



The

Carolinian

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



ol. XV

☉ come, let us adore Him!

December
1951

No. 10



THE CEBU CHAMPIONS OF THE CCAA 1951

• *Sitting, from left to right:* R. Macasera, R. Jakosalem, Mr. R. Johnson (Coach), Miss Fe Cabatngan (Sponsor), Mr. M. Bareng (Assistant Coach), M. Echivarre, R. Morales.

• *Standing, same order:* E. Sagardui, D. Tan, F. Archie, F. Arriola, J. Espeleta, C. Alvarez, V. Dianaldo, T. Echivarre, Father C. Fiorese, SVD., Director.

The USC Varsity

(SEE STORY IN THIS ISSUE)

The USC Varsity that won the championship of the Cebu Collegiate Athletic Association (CCAA) Basketball series of 1951 won the following awards:

1. A THREE-FEET TROPHY.
2. THE CLEANEST TEAM PENNANT.
3. THE HIGHEST TEAM SCORER PENNANT.
4. THE COACH OF THE YEAR MEDAL FOR MR. BARENG.
5. HONORABLE MENTION AS THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER GIVEN TO CAPTAIN JOSE ESPELETA.

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

C. FAIGAO

CARMEN O. GONZALEZ

Advisers

Rev. LUIS E. SCHOENFELD, SVD

Moderator

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Our Cover: Our cover depicts a Christmas theme. (For the cover story, see page 4).

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• Editorial •

For More and Merrier Christmas

Despite the so many cockeyed notions about Christmas, it is still the finest time of the year. Even the unbelievers, for whom Christmas is nothing more than a tree dressed up like a society matron in a costume ball, look forward to Christmas Day with no little trepidation. In no other season of the year do people feel kinder, sweeter, more charitable and happier. All said, more like the human beings they ought to be.

Not a few would wish that there had been more Christmas in the year. But beyond wistful thinking, only a handful seem to do anything about it. And what would happen if everyday were a Christmas Day? There would be a continuous miracle. Apart from the usual fine festive mood, sour-faced people wearing permanent smiles and philanthropist going bankrupt happily, diplomats would start eating rather than talking turkey, and mixing cold drinks instead of cold wars. They will have to call off the war in Korea because they couldn't start shooting. And imagine your professor greeting you, Merry Christmas, Monday through Saturday. Undoubtedly, the world would be a wonderful place to live in.

But the idea of multiplying Christmas will remain a mere stretch of imagination for those who have never really entered into the spirit of Christmas. For them who still think of Christmas more as a day in the calendar than as a disposition of the mind and heart, there will be no more than one Christmas in a year. We have to take Christmas out of the calendar to find more of it. And this takes a deeper understanding of Christmas.

A lot of eyebrows would go up if Christmas were to be defined as the living in the way of Christ, or the rejoicing over the miracle of God becoming man among men so that we may become like Him, or the search and finding of the peace of soul, not of the surroundings. This is going to be incoherent bosh to many, but drop this meaning and you shall have stripped Christmas of its essentials as a flower of its petals. For sure, the meaning will be hopelessly lost to them who would look for Christmas in the calendar rather than in their hearts.

That is why when their kind greet you, Merry Christmas, more often than not, they only mean, have a nice time, have fun, but not, be happy. For happiness, like Christmas, can be found only in the heart.

Emilio B. Aller

Caroliniana

By: Leo Bello

● We have discovered that the sure-fire formula for beating the deadline is to lose a trusted staff member who walked out on you with some of the materials just two days away from the date you had red-marked on the calendar. At first we blew our tops off and made the lives of the typist and the other underdogs around us miserable. We guess that probably how you'd feel if your chauffeur ran out on you in your own car.

When we came to our senses, we were banging it off on the typewriter like mad until we wore our fingers ragged. For the first time we learned how it is to buckle down to work on the typewriter—really. You not only sweat it out, you beat it out. We have improved on Edison's perspiration-inspiration combination for a successful work. Our new formula is perspiration plus desperation. Inspiration comes afterwards. The job is sooner done, this way.

● You should not miss meeting our new Ph.D., Rev. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, come fresh from Rome. He is jovial, very likeable and intelligent-at-conversation young American who talks like a book. Just you mention about Rome, and he will send you right in the center of the coliseum gaping at the monumental colonnades about you as the centuries come roaring past you: the gory spectacle of gladiators clubbing each other to death, Christians fed to lions, Rome burning, Nero playing the harp, Rome, imperial and decadent; Rome raped; Rome, the seat of Art; Rome, the eternal city. Fr. Wrocklage is handling philosophy subjects. It will be quite a class, we tell you. He was all over Italy and loves to reminisce about Milan, Venice and Paris and the wonderful Mediterranean climate. We didn't ask him about P.I. With the kind of climate we have here, we're sure, he'd say P.I. is a nice place to live away from.

● USC has now a secretary-general, a position long left vacant by Rev. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD. Rev. Francis Carda, the new secretarial-general, is the

only Austrian in the USC SVD community and enjoys quite a reputation as a live wire of an administrator who gets things done without waste of time. He has a winsome personality, too, visible even at a distance. Almost always, he managed to charm people he talks to for the first time. Last week, we saw him conducting obligingly all around USC a group of sight-seeing, sweat-smelling, ragged ROTC sad sacks of the unit sent here by the Commission on Elections to watch the polls. He didn't mind the trips up and down the 4 storeys but seemed to be enjoying the tour as much as the cadets.

● We had much luck with our non-fiction department this issue. When things look we had had to dish out a solid fiction fare for the readers, up comes Nancy Flordeliz of the college of Law fourth year class with his traditional Christmas article which as always exhibits some class. "I've made it a tradition with me to write for the "Carolinian" once a year. And that is for your Christmas issue. I'm not going to fail you now." Nancy's piece this issue is CHRIST AND OUR GOVERNMENT.

Another article that is a "must" in Leon Genson's challenging piece HOW FREE SHOULD ACADEMIC FREEDOM BE? This 64-dollar question is bound to kick up a lot of commotion in some quarters. The article will burn them up. "It's about time we have some fireworks, life here is getting too drab," says Leon G.

● On the fiction menu, we have Jake Verle's tougher story MISFIRE that backfires at your heartstrings. PALINGENESIS by Timoteo Quimpo, Jr., LETTER, by Natalia Oiarite; GIFT FROM A BLACK BOOK, by Anastacia Quano, all harping on a Christmas theme. Also don't miss the informal essay ON STAIRS, it will do a lot of good to your Christmas mood.

● Merry Christmas.

"I will fight like a valiant warrior, I will love like a little child."

— ST. THERESA

"Poverty means being deprived not only of what is convenient but also of what is necessary."

— ST. THERESA

CHRIST AND GOVERNMENT

IT IS NOT difficult to understand why the Redeemer should be born when civil government, as evolved by man, was at its zenith in point of efficiency and dispatch. Law and order under *Pax Romana* was then acclaimed by the whole world as the vortex of human perfection in the science of governmental administration. To this the historians have, time and again, paid glowing tributes as the most precious gift bestowed to us by the genius of the Roman people.

Why should then Christ—a King—be born in the glory of Rome and match the power of the Caesars from one dark corner of the empire? What was the need for another ruler when Augustus was a good man?

This is not alone a question of type in leadership, one being political and the other spiritual. This aspect of the divine plan, as I see it, was realized in order to prove to all mankind that any form of government, no matter how efficient and strong, can never satisfy the people's legitimate clamor for well-being and justice unless and until the divine element is introduced into the system. That is to say, a government like ours, administratively weak and infantile, minus the divine element will not stand for so long. That is to say, further, that unless and until our leaders be again as good Christians, the Constitution will be lost. This is so because the essence of government is not in the system or the form. It is in the heart of the ruler, the legislator and the judge. The constitution is merely a brief and broad pattern. The suppletory laws thereof and their application require discretion and sound judgment which must be guided by the basic and most vital of all laws: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Rome, in all her grandeur and political perfection, was spiritually bankrupt. Never were morals so

and at no time was man more stupid and foolish. If Rome had to be saved, she must abandon her pagan ways and face the strange music of the Galilean which said, "By me kings reign, by me princes rule and the mighty decree justice" (Prov. viii, 15, 16) for "There is no power but from God" and "Thou shouldst not have any power against me unless it were given thee from above." The latter words were from Christ himself (John xix, 11).

The fall of the Caesars was due to a failure on their part to recognize that man in himself is not the true and ultimate source of governmental authority. The *Mosaic jus divinum et jus naturae* is in fact the fount of all political power and any situs of sovereignty is but a mere trustee who should discharge his duty with humility and devotion to the Creator and Legislator of all things.

What is happening to our country is symptomatic of the Roman ailment. A mass abandonment of good, old Christian rules of conduct by those who run the government has sapped the national *elan vital*. Why can't we ever exercise the right of suffrage without armed arbitrators? One is mauled here, another is kidnapped there, or fired at somewhere, threatened, bruised or bled in successive headlines or by bylines—where is the end of these? The situation is no longer a crime wave but a national disorder that has not been controlled. It seems that liberty, peace and prosperity as paid for by the blood of our heroes have not been fully redeemed; there is as yet a balance to be remitted.

All of these, of course, are diabolically Roman. We have enthroned Roman gods in the halls of the government whereas the popular demand is for Christ's place in them that they may be cleansed of any form of demonology and that the evil spirits may be driven from these

their old and favorite haunting grounds. "The prince is a minister of God" and his house is as a temple, clean and holy. Yet some officials have washed their hands in the manner of Pilate and abandoned the common good by bartering away their integrity for, of all things, a few dirty ballots.

Let us not talk of graft and corruption in the high and low places while our excessively powerful president seems to have lost his bearings and perspectives. Let us rather pray that he may find the Way, the Life and the Truth in all its fullness, in all its Almightiness as he has never seen it before. As to our Congressmen, worthy spokesmen and "loudspeakers" of the people, upon whom we unburden our social and political woes—greetings to them on Christmas Day—may the packages that will be heaped upon them remind them (if they ever knew) of Pope Leo XIII's *Diuturnum* (guiding principles) on civil government, so that if they may not succeed so well in purifying their hearts, they may at least become quick in seeking their conscience. To our new mayors and governors—Merry Christmas—may they perform their duties without rancour, without vindictiveness.

To recapitulate on our point. A lowly Galilean salvaging a great civilization from neurosis and total decay will forever be the greatest miracle in history. His simplicity and candor was feared by the hypocrites and the pretentious. His personal perfection aroused the ire and contempt of the old and entrenched to whom "love" and "justice" and "blessedness" were terrible things to hear. These were in fact to put an end to false gods and pretty idols in the Roman temples.

By the same token, our idolatrous government and graft-ridden official houses must reckon with a great political force which, not used by those in power because they cannot do so by estoppel, will be used against them instead. Misuse of power is self-penalizing and retributive in themselves because they are violative of God's own laws.

Who can ever unwind now the tangled ways of our republic? The way is not clear against a backdrop of prolonged stupidity. Let them come, therefore, the pure of heart and honest in purpose that they may deliver the country from Roman paganism and make room for Christ in the halls and hearts of men.

THE NUMBER of those whom Christmas can stir into an extra-especial, festive mood has dwindled. More and more people have stopped believing in the essential mirth and miracle of Christmas seasons like adolescents discovering that Santa Claus was merely papa in pajamas. The disillusionment stems from our great penchant for new models combined with our cleverness to devise them.

People now never bother to find out the significance of Christmas and, more often than not, are too fascinated with the wrappings to remember about the substance. Whenever the question: What Christmas means? is popped up to a young bright boy, he invariably comes up with a package all wrapped up in cellophane and red ribbons with a tag that describes the cabinets: **brittle**.

A lot of people now think and talk of Christmas in terms of the kind of excitement had, the number of shindigs thrown, the gallons, and the kick of the whiskey consumed. Thanks to modern man's dread for boredom, new versions on the significance of Christmas had cropped up tailored to suit his temper, taste and temptation.

Christmas in the form and meaning handed down from our forefathers is, he has decided, too old-fashioned and stands a lot of overhauling. The Christmas of midnight mass, holy communion, family reunion and gift-giving (with no strings attached) has been catalogued next to the Model T Ford (which was a marvel to grandpop because it ran).

The modern celebrant demands a new, eye-stunning model. The lenders must be different; the coat of paint of screaming color; the horn must

Christmas

Revised Version

By N. G. RAMA

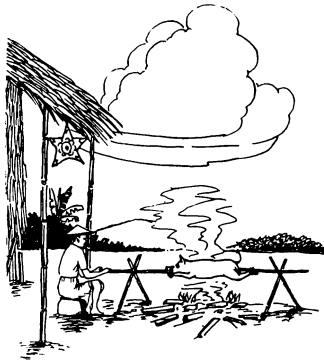
whistle like a regular wolf; no headlights but searchlights and it must fool people on which end is the radiator. The cult of the new and classy gives form to a brandnew, thoroughly revised and warped concept of Christmas which has nothing in common at all with the original outside of the name.

In jaded societies where the spree hits the high point on Christmas eve, December 25th seems to be everybody's birthday but Christ's. These varied, high-voltage celebrations are crowding the Babe of Bethlehem out of the Christmas picture. In their tin-plated circles, religious thoughts on Christmas are as out-of-place and as anachronistic as an apple pie in a medieval painting.

On top of this, the up-to-date, forward looking, 20th century celebrant develops gastric ulcer fusing over what his Christmas should be like but never over what Christmas really is or what he should be in the season. Christmas now does not go back to the stable and the big star but merely revolves within a sphere circumscribed by the first person pronoun. Indeed, it is the wrongest time to be selfish in.

Although December atmosphere still tingles with effervescent "Merry Christmas" greetings, one could note the strong stress on the "Merry." Some have only use of Christmas when it provides them a good time. All told, Christmas for this tribe is, nothing more than a good excuse for celebrating.

The result? Our up-to-date yuletide celebrant enters the holy season with about as much reverence as that of a wobbly American sailor blundering into a Buddhist temple. He tosses overboard the essence of Christmas, with it, its true and enduring joys and wonders, and in the process, modern society finds its head on the rocks.



THE PROFESSOR moistened his glasses with his breath, wiped off the fog with his handkerchief and continued with the lecture.

"Of course, it is difficult to admit that we have been wrong all along for a long time. Beliefs handed down to us from a long line of generations and made sacred by tradition and religious fervor, are among the hardest to break and explode." He coughs three times. He went on, "But all things come and go, like the gods of the old. Like the idols of the primitive eras, the God we thought and called the Creator has fallen to pieces. Science can prove definitely the man has developed from a small particle under ideal climate and circumstances, and not prefabricated from dust through some sort of hokus-pokus. And come to think of it, if we try to look around us and take stock of what's happening—the war, pestilence, crimes and wickedness—it is easier to believe in an omnipotent devil than in an omnipotent God!"

The professor drawled on and on, expounding his atheistic philosophy before his class of young students. He lectured in great serenity, fully aware of what he was saying unafraid, enjoying even the jolt that registered in the young faces before him. He knew nobody could touch him for those atheistic lectures for he was only exercising a right guaranteed by the Constitution for state-run institution. He is making use of the "academic freedom."

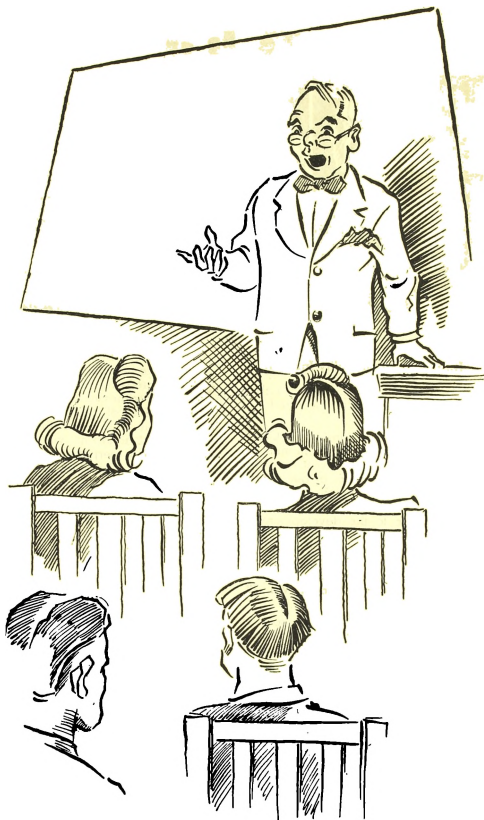
In another classroom, another professor was engaged in extolling the merits of the socialistic approach of the economic problems along the lines drawn by Marx. He too was enjoying academic freedom and, incidentally, a certain measure of impunity, while the Huks in central Luzon are being hunted like mad dogs for holding the same beliefs.

What is the extent and scope of academic freedom? Who shall say, up to this is academic freedom, beyond is this academic license?

The Constitution does not say beyond providing that "Universities established by the state shall enjoy academic freedom."

Academic freedom has been commonly defined as the freedom of the teacher to discuss, investigate, form his opinions and draw his conclusions regarding the problems of his science whether thru

(Continued on page 9)



How Free Should Academic Freedom Be?

by LEON GENSON, A.B. '52

What Is Russian



COMMUNISM



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

Third Installment

Hatred And Immorality Inculcated

Lunacharsky, commissar of public education, publicly declared at Moscow:

We hate Christianity and Christians, even the best of them must be looked upon as our worst enemies. They preach the love of our neighbors and mercy which is contrary to our principles. Christian love is an obstacle to the development of the revolution. Down with the love of our neighbors; what we want is hatred. We must learn to hate, and it is only then that we shall conquer the world" (*Cong. Record*, Vol. 77, pp. 1539 & 1540.)

Senator Hamilton Fish, who was Chairman of the Investigating Committee, and to whose grand book I have already referred, tells us: "Documents and books presented to our investigating committee indicated that the most terrible kinds of vice were encouraged among the young school children in order to break down family influence, which is the foundation of all religion." (*The Challenge of World Communism*, p. 41.)

Amorality, Immorality, Starvation, Murder, Massacre Logical Consequences

Since, according to Russian Communism, there is no God to whom we are responsible for our actions; since man has no spiritual soul and is but an animal that ceases altogether to exist with death; since there are no Ten Commandments or other superhuman norms of morality; since "the end justifies any means" to attain the Communistic goal, why

should Bolshevik Russia worry over such trifles as murder (or "liquidation"), the breaking up of families, the torture of witnesses and accused, the deportation of peoples to the bleak regions of Siberia, the condemnation of innocent victims to years of slavery, perpetual bondage of the cruelest character, or even the massacre of helpless civilians?

On September 1, 1922, the London, "Times" printed a dispatch from Riga stating that "according to Bolshevik figures the Tcheka executed 1,765,118 persons before it was renamed the supreme political organization last February."

In the British House of Lords, on March 20, 1923, Lord Sydenham said: "The total loss of life from the application of the principles of Karl Marx to Russia is now very little short of twenty million people, including those who died from starvation and disease. This is the most horrible crime in history."

And what of the well-known deliberate starvation of at least two million women and children in the Ukraine in the winter of 1932-1933? The Moscow government had seized the crops of the helpless Ukrainians, and now they allowed the famished people to die by the million while they exported tens of millions of bushels (to "capitalistic" countries, in order, I presume, to get money to build up their "Red" Army!). A graphic account is given of this tragedy by W. H. Chamberlin, who spent twelve years in the U.S.S.R. as representative of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and who gives first-hand information of the appalling famine.

Communism Cannot Spell The Word JUSTICE

It is amusing to hear Communists talking of rights. Material things have no rights. A clod of earth or a stone has no rights; trees have no rights; even an animal, e.g., a rabbit or a bear, has no rights; and, since according to Communistic doctrine, man has no spiritual soul, no free-will, no moral law to guide him, he can have no rights or duties, for right and duty are inseparable in human society.

However, Communists do talk and write about rights, though in a tragically absurd sense. Let us hear what the mighty Joseph Stalin has to say about the rights of small nations:

"It should be borne in mind that besides the right of nations to self-determination there is also the right of the working class to consolidate its power, and to this latter right the right of self-determination is subordinate. There are occasions when the right of self-determination conflicts with the other, the higher right—the right of a working class that has assumed power to consolidate its power. In such cases—this must be said bluntly—the right to self-determination cannot and must not serve as an obstacle to the exercise by the working class of its right to dictatorship. The former must give way to the latter." (From Stalin's Report to Twelfth Congress of the Communist Party, April 23, 1923. *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question*, p. 168).

Stalin could have added—or at least should now add: "And I, the almighty Joseph Stalin, am the Su-"
(Continued on page 12)

What Do You Think

Conducted by
JAY VERLE

NOTE: This is one occasion when we shall have to refrain from the spirited pen-slashing of those who just itch to gang in on grueling topics to crow about. This time let's just be good boys and girls and talk about this Day, this glorious, melodious, rapturous, amorous, riotous (parrrdon me) spice of the year... Christmas. Well, this ought to accent Grandma's eyes with a reminiscent shade. Why, she might even round us together into her withered fold and start right off to say: When I was your age...

But first... Our thanks to Mr. Barney Olgo Kaniff of Davao for airing his reactions to the ideas of one of our contributors to this column. More thanks to him for putting in a good word about USC's rise.

Well, now, here's what they say...

About Christmas...



Roserio Mercader—Secretarial

● **Miss Roserio Mercader, Secretarial Course,** says: Christmas is really more of the heart than the pen. On this day, thousands of years ago, the Lord came upon us with love and charity. In memory of that great faith we take this day of the year to show the same kindness He taught us. We give. And the more we give, the deeper we feel the warm, heavenly glow of love, of brotherhood, of peace, of joy. Christmas knows no poverty. He is wealthiest who feels the Lord in him.

● **Miss Fe Lim, College of Liberal Arts** says: Christmas is like the end of a busy day (it comes at the close of the year). One sums up what he has done and if there are more wrong doing than good, he sets out making a beautiful prayer to whisper to the Lord as He comes around. To inspire that, he clears out a corner of his home, tinkles around with pieces of cardboard, tiny candles, crepe paper, bales of

cotton, little wax figures representing an infant, holy mother and lather, sheep, cows, the Three Kings, etc., and, slapping all those together, he's got the manger where the little Lord Jesus was born. He feels his eyes get hot and wet as, meekly and fervently, he thrusts his head into that humble abode and fix his gaze upon the Infant on the crib and softly say, Dear Lord, I have sinned. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. And then he walks out into the cold December breeze and joins the carolers.



Fe Lim—Liberal Arts

● **Mr. Jose Regner, College of Commerce** says: I think modern times has greatly rejuvenated the spirit which comes with Christmas. Once, it was purely thanksgiving. Now the color is on the giving. Can't blame anybody. Somewhere along the line, History must have noted the first profligate whose interest in this day was wholly on net gains, not necessarily the midnight mass. And a lot of people

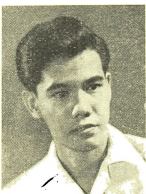


Jose Regner—Commerce

thought that wasn't a bad idea at all. So, now, it appears, the criterion for this Day's joy is whether or not you have potential pocketability. If you have, you give. It's a good feeling. If you don't, you receive. Good feeling. If you neither give nor receive, no Christmas.

● **Mr. Ramon Valencia** says: I still don't get it. What's this, a day of meditation or riot? There's a lot of noise. There ought to be a rigid law against firecrackers. I think He's mad about the noise that's why he made out the December of 1941. Remember? Pearl Harbor. Why can't we just light a solemn candle, or, maybe, eat and laugh and sing and say, Merry Christmas to you, dear one. That's good music to the ears. I'm not against the colors... ahhh, red and green, silver, white, yessir! And also the

(Continued on page 12)



Ramon Valencia—Liberal Arts

MIS- FIRE

THAT'S IT. Just walk... walk through this angry night. Don't mind the cold. Forget food—you can be a dog going nowhere. This bitter wind! Take it. Stand an inch, you get a whole mile. That must be how He planned it. He knows better. And tomorrow's Christmas, I remember. His day. Maybe He'd even... No. I've gone throughout that before. My wife, my kid, we've thickened our knees in church praying... because the priest says so. What hope was that he passed...? "Ask and it shall be given thee... search and you shall find." We've done more than that. We bargained with our lives! Nothing happened. Now I'm pinned to the streets. Just walking...

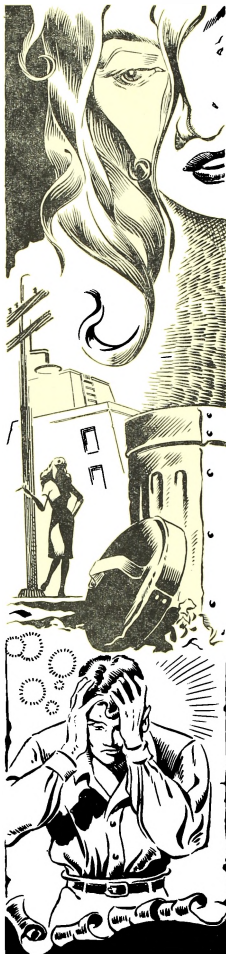
Say, where am I going? Huh, silly question.

It must be way past midnight. I have been walking for hours. And before I left I promised the kid I'd be right back with something for him.

The street's deserted. A big city doing the big sleep — and on a Christmas morning!

I shouldn't talk about this day. Not even think of it. I've no business identifying days. That belongs to luckier devils with swanky roofs above their heads and a lot to make their palates busy. Me? I've oot my lips to bite. A wife and kid gone without decent food for days. Well, I didn't ask them to stick with me this far!

What can I do? A prison record behind me and a useless right arm. They think alike—I'm not worth the pay I get. Well, I guess my slate just didn't start right. First, I was duped right out into an admission of guilt. They said I was involved up to my ears in that dirty gang work and they were too sure of themselves. I didn't have any part in that. I swear to goodness I didn't. But that proved to be the one number up against me. I left my knees weaken like the limbs of



Short Story

by

JAY VERLIE

a sick duck. The only one who believed and had faith in me was my wife.

I can still hear myself telling her, as I acted a smile—Princess, take good care of yourself... when our little visitor comes, you know what to do... the wrist watch, the silver trophy... I guess you'd get more than enough from these. Give him a bright and smart name, will you? I'm sorry I...

I remember she cut me short, cupped a hand on my mouth. The sad curtain drew away from her face and a hopeful gleam dashed up. She was pretty. Wet, black eyes. The feeling must've crawled up to her lips when she said, "I love you, Rusty." (I have freckles on my face.) "Don't forget that!" Big words just choked my throat when the iron gates clanked open in my face. Lord knows I wasn't a degree quitter than the judge that sentenced me.

As if that wasn't enough, one day I lost my arm in an accident. I was fixing a car that belonged to the prison chaplain. I was working under it. Just as I was reaching for a screw that had rolled out, some careless chump stumbled on the handle of the jack and a wheel nudged my arm like straw.

Three years later I was a free man. Free! Funny ar'd. Free from what? A cell. But then, what's outside? What's waiting there?

I didn't have to be convinced. I got my answer when my old shop superintendent slammed his door on me. I had gone there to beg for another chance at my old job as Princess suggested. I had done good at that tire recapping company. They knew my services were satisfactory—well, I had both hands then. All right. So, maybe, I could be a checker, something. Can't they see I needed the money? Not a chance, they said. They hand only one word to say: hit the road!

From then on I had knocked on

MISFIRE

(Continued from page 8)

doors and received the same response. Meanwhile, Princess, the kid and me were all mouths in the air, getting wider by the second. The turntable had all been carted away, including her wedding ring, necklace, my bronze statuette (the one I got winning a prize fight for the army), the silver ware she got from her folks on our marriage, and other little odds of value. Our house, we didn't give that away.

So, now, I walk. I escape. I can't stand it any longer. I've turned yellow.

I'm wet. Had it rained? Must have. It's chilly. I'm shivering.

Princess. What could she be doing now? I didn't want to leave her. She's the last one I could forsake. Then again, perhaps I've reached the end of my rope. So last is right.

But what about the kid? She can't live by what birdfeed Princess can earn doing chores for the neighbors. What's more, he has to have something for Christmas. He's got a right to taste of Christmas like the other kids. I've started passing him that Santa Claus gag and now, he wants to come up richer by the stockings. Can't let that kid go on building castles. He's got to learn living in mud huts now. Well, I shall have to leave that to Princess.

I hope she'd forgive me. I love her. She's got to believe me. I love her just so much I can't live seeing her unhappy because I've been that rotten. She's young and... and adorable. Bless her. Somebody else might chance on her and love her. I'd thank him. That's the last favor I could do her. Somebody to take care of her and the kid and give them everything they need which had remained dreams with me all along.

Why should this happen to me?

Good Lord, give her somebody else to love. Honestly, let her forget me. I promised I'd stay out of her forever. If only she'd be happy.

The sky is clearing. Soon the sun would come. I wouldn't be around to see it.

It's so quiet, an eerie silence. It numbs my ears. Reels my brain. Not a soul is stirring. Oh, there's a

shadow—a writhing shadow out there in the open. Why, that's the sea. I'm standing on a wharf. That's the breeze—I like it. Wish I had a warmth beside me, someone to hold.

"Lonely?"

Who is that? A girl's voice.

"I am, too."

I can see her. She's sitting on that mooring stump. Trash! I'm getting out of here. Why not? But then again, she's not bad, not a bad sight at all. Maybe if I go and talk to her I'll feel all right. Then we get to know each other and I get a new page opened! Thrash!

I'm walking away.

Haven't got a cigarette. Not a butt. My pockets are empty. Wait a minute. The gun's still here. I forgot all about it.

Look at it. A beauty. Horn handle. Long barrel. It's the service pistol I managed to keep when I left the army.

I'm not wasting time. Here goes, goes. Gosh, that shout sure is cold against my temple. Well, Princess, so long for now. Up there I'll know if you have forgiven me. You know nobody needs this rotten life. Why should I keep it? God, forgive me.

Here goes.....

Wha—what's happened. I fired. I pulled that trigger through. I heard the shot. I can smell burning powder!

"Cut it!"

Who's that? It's that girl again?

"This is no place for theatricals."

"Wha—what do you mean?"

"What's the big idea holding that toy six-shooter on your head and posing as if you meant it?"

Toy... toy six-shooter?

Who's a fool? Laugh! Why can't I laugh? I'm crying.

Say, Princess... Princess! I've got to get back there fast. Find her.

Hey, what's this in my pocket? A piece of paper. A note:

"Rusty: There's a six-shooter toy for the kid in your drawer. Don't ask me how I got it. It looks just like yours. You know how the kid had always wanted to have one like it. You give it to him yourself. I'll be out for a while. Be right back. Got great news for you. I love you, Rusty—you naughty boy."

Princess. Say, Princess. Hey, I hear music. Oh, the carolers.

Nice morning.

HOW FREE SHOULD . . .

(Continued from page 5)

academic freedom over the education without it? Upon further cross-publication or in the instruction of students without interference from any person or class.

Arthur O. Lovejoy in his "Article on Academic Freedom" tried to set the limits, asserting that interference from political or ecclesiastical authority or from the administrative officials may be allowed, if the teacher's "methods are found by qualified bodies of his own profession to be clearly incompetent or contrary to profession or contrary to professional ethics."

But the loopholes are still there. It would be extremely difficult to make the charge of incompetence stick to a duly accredited Philosophy professor expressing philosophical views even if atheistic view in the class of Philosophy he is handling. Added to this is Democracy's congenial shyness towards religion embodied in the constitutional tenet that says, "No law shall be made respecting an establishment of religion..." This avowed hands-off policy plus the protective mantle of academic freedom will easily get the atheistic professor out of trouble.

But what about the students who get exposed to this kind of academic freedom? How are they to be protected?

Take a case of a friend of mine who came from an institution supposedly basking in the sunshine of academic freedom: In his two semesters of Philosophy he had to take up Kant, Plato, Dewey, Austin, Hegel, Descartes, Bacon and scores of other left-of-center philosophers. His professor's job was to dish out everything, spread it out before them but it did not seem to be his business to point out to the class which theories he favors, which philosophy is the soundest and is more in harmony with reason or should be adopted. He treated the different philosophical theories with equal respect and let each student draw his own conclusions in the same spirit of detachment and impartiality.

Before I could comment on such method, my friend had trumpeted: "That is the essence of academic freedom. We were left to ourselves to deduce our own conclusions and

(Continued on page 11)



by
VICTORIA B. LIAO LAMCO

HAS ANYBODY ever told you that you should put off that extra fat or regain your 21-inch-waist line? Well, just try going up and down stairs. They say it helps a lot in developing a figure worth sharp whistles.

As you come home from school, have you ever flown up the familiar flight of stairs and been warmly greeted by your mother who eagerly awaited your return from your daily classes? If I come home one day and find the stairs gone and my mother anxiously waiting up there for me, I shall certainly feel worlds apart from Mother. Have you ever stopped to think how stairs can really do us service and how they bring us happiness? They are just like money being a means to an end.

There are many kinds of stairs. There is the winding stairs which make you dizzy especially if they are high. Such stairs, the business-man say, is a waste of time. To some, like the stars on Broadway, the steel spiral staircase may mean

(Continued on page 11, col. 2)

by
LUIÑ LUNA

THE THING I am most particular about a woman is the way she goes upstairs." This apparently innocent quotation is one of the dictatorial heirlooms from an elder brother of mine. He has been dead these many years but when I think of the way he used to say this, with that peculiar trait of authoritative-ness which we usually associate with beings older than we are, I start believing that he has left me something more than what he intended to. Since he is dead now, I cannot ask him if he meant the shapeliness of a woman's legs (without benefit of nylons) or the spiritual significance of the act of a woman's going upstairs.

For I believe that a woman's act of going upstairs, or of any person's, for that matter—is an act attended with spiritual significance. Going upstairs, **not** downstairs—that might well be a two word summary of man's thousands of years of history on this planet. That is the true outline of history, set off by the paren-

(Continued on page 11, col. 1)

by
JESUS P. PELAUSA

COMING up and down stairs bears a great significance on the fate of man. What is up and beyond, or what is down and about it, is a puzzle.

Nobody knows what to expect on clearing the last step upstairs. Neither can anyone foretell what awaits him on reaching the ground even after viewing carefully the surrounding during the descent. The post-man may have intentionally omitted a couple of steps in reaching for the household mail box and in cat-like precision descended in haste. The beggar with one hand opened and extended and with the other lightly clutching the railings, goes up with hope. The owner's son, startled by the yells of gangmates, treads carelessly downward. The country physician ascends with care and a spirit of service. The tired farmer sits midstairs and hears his spouse calling for supper.

Who of us has not experienced waiting for something downstairs and viewing the meaningful upward increment of steps? It may be that

(Continued on page 11, col. 3)

By LUIS LUNA
(Continued from page 10, col. 2)

theses of a woman's lovely exremities. For is not man's upspringing merely a going upstairs in the realm of his being? Is not all his progress on the plane of merely a rising and a going up from the infancy of the race to his affinity with angels and stars?

Primitive man, I believe, started making history when he invented the stairs to his house several branches above the ground. It might have been to escape the depredations of his fellow-headhunters; it might have been to escape the molestations of the denosauri; but whatever it was, it marked primitive man's rise from the things of the earth to even a janitorial position in the many mansions of his Father and CREATOR. The enchantment of man and stairs-building will even be one of man's prime preoccupations. The prophets of old painted the picture of a ladder towards the stars, with Jacob sleeping below it, and the great light of heaven spreading incandescence above. The movie-makers of Hollywood envision stairways to heaven, and placed a woman below it and above it the great heart of love forsaken and forgiving.

During the last world war when everything of man was burned and cremated equal, his cities were razed to the ground. Cebu City was a nightmare in ruins. But above the charred desolations, the last butresses of man's habitations on earth rose above the ground, pointing protesting fingers to heaven. Nothing remained of man's dwelling but the stairs in concrete. Man would rise again, man would gather up again his lost resources and build more imposing structures in marble and stone. Man lost everything but his dream and this dream was like the stairs it pointed to heaven, it challenged the bestial evidences of the holocaust.

We are told that the next world war would see a new era in deadliest weapons, in planes faster than sound, in bombs that would burrow into the bowels of the earth for his temporary salvation; that he would build bomb-proof shelters in the impenetrable dark. They will cease to build stairs and when they stop talking about stairways to heaven and rehabilitation, he shall have written the limits of history.

The ancient Filipinos, well-versed in the symbolism of things more of heaven than of earth, attached a

ON STAIRS

By VICTORIA B. LIAO LAMCO
(Continued from page 10, col. 1)

triumph when they come down the stage amidst thunderous applause and be acclaimed as great stage stars after repeated successful performances.

Not all kinds of stairs, however, serve a world of good. You do not always find a pot of gold at the foot or at the top of the stairs. Sometimes, going up and down the stairs may mean fatal ends. A condemned man would willingly give anything to hold back the dawn if it would only mean a brief extension of the decisive hour for him to go up the steps to the gallows. Biting parents come down their flight of stairs with heavy steps and with fast beating hearts when a telegram arrives from the war department informing them of the loss of their only son. Still, sometimes, the unbelievable but true would happen. Girls who sport to the extremes the New Look have to take extra precautions in coming downstairs for a careless step has been proven to have a fatal end.

The stairs to success is quite long and without banisters. Such a staircase demands hard and earnest efforts, they say. But the long climb is worth it. It may be a tedious climb but when you reach the top rung you will feel a new start of a while, new wonderful world for it would be the shining symbol of all the hopes and wishes come true.

There is one staircase yet you and I have to see and to try our best to climb; and that is the stairway to heaven.

specific significance to the building of the stairs of his house. The stairs must face the east; a man's house must be a man praying, singing orisons to the sunrise, chanting his praise of faith and hope. The grandparents of Lakandula and Lapulapu connected stairs building with Kismet, Calvinism, and economic rehabilitation, by requiring that the number of rungs on the stairs must correspond to the alternations of Oro, Plata, Mala. The carpenters for hundreds of years

(Continued on page 22)

By JESUS P. PELAAUSA
(Continued from page 10, col. 3)

you wish to have a look at the President. Or that you waited impatiently for a hurriedly scribbled note from someone dear to you who was being kept like a hermit by a vigilant grandmother. Perhaps the boss told you to hang around and be in a group for a reform-seeking demonstration. You may have noticed a government agent behind the tree covering the stairs of a house for an evasive villain. A fellow agent comes and says: "It's in the bag." They both go upstairs and a gun from inside speaks accurately.

An evolution of the kinds of stairs can be traced. The forest dweller has a bamboo pole with unremoved nodal outgrowths. Simple wooden stairs are in average house. The kind of stairs may be a barometer of the owner's finances. Can you picture Deogenes, a Greek philosopher, going down his one-step staircase with a lighted lamp held in his hand at noon? Or Edgar Allan Poe, slouching in his staircase from a bad fall after an intoxicating spree? There are spiral stairs that burrows through into the captain's cockpit or into law-violating dens. Winding stairs add to the glamor of a mansion. When elevators fail we resort to the un-falling stairs. Then there are the gliding stairs in modern department stores which we call the escalators that in one was or another help to your wallet. There are the fire escape stairs, the electrician's stairs, the juggler's stunt stairs, and may be, the spiritual stairs to heaven. But in abstraction the significance of stairs lies in the facility that it gives to one in achieving a goal. The stairs may just be a hewn stump or an old mortar turned upside down. It may be multiple concrete stairways. What it is matters not. The atmosphere that prevails among the residents count.

Going up or down stairs is done with variety. The youngest kid carelessly ascends to his mother for his glorious feat. Aging granddad plants his cane ahead on every step before pulling himself up cautiously. There is the pounding step of a brother that spell uneasiness for a personal victory in sight but yet. . . There is the seemingly flooding descent of the maid when the master is ready to blow his top.

The stairs signify the rise or fall,
(Continued on page 22)

prme Judge and the Infallible Dictator, who alone can decide when these two 'rights' clash and when, therefore, the 'right to self-determination' ceases to exist, or is submerged in the 'higher right'. I have decided that the 'right to self-determination' has ceased for Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and all other countries behind my glorious iron curtain. In due time I shall make a similar decision regarding all Germany, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain, and Portugal. The only reason I have not yet made such a decision (rather, I have made it, but it has not yet become effective) is that I am not as yet sufficiently powerful to execute it. But that time will come. Then, too, I shall decide likewise for the United Kingdom and Eire, for Canada and the United States, Mexico and South America, the whole of Asia (where I have already made effective my decision in Northern China), Australia and New Zealand, and Africa. I am happy meanwhile to know that in all these countries I have my well-schooled Quislings (what dupes they really are!) who will be of the greatest assistance to me in hauling down their contemptible national flags and destroying their outmoded democracies, and unfurling the banner of the hammer and sickle and of thus destroying the last vestige of democracy and freedom."

For Stalin and his satellites to prate about any nation's right to self-determination "is the hollowest of hollow shams. He and his gang cannot spell the word justice either in regard to nations or in regard to individuals.

Communist Trials A Travesty Of Justice

The fable of the lion and the lamb aptly illustrates Communist justice. A lion and a lamb were drinking at the same stream. The lion had made up his mind to devour the lamb. But he wanted to give his action a semblance of justice.

"Why are you polluting the water I am drinking?" fiercely shouted the lion at the lamb.

"I cannot be," meekly replied the lamb, "for the water is flowing from you to me, and not from me to you."

"Well, you gave me impudence last year," roared the lion.

"I could not have done so," gently answered the lamb, "for I

RUSSIAN COMMUNISM

(Continued from page 6)

was not born then."

"If it was not you," cried the lion, "it was your mother, and so I shall kill and devour you," which

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

(Continued from page 7)

tiny tinkle of bells, the smooth strains of mellow melodies, BOOGIE WOOGIE!.. you slay me! Meek and humble, that ought to be the word. That's what I think.



Lydia Moran—Education

● Miss Lydia Moran: College of Education says: If it were Christmas everyday there would have been peace everyday. Christmas is mostly in the feeling. That is what prompts people to wrap up pretty little packages to give to friends and loved ones. The feeling is mild and sweet, reverent. We go for the songs that choir boys sing, we glory at the sight of "snow and mistletoe." The line is "... peace, good will to man." Why can't we carry that in our hearts for the rest of the year? Less trouble.

● ED NOTE: Merry Christmas, everyone everywhere.

PASSIN' THRU

(Continued from page 15)

like it except maybe the first few days right after schools close for vacation. During this Yuletide season I suppose everyone is expecting the annual ten-cent greeting card, at least. That means a friend I know can definitely expect another toothbrush from his aunt. He gets one from her every Christmas!

The men's washroom still needs a good mirror. Are there any donations?

I can hear the boss yelling his head off. So, this is where you get back your sanity and your nerves. S'loug, everybody.

sentence the lion immediately executed.

Communists decide that a certain person is to be "liquidated." If he be a prominent person, a leading figure in the nation and especially an international figure, they wish to give their assassination or sentence of imprisonment the semblance of justice, though in their hearts Russocomists (an abbreviation for Russian Communists) scoff at the idea of justice. They stage a farcical trial in the presence of what is ironically termed a people's court. They themselves know well beforehand what the issue will be. False charges are concocted; lying witnesses are produced; witnesses who could explode the absurd charges are not allowed to appear or are silenced; other witnesses are subjected to long, harrowing imprisonment and even brutal torture until they can scarcely grasp the meaning of the questions proposed to them, and are then produced in "court." The case is then rushed through and the flagrantly unjust sentence is proclaimed to the nation and to the world as a well merited sentence imposed after a fair trial by a "people's court!" Did ever lying, hypocrisy, and perfidy sink to a lower level?

Such a trial and such a sentence was given to the glorious hero, patriot, and confessor, Archbishop Aloysius Stepinac, whose last words from the dock were: "As to myself and the verdict, I seek no mercy. My conscience is clear!"

The same tactics are now being used against the fearless champion of the oppressed Hungarian people, Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, who was arrested during Christmas week by agents of the Communist puppet government of Hungary, and given a life sentence for treason, crimes aiming at the overthrow of the republic, espionage, and currency speculation. The Communist clique might have as truthfully added to their list of charges: the assassination of Julius Caesar, the release of Napoleon from St. Helena, the murder of the Kaiser, and the poisoning of Boadicea! The whole world—the entire sane world, that is—has long since grasped the meaning of the Communists' "People's courts," and, while expressing sheer disgust at this appalling travesty of truth and justice, will acclaim the great Cardinal Mindszenty, like the splendid Archbishop Stepinac, a magnificent Christian hero.

(To be continued)

THE COLD December wind bit thru his jacket as Paran once more cast his look into the sea. He sat down to wait for the inevitable bite. It would come, he thought, because he felt lucky. He had already caught five *maya-mayos* and one big *tangigue*.

He reclined and imagined the joy the children will have over his catch. He knew that it was Christ-

by TIMOTELO R. QUIMPO, JR.

beginning to erase the twinkling stars that were present when he first cast his line. From the *habagatan* he could feel the wind rise. It moaned and whined. He knew that a storm was brewing or beginning to strike.



in the gloom, he saw a light. At first he thought that it was one of those *san telmos* which usually come out during rainy season or nights, but then . . . it was a light, it had to be a light because it was a bright one. It signified land and to him at the moment it looked like a star, far away, but it was safety, hope and life. He dashed his boat for it with all his remaining strength.

Suddenly his boat hit and crunched against a sandy bar. He was relieved to find out that it was the shore. Through the blinding rain he beached his *subiran* and took out his fish. He proceeded to a small *nipa hut* where the light came. It emanated from a *Petro-max* which was hung under a *nipa-frond* lean-to outside the door. He called out and a middle-aged man opened the door to him. He was led inside to a place where a fire was burning at a small stove. Someone gave him a flask of *Mallorca* and he eagerly and gratefully drank of it. He could feel the revivifying liquid as it coursed down his throat warming his body. His brain, weary and dull from his battle with the elements received a singular and comforting freshness. He turned to thank the man who gave him the flask and he noticed for the first time that three men were with him; in the only room of the hut. By

A Short Story

PALINGENESIS

mas and the people would buy his fish at a better price, because no fishermen had gone out to sea. He scanned the vast expanse of sky and sea and was sure he was alone.

The gentle lulling motion of his frail *subiran* induced him to lethargy. But sometime later he was awakened by tug at his toe where he had tied his end of the fishing line. By the strength of the counter pull at the other end he knew that it was a big fish; and as always he won.

He stood up to stretch his cramped legs and for the first time, he saw the threatening clouds be-

little pelted drops or rain whipping against his raw face. He shivered as he felt his wet clothes cling to his body. The cold lanned by the whistling wind was numbing. He felt alone amidst the vastness of the inky blackness all around him. Even the land vanished from his sight and he knew that he would lose his bearings in the surrounding gloom. He felt discouraged but lea for the fury of the elements urged him to haul his line and hit for shore. He paddled briskly, but nervously towards what he thought was the direction of the land.

From a distance, amidst a rift

their sides were bundles. He imagined that they were traveling *Macabebes* engaged in selling clothes. They too were caught by the unexpected storm and had to take shelter in that *nipa hut*.

Paran looked around and saw a makeshift room hastily made by dividing the room with a heavy blanket. He nodded his head questioningly and one of the three volunteered that maybe one was sick. Then, there was silence once more in the room as each of them was left with his thoughts.

From the makeshift room a tiny
(Continued on page 26)

FACULTY CLUB SPONSORS

Literary and Artistic Tilt

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CONTESTS FOR 1952
SPONSORED BY THE UNIVERSITY FACULTY CLUB AS A FEATURE OF THE
1952 UNIVERSITY DAY CELEBRATIONS, FEBRUARY 8-10, 1952

GENERAL RULES:

1. These contests are open only to bona fide students during the school year 1951-52 and to alumni of the University. Members of the board of judges, and of the Faculty Club (except those who are taking the graduate courses) are barred from participating in these contests.
2. A participant may enter more than one contest.
3. The literary contests are in English, Spanish, and in the National Language.
4. All entries (except for the art contests) should be written in quadruplicate, on bond paper (short size), and typewritten double-spaced. The entries in poetry may be single-spaced.
5. No entry shall bear the name of the author. Instead, it should be by-lined by a 5-digit number, which shall also be written on a small piece of paper, placed inside a small envelope which shall be submitted with the entry. The piece of paper should also bear the real name of the author, his college, and his address.
6. These contests start on November 15, 1951 and end at midnight on February 1, 1952.
7. Entries should be mailed or delivered to the Chairman, Literary and Art Contests, University of San Carlos. The entries in art should be submitted to Mr. Julian Jumalon, School of Architecture, U. S. C.
8. Entries for the literary contests should be original and should not have been published in any publication before.
9. Prizes in any department of this contest may be withheld if in the opinion of the judges, no entry deserves the prize.
10. All winning entries shall become the property of the University.
11. The winners will be announced in the program on the last night of the University Day celebrations.
12. Prizes will be announced later.

SPECIFIC RULES:

1. The English contests will be in poetry, the formal essay, the informal essay, the short story, and the one-act-play.
 - A. Poetry. Entries for the poetry contest must not exceed one hundred lines and may be one or more poems. There is no limitation as to subject matter.
 - B. The Formal and the Informal Essay. The essays must be single essays of not more than 2000 words. There is no limitation as to subject matter.
 - C. The Short Story. Entries for this department may be craft or quality story. They must have a Philippine setting and must not exceed 3000 words.
 - D. The One-Act-Play. Entries should not exceed half an hour performance on the stage. They should

be of Philippine setting. The plays must be easily actable.

- II. The contest in Spanish shall be only in the formal essay. Entries should not be more than 2000 words. There is no limitation as to subject matter.
- III. The contest in the National Language shall likewise only in the formal essay. Entries should not exceed 2000 words. There is no limitation as to subject matter.
- IV. THE CONTESTS IN ART shall be limited to (1) Posters and (2) Watercolor.

- A. The Poster Contest. Entries in this department shall be done on any heavy material such as cartolina, poster board, canvas, etc.

MEDIUM: Watercolor, oil, pastel, tempera, or any other color.

SIZE: Overall size of poster, 16" x 22". Allow one inch margin on all sides to make pictorial space exactly 14" x 20".

SUBJECT: The poster must be on any of the following subjects:

1. What Price Democracy
2. Universal Peace Through Unity of Nations
3. Christian Education

- B. The Contest in Painting. All entries must be done either on canvas or watercolor paper.

SIZE: 19" x 16", or any larger sizes not exceeding 20" x 30".

MEDIUM: Oil or watercolor only.

SUBJECT: The painting should depict any local scene, preferably one of historical or religious interest.

Works submitted under this section should be fitted with frames.

Contestants must not sign their names on their works. Instead non-de-plumes may be inscribed on an inconspicuous corner of the work. A sealed envelope bearing the real name of the painter, the non-de-plume, and the title of the work, should be submitted to the contest committee.

— THE COMMITTEE ON CULTURAL
AND EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.
THE FACULTY CLUB
University of San Carlos

NOTE: Copies of these rules may be obtained from Atty. C. Faigao, College of Education. Other information about the contests may be obtained from him or from Mr. Julian Jumalon of the School of Architecture of the University.



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Looks At...

.....EXPEDITO BUGARIN. Those of us who were at the annual Education declamation tilt will agree with me that he gave such a fine interpretation of "Now I Am Alone", an excerpt from "Hamlet". He did it almost as well as Olivier Lawrence, you'd have thought it was Olivier himself, were it not for the blocats. In fact, he "Olivier-ed" himself into second place.

.....Cdt. Capt. (big-shot sounding, eh?) ANGIE TOBIA of "G" Co. who asserts that being a cadet sponsor is not mostly attending military balls, hoes, and what-nots. I refer that skeptic to NENA EVANGELISTA and DAHLIA CADEL, who will swear there's a lot more to it than just that.

.....An exceptionally stout-hearted guy approached me after the first issue of the *Carolinian* was out, and unceremoniously asked me to please insert his name somewhere in this column. Well..... here you are, JOE ATILLO. So sorry to be late, but I forgot your name when last issue's deadline came..... Them, there's ROMAN BUNAGAN, who implores me to write anything as long as there's something. Does this suffice the "anything", Roman?

.....LITA MAUSISA. To her the word "borroto" spells sweet music, soft lights, reinvigorating sea-breeze, and..... what else, Lita? Do tell us.

.....NAP CARIN could easily be the only guy in this whole wide world who's got the funniest feeling about Christmas. Says he'd cross out December from the calendar if he'd ever get a chance to change places with Pres. Quirino, because it's the one month of the year that change places an awful drain on bankroll. The pockets get flat! What with those hourly visits to that "Bireley" layout across the street.

.....ZONY VELOSO and ISABEL MARTIN. There's what I call real friendship. They go around the corridors with

(Continued on page 36)



By VNL

There was a fellow who said that a brain starts to work the minute you are born and doesn't stop working until you stand up to say something. To which I'd like to add: ...and doesn't stop until you sidown to start beating beating the deadline. Here I am with two columns to produce and nothing on my nut but memories of the last two jam sessions I gate-crashed.

But "the show must go on!" and I'm thinking what a corny show this is. Anyhow, corn is one of our staple foods, although some people eat a piece of toast for breakfast, a cake for dinner, a small plate of salad late in the afternoon, and some guys drink rum for supper.

Some tests aren't just short quizzes but a mad contest of speed in writing. The prof claims that the delay in dictating the questions give untrustworthy scholars time to look at other people's papers or consult their notes. Which is a lot piece of bunk. So, next time we have a short-sudden-surprise-check-up test, give us time to cross out it's and dot our i's, huh, prof.

And while we're on the subject, some profs are human! After an exam, when the results are checked and found out, and when the class is clamoring for the scores, some teachers have the thoughtfulness and the tact to avoid the embarrassment of those who get below par by reading only the names and their corresponding scores who got above or on the median. Other thoughtful and tactful teachers simply distribute the papers back to the students. Others just don't give a hoot about it all.

Dear reader, what do you think of girls who take off their shoes in class? And then wiggle their toes comfortably and crush their shoes flat with their feet. Some girls do that!

Talk about teacher idolatry, my friend Liza said she once had a crush on one of her male teachers back in the intermediate years. The chief reason for this infatuation, she said, was the guy's pearly white, even teeth. What dental perfection! her heart said. She carried a torch for him for a good while. Then she learned that he wore false teeth.

Well, folks, this is it. The best time of the year. There's no other time

(Continued on page 12)

EDUCATION

In Its True Perspective

by TERESITA R. GONZAGA

Editor-in-Chief "Assumpta"

A Reprint from the "ASSUMPTA" October Issue, 1961



ONE OF the long-standing issues in educational problems today is the claim of private religious schools for equal rights with state schools. In Europe, particularly France, the controversy over government subsidy to Catholic schools resulted in bitter political oppositions and stumbling blocks for the formation of the French cabinet. In the United States test cases have been brought up in several courts on the question of private school pupils sharing in Federal aid given to public schools. In the Philippines the problem is the denial of parents' rights and the tax-exemption issue for religious schools.

Not too long ago we read about the rejection of an application for the opening of a Catholic high school in Misamis Occidental, Mindanao, on the ground that such a school would compete with the public high school already established in that municipality. This case is clearly a violation of the parents' natural right to send their children to schools of their own choosing. Catholic parents, who have the duty and hence the right to educate their children in Catholic philosophy and principles, having no alternative, are forced to send their children to non-religious schools. We invite the attention of our lawmakers and government school officials who profess democratic ideals to this fact. The word "democracy" has already become too hackneyed with constant use and those who use it most often forget that democracy is a thing to be lived and applied not merely to be thrown abstractly to the wind in political campaign speeches. We

would still like to believe that it has not yet lost its meaning entirely.

The Holy Father in his recent public appeal for equal privileges for religious schools expressed himself in the following words:

"One must expect from those who have a part in the formation of scholastic legislation a sense of justice and, we would like to say, the democratic sense to meet the will of the parents in such a way that schools founded and directed by religious institutions are not put in a worse position than state schools, and the freedom necessary for their development be recognized."

It is strictly an appeal for justice and fairness, not charity. We would also go further to say that religious institutions have a better right to educate and that only they possess the real capacity for educating in its truest sense, an essential advantage they have over any public school or university, however well equipped and efficiently administered the latter may be. Considering many factors, we do not say that all products of religious schools necessarily become the best individuals, but we hold that no scheme of education other than the Christian's can completely achieve the ultimate purpose of education.

Aside from the demand for parity therefore we would not hesitate to defend our conviction that only the Christian education can really educate. A bold statement, yes, but convictions are boldst when they are rightly and solidly based on truth.

Any other educational system that rules aside the Creator of man from its curriculum misses the whole point in attempting to educate man. Real education embraces the whole aggregate of human life; it must take up and train the whole man: his intellect, his will, his emotions, his physical powers,—and prepare him to live practically in the world in a manner that will bring him to the final end for which he was made. Man's final end is supernatural: the eternal possession of God. His life ought to be an activity towards that end, and education must prepare him for that life. Unless there is a clear understanding and consideration of this ultimate objective of human life, no educationist can formulate a pattern of education correctly and adequately. A philosophy of education therefore that does not recognize God and the values loses grasp of the complete truth and does not see beyond the natural. Godless education is short-sighted and often dangerous since it cannot see the relation of Creator to creature nor understand the existence of the divine moral law. Teaching and training on purely natural aims and standards, at its best, is still inadequate for the complete development of the whole man. The education that seeks to cultivate man to his fullest nature and powers cannot afford to ignore the innate spirituality of man. How can a non-religious curriculum meet this? Secular "education" will not give its students a true and complete philosophy of life—it does not feed young minds with eternal truths nor direct their wills to act in accordance with the laws of these truths. Religion must be thoroughly infused into the curriculum, in every subject, so that it may be a living, guiding force, and its spirit made to be the atmosphere within which both teachers and students work, if education is expected to effect good results and fulfill its purpose.

In this light we cannot see any fair or logical reason why private religious institutions should be discriminated against. We do not expect everyone to accept this theory however; bigoted minds will of course reject it. But we do expect that if the ideals of democracy and justice are still upheld in our country, the government will not fail to consider the case for private religious institutions. *Reprinted from the October issue of the ASSUMPTA, a quarterly run by the students of the Assumption Convent.*

Pictorial Section

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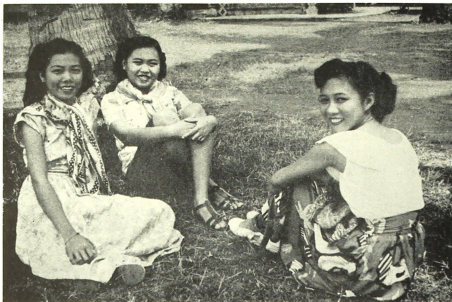
Esmereluna Leposena,
A.B. Graduate, magna cum laude,
delivering the speech of thanks.



Liberal Arts group
with Liberal Arts Dean
Rev. Luis E. Schonfeld, S.V.D.,
get set for the procession!



With upheld hands the graduates made the Pledge of Loyalty administered by Fr. Schonfeld.



*It's
Vacation Time
At Miramar*

Education girls
sitting pretty at Miramar:
Marina Po, Cristina Talibas,
Angeles Lianza.

*"What Shall We
Do When We
All Go Out"*

Leonie Lianza and
Letty Martillo having a time
of their lives.



*P.I. is not a
good place to live
if you're a
suckling pig.*

These are four reasons
why the girls above look
happy and contented.

Mr. Ordeña samples
the Home Economics salad...
and samples... and samples...



The
Coeds keep
distracting you
from the tropical panorama
at Miramar.

Abod, R. Merceder and
Celestina Rubi.

*The
Short-cut to a
Man's Heart is
thru the
Home Economics
Department*



Home Economics Cuisine
at the N. E. Barn Party.

Back to School



PRE-LAW CLASS OFFICERS
with Fr. Rector.

E. Anana, president;
N. Corta I; J. Cerilles, vice-pres.,
E. Fiel, sec; L. Lianza, Abellanosa,
treas., B. Quitaria, pro.

Mr. Garcia enrolls
Chemistry students.



Mrs. Montecillo and
Mrs. Manuel beam on greetings
to the newcomers.

Spanish? History?
Science? Laboratory?
English?



ALUMNI CHIMES

Alumni News

ALUMNI CELEBRATED SAN CARLOS FEAST DAY AT MIRAMAR

Unafraid of the early and mid-morning rains, the spirited alumni of both the Colegio and now University of San Carlos celebrated the least day of St. Charles on November 4 at the university swimming pools at Miramar, Talisay.

Alumni with aquatic inclinations splashed themselves at the pools while those with "hydrophobia" simply busied themselves playing cards, pingpong or chatting about good old times and the elections.

The Very Reverend Father Rector, Albert Van Gansewinkel, concurrently spiritual Moderator of the association, took pictures of the affair especially during lunch time where those blessed with good appetite were caught biting the crisp golden-brown lechon skin.

After luncheon, Reverend Father Van Engelen played the role of a disc jockey supplying cold, hot and boiling music. Since the itching feet of the alumni could no longer be quieted, dancing was tolerated. As an aid to digestion, no after dinner speeches were delivered.

The officers of the association, through this column, express their thanks to the unexpected number who attended.

ALUMNI POLITICIANS ELECTED.

As a follow-up to the news reported in the last issue of the Carolinian about the alumni candidates, we now bring the results:

In the town of Dumanjug, the Municipal Council is controlled by Carolinians: with the following names: Atty. Juan Mercader, Vice-Mayor and barristers Pablo P. Garcia, Domingo Zozobrado, councilors.

Mr. Eliseo de la Serna withdrew his candidacy, although he would have certainly won. So, remember, in Dumanjug all the Carolinian candidates won!

In San Fernando, Carolinian Mayor Atty. Leocadio Llantao was re-elected. In Sibonga, Atty. Epilani Hermosisima was elected Mayor. His Honor, the Mayor, was a product of College of Law, model 1941.

There are other carolinians elected to the different municipal and provincial posts, but up to the time of writing, their names could not, as yet, be ascertained. (Please write the Association c/o Mr. Jose V. Arias, about other USC alumni politicians elected).

ABOUT TWO HUNDRED NEW ALUMNI INDUCTED.

In the Commencement exercises held at the University Campus on October 21, 1951, about two hundred alumni graduating from the different courses were inducted into the association by Atty. Jesus P. Garcia, President of the USC Alumni Association.

The practice of formally inducting new graduates into the association as a part of the commencement exercises started last year and will be continued in the years to come. All alumni are always welcome at every commencement exercises without the need of a formal invitation.

BRONZE STATUE OF ST. CHARLES TO BE ERECTED SOON.

At a site to be indicated by the University Administration, the cornerstone for the monument or statue of St. Charles Borromeo will be laid soon. This project is chosen by the association because a great majority of the suggestions received from the alumni preferred this.

According to the Very Reverend Father Rector, the bronze statue alone (to be made in Rome) will cost about two thousand pesos. The plans and the foundations may cost another thousand.

When finally realized, this donation of the association will last for generations to come and will serve as the token of the love of the alumni for their Alma Mater.

CAROLINIANS GET HITCHED

Carolinian Jess Gaboya middle-aged with a cute, pretty Carolinian Socorro Lim last month in the Archbishop's Palace.

Jess has just taken the bar examinations in Manila while Coying is teaching in a local university. The couple spent their honeymoon in a small chalet by the seashore in Talisay.

Republic of the Philippines
Department of Public Works and Communications
BUREAU OF POSTS
Manila

SWORN STATEMENT

(Required by Act No. 2580)

The undersigned, EMILIO B. ALLER, Editor-in-Chief, of THE CAROLINIAN (title of publication), published six times a year (frequency of issue), in English and Spanish (language in which printed), after having been sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) EMILIO B. ALLER

Editor-in-Chief

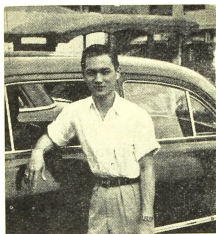
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of August, 1951 at Cebu City, the affiant exhibited to me his Res. Cert. No. A-1624842, issued at Cebu City, on January 8, 1951:

(Sgd.) FULVIO C. PELAEZ
Notary Public

Until December 31, 1952

(Note): This form is exempt from the payment of Documentary Stamp tax.

Third year law student, Jose Cabatingan met his death in a truck accident in his way home for the semestral vacation.



Jose Cabatingan... Death on the highway.

Our best bet passes away

By C. JUMAPAO

TO THE third year college of law class, the death of Mr. Jose Cabatingan e Yap, is a great loss, because he could have been our best bet for the bar

in the fourth year. It seems so incredible that Joe has passed away — Joe who possessed a winning, intelligent face, lighted up by mischievous smiling eyes. Talented, smart but kind and humble, he more than come up to the requirements of a perfect and handsome bachelor.

He is an irreparable loss to the small town of Liloan, Cebu and the smallest town of Bantayan of the same province, where his father, Mr. Angel Cabatingan, and his mother Mrs. Filomena Yap de Cabatingan, were born. They have pinned much bright hopes on Joe — the first and only U.S. scholar that had come from his hometown.

The excellent record of Joe captured the admiration and respect of his fellow students and helped earn for him the Fulbright scholarship.

Joe was selected one of the ten out of the more than two hundred bright students in the whole Philippines who participated in the competition for Fulbright scholarship to be supported by the U.S. government in America, and just after the completion of all requirements and papers necessary for his trip to the United States, where he planned to continue his studies, the black hand of death cut short the steady rise of his star at the age of 21 years.

Let us say a prayer for Joe's soul.

ON STAIRS . . . (L. Luna)

(Continued from page 11)

sang the poetry of this superstition and accordingly adjusted their engineering to the symbology of faith and hope and economic destruction. The ancient Filipinos directed their stairs at right angles with the eternal flow of life. It will not be parallel or it will be caught in the current. The engineers and architects of the Cebu Capitol thought it was silly idea, to base their engineering on the boat-building experiences of the citizens of Madijapahit. So they built their Capitol with the stairs pointing directly into the heart of traffic. So Tura Rodriguez died in office; so did Hilario Abellana. Bologne, we say, with our years of book learning and our civilization.

The ancients, who never read Shakespeare, answer from their graves,

**There are more things on earth and heaven, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."**

The stairs is a symbol of success and failure. One is kicked upstairs, which is one way of saying that a man has been promoted in position but not in salary. Or maybe, that the man on the uppermost rungs is a dangerous party-man and should be shipped to the UNO on an ambassadorial position, or to a consular office in Madrid. On the other hand, there is nothing, more ab-

(Continued on page 32)

ON STAIRS . . . (J. Pelousa)

(Continued from page 11)

progress or retrogress of man's restlessness. Without stairs a house is incomplete. Only the winged can find a home in it. The alternation of rise and fall in the life of a man parallels his going up or coming down stairs. The less frequent he uses the stairs, the more we infer his loss of activity—his uselessness.

There is weirdness in going up or coming down stairs. An unknown is present. There is where fate ticks. There is when cross fingers in well wishing. No amount of smartness can give man the foresight. The unknown covers prospects of success or failure, gladness or sorrow, hopes or despair, and a lot more of opposites. In success as in going upstairs, there is a craving for more successes. Man is forever insatiable. In failure as in going downstairs, some men show resignation; others, determination. The former says: "What is to be will be". The latter: "By our failure we will learn to succeed."

The ascent of steps gives us a rosy vision. Ambition is challenged. Life seems worth living. Every foot we put forward spells a rise. Every now and then a new horizon is made. How grand this is indeed! But how do you fare with the fellows that you left in your rise? Contrarily, what do you feel as you look up to the fellows that you left by your fall?

There is hope in going upstairs: degeneration, in coming down. Man goes up and may remain up while youth last. Then he comes gradually down for good. Life is a build-up and then a wear. Mountain climbers keep in going up, matching their energy and courage against precipice and danger, and finally wind up their journey with a descent.

All the ascents are made. There might have been an equal number of falls. The higher the rise, the deeper the fall. But these multiple alternation of ups and downs are but the inner network in the grand frame that the Creator has made for every man. The web being made, the trip done, there comes a descent that no "gold bricking" can ever postpone. Science has hit the rocks in its attempt to elude the finality of this course. Once booked, only one thing is mortality certain: rest.

ROTC



By
JESUS G. RAMA

h a t t e r

Capt. Antonio Gonzales according to ranks and units represented. The beautiful "Sponsor Pin" were pinned by the cadet officers on their respective sponsors.

Lending color to the occasion was the cheering of the large crowd of Carolinians and the firing of 105 howitzer by USC cadets.

Sad Sacks join Christo Rey Procession:

USC sad sacks came out in the open in their usual khaki uniforms to participate in the Christo Rey procession. In the 8-man frontage formation, they marched their way from the Cathedral thru the city's main streets and winding up at the Cebu Normal Grounds where the final Benediction Ceremonies were held. For this religious participation the cadets earned merits and commendation from the commandant.

Advanced Classes of Areal Map reading:

Beginning this semester advance classes for areal map reading will be held for the benefit of the ad-

(Continued on page 32)

Literary-musical program in honor of the 10th BCT Officer

Jointly sponsored by the 111 MA and Cebu Supreme ROTC Fraternity, a literary-musical program was presented last September 29, in honor of Captain Dominador Tenazas, 10th BCT officer who arrived from the Korean front. Captain Tenazas in his brief talk recounted some of his personal experience and observation on the Korean people and country. He recalled the famous "spring offensive of the Reds", how "our soldiers proved their mettle and courage in the face of great odds, thus earning accolades from the other UN forces.

He described vividly the Battle of Yusong which was turning point of their stay in Korea and where Captain Yap and Lt. Artiaga met a heroic death. In concluding his speech, Capt. Tenazas said:

"For the splendid spirit of bravery that our soldiers have demonstrated we have shown once more to the whole world that we are ready to die for Democracy and free this world from the menace of communism."

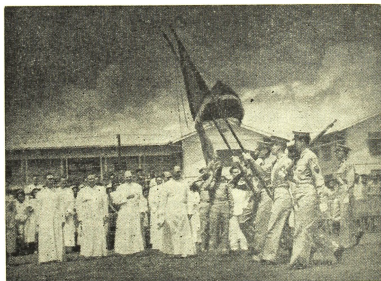
Climaxing the program was the vocal rendition by Miss Cynthia Calero of the University of the Visayas.

Parade and Review in honor of the Corps of Sponsors

The traditional parade and review in honor of the Corps sponsors was presented recently by the USC ROTC Cadets.

The affair was attended by Rev. Father Rector Albert van Ganswinkel, SVD Rev. Luis Schonfeld, SVD, faculty members and administration officers.

The high point of the ceremony was when the sponsors of the corps were commissioned by order of



COLORS PASSING BY. Parade and review in honor of Fr. Rector and faculty members.

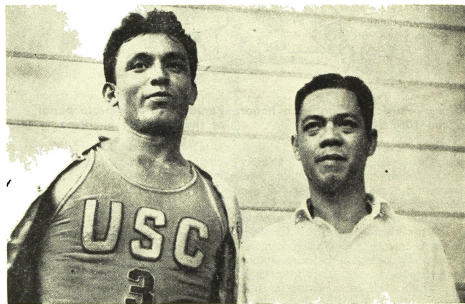
THE USC VARSITY '51

THIS is the story of a champion team. It is a story because it has all the elements: background, complication, suspense, and climax. At the beginning of this year we were prepared for a long story, but we did not count with a De Maupassant, or an O'Henry short, complete with the surprise ending.

Background material consists of the USC record in basketball. The seeds of basketball interest sown in USC by the Rev. Edward J. C. Edwards, SVD, and the growth and flowering thereof under the Rev. Joseph Smith, SVD, before the war. And after the war, basketball in USC started with a bang. Headlines in 1946: CSC National Champions! The following year, Genaro Fernandez broke up the champion team by going to UST. Result: CSC dropped to second place in the CCAA, and reached only the second game in Manila. In 1948, the USC team started going downhill, and finally reached the bottom in 1949. That's the setting.

This Varsity's story begins with the coming of Mr. Roy Johnson towards the beginning of July 1950. He surveyed his material. There was a lone survivor of the 1946 champion team in the person of Mr. Antonio ("Jimmy") Bos. Remnants of the preceding year's team were Rudy Jakosalem, Gerry O'Keefe, Pocholo Cui, and Abel Saigado. Fresh from the high school were Tan, Alvarez, Espina, Archie, Echivarre, T., and Morales. A former USC high school player, but an A.A. graduate from Letran was a welcome addition: Jose Espeleta.

Since the CCAA basketball season would start in August, Johnson had less than a month to get his scrub team ready. If you had seen the bunch at that time, as they tried to imitate the footwork and ball handling of Johnson, you would scarcely believe that those fellows had played basketball before. So clumsy and still they looked. Every afternoon Johnson sweated it out



Captain Espeleta and Coach Boreng. — Taken right after the game, photo shows the victors' smile after the hard-won battle.

with the boys, showing them how to execute the "weave," and how to make the cuts and laves, and the "Johnson shot."

Right from the start, Johnson announced that his team would play man-to-man defense. That was something new. No team in Cebu ever used it except in a last quarter rally. But Johnson predicted that in two years all teams in Cebu would be using man-to-man defense. His point was that the first thing a weak team needs is a good defense, and a man-to-man defense, if used correctly, is the most effective defense.

To make a long story short, the CCAA basketball series began. When the USC team went into ac-

tion on the floor, the Cebu fans were tickled pink. They saw man-to-man defense for the first time. There was not a minute of dullness. From that time on, win or lose, the USC team was a sight to see. We did not get the championship, but we qualified for Manila after eliminating Silliman U. It was a good enough achievement, after having seen the cellar in the CCAA.

What happened in Manila was the first heartbreaking incident in USC's basketball story. Our boys were full of hope to hurdle at least the first obstacle and get a crack at one of the Manila champion teams.

The opponent was Baguio Colleges. Due to the fact that the USC team was still in the defensive stage of development, their scoring power was limited to keeping their nose

above water, if they could at all, or to keeping within fighting distance. But harmless as the USC team was, it always packed a game with the most delightful thrills. If the USC team has got something, it's color. What with the man-to-man guarding that Johnson has taught 'it, there's not a dull moment in the forty minutes of play.

In the game with Baguio Colleges that December evening 1950, the substantial crowd that filled the grandstands must have been more than 50%. Cebuano.

Came the last quarter. USC was trailing by two or four points. But in the last minute of play, USC tied the score. With ten seconds to go.

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The Letter

By NATALIA H. OLARTE



IT WAS very early that Christmas morning. Just home from church, Trining stooped to give her sons their Christmas kisses. The kisses reminded her of someone very dear to them, whose absence created a certain painful sensation. However, she remembered it was the Day of the Lord — the day for rejoicings, so she smiled though it was hard for her and tried her best to conceal her emotions.

"Merry Christmas to Daddy," the six-year old Edil exclaimed innocently, thus adding more pain for the mother to bear.

She tried her best to hold the tears — she managed to compose herself and told her sons that their father would soon be back to their home to be with them always. To withhold her grief, she fetched a letter, a letter from Delfin, her loving husband, which had been received a few weeks before. Believing her sons to be able to understand its contents, she began reading it aloud.

Somewhere in the Battlefront
30 November —

My darling Trining,

Action is at its fiercest stage as though hell is let loose. The enemy has pounded us incessantly and everything around us is battered, ragged, and dying! Fortunately, I am still what you saw when I left except for some bruises — oh it's unpleasant . . . don't worry, I am all right!

Darling, I am counting the days like counting diamonds for my reversion to the reserve area. Fifteen days more and for you and the kids' sake relative safety and some relaxation will temporarily be mine. I have set some shopping plans for the coming season — the season I have as always dedicated to you, dear. It is for this urge that I have written despite the strain just to let you know of something that I will put my heart in for the coming gladness of the season. I have no doubt, I will make it. Fifteen days of torture is short . . . however . . . let's rely in God's grace.

I am told of many things to buy in our P.X. At least I know what you like — our darlings, too. Oh, it's raining bullets and zooming again. I love you, darling. Wish me luck. Close your eyes and I am there with you.

With all my love,
DELFIN

Trining managed to smile to comfort the worried countenances of her sons. She knew they could not realize the feeling that seized her that very moment so she assured them again saying, "Now, we will wait for the gifts your father has told us in his letter. He will not fail us, he will never miss to send us something."

The innocent souls, soothed by the assuring words of their mother, scampered to the door when they heard the cheers and laughter of their playmates outside. Firecrackers!! Bang! Bing! Merry Christmas! They must join the gang!

"Mom, please don't forget to give my gun as soon as the gifts from Dad arrive. I want to show to

my friends that my father can afford to give me anything I want." This was Edil, the reserve but proud sometimes when he would give vent to his opinions. He preferred to win friends by his playthings rather than by joining the group, complimenting each other's ability.

"Will I have a gun, Mom? My own gun?" Donie queried as he hurried down the steps to catch up with his friends and his brother who was with the group already.

The young mother watched her sons from their balcony. She was proud to have given the world two handsome boys. She could not help but whisper a prayer of thanks to the Lord. Yet, she noticed that her happiness was not full. Was this because the universe is devoid of perfect happiness? Was this to prove to her that eternal happiness is found only in the world hereafter? Her eyes rested upon Donie, a perfect replica of Delfin. Could her loneliness be quenched by that face, her son's face? She tried to be her usual self. Why should she place her heart above head? After all, Delfin was fighting for a noble cause — to save one's native land! Was she right in being too expecting of Delfin's love and care? Could it not be her selfishness? Was this true love, a genuine feeling that led her to act so? She must sacrifice, she told herself.

It was not a pompous wedding but she felt elated and secured realizing the fact that she had found at last the man who could share with her in making a bright future. Was not Delfin, the boast of the town, the embodiment of ideals and gentle ways? Was she not the target of

(Continued on page 25)

TO DOVEGLION, THE COMMA POET

(With apologies to Longfellow)

*Shock, us, not, with, bristling, commas,
D' grading verse as silly art;
For while dollars are not drachmas,
Poets are not what thou art.*

*Art is real, art is earnest,
And diffuseness is not its goal;
Pffutt thou art, and thou art clowniest,
May be spoken of thy role.*

*Lines of poets all ennoble
And may make our lives sublime.
But thy ravings are that simple
In befogging all the time.*

*What, a dove, and yet, an eagle,
And a lion just the same?
One must prove one's genuine mettle
Ere he's worthy of the name.*

— leo bello

THE USC VARSITY '51 . . .

(Continued from page 24)

USC was leading by two points. A Baguio player was fouled and given two tries. He missed the first but made the second. Jump at center. Morales got the ball from the tip-off, but he was caught walking with the ball. Outside throw. All men were tense. Man-to-man defense.

While Archie's back was turned completely to the ball, his man grazed a pass that almost grazed his (Archie's) head. And Archie's man made it. There were less than five seconds to go. Alvarez was just about three meters from the USC goal and must have been in the act of shooting when the whistle blew. Anyhow, he did not make it. USC lost by one point.

It was a silent crowd that went out of the Rizal Coliseum that night. The next day, the newspapers described the game as "the most hectic game ever witnessed in the Rizal Stadium."

(Just a few weeks ago, or about a year after that game, the newspapers carried the announcement that the Baguio Colleges used a high school player against San Carlos that night. And now they are suspended by the PAAF.)

Back in Cebu, the training of the boys continued. Their eyes turned to the next year. All through summer, Mr. Johnson kept the boys in harness. But July saw a reorganization of the team. Jimmy Bas had

completed his four years in the CCAA. O'Keefe retired, Espina withdrew. Salgado and Cui flunked. Rudy Jakosalem was the only remnant from a pre-Johnson team. Fresh from the high school were: Martiniano Echivare, Jr. and Francisco Arriola from USC, Evaristo Sagardui and Rodolfo Macasero from Colegio del Santo Niño, and Vicente Dionaldo from Silliman.

What were the prospects in 1951? A look at the line-up of the other teams in the CCAA gave the edge to Southwestern Colleges and the University of the Visayas. Their players were bigger, older, and more experienced. But the summer training of the USC boys, and the perfection of the Johnson technique, at which they were growing in proficiency, was the ray of hope for the USC placing anywhere up in the basketball series '51 of the CCAA.

At the opening games of the season, USC lost to Southwestern Colleges 50 to 53. Speak of hope? There were the U.V. and the U.S.P. to beat yet.

The next game was easy: USC 56, CSJ 37.

Then came the game with UV. Judging by the crowd and the atmosphere, it looked as if the common opinion pronounced it the game of the year.

UV was dominating the backboards and showing more power and speed. They soon made a six-point lead. They had all the signs of running away with the bacon.

(Continued on page 32)

PALINGENESIS

(Continued from page 13)

wail broke the silence. To them, sitting there, it had a startling effect. Each of them seemed petrified because it was a sound of a new-born baby.

The middle-aged man comes out of the makeshift room and approached them. He was beaming with smiles in spite of his apologies. They sang out rejoinders that it was all right, and congratulated him for his new-born babe.

The three men asked to see the child and mother. They said it reminded them of home and their families. They pleaded until the owner of the house took away the blanket which curtained the makeshift room from their view.

Little by little, as if drawn by an irresistible force, the four men crowded around the bed. They saw the new-born child, dark head set in silky hair with delicate rosy face and hands like flowers. One of them looked at his watch and saw that it was twelve o'clock. It was the hour when our Lord was born on the same night hundreds of years ago. He mentioned the coincidence to the others. To them it seemed as if there was a rebirth in feeling and spirit. Their calloused hearts softened, they felt the desire to give something to the miserable babe in swaddling clothes.

They went back to the place where they at first sat. Each took something from his bag and, one by one, they laid their gifts at the foot of the bed.

Paran felt ashamed of himself. He looked around for something he could offer. He wanted to give something but he had only his fish which he could not lay before the child. He fetched the big tangigue and the three *maya-mayas* and gave them to the father. The man thanked him. Paran felt elated. He felt it a great joy within him. Even if he knew that he would be late for the *Novena* in the barrio chapel, he did not mind. To him, there was peace and joy. They opened a clear channel of thoughts within him, which in the past was vague. Now, he knew that he had stumbled blissfully into the meaning of Christmas and the joy of giving.

The rumbling of the surf and the waves died out. The wind seemed to fade. The quiet night told him all was well. There was peace for

(Continued on page 32)

A Short Story



By Atanacia M. Ouanu

book. But his face darkened when he read the record of the 25th of December last. It went thus:

"Dear Diary, This day is Christmas day and I should be happy. But I cannot be happy, for as far as I could remember, I have not seen Papa go to Mass, much less on Christmas Day. He gives me the usual presents, but down deep, I know that there is no Christmas spirit within him. I would prefer that he come to Mass with me than have all the presents in this world."

Gift from a BLACK BOOK

DON MARIANO let his eyes wonder around the room, trying not to believe what he saw. He shut his eyes tight, opened them once again. No, there was no doubt about it. Everything was real. Everything, even to the gaunt figure of the sick girl on the bed beside him, which was the worst thing of all for the girl was his daughter, his only daughter stricken with pneumonia. And if she should die...

The strains of carolling voices flowed through the window to the room, cutting short his thoughts.

"God rest you, Merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay..."

He sat for a moment frozen to his seat. At the window nearby he could see the houses gayly decorated with the paper lanterns with the tinsel Christmas trees. It was surely the Christmas season. But there will be no Christmas in his home, he thought, not even within his heart. In fact there had been no Christmas for him for more than ten years, now, since his wife died — on Christmas Day.

Suddenly he swept out of the room down to the long corridor downstairs to the dimly lighted hall. He paused for a while. Yes, the voices were still there. Straight-

away, he opened the door and his voice then resounded startling the singers.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he screamed. "God rest you merry gentlemen! Bah! How can God rest me! Go away and sell your wares to other people. Go!"

The dumblounded singers turned their backs obediently and one by one shuffled off towards the gate wondering why the rich man had acted so.

Still panting with the rage that overcame him, he returned to the sickroom where he saw his daughter still asleep, her tousled hair dark against the white pillow. Don Mariano tenderly gazed down at her face, nothing its beautiful features "Just like her mother's" he whispered to himself.

One hand of the girl was tucked under the pillow and when Don Mariano pulled it out, he saw that it held a black book—the girl's diary.

Taking his usual seat, Don Mariano opened the book and began turning the pages. It was a five-year diary and for the first time in days his face lighted up as he read the childish prank recorded in the

Don Mariano turned the pages to the present year. The recordings had stopped three days ago for the girl was too weak to write further.

"Dear Diary," it went, "a few days more and it will be Christmas. I had kept it a secret to you, Dear Diary, but last Christmas, I promised Jesus to suffer anything to get Pa to go back to God. But I think He hasn't heard me for Christmas is almost here and Papa is still the same. However, I am not losing the faith. Why, I would even suffer death to see my Papa converted! Yes, I would! I would even suffer the loss of my front tooth, which will make me ugly, of course to hear Papa sing "Silent Night" just once. (Here Don Mariano wiped a tear from his eyes.) But I am very, very sick. I think I would die. But if I should die, I would have a better chance to pray for Papa for I'll be nearer Him."

Don Mariano dropped the book as if his hands were so weak he could not hold it any longer. He approached the girl's bed and looked at her again, his eyes flowing with tears.

Your prayers are answered.
(Continued on page 34)



Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., Ph.D.

TWO SVD FATHERS JOIN FACULTY

Two more SVD Fathers arrived recently to join the USC faculty. The newcomers are Fathers Francis Carda and Bernard Wrocklage. Fr. Carda has assumed the office of secretary-general of the university while Fr. Wrocklage, a holder of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, is assigned to teach Philosophy subjects in the Liberal Arts department.

Fr. Carda was the former Registrar of St. Paul's College, Tacloban, Leyte, where he worked with Father Rector, the Rev. Fr. Alvert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D., who was then the rector of that college. He is reputed to have mastered the rules and regulations governing the operation of private schools as well as all circulars from the Bureau of Private Schools.

Fr. Carda hails from Vienna, Austria. He received his training as an S.V.D. Father at the St. Gabriel's Mission House, near Vienna. In 1939 he came to the Philippines. He was made the secretary of the Provincial and as such, he visited many parts of the Philippines. After the war, he worked as Registrar of St. Paul's College until 1949 when he was transferred to Vigan, Ilocos Sur. From there, upon a request of Rev. Father Rector, he came to USC.

The Rev. Wrocklage was born in Chesaning, Michigan. He studied at the St. Mary's Mission House, Techy, Illinois, where he was also ordained in 1943. For five years after he finished his studies he taught philosophy in St. Mary's

USC in the NEWS

Mission House. In 1949, he was sent to Rome to study in the Gregorian University where, after two years, he obtained his doctorate of philosophy.

From Rome, Fr. Wrocklage proceeded to Paris to take summer courses in the *Institute Catholique de Paris* and in the *L'Eau Vive*. He then went on a tour of the famous places in Germany after which he came to Cebu.

In working for his doctor's degree, he wrote a thesis on John Dewey's idea of the unity of man.

Fr. Wrocklage has met and interviewed almost all of the living distinguished philosophers of the day among whom may be mentioned George Santayana, Gabriel Marcel, Prof. Heidegger, and Etienne Gilson. He has listened to lectures of Garrigon Lagranze, in Rome, and corresponded with Jacques Maritain.

FATHER RECTOR REPRESENTS USC AT PROVINCIAL CHAPTER

The Very Rev. Fr. Rector Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D. represented the University of San Carlos at the Provincial Chapter of the Society of the Divine Word, (S.V.D.) held on November at its headquarters in Quezon City.

Rev. Fr. Rector delivered three lectures before the Provincial Chapter on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of November.

One lecture dealt with the internal development of the University of San Carlos, the different items of which were prepared by the department heads of this university.

Another lecture was on the external development of the University of San Carlos, illustrated with projection slides depicting various scenes taken of USC.

The third lecture treated on school work in the Philippines in general.

Rev. Fr. Rector declared that much appreciation of USC was elicited from the representatives to the Provincial Chapter by the slide lecture. He said that many who have never seen this university were amazed by the progress made in its external development.

USC STANDS PAT AGAINST SENATE PROBE ON PRIVATE SCHOOLS

The University of San Carlos took an official stand against the resolution of Senate to make investigations of the standard of private schools.

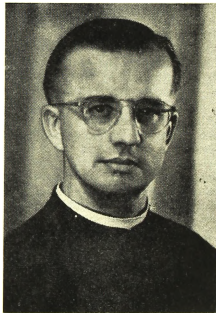
USC believes that the investigations, if any, should be of all schools because to limit it to private institutions only is considered very harmful to their reputation and the continuation of their work in the Philippines.

This university also took a stand against the fusion of private and public schools under one bureau, this considered also harmful to private schools.

SENATE REPRESENTATIVES IMPRESSED BY USC COLLEGE OF LAW

The recent survey of the College of Law of the University of San Carlos by two gentlemen of the Senatorial Committee on Education resulted in their making remarks of commendation.

The only item which they could recommend to be improved was that the accession book in the law library should contain the price of



Rev. Fr. Francis Carda, S.V.D. Secretary-General

the books so that the students would be more appreciative of the value of the books.

The two gentlemen were very highly impressed by the management of the university in general and of the College of Law in particular.

FR. FLORESCA HEADS NIGHT HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

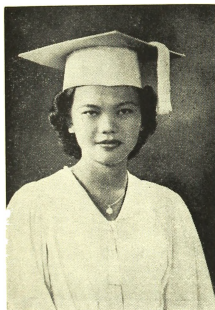
Rev. Father Constante C. Floresca, S.V.D., former Principal and Director of the defunct USC Training Department at Mabini and currently athletic director of USC, has been



Rev. Fr. C. Floresca, S.V.D.

appointed director of the Night High School Department, the latter being burdened enough with his responsibilities as director of the Boys' High School Department.

Father Floresca was appointed



Bienvenida Guanzon

LIBERAL ARTS STUDENT TOPS SCHOLARS

To Alma Valencia, of College of Liberal Arts, goes the distinction of having topped all the USC scholars in academic ratings. In the last semester grading, she obtained a flat one for all her subjects. This record is so far unexcelled in any department in USC. Her subjects in the last semester were: English 3, Spanish 3, History 6, Economics 1, Philosophy 1, Philosophy 4, Religion 3.



Alma Valencia

athletic director only this year. Since his appointment as such, much progress in athletics in USC has been seen.

"BERG" SCHOLARSHIP TO MISS B. GUANZON

The 1951 Valedictorian of the USC High School Training Department, **Bienvenida Guanzon**, won the "Berg" Scholarship after copping the first place in the examinations held last October 1-4.

"Berg" Scholar Guanzon is at present a first-year student in Commerce at USC. During her primary and never broke her record up to grades she topped all her classes her secondary education in the High School Training Department. For graduating as Valedictorian she was given one year scholarship in college. However, she stretched it to four years after bagging in the "Berg" Scholarship.

The "Berg" Scholarship examinations covered the following subjects: English, as given by **Mr. Dominador Floreto**, Principal of the Night H. S.; History, by **Mr. Aurelio Fernandez**, Principal of the Boy's High School; Religion, by **Rev. Fr. Constante Floresca, S.V.D.**, Director of the Night High School; and Mathematics, by **Mrs. Lila T. Tabotabo**, Principal of the Girl's High School. The Scholarship consists of free tuition for a four-year course to be taken in this University, free lodging and laundry and extra allowances.

Among the twenty applicants, eight started the examinations, but only six determined to get through. Miss Guanzon got an average of 87%.

LOBBY AND FACULTY ROOM FLOORS COVERED WITH TILES

Carolínians returning from semester vacation discovered that the floors of the library lobby and the faculty room of USC have been covered with tiles.

Meanwhile, some of the classrooms and walls have been repainted.

PHARMACY DEAN ARANDA RECEIVES MASTER'S DEGREE

The congenial Pharmacy Dean, **Dra. Concepción Consunji Aranda**, obtained last summer her M.A. in Pharmacy from the Centro Escolar University, where she also finished her B.S. in Pharmacy.

Dean Aranda is already a holder of the Doctor of Medicine degree from Santo Tomas University and has been a practicing physician since before the war.



Dean Concepcion C. Aranda, M.D.



Mrs. LILA MORRE TABOTABO
Sec.-Treas. Faculty Club

Mrs. LILIA MORRE TABOTABO

An efficient and very energetic lady now heads the Girls' High School. Mrs. Tabotabo combines pedagogical competence with motherly concern which has made her popular among the students, and it is one of the factors that has turned the Girls' High School into one of the best girls school in the City. She is currently the active secretary-treasurer of the Faculty Club.

**FACULTY CLUB SPONSORS
LITERARY-ARTISTIC CONTEST**

A contest in literature and arts is being sponsored by the Faculty Club of USC as one of the features of the University Day Celebrations in February. The contest is called the 1952 Literary and Artistic Awards.

The 1952 Literary and Artistic Awards include both prose, poetry, cartooning and painting. It opens in December and closes in February.

The contest is one of the activities sponsored this year by the Faculty Club. It was planned and executed by the Educational, Cultural, and Professional Committee (ECP) headed by Atty. Cornelio Faigao.

Explaining its motives for sponsoring the 1952 Literary and Artistic Awards, the Faculty Club, speaking through a memorandum issued by President Ordoña, declares:

"Encouragement of the arts is enjoined in the Constitution of the Philippines, and the University of



San Carlos, the oldest institution of higher learning in the Philippines and the one which enjoys the greatest prestige in this part of the country, must take the lead in this work of encouragement." (For the rules on the contest see page 14).



TERESITA BLANCH
First in the tilt

**5th ANNUAL DECLAMATION
TILT SUCCESSFUL**

Success crowned the well-attended Fifth Annual Declamation Contest under the auspices of the Seniors of the College of Education at the Girls' High School Auditorium.

Teresita Blanch, of the Secretarial Department, copped the first prize in the tilt and was awarded a gold medal donated by Governor Dr. Manuel Cuenco. Expedito Bugarin, of the College of Liberal Arts, came out second; Cesar Jamiro, College of Commerce, third; and Dahlia Caddell, College of Education, fourth.

The other prizes were a silver medal donated by Sir Ismael Alvarez, Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, Cebu Council, a bronze medal donated by Acting City

Mayor Pedro Elizalde, and a silver picture frame given by White Gold for the second, third, and fourth places, respectively.

The board of judges for the contest was composed of Dr. Pedro Guiang, chairman, and Miss Carrie Belle Gough, Mr. Robert Spears, and Mr. Raul Rodriguez, members.

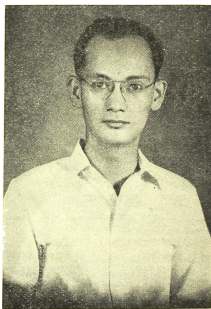
**FUN AND MERRIMENT ATTENDS
FACULTY AND RECTOR'S DAY
CELEBRATION**

The University of San Carlos became a scene of fun and merriment when the members of the faculty gathered on November 15 for the faculty and Rector's Day.

Designed to promote the "esprit ae corps" of the faculty members and to afford a day of wholesome relaxation after a half year of grueling school work, the Faculty and Rector's Day turned out to be a huge success.

The celebration was ushered in by a Mass and Communion. Highlight of the affair was the colorful caletichens presented by the Girls' High School in the morning. In the afternoon, an athletic competition was waged between the High School Faculty and the College Faculty. Contested were tennis, basketball, volleyball, and badminton. This was followed by a literary-musical program held at the Girls' High School Hall.

The Very Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D., Rector, delivered an address during the pro-



EXPEDITO BUGARIN
He placed second

THE CAROLINIAN

gram. He was introduced by Mr. Alfredo Ordoña, president of the Faculty Club.

An informal dinner was served at the university library hall after the program.

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY TO PARTICIPATE IN PHARMACY WEEK

The College of Pharmacy will participate actively in the celebration of the National Pharmacy Week, scheduled for the second week of December.

The nation-wide celebration which will start on December 8th, will mainly be featured by a parade, an opening program, open houses of local universities and colleges offering pharmacy, and a series of radio programs to be aired over DYRC.

The USC College of Pharmacy will have its open house and radio program on December 8th. The biological laboratories and the drug store will be open to visitors on that day. Until this writing the numbers of the radio program had not yet been determined, but it is certain Dr. Concepción C. Aranda, Dean of the College of Pharmacy, will deliver a speech.

As another contribution to the National Pharmacy Week celebration, USC will offer the free services of the band during the parade. The celebration in Cebu is under the management of the Cebu Pharmaceutical Association.

ENGINEERING CANDIDATE MAKES GOOD IN BOARD EXAMS

Fortunato Bajarías, USC's lone candidate to the 1951 board examinations in Civil Engineering, passed. Dean José A. Rodríguez of the College of Engineering announced.

Mr. Bajarías passed the examinations with an average of 80%.

The Engineering Dean proudly pointed out that all candidates sent by the University of San Carlos to take the board examinations in Civil Engineering acquitted themselves honorably.

USC JOINS WORLD-WIDE CHRIST THE KING CELEBRATION

The University of San Carlos joined the world in paying homage to Christ the King during the worldwide celebration of Cristo Rey on October 26.



THE INTRAMURALS CHAMPS, the Commerce Basketball team with Sponsors Violeta Saguin, and Judith Slenos. Standing: R. Zosa, Jr., J. Yap, L. Pilonas, A. Salgado, A. Evangelista, M. Banzuelo, G. Aligosa and Coach Atliano Gozum. Front row: V. Cebarrubias, A. Rubi, M. Palmores, B. Lood.

The male population of this university was enjoined by Reverend Father Rector to participate in the procession in the afternoon which started from the Cathedral and ended up at the Cebu Normal School grounds where the Benediction was held.

Participating in the procession as a unit was the USC ROTC and the university band.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING RELEASES HONOR ROLL

The roll of honor students of the College of Engineering, for the first semester this year has been released by the Office of the Dean as follows:

FOURTH YEAR	
Ferraren, Arturo, ME	1.46
Tantoco, Alejandro, CE	1.69
Zosa, Welisberto, CE	1.85
THIRD YEAR	
Cadungog, Teodoro, ME	1.95
SECOND YEAR	
Miciano, Adrian, ME	1.54
Arquisola, Daniel, CE	1.78
Langakit, Samuel, ME	1.85
Gonzalez, José, CE	1.98

FIRST YEAR	
Ilano, Noé, Arch.	1.32
Casals, Cirilo, EE.	1.70
Gonzaga, Segundo, CE	1.95

These students are at present enjoying scholarship privileges.

HOW FREE SHOULD . . . (Continued from page 9)

make our own choice. We were treated like mature people."

How much of an advantage is learning combined with this sort of examination, I found my friend only equipped with a smattering of the philosophy of Kant, Hegel, Austin and the rest which he was made to take in heavy doses. At best, he has a confused idea about that branch of science.

Since he had not gotten over his enthusiasm on Philosophy subjects, I suggested he took the Scholastic Philosophy offered in the Liberal Arts department. Before the semester was over, he admitted he learned more of philosophy and for the first time it made sense to him than the three semesters he spent under the leave-it-to-the-students scheme.

"It was like learning to walk, guided pace by pace, before starting to run and getting liquid diet before swallowing hard fare. What was wrong with my first attempt at Philosophy was that we were made to gulp indigestible things before we grew the first tooth."

In an age where freedom has become an obsession and too often misused, it is well to sound off the warning that even academic freedom, misunderstood, can wreck, instead of fostering, the democratic way of learning.

ROTCHATTER

(Continued from page 23)

vance ROTC cadets. This class is aimed at bringing about efficiency and orient the cadet officers on the important phases of map reading instructions.

The class is conducted by Capt. Antonio Gonzales.

3,200 ROTC Cadets Assigned as Poll watchers in Cebu:

One regiment of ROTC Cadets from FEU were assigned as poll watchers in the Cebu elections. The Cadets were armed with sub-machineguns and deployed in places where electoral disturbances were likely to occur.

Rigid Training Slated For this semester:

For the preparation of the coming annual Tactical inspection, the training this semester will be more rigid and effective. Strict screening of officers and cadets will be conducted and those not able to make the grade will be immediately eliminated. OG and FOD's were given standing instructions by the Commandant to take disciplinary action and dressing-downs on any cadet found wanting in rank discipline and violating any rules and regulations of the Department.

PALINGENESIS

(Continued from page 26)

the world. The moon sailed overhead on spread pinions of gold. There was not a ripple on the sea. The storm has exhausted itself.

Soltly, he rose from his seat and descended the stairs. He walked to his Subiran, shoved off on the calm sea and paddled. He swung easy strokes lightheartedly. From somewhere, the faint immortal strains of the song "Silent Night, Holy Night" followed on his wake. Yes, he was going home to Inday, the children and... **Christmas.**

ON STAIRS (by Luis Luna)

(Continued from page 26)

ject than to be thrown downstairs. A bookseller once collected a bill from Voltaire, and without rhyme or reason, the biographer tells us, the philosopher of Ferney kicked the booksellers downstairs, say: You have become immortal. You have been kicked by the greatest man in Europe. This bookseller was not jailed; he was not denied the writ of habeas corpus; he was simply

THE USC VARSITY...

(Continued from page 26)

Midway in the second quarter, Espeleta, the USC captain was held tight on the neck by Pascual, the UV captain, and from the confusion that followed, Espeleta emerged with a black-eye. Pascual was sent out of the team by Referee Vicente Cortes. The USC Rector, Father Gasewinkel, wanted to stop the game right there, but, under protest, he was prevailed upon to let it be continued.

It was during the pause at half-time that Pascual passed by Referee Cortes and made some remark that contained a threat.

The game was continued. In spite of repeated warnings, the game was so rough that not all the fouls could be called. To the spectators there appeared real danger for the players. But the game had to go on.

Towards the last minute of play, the USC was able to make a lead of one point. Ten seconds to go. Instead of freezing the ball, Jakoslem made a wild pass. It was intercepted. Five seconds to go. A UV player shot the ball from mid-court and made it. USC lost by one point: 37-38.

To avoid exposing the USC players to further danger, Father Rector served notice that the USC would not play the UV any more. The CCAA Board of Directors called for a meeting to investigate Pascual, and do something about the USC's decision. Pascual was found guilty of threatening the referee and was suspended from the CCAA for the rest of the season. On account of the unethical move of the UV in questioning the decision, the majority of the CCAA Board of Directors made a move to expel the UV from the CCAA, but in consideration for the written apology of the President of the UV, the CCAA voted for only one year suspension of the UV from the CCAA up to July 1, 1952. As a result of this suspension all games that have been played with the UV were not to be considered by the CCAA.

The USC played next with the Cebu Institute of Technology. Result: USC 95, CIT 67.

Finally came the day for the meeting between the USC and the USP. Before the game, the boys thought that they had it in the bag.

kicked downstairs.

But this downstairs business can also have its lighter sides. When a man takes his visitor down, he prob-

ably wants to talk business, but when he says, let's go upstairs, that means only one thing. It's either beer or ice cream!

What happened? It was a run-away for USP. The score by the quarters was: USC 12, USP 18; 30-36; 42-54; 57-76. Still hope? Well at least the USC qualified for the second round. Anything could happen yet.

Beginning of the second round: USC vs. SWC. Score by quarters: USC 10, SWC 11; 25-19; 37-35; 43-50. USC lost again! Where's the hope?

The next opponent was University of Southern Philippines. Score by the quarters: USC 9, USP 7; 18-15; 29-30; 46-38. USC's first important victory. Hope? Plenty.

USC against CSJ was a routine game: USC 6, CSJ 16; 28-25; 47-35; 65-47.

But the trick of late that gave USC the chance for a crack at the championship was the victory of the USP over the SWC which produced a triple tie for the first place in the second round.

Since USP was champion of the first round, it was given the advantage of standing by while the USC and the SWC played off to decide which team would face USP.

It was a most critical game. It was now or never. Nobody could tell until the last minute, until the last ten seconds. Not even after the third quarter, where USC was leading 38 to 28. Given the chance, the SWC boys could pile up shots in no time. But the star of USC was shining bright that Tuesday night. Score by the quarters: USC 10, SWC 8; 23-24; 38-28; 51-48.

Only one more step to the championship!

The game with the University of Southern Philippines was the hardest-fought game of the series. From the beginning to the end, the lead was changing hands every minute. Score: USC 10, USP 13; 25-23 40-36; 52-46. This was it!

The University of San Carlos was declared champion of the CCAA Basketball series of 1951! Followed a victory motor parade and a victory banquet in honor of the team. Everything is well that ends well. **Finis.**

(About the trip to Manila for the National Intercollegiate Basketball Championship, see CONTINUATION IN THE NEXT ISSUE.)

ably wants to talk business, but when he says, let's go upstairs, that means only one thing. It's either beer or ice cream!

envy among other girls in town just because of him? Yes — she was certain that life would be a paradise to her if only she would be with Delfin.

Surprisingly, she found herself the mother of two smart boys within the lapse of years. Happiness became intense with their arrival, much more because of her husband's undying devotion to her and their home. There was no dull moment for her, everything seemed to lend her felicity and contentment. What else could she wish for? The babyish laughter and the guns of Donie and the pranks Edil used to play on Daddy were the constant causes of her rapture and joy.

One day, however...
"It is our duty to succumb to the call of our motherland. We must do everything to save her during crucial times."

It was terrible. She became dizzy, the world became dark, her eyes experienced for the first time the overflow of tears.

"Mom, from Daddy?" Donie with hopes in his eyes handed to his mother an envelop. He had strained his eyes trying to read the clearly typed address. It was too blurred for him; he had not mastered his alphabet yet.

From her musings, Trining snatched the letter from his son, overwhelmed with enthusiasm at last to have received the letter which she had anxiously been waiting for. Her heart throbbed faster. Why was it typed? Delfin would never send her such letter — too formal and business-like. "Please, Lord, have mercy on Delfin. Keep him safe and healthy."

"Open it, Mommie, please. Has Daddy sent me a gun?"

Her fingers became numb. She was afraid, yet she did not understand why. With trembling hands, she opened the letter — angry with herself for entertaining terrible thoughts about someone she held dear. A sigh of relief, a smile perched on her lips as she murmured thanks to the Lord. Of course, she would attend the party. She could not disappoint Filomena, her intimate friend in school now her cousin-in-law. She ought to be grateful to this woman, the woman responsible for their first meeting.

"Trining, will you please meet my cousin, Delfin?"

"How do you do?"
"I am very glad to know you."
So simple an introduction, yet so meaningful they met, knew each other, and finally vowed to love each other forever.

THE LETTER

(Continued from page 25)

That was eight years ago, yet it was fresh and vivid in her memory. However, the presence of Edil and Donie convinced her of the swift lapse of time.

"Mom, my gun?" Donie, restless of the silence, inquired again.

She realized she had been day-dreaming. She hugged her child, gave him her motherly kisses, and tenderly informed him that the letter was not from their father.

"Will Dad forget to send gifts, Mom?"

GIFT FROM A BLACK BOOK

(Continued from page 27)

child," he whispered. "Now, I hope mine will be."

Two days before Christmas, the doctor declared the girl well. That same day Don Mariano went downtown to go shopping but did not forget to pass the phonograph record shop.

The girl was in a perplexed mood when he arrived but greeted his father cheerfully. She had been looking for something.

"You know, child," Don Mariano said. "I bought myself a new suit — for Christmas Day! We'll go to mass together! Look, here it is. And if you'll come with me to the modiste, we'll have a dress for you in a jiffy."

The girl stood still, shocked at the words she heard, as if it was thunderbolt that struck her heart. She could not believe what she heard and her father understood. Going towards the phonograph, he played one of the records he just bought. The melodious strains of "Silent Night" filled the room.

"You know very well I don't have a nice good voice, child, for I'm always out of tune. But you can imagine that Bing Crosby's voice is mine, can't you?"

"Oh, Papa!" the girl cried. But she could not go on, for tears were already choking her. Then raising, she faced her father.

"Papa," she said, squinting her eyes and pointing her finger at him. "You have been a naughty boy and have read something you should not read."

"Oh, er, that is—" Don Mariano stammered, embarrassed.

"Oh, Papa, dear, I'm glad you did! Let's go over to the modiste now and have my dress made."

"Of course, not, Donie. Don't lose hope, my son. Your father will never fail to send us something today. Be prepared because we will go to auntie's house. Tell Edil, Donie, please."

The sky was clear. The sun, with all its splendor, shone proudly as if to share the gaiety of the day. Trining, with her two sons, enthusiastically went to the party with all expectations that after the party they would find the gifts waiting for them in their house. "Your father will never fail to send us something."

Everybody's face beamed with satisfaction and gratitude. Each one enjoyed the hospitality and the cordial welcome afforded them. Dances, drinks, games, everything spelled out the significance of the day.

Outwardly, Trining was not an exception to those happy faces. She willingly gave all her hearty smiles as her friends admired her, reminding her once in a while about their father. She tried hard to let them believe she was enjoying their remarks although inside her was an anguish of pain. It was hard for her not to remember Delfin. This was the first Christmas day they were not together. He could have been with her, with their beloved, had it not been for the war!

Despite the insistent requests of Filomena to let them spend the whole afternoon in their house, the depressed wife insisted to go home. Trining knew she would find a temporal relief if she stayed with Filomena. Her thoughts would be diverted and thus she would be comforted. But the thoughts about the gifts from Delfin forced her to go home without delay.

A few yards from their house they saw someone waiting at the door.

"The postman!" Exclaimed the two youngsters. They raced to their house for the gifts. She walked briskly, ran at times. Her anxiety made her nervous. Her joy made her cry.

"A telegram for you, Mrs. Cruzada."

"A telegram? From whom?"

"She was checked. She was speechless."

"Has Daddy sent us Christmas gifts, Ma?" The two sons asked anxiously in unison.

She could not move. She could not raise her voice in a whisper. She stared at them, so innocent, so ignorant of the realities of life. Could she give them all the comfort, all their wishes, all their likes, alone?

Diciembre
1951

Sección Castellana

El Nacimiento de Jesús

POR aquellos días se promulgó un edicto de César Augusto, que mandaba empadronar a todo el mundo. Este primer empadronamiento fué hecho por Cirino, gobernador de la Siria; todos iban a empadronarse, cada cual a su ciudad. José, pues, como era de la casa y familia de David, subió desde Nazaret, ciudad de Galilea, a la ciudad de David, llamada Belén, en Judea, para empadronarse con María, su esposa, la cual estaba en cinta. Y sucedió que, estando allí, le llegó la hora de su alumbramiento y dió a luz a su hijo primogénito, y envolvióle en pañales y recostóle en un pesebre, porque no había lugar para ellos en la posada.

Estaban velando en aquellos contornos unos pastores, haciendo centinela de noche sobre su grey, cuando un ángel del Señor apareció junto a ellos, y cercólos con su resplandor una luz divina, lo cual los llenó de sumo temor. Dijoles entonces el ángel: No temáis, pues vengo a daros una nueva de grandísimo gozo para todo el pueblo: Y es que os ha nacido en la ciudad de David el Salvador, que es el Cristo, el Señor. Sirvaos de señal que hallaréis al niño envuelto en pañales y reclinado en un pesebre. En ese instante se dejó ver con el ángel un ejército numeroso de la milicia celestial, alabando a Dios y diciendo: Gloria a Dios en la más alto de los cielos, y paz en la tierra a los hombres de buena voluntad.

Luego que los ángeles se apartaron de ellos al cielo, los pastores se decían unos a otros: Vamos hasta Belén, y veamos este suceso que ha ocurrido, y que el Señor nos ha manifestado. Vinieron, pues, a toda prisa, y hallaron a María y a José y al niño reclinado en el pesebre. Y viéndole, se certificaron de cuanto se les había dicho de este niño. Todos los que supieron el suceso,

(Continuación en la página 36)

EDITORIAL

¡Nabidad!

¡Nabidad! El día anunciado por los profetas y suspirado por los patriarcas.

Aquel día de diamantes claridades, en que destilaron miel los collados y dulcedumbres los montes y... batieron palmas hasta los árboles de los bosques, según la expresión hermosa del sagrado texto.

El día en que el Hijo del Altísimo, Eterno a Increado, eleva a Sí, la humanidad, abatiéndose hasta lo más hondo... ¡Nacimiento en el tiempo!

La humanidad en Belén, ese incomprensible anonadamiento que ha inspirado a los líricos de más alto vuelo, y ha cautivado el latir de todos los corazones, es realmente el sello magnífico de la divinidad.

Revestido de la naturaleza humana, nace en Belén Aquel cuya generación se remonta hasta la eternidad; el Dios Omnipotente que embelleció las auroras y los ocasos, con nacarados reflejos y suavísimas tonalidades de oro y zafir; que decoró de azul y de esmeralda los cielos y los campos y prestó a las nubes finísimos encajes; que llenó de perfumes los pebeteros de los lirios y las rosas; el Rey de los reyes, que reservó para el candor y la pureza las predilecciones de su corazón divino.

¡Nació en Belén el Hijo del Altísimo, despojado de los esplendores de la Divinidad, para así acercarnos a la dulzura de su Amor; descendió de los cielos para elevarnos hasta los cielos; y su Madre Inmaculada lo reclinó en la pobreza de un pesebre!

Pero son millares los ángeles que rodean aquel pesebre, entonando himnos de gloria... ¡Gloria a Dios en las alturas! ¡Y en la tierra paz, a los hombres de buena voluntad!

Un aroma celestial saturaba los espacios abrillantados con raudales de luz.

Con el alma hecha plegaria evoquemos aquella noche inmortal.

Y que las milagrosas refulgencias del mensaje traído por los ángeles, pongan tonalidades de esperanza en los horizontes sin transparencias... ¡Paz en la tierra!

FIESTA máxima del cristiano. Redención consumada. Milagro de la virginidad fecunda. Paz renovada entre el Creador y la creatura. Dios hecho hombre para que la humanidad quedara divinizada. Todo esto y mucho más representa la Nochebuena, la hermosa fiesta de la Navidad, que más que noche es día glorioso e impercedero, al lado del cual todos los demás son oscuros y apagados.

Es el nacimiento de Jesús. El Esperado, objeto final de la Fe, término de la Esperanza, vida de la Caridad, precedido desde la cuna de la humanidad a raíz de la primera caída, quien pasó, si es que referente a El se puede emplear esa palabra, haciendo el bien sobre la tierra, dando salud a los enfermos, vista a los ciegos, movimientos a los paralíticos, libertad a los endemiciados y vida a los muertos.

Quo ensalzó a los pobres, o mejor, que los identificó con El, por mortificados y humildes, y que estigmatizó y marcó a luego a los fariseos orgullosos y sensuales.

Nochebuena

Por LUIS PAEZ ALLENDE

una familia única, como se demuestra y advina por el parecido fisonómico el simple vínculo familiar.

Una cosa es evidente, y es la de que nos hemos alejado del cristianismo. Es nobleza reconocerlo. Es también camino para encontrar de nuevo la salud. En todo lo demás existe una gran dosis de hipocresía, y de la peor índole, cual es la que llega casi a ser sincera, o sea, estar convencido de la bondad del error y que la cual está en el prójimo y no en nosotros.

Es por esto que profundos pensadores, desde los ángulos más diversos, han seleccionados sus inyectivos para hacer la crítica a la sociedad moderna, que vivía una tranquilidad minada por gérmenes letales, y de ese modo la calificación de navío conducido por una legión de alienados, otros como ca-

y en gran parte tienen el mismo credo y bailan al son de la misma música.

La ignorancia del mensaje de lo Alto es la verdadera causa del caos moral y material del mundo moderno, la causa de la quiebra de nuestra civilización puesta a prueba en esta hora crucial de la historia; y no busquemos, por tanto, ingenuamente, otros motivos, referidos al empalmeamiento del sol de la libertad o a la ausencia de tales o cuales estatolatrias afirmadas sobre los valores exacerbados de la política y de la economía.

Síntesis de la lección del Salvador: la ley del amor y del sacrificio... Y porque tenemos los hombres la tendencia hacia el pecado y a conaturalizarnos con la injusticia, con la que nos mostramos muy refinados cuando nos hieren y muy torpes cuando nos deja tranquilos, en vez de irritarnos por demás cuando la justicia parece apagarse deberíamos encontrar allí mismo uno de los medios insuperables para alcanzar y acrecentar nuestro valor moral. Así obró el Justo por antonomasia, que por amor hacia la humanidad permitió que le fuera aplicada la pena iníamente de la muerte de cruz para salvar a quienes en mayor o menor grado sí la merecían.

Casi todos nos hemos apartado de la verdadera justicia para convertirnos en terriblemente justicieros, lo que estaría tal vez explicado en el mundo de tinieblas que era el paganismo, pero no en la nueva era de paz, dicha y claridad que es o debe ser el cristianismo.

Recordemos, en fin, que está escrito que no hay paz, ni individual ni colectiva, para el impío, y sobre todo recordemos los cristianos con optimismo y gozo en este año memorable y en esta Nochebuena el cántico con que el Angel y un ejército numeroso de la milicia celestial, alababan al Divino Infante, ante los pastores, en los contornos de Belén: "Gloria a Dios en las alturas y paz en la tierra a los hombres de buena voluntad."

Divinas Galas

*En esta noche de divinas galas
recuerdo cuando niños, de rodillas,
encendidas las cándidas meilllas,
decíamos. Señor ¿Qué nos regalas?*

*Nuestra casa, sin pórticos ni salas,
donde las cosas eran tan sencillas,
guardaba los dulces maravillas
que llevarían las celestes alas.*

Ni oro, incienso ni mirra hemos tenido.

*A los pies del pesebre iluminado
sólo dejamos infantil pedido.*

*Entonces no supimos, Dios amado,
Que en el niño, Jesús recién nacido
Nos traías el Cielo regalado.*

—OSVALDO GARIGLIANO

Que nos dió para siempre su compañía en el sacramento del altar y su vida como modelo para atravesar con felicidad el lago de profundas e inquietas aguas por la vida, de lo cual se desprende una lección suprema que es la obligación de considerar al prójimo como un hermano nuestro, hasta el grado de, llegado el caso, dar la vida por él, verdadero hermano por la Paternidad que nos es común a todos los hombres sin excepción, y nos lo demuestra con evidencia innegable la semejanza esencial, física y moral que existe entre todos los humanos, pues son integrantes de

dáver insepulto y algunos hablarán de un trastruque tal de los valores y de las cosas que sería indispensable tener los pies en el aire para verlos tales como son, conforme al plano en que se han colocado.

Deslumbrados por la ciencia y la razón, hemos ignorado el sentido profundo de las cosas, y es claro que tampoco la paz y la felicidad serán una consecuencia del choque de las naciones, a pesar de que tal como se presentan los hechos, contemplamos el absurdo de los preparativos para guerras de proporciones nunca vistas y el choque de civilizaciones que en lo fundamental

El Mensaje de Nochebuena

Por J. ROBERTO BONAMINO

WENGO a daros una nueva de grandísimo gozo para todo el pueblo y es que hoy os ha nacido en la ciudad de David, el Salvador, que es el Cristo, el Señor nuestro". Estas son las palabras con las cuales el ángel del Señor, según el evangelista San Lucas, anunció a los pueblos el advenimiento del Mesías de secular expectación.

El singular acontecimiento ocurrido veinte siglos hace en el humilísimo portal de Belén, tiene hoy para la humanidad entera la misma sugerencia y el mismo significado que cuando fuera anunciado por el angelical emisario a los pastores a los cuales también y en ellos a todos los hombres, agregara el mensaje de la milicia celestial: "Gloria a Dios en las alturas y paz en la tierra a los hombres de buena voluntad". Es que ese sucesora el cumplimiento definitivo de la promesa del Redentor hecha a nuestros primeros padres en el paraíso terrenal y revestida por eso mismo, el carácter eminente de lo divino. Siempre tendré el mismo profundo significado y siempre será la recordación sublime de que ese enfante nacido de madre inmaculada y virgen, era el Cristo, el Mesías esperado y anhelado, al precio de cuya sangre derramada en el Gólgota, la humanidad se reconcilia con su Dios y se le abren al hombre otra vez las puertas de su eterna feli-

EL NACIMIENTO DE . . . (Continuación de la página 34)

se maravillaron igualmente de lo que los pastores les habían contado. María, empero, conservaba todas estas palabras ponderándolas en su corazón. En fin, los pastores se volvieron, no cesando de alabar y glorificar a Dios por todas las cosas que habían oído y visto, según se les había anunciado.

ciudad siempre que, como lo anunciarán los ángeles en la hora de Belén, tuviesen la buena voluntad necesaria para cumplir la ley divina y hacerse, por lo mismo, acreedores a los méritos de la Redención.

Sublime lección, ofrece meditar en este día de la Nochebuena sobre lo que ella enseña a la humanidad de nuestros tiempos en los cuales otra vez parece cernirse sobre la misma la terrible amenaza de una nueva catástrofe bélica, que acaso hunda definitivamente a la civilización. El mensaje que en una noche igual hace veinte siglos oyeran los hombres lué el de glorificar a Dios en las alturas para que los hombres de buena voluntad pudieran gozar de la paz, que es el bien supremo a que el hombre puede aspirar en su terrenal peregrinar. Y en ese glorificarlo reside todo el secreto de la humana felicidad o infelicidad. Cuando acepta integralmente la ley divina y la hace suya desde lo íntimo de su corazón hasta la vida social toda; cuando esa ley preside sus actos como individuo y como colectividad, entonces sí y solamente entonces el bien de paz prometido en aquella noche sublime puede ser realidad, porque la paz de Dios, que es la verdadera e integral paz únicamente la pueden gozar los hombres cuando están cerca de Dios y con El y por El viven y cumplen su eterna ley.

Allí está otra vez en esta Navidad, la palabra augusta del Papa, de S.S. Pio XII, llamando una vez más como lo hiciera él y sus ilustres predecesores en horas no menos angustiosas, a la realidad de una paz que, para ser tal, debe nacer en los corazones para expandirse a toda la humana sociedad. Es la misma paz de Belén, la que glorifica a Dios primero y después, la consigne como fruto del incondicional acatamiento de la ley divina que la humana creatura no puede ni debe anteponer a sus apetencias, sino someterse a la misma con voluntad firme y decidida.

LEONIE LIANZA LOOKS. . . (Continued from page 18)

arms linked—warm or cold, traffic or no traffic.

..... MARGE DELFIN is one girl who can give you a singing outside MGM's musical production. Her voice will remind you of an RCA record played at twilight or thereabouts (ehem).

..... The way to a man's heart is through his stomach", so goes a line that's already growing long beard with time but still immortalized by some ladies like ROSIE ENRIQUETZ, GLORY ABEJO and DOLORES FRANCISCO, "Home-Economicers", who've got more home-sense than I've got and who expect to cook their way to some Romeo's heart sooner than you expect.

..... The Sarda family who must have a pile of cases pending in some court somewhere or RAM and RONY SARDA wouldn't both be angling for "Attorney-at-Law" shingles, and man, they meag business!

..... ESPER FIEL, one girl in a million whose presence one can never tell for the simple reason that she doesn't make much use of her speech faculty. But let her sit on a piano, and she convey a message more effectively and expressively than politicians.

..... LEON BALITE who claims that if one commits murder he'd still be "fiansable" or "bailable" in Webster's language.

..... MRS. AGUILAR who grows l's in her report card like they could be bought in the market at three for five cents. Brother! And with a hubby to feed and keep house for! Could be that the coming issue is a brainy little junior.

..... That Liberal Arts honor roller, LORENZO DIMATAGA, who announced with genuine fervor he's only more than willing to renounce the "forementioned" title (reminds you of England's Edward VII, huh?) for a certain maiden fair.

..... Sorry there's no smarter way to say it—it's still the best greeting, so I say,

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!!!!

Pongamos nuestros corazones y nuestras voluntades frente a la hora que vivimos y a la luz de las enseñanzas de esta Navidad hagamos que voluntades y corazones se sientan movidos a vivir concordes con las enseñanzas de Aquel que en un como hoy naciera en Belén: concordes con la ley divina, y dentro del acatamiento de su Jerarquía y la adhesión más filial y amplia al Padre Común, al sucesor de Pedro en la tierra.



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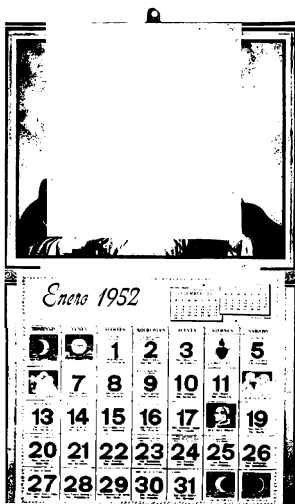
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