC Alumni Association, administered the oath to our Pharmacy graduates who successfully hurdled the Board Examinations last July, 1951.

prosperous nation, situated in precarious proximity to the heart and core of the Communist movement surrounded on all sides by the menacing land-hungry satellites of Russia, and shaken from within by fratricidal dissidence, mass discontent, and economic instability, our young Republic must needs avail herself of whatever means are at her command to repel the violent onslaughts of the enemy. Higher standards of living, economic aid America can give. Arms and ammunition, military equipment, America can provide. But who shall administer, this economic aid efficaciously to reach the suffering Filipino masses? Shall it be the godless politicians, products of the public system, whose five years of administration have shown in gory headlines, the cupidity, the avarice, the lust for power, the self-seeking in public office, which fifty years of godless education have molded into an arrogant philosophy of self interest for the rulers through deception and adulation for the half-educated, terrorism and ballot-buying for the ignorant? The story of American aid to the Philippines has suffered and will continue to suffer the same fate which American aid to Nationalist China suffered. The millions for the upliftment of the people shall continue to be diverted into the pockets of unscrupulous men, the illustrious products of our godless public school system.

And who shall man the guns and hold the ramparts of democracy in the east? Not a rabble turned military for mere pay, not mercenaries and hirelings devoted to the trade of carnage and bloody butchery — the first attack of the fanatic hordes of Communist Russia will make these sham bastions crumple like nipa huts against a savage tank attack. But organized thuggery; mechanized viciousness, whether of the Roman centuries that fed innumerable martyrs to the lions or of this 20th century which terrorized entire continents by the jungle horrors of man-made atrocities, have proved impotent against the living faith of a people. Wherever enduring victories have been achieved, we look in vain for the triumph of brute strength over an ideal whose principles are rooted in the eternal truths of life.

(Continued on page 28)

The eternal truths of life! Of these Pres. Calvin Coolidge declared: "Unless our people are thoroughly instructed in the great truths of religion, they are not fitted to understand our institutions or to provide them with adequate support." Who shall fight for Philippine democracy equipped with these eternal truths of religion? that man is made unto the image and likeness of God? that man was made to know, love and serve God? that man is infinitely precious, has human dignity because he possesses an infinitely precious soul? that man's rights are inalienable because man's salvation is his first and last concern? that the state is man's servant, not the master of man? that all obligations are owed to God, all rights are derived from God? Not the vicious products of godless education, who being neither man nor beast, enjoy human rights and liberties but cannot convince themselves of any reason that justifies such transcendent prerogatives, who can be easily convinced by the display of brutal power to surrender those privileges about which, after all, they are not convinced as due to super-sensitive protoplasm.

Today, the Christian religious population of the Philippines is restless. Tortured by this anachronistic vestige of unAmerican polity, suffering keenly the graft and corruption, the bloody terrorism, the disappearance of the high ideals of morality and patriotism that have made immortal the heroes of Philippine history, and threatened by the vicious attacks of communism against the validity of our democratic ideology founded on the worship of God and the immortal destiny of the human soul, the people shall band themselves together as one to sweep away the reins of government from the hands of the mental despots that tyrannize the Filipino soul.

My friends, we have a good light in our hands, a light against two enemies of the security and welfare of our young Republic. The first is the public school system of godless education. The second is its stronger brother, Atheistic Communism. If we conquer the first, if we take away from our public school system the weapon of godlessness and skepticism, we shall

(Continued on page 33)



**"AMY" UPSETS PHARMACY WEEK AND OTHER UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS**

The celebration of Pharmacy Week in the City of Cebu had to be cancelled as a result of Amy's rampage in this locality which occurred during the same week of the scheduled affair. The USC College of Pharmacy was to take active part in the celebration and was fully prepared for it.

In spite of the typhoon, most of the members of the Cebu Pharmaceutical Association moved to go on holding the dinner-dance which was one of the features of the celebration. Contending that such dinner-dance would be scandalous in the face of the people's sufferings, the USC Pharmacy Faculty successfully blocked this move and persuaded the association to donate part of its fund to charity.

The local celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Founding of the Philippine Educational System, which had already started with a radio program on the evening of December 8, had also to be cancelled. USC's float for the parade of December 9 afternoon was ready to roll when the heavy rain, prelude to the typhoon, fell.

Various activities in this university connected with Christmas had to be called off. The Lay Faculty Club decided on a policy of austerity in the meantime and cancelled its Christmas dinner. Certain colleges which planned to hold Christmas parties had to desist from executing those plans.

**USC SETS UP TENNIS COURT FOR FACULTY AND STUDENTS**

In response to a plea from the Faculty Club, a tennis court has been set up by the Administration on one of the basketball courts in the university quadrangle.

The new tennis court is a realization of the club president's promise made earlier this year to work for its acquisition.

**USC VARSITY SWEEPS INTRA-ARCHDIOCESAN TILT**

Exhibiting excellent form, the highly-favored USC basketball team lived up to the swamis expectations by romping away with the Intra-Archdiocesan trophy in the tourney held on January 2nd to 6th.

The tilt was participated in by the different varsity teams of the Catholic colleges of the Archdiocese of Cebu. The Intra-Archdiocesan Academic & Athletic Meet, although only recently organized, met with great success and drew a large crowd from all over the Province.

*Our Femmes*



Vicanta My Lee

- \* January 27, 1932
- \* Cebu City
- \* Education III
- \* Shy yet charming personality
- \* Intelligent and beautiful
- \* Legion of Mary
- \* Books, writing letters, stamps
- \* Assiduous Church-goer
- \* Chinese-Filipino Blood

**LAW AND ENGINEERING STUDENTS GIVEN HOLY RETREAT**

The annual Holy Retreat for the Colleges of Law and of Engineering was held prior to Christmas vacation on December 17-23. The retreat consisted in Rosary, sermon, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament of 6:30-7:30 p.m., on December 17-21; confession on December 22; and General Holy Communion on December 23.

## NEW EQUIPMENT ACQUIRED FOR COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

An air-conditioning unit, a mechanized laundry unit, and a boiler unit has been added to the apparatus in the College of Engineering. An informed source said that the air-conditioning unit will be installed in the new power house, which is expected to be finished before the end of this school year, for study purpose.

The purchase of the aforementioned equipment came as a speedy compliance with the recommendation made by an inspector from the Bureau of Private Schools who went over the College of Engineering recently.

## Our Femmes



Rosita Ty

- \* September 19, 1933
- \* Tandang, Surigao
- \* Pharmacy II
- \* Brains, Beauty, Health and Wealth
- \* Magnetic personality
- \* Accomplished pianist
- \* Daily Communicant
- \* Books & Dancing
- \* Chinese-Spanish Blood

## USC SUFFERS ONLY SLIGHT DAMAGE IN LAST TYPHOON

Only a slight damage was suffered by the University of San Carlos when typhoon "Amy," considered the most violent post-liberation typhoon to hit this place, visited Cebu on December 9.

Damaged were: the Girls' High School building, the roof of which was almost entirely blown off; the stage in the quadrangle; the chapel roof of which two sheets of zinc were blown off and holes punctured



into the ceiling; window panes; and telephone lines.

Unlike those in other local schools, the records and books of USC escaped the fury of the torrential rain.

The damage sustained by USC during Amy's visit is very slight compared with that inflicted by the 1949 typhoon. Commented **Rev. Fr. William Cremers, S.V.D.**, treasurer of USC: "We were lucky!"

## CAMPAIGN FOR GIFTS FOR TALA LEPEERS A SUCCESS

USC students responded spontaneously to the campaign for gifts for the lepers of La Consolacion Leprosarium sponsored by the USC Faculty Club, President Ordoña told **The Carolinian**.

The gifts, consisting of used clothes, magazines, and canned goods, almost amounting to two truck-loads, were delivered by **Rev. Fr. Constante Floresca, S.V.D.**, to the La Consolacion Leprosarium on December 22.

"The credit for the success of the campaign should go to the students, not to the Faculty Club," President Ordoña declared. He divulged that the campaign was inspired by reports that the La Consolacion lepers are suffering from lack of provisions.

## FACULTY CLUB GIVES HELP TO TEAM AND FELLOW INSTRUCTOR

The Faculty Club turned over an amount of eighty-one pesos and ten centavos (P81.10) to the USC Varsity Team as pocket money for the players when they went to Manila early this semester to participate in the National Inter-Collegiate Basketball Championship. This money was solicited from students who could afford to give voluntary contribution.

The Club also gave ninety pesos and ten centavos (P90.10) to **Mrs. Concepcion Zosa Ledesma**, chemistry instructor in the College of Liberal Arts, as a token of condolence and sympathy on the death of her father, **Ramon Zosa, Sr.**, early in December.

(Continued on page 30)

## HAPPY BOY MARIO

(Continued from page 14)

gesturing arms fell to his sides, and the lean form moved very slowly around, turning his back to the chasm, facing me now.

It was a lovely, lilting melody which Mario, the greatest song-lover of our gang, used to sing with more volume and feeling than anyone of us. Even as I played I couldn't help setting, in my mind, to each lovely note, the lyrics which were as part of the song as the yuletide season:

"...and there was a lucky coal  
night that wraps round a  
Babe and a star bright..."

Mario used to sing this with closed eyes and a tremble in his voice. The spell fell again on Mario as it always did. He stared at me, unblinkingly and mutely. Presently, he bent down to sit on his steel perch and listened to my playing as one in trance.

When I played the tune for the second time, the merry spirit caught on with the gang. They began to hum to my tune bashfully, but as if finding it unbearable, the finished off with a burst of singing. At the end of the song, we breathed deeply and waited for Mario to come down. Of a sudden, he picked himself up — not to walk down the bridge, but to turn his back to us and frighten us again with the swinging of his arms. The faces and hands around me were quick to motion me to start sounding off anew. As soon as the song was started, Mario would lose his morbid determination and pause to listen. Just as certainly, after the last notes had died out, his suicidal resolve would seize him again so that I had to play the song over and over until my gums ached.

It became a pretty desperate and brutal affair. I played song after song, innumerable times, far into the night until I felt I was going to blow my lungs out. I was terribly determined to save the little fool from a violent and silly death — a noble thing I thought; but I wasn't so sure how long I could last myself exhaling the wind out of my system. Sooner or later I knew I had to call it quits or blow the daylights out of myself. I knew that moment had come when at close midnight my music sounded spasmodic and broken, and my breathing, hard and audible. My harmonica dropped from my mouth;

(Continued on page 32)



## LONELIER THAN SOUND

(Continued from page 9)

The night passed somehow and it was Saturday, and Sunday was only a day off. After breakfast, Marce called Pastor aside. "What's the news?" she asked. "Can people go through now to Cananga or Capanocan?"

Pastor shook his head.

"Be on the lookout for anyone coming from town," she begged. "You might hear something new."

"I'll go to town myself."

"Your father might get angry."

Pastor looked deep into his mother's eyes. "I don't care," he said quietly. "From now on I'll go to town whenever I want to go to town."

"Be quick, son."

Pastor nodded. "I'll borrow Tacio's bike."

He came back late in the afternoon, depressed and grim. There had been a light near Cananga the day before. Jose's party had been waylaid by a battalion of Japs. Jose had been wounded but had got away. Pastor had the story from a girl who had been there at the time and who had later been allowed to pass through the line on the strength of a pass issued by the provincial commander.

"Celsa must have managed to send word somehow to Jose," said Pastor. "He must have been on his way here when he was ambushed. He may still be able to make it. He does not give up easily."

"But he is wounded!" cried Lydia.

"He is not the kind to let a wound keep him from doing what he wants to do."

Jose did not come that night, nor did he show up the next day. At sundown, Marce gave him up. Don Vidal would be coming at supper time. After Pedro had given his word, the betrothal would be a public compact which neither party could break without incurring lasting disgrace.

"Resign yourself, my child," she told Lydia. "Perhaps it's God's will that this should happen."

"I wish I were dead," said Lydia.

"Don't say such things, child. Who knows? Perhaps it's for the best."

(Continued on page 11)



## SPANISH WEEK TO BE OBSERVED

Spanish Week will be observed by USC on January 27 to February 3. The observance will start with a Declaration Contest on January 27 and end with a Literary-Musical Program on February 3, all members of which are to be rendered in Spanish.

Spanish Week is one of the activities sponsored by the USC Faculty Club. The affair is directed by the Committee on Spanish Week headed by Miss Teodora Messa.

The declamation contest is of two sets: one for collegiate level, the other for students of the high school department. Prizes will be given to the winners of this contest as well as to the best dance, the best musical number, and the best interpretation of any number on the literary-musical program.

## LIBRARIAN BARES DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Import control regulations and the system of dollar allocation makes it very difficult for USC to order books from the United States and renew magazine subscriptions there, Rev. Fr. Josef Baumgartner, S.V.D., librarian, revealed.

This difficulty has frustrated the university's desire to purchase up-to-date professional, technical, and cultural books, other than textbooks. While textbooks are available once more in Manila bookstores, the same cannot be said of scholarly publications. While the nation observed National Book Week and, recently, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the Philippine Educational System, and certain government officials made laudible speeches about the promotion of education, it seems that little has been done to facilitate the ordering of books from abroad.

Fr. Baumgartner disclosed that he has written to Senator Gerónimo F. Pecson, head of the Senate Committee on Education, asking help in this matter.

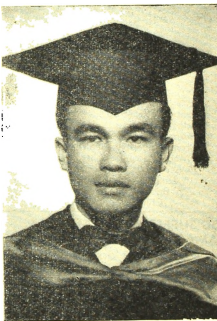
## WEEKLY SEMINARS ORGANIZED BY FR. WROCKLAGE

Weekly seminars to discuss subjects within the scope of philosophy of law was organized by Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., shortly before Christmas vacation.

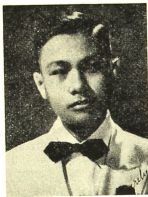
Most of the students who have signed up to be members, presently numbering 36, come from the College of Liberal Arts, taking the subject Philosophy of Law under Fr. Wrocklage.

Each seminar is composed of 12 members who meet once a week to discuss subjects previously selected by them. Each member is to talk on one subject before it is opened for discussion; however, any member is free to excuse himself from speaking if he has found no time to study the subject assigned him.

Fr. Wrocklage said that the organization of the seminars was inspired by the students' asking questions in class which could not be discussed fully because of time limitation. He pointed out that the seminars, besides expanding the knowledge of members on the philosophy of law, afford them training in speaking, argumentation, and debate.



FORTUNATO BAJARIAS, lone candidate from the USC College of Engineering, successfully hurdled the last board examinations in Civil Engineering with an average of 82%.



**LEO ORTIZ**  
He talked best.

### CAROLINIAN FIRST IN ORATORICAL TILT

USC High School representative **Leo Ortiz** of the Intra-Archdiocesan academic contest was adjudged the best orator in the oratorical tilt held at the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion, on January 5th.

In the collegiate division, Liberal Arts student **Expedito Bugarin** ran away with the second prize. The first prize was won by Colegio de San Jose (Recoletos).

### USC FATHERS ABROAD TO RETURN NEXT YEAR

The two USC Fathers taking post-graduate studies in the United States are expected to return by April after enjoying a vacation in Europe.

**Rev. Fr. Robert ("Bob") Hoepfner, S.V.D.**, Regent of Pharmacy, and **Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig, S.V.D.**, head of the Biological Department, shall finish their post-graduate studies this year. The former is taking the post-graduate course in chemistry (M.S. Chemistry) in St. Louis, Missouri; the latter, the post-graduate course in biology (M.S. Biology) in Notre Dame, Indiana. From the United States they are to go to Europe for a vacation, after which they will return to USC.

The two Fathers will return with new equipment.

### FATHER RECTOR SPEAKS AT RADIO PROGRAM

The Very Rev. Fr. **Albert van Ganswinkel, S.V.D.**, Rector of USC, was guest speaker during the opening program of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Founding of the Philippine Educational System aired over Station DYRC in the evening of December 8.



In his speech, Father Rector praised the high standard of the Philippine system of education but deplored the denial of religious instruction to the Filipino children in public schools.

The special invitation for Father Rector to speak was tendered by **Dr. Pedro Guiang**, division superintendent of public schools in Cebu.



**Dr. and Mrs. José Ruiz**

### USC PHARM ALUMNA WEDDED TO LOCAL DENTIST

**Miss Eutopia Ursal**, one of the first graduates of the USC College of Pharmacy, exchanged marriage vows with **Dr. José R. Ruiz**, a local successful dentist, in a wedding ceremony officiated at the Cebú Cathedral on December 22. A sumptuous breakfast was served to guests and well-wishers after the religious ceremony.

The bride was one of USC's first candidates to the pharmacy board examinations. She is now the owner of a drugstore in the city. The groom is one of the members of the College of Dentistry of Southwestern Colleges.

### LONELIER THAN SOUND

(Continued from page 30)

"I wish I had never been born."  
"Hush, Lydia, hush. . . . Will you dishonor your father? Will you bring disgrace upon all?"

Flora was silent. Burying her face in her mother's lap, she wept like a child.

Don Vidal came at the appointed time. The formalities were punctiliously observed. The seals and guarantees of custom and convention were ceremoniously impressed upon the betrothal. When Jose finally came, the thing was done.

For Jose did come. He came alone. He came on foot, limping from a saber wound in his right thigh. He reached Pedro's farm a little after midnight.

He stood at the gate and Lydia, who had fallen into a numbed slumber, stirred and opened her eyes as though her name had been called.

He pushed the gate open and limped across the yard. Lydia was wide awake now and acutely aware of the night and its strange sounds. Lydia turned over on her belly and listened to the noises outside.

The house was built high. The lower part was unenclosed and Jose had no difficulty getting under the room where Flora lay. He knew she would be there, awake and waiting. He stood quite still to ease his heart and he raised his face and called her name.

"Lydia," he said softly and Lydia, listening, heard music and felt again the quick wild rush of wonder his voice had evoked, that first time, when he had looked boldly into her eyes and seen his own image there, transfigured in the clear, luminous depths. Again, it was harvest time and they were alone, for a moment at old Valer's haystack.

Jose called her name a second time and Lydia, her face pressed hard against her pillow, knew again the feel of straw in her hair.

A third time Jose called her and now Lydia, weeping silently upon her pillow, knew what it was to be alone, and what it meant to have part of her claimed by customs, conventions, and parental loyalty.

There was a silence and now Jose, said, "Goodbye, Lydia," and it was as though he spoke also to air and space, and Lydia was aware of the stars shining in the darkness.

## RUSSIAN COMMUNISM

(Continued from page 25)

the winter of 1932-1933, a colossal crime which American Communists have striven to deny (as they are prepared to deny all the unspeakable atrocities perpetrated by their adorable Stalin), but which William H. Chamberlin established, in their presence and despite their protests, with unquestionable evidence that he had personally gathered in the very region where those millions of helpless victims perished.

### The Children's Blood Purge

In 1935 the death penalty was extended to children from the age of twelve! All civilized nations must have been shocked at this Soviet decree. The death penalty was meted out to those little ones chiefly for the unforgivable crime of theft to which they were driven by sheer necessity; in fact, often it could not be termed theft, for many of these children were in extreme necessity. But what is the life of a child, of a thousand children, of any number whatever of little ones, if only such slaughter be in the interests of the almighty Soviet State?

Walter G. Krivitsky, formerly head of the Soviet Military Intelligence for Western Europe, to whom I have briefly referred above, wrote a book, *In Stalin's Secret Service*, in which he described the murder of thousands of delinquent children whose parents had been executed or exiled, and who were thus driven to get by any means possible the bare means of subsistence. In 1947, however, the death penalty for children and even for adults was commuted into condemnation to forced labor, which under the Soviet system, means a lingering death in appalling slavery while the Ruscomsists squeeze the last vestige of usefulness from emaciated laborers. Krivitsky, like other prominent refugees from the U.S.S.R., had instigated to his friends what he expected; his publicized "suicide" in a Washington hotel in 1941 was doubtless a case of Soviet assassination.

(To be continued)

## ROTCHATTER

(Continued from page 26)

### FAMILIARIZATION TRIP SCHEDULED

Familiarization trip will be scheduled in the 1st week of January according to the office of the Commandant. The familiarization trip will cover a kilometer hike and orientation of the cadets of different places and terrains.

The annual field trip is part of the ROTC routinary training.

### SPECIAL COMBAT TRAINING FOR 2nd YEAR BASIC CADET

In preparation for the Tactical inspection this coming March, special combat training will be taken up by all 2nd year basic (FA) and (INF). This training will cover problems and other important phases of combat instructions.

### USC CORPS JOINS NATIONAL HEROES DAY CELEBRATION

An impressive and colorful street parade was put up by USC Cadet Corps last Nov. 30th 1951, on the occasion of the National Heroes Day Celebration.

Turning out in mass formation, the Cadets moved out from the University Drill grounds and wended its way to the City principal street ending at the Abellana High School grounds where floral offering and literary-musical program were held. Principal speaker of the occasion was Mayor Elizalde who extolled the lives and virtues of our heroes. In his inspiring speech he concluded: "To you who are still young, it is your duty to guard the future of our country to be always alert without failing to emulate the lives and footsteps of our National Heroes."

Heading the parade was the USC Band and one platoon of MP in spick and span uniforms.

For the "swell show" the cadets won the praises and admiration of the general public.

## HAPPY BOY . . .

(Continued from page 29)

exhausted, I stood there, panting.

Only one hope now throbbled among us: that there had been enough songs to humor Mario and redeem him from his silly notion. Breathlessly, we watched him, but when he stood up with a sprightly motion, we knew we had lost the day. Like a man awakened from a nightmare, he now moved with sudden and tense gestures and in one quick insane moment he wheeled around. This time, he did not have to swing his arms. Wild, terrified screams cut through the air.

A resonant, smacking sound rose from under the bridge. Panic broke loose among us. As I bent over the side of the bridge, I caught sight of the splash of upshooting waters faintly glinting in the light of a late moon.

I was straining my neck, there welling in my eyes, in the din and confusion and fainting and rushing around me when I felt my heart choke in my throat. I could see that the tide had risen during the night; the water coming from the sea had swollen high, large and merciful to cushion the shock. In the stirred, darkened waters, a head bobbed up, a flurry of arms swinging about it but working more like paddles than pendulums.

### SOCIAL HARMONY

(Continued from page 21)

mon aspirations nor common interest and ideals. The only thing that can smooth the edges and restore harmony in the social field is the Catholic social doctrine.

Pope Leo XIII said: "If the Christian precepts prevail, the two classes will unite not only with the ties of friendship but with fraternal love. They will comprehend and feel that all men are children of one and the same Father — God — Who alone can make men perfectly happy."

This is truly the sole manner of going about it if we intend to induce men to place their ideals a little above their individual interests and egoism of class, and thus reach true social unity which is a unity in harmony and cooperation for the good of all.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK . . .

(Continued from page 15)

● **Félix Ruiz, College of Commerce, says:** All right so we did away with those bugs from our coat — we managed at last, that is, through the '51 elections. So, upon a silver platter we daintily serve a new hot dish to Juan de la Cruz. After which performance we tiptoe to our corner, fold our arms, peel our eyes and ears, and wait for results. Is that it? Brother, I'll bite but it isn't as easy as that. We've got a lot to pick



Félix Ruiz

our teeth with pitchforks for. What with empty coffers, lawlessness and disorder galore, natural resources constantly getting battered by typhoon, volcanoes or private individuals who are shipping them out in the wrong direction, etc. To top this all, we still have remnants of that ditched political party working their larynxes in congress. Which hitches us to the conclusion that Quirino, Magsaysay and the Nationalists put together cannot do a thing if we prefer the gimmick: **Leave it to them; they'll know what to do; we elected them.** The point is, they need the people to work side by side with them. **How?** Jeepers, go to your books, read newspapers, ask questions, then act. Who cares how? Just act for the good of all.

● **Tony Aquino, College of Engineering, says:** We learned our lessons from the past elections. It was well earned! A Democracy, I believe, can never survive without the complete understanding of what it signifies and how it is maintained. The elections of 1951 educate us. Rather, we passed the board after having flunked like the dance in 1949.

## THE PHILIPPINE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

(Continued from p. 28)

win in universal Christian education a formidable ally against the wicked leviathan that is Communism. But if this godless public school system becomes more powerful and more destructive of the Filipino soul, as the despots of the Filipino mind intend it to become in the coming year, we shall see the collapse of the first bulwark of Democracy in the East. We shall see a nation deprived of its high ideals, a people confused and at the mercy of Communist blandishments. And there shall reign the horrible silence of desolation and human oppression as youth rises in bloody carnage over the shambles of democracy and human freedom, and places a wreath of skulls and bones in putrid mockery over the graves of the harlot that gave it birth — godless education.

## WITH THE NEW YEAR . . .

(Continued from page 2)

*behavior even from the people he had looked up to reverently as his elders, or probably, his heroes.*

*If the historians in the future were to put a stamp across the youth of today, they probably will call him "The Uninspired Youth" before calling him "The War-bred Youth" or "The Forgotten Youth." However, the young generation today is not beyond help. They still retain the fire, the bubbling energy, the vision and the will that can turn them into civic-minded, crusading, morally-sound and model citizens. But someone has to harness these virtues in the right direction. It is up to the elders and the leaders of this country to show the way, to provide him a model he could live up to. For as true as it takes money to make money, it also takes upright elders to make good, upright youth.*

## SHAKESPEARE . . .

(Continued from page 7)

color, and life. There's got to be the shadows, the somber and sinister touches.

Shakespeare and his women! 'Twould have been better if he were a she — and yet . . . I take back my assertion. Oh, yes, he'd have been a darling, but then, he knew too much — for a woman.

## ATTENTION

*School  
Officials*

OF  
PRIVATE SCHOOLS  
COLLEGES  
AND  
UNIVERSITIES

THIS IS FOR YOU

## MEMORANDA BULLETINS CIRCULARS

Issued by the  
Bureau of Private Schools  
From March 1945  
To December 1951

Now published in one handy  
volume.

This compilation provides an out-right reference book of all official information which has been sent to the field as a supplement to the Manual of Information for Private Schools in the Philippines.

All memoranda, Circulars, and Bulletins are accounted for. Those that contain administrative information of a permanent tenor are fully reprinted.

PART II containing information regarding Administrative Requirements, Government Legislation concerning Private Schools, Complete lists of Library, Laboratory, Departmental requirements for various courses, etc. will be ready on July 1952.

Size of book: 6 x 9 inches.  
212 pages. Perfectly legible type.  
P4.25 a copy, postage included.

CATHOLIC TRADE  
1916 OROQUIETA School  
MANILA, P. O. Box 2036

Febrero  
1952

# Sección Castellana

## APOLOGÉTICA

### Donde está Pedro, está la Iglesia

**E**L PAPA es el sucesor de San Pedro; él como Pedro, ocupa la sede de Roma; él se remonta hasta Pedro por una serie ininterrumpida de predecesores; él, como Pedro, es el Soberano de la Iglesia entera, y su primacía es reconocida desde hace diecinueve siglos. El Papa es el sucesor de Pedro en todos sus derechos.

Ahora bien, es así que donde está Pedro, allí está la Iglesia; luego la Iglesia católica es la verdadera Iglesia de Jesucristo.

El primado del Pontífice romano basta por sí solo para discernir la verdadera Iglesia de Jesucristo. Al fundar el Hijo de Dios su imperio espiritual sobre Pedro, hizo del Príncipe de los Apóstoles el trono de una dinastía de pontífices que se ha perpetuado, sin interrupción, hasta Pío XII, mediante los doscientos sesenta y tres sucesores de Pedro. Esta sucesión de los Papas, en la Iglesia Romana, constituye el tronco del árbol místico plantado por Jesucristo, y cuyas ramas extendidas por la tierra son las Iglesias particulares. Las ramas desprendidas de este tronco divino son las sectas heréticas y cismáticas.

El Principio de los Apóstoles estableció su sede en Roma en tiempo del emperador Claudio, el año 42 de nuestra era. Después de veinticinco años de reinado sufrió, bajo el imperio de Nerón, un glorioso martirio, el 29 de junio del año 67. Mientras vivió Pedro, no trasladó su sede a ninguna otra parte: murió obispo de Roma. La historia, las tradiciones, los monumentos lo atestiguan. Además, ninguna secta ha reivindicado jamás para sí este privilegio de la Iglesia Romana. Luego San Pedro unió a la sede de Roma el poder supremo que había recibido de nuestro Señor Jesucristo y lo dejó en herencia a sus sucesores.

## EDITORIAL

### El Arma del Papa

*Delante de las naciones que acrecientan cada vez más su poderío bélico, en miras, según afirman, a mantener la paz, como si la paz fuera el fruto de la preparación para la guerra, se levanta un estado minúsculo desde el punto de vista de su extensión territorial, pero incalculable de grande cuando se mide por su grandeza espiritual, donde un gobernante que atiende a los asuntos terrenos de ese estado, al tiempo que vigila los intereses de las almas que Dios ha puesto a su cuidado y es, a la vez, el Vicario de Cristo, procura también el acrecentar las armas con las cuales bregará por el mantenimiento de la paz.*

*Pero de manera diametralmente opuesta a los gobernantes de los grandes estados, este anciano de fe viva y gesto valiente, pide a sus súbditos espirituales de todo el mundo que eleven sus oraciones al Príncipe de la Paz, para que la paz descienda sobre el mundo. El caudal de armas que desea obtener es el de la oración del Santísimo Rosario y el poderío de este armamento es inmenso, incalculable, infinito.*

*En todas partes del mundo se ha iniciado la campaña del rezo del Rosario. En Filipinas, también se ha respondido a ese pedido de la encíclica "Ingruentium Malorum." Y los obispos de cada diócesis, en una sucesión de cartas pastorales, han recomendado con insistencia y han urgido el celo de las almas para que el Rosario se convierta, en cada cristiano, en el arma de la paz y de la salvación.*

*Por ello cada católico debe firmemente prometerse a sí mismo ante Dios rezar diariamente el Rosario según lo piden el Padre Santo y la Jerarquía Eclesiástica en cada diócesis. Y más aún, deben aquellos católicos que quieran volver a la oración con sentido familiar, rezar el Rosario en familia. Porque la familia es el primer lugar donde se aprende a orar, según expresión del Código de Malinas, y es, también, el lugar donde habrá de sobrevivir Cristo, perseguido de la vida pública, según magníficamente lo dijera Pío XII en su primera encíclica.*

*El Rosario familiar no implica necesariamente la presencia de todos los miembros, como el Rosario en la parroquia no requiere para que se recie la asistencia de la totalidad de los fieles. El Rosario en familia es una devoción familiar que a cierta hora inicia el padre, la esposa o el hermano mayor y se reza con todos los que en ese momento puedan estar presentes. Y la oración familiar, elevada en el santuario familiar, servirá para hacer descender los bienes espirituales que la humanidad necesita en estos momentos de dura prueba.*

*Y tenemos, con la convicción que dan al católico veinte siglos de experiencia, la seguridad de que poco habrán de hacer por la verdadera paz — la paz fruto de la justicia — aquellos que la quieren imponer u obtener mediante la fuerza de las armas o por el poderío del miedo, mientras abrigamos la firme seguridad de que todo será posible en la medida que las oraciones, la unción, la fe y el sacrificio personal de los cristianos ofrezcan al Papa las armas de la oración que tan insistentemente pide.*

## DIA DEL PAPA

**N**OS REFERIMOS al pensamiento de Jesús sobre la Iglesia, no a su realización concreta, y al primado de San Pedro, no precisamente al primado del Obispo de Roma; pero hay tal conexión entre estas dos cosas, que algunos para no admitir lo segundo, atacan ya con violencia lo primero. El primado de San Pedro se funda en las palabras de Cristo pronunciadas después que el santo Apóstol confesó la realeza mesiánica y la divinidad de Cristo: "Bienaventurado Simón, Bar Jona; tú eres

mente el primado del Pontífice Romano. Pero la crítica externa dice que se halla en todos los códices y en todas las versiones, y por esto se incluye en todas las ediciones críticas modernas, católicas y heterodoxas. La crítica interna subraya

ter divino. Luego, según esto, Jesús promete a San Pedro la jurisdicción suprema sobre la Iglesia.

**PODER DE ATAR Y DESATAR.** — Con esta imagen Jesús promete a San Pedro: 1º Que el poder de atar y desatar es verdadera potes-

# EL PRIMADO DE PEDRO

*Por Luis Eugenio*  
(Colegio de Artes Liberales)

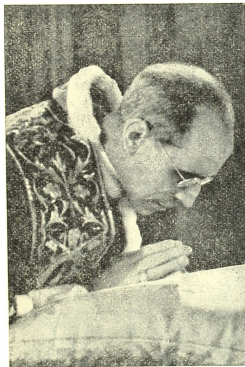
el subido tono semítico de sus expresiones y el juego de palabras sobre la voz aramea *Kepha* (Pedro o piedra), que hace imposible pueda tratarse de una interpolación hecha posteriormente en Roma. — 2º Algunos han dicho que Cristo, al decir sobre esta piedra, se señaló a sí mismo. Pero es una fantasía, ya que todo el pasaje se refiere exclusivamente a Simón Pedro y a él promete directamente el primado con las tres metáforas de piedra fundamental, de las llaves y del poder de atar y desatar.

**PEDRO — PIEDRA FUNDAMENTAL.** — Jesús llamó a Pedro *kepha*, que significa piedra o roca, añadiendo: 1º Que sobre ella, como sobre fundamento inconvencible, edificará su Iglesia; 2º que las puertas del infierno no prevalecerán contra la Iglesia, precisamente por descansar ésta sobre la roca firme de Pedro. Ahora bien, la Iglesia es un organismo social y lo que da estabilidad a las sociedades es el principio de autoridad; luego con esta metáfora Cristo promete a San Pedro toda la autoridad sobre la Iglesia, o sea suprema o soberana, según se entiende cuando se habla del primado de jurisdicción.

**LAS LLAVES DEL REINO DE LOS CIELOS.** — Así en el uso profano como en la Sagrada Escritura, las llaves son símbolo de autoridad soberana, y así leemos en Isaías: "Y te daré las llaves de la casa de David." Por otra parte el reino de los cielos significa la Iglesia, dotada de universalidad y de carác-

tad, sobre todo legislativa; 2º que esta potestad es ilimitada; 3º que su validez es definitiva e inapelable y ratificada por Dios: todo lo cual es una nueva expresión del primado.

**PERPETUIDAD DEL PRIMADO.** — Quiere decir que el primado de la Iglesia no debía fencer con la muerte de San Pedro, sino que había de perseverar y, por tanto, pasar a sus sucesores: 1º Porque San Pedro fué constituido piedra fundamental de la Iglesia, a la cual debe sustentar contra todos los poderes del infierno, mientras dure la Iglesia; 2º tiene facultad de atar y desatar a los fieles de esta sociedad; 3º ha de confirmar y fortalecer en la fe a sus hermanos; 4º es el supremo pastor de la Iglesia, con todas las obligaciones anejas a este cargo. Ahora bien, el fundamento debe durar tanto como dure el edificio, que es la Iglesia, y sabemos que ésta ha de durar hasta la consumación de los siglos; la potestad de atar y desatar a los fieles se dió no sólo para los fieles del tiempo de San Pedro, sino de todos los siglos; lo mismo debe decirse de la necesidad de conlortar en la fe a los hermanos que son los cristianos, y del cuidado del supremo pastor por el rebaño de Cristo, que debe existir mientras haya ovejas y corderos, que son los hombres de la tierra. No se puede admitir que el primado de San Pedro fuese puramente personal; pues con eso se no llenaría el fin de esa dignidad, dadas las palabras y los deseos del mismo Cristo.



Su Santidad PIO XII

Pedro y sobre esta piedra edificaré mi Iglesia, y yo te daré las llaves del reino de los cielos, y lo que atares sobre la tierra será atado en el cielo, y lo que desatares sobre la tierra será desatado en el cielo."

**OBSERVACIONES PRELIMINARES.** — 1º Algunos han dudado de la autenticidad del texto, por desprenderse de él demasiado clara-

# La Unidad en lo Cristiano

Por J. ROBERTO BONAMINO

LA IGLESIA ha enfrentado siempre las acometidas del mundo. Y en todos los tiempos ha librado las batallas del Señor para que la humanidad pudiera vivir en paz, con justicia.

Pero en estos momentos, en el mundo moderno, la lucha contra la Iglesia se acrecienta bajo mil formas: como si los enemigos de la religión hubieran recogido durante veinte siglos la experiencia de sus fracasos anteriores, y, sobre la base de ellos, edificaron una nueva técnica para el ataque.

No es ahora exclusivamente la fuerza bruta del paganismo en la persecución, ni es tampoco exclusivamente la fuerza de la herejía, ni siquiera exclusivamente el avance de las huestes lanáticas sobre Europa: son ahora todos esos movimientos atacando simultáneamente, y más aún, son también las sociedades secretas que, desde diversos puntos y bajo diversas formas, fomentan el odio a la religión y tratan de separar a la Iglesia, tanto de las masas populares, que siempre fueron sus hijos predilectos, cuanto de las autoridades de los Estados, con las que siempre procuró vivir en armonía.

Parecería que el conjunto de enemigos de la Iglesia acallaran sus propias querrelas y sus puntos de diferenciación doctrinaria cuando se trata de unirse en el designio común de combatir a la religión cristiana.

Y, lo que es peor todavía, muchas veces los más solapados ataques a la religión parten de quienes, con todo cinismo, afirman de sí que son católicos.

Sería absurdo el querer decir que, ante estos hechos, no se revela la conciencia cristiana. Pero, desgraciadamente, en muchos casos la infiltración dentro del catolicismo o la falta de formación de algunos católicos, hace que ese sentimiento de rebeldía se pierda, porque se emplean las fuerzas, las voluntades y los ingenios en luchar, en combatir y en divergir en las cosas mínimas con otros católicos, en

lugar de unirse totalmente para la defensa común del catolicismo.

Las reacciones contra los enemigos de Dios no pueden ser individuales, porque no puede enfrentarse la persona al mundo, como tampoco pueden enfrentarse las fuerzas de organización contra la organización del mal para el ataque.

En necesario que los católicos, dejando de lado sus minúsculas rencillas personales, se unan para presentar un frente común al enemigo. Y pueda así repetirse el hecho histórico del pasado, en que enfrentando al mundo pagano, o al mundo hereje, o al mundo musulmán, se levantaba el mundo católico. No los católicos como individuos, sino la cristiandad como conjunto.

En este el único camino abierto para la victoria: la unidad en lo cristiano. Que cada uno de los miembros de la cristiandad y cada una de las instituciones y asociaciones que deben formarlas, sientan en sí mismo el dolor del ataque a cualquiera de sus miembros, de la misma manera que todo el cuerpo siente y reacciona ante la lesión que sufre cualquiera de sus extremos o de sus órganos.

Para ello es imprescindible que se unan todos los católicos en lo católico y dejar de lado, cubierto con el velo de la caridad, todo cuanto pueda ser minúscula divergencia.

Vivir la unidad, sentir la unidad, moverse y desplazarse en unidad, actuar en unidad, ser unidad; he ahí la solución para los problemas que presenta el repetido y mundial ataque a los derechos de la Iglesia. Si los cristianos así no lo entienden, ellos tendrán parte de culpa, sino en la derrota de la Iglesia, lo cual es imposible, por lo menos en la demora en el cumplimiento de sus fines o en la persecución que puede sufrir o, lo que es peor, en las almas que puedan perderse en las épocas oscuras que significan la disminución del alcance de la luminosa doctrina de la Iglesia.

## ORIENTACION PROFESIONAL

# La Carrera de Derecho

Por ROMAN GALVAN  
(Colegio de Derecho)

¿Serás jurista, juez o abogado?  
¿Serás entusiasta caballero de la Justicia, a la cual suelen pintar con los ojos vendados y con una balanza en la mano?

¡Qué misión más elevada, poder encauzar los negocios terrenos según las normas de la justicia, salvar al inocente, devolver el honor al calumniado, proteger a los oprimidos, defender la propiedad alcanzada con un honroso trabajo! Más, ¡qué temple se necesita para no dejarse sobornar por ninguna ventaja, tentación, amistad, parcialidad!

El abogado probo y creyente puede ser el ángel bueno de muchos hombres injustamente acusados. El jurista escrupuloso no perderá de vista la inscripción que se lee en el Palacio de Justicia de Coblentz:

"Me llamo Justicia; el veneno y la hiel me son desconocidos. En mí no hay acepción de personas; lo mismo es el pobre o el rico; no tengo distinta balanza para el emperador que para el mendigo".

Únicamente habría de abrazar la carrera de abogacía aquel en quien se hermanan la distinción de modales, el talento oratorio y un gran amor a la justicia con un carácter firme e incontestable.

El que siente aún desmedido de riquezas no podrá resistir a las tentaciones, a los sobornos; por otra parte, al que sea corto de alcances no le será fácil abrirse camino en esta carrera y logrará difícilmente ganar el sustento.

## LEONIE LIANZA

(Continued from page 10)

.....SOCRATES CANOY, who started out to be an engineer, changed his mind and decided to become a lawyer instead. Now that's quite a jump he made. From a world whose population believe they don't have to bother to learn to talk, for after all, they only have to "sketch" their way to success without uttering a single preposition. Now, he'll wind up to be one who has to "articulate" for dough. Brr...r!!" How odd can a man be!





FELISBERTA MENDOZA



JESUSA PADAYHAG



CAROLINA RUIZ



CARMEN SANTILLANA



LOURDES UY MATIAO

*The other six  
Pharmacists from  
USC who hurdled the  
last Board Exams.*



Mrs. AURORA C. YBAÑEZ

Your **THOUGHTFUL GIFT** will help to

MAKE THAT **Graduation** MEMORABLE

FOR HIM... FOR HER...

Give a **TREASURY** Prayerbook



"TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART"  
"TREASURY OF ST. JOSEPH"  
"EL TESORO DEL SAGRADO CORAZON DE JESUS"

"TREASURY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN"  
"TREASURY OF ST. ANTHONY"  
"ANG BAHANDISA SANTOS NGA KASINGKASING"

There's still time  
to peruse over our  
price list.  
Write for it  
today.

You'll find  
many items  
worth knowing,  
worth giving,  
worth having.



1916 OROQUIETA, MANILA  
P. O. Box 2036

**CATHOLIC TRADE**  
SCHOOL.

*Printers of the Carolinian*

**We also deal in Religious Articles and Church Goods.**