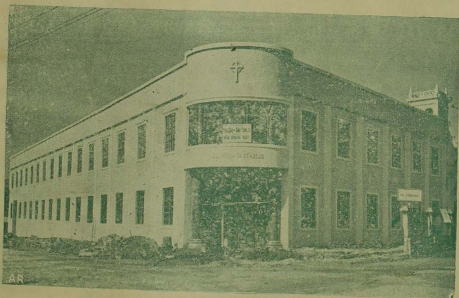


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The New High School Building

v. 11, no. 7
SEPTEMBER, 1947

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EDITORIAL

The Easy Way Out

OF LATE, a national disease endemic to Filipinos has broken out in alarming proportions. Its violence has cut a swath of destruction through the delicate field of our political life down to the tender realm of love and romance.

It is the social cancer — to lift a term from Jose Rizal's writings — of laziness; the predilection for taking the short-cut, not always the honorable way, to success; it is the easy way out of a situation.

Newspaper headlines and magazine articles have only recently played up the serio-comic spectacle of weak-kneed oppositionists by the hundreds creating a path to the door of the party in power. The rat race for a berth on the gravy train of the majority party has indeed taken such a turn that it might be sociologically interesting to dig into the causes of the phenomenon.

It does not take much figuring to bring out the reason for this mass exodus. Sure enough, it cannot be attributed to an honest change of principles on the part of the deserters. The extent of the reversal and the kind of men involved in it would put that out of the question.

What then? Very simple. The prospects of election on the minority party are darker than the movie villain's getting the heroine at the final fade-out. On the other hand, membership in the majority party means that a candidate does not have to lift a finger to get elected. Put two and two together and the whole thing adds up to the peculiar Filipino penchant for taking the easy way out.

It probably has not occurred to us that it is just that basic laziness of the Filipino that has put us in a rather over the chances of survival of the two-party system here. Because he is too lazy to sweat

it out until such time as the electorate sees fit to put the minority back in the saddle, we are faced with the dreary prospect of a one-party government. Scraping through the junk heap of what is left of the minority party, one sees that it does not stand a Chinaman's chance.

And when the germ of that national disease extends to — of all things — the realm of love, then we really have cause for alarm. One would think that nothing is too hard when love is in the bargain. But today, the young man must get his girl in twenty-four hours flat or the whole thing is off. So he has whipped up a formula that gets around the encyclopedic longevity of the conventional courtship.

In the good old days, the lover thought nothing of wearing out the soles of his shoes in nightly treks to the house of the lady love and then sitting through long evenings, feeding her saccharine in small doses. That has gone into the discard now.

Today, the art of love has assumed a note of scientific cold-bloodedness. The easy-payment plan now calls for solo dates, secret meetings and visual exchanges until the girl comes around to the boy's point of view. That is because the young swain nowadays is too lazy to think up beautiful phrases or to walk to the girl's place. All because the Filipino ordinarily always takes the easy way out.

But, is the easy way out — the bee-line — always the sure route to success, fortune and a girl's heart? The sober reflection by a famous German statesman on that score will answer the question. When the motto of the Hanover Club of Gottingen, to which as a student he had belonged, was quoted to him as applicable to his own life, Bismarck added, "Yes, 'No Steps Backwards,' but a good many zig-zags."

THOUGHTS ON STARTING COLLEGE

By JOSEFINA LIM

HERE you are — fresh from the "convent school of childhood." Suddenly you are grown up and in college — launched into the outer, big and wonderful world! Later, you discover that it is neither so big nor so wonderful. And you're so much caught up on the outside, sometimes wistfully enough, you want to go back to the inside — to the security and tranquility of life's first dawn that is childhood.

Some people perennially occupy themselves for an elusive thing they call "success." So you, hopeful neophyte, analyze and plan out a campaign the better to capture this prize.

If a man instigated to, fulfillment a revolutionary reform in opinion, despite centuries of settled belief, would that innovator indeed not be called a "success"? Surely such a man has apparently all the reason to be joyful, to look around him, to view his host of followers and say that the world indeed is a beautiful place to live in!

Long ago one evening in the 16th century, such a man was taking a walk in his beautiful garden with his wife. The air was cool and calm and fragrant with the scent of many flowers. Above them across the ebon vastness of God's firmament, twinkled the stars. His wife commented and called his attention to this picture of beauty and peace.

Yet Martin Luther — head and founder of the sweeping Protestant Reformation — with sorrow replied, "Ah, wife, but that is no longer for us!"

Years later, another notable personage of history — or in the annals of mankind — Henry VIII, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Emperor of India and Defender of the Faith — disrupted with impunity his nation's life, making miserable and wretched the thousands of his subjects who depended on the bounty of the churches and monasteries which he ruthlessly wrecked and turned desolate.

Henry, as far as living goes, was a stupendous and resounding "success." He fed well, he married even better — six times, history records. The smart advocates of the slogan, "Eat, drink, be merry — for tomorrow we die" perhaps can never hope to ape this magnificent libertine.

Yet why, on his deathbed, surrounded by princesses, statesmen, phy-

sicians, and minister, did Henry, responsible for a mighty nation turning apostate, exclaim, "Lost, lost, all is lost!"

An obscure, pint-sized, Corsican country boy turned officer, nearly subjugating the world under his inexorable military sway, giving his relatives thrones and estates, intimidating and imprisoning prelates, and keeping company with noblemen. Could such a brilliant career be more successful?

Nevertheless, Napoleon Bonaparte, martial giant though he was, ended his days a friendless exile on a diminutive island set amidst lonely seas. No doubt the golden Mediterranean days must have been dimmed with

What are the marks of the really successful person? Here is an illuminating attempt at tracking down that elusive thing called "success."

gnawing memories and remorse; the silent nights noisy with inner turmoil at his fallen state; the sapphire waters around Elba a mockery of gently lapping waves at all human successful careers.

But Napoleon was lucky. He died a natural death in bed. Successful war lords after his time met more gruesome ends.

But, you say, they were exceptional creatures. Be fair, be practical, get down to us small time brethren. Nonsense!

Like us, they were human beings, not demi-gods. (That takes care of fairness.)

I am being practical for my examples' deeds are not products of theories or speculation — they were actual.

Except for Henry VIII who was a peer, but human nevertheless, these three examples were of the masses before they achieved their ambition.

Do you think that the humblest cadet, like the little Corsican boy, might not be capable of greater power? Or that the most unassuming intellectual, like Luther, might not suddenly blaze out into an infidel or saint? Or that any of the people in office, might not distort government into tyranny?

Oh yes, each and every normal human being can be great. We achieve

according to the amount of effort we exert as we put our shoulder to the wheel of industry. All of us are doing that now. We started eighteen years ago in kindergarten and now in college we are whetting our faculties for the finals. Most of us, God willing, will achieve some sort of distinction in our chosen line.

Yesterday, Napoleon, Luther, Henry; — today, an unscrupulous demagogue, a banking shark; — tomorrow you or I or our neighbor — having our cake and eating it too, making a fetish of our miserable little ego, struggling madly for fame, favor, fortune, power, pleasure, and what else have you.

There once lived a great statesman who had all these. He was a man of intelligence and wit and compelling personal charm. He discharged his duties wisely and well that his kind made him a knight. He was the happy and beloved head of a family famous for affection and culture.

A conflict arose, however, between him and the king, involving his principles and conscience, both of which he refused to forego. He was charged with high treason and condemned to be beheaded.

At dawn of the day of execution, his wife and daughter, pale with terror, begged him desperately, for the last time, to renounce himself. Greater rank and wealth were promised him if he would do so.

The prisoner sighed, shook his head, replied, "I'd rather be headless here than in the hereafter."

Doubtless Sir Thomas More is now basking in his Utopia which, Henry VIII thought, was on earth.

Worldly success here — will it last and endure beyond? For thither we are all going and though we may accumulate honors and riches on the way yet in the long run these transient things will be shed and left behind. The only thing that matters after all is the salvaging of our sole possession of immortal value.

Unless man hold to the ultimate truth — that only he is truly successful — who will achieve the salvation of his immortal soul! "success" will only be something like the pot of gold over the rainbow.

Hopeful neophyte, grasp this fact firmly, for this is the rudder that will guide us unerringly in every storm that can break upon us as we journey to our heavenly home.

TURN of the ROAD

By Lourdes S. Mercado

ANNA FERNANDEZ stood there undecided, for a moment, whether to enter or not to enter the office of the flourishing "Cebu Times Daily." The paper had advertised that morning for a woman who could manage the Society Section and she wanted to apply for the job. She had always loved writing and newspaper work even as a kid. Now this was an opportunity to do what she had always wanted to be... a writer in a real paper. This was a step in the realization of a dream. But bogey thoughts assailed her.

She was shy and timid. Approaching new people always made her hesitant. But it was only for a moment. She knew that she had to act now and quickly, or else she could never expect to go any where. Courage born of positive need made her shake off her fears and gave her the needed tonic to enter. Of course she had a job as one of the salesgirls in a Department Store. It was now almost two years since she held it but she was sick of it. She never had talent for business and the dust and the monotony of the work had become almost a drudgery. She had always wanted quiet and a chance to write out ideas that kept racing in her head — ideas that clamored to be written down.

She felt awkward and uncertain as she found herself fanning the Editor of the "Cebu Times Daily". He was a middle aged wiry man with bushy eyebrows. It was only his eyes that twinkled now and then that saved you from the impression that here was a very hard man.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Gomez," she heard herself saying. "I read an ad in your paper this morning that you were looking for a woman who can manage the Society Section and I have come to

apply for the job."

"Yes, we want someone capable and with some experience. What is your name and what are your qualifications?" His voice sounded curt and abrupt.

"My name is Anna Fernandez. I am a graduate in typewriting and stenography and was a pre-law student before the war. I have never worked

For Anna, life was one straight path line with roses... that is, until she came to the cross-roads.

in a commercial paper but I used to be a staff member on our college paper. I have no other qualifications, except that I have always loved writing and I hope you would give me the chance to prove myself before you turn me down." She found herself smiling at him. It was one of those rare smiles of hers, but it did wonders, because somehow it broke the ice between them. She was so eager that she forgot her shyness. She was now at ease and more romped.

He did not answer her for a long time. He was studying her critically. She looked intelligent, neat and well groomed, but somehow she gave the impression of immaturity. He had wanted an older woman to do the work but the girl was so eager. There was a "do or die attitude" about her that suddenly, he found himself disliking to disappoint her. In spite of his eternal gruffness, Mr. Gomez had a soft heart. She reminded him so forcibly of his own daughter and what if his own little girl would be in the same predicament years later? He would certainly hate people who were hard on her. Somehow his voice had softened as he spoke to her.

"Yes, you can have the job.

I will give you two months to prove yourself and if after two months, I don't find your work satisfactory, then there should be no hard feelings if I dismiss you."

"Why of course, it's a deal," she answered him gratefully, "and thank you for giving me a chance, Mr. Gomez. I will try my best to live up to your expectations." She shook his hand as she left, looking so happy and he turning back to his work was a happier man for it.

It was one of those rare nights in June that made you think of yesterdays. The sky was flawlessly lovely and was dotted here and there with twinkling stars. A few blocks away, someone was playing the piano. It was a familiar tune — "Alt Wein" by Godowsky. She used to play it before the war. She looked at her hands. Now she could no longer play and even if she could, their piano was gone. She sighed and she blinked down a stray tear that managed to escape. Memories of home and childhood days were escaping from barriers that she had long erected in order to forget because it hurt to remember.

Why it was only yesterday that she graduated from High School. She was fifteen then and still much of a kid. She still climbed trees and played with dogs. It was the time too, that she received a first love letter and how she cried because she did not want to be engaged yet, and how much teasing and laughter it caused at home.

Memories of home were happy and unspooled. Much love and protection had been hers, so that when the war broke out, and her father killed in an accident, it left her trembling and afraid. It was still so vivid to her when the sad news was broken to

(Continued on page 20)

When Do We Eat, Professor?

by
Anony MOOSE

5:30 — 6:30 P.M.

WITH tones clear and resonant, the bell rings forth supreme and commanding. It is time for the evening classes to begin. With the heaviest of hearts, I terminate a pleasant tete-a-tete and tear my presence away from the delightful company of a coed. Off I go tripping merrily to my classes. Forsooth, her smile was ravishing; her voice was music.

In the classroom, I take a back seat, far distant from the professorial dais. Verily, the college prospectus informs me that my instructor is endowed with academic degrees, and, since I do not have the slightest idea what the lesson tonight is all about, I must take pains to conceal my presence beyond his scholarly sphere.

The class roster is called and the lecture begins. I settle myself with all ease and comfort. Opening my eternally unfilled notebook, I unscrew my pen and present a front, that from all angles suggests a picture of a model student at work.

I begin to lose myself in pensive thoughts. Indeed she was something of a dream, Virginia? Maria? Linda? Gordopia? Now, just what was her name? What grim irony! I had that rare fortune to talk with her the whole afternoon and I forgot to ask her name. I jot something down in my memory book.

Surely, it is to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous to fancy myself in love. Must I inform her of the feelings that have moved my anemic heart? Would it conform with the norms of propriety if I dispatched a missive of my affections? If I would, how must I begin? Dear: Dearest? Darling? Aw nertz! Dazzled as I am, I wonder where she could be for the present. In class? If so, does she think of me much as I meditate about her? I wonder.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

6:30 — 7:30 P.M.

An hour has passed. Another period commences. Out yonder from the open window, I behold the night Stars illumine the murky darkness and lo! they sparkle with celestial glory. Forsooth, her eyes twinkle

like the stars. I commence to harbor such fancy thoughts that the night was made for us alone.

But too soon, I feel an irritating nudge at my ribs from my immediate neighbor. He annoys me because he makes my floating rib float the more, and I feel seasick. Nonetheless, I come down to earth again.

"Mr. Johnson, (others call me Van, for short), tell me, what is your opinion on the relative blah of the blah in relation to the blah blah." The professor hurls a quiz-atomic bomb at my ever uneducated head and I am dazed! Weakly I clutch the back of the seat in front of me and on my fallen arches, I stand up.

"I am deeply moved to state, sir, that I have not formulated any untutored opinions on the subject." I bleat sheepishly.

"Then perhaps if you will kindly erase that dying calf's look on your

remind myself that I have not taken anything, not even a teeny-weeny little bite from anything-cible since lunch and that was eons and eons ago. As it is, I am famished and I can hardly wait for the next meal.

"Mr. Gable (just call me Clark) can you now explain how the blah blah....."

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Saved by the bell!

7:30 — 8:30 P. M.

Now for the last period. Gladly would I forfeit the next instructor for a leg of fried chicken. I am hungry and I feel that I could use a pair of cheese sandwiches at the Canteen. But alas! I find that I am at the lowest ebb of my financial assets. I am practically null and void. Let me therefore think of something else more pleasant. That Dream Girl, I r

**Look out, folks! That Moose is here again...
and with a super-screamer!**

face (horse laughs from the mob) and kindly pay attention. I will endeavor to elucidate the subject to you."

I blush to the tips of my balding scalp and I retire to the comfort of my seat. The kill-joy. He's been after me ever since I p'aced that tack on his seat and indeed he endeavours to ridicule me. Pooh! What doth it profit the man?

Regardless of the ensuing lecture, I took with me several copies of comic literature Sweet Someone lent me and soon I am lost in a world of Superman, Batman, Popeye and such other cartoon creations. I find such reading refreshing and verily, a broad field of intellectual harvests. Mayhap, Le Professeur is a savant; mayhap, he is the 'Homo Multarum Literarum' and I am just the Insignificanti Ignominus. BUT! can he inform me who made the first rocket ship? Who? Verily, 'twas Flash Gordon.

And then, there is Popeye with his hamburgers. 'Tis best for me perhaps not to ponder upon the subject of metaphysical hamburgers. I must

instance. Unfortunately, I find that I cannot; my mind is as void as my stomach is empty. Now, I realize what they meant when they said, "When hunger knocks, love flies out." How true and how wise. Verily, my loving thoughts have taken wing and in their stead, I see a vision of steaming dishes replete with savory delicacies.... turkey, a la king, I flit from the steaming regions of a bowl of vegetable soup to the juicy portions of tenderloin steaks and as unto the cause, the effect is, so unto my mouth, the water. Indeed, my gastronomic desires have overwhelmed my starving spirit.

I wonder what they have prepared at the house? Fried chicken? Yum. Fried potatoes? Yum, yum. Pork chops with gravy? Oh boy!

How slow are the seconds. When, oh, when will that bell ring? I am unable to comprehend what the professor is gabbling about. I begin to lose my mind. Why must I suffer this? What merit this mental anguish? Confound that bell! For whom does the bell toll? For Adano? That's

(Continued on page 20)

Hatched By Telephone

by
Aristoteles Briones

THE dim lights of the Office of Investigation barely reflected the bald pate of the desk sergeant, sleepy in his swivel chair. Yes, he was doing his duty for duty's sake.

In an inner room Alfredo, sleepy too, couldn't sleep. One could hear him now and then cursing the telephone and its inventor as he snapped out of his swivel chair with a creak whenever there was a call. The clock on the wall chimed the tenth hour of the night. Once in a while Alfredo could hear the creakings of the sergeant's chair. The sergeant's telephone rang. Alfredo listened to one side of the dialogue, filling in the gaps of the person at the other end.

"Desk sergeant speaking. What? Who? — Ah! Fred? Yes, Inspector, del Villa. He's here, sleeping in his bunk. Just a minute, I'll see if he's up."

Alfredo thought, "Who could be wanting me at this hour of the night." And on this particular night when he so wanted to sleep.

"Who is it, sarge? And what are you grinning about?"

"Oh, nothing, just nothing. A beautiful babe called. She asked me who you are. Who is the smarter Junior Detective Inspector we used to call with the fine name of 'Fredie'."

"I see. And what did you tell her," queried the Inspector.

"Also nothing. Say, by the way, Inspector, she's got a sweet voice — hm m m m — captivating. Now, don't start telling me you don't know her."

"W — huh!"

"Yea, she told me she's a friend of yours. Down in Central — night shift, nine to twelve."

"But I don't know anybody at Central. And the fact is, I'm sleepy. But I'll call her. You say she runs the switchboard, eh! The operator then, at this hour?"

"Yea, and if you make a call, ask for Mary."

"Oho! trying to be incognito, eh!"

"Say, doesn't that name give you an idea?"

"Nope. I wonder who she is," he mused. But at last this was something for a change from solving petty thefts, pick-pocketing, night club brawls, stewards, murders, and what not. "Yohoo! this is what I call opportunity knocking at my

door. Sarge. I'll tell the world I'll call her."

"But, Inspector! What about your sleep!"

"Ha! ha! ha! What's good for a guy like me is a little romance. So, I'll make the call and chase the angel down the wires till I know what she looks like and perhaps I may make a date."

He then rang Central, wondering who might be the unknown, his sleep quite forgotten.

"Number, please," was the voice

**Anything can happen
on the night shift...and
usually does!**

he heard, so toncfully sweet that he was at a loss how to begin. Again the voice came clear, soft, and caressing. "Number, please." He was thrilled.

"Oh, I guess Central's got no numbers; give me M—A—R—Y! Say, the desk sergeant told me —"

"So at last, my Alfredo, the 'Curious Cat.'"

"Well, curiosity doesn't always kill, does it?"

He heard a stifled laugh. He could almost see her giggle.

"How do you know this one won't kill you?"

"Now, now, my dear lady, what's the idea? Please don't call me a cat," he added.

"And don't 'dear lady' me, too," bantered the voice across the wire.

"Aw, a thousand apologies, my dear l-a-d, oops, Mary."

"That'd better. Now, just forget everything, I was doing nothing for the moment and I guess I can have some fun once in a while."

"Once in a while. This is ten o'clock at night. B-r-r-r-r-r. That's not the reason. You're a good liar, you're using a pseudonym."

"To keep awake on the job, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You forgot that I'm the night operator. Bye! Bye!"

But to Alfredo this was not the end. The voice sounded so familiarly sweet that he did not want to end the chit-chat so soon.

"Oh! Oh! No, don't hang up yet.

Mary, dear, I must tell you something more."

"Yes."

"I can keep you awake all night if you want to. By the way, your voice seems familiar."

"Sh-h, here comes the manager. I might as well tell you not to start on me. Regulation's no talking with costumers save on business, see!"

"I will make it my business, then. Now, will you please tell me your real name."

"No, I can't do that. Regulations again. Isn't 'Mary' enough for you?"

"No, I can't take that."

"Well, what more?"

"Well, I'll let that go for regulations, but I'd sort of like to see you off hours. What's the address?"

"I can't tell you that, too. Regulations."

"You and your regulations. Are you that inaccessible?"

"Now, don't get excited, Mr. Sherlock. If you are so anxious to know me, I can manage to meet you at the entrance to the Central. I'll be off at eight in the morning. I'll be seeing you."

"It's a date."

"Tomorrow then. Bye! bye!"

Next morning Alfredo was spick and span in palm beach suit, milk white shoes, and a smart George Raft hat, its brim slightly bent down over his right eye. He was complete to the cigarette! He had been waiting for an hour at the entrance of the Central and still no 'Mary'. Who could the gal be? Somehow the voice reminded him of someone he knew, but he couldn't place the name. He was so engrossed in his poor memory of names that he didn't know he had smoked almost half a pack of Chesterfields. He glanced at his watch. Ten o'clock and still no 'Mary'. What a girl!

At ten-thirty Alfredo, tired of waiting went back to his office quite disgusted, but the voice of the wires was still haunting him. He threw his hat and plunged himself into a chair without greeting the sergeant.

"What's eating you now, Inspector?"

"Aw, don't call me Inspector."

"Oho! The inspector is in love with a voice. I would laugh at you if she turned out to be an old woman.

(Continued on page 20)

OF NATURE AND MAN

by A. C. Ferraris

THE sun was fast sinking behind the coconut-tree-topped hills of Misamis Oriental, sending its red rays in salute to the taking over of the world by night. Night, its canopy spreading over the eastern rim of the world, was dimming Punta Gorda from man's sight.

I stood on the beach, a sick man, clad in pajamas contemplating Nature's vast forces at work. I tried to mumble lines which man had scribbled in eloquent description of a scene such as this unfolding before me, but I could only gaze in wonderment, utterly incapable of fitting any line.

With the oncoming tide, the waves were gathering strength and fury. Huge crests dashed against an abandoned LCM on the beach, resulting in thunderous sounds. White spouts flew up from this terrible impact of Nature against a creation of man built to protect men from death so that men may kill other men. Where the waves were free to cast their fury against land, the sounds were no less fearful, as if they were to break asunder the earth on which man firmly stands. And where the waves had spent their strength white foam slowly receded to gather more power for the next blow—boom! boom! A little farther away from the beach, other LCM's and LCT's in anchor rocked on the huge waves, appeared and disappeared again and again.

The elements of the sea were certainly in bad mood. I could see, and the winds howled in accord with their temper.

I walked westward. The sun was gone. Night's canopy was extending westward and the east was studded with the sparkles of the distant stars. Lights were appearing here and there in the harbor of Bugo and beyond. I stood before a "haroto" on the beach whose

two occupants were also watching Nature's moves.

They were on their way to Cagayan, they told me, westward, homeward, when the sudden turn of the weather forced them to safety on the beach.

We then followed with our eyes the slow progress of a two-masted sailboat riding the waves with sails tucked in, its sailors paddling and rowing with frenzied haste.

"Good for them their boat was bigger than ours," one of the stranded men remarked.

"Yeah," the other man and I nodded in assent.

I stood up from the dead stump of wood I occupied and walked westward. Before me a group of men, women, and children were excitedly pointing to the roaring sea. A shipwreck, I thought. I stopped. A few meters from the beach, an object rose and fell and rose again. A man was struggling against the waves to reach it. He was thrown back from the object. He swam forward again. The waves dash-

ed him away. I felt the excitement of the scene. Here was a man fighting Nature to get to he knew not what, but which he must get hold of.

We lost sight of him as waves in succession hid him from our view. His progress was slow. Then we cheered, for he had taken hold of the object. He rode the waves to the shore. He was fatigued, yet he held up an empty, rusty gasoline can. He was grinning from ear to ear. He threw the can away again. The crowd laughed and he laughed with them.

Everyone then went slowly to his home under the coconut groves. A pretty maid was hanging on to an arm of the swimmer, adoration in her eyes. For her, at the moment, there was no one else in the world.

Left alone, I walked a few paces more. Lights were dotting Cagayan's harbor in the distance. I sat on another huge log and looked around. Night was in complete control. I scanned the vast expanse of the sea, until it met the sky. And my mind wandered on and on, deeper and deeper into forests of thoughts and dreams, until for want of light and guiding sun, my thoughts and dreams were lost to me. I came back to reality.

The sea had become calmer, and what was once the roar of the waves became tender caresses upon the shore. I retraced my steps homeward. The valiant swimmer and his maid were nowhere, gone to their love nest, among the houses under the trees. The two men had pushed their small boat toward the sea, and were paddling onward to Cagayan and home. The waves, as if realizing the futility of beating to pieces the abandoned LCM on the beach, turned to gentler tactics against the side of the boat, wooing and caressing

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At Yawn of Day

Dreams on a full stomach...
Dreams, smug dreams, with now
and then an eructation...
Dull dreams of a bloated con-
sciousness,
Sluggish in the noonday sun.
Then comes the stupid pause,
When self and images blur...
So off to bed to take the siesta
In the day's drowsiest hour.
And when the early post-meri-
dian hours come stealing past,
Then ends the noontide hiber-
nation
And appetite rumbles all-dc-
manding
For space-filling goodness,
For more smug dreams.

—OSCAR V. TRINIDAD

OF SAN CARLOS, THEY SAY . . .

By R. B. T.

Silent, shy, and retiring, that is Miss Salud Elpa in a nutshell. She came all the way from Surigao to continue her Junior Normal course here . . . Salud is easily typed as a "typical girl". Regarding first impressions, she rhapsodizes:

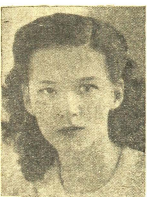
"I just can't express how much I have learned to love this college in so short a time. My impressions find hard to express in words—they're like that lingering fragrance which you fondly smell and yet feel are at a loss to describe. CSC, as a co-educational institution, has vastly distinguished herself from the rest in that it not only instructs but educates, too. I like the close companionship and the spirit of cooperation of the students and faculty members alike. I believe CSC stands unparalleled in educational, spiritual and social lines of instruction. I know that someday when I'll be far away from this college, my last memories of it will be pleasant and unforgettable."



Miss Salud Elpa

Next comes Mrs. Nena Macadaeg Casal who is finishing her AB studies this year. (By the way Nena is smart and intelligent. She made the mistake of becoming a teacher instead of a first-rate lawyer.) She comments:

"San Carlos College is a great institution of learning. That in a nutshell is my impression of CSC which I have wisely chosen as my Alma Mater. In a city arising from the ravaging destruction wrought by the last war, the buildings of CSC stand majestically: amidst ruins and ramshackle structures cannot but evoke praise and admiration. I believe in this wise: That CSC stands today a leader and a valiant crusader in the country's program of reconstruction and rehabilitation. Its healthy spirit of comradeship and bond of loyalty gives her lasting strength. Right in this worthy college the aristocracy, the middle class, and the deserving lowly here mingle and fraternize as one body without class discrimination and prejudice."



Mrs. Nena Macadaeg Casal

Mr. Jesus Bernad who is in the second year of the College of Liberal Arts says:

"If impressions are formed from the environment and the people that compose it. I can sincerely assert that CSC does give me a lasting impression. Candidly, I must say that this college is no ordinary one but is the "melting pot" wherein comradeship and love are shared by the faculty members and the students alike. It is the bulwark of Catholic education in the Visayas. It is not without pride therefore that I am a sharer in that fame and honor."



Mr. Jesus Bernad

Simple and charming Miss Carmen Militante of Plaridel, Misamis Occidental when interviewed remarked:

"I could hardly find a more appropriate enough to express the feeling I have had when I first stepped into the massive portals of San Carlos College. On my first day here, I gave the college hawk-eyes and found everything nice and beautiful. The building is one thing I can take pride in. The members of the Faculty are considerate without spoiling their noble aim of putting up a high standard of instruction. The students are very friendly so that despite my being new to this institution I readily felt at home. One thing I must not forget to say, however, is that it has a galaxy of beauties. To me being a Carolinian is a great pride any one looking forward to that day when it will be a university. As it is now, I can say with confidence and without fear of contradiction that this college has a great prospect of becoming the biggest university south of Manila."



Miss Carmen Militante

Bouquets fly thick and fast as representative newcomers put in their say-so . . .

Paging Adelaida Miranda, a pulchritudinous Tagala coming from Manila. Dely is charming and so enterprising that she has made numerous friends and admirers. A witty girl, she is pursuing BSHE which she truly believes is the "avenue to a man's heart." She comments:

"When pop told me that I will have to continue my studies in Cebu I had already made up my mind which college to choose; of course, San Carlos College. CSC is very popular even in Manila, especially when our team copped the coveted NCCC trophy. I truly believe that this college is 'tops' in all aspects. It is comparable to Manila's best. I simply like San Carlos."



Miss Adelaida Miranda

Mr. Eduardo Javelosa, a second-year Pre-Lawite and this semester's ROTC Corp Comdr, puts his impression about CSC on the record thus:

"I like Colegio de San Carlos and very much at that . . . in my personal opinion I have always considered it . . . the best outside of Manila and even surpassing some of Manila's better colleges. The student body, and the faculty members and the administration display that rare brand of companionship, harmonious cooperation and burning spirit that has made San Carlos College . . . a beacon to all ambitious students of all time. I love San Carlos College for she motivates her sons and daughters mentally, physically and morally straight . . ."



Mr. Eduardo Javelosa

The Angel of Peace

By Genoveva Roble

A man draws up his blueprint for Utopia and then finds it dashed on the rocks of eternity.

Mario was restless. He took paper and pencil and looked around at his half-empty room, dimly lighted by a flickering lamp.

Outside the moon arose, bright and full — the very inspiration a writer needed to get a start.

Mario, seated in a cushioned rattan chair, was eager to begin writing. There was no sound to disturb him. He waited for words to come.

There is always a time in a writer's life when the right words won't appear. Mario was staring blankly at the white wall before him and knew he couldn't begin. The weight of a memory weighed on his thoughts; it was a mental torture.

From his pocket he took a few letters, the remains of his visit to Flora's home that afternoon.

My dear Flora,

Indeed I have been pressed for time these past few months. Yet it was not so much the work I had to do which made me fail to answer you for so long, but it was more my mental confusion. About a month ago, I was suddenly seized by an overwhelming desire to roam — to wander — to go out from New York, from all teeming crowds, from skyscrapers, street-cars, automobiles, neon lights, paved streets, from this life I loathe to lead here. I became mentally restless — confused. As I got down to psycho-analyze myself, I found I was just plain homesick. Yes, that's the real word — homesick for the Philippines.

That's why I am in the service once more. I desired to go back to the Philippines and to be a part of the country. I am leaving this place with the hope that I may find peace and

contentment in my old stamping ground. I have tried hard, to readjust myself to what had been my mode of existence here for almost eighteen years, but I found it a hopeless task. My thoughts always go back to the days when you and I walked in the late afternoon to the "cotta" to admire the beauty of the bay and to gaze in awe at the golden glow of the waters reflected by the setting sun. Those times I have never forgotten. Flora, We are both nature lovers, that's why we're dreamers. At times as I lie in bed, I find myself again wandering along Misamis beach, feeling so much at home, drunk to the hilt with utter contentment. That sort of happiness, I cannot find here.

I greatly appreciate your generosity in writing me. I enjoy reading your letters even to the smallest punctuation. I watch your reactions as you guide your pen through those beautifully phrased sentences.

I have signed up for four years service and have asked to be assigned to the Philippines. I am praying I will be sent to Mindanao where I'd much rather stay than in any other part of the islands. So if things will turn out the way I expect, I'll be winging my way to Mindanao by the middle of August or the early part of September. Keep your fingers crossed for me, won't you?

Last week, I was in Maxwell Field, Alabama, participating in the tennis tournaments there. The evenings of the place particularly impressed me because they were so reminiscent of those of the Philippines. The days were hot, but as they wore on, gentle, sooth-

ing breezes greeted one in the evenings. You have heard of the weeping willow trees and the magnolias, haven't you? I whiled away many an evening among them, lost to the yesternights of Misamis when there was a full moon and I found myself along the beach, talking, joking and laughing with you. You remember as we sauntered along the sands, flirting with the white-studded evening water, we came to a rock peacefully situated. It was a perfect invitation for a rest, so we sat down facing the bay. Then, perhaps, it was the perfection of the night which held us back from saying anything. I scanned the horizon, then, looked at you. Your eyes were misty. As if by sudden magic we both stood up and retraced our footprints for home. When we reached the cotta, we both looked back at the sea, the sand, the rock and for a fleeting moment, we both looked up as if to say, "Thank you, Lord, for the moon, the stars, the silent sea, the peaceful rock, the evening breeze. Thank you, Lord, for the night of peace and beauty. Thank you for being alive...."

Something caught at Mario's throat. He did not finish reading the letter. Carefully, he folded it and placed it back inside the envelope. He had outlined seemingly wonderful things for when he got back to the islands. His life story was to begin with her.... He was not kidding. He had actually returned. But, she was not there.

Between flickers of the table lamp, he saw her thick, black hair partly, covering the dimples of her cheeks. Her smile seemed to say, "You
(Continued on page 18)

WITH THE JUDGE

by M. A. Tera

Another light from the Judicial Branch of the government has joined the ranks of the Colegio de San Carlos faculty. He is Judge Segundo C. Moscoso of the 3rd branch of the Court of 1st Instance of Cebu Province.

I knew the Judge to be a busy man, so when I paid him an interview visit at the ungodly hour of twelve in the morning in his office at the capitol I lost no time shooting my questions. Sorry, Judge!

'Married, Judge?' Must have been a foolish opener.

'Widower,' he smiled 'and with five children. The eldest Romeo, 27 years, is a medical student at the Far Eastern University.'

The sixth child of a family of eight Judge Moscoso saw the first light of day in San Pedro, San Jose, Antique, on March 29, 1891.

He finished his secondary education at Antique and earned his AB at the former Colegio Mercantil, now the National University. In 1913 he graduated in law at the Escuela de Derecho, now Manila Law College.

Unassuming and self-sacrificing, he did not try the bar immediately but helped his sisters through college. He continued his studies at the State University (UP) until 1917, finally burduling the bar on Oct. 19, 1919.

From the college hall he immediately plunged into the competitive field of public service. A hectic public life claimed his best years. It was punctuated occasionally by resignations into private life. The public pulse, then as now, beat for a judicial branch divorced from politics.

Judge started as Chief of a confidential section in the Bureau of Constabulary and as Asst. Chief Clerk of the whole bureau. He was sent to Zamboanga as Asst. Superintendent of the San Ramon Penal Colony in 1920. The government took cognizance of his administrative ability and appointed him Acting Superintendent of the same some months later at the age of 27. The motive behind his fatherly interest in the inmates was a desire to restore them to peaceful places in civilized society. Therefore the gravity of a man's offense was not tossed back in his

face but remedial measures were introduced to give a shot of confidence and good will to rebuild his good name before returning him to his home.

Transferred to the Iwabing Penal colony in 1921, Judge injected vigorous life into it. But he saw only its bright prospects, for the Department of Justice soon took him into its folds. He served as Asst. Attorney in the Bureau of Justice in 1921 and later as Special Attorney in the Department of Justice. But let him continue the story.

'I longed to venture into private law practice and maybe take a much-needed rest. My resignation coincided with that of the then Secretary of Justice, Quintin Paredes. I joined his Law Office during which time I extended my practice from Manila to Iloilo and to other nearby provinces.'

'Judge, did we hear rightly that you've been a representative and a governor, too?'

'Yes. I got on the political band-

THE BEACON

Last night I dreamed of Acres
Green

Of pleasant meadows stretch-
ing out to sea

I saw the white house on the hill

And Mother beckoning to me.
The smile upon my mother's lips
To me, while lab'ring up the
rugged slope

And coming home to take my rest,
Was one of love — and full of
hope.

With greater courage I struggled
on —

Alas! I fell, I awoke, I cried!
I found myself alone on earth
My loving parent long had
died!

God grant that I may always keep
Those Acres Green before my
weary eyes

The while I travel on my way
To reach my home beyond the
skies.

Josefina Lim

wagon and was elected representative of Antique for three consecutive terms from 1925-34. When the governor died before the end of his term in 1934, I was appointed to his seat. I did not run for governor or for representative," he chuckled.

'Judge, you certainly have a streak of humour behind those venerable glasses.'

Recalled by the Bureau of Mines in 1937 as Chief Attorney and Legal Assistant, he became acquainted with the miners. When he weaned himself again from public service and resumed practice, alone this time, the Agusan Gold Mines was one of his clients.

'Like the army in wartime, it's easy to enter public service, but hard to get away from it if they like you. Just ask any of those army men who had to blow their top off before getting discharged. Besides a sense of belonging to the country, there is gradually ingrained in you an unselfish desire to help.'

'Any experiences during the war, Judge?'

'Not much, really. We had tickets already for the ill-fated "Corregidor" when my wife decided not to go.' 'Feminine intuition' again.

'Any close shave with the Japs?'

'The Japs offered to appoint me as representative of Antique, but I declined.'

The country needed him again as Cadastral Judge in 1946.

'Upon the inducement of several friends, one of them Speaker Perez, I accepted the post as Cadastral Judge in October 1, 1946.'

Those who have seen the Amnesty Commission in action here in the city saw Judge Moscoso. Like Cincinnatus he went where duty called him and gave his all. He landed here eventually after serving in Negros, Siquijor, Capiz, and Leyte in the same capacity he is in now.

With such multi-colored experiences, our 56-year old Judge has a good background for "Persons and Family Relations."

The GLAMOUR of TALKING

by Valeriano Lozada

I was born into this world speechless. My doctor told me that I was crying and was very rebellious the very minute I saw the world. If it ever is true that I was not in talking terms with anybody until I was one year old, then I must have been born biting a silver spoon, and it took my doctor a year of coaxing before I was willing to surrender my inborn accessory. From that time on until now I could not thank the Lord enough for giving me the capacity to talk.

I have learned thru experience that the greatest aid for talking is not a nice set of well-brushed teeth — neither is the brandishing of the hands or the winking of the eyes of supreme necessity — not even the size or shape of the adam's apple makes talking so glamorous — it's that mass of gray matter hidden securely inside the skull that makes us talk like a man and not like a bird.

I do not deny that talking while thinking is a very difficult job to master. I know most heads are as strong and as impenetrable as a steel helmet. The best way to break a fortress or to solve a problem is not to forget the idea altogether but to devise means to overcome its difficulty. Most excessive talkers do not use their brains at all. Perhaps they are so absorbed in their talking that they forget they have brains to help their tongues. On the dance floor or in the basketball court, there must always be perfect coordination between mind and body. Both faculties must be active in order to make a person a graceful dancer or a fine athlete. If the mind is left alone nobody would know what we are thinking about; if the tongue is left alone, nobody would understand what we are talking about. In any game or art, practice is the hidden secret. Five minutes of this kind of mental gymnastics will not harm the balance of the weakest minds.

Now let us take it for granted that we have already acquired perfect timing between mind and tongue. And now, we shall face a graver

problem — what to talk about.

Soap is now becoming popular — even with the boys (to keep that school girl complexion). In fact my naughty little dog "Torpe" uses soap when it takes its annual bath. Yes, even dogs are getting clean nowadays; but what this generation needs is that brand of soap that bleaches the conversation.

A man who talks smut is not smart! What he needs is a bath — a thorough mental bath. A clean word is very refreshing to the mind and very palatable to the conscience. There is nothing more pleasant than to talk and laugh for hours without getting dirty. We cannot make the flimsy excuse that we have to dish out dirty subjects because there is nothing more of interest to talk about. No siree, the beauty of nature alone is a mine of inexhaustible subjects for conversation.

*An inveterate talker
holds forth on a badly
misused art*

Now let's touch on the subjects of jokes. Everybody loves jokes, even normal persons like them. It is a manifestation of a well balanced mind. We see our fellow-students' abnormalities and we get a good laugh — they see us too in the same manner and they also get a good laugh and the whole world becomes a bundle of cheer — well and good. But there are still some boys left who simply choose to be abnormal. They still stick to the insane idea that vulgar jokes are funny — jokes for men, they call it. If it arouses the animal instincts, then it is not for men, it must be for animals!

I am not going to consider it funny if a fellow talks to me as if I am an animal, I mean, makes me swallow animal jokes. I do not believe, even

in my drunken moments that I descended from the monkeys. I have a monkey at home and it did not look to me sort of a distant relation. Now you see, there are funny jokes and there are some which simply incite in us the irresistible feeling of landing a savage blow right on the smut fellow's jaw.

Joking aside, let's talk on gossips. Listen, I didn't say gossip on talks. Talking is so much abused that it is almost synonymous to gossips.

It is not rare to see people shake each other's hands or kiss each other's cheeks, showing all the signs of fun and intimate friendship. It is also equally common to bear these same people murdering each other behind their backs. I don't see what kick they get out of it. Perhaps they take it as a game, but if it is ever a game, sportsmanship is not in its rules.

Gossips are always dirty and malignant. It strikes the other person without his knowledge. The gossip never gives anyone a chance to fight back or even to explain. It has but one goal, if there is any, and that end is to create hate and misunderstanding. The habit is not only unthinkable — it is unspeakable.

Talking, being the instrument of the mind, is really a power, and a very dangerous one too. It can make a heart that has grown cold with hate and misunderstanding warm and generous with love. It can be made an instrument for lasting peace; it can also be made a source of war, of total war, of totalitarian war? It is the bridge that one uses in conveying ideas and emotions which are gathered in the mind and spoken through the lips. Sometimes, in our thoughts we wish the heavens would speak and the stars in heaven would come down and give us comfort in our moments of stress; but the heavens and the stars in heaven are muted and are forever beyond expression because man alone can speak, and man alone can reason.

The power of speech is not merely a miracle — it is a miraculous power.

End—

SPORTS

Intramural Cage League Opens With A Bang!

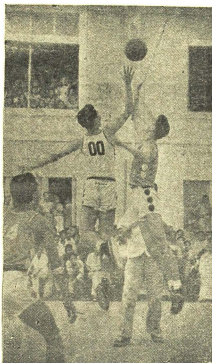


The Pre-Medicine outfit led by Adyiser Dr. Solon, Muse Milagros Lucero and Captain Ramon Zosar, Jr.

BB Intramurals Opens

The curtains went up on the Collegiate Intramurals on Aug. 11 amidst the blaring of the CSC brass band and the roar from the crowded stands.

In the opener, the College of Law dropped a heartbreaking game to the Engineering, 12-24. The other game, the Commerce hoopsters triumphed over the Pre-Medic, 21-14.



The opening whistle blows as Centers Ruben Frias of the Pre-Meds and Ben Solon of the Comerciantes jump for the ball.



The College of Law team showing Captain Ricardo Abella and Muse Lelah Chew in the foreground.

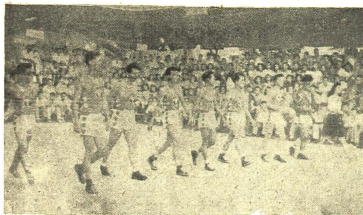
STANDING OF TEAMS

TEAMS	W	L	P.C.F.
General	1	0	1.000
Pre-Med	2	1	.667
Commerce	2	1	.667
Law	1	1	.500
Education	1	1	.500
Pre-Law	0	2	.000

CAAA Opens Sept. 21

The CAAA will swing underway on September 21, when the Saa Carlos defending Champions meet the Visayan Institute Congregation and the CSC High School team meets the Southern College.

On the war path . . .



The Commerce boys . . . spurred by eye-filling Muse Mabel Varian (at extreme right) . . . march down the court during the opening ceremonies.

The shakes before the shrieks . . .



The lawyers-not-yet and the engineers-to-be shake hands before the opener.

A war veteran gives a solemn note to the operational term . . .

Move Out

By LUIS ESMERO

"Move out!" The war brought the full meaning of this army operational term to many of us. It signifies the violent uprooting of our lives and transplanting them to another place.

To the soldier it is labelled in dossiers as "operations" and subsequent orders are channeled to the responsible parties concerned.

I first came across the term shortly after the Pearl Harbor attack. Immediately after our chow one evening we soldiers were ordered to pack and assemble in front of our respective improvised barracks.

After being instructed not to light cigarettes and to observe silence, we were packed on a dozen or so flat cars used to carry sugar cane. The train moved across what seemed an endless sugar cane field past long bodegas, until we reached a small pier.

There five motor launches awaited us in the darkness. A battalion, and some auxiliary units marched in single file to the waiting watercraft.

Even the officers did not know our destination. In mid-sea, the respective skippers opened sealed orders and proceeded south. Somewhere behind us, the island of Negros loomed out of the darkness and each of us remembered the things we left behind.

The night weather was not very clement and huge waves threatened to capsize the overloaded boats while members of the crew forecasted that a baby typhoon was brewing. Without waiting for instructions, we soldiers strapped on lifesavers, and distributed ourselves evenly. We shifted to one side whenever the waves swayed the craft more than 45 degrees to the other side. Nobody slept. No one could sit down because

there was not enough space. Many vomited and a few dared violate regulations by striking their precious hoard of "Piedmont" cigarettes and sharing them with no less than a dozen persons.

Many times throughout the trip, we heard the drone of distant planes and twice unidentified planes passed overhead. We were fortunate that we were not strafed.

When we arrived at Iligan, Lanao, those who did not vomit during the trip vomited then.

We noted an air of pre-paredness prevailing in the town. The medium-sized pier was ready for demolition. What concerned us most was the bargaining for "naranghitas" and the store-to-store search for treasured cigarettes. We bought bread and drank chocolate while a few of us were lucky to get fried eggs for breakfast.

When we had boarded trucks, we proceeded south.

We passed Maria Cristina Falls, flashing like so many jewels under the early sun. The falls appeared as if the whole sea met at one point and leaped into the deep chasm with a rumbling sound that reverberated among the surrounding hills; at the same time the tossed spray took on the appearance of a white shroud.

We passed Abaga, Mumanan, and other towns. We were singing throughout the journey songs that everyone knew, especially "God Bless the Philippines."

When we reached Dansalan, overlooking Lake Lanao, peddlers crowded near our trucks and offered their wares; rice cakes, home-made candies, fresh eggs, avocados, malongs, knives and trinkets. Other people only offered their

smiles and we smiled back in return.

After a portion of the troops was left in Dansalan to establish headquarters, the rest of us moved on to the south-west along the shores of Lake Dansalan. As we passed Uato, Tugaya, Ganasi, we began to realize more and more that this was the "land of the kris and blood." We saw gatherings of non-Christians with their bright, picturesque costumes and their foreign character. "Mamawi... Pagari... Ando, ca pon... Pagari... pagari..." Friend, friend, pagari, and we hailed back, "Pagari" and then sang "God Bless the Philippines." They understood too and waved their long glittering kamplans in the sun, Pagari. We need everyone in this.

We were a sorry sight when we reached Lumbatan. Fine dust covered us from head to foot, whitening our hair and eyelashes, getting into our noses, and caking our cheeks. But we had reached our destination, and that meant we started to live. We took a bath, changed uniforms, cooked chow and made friends.

Scarcely three months later we moved out again. This time we were retreating with "he-enemy close at our heels and planes overhead strafing us. We had to leave most of the things behind us. The order "Move out" took on a greater significance than ever before. Yet this was only the start of a long series of "Move out" which continued until the present. Even now I do not feel settled. The next war seems already in the offing. More and more it dawns on me that this life is after all only a pilgrimage to another and better place (thanks be to God) and we have not here a lasting city.

CROSS CANNON

By Vicente T. Uy

The two meaningful words "cross cannon" — a conventional sign which symbolizes that which Panday Pira has immortalized and stands for a deadly big-barrelled weapon of war — was added a new meaning when it was made to mean the Carolinian Cadet Corps. That term has been adopted to bear the branch of service to which our corps belongs — Field Artillery.

Man with his senses and his faculty of imagination comprehends the word "cross cannon." He beholds and investigates the first word "cross" — letter "x" — the mathematician's brain-cracking letter. The word "hardship" automatically comes into his mind. Then his mental eyes shift and come upon two straight lines crossed and blended into one. He stops and ponders deeper and emerges with three beautiful words: unity, cooperation, coordination. Then he diverts his mental focus and sees the death-bed of Christ. Behind the cross, he gleans three golden words: divinity, virtue, sacrifice. Beyond these words is a depth incapable of human perception.

He turns his naked eyes to the next word, "cannon." His mental ears hear a boom! He sees mixed volumes of smoke and flame, men swarming and swirling, dead and dying a thousand bosoms fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever terror is facing them. The smoke thins

away. Still the boom persists. He sees a big iron, barking with fury, belching forth shells, fatal and merciless in obedience to its gunner. His imagination curves to another aspect. He sees the big herthas of America leaning in different directions waiting for its prey. He arrives at the thought that such weapons stand there as vanguards of human liberty, as avenging gods against the oppressors. His mind retracts a little to fully grasp the total view and consolidates into one mass the scenes embelated within his comprehension and deduces the logical significance of the bi-worded name "cross-cannon." "Ah" he mutters "It is a deadly, hard-disciplined force strengthened and unified by cooperation and coordination guided by, and shall sacrifice for divine virtues and noble motives."

The term stands for an idea so grand and beautiful that imposes a great trust upon a unit. There is thrust a new challenge to our college spirit. The call must be answered; it devolves upon us to give justice and honor to the worthy name.

Will the corps measure up to the beautiful meaning it conveys? Let us make a good answer, fellows.

W O M E N

(A Parody)

I like women
They put on rouge
They put on lipstick
Things which make
men weak.

I like women
They like to gossip
Likes to be catty, but
Men's sharp words make
them weep.

I like women
The way they cook
They way they walk
Even the way they
read a book.

I like women
For their geniality,
Deceptive beauty,
Their ways with all
the men,

I like women.

—Jose Gallofin

From The R.O.T.C. Diary

5 August 47, 1600 hrs. — Election of the different unit spensors. Highlighted by a keen competition of Carolinian bevy of beauties. Finalists were:

Presentacion Serafica — Corps Artillery

Teresita Martinez — Reg'l Staff
Rosalina Ruiz — Color and Band
Clarissa Saguin — 1st Bn. Artillery
Milagros Lucero — 1st Bn. Staff
Milagros Lopez — 2nd Bn.
Amelia Jacinto — 2nd Bn. Staff
Teresita Valencia — "A" Battery
Estrella Miranda — "B" Battery
Teresita Pil — "C" Battery
Marina Javelca — "D" Battery
Candida Estillore — "E" Battery

25 August 47 — The branch of Service of the ROTC unit of CSC was changed from Infantry to Field Artillery per letter from Superintendent of ROTC unit, Mania.

26 August 47 — Organization of "Cross — Cannon" Fraternity. Election of officers.

President — Cadet Lt. Col. E. Javelosa

Vice-Pres. — Cadet Capt. V. Frias
Secretary — Cadet Capt. L. Mumar
Treasurer — Cadet Major J. Jimeno
Reporters — Cadet Major A. Tumalak and Cadet Capt. M. Delgado
Sgt.-at-arms Cadet Lt. A. Abatayo and Cadet Lt. J. Alquizola

29 August 47 — Bugle sounded. Cadets with green-and-gold helmets assembled. Parade and Review in honor of Father Rector, Rev. L. Bunnzel, and of the Unit Sponsors. Sponsors presented themselves to their respective units. Greetings. Handshakes. Cheers!

31 August 47, 2000 hrs. — Officers ball in honor of the unit sponsors. Showring, Capt. Gonzales and partner arrives. Officers, sponsors, ladies showed up. Music! Dancing! Program! Refreshments! Life! etc. A tremendous success.

Golden Love

By Dulcesima Somosot

He looked most pale and somber
As I met him one day.
I begged of him to share with me,
His sorrow, if I may.

An empty gaze he gave me,
But uttered not a scound.
He kept me wondering all night
Until my head went round.

Next day he passed away
With his sorrow untold.
And none to mourn for him a bit,
Although he had much gold.

Yet things did come to light
When on his burial day
His will was opened by the judge,
And this he had to say:

"A silent love I've nurtured
For you, my life-long friend.
Your offer I accept today
When you my gold I send."

COEDS AND CATHOLIC ACTION

Catholics should be such not only in name but also in deed. True to this spirit, there are coeds amidst us the light of whose good works should not be hidden under a bushel. They are the Catholic Actionists and our Catechists who are working hard in their own unpretentious way.

Pope Pius XI defines Catholic Action as "The participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy." From the beginning of the Church, Catholic action has been practiced. Side by side with the apostles and their successors, the laity labored in planting the good seed of the gospel in the hearts of men. And not the least of these co-workers were women, who although not ordained ministers, still followed Christ and His apostles and administered to them. And have you never heard of the deaconesses in the early Church? Since Pope Pius XI the real call for Catholic Action is on and his successor, our present gloriously reigning pontiff, has made a strong appeal to unmarried women to help in Catholic Action. This great task is not only for priests and nuns but also for us the laity; women among women, men among men.

We need first of all to pray for others and for ourselves. Self-sanctification must lead to the sanctification of others. The prayers of St. Monica were a factor in the conversion of her son, St. Augustine. Was it not a layman who said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of?"

Children look up to elders, copy their habits and customs, read the books they read, see the movies they see. It is more effective to preach by good example than to be forever nagging after the little ones to "do this" or "do that." As future mothers, Catholic girls know the importance of being models to the children. Abraham Lincoln declares, "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be, I owe to my mother." Wise sons are bred by wiser mothers. Let's begin to be wise now while in college. That is our great mission at present.

Teaching the Christian doctrine in public schools and preparing children for Holy Communion are the coed's special undertakings. At home she could not forget to inform the servants of their Catholic duties and allow them time for them. Queen

Blanche, mother of St. Louis, King of France, told her son that she would rather see him dead than that he should commit any unchaste thought, word, or deed. Surely if all youth were instructed thus the appalling tide of juvenile delinquency would be diminished or stopped altogether. Let's get busy, girls! Instruct youth.

Prayer, example, instruction -- The Owner assures us the field is white for the harvest. To Catholic Action then, fair coeds!

Forgiveness

by
Nene Bantiles

I stood restless on a lonely shore,
As I watched the tide flow out
Through blinding tears of sorrow,
With a bitter taste in my mouth.

I felt desperate as a tempest wild,
With no place to rest my head,
And ready to break down barriers
As I moved without being led.

I asked myself, "To what purpose,
Even if I did succeed
In shattering opposition,
When there surely was no need?"

Then I prayed, "God forgive me,
If my thoughts had gone astray."
And I found a good solution
In forgiveness — the brotherly
way.

Adrift

by
Amparo S. Camara

Faded are the flowers of friendship
Gone are his sweet thoughts from
me

For when I met him just this day

He turned his face away

And I feel like a drift wood

Floating in the sea.

Fables For Coeds

One afternoon two coeds, Mary and Linda, were sitting in the library, presumably studying. Linda had her mind on the exciting date she had yesterday and the more exciting one she was going to have tomorrow for which, like yesterday, she was going to miss classes. She was also scheming on how to wheedle from mother a new frock for a party next week. The thought of the party made her eyes shine. (Someone at the opposite table saw the glint and thought that she had cracked that granite-hard calculus problem at last.) Then too, she was debating unto herself whether it would be worthwhile to go "steady" with X, a persistent admirer.

Mary's mind was on the fact that tomorrow would be the first Friday of the month and that she was going to commence her nine Fridays. She then chuckled to think that the new maid at home was always clumsy and "in nubibus," because the poor creature was homesick. Scoldings only made the maid worse; so Mary decided to be kinder next time something goes wrong at home.

Moral: Thoughts make the girl.

Ana is a provinciana sent by hard-working parents to study in college. One day her mother received a package. In it were Ana's prayer book, veil, rosary, scapular, and medals. The letter accompanying it read: "Dear Mother, I am returning these things as the use of them confuses my studies and encumbers my sight-seeing and participating in city life. Besides they embarrass me; my friends are afraid that I might sprout wings or wear a halo around my head. I bought some silk frocks as the ones I had were old-fashioned. Back accounts are due very soon. Please send allowance, also very soon, Ana."

The answer came by telegram. "Why are you there? Whither are you going?" Mother.

Ana snapped back to common-sense. In spite of being dubbed a prig she resumed to be sober (this kept her from foolish ways); righteous (this made her trusted); devout (this made her expert in her profession). Ana won a professorship, a good name, and best of all, she lived to a great old age.

Her smart friends had dissipated their energies and opportunities long ago.

Moral: Godliness is profitable to students.

My! How Tempus Fugit!

by

JOSEPHINE GABOYA

6:00—6:30

Excellent timing as usual, although, I could have spent an extra five minutes to prink and prim some more, before staging my grand entrance into evening classes. I feel confident — after all, I know I look well in my marine-blue dress with those' cute, white lace ruffles; my bag matches my shoes; my hair is soft and fluffy (thanks to the shampoo yesterday) and my face goodness gracious.... I dive deep into the depths of my bag and in frantic panic, finger my way through lecture notes, a chewed pencil, a ten-toothed comb, a packet of letters, lipstick, a melancholy marshmallow and finally....triumphant with victorious success. I pull out my pocket mirror! I gaze admiringly at my reflection and with all the daintiness of delicate femininity — brush away a diminutive speck off my cheek. I give a final twist to my blouse, assume a wide-eyed baby stare, arrange my mouth into a set smile, clack my three-inch heel in a determined staccato (an obvious announcement — a blaring fanfare of my late arrival!) and regally sweep into the classroom like a docking, dowager steamship.

I gracefully drape my chassis on the seat in the front row, cup my dimpled chin in my equally dimpled hand and fix my elegant orbs upon the lecturing professor. His voice drones on like a lullaby through a loudspeaker.... I lazily watch two blue veins dancing the Highland Fling.... or is it a Ballet Russe.... on his forehead. No.... the glamour of the ballroom is not for me.... Give me the glory that is Hollywood — the lights — the camera — the action! I'm Thara Hernbarht starring in "Love! Love! Love!.... my leading man — Glark Cable — side whiskers, mustache and all. (Sigh!) For the life of a movie actress! But crude reality! The professor rasps on.... Hey! I make a startling discovery.... a cute, little mole nestles snugly in the hollow of the professor's upper lip! I nudge my seatmate and in a dramatic whisper, report the marvel of marvels!... We indulge in the luxury of stifled giggling but hark! the

impertinent bell clangs its' rude interruption. 'Tis Time!

6:30—7:30

The reverent hush of a purple twilight; the evening star — so cool, so calm, so bright. Mmm! The Barretts of Wimpole Street couldn't have done better! And the moon — ah! look at the moon, 'tis shining up there oops.... there must be a mistake somewhere. Anyhow, there's the moon and I'm in a fairy garden.... a lovely princess in a gown of silver sheen, a blushing rose betwixt and between my flowing tresses of gold. Sweet music softly plays liquid symphonies of love — a gentle breeze caresses my cheek. I hear a whispered footfall Prince Charming!... ta ta ta ra! ... my heart and time stands still.... I close my eyesthen Then.... "Miss Gordapia Cornucopia" Miserable thunderbolt! Cruel awakening! I — yes, 'tis I, Gordapia Cornucopia (ah! sweet mystery of names!) am called upon to recite.... I stammer an incoherent babble — the symbiotic transmission of the answer, muffled, by the static of peanut-cracking. I join forces with the nutcrackers — the crack'ing sound of roasted peanut shells intrigues me.... which reminds me.... the shopping list for tomorrow will include a bottle of Parfum Intrigue, a lapel pin for my tailored beige suit.... I need a wide belt.... a red one to match my new ballerina skirt. I'll die a thousand deaths if I don't purchase the lucky print cloth.... the dressmaker next door will do.... Let's see — pleats all around the skirt for the pleated effect — that smart, new, low décollete and cup-sleeves. I wonder who that girl in the third row maybe.... the shade of her nail polish is simply stunning. But what's this I hear? — a nice, juicy bit of gossip as sure as my name is Gorda land sakes! let's not go over all that again! "Do you know that Kuala...." "You don't say.... it's shocking that's what it is My death! It's absolutely scandalous.... Here's something more, she.... Outrageous! Wait until I tell you Everything.... It's this way!"... But Time.... Merciless, unreasonable

Time!

7:30—8:30

I take a quick trip to the powder room — undoubtedly my face needs a complete overhaul and repaint job ten minutes later I appear in class — livid with powder — vivid with lipstick! I sit up and take notice of the things about me.... I see faces —; tired faces — hollow, dark, eye-circles and wilted collar; sleepy faces— dazed fogginess and a stolen snooze; interested faces — diligent aura and avid ears; bored faces — indifferent look and pouting lips; hungry faces ah!.... eyes that mirror a review of tender, juicy slices of steaks; caserole of beef and cabbage stew; tangy, spicy salad, lobster a la king and custard cupcakes — the smug lick of the lips. I suddenly lower my eyes — I feel a martyred-sheep's eyes looking at me from behind — I coyly blush and look sideways (it's more effective and becoming), he still stares — hypnotized. In a sudden burst of big heartedness, I give him a wide, toothy, dazzling smile. The poor fellow is beside himself with rapture.... he mops his glistening brow, clears his jammed throat and beams like three suns and a thousand searchlights. He rumbles his throat once again, leans over and croaks down my neck, "Miss Cornucopia....!" I'm breathless with excitement — I'm beautiful — I'm desirable. Innumerable suitors wait at my feet — spellbound by my cold beauty there's a balding count, a tubby duke, three princelings, five millionaires and two Greek gods.... Again I hear that uncertain whisper.... "Miss.... may I.... er.... escort you home?"

I turn round and face the blushing Lothario he smiles and horror of horrors! I see a gaping hole where three front teeth should be!... What do I do now what shall I say? Clang! Clang! Clang! Merciful Time! Thou sweet, good, considerate time!

At home, in bed.... my hair bristling with mervin clips and steel curlers — my face frosted thick with vanishing cream — I yawn luxuriously. "My.... what a day! Time certainly can fly!"

SNAFU!

By A. M. F.

Dear Dolores,

Heavens, Dolor, what put it into your head that we two teachers are leading a nice life here on this little island? Goodness! You should see me kicking the sand.

I should have had my head examined before I ever consented to go on a wild goose chase with our dreamy-eyed poetess, Leonora. I find teaching an unpleasant business and I hope you'll help me get transferred from this place before I go nuts.

Nora likes it very much here. She is always at it — writing poetry and hardly knowing that I exist. Lately she won't answer me when I speak to her and you know how I always flare up when somebody does not answer me right away. I suppose she considers this place here an ideal one for a poet.

You don't know how miserable I am here. No shows, no dances, no Yarrow, no nothing, not even a church where I can kneel and pour my woes. And oh! for a decent bath! We bath here in briny, yellowish water from a shallow well in the open air with gaping people as spectators.

The house we live in is supposed to be the best—with corrugated iron roof and solid boards as floor. You should see me perspiring here at noon. You'd think I was having a Turkish bath, notwithstanding the gentle sea breeze.

This island is inhabited by about 40 families, each family consisting of from 8 to 17 members. This is exclusively a fishing island. At first it appears glamorous, with the fishing nets drying in the sun, the boats anchored in the lagoon, and the fishermen sitting in the shade strumming languorous tunes on their ukuleles. But when the catch is good and they dry the fish along the beach, well, you just smell fish.

The schoolhouse here is one of those squat, nipa-roofed affairs and the facilities are pitifully inadequate. The children come to school bare-footed and some still wear pinok-pok. However, despite my mental turmoil, I think I am getting on with my pupils capably. I handle the third and fourth grades.

We were given a grand reception -- a la Boholana — when we arrived. The "big men" of the island were quite surprised to find us so young (and beautiful?). I've just found out

that the last one who taught here was a bespectacled old maid with a perennially running nose. Poor old dear! And no wonder she always had a running nose. The changes of weather here are so sudden that only constitutions like Nora's and mine can withstand them.

The night of our arrival there were serenades below our window. Nora enjoyed them. I was amused. One of the songs they sang was "The Palms of Paradise," sounding the L in palms!

The food we eat here is always the same — fish, although sometimes they serve us humba. At first, I rejoiced inwardly that at last I could

Song to Celia

Modern Version

(With apologies to Ben Jonson)

Bewitch me no more with your eyes;

I'll never say "Be mine".

Oh do not think that no man's wise
To painted cheek and plucked
eye-line.

Though most are foolish, some are
wise —

Too wise to fall for that old line:
That femme approach of "You are
nice"

Will never move this heart of mine.

Some foolish men may gasp for
breath

When painted dolls they chance
to see

Some femmes have even brought
men death

But from such a fate deliver me!

OSCAR V. TRINIDAD

eat pork, but it turned out that their humba here is jackfruit cooked in coconut milk! It's been two weeks now since we arrived and I've never eaten pork. It appears that the pigs are slaughtered only when there is a wedding and when somebody dies. Sometimes I secretly wish Nora would get married, so I can eat pork! (Now I'm getting morbid!)

Please, Dolor, try to get somebody there to find a better place for me than this terrible island Mr. So-and-So is the principal in this district;

The Rain and I

by Vicente Ranudo, Jr.

Everytime it rains just as soon as it starts to rain when the wind descends and tiny trickles begin to gather together to create a more impressive rain — when the neighborhood begins to close, their windows and sit down by the fire to talk about things they had so unkindly left unmentioned when all these little things are fashioned, bit by bit like a pasted masterpiece my heart tell's me a story. A story that has been repeated to me each time the water from the heavens drop and leave a living spirit of melancholia to linger along like a sob, seeking a heart to dwell in.

Everytime it rains, I suffer from a memory. A memory that comes to me like an inevitable nightmare, significant, hurting, mordant, bitter, immortal. Yet, unpleasant as it is, it never forgets to leave a tiny thread of warmth that lasts until the exuberant pain ebbs away.

Everytime it rains my heart takes me back to the past.

My childhood had created, for me, an opinion that was definitely pessimistic. Perhaps it was because my mother died when I was barely six and my father when I was eight. How I buried and suffered thru it. I don't know. All I know is — it covered a thick film of ice around my heart and killed all the things virtuous in me. My heart did not know of that supposed strange forceful feeling called love. Nothing of its like ever came to me nor did it come from me. At eighteen my emotions were useless and aimless — they were dead.

Up to this day, I am without the knowledge of where all my emotions came from the moment I saw her. Because the moment I saw her wasn't just a moment. It was a million years compressed into one sweet inexplicable second, it was all my eighteen years of complete emptiness, filled at a glance. All emotions came pouring into my heart, like tiny refreshing trickle of shower at noon. (Continued on page 17)

worse luck I didn't know that until it was too late. Nora knew all the time, but she didn't tell me. Now, I feel like kicking her. Don't forget that she is the one who lured me to this adventure.

I repeat, please help me. I'm homesick.

Desperately yours,
Lena

THE CAROLINIAN

❖ ❖ NIK-NAKS ❖ ❖

THE RAIN AND I.....
(Continued from page 16)

When Woodrow Wilson was President of Princeton University he deplored the promiscuous giving of honorary degrees.

"Our universities have learned of late," he said, "to distribute honorary degrees judiciously. But in the past—well, in the past I met an uncouth person at a dinner, and, being told by an acquaintance that he had three degrees, I asked why it was.

"Well," said my friend, 'the third was given because he had two, the second because he had one, and the first because he had none.'"

A certain University professor was about to depart on his sabbatical and addressed a few parting words to his students. "This parting is very melancholy to me. I wish there might be a window in my breast that you might see the innermost recesses of my heart."

"Professor," called a young man from the class, "would a pane in the stomach do?"

In English class a small boy was told to write an essay about King Alfred, but was warned not to elaborate overly much on the familiar story of the cakes. The boy delivered his essay which, after summing up the chief historical facts, concluded with, "There is another incident in King Alfred's life. One day he visited a house where a certain woman lived—and the less said about that, the better."

While shown the sights of Chicago by the Mayor of that city, M. Cambon, the French Ambassador of another generation, expressed his thanks for the Mayor's kindness. "But," he added, "I am sorry so to cockroach on your time."

"Oh," answered the Mayor, "don't think of that. But you don't mean cockroach, M. Cambon; it is encroach, you mean."

"Oh, is it? I see—a difference in gender."

A French clergyman catechizing the youths of his parish, put the first question from the catechism of Heidegger to a girl: "What is your only consolation in life and in death?"

The poor wench smiled but did not answer. The priest insisted. "Well then," said she, "since I must tell, it is the young shoemaker of Agneaux

Street."

A bigoted old churchgoer, firmly set in his notions, rebuffed his neighbor who was speaking of a new American version of the Bible. Said he, "If the King James version was good enough for St. Paul, it's good enough for me."

Applying or a post as keeper at the Bronx Zoo, a burly Irishman came to the question, "What is rabies and what can you do about it?"

The applicant wrote: "Rabies is Jewish priests, and you can't do anything about it."

In Belfast they still tell you about the football game that took place between the 100 percent Catholics and the 100 percent Protestants. A Limey attended that game, and when the Catholics made a skillful play he applauded and when the Protestants in their turn scored he again joined in the shouting. At this point an Irishman jabbed the Limey in the back and said:

"My God, man, haven't you got any religion at all?"

One of Dorothy Parker's more telling retorts was in answer to the snobbish young man who had been discoursing for some length at a party and had finally observed, "I simply can't bear fools."

"How odd," was Miss Parker's reply. "Apparently your mother could."

There is the story of an Ilocano farmer who promised his vote to the Liberal candidate for Mayor and ten minutes later promised it to the Nationalist nominee. To his wife's rebuke, he replied cannily:

"Did you notice how pleased each of the candidates were?"

"Yes."

"Well, I pleased them both, and on election day I'll please myself, and then we shall all be pleased together."

"Congress is so strange," commented Boris Marshalov, a Russian actor and dramatic coach, after a visit to the spectators' gallery of the House of Representatives. "A man gets up to speak and says nothing. Nobody listens — and then everybody disagrees."

A cub reporter was sent to cover

time or warm comfortable sunshine after rain. For the first time I saw the color of the skies and felt its wonder. Even the trees and birds seemed to sway and sing to the new-born feeling, as if it were heralding an eventful day.

It took me quite a while to realize that it was raining. She was just about to come out of school and I was going home from church. When she saw the rain she turned and that very moment I felt I had lost something that had a new meaning. Some kind of feeling that had the power to stir the inside of me — something far more forceful than steel yet more gentle than a passing summer breeze.

I don't know what made me enter the church. I have never gone inside one before. Not that I didn't believe in God, but going to church and kneeling before the Supreme Being needed a clean mind and an open heart. The years that I had spent without my parents had made me unworthy. I hated life and anything with it. And now there was someone I could live for — some kind of a hope, something to direct my struggle to.....

When I knelt beside her she smiled — it was the first time in my life that someone ever thought of smiling at me. I found myself smiling too — feeling the same glory of it. And for the first time I prayed and prayed my heart out. I closed my eyes and grabbed myself together. I had been caught unaware and the new sensation was like a sweet lulling sleep.

Each time a breeze passed by, I could smell her freshness. How long that was, I don't know, all I know is, I wanted it to go on forever. The new obsession had possessed the whole of me and when I opened my eyes — when I opened my eyes — when I was ready to see everything of her, when I was ready to gulp another glow of happiness that had intoxicated me — she was gone — and so was the rain.

END

the annual class play of the local high school. Being new to his job he described the event in glowing terms, instead of the scant few lines used by a more experienced newspaperman for such an event, and concluded with the words:

"And the auditorium was filled with expectant mothers, eagerly awaiting their offspring."

Seccion Castellana

NAPOLEON G. RAMA
EDITOR

VICENTA ESCANO
EDITORIA ASOCIADA

ISIDRO ABAD
CONSEJERO

JESUS A. MARTINEZ
REPORTERO

Editorial

La Tirania del Conservatismo Absoluto

El mirar con disfavor—si no es con pavor—a toda idea novel, ajena o atrevida es costumbre muy filipina—tan filipina como lo es la choza de nipa y bamboo.

Cada vez que se acomete una empresa de tal genero, son los ancianos los primeros en levantar la voz cargada de desden para desalentarla o—si se presenta insolente obstinacion—en condenar, temblando de indignacion, esa obra como radicalismo malezante. Los demas profetas mentirosos pronostican el prematuro fracaso. Lamentan de antemano la muerte de tal novedad.

Es asi pues que a los jovenes ambiciosos les cabe la desgracia de haber sido criados en un ambiente tan adverso. Tanto ha absorbido y bebido de esta filosofia oscurantista de conservatismo absoluto que ya no halla ni inspiracion ni aliento para pisar pies en terrenos que no hayan sido explotados de una u otra manera antes que el.

Se ha logrado arrebatarle del animo. Con la ayuda de los oscurantistas, mil pesadillas le atemorizan en la vispera de iniciar la obra nacida en sus momentos de inspiracion. Mil obstaculos se le presentan delante.

En puridad de verdad, esta actitud hostil y esta deliberada esclavitud del espiritu creador y del genio inventivo explican patentemente la paralisis economica de nuestro pais. Basta indicar el hecho desconcertante de que hasta hoy dia — edad atomica — en Filipinas todavia no hay fabrica de bicicletas, para encararnos con nuestra desesperada situacion.

Esa represion de la legitima ambicion nos ha trocado en unos—no es cosa de extranar — excelentes copiadores. En consecuencia, tenemos el infortunio de siempre andar en pos de otras naciones y en el momento en que se presente una situacion inesperada, con facilidad perdemos la calma, y a la menor crisis nos echamos a perder.

El ser conservativo es loable y basta virtuoso, pero en cuanto tome la proporcion de ciega obsesion y raye hasta tal extremo que se convierta en trabas a la expresion y aspiracion del hombre, entonces cesa de ser una virtud. No es mas que un enemigo del progreso. Si, el mas temible de los tiranos es el conservatismo absoluto.

Voces Ronicas

Fue suntuosa y esplendida la celebracion del Acquaintance Party de este colegio que tuvo lugar el mes pasado en los salones del Club Filipino. El baile estuvo muy concurrido. A el acudieron tanta gente incluso gate-crasher, gorriones, entremetidos que despues del baile (que se llamaba Acquaintance Dance) habia mas personas que no conozco que antes del mismo.

Me encanta la candidez pueril de ciertas personas que aceptan como dogma de fe cualquier cosa que oyen de sus maestros o leen en los libros o periodicos. Un amigo mio solia poner mas peso al que leia en libros aun a cuesta del sentido comun, porque como lo dijo el Post o el Senor Truman o aquel genio—ergo, es la pura verdad. Cada vez que me encuentro con una persona asi, no puedo menos de sonreir y recordar aquel cuentito bonito que ci de la boca de

Por Peon

un padre Paul. Lo titulo "Acaso Sabes Mas Que El Medico."

Se dirigieron un dia unos iliteratos al cementerio, llevando a hombros un ataud que contenia un muerto. En la mitad del camino sintieron con gran consternacion un movimiento dentro del ataud. La conmocion aumentaba cada vez mas que al cabo se vieron obligados los sepultadores a pararse para averiguar que era lo que pasaba en el ataud. Efectivamente, quitaron el tapon y—cosa aterradora — se alzo, muy vivo el que habian creido muerto.

"Porque me habeis metido aqui?" Pregunto indignado el "muerto". Por algun tiempo permanecieron estupefactos y mudos los ingenuos sepultadores: Repusieronse despues de largo tiempo y el mas zaparrortas de
(Pasa a la pagina 19)

UNA CONFESION

Por R. S. Alfafara

Voces...

(Viene de la página 18)

No se porque me veo siempre volando por las nubes cuando otros me llaman un "Carolinian". Por ser estudiante de este Colegio mas antiguo de Cebu mis amigos y mis amigas me tratan con algo de respeto y consideracion. Los "playboys" de otros Colegios me envidian, y por su envidia me pavoreo yo porque no? Es que yo lo se por experiencia que la envidia mala merecida presupone y emana de una causa justa y buena. Bien es verdad que la pregunta inglesa "what's in a name" no tiene respuesta aclaratoria pero bien lo se yo que el ser calificado por alumno de este tan famoso Colegio de San Carlos da a uno cierta distincion. Aunque en realidad de verdad yo soy uno de los "Carolinians" que saben lo que hacen y no hacen lo que (siempre es lastima!) deberian hacer; pero hasta ahora y quizas hasta el fin de mis dias no puede convencerme de que yo soy un — lo que solemos llamar — "hambuguero".

Una y otra vez oigo el "Carolinianismo" burlado por mis proximos que saben tambien criticar cuando es dificil contestar por circunstancias del lugar y personas. Hablan de la libreria nuestra, refiriendosela como a una cita donde se traban tiernas conversaciones entre los romanticos y las coquetas. Hablan del "silencio dorado convertido en ruido metalico". Si, aquellos mis proximos cristianos siempre tienen razon y ganas de calumniar nuestra Alma Mater, propagandola como un colegio de "no se que aristocraticas" y de sofisticados alumnos y alumnas. Cuando van algunas Carolinians al Green Spot, Yarrow o al Ivory Kitchen, charlando a gritos, les miran como a los humanos serpientes mas abominables del mundo entero. En la calle, por ejemplo, cuando los Carolinians se alborotan por sus risas y charlas frivolas y amenas, pues, se les ocurre interpretar nuestro bullicio como falta de buena crianza. Un "carolinian" no puede estar en la iglesia del Smo. Rosario durante la intermision de las clases sin que haya ojos criticones del publico que espian de su intencion y comportamiento.....

Todo esto es el compendium, una ojeda a las caricaturas de los estudiantes de nuestro colegio pintadas por algunas personas capciosas. Si,

pero a veces me estorba la paz de la mente. A veces me humilla enormemente el pensar con lejos de ser perfectos son muchos de nosotros cuando esta en nuestras manos el portarnos como modelos estudiantes de nuestra ciudad. A decir la verdad, me hace caer en la tentacion de trasladarme a otro colegio privado. Siempre siento verguenzas de mi mismo cuando estoy solo..... meditando en mi casa solariaga; pero tambien casi siempre estoy seguro de que no puedo apartarme de este Colegio Catolico por que lejos de su muralla no tengo mas inspiracion de practicar mi religion! .

He aqui, querido camarada, la humilde confesion de mi alma agobiada por las vicisitudes de la vida estudiantil.

ellos atrevio a contestarle con timidez: "El medico dijo que estas muerto."

"Pero, hombre, no ves cuando vivo estoy," dijo el "muerto", levantando los brazos.

Si pero el medico te pronuncio muerto," insistio vigoroso el simplazon. "Acaso sabes mas que el medico?" Lo dijo con voz solemne y final y en diciendolo, empujo al muerto metiendole de nuevo en el ataúd y clavando el tapon sin perder tiempo.

Si, señor, "acaso sabes mas que el medico," oimos muy a menudo esta cantinela en nuestro vivir cotidiano.

Los enamorados solian emplear frases muy vulgares para manifestar los tiernos afectos de su corazon al "alma de su vida". Una de sus frases mas favoritas era esta: "Alma de mi vida, cuan linda eres, yo no pude dormir tres noches por pensar en ti."

Ninas, si sois bastante listas, replicareis asi: "Si señor, pero dormiste durante el dia."

ACERTIJS

1. Esta pregunta se hizo a Roberto Jones un manager de una planta de aeroplanos y el pobre señor se aturulló y no supo contestarla: "Tu eres el piloto de un aeroplano que hace el viaje de Cebu a Guam o sea una distancia de mil millas. El aeroplano vuela a razon de 200 millas por hora y hace una parada de 30 minutos. Como se llama el piloto?"

2. Un abogado americano hizo esta pregunta. Pueden los abogadillos estudiantes de nuestro colegio dar el clavo en esta: "Segun las leyes de ciertos Estados, es punible determinado delito en grado de tentativa, pero en cambio, no es nunca punible cuando se consuma por completo. Que delito es ese?"

RESPUESTAS:

1. El nombre del piloto es Roberto Jones, claro.
2. El de suicidio.

Mi estilo de bromear es decir la verdad. Es la broma mas regocijada que puede darse a un mortal.

—Bernard Shaw.

EL BUEN narrador de historietas es un ser que tiene excelente memoria y que confia en que sus oyentes la tengan muy mala.

—Irvin S. Cobb.

—FRANCAMENTE, Claudio, no me explico como puedes vivir en esta pesima finca—decia un amigo cierta ocasion a un arrogante hijo prodigo de buena familia.

—No me compadezcas sin necesidad—contestole Claudio—pues no soy tan pobre como te figuras. Esta maldita chaza no es mia!

El Coronel Robert Ingersoll, agnostico recalcitrante, visitaba una vez al gran predicador Hendry Ward Beecher. Detuvose, lleno de admiracion frente a una esfera en que se reproducian con bella nitidez las constelaciones y demas astros del cielo.

—He aqui justamente lo que yo venia buscando hace tiempo—exclamo despues de examinarla con cuidadosa atencion—¿Quien la hizo?

—Que quien la hizo—repuso Beecher fingiendole gran asombro y extraneza—. Hombre, Coronel no la hizo nadie.... se hizo ella sola.

HATCHED BY TELEPHONE.....

(Continued from page 5)

Haw, haw!"

"Aw, shut up!"

"Now, didn't you meet her, inspector?"

"No! I went to meet her, but she wasn't there."

"Hub! So, the angel flew back to heaven?"

"What a life. Look at me, sarge. Spick and span. What a joke she put over on me."

They both laughed merrily.

Then, all at once Alfredo remembered the real name of 'Mary' and he laughed the harder.

"Laugh! sarge, laugh! What a fool I am!"

The sergeant was puzzled, nevertheless he laughed. Was the inspector crazy?

"Haw! Haw! you guessed right, sarge. She's just twice twenty-two and I am only twenty-one. Haw! Haw! Haw!"

The walls echoed their laughter.

—END—

THE ANGEL OF.....

(Continued from page 8)

are part and parcel of the Philippines, Mario. You belong here. You are mine."

Suddenly, the smile waned. He saw her fall; he heard her scream — shrill, deadly, penetrating. It made his hairs stand on edge. A gust of wind entered the room. She was gone!

She was gone! She had met her tragic end a week before. While on one of her visits to an aunt in Paridel, her jeep fell from a high bridge carrying her into the land beyond. Mario froze at the very thought while, inside, his heart bled.

The sheet before him was untouched. He rose from his reverie. Outside the moon had risen high. For a minute, he felt alone. Instantly, he became aware of presence — the moon, the stars, the breeze, the trees, the houses, the peace of the night — all of them affording him consolation.

He began to feel her unseen influence. She was there — the angel of Peace.

For an instant Mario heard the powerful words "I will it." He forced a smile and looked up at the heavens and said, "Dawn is coming. Eternity still lies ahead. Lead thou me on!"

WHEN DO WE EAT.....

(Continued from page 4)

silly. I need it more. I can hardly see, hear, smell, touch.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! Such heavenly music.
15 minutes later:

With faltering steps, I stagger as I drag myself nearer and nearer the boarding house. I can no longer stand on my two feet. When I approach the steps, I ascend, crawling on my hands and knees, fatigued and famished, yet, triumphant, I push the door open and I head straight for the dining room. But what greets my eyes? Between two generous mounds of cold rice, I see a plate bounded by two sickly looking, measly, warped up fried dried fish, each four inches long and half an inch wide. Can this be my supper? Heaven forbid!

Then the maitre d'hotel enters. "Oh woe is me," she says, "woe is me. The cook left your meal uncovered and the cat ate it up. Now the cook has gone home and there is nothing left in the house except these."

And she sweeps her hands regally over the pageant of dried fish but I fail to notice that. All I see is a great blackout in front of my eyes. Then I see stars with circles. I hear a ringing noise in my ears that seems to say in maddening tone,

"Find the cat! Slaughter it! Roast it! Eat it!"

I cannot breathe. I'm sinking, sinking. I'm dying, starved, dead.

KERPLUNK!

—END—

Killing Time is not murder, it's suicide.

"Ordinary ability, properly applied, is all that is necessary to reach the highest rung in the ladder of success." —Theodore N. Vail.

The less people speak of their greatness, the more we think of it.

Your confidence measures the height of your possibilities.

"No talent is needed for fault-finding and grumbling."

"No man can be cheated out of a career in this life, unless he cheats himself." —Emerson

"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

TURN OF THE ROAD.....

(Continued from page 3)

them. She was so dazed by it all. Sudden chill shook her and sobs racked her young body with the dreadful realization that beloved ones would no longer come back again and you were left alone to shift for yourself in a cold and cruel world. Responsibility had fallen early on her young and inexperienced shoulders. Being the eldest, she knew that the burden of finding a means of livelihood lay upon her. Life would never be the same, she knew.

The war changed so many things. People changed and one suddenly discovers too, that one has not been an exception to the rule. One's taste's and one's outlook in life have become different from those carefree prewar days. Looking back at all those years of war, she could not comprehend how she had been able to push through, inspite of everything. But she had learned quickly. Thank God, that she had not been embittered by it all — that somehow she still had the courage to smile and keep her chin up, even though the frightening fact confronts you that you can no longer pass on the road which you had marked out for yourself, but had to make a turn and go through with it, because life does not stop but has to go on.

OF NATURE AND MAN.....

(Continued from page 6)

it to sleep. Lights were now venturing out into the open sea, for fishermen were on the job, taking advantage of Nature's docility this time. Punta Gorda's outline had disappeared in the darkness.

Then I went home. When I was finally in bed, I could hear no more the faint whistling of the breezes, the murmur of the playing, foaming waves on the beach, or their caresses on the LCM.

Nature and Man were at peace.

No lack, no handicap, nothing can defeat you, if you DO NOT GIVE UP WITHIN.

"Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal."

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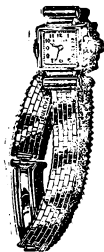
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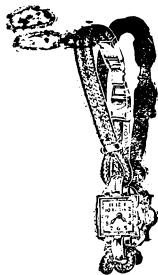
17 jewels, plain, pink 14K gold.



17 jewels, plain, yellow



17 jewels, engraved, yellow



17 jewels, plain, pink



17 jewels, plain, yellow expansion bracelet



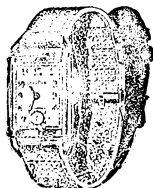
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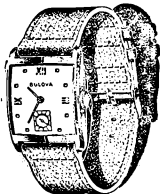
17 jewels, engraved, yellow



21 jewels, plain, yellow



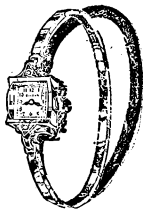
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17 jewels, plain, pink



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