



The

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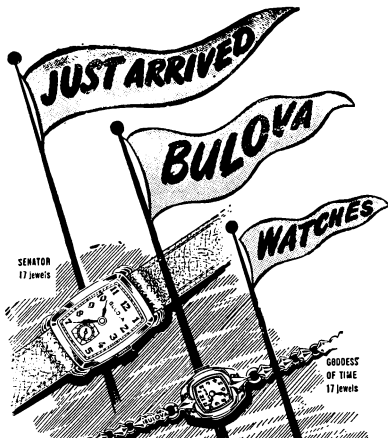
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Editorial

DESIGN FOR LIVING

At a recent youth rally Pres. Quirino pleaded for individual discipline and self-evaluation and asked Filipino youth to rededicate himself to "moral and spiritual things, to the things of the inner self." What the President said may appear forbidding; yet it is the pattern for joyous living which youth craves so much.

Youth has a strong urge to live to the full and get the whole savor of life. To be young is to be happy and youth does not relish ideas of restriction or introspection that apparently would cramp the life out of him.

But an unregulated zest for life will not bring the happiness he craves. The siren voice of pleasure can be his undoing. Too often the so-called "good time" proves to be a delusion that robs youth of personal dignity and happiness. Stolen pleasures are not always the sweetest; frequently they turn into bitterness. Tragedy lurks on the path of unbridled eagerness for life.

To get the most out of life there is need for what the President called individual discipline and self-evaluation. Youth must know himself and subdue his baser inclinations. This is not to cramp the life out of him. This is to steer him in the right path amidst the blandishments of corrupting pleasures and to protect him against the lure of the moment. Self-control does not stand between youth and his happiness; it protects him against a host of ugly things that will draw him to his misery. And the subjugation of what is low and sordid will loose the fulness of life to youth.

Mastery of self does not mean retiring into one's self and renouncing the activities of this life. That indeed, would be a dull, dreary, existence and youth would not be blamed if he abhors it. Self-discipline and dedication to moral things is to develop our best faculties and exercise them for life's highest end. It means living to the full without enslavement to the passions; it means having the joys of this life without debasing the Christian nature of man. One whose life is regulated by moral laws does not scorn the sweet and lovely things of this world; he desires and enjoys them but his desires are kept within bounds and in harmony with reason. And when he meets disappointments—for life's paths are not always strewn with roses—he takes them with the smile of the strong who cannot give way to despair.

Regulation of life by Christian moral laws is to live by the best faculties of our nature. Certainly there is no better design for living. As Aristotle said of our nature, "We must play the immortal and do all in our power to live centuries ago." "We must play the immortal and do all in our power to live by the best element of our nature: for though that element be slight in quantity, in power and in value it far outweighs all the rest of our being."

* * *

The Real Way To Happiness

By FRANCISCO R. MASCARINAS

There are more ways than one to be happy. But fundamentally we must be happy with the thought that we are in this world for God's greater glory and for the welfare of humanity.

God has given man the things which a normal human being needs. Yet man still craves for more than what God has planned for him. He desires to have the most and the best of life, even at the expense of his soul and that of his fellow beings. Just a few examples. Hitler attempted in vain to enslave all European countries; Mussolini, to control the entire Mediterranean; and Hirohito, to convert the whole Asiatic world into a bigger Japanese Empire. To them we may add the names of men who are not contented with the wealth they possess, because they aspire for more even if they had to obtain it by hook or by crook. These are examples of men who had wished and tried to possess the whole world for their own self aggrandizement. But "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Said an author: "Money has never made man really happy, nor will it. The more man has of it, the more he wants. Better it is to possess nothing with the fear of the Lord and peace in the heart, than great treasures with troubles therein."

Let us search for riches which will not corrupt, for opulence that will never end. But where? Can we find it on earth through a life of ease and totally forgetful of our duties as Catholics? No, we cannot. God will only give it to us after we have accomplished the mission to serve Him, love Him, and to suffer for Him.

If worldly pleasures are irksome, annoying and incapable of giving us happiness, why should we not direct all the passion and fervor of our souls to enthusiastic yearnings for the divine love? Let us love the things of this world according to God's plan. We cannot live without loving. What is essential is that we love the right thing in the right way.

Are you ready to deny yourself all the worldly pleasures and prefer a life of poverty and sacrifice for God's sake? If so, then you are on the road to genuine happiness. . . .

Art And

Religion

By F. A. Savellon, Law '52

According to St. Thomas Aquinas man is both matter and spirit, one person in which are to be found two principles, mind and body. There is therefore in man the spark of the divine. The sum total of body and soul is the expression of the divinity of the supreme creature of God — for man truly is the apex of God's creation. When we think of man we think of the divinity of God manifested in him as in all creation. In like manner we cannot think of art or religion without having in mind the divinity of which these two are mere expressions. We say of religion that it is divinity expressed inwardly, as when we seek God in the innermost chambers of our beings. Art as the vehicle of archetypal beauty is divinity expressed outwardly. In this concept art and religion are both the channels through which man expresses his longings for God.

The Church sensing the importance of art in the teaching of religion did not neglect its development and growth. Art owes no debt of gratitude greater than what the Church has done, through the ages, for its growth. The history of art is incomplete if we delete the fact that the Church was, and is, its greatest patron and promoter. The really immortal masterpiece of art were conceived and executed under the patronage of the Church. In truth, the history of modern art begins with St. Francis of Assisi, the most lovable of all the Christian saints. "He, the first forerunner of the Renaissance, substituted a religion of love for the sterile authority of orthodox," says Sir William Orpen in his *OUTLINE OF ART*, "and in his infinite charity brought divinity nearer not only to mankind but to all creation. . . . In a word, by his teaching, religion was reconciled to nature, and with nature again piously occupying the minds of men, art could progress."

A review of any standard book on art will reveal that from Cimabue (1240-1302), the first known Florentine artist, down to the present, religion and religious thoughts dominate in the subject matter of art. Religion will never cease to be the highest aspiration of man, and art will ever be the sublime expression of the ultimate beauty of the teachings of Christ.

Cardinal Gibbons, writing on Sacred Images in *THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS*, summarized for us the importance of art in religion. Thus he said, "Religious paintings embellish the house of God. What is more becoming than to adorn the church, which is the shadow of the heavenly Jerusalem, so beautifully described by St. John? Solomon decorated the temple of God with images of cherubim and other representations. . . . If it was meet and proper to adorn Solomon's temple, which contained only the Ark of the Lord, how much more fitting is it to decorate our churches, which contain the Lord of the Ark? When I see a church tastefully ornamented it is a sure sign that the Master is at home, and that His devoted subjects pay homage to Him in His court."

"By exhibiting religious paintings in our rooms we make a silent, though eloquent profession of our faith. . . . By the aid of sacred pictures our devotion and love for the original are intensified, because we can concentrate our thoughts more intently on the object of our affections. . . . The portraits of the Saints stimulate us to the imitation of their virtues; and this is the principal aim which the Church has in view in encouraging the use of pious representations."

It is not only in paintings that religion finds a most potent expression but also in other forms of art. The literature of the Church abounds in many immortal artistic presentations. Without mentioning the sublime philosophers of the Church like St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, we can point with pride to the plainer thinkers like Thomas à Kempis whose *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST* is the simplest and yet the most beautiful literature that ever stood against the test of time. *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST* is timeless because reading it now or a hundred years hence would be like escaping the tyranny of time. Reading *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST* is living in the Immortality of our Lord. Five hundred years has made *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST* the supreme call and guide to spiritual aspiration. As such it will remain until the end of time because it mirrored not the

(Continued on page 5)

by Leoncio P. AbarquezShort Story

Highway Acquaintance

Jose took a glance at his wrist. It was 5:25 on his watch. Gosh, he thought, everybody must be in the classroom by this time. He did not wish to be late the first day of class. Certainly he would find it pretty embarrassing.

Mechanically his right foot added more pressure to the accelerator and the indicator climbed to the upper arch of the speedometer. He felt a little relieved upon seeing that the traffic was light that afternoon. With no delay he could make the five kilometers in five minutes.

Suddenly, as he turned a sharp curve, his foot went into lightning action. The brakes screeched to high pitch and the jeep abruptly halted a scant away from a petrified pretty one.

"Say, there young lady," in apparent anger, "if you want to commit suicide don't mix me up in it."

The brunette in the new look, smiled bewilderedly at him with a masked humiliation.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I'm in a hurry."

His eyes met hers and he saw in them the hurt his words had given her.

"Well," there came a new color to his own voice, "if you're in a hurry I'll give you a lift."

"Oh, never mind. Thank you just the same," replied the cautious coed. "Aren't you hurt?" he put in with a touch of intimacy.

"Oh, no, I'm not. Thanks a lot for the offer," she maintained a formal politeness and resumed her walk with the grace of a professional fashion model.

"But, sister," he called after her, "unless you take this ride with me you'll be late."

She paused and faced him again. In her eyes there sparkled a gleam of approval and her rose lips formed a beautiful smile.

"All right, then," she whispered as she moved in near him.

"Which way?" he asked her.

"To the university."

"Well, how do you like that?" he burst in a pleasant surprise, "you're going my way, all right."

She remarked sportively, "we might take it vice-versa, also."

"You're not hard to bring back to an even keel after a storm."

"And you have a time line."

"Because I'm ashamed that I acted so rudely. I was driven by the impulse of the moment."

"An apology worth more than the trivial event," she corrected.

"You're just making an innocent display of your normality."

"What do you mean by normality?" "Under such circumstance any sane creature in your shoes would do the same."

"Including you?"

"If you think I'm normal."

"Of course I do."

"As you see it. But I saw the humiliation standing behind the curtains of your smile," she said.

"I remind you that I have impulses. Do you forgive me for them?"

"No, and I say it with a capital N."

"But why" he was puzzled.

"Because forgiveness is given only when an injustice had been done."

His eyes left the road and studied her for a fraction of a second.

Then he continued, "I'm beginning to see you in your true nature." He snickered explicitly: "You are not a being . . ."

"What am I then? . . . a universal abstraction?" she asked with a seeming desire to get a quick response.

"You move," he chuckled. "You're a mystery!"

As she chuckled he heard a bubbling brook chanting a phantom of a melody from fairyland. Along the smooth avenue they drove like old acquaintances, an air of familiarity around them thickening at every turn of the wheels.

"Strange isn't it?" he cut in after a moment of silence, "the way we met, I mean, I can hardly believe that this is reality. I must be in a dream."

"You forget that truth is stranger than fiction." Her tone was that of a savant.

"I mean," he explained bovishly,

"that it's really strange to find, at a time when civilization is in full bloom, a beautiful princess of a fairy-land coming into existence in reality."

"You're putting me on the gallows," she objected with a fascinating twist of her lips.

"I was merely using freedom of speech."

"A fine orator you are," she complimented ironically. "but you have a

mania for hyperboles."

"Honest, I haven't." He took a good look at her as he answered with a degree of sincerity to his words.

"Look out!" she screamed wildly as a tartanilla flashed into a proximity before them.

The brakes went to work and a sudden stop was effected.

"Hey!" snarled the cochero, "what do you think this is? . . . A lover's lane."

"There!" she sighed, "another impulse again."

"You shouldn't look at it with a jaundiced eye. It is a plain evidence that you have the power to intrigue people."

From the brakes he carried his foot back to the accelerator and started for a new run.

"Better hold your play of words and be careful," she cautioned him, "for we might miss the university and everything."

"By the way," he brought the conversation to a twist, "what class are you going to this afternoon?"

"Botany."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, "this is a coincidence."

"Is there something unusual about a girl taking Botany?"

"Oh, no. But, startling to see two people meeting strangely then coming to know that they seek the same point and finally finding themselves classmates."

"Am I to understand that you're taking that subject, too?" she inquired.

"Yep," he nodded, "my first attendance. Amazing, isn't it?"

"Very amazing, indeed," she affirmed, her voice wrapped by an inexplicable sarcasm.

They rolled through the maingate of the university and followed the narrow lane leading to the doorway of the Science building.

"Looks like the end of the road," he announced as well they parked.

"Might as well be the end of an episode," she added.

"Oh, can we not make this a real beginning?"

"I'm afraid I cannot take it in the way you want to," she entoned a sort of a mysterious warning. "I'm perfectly sure that the classroom has a different atmosphere."

(Continued on page 4)

YOUTH AND

POLITICS

LEOCADIO LLANTO
LAW '49
(MAYOR OF SAN FERNANDO)

It is said that politics is a dirty game. It is common to associate it with corrupt practices, with intrigues, and even with violence. Youth, on the other hand, is idealistic, earnest, and sincere. Is it desirable for youth to engage in politics? Can youth and politics go together?

Before answering these questions, certain points about politics should be clarified. Whatever may be said about it, politics exert a great influence over the life of all the people of the country. Whether they participate in it actively or not, the people are affected by politics. For the men who shape the policies of and who run our government are chosen by this system commonly called politics. Consequently, all those under the dominion of the government are necessarily affected by politics.

It is the intention that in the manifestation of the free will of the people, an efficient government is established, a government that works for the promotion of the general welfare of all its constituents. However, in practice, in trying to ascertain what the will of the people is, corrupt practices enter. It would take a long time to relate the schemes and artifices used in influencing and defeating the free will of the people. The fruits of a victory at the polls are so luscious that weak men will sacrifice principles for their attainment.

But it must be remembered that the people, specifically, the electorate, is not always dumb. All the people cannot be fooled all the time. Frauds cannot be committed always without the people rising in protest against them. Politicians who fool the people do not stay long in power. It is safe to say that the results of the elections in most cases reflect the true will of the people. Were it not so, how do you account for the continued existence of this system of free elections in the progressive nations of the world?

It is evident that politics exert a great influence over the life of the people. It is admitted that corrupt practices are associated with it though not to the extent of completely misrepresenting the people's will. In the face of these facts, what must youth do? Must youth keep themselves entirely apart from politics for fear of being polluted with its dirt?

To have such an attitude would be to take a defeatist position. We cannot dismiss "this measly game of politics" with a shrug of our shoulders. Politics is an essential feature of our democratic system of government and it has far reaching influence on the economic and social life of the country. That it is associated with corrupt practices cannot be an excuse for our indifference to it unless we will let this country of ours go to disaster. Rather, these corrupt practices should be the reason for the citizens, especially the youth, to have more interest in politics.

There is great need for cleansing our political practices. Youth with his idealism and energy can do much towards freeing politics from its dirty aspects, or at least in reducing malpractices to a minimum. I do not mean to say that

youth should actively engage in politics—that would entail dissipation of energy. What is needed is for youth to be more conscious and assertive of their political rights and privileges.

It would be downright cynicism to hold that youth is corrupted by politics. That would be admitting the weakness of the moral fibre of our youth. It would be nearer to truth to declare that a conscious and assertive youth guided by idealism will purify our political practices. "The future is in your hands," so declared Pres. Quirino recently to a youth rally, "may you labor hard and long." Not the least of this hard and long labor is youth's task of making full use of idealism in the field of politics and thus assure politics of its proper function: the establishment of an efficient government for the welfare of all.

HIGHWAY ACQUAINTANCE...

(Continued from page 3)

"Oh, I see," he said, "you're pretty serious with your lessons."

"Thank you for both the ride and the compliment."

They abandoned the jeep and moved

toward the big doorway of the beautiful new building, making a lovely pair of human beauty. Suddenly, just as they were about to take the shelter of the spacious hall, something swept him off his feet.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "we haven't introduced ourselves!"

"Oh..." she laughed freely, "before you voiced it you made me think something horrible, was eating you. Well, don't worry. For a considerable while we will be under the same roof and I can guarantee you that sooner or later we'll both come to know each other."

The classroom was almost full when they arrived. Only a few seats at the back of the room remained empty. Planning for a nice hour, Jose's eyes searched for two chairs. To his surprise all the students arose. It was only when he found her taking a stand behind the lecture table that it all shone clear to him.

Meekly he uttered a courteous, "Good evening, Ma'am" and proceeded to take a seat behind.

The Laughter In Your Eyes

*The laughter in your eyes
Throws a spell upon me;
I can't resist its charm
Which holds me tenderly.
Your laughter echoes like
A song, so sweet and low,
Thru my life from morn till night.
It's an endless tune of youth.
In the dead of the night
From my bed I often rise,
And wish that I could own
That laughter in your eyes.*

By LEONCIO P. ABARQUEZ

Laughter And Pain

(By A.C.F.)

Even our sincerest laughter is fraught with some pain, so observed the poet Shelley. And Rizal gives prosaic expression of this observation when he wrote that the best means of concealing pain is laughter. These two distinguished men of letters, (in between whose works and lives was a great gap of years) one reminiscent of stoicism characteristically British, the other typical of Oriental sentimentalism and fatalism—converge on an understanding respecting laughter and pain.

Laughter—arising out of good, clean fun—is a healthful tonic, good for young and old. There is the pleasure that punctuates a speaker's anecdotes and witticisms; the merriment evidencing from activities of relaxation; the gaiety of pleasant and merry companionship among good friends. There is the soft laughter between lovers exchanging banter in a language which can only arise from mutual feelings: "everything's all right with the world." In nooks and corners we cannot fail to find evidence of what Webster defines as the "movement of the facial muscles and the eyes caused by a feeling of merriment or pleasure." It is the master key to living, one writer asserts, a magic button which opens the way to a relaxing existence unperturbed by the sternest realities of life. It is the antidote, how effective, one may not venture a guess, to pain.

And pain? Suffering, whether mental or physical, so we are told. Or that depression of the inside, a tugging of the heart concomitant with utter disappointment or disillusionment or despair. Or anguish, an intense suffering of the mind and body. There is the pain of a parent whose three children were killed before his very eyes by fragments from a single bomb. There is that untold grief of a son or daughter for the loss of mother or father. There is the pain of lovers estranged, of unrequited love, of futile hopes and dreams. There is the suffering of a soldier whose body, blasted by bullets and shell fragments, refused to give up dear life. It is a malady which breaks the mind, the body, the spirit, if recourse to a remedy cannot be had.

Laughter unfeigningly attracts company—"Laugh and the world laughs with you." Pain drives the sufferer to aloneness, to a corner fenced against a painless world. Laughter brings sunshine and youthfulness. Pain ages one far beyond his years. Laughter finds the world and life beautiful. Pain makes

everything unbearable.

Between those with laughter and without pain and those with pain without laughter—two extremes we have to accept among us—there are those who exemplify a striking and happy medium—the pulsation of maturity in youthfulness or of youthfulness in maturity, the injection of self-distinction in a social group, the realization of life's bounties in company with its adversities. They are those who relegate their pains, and taunt life with their laughter. It is indeed a good actor who can successfully muster a merry countenance to mask emotions charged with suffering. We are all actors with the wide world for our stage, but it takes a good man to move facial muscles in apparent pleasure or merriment while his inside bleeds with untold pain. Take the parent who lost his children, yet faced the world with contagious merry countenance and enthusiasm. Or the maiden who, losing her lover in some distant battlefield and burying her heart forever with her beloved, faced life thereafter with cheer. Or the man who loved intensely yet futilely, concealing his deeply wained heart behind the merry and pleasant company of his friends. Or the soldier whose arm was so riddled with bullets that only amputation would save his life—his laughter was that of one without mortal peril.

It takes mettle to fling back laughter at life throwing pain along one's path. He who has that possesses a distinction which I believe to be greater and grander than that of his like in acting in the movies or stage—the distinction of self-conquest, of self-mastery. Life can no longer be cruel to him who takes in pain and suffering exults in laughter and merriment. For pain flees or heals when laughter comes in.

ARTS AND RELIGION. . .

(Continued from page 2)

thoughts of Tomas á Kempis alone; it sets forth not alone the longing of one man's soul for God but the soul of what St. Thomas Aquinas called, the universal mankind.

This little dissertation on art and religion would be incomplete if I would not give it a dash of music—for it is said that music is the crowning glory of art. This idea will come to mind when we consider church music as it is used in the Holy Mass. Herein lies the value of the Holy Mas-

Changes In The Times

By PURIFICACION CHAGAS

When we look at the great number of young men and women who are heading aimlessly toward the manifold pits of perdition, we cannot help but wonder whether Rizal's hopes are proving themselves worthy of the great trust that our forefathers placed in this rising generation.

We Carolinians belong to this generation. But we confess that we are shocked at seeing young men and women of our age serenading along the banks of lewdness, sin and crime. We are terrified by the spirit of the day, its irreverence to authority, its love of pleasures its sense of irresponsibility. Undoubtedly there are evils in our modern social life which did not exist or at least were not active in the days when our parents were at the youthful threshold of life. There never was a time in the history of our country when evils were so rampant as today.

What are the causes of this change in the spirit of our times? We find them in the films, newspapers, magazines, books, companions, dances, amusements, and the wrong conception of morality. These often play the role of Satan bent on undermining the structure of our moral life and destroying the basis of our social structure. In our struggle against these forces of destruction, let us therefore choose the right kind of films, newspapers, magazines, books, companions, dances, amusements and schools to be sure that we will be guided in the right direction.

To be a student at the Catholic University of San Carlos is a great privilege. Religious instruction is necessary to make the youth helpful, respectful, God-fearing, and worthy citizens of the State. The soul must be developed along with the body, otherwise lack of proportion between the two will produce an abnormality which will result in spiritual ruin.

as the Way to God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Dwelling in this relationship of art and religion, as I sensed it, I think I will never outgrow a childhood feeling that the church is the abode of angels. It is better that I do not outgrow this belief because whatever I do, or whatever comes to my life as I live it, I will always have a place to retreat to wherein I can renew my being in the aura of its holiness. There is always in the silence of the church a burst of celestial music that gives you a glimpse of heaven and a moment of immortality. This, I affirm, is true, because the church is the center of the highest art—the art of sanctification.

 By J. LIM

A SCENE IN THE SOCIAL HALL

Wilma arrived exactly thirty minutes before classes and seeing an unoccupied chair at the corner of the Social Hall headed for it with relief seeing that it was at a point of vantage from which to view the newcomers. Or rather, reflected Wilma dourly, the puppets and marionettes of Vanity Fair. Being a senior in her last semester and all but one or two of her contemporaries gone off to the field, Wilma felt very much like the proverbial last leaf, so to speak. For one thing, she had been sojourning as a pilgrim through the years in college. And, too, she was making progress.

The faces she saw were mostly new. Desultorily, she opened the book before her. The thought came again—there is something eternal about college; like the seasons, they come and they go. Spring, that beautiful time of bloom, came uppermost as a similitude. Every semester brings with it a blitheness and resilience of spirit, a rebirth of new hope and faith, and another crop, of personalities.

A chorus of girlish laughter rose up from the next table. Wilma saw that they were whispering facetiously into each other's ears and from the gleam in their eyes, she guessed that they might be clawing somebody's reputation to pieces. From double-edged tongues double-edged fragments would fly about and someone would conclude that two and two equal five.

"Such," reflected Wilma, "is the integrity of gossip. Macbeth's witches couldn't concoct a more lethal brew."

A bevy of girls entered from a side door chattering in a Babel, looking new from tip to toe. By her red taffeta ribbon Wilma especially noted one of them. She was tall and decidedly not fat. Wilma could not remember an instance when she was not without that ubiquitous red badge of sartorial courage. She reminded Wilma of a box of chocolates, and as always at the thought of chocolate, Wilma felt the necessity to visit the Coop.

On her way back to the Hall, Wilma heard the long, low, familiar whistle. Looking up, she perceived that it had not been aimed in her direction. Some how, Wilma felt cheated and demoralized. She knew others considered such

an accolade a pain in the neck when as a matter of fact, she thought it a balm to the ego. She was distinctly annoyed. "I must be going to seed," moaned Wilma.

She for whom the whistle called took an empty seat one table across Wilma. "La femme fatale" had not the stature nor the regularity of features to ordinarily pass as a beauty. Actually she had a long face but Wilma saw that the girl had charmed herself into being charming! Obviously, she imagined, she believed, she acted herself into being bewitching.

This was a new light, if fantastic one, on human nature. Wilma shook her head in utter stupe action and keenly felt the need, this time, of smelling salts.

None available, Wilma contented herself with a prim sniff.

"These," she opined, "are the flowers that bloom in the spring. Oh, there are a few bookworms, yes, "her eyes rested on a couple of conscientious bespectacled bibliophiles," but the greater part of them prefer the Book of Life. Let them gossip, let them be vain, let them delude themselves into ravishing beauties; sooner or later they will mellow on, these ribboned, cabling, society matrons, pilgrims progressing in four years' time. Some will fall by the way some, God willing will attain that for which they have started to achieve. Meanwhile, they swim—or they sink. And when the elements roar, and the waters are troubled, their faith must not waver. "Of them let it not be said, 'O, ye, of little faith!' Take me, for instance," Wilma's mental chest expanded, "here I stand at the end of these years and..." her thoughts wandered in retrospect. "Oh, my," and here Wilma's jaws executed a cavernous yawn. "I never thought this much before!"

The new girls at the next table stared at the bored old-timer.

At this moment the bell shrilled time for classes.

* * *

You'll wonder
 of two love
 pressed hard
 had nothing
 about.....

The Night Before

By LOURDES VARELA

You have to write something and hand it on Saturday. That is tomorrow. "Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" You clap your hands over your ears but still that demon voice shrieks, "Tomorrow, tomorrow!"

There is no escape. Fain would you imprison Time for an hour, for two hours, for a day and a night. But you know it is futile. You know that through the prison bars of mere wishes, Time can slither, completely un-mindful of you. This thought humbles you. You realize sadly you really are not the great person you think you are. You have been used to order people about. You have been used to getting all the things you wanted. You were a little Jack Horner sitting in your corner, saying, "What a grand boy am I!" But now... Time laughs at you, mocks you. You cannot sit it back; no, not for a second, not even a millionth of a second.

Tomorrow... tomorrow...
 You do not want to write yet. You are not in the mood. You are not inspired. You want to do anything else, anything but writing. You want to go for a walk. You want to talk. You want to read. You just can't write. Your mind is like an attic swept clean—empty. Not even a cobweb remains—a cobweb to ensnare thoughts with. Oh, for a thought, a sparkling thought! But none comes.

And still that demon voice shrieks on.

You stare at the flowers, the leaves, the trees. They are deathly still. They move you not. They are beautiful to behold but there is coldness in their beauty, or is it you perhaps who are cold? You shiver and turn away. There is sadness in their beauty that you cannot bear just now. Perhaps, on some other night, not just tonight, all the loveliness before you will touch your heart-strings, will make your heart and your lips pour forth a song deeply sweet and tender.

But you have to write something. A poem? No, you simply cannot do it tonight. You never can order yourself to write a poem. A poem must flow spontaneously from a full heart. It must come from a heart that has rejoiced much, suffered much, love

(Continued on page 16)

the trend of thought
women who were
o write and
e write

On Writing For The Carolinian

By JRC

Writers, like poets, are born—not made. In the absence of natural-born literary geniuses, it looks as if the Carolinian has to put up with self made artists... ahem!... like me.

Undoubtedly, there are minor Shakespeares and junior Bacons, who go about the university campus, indifferent to the avid clamour of the world-at-large for their literary masterpieces and oblivious to the desperate appeal of the editor-in-chief for contributions to the school organ.

Take that lean, indescribably hook-nose, myopic character who haunts the library. He looks no less extraordinary than the next person except perhaps that he sees no further than the gigantic volume before him. There he burrows, bookworm that he is, absorbing infinite knowledge and vast learning, wholly unaware that his genius is unshared... uncommunicated. And that giddy, social butterfly who has even potentiality of a good writer would rather dance the guaracha, date every night out, and count her beaux than waste her glorious life by making her light shine in the Carolinian.

A couple of days ago, I was up on golden clouds and silver skies; delirious with thrill that I was at last begged to write for the Carolinian. I'll show them that I can create literary works of art... immortal gems in black and white design. I am going to write a treatise on "The Civilization of Man-kind." No, I shall expound on a more sublime topic... say, "The Soul—Its Nature and Machinations." However, the psyche would not appeal to earthly humans—only profound thinkers (like Me) can fully appreciate such classic matters. Ahem!

I grope through the recesses of my highly intellectual brain to seek for a subject that will sweep the universe with my flawless mastery of technique and style. Shall I, mayhap, make use of my English 11 and produce a short story that only Maupassant can equal? Or shall my brain-child be a lyric poem—lilting, haunting, enchanting? Or perhaps again—feature article—gripping with realism—dripping with pathos? Ah me! The world of letters is mine

AN EVENING IN THE COUNTRY

carmen f. rodil

A thousand and one miles from the world is the hill of Valencia. There I watched the big sun set gloriously, the slow afternoon turned gradually into a growing dusk, and then the dusk matured into a calm, silent engrossing darkness.

In the great skies, only a little star peeped out, lending what little light it could to the small space of Valencia. In some distant fields a kaingin burned wildly sharing its heat and light of the whole place. The sweet scent of the ripening corn lent fragrance to the air. As the wind changed direction the air partook of the raw odor of the brown earth newly plowed. Now and then, the crickets sound and the love calls of the mavas and the antolihsaws broke through the silence of the night. The low hum of the breeze together with the soft rustle of the bamboo leaves created beautiful rhythm. Later the dogs barked as the people bearing whole-leaf coconut torches returned to their homes from the "tabu." Men and women called out in high pitched voices and strange tones which echoed

and re-echoed while the dogs howls came in more fierce accents drowning all other lighter sounds.

With the passing of the folks, the evening resumed its usual tranquility. Even the ripple of a distant brook became audible. Suddenly a dried coconut leaf and a coconut fruit unloosed themselves from the trunk and made a very disquieting fall, rolling the whole way down the base of the hill. From afar, I could catch the clear tune of a "harana" and the sweet chords of the guitar.

As the evening advanced, a young pale moon came out. I saw distinctly the outline of mountain ranges cut out in irregular slopes. Coconut trees lined the edges of the hills. Further out I saw vast fields and scattered small huts.

I do not know how long I stayed in that open window watching the evening grow. Perhaps it was but a fleeting moment. But I knew all the while that in some miserable part of the world, the sounds of birds and crickets, the

(Continued on page 16)

to command... high-flown figures of speech like myriad birds on wing—lofty participles so high up that they dangle. My word power is so mighty, it's stunning and my spelling... one word can only modify it—"peerless"... cr... or is it spelled with an ie?

Today, my enthusiasm has dwindled into occasional spurts of half-baked interest. I'm not the incomparable genius I thought I was... I begin to have delusions of failure and incompetence. I have degenerated into an unsuccessful, worthless, idiotic dumbhead.

The seconds are ticking away the hours... only a couple more to meet that deadline but my almighty intellect has completely deserted me. I am left numb and empty... where has all my genius gone to?

I look up at the electric blue of the skies seeking for that Muse, mortals call Inspiration... even She does not realize my frantic need... surely, there must be a whit of inspiring thought lurking behind that propaganda of colors, the posts call a Sunset; certainly, the flight of the swallow is an ode in itself or even that stinking, sickly-looking garbage can holds poetry that needs only release and interpretation.

I cannot meet that deadline... I

spv the complicated whorls on my writing desk... that's it! I shall write on "The Whirling Fiddies of Life"; a pink beauty of a mouse peers at me from the safety of its hole... uh, huh!... I shall make wonders with "Cheese —Cheese—Cheese"; the agonizing screech of a saw mill gives me an idea... nothing like an eerie murder story... Eureka!

I know! An editorial on school behavior will be timely and educational. I'll start with statistics and cite the number of schools and their corresponding students. Then, I'll quote a score or two of authorities on good manners and right conduct and make a detailed instruction on "How to Win Students to Influence the School." By the time, I roll up my sleeves to treat on the main core, I have covered two manuscripts-full and the editor has a psychiatrist's problem-child on his hands.

My doom has come... the hour for deadline, and I have accomplished nothing save wild fancy and inane ranting. I am close to madness for I have made no evident progress. The ultimate thing there is left for me to do is to lay down my pen and wait the verdict with complacent resignation.

To print or not print... That is the editor's question.

Short Story

Do You Love Me?

By Rsl2

"353 please... 3-5-3... oh... 353. Yes... Is this 353... cr... Do you love me... Yes?... Uh... Thank you... that's all..."

That was the transmitter's part of the conversation Nenita overheard at the Library Hall. She was just out of her 2:00 o'clock Religion class and was waiting for the crowd of students to thin out so she could squeeze herself thru and get a peek at the bulletin board for published letters. That was how she happen to hear the phone-talk. Curious she raised an eyebrow and to her surprise she saw it was Ben who was at the phone. Yes, she saw Ben... Ben! Of all people, Ben!

Do you love me? Do you love? The words kept ringing in her ears even as Ncenita was on her way home. In her study table she couldn't think. Do you love me? Do you love me?—was driving her crazy. Why, the dirty—double crossing—two-timing—snake in the grass! That big liar! He and his sugar-coated promises. Honeyed words, honeyed words! Yea,—those were only honeyed words. That big so and so... So, there's another girl, eh? Was she something?... that... the... P... well, just wait and see I'll show him.

Yes, indeed Ncenita was angry, raving mad at Ben.

When Ben called at Ncenita's place that afternoon, the door was slammed in his face. Ben was amazed and totally non-plussed. He was not able to say a word. He just stood gaping at the closed door for a long time. Why the sudden outburst. He couldn't understand. It was not like Nita. Nursing a bruised nose he went home, bewildered and disgust written all over his face. Why could she be angry? Women. Whoever said that the female of the specie is dreadful, was awfully right. Somehow, But, maybe she had calmed down by now.

So, he called her on the phone. No answer. Twice, thrice, he rang her frantically. Still no answer. Now, how could she be so crazy! The tender, terrible-tempered of the specie! Unpredictable and unfair! He almost couldn't stand it. Nor understand it.

Well, for the fourth time and last... He picked up the receiver very slowly and rang again her number. He wanted terribly an explanation. He

was so sure he had done nothing wrong. Why? Why? Why should Nita treat him so! But once more there was no answer.

Ben was almost sick of the thought and was working himself to a temper. He then rang her again, the fifth time. There was a click at the other end of the line, then an ear-splitting bang of the receiver. It was no use and he decided to drop the technique.

Feeling like a sick cow, slumped in a chair near the phone, his head clammed between his knuckles, he reviewed everything he did that day. None, there was nothing he did that might provoke such temperament. He was so sure he had done nothing wrong. What else could he do then but wait. And when she will call, Humph... I'll...

Five o'clock found Nita still furious, but a little in her senses. The phone talk was still bothering her. Who could that girl be. She was thinking up of murderous plans of revenge. But how? How should she do it. How!

Suddenly, an idea seized her. Why, the girl. Yes, the girl! the girl, of course. This time we will go even. I'll ring her and... Ha! Yes... the number... Say, what was that number? 4... 5... 3? No. 4... 3... 5... No, not that. Hmmm 3... 5... 5... 3. Yes that's it 353... Why, yes! Hurrah for me it is! Now where is that telephone directory?

She almost knocked herself down—among the furniture in her hurry. What with her "new look."

Ah, here it is. Under the magazines. Now, let me see. Where's that darn number 353. 349—350—352—353. She gazed at the printed words opposite 353.

"W h a a" was her half started exclamation. The directory fell off from her hands. "Oh, oh, ooh. Of all things! Dope, why didn't I think of that before!"

She read it again, an amused silly smile breaking into her face. What a big, big dope I am, she scolded herself and read aloud:

353—Liberty Theatre. "And what do you know," she talked to herself, "today's film is "Do You Love Me?"

* * *

Emergency Teacher

By CAROLINA CAVADA

Rita gazed into the valley that swept before her eyes. Farms clustered around the nipa school-house and the rice paddies looked like lace trimmings. The breeze played on the rice plants, which were now grown up and which at the passing of the breeze swayed their bodies to and fro. In their own way, they were saying farewell to her. The sun was slowly slinking beyond the mountain ridge and the half that was left seemed to call out goodbye to her, too.

As Rita was about to turn her back on the gripping scene the scent of the area reminded her of the joint flower garden of her third and fourth grade girls, which was now in full bloom. Just below the creaky bamboo stairs, of the school building were planted with rows of white rose, pink roses, scarlet roses, yellow roses and other kinds. She recalled how she had sent for the cuttings from the neighboring barrios and how her girls had tended the young shoots with loving care. She loved those flowers, and could she now say goodbye? Perhaps, two years ago when the buds were still way down the stems, she could have left them without a thought of care. But now, each little petal seemed to be friendly to her.

With the thought of the roses came the tender hands that planted them. She would miss them, too. The hurried good-mornings of the children accompanied by a shy bedding of the head, the branches of luscious guava, which the little ones brought her, the noisy chatter at recess, the daily recitations, the readiness of Jose's answers, the clammering of Felix, the endless pranks of Mario, the long braids of Ana who was so often preferred by the boys—she would miss them all! And she was sure of the empines, of their hearts, too. She had seen it in their eyes, in the spiritless recitation after she told them. "Mr. Morena will be your teacher tomorrow because I will be transferred to Malindas."

Her conscience started at the remembrance of that 1's. Of course, it could do no harm to them. She had only said that on the spur of the moment, "in the excitement of it all."

For the fifth time Rita took out (Continued on page 16)

Man's Sacred Duty

By Sergio M. Suico — Law '49

There is nothing fortuitous and hidden in the life of man in his relation with his Maker. Nothing happens in this world which is unforeseen. Everything answers a divine plan. God takes divine cognizance even of the minutest thought, word, or deed. Everything in man is within the range of the All-Seeing Eye. Indeed, nothing can escape the notice of the All-powerful. For even the fall of a human hair, or the tiny sparrow, is known to the Creator; and the drop of the withered leaf of a tree is within His knowledge and consciousness. This fact, indeed, is of profound significance.

We have time and again, been counseled by Mother Church to love and serve our brother man; for loving and serving him, we love and serve God. But alas!... how miserably we fail to heed the wise admonition. Not only that, we go further and allow ourselves to be instruments of greed and selfishness. In our lust for wealth and distinction, we forget our neighbor and even willfully trample upon his God-given rights. Greed and selfish ambition blind us to the reality of our Sacred Duty (and Obligation) toward our brother man.

The world is not ruled by chance. It is far from being more luck or accident when one comes within the circle of our life. To all and each one that we meet, we owe a duty. For duties are obligations we owe those around us; and every one within our sphere of influence is one to whom we owe a duty. What is the duty that we owe to each? It is reverencing and obeying those who are superior to us, who are above us; the duty of being gentle and affectionate and helpful to those around us, on our own level; the duty of protection, kindness, helpfulness and compassion to those below us. These are man's duties founded on Christian principles. No one who aspires to the eternal favor of God, to be "one with Him" should fail in the fulfillment of these there is no spiritual life, tempt at least to fulfill them; for without the light knows no death.

Whenever a person comes within our circle of life, let us see to it that he leaves that circle a better man. When an ignorant person comes and we have knowledge, let him leave a better informed man. When a sorrowful person comes to us, let him leave a little less sorrowful. When a helpless person comes and we are strong, let him leave us strengthened and not humiliated or depressed by our pride. Let us be tender and patient, gentle and helpful to all. Let our hearts be unselfishly and widely open and unfolded in loving kindness and mercy to all, just as a flower in an early May morning is unfolded in its full bloom, releasing its sweet fragrance to every one that

(Continued on page 16)

Green And Gold Forever

An extract of the poem
on the inauguration of the
University of San Carlos

By M. S. FLOREDELIS

This university is a fortress designed
To spare us from the impacts of time,
From the broadsides of mighty isms,
From the atoms of Marx, the powder of Lenin;
For here indeed is freedom from mortal want,
Here the noble mission begins
Where the Atlantic Charter ends,
From its belfry this university
Shall tell the pagan world
The secret and worth of the bells:
The power of the prayer,
From its spire we forge an axis
Straight from Cebu to Rome
To assure us shelter in the Dome.

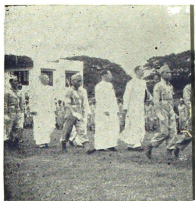
Here Magellan planted the Cross that still stands,
This is not ours to see but to carry
In the daily grind of the Cebuano soul,
In the inch-by-inch move to perfection;
Not ours only to carry but to kiss
To keep the warmth of communion,
To fan aflame the Faith.
The youth is here to discover
The further inlands of the mind,
Inward into the gray labyrinths
To tap the inner sources of spiritual power,
Faith's fuel that shall propel him
To the vision and the dream.

We are but an extension of His will
To build not to destroy—
To filter away the mortal in us
And look with furtive eyes
The residual spirit to find,
To patent its worth and assay
The noble metal lodged therein.

We have but forty or fifty years to go,
Then shall we leave no taint or trace,
No coiled history to unwind.
Nothing to remember or remind.
It be enough to have left
On the slab of young waxen minds
The imprints and trade-marks of truth,
To have unfolded the curtained
Grandeur of science, the glory of the arts,
To have constructed the invisible links
Between Creator and created;
There shall be left the furrows
We have carved on the brain of youth
Now written on his forehead,
Dark lines of wisdom across his brow
Like a harrowed field mothering
Its richness to the planted seed.



Education girls try their hand at Robin Hood's art at Miramar, USC resort.



ROTC Corps honors Father's Day and review.



Boy Scouts having fun at the University Swimming pool.



The toss-up that begins the Collegiate basketball game.



USC swimming pool at Miramar, coconut trees, sea breeze and Coeds.



Pre-Med hoopsters led by team captain Aurora Yballe. This team won the championship.



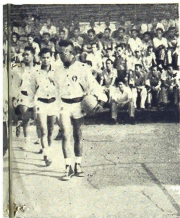
ector and Faculty with parade

A day off for the Prof
and the students.

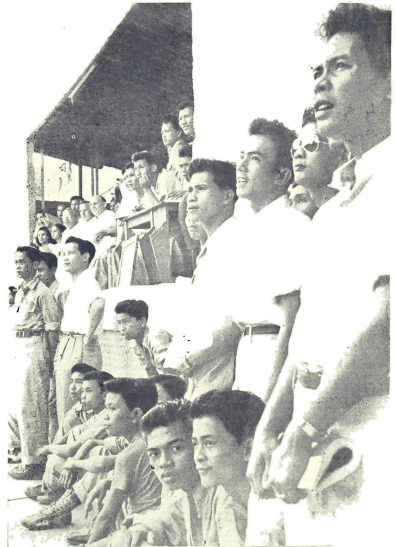


arked the open-
intramurals.

Beauteous Corazon Saguin, team sponsor, and Lex Circle President W. Buquid marching at the head of the Law cagers, during the opening ceremonies of the intramurals.

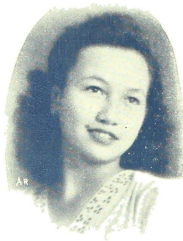


ptain R. Zosa and sponsor
ize for the best uniform.



A portion of the eager crowd holds its breath in a thrilling moment of the game.

Our Corps Sponsor



Miss Rosario Dorotheo

New Queen of the Campus

An unsophisticated 18-year old beauty will rule the campus this year as ROTC corps sponsor—Miss Rosario Dorotheo, a first year student of the College of Education.

Looking like a picture straight from a Palmolive ad, Nena—as she is called by friends—is the type men fall for at the drop of an eyelash. Members of her sex likewise forget the jealousy inherent in their tribe and fall under her charm of naturalness and simplicity.

In an interview with Nena, the publicity-shy queen headed off a long questionnaire and quickly said she "doesn't like interviews." Cut off thus, the vital facts about her are:

Her ideal man must be a regular church-goer. All other considerations will be weighed on that basis. However, she draws the line on those men with "defective eyes."

Her pet peeve: the sophisticated person who puts on airs. She believes that one should always act his natural self.

Her favorite game: badminton, which, incidentally, has brought out her "schoolgirl" complexion to the full.

Her reading: a blend of light fiction and, of all things, comics. That's because she reads for entertainment only, period.

I am sure the Corps will like this cov coed.

* * *

An Untitled Poem

By Ismael Leyva

It's you—who'll give this poem its name
For I don't ever wish to remember
That this from stark sadness came,
Born of a futile love's dying ember.

Until that cold barrier of silence
Between us thaw, I won't sleep—
But keep my heart's painful suspense
With warm passion — sound and deep.

Let not morbid doubts becloud our skies,
While gardenias and roses on us smile
In yonder land where exultant joy ne'er dies,
And fluttering blue-birds sing the while.

Yes, we two may meet again over there,
If and when God and Love decree
And our souls shall find each other,
Like every nesting bird its tree.

Then let me hear from your lovely lips,
The song of your return to me,
And the warm response from your tender frame
So that I shall not drift this unknown sea.

In Delirium..... Po!

By M. M. AMIGABLE

The light glimmers faintly,
It soon will fade away
Into nothingness forever.

Shall total darkness
Enshroud my senses

And leave me hopeless?
Decisive tho' these days of mine,
I shall not fear, for great is hope
In the Heavenly Prince.

My soul has grown gray with sin
I am now at the supernal gate
Repentance is too late; I fear
Without the vestige of a tear.

Turning back I dare try
To hide a fearful sigh
Of great despair!

Then I lift a foot,
When suddenly comes a note,
A Voice, dignified and clear,
"Come to Me, fear not your Lord,

The Father you adore,
With devotion more sincere.

Go back to the world
Your life make clear."

My eyes closed, I fell
Into a bottomless well!

I sweated, suffered very much,
I tried hard something to clutch,
As I awoke in mortal fear
The doctor stood beside my bed.

I opened wide and cleared my eyes,
I, then came and cleared my eyes,
I, then came to realize
That I... was dying! No kidding!

The Almighty gave me bade
My life in fullest vigor
I will then tell the world
Of the Munificence of the Lord
Glow then O, beautiful LIGHT!
Illumine the world with your might.

A Page of Poetry

The Country and the City

By FITZ ARREZA GERALDO

The country I cannot despise or scorn,
God long has sealed it with his benison,
His blessing on the field and stream and stone
Most true and tender on a quiet morn
So eloquent: that eye must be forlorn
That cannot gaze with rapture at the sun,
For it is Nature ever that must stun
Our souls to admiration nobly born.

The city is a delight, but 'tis man-made;
His artifice the prospect does pervade,
The houses, mansions, theaters and squares,
The restaurants, the stores displaying wares,
The busy streets, the running hooting cars—
How different a sight from Heaven's stars!

The Rock

By Fitz G. Arreza

When men would cruise the set of Pleasure wide,
Religion is the rock from which they veer
Their vessel's course, they look on it with fear,
And when too near, they swiftly turn aside.
They apprehend the boat may be destroyed,
Its grim forbidding view they cannot love,
So farther from its scene they roam and rove,
Oft by its sight they seem to be annoyed.

But when the sea delights them nevermore,
And life is not so luring as before;
Or when they come upon a razing storm
That certainly will do the vessel harm,
'Tis then they see new beauty in the rock,
And by its barren boulders gladly dock.

whither then my soul

ed. von barriga

restive is my soul—ambitionless
fraught with the unaccomplished
life is one continuous emptiness
i see yet see not why

the prize that may be won
today or the morrow
is the fruition of labor
dedicated to the Deity
'tis insipid and vague
for me to strive in vain
in indecision and indolence
to do great things alone
without my God

lives on my soul lifeless
a deserter of the cause
that men feed on

if thwarted in purport
life's aim forfeited
whither then my soul?

And Men Call Themselves CIVILIZED...

ED. VON BARRIGA

Why must men

*Prefer the ways of beasts
Are they not booned with human mind and will
yet what lures them to forget their stature
Over brutes which they are made to rule.*

*The ills and trials of past history
are they not fit warnings to amend
And yet men say they're CIVILISED...*

*When in their midst their one thought, is WAR
Their eyes see but the hue that colors all things*

Red

*Fiery crimson to behold
to have peace they make war
And thus would justify the strife
Fanatics why do you not REASON*

*War it not the Christ of peace
Peace can be had through love alone*

*Still there must be
the glory fields of strife*

*For men will not be men
Alas*

*This civilization is a mockery
To Him who came to save.*

Teach Me

By R. H. BELOSO

*Teach me, O God, the song of noble, manly life,
Teach me to firmly tread the thorny path of right,
Teach me to face the trying storms with a smile,
My strength renewed at every well-won, well-fought mile.
Teach me to take strength from the good brown earth,
The vigor that springs from the lofty trees,
The rushing breeze, the tractless seas
And ethereal skies.*

*Teach me to anchor my life and character on Truth,
That rock sublime that marks Thy very throne.
Teach me the Faith of a Christian
The fortitude of a soldier
The strength of a man.*

*And above all,
Teach me to be as humble as the rain
That cools the parched brown earth
And enlivens many a life-giving spring,
For only with this virtue
Can I be truly one of Thy flock.*

News

Pres. Quirino Sends Medal For Best Orator

His Excellency, President Elpidio Quirino donated a gold medal to the College of Law. The medal will be awarded to the best orator in the Oratorical contest to be held in October under the auspices of the College of Law.

Secretary to the President, Albano Pacis, writing in the President's behalf, expressed the best wishes of the President for the success of the contest.

Six Qualified For Oratorical Test

Among scores of participants in the elimination rounds held at USC Hall in connection with oratorical contest conducted by the College of Law six were qualified. They were Oscar V. Trinidad, Napoleon G. Rama, William Buquid, President of the Lex Circle, Ernesto Rosales, Vicente Uy and Fernando de los Santos.

The oratorical contest promises to be a keenly contested affair as the qualified contestants are composed of professionals and experienced orators. Two of them, Vicente Uy and Fernando de los Santos already won honors and have behind them quite impressive record. Vicente Uy won first prize in the oratorical contest held in Floridablanca and participated in by all ROTC units of the Philippines while Fernando de los Santos was adjudged second best in an Independence Day oratorical tilt held at Avenue Theatre sometime ago. Another contestant Ernesto Rosales is an announcer of Station KZBU. Napoleon G. Rama is associate editor of The Philippines Commonwealth, Cebu Bureau and William Buquid, a prosperous businessman, is currently President of the USC college of law organization. Lex Circle Contestant Oscar Trinidad is a staff member of the Pioneer Press.

New ROTC Sponsors Elected

For this year's ROTC sponsors, the corps picked a crop of new faces.

Heading the roster is Miss Rosario Dorothco, sweet-faced, shy newcomer, who was unanimously elected corps sponsor. The following is the list of sponsors according to the designations: Miss Rosario Dorothco...Corps Sponsor
Miss Adelina Sugatan...Corps Staff
Miss Pastora Mendoza...1st Bn
Miss B. Almagro...1st Bn Staff
Miss Lourdes Asuncion...2nd Bn
Miss Lilia Javier...2nd Bn Staff
Miss Flora Ybanez...3rd Bn
Miss Azucena Escario...3rd Bn Staff
Miss L. Gonzales...A" Btry 1st Bn
Miss L. Ybanez...B" Btry 1st Bn
Miss Grace Silao...C" Btry 1st Bn
Miss Maria Quinones...A" Btry 2nd Bn
Miss Virginia Oliva...B" Btry 2d Bn
Miss Carmencia Ty...C" Btry 2d Bn
Miss Gloria Alconar...Hq & Hq"
3d Bn

Miss Leonora Valencia...Service" Btry
3d Bn
Miss Virginia Camacho...Band Sponsor
Miss Lily Paraz...Color Sponsor
Miss Remedios Castelo...Liaison
Sponsor

ROTC Officers Organize Frat

Following a simple ceremony, the officers of the University of San Carlos ROTC Corps formed the "cannon and Swords" fraternity.

The officers elected are: president; Cdt. Maj. Virgilio Yparaguire, vice-president; Cdt. Lt. Col. Elmo Garrido, secretary; Cdt. Lt. Col. Jose auditor; Libron, treasurer; Cdt. Capt. Eleazar Cerna, auditor; Cdt. Capt. Vicente Uy and Cdt. Lieut. Leoncio Abarquez, reporters; Cdt. Lt. Rufino Kho and Cdt. Capt. Dominador Seve, peace and order officers.

ROTC Plans "Familiarization March"

A "familiarization" or practice march will be held September 10 by the USC ROTC corps, it was revealed at the office of the commandant.

The cadets will hike from the city to Liloan, which is about 20 kilometers away.

Inasmuch as the target date falls on Sunday, both the regular group and the Sunday drillers will share "the joy and the stink" of the march.

The "familiarization march" is one

of the routine requirements for all ROTC cadets.

Home Economics Department Elect Officers

The Home Economics Department recently elected their officers. Miss Flaviana Tudtud, a charming Senior of the said department, was chosen President. Other officers elected were Vice-Pres—Facita Hernaez. Sec.—Jovita Ouan, Treas.—Bernardina Almadro. Reporter — Lourdes Morales, Rep. to the Student Council — Cenona Lazo. Adviser of their organization is Mrs. C. Gonzalez.

Last Aug. 29, the Home Economics Dept. held an excursion to Liloan. A salient feature of the affair was that all their provisions were prepared by themselves

Pre-Meds Hold Talisay Excursion

The Pre-Meds took to the water in what almost amounted to a whole day affair at the USC swimming pool at Miramar, Talisay, August 15th.

After skin-tanning frolics in the Miramar pool, a lechon dinner was held. Later an ice cream party took place at Yarrow's.

For their chaperon, the Pre-Medics had Dr. Protasio Solon. Fathers Bunzel, Hoerdemann and Hoeppeener also attended the dinner.

Mindanao Carolinians Meet

Representative groups of USC students from Mindanao met August 14 at the University high school building and elected the following officers: Horacio Adaza, president; Eduardo Javelosa, vice-president; Lydia Lacuna, secretary; Herminia Abalos, treasurer; Jose Arquisola and Aniano C. Ferraris, press relations officers.

The president-elect subsequently appointed two Carolinians from each province of Mindanao to compose the board of directors of the organization.

A meeting was again held August 21 to plan activities to be undertaken during this year by the society.

SPORTS PARADE

By NARCISO L. ALIÑO Jr.

Basketball coaches of Cebu's leading educational institutions are feverishly rounding up and dubbing in the finishing touches to their teams. Non-praying basketball mentors are suddenly beginning to pray—and how they pray! The band begins to strike up. "What's all this rumpus on the campus?"

"Brother, the basketball season will soon be on!" Soon the basketball stars will step into the limelight and display their wares. Then will be time for the realization—or unrealized—of sweet dreams of victory. And the basketball "experts" are beginning to have more and more hallucinations. Some members of this exclusive tribe of false prophets, the "pseudo-experts", even say the goose is cooked. But dame victory is illusive and fickle.

Yours truly cannot remain quiet with his fingers crossed and stay aloof and unconcerned in the midst of all these uncertainties and pandemonium. Ye olde editor and executed, I mean, executive editor have promised me ten meters of pure, unadulterated super special ice drops—if I make the correct predictions. (I sure could utilize those ice drops right now.) My present crystal ball has never failed me yet; the last one which caused me to eat my hat suffered a dirty politician's demise.

As I gaze into my crystal, I see a myriad of multicolored spectacles. Myopic as I am, I can see the blurred intermingling colors slowly merging into... yes, sir, Green & Gold! Now all I have to do is interpret meaning of this phenomenon.

The CAAA Senior basketball classics will be a mad scramble of the four giants. The Southwestern Five, defending champs, will have to take the measures of the powerful CIT Maroons, the straight-shooting Southerners and the smooth-passing and deadly-shooting San Carlos Warriors, 1946 National Inter-Collegiate champions and conquerors of the Canadian Vancouver Red Roses. All have their ranks decimated by the exodus of veterans lured by tempting offers of Manila colleges and universities and by the one year residence rule, should the CAAA adopt it.

The SWC Quintet looks strong on paper. Dadoc Cortes is still combat-serviceable and is ably backed up by the Alcudia brothers and Jaen. However, the SWC defense line won't be so impregnable now with the absence of Dioscoro Alesna who has gone to the land of "kinampay."

The Cebu Tech boys are "hot" according to reports. If they are hot enough they might burn to crisp the SWC hope of repeating. And there are Doc Alburo's shooting stars. The SC squad is reinforced by stars who just graduated from the Junior League champions. The SWC contingent has to play better basketball or else...

The USC Warriors will be the strongest threat to SWC's bid for supremacy. Sounds optimistic, huh? But I still contend the Green & Gold Warriors have more than a china-mans chance to upset the SWC apple cart. The Warriors don't look as if they could dish it out in practice scraps. But man, oh, man! watch them fight when the real battle is on. Remember the SWC-USC duel of last year when the Warriors came from behind—and they were miles behind—and came to within 3 pts of keeping the basketball diadem without Mumar? Only the unusual artillery fire of Dadoc Cortes saved Southwestern. And did you see the Carolinians upset the Vancouver Red Roses? That, skeptics, is how San Carlos fights when inspired.

Let me repeat. The CAAA Inter-Collegiate basketball tourney will be a toss-up. Basketball is a game of surprises and upsets; to wit, the last Olympic Games: when a team beat the other, and another beat the one that beat the other; and the fourth beat the one that beat the other; and so on and so forth.

Then, too we have the University of the Visayas and the Cebu College to think about. I shall not stick my neck far out this time. But I'll bet all my neighbor's property and all the money I'll win in this coming sweepstakes that the persistent boys of Lahug will stubbornly defend to the last man their position in the cellar.

Collegiate Intramurals started

In the afternoon of August 16th, Reverend Father Rector tossed a ball into the air. Two energetic young men leapt to tap the ball, one was a Pre-Medic and the other a Law student. Expectant eyes were all around. Thus, the Annual Collegiate Intramural Series of Games started.

The game rolled on until it ended in an unbalanced score of 30 to 8 in favor of the Law team.

The next game was played in the same afternoon between the teams of the College of Commerce and that of Engineering. The Commerce team won the game with a safe margin.

A week passed. The Pre-Meds were determined to do their best and when they played it out with College of Education team on 23rd of August, the stain of their defeat at the hands of the Law team, was washed out. They defeated the Education team with a score of 13 to 24.

Physiography Excursion

By F. C. ZARRAGA

Under the direction of Mr. Mariano Flordelis sixty physiography students made a successful excursion to Tinaan, Uling and Talisay last Sunday.

The students observed the different kinds of minerals necessary for the production of cement such as limestone, gypsum, and shale, and the visible faults of several bald mountains. They also saw the entrance to the two-kilometer long Uling coal mine tunnel.

Mr. Flordelis was cordially welcomed by the coal mine superintendent, Engineer Ilonesto Gapud, who offered the former and his students a brief sight-seeing in the dark tunnel, but lack of time made the trip impossible.

The excursionists first started out at 8:30 A.M. for Tinaan and next to Uling coal mine where they had their dinner. At 3:30 P.M. they left for Talisay to enjoy some refreshments.

Education Seniors Hold Party

The Education Seniors of the San Carlos University held a get-together party in Miramar Talisay on August 22.

Badminton, Chinese Checkers, chess, ping-pong and swimming were the different activities of the occasion. A novel sport, archery, was tried by the Seniors with zeal and enthusiasm under the instruction of Fathers R. Hoepfner and S. Szmotko.

Highlights of the affair were the performances given by the well-known talents of the College of Education.

(Continued on page 18)

"Old Look" or "New Look"

By ALFREDO ALBANO
Commerce II

When we speak of "new look" we at once have in our minds a clear picture of a dress long enough to touch that portion of a woman's legs halfway between her knees and her heels. But is the look really new? We cannot answer this question categorically unless we make a little research of the past fashions of a woman's dress because nothing is new unless there is nothing old before it.

If we look at the pictures of our mother's taken at the time when they were still "bobby-soxers" we can see that the hems of their garments also touched that portion of their legs between their knees and their heels. That was the fashion of their time and that was almost twenty years ago! The cutting was simple. There were no fancy stitches or things like that. The decorative raphernalias characteristic of Carmen Miranda was out of the picture. In short, there were no complications in the set up, whatsoever.

Now, these so called "new look" dresses have practically the same characteristics as those garments our mothers used to wear twenty years ago. Suppose, the first Ford car built in 1903 were brought before you, would you call it new? Could you conclusively assert that it is as new as the 1945 Cadillac? Then, why, ladies, do you call this particular dress a "new look" when practically the same model existed long time ago.

Let's call it the "old-look" and we will be more correct.

THE NIGHT...

(Continued from page 6)

much.

Well, shall it be a story? No, again. You prefer to tell stories first before writing them. And tonight there are no young eager faces about you—those faces with the sympathetic eyes and parted lips, those faces down which trickle a tear or two when you tell a sad story, those faces which charmingly blush when you tell them of beautiful young love. They are not here to inspire you to go on weaving your enchanting tales till late in the night when drooping lids flutter and close. And you carry them gently to their beds.

But what about tomorrow?

Desperately, you wish for a Wishing Well. Or for Aladdin's lamp. Or at least just his magic ring. You stare at your own ring. It doesn't look unusual. You close your eyes and rub your ring hard. Nothing happens and you stare at the white sheets of paper before you.

AN EVENING IN...

(Continued from page 7)

music of the brooks and the breeze, the innocent mountain calls, the enviable scene of slopes and trees were rudely replaced by the whizzing of bullets and roars of cannons, by the ceaseless groans of the dying, the hungry and the hurt. I knew that beyond the hills that I saw was another world torn to pieces by man's greed and jealousy; while I stayed there in that untroubled spot, witnessing Nature shape and re-shape Beauty into a greater and perfect one.

An evening in the country can lend surcease to a troubled mind, peace to a distressed heart, calm to a stubborn nature. It is only with the closer and more intimate contact with Nature can we fully appreciate the beauty of peace and love.

EDUCATION SENIORS...

(Continued from page 15)

Miss Grace Silao took the party by storm with her sidesplitting acts. In the playlet, "An Ugay Duckling Turned Into a Beautiful Swan," she was the selfish sister. Miss Carmencita Alojpan played the part of the "ugly duckling." Her act was convincing as the homely sister. Miss Consejo Teves, as the mother, and Mr. Guillermo Julia, as the dashing brother, did likewise fine performances. A declamation was rendered by our incomparable Mrs. Adelfa Penalosa. There were song solos by Misses Candida Mercader and Tecla Revilla.

Members of the Faculty present: Reverend Fathers L. Bunzel, E. Hoerdeman, R. Hoepfener, S. Szmutko; Mr. A. Ordon, the adviser; Atty. C. Faigao; Mr. M. Honorides; Miss F. Rodil; Mr. J. Ordon.

Success of the party was due to the efforts of Mr. A. Ordon, and to the officers and members of the Senior Organization.

MAN'S SACRED...

(Continued from page 9)

comes with its aura. Let us not give vent to harshness and selfishness. There is enough sorrow in the world. Let our spiritual man be a source of comfort and of peace, may let him be as a 'light in the world'. Let us show and judge our 'claim' to an eternal heritage in Heaven by our effort on the world, and let us strive so that the world may grow purer, better, happier, because we are living in it.

Tomorrow...

Suddenly, you have a thought. Why not write about your having nothing to write about?... Why not indeed?

And you suddenly seize your pen and write feverishly. And as you write,

IF I COULD IRENE!

*Irene, if I could tell,
And impress you with my tale,
Long burning in my heart.*

*You would at once undo
The hatred in your breast.*

*Irene, if I could tell
Of deep loneliness within me,
Of a love in purest mind ...
Nursed by your loveliness. ...*

*These would be words
That would melt your icy
Attitude into a flowing stream
Of required love.*

*Lady dear, hear my tale
Of woe and love and truth
And you'll be won.*

CALIXTO YONGCO

EMERGENCY TEACHER...

(Continued from page 8)

the crumpled telegram from her pocket. "Mr. Morona arriving tomorrow to take over classes — stop — no vacancy for you yet — stop." There was no consolation that she could be reinstated soon. Not that she needed the money. The coconut grove back home could support her mother and herself, now that her brother had passed the board exam for architect. But still she wanted to teach here in this little barrio. She had learned in two years, to love its loneliness, its God-fearing people, the younger generation, the locality. She had caught the spirit of the hills and she hated to go back to the city with its wiles and wickedness. She had learned to understand the poetry of the simple folk and she appreciated the things that cannot be bought by money.

As the daughter of the farmer with whom she was staying came to tell her that supper was ready, she dabbed her handkerchief to her eyes and turned to walk toward the house, determined to return after she had finished the required studies.

the demon voice becomes fainter and fainter until you hear nothing at all except the scratching of your pen as you write the last word and put the last period with a sigh.

STRUGGLE AGAINST TIME

By PANFILO LAS'TIMOSA, Jr.

One morning last summer I was late for my class. My teacher scolded me:

"The next time you will be late, I shall drop you from the class," she said angrily.

"I woke up early, Mam, but my breakfast was served late," I answered humbly.

"Instruct your cook to prepare the food earlier, otherwise fire her out," she said indignantly throwing her bag on the table.

"That is impossible. How can I? She is my mother," I told her.

Teacher's face broke into a forced smile. My classmates understood, and soon burst into laughter.

I sank into my chair. I thought of quitting school. But it was only a question of a few more days. The sheepskin came before my eyes. I could no longer look at my teacher although I knew in her heart she sympathized with me.

I arrived home that noon with a troubled heart. My mother seeing me with a new look asked:

"What's the matter, son?"

"My teacher scolded me for being late this morning. And she threatened that if I repeat, she will dismiss me from the class."

"Forget it, teachers are always like that," my mother consoled me.

I woke up early the next morning. Although my class began at 7:30, I took the bus at exactly 6:00. I was the only student among the passengers.

Most of my companions were laborers in the public works, or vegetable vendors.

At Pardo, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a blowout rocked the bus. I was still far from school. I wanted to transfer to some other form of transportation, but all were overloaded and would not stop. At 7:10, exactly twenty minutes before my class, the driver started again. The laborers were scared they would be late. The vendors were impatient that their early customers might not wait to buy their vegetable.

When we "impatiens" reached the corner of Colon and Climaco streets, a traffic officer stopped us. He told the driver to drive back and take Panganihan to Magallanes street. I protested. I shouted. But they did not understand my situation. It was 7:25 when we were at Magallanes and Carmelo streets. Minutes, and seconds seemed to fly fast. I knew I was late. I hurriedly stepped out from the bus and ran the rest of my way to school. I was

Charlie's Recollection of Camp Floridablanca

By VICENTE UY
(Continuation)

The following night became one of the biggest affairs of the summer. We had organized a program and dance. The affair was framed up with Nene Uy as master of ceremonies. Domingo Abatavo and Viliong Yparanguirre rendered the vocal numbers. Doming Seva wagged his holahola, and Quonset Three Marracass with Bob Aban; and Poniong Calatrava furnished the instrumentless orchestra. The pillows were our "dates". One of the numbers of the program was a flower dance with Aristoteleng Briones as the muse for the auction said. He had a nice coiffure of a fatigue towel, and as a water-proof ball dress — a raincoat. The highest bidder was Jake Bernard who paid the flower with cash "micky mouth" money. The affair ended with myself complaining of harsh throat.

The afternoons of the following days of that week were colored with one-man shows. One was "El Toro," featuring Toling Briones as the great "matador" with either Max Ylava or Nillo Alquizola as the bull. A coincidence with Ester Williams in the "Fiesta" bull-fight was purely coincidental.

This was the middle of our training — the fourth week. We began our actual operations with our sweetheart, the 105 Howitzer. The firing devot took place during the arrival of Major-General Rafael Jalandoni AP Chief of Staff, when our batteries fired 17 gun salutes. From then on we began to play with trails, elevation and deflection hand wheels, charges, fuses, aiming circles, B. C. scopes, military slide rules, range quadrants,

etc.

The fifth week was important for our battery. We started our series of victories with the first and second places in the school-of-a-squad interbattery competition. This was the first week we went out on RSOP (reconnaissance, selection and occupation of position). Our unit happened to be deployed in a bush of "sereguelas" and guavas. The position was so strategic that in the afternoon we accomplished two missions: we mapped the place and mopped up what was in the place.

The succeeding weeks were a series of firing days. This was the period when Javelosa's most-hated whistle sounded the shrillest; when Seva's radio section featured the sweet and lovely voice of Capa-Six-One's J. Tamayo and Capa-Six-Two's J. Relampagos; when Yparanguirre's wire-men were busy with their lines; when Veloso's "sleeping" motor section woke up; when the cannoners Garrido, Ruiz, Jimeno and Tunas perspired the fullest; when Ceniza's fattened kitchen personnel were the busiest. At 1145 hours, 16 June 1948, we heard over the radio this S-3 message: "Cease firing! Mission accomplished! Enemy totally devastated! End of Training!!!" The verdict of freedom. "Charlie you're free!" I returned the issued items, packed up things and —

"Let us put army things away
Training time is over,
Homeward skipping, homeward skipping
Soon will be our way"

—And here we are on our campus with a new distinction—Floridablanca pioneers.

NOISE MAKERS ONLY

Abraham Lincoln once remarked that some public speakers are like the old Mississippi River boat which had a nine foot whistle and a seven foot boiler. When it started to whistle, it had to stop moving, because it didn't have enough steam for both. So it is with some speakers: when they start talking, they stop thinking. * * *

As part of its campaign to reduce divorce, the Soviet Union now requires every couple to go through four different attempts at reconciliation, at various points in the progress of the suit for divorce.

—From "The Cross"

panting when I landed at the door of my room. I saw my classmates already sitting in their respective chairs. I knew what this meant. "Late!" Late! again"

was in my mind. But just as I sat down, my teacher entered the room. I stood up and said, "Good morning, Miss."

Sección Español

EDITORIAL

Libertad y Libertinaje

P. Rector, Engelen, Zosa En Kalibo

El Rev. P. Rector Arthur Dingman, Rev. P. Van Engelen y el Decano del Colegio de Derecho Manuel Zosa asistieron a los festejos en Kalibo, Capiz que se celebraron el lunes hasta el miercoles pasados con motivo de la inauguración de la nueva iglesia de allí. a construcción se llevó acabo merced a la generosidad del Arzobispo de Cebu Gabriel M. Reyes cuyo pueblo natal es Kalibo. Reputada como la mas esplendorosa fiesta que se celebró en Kalibo en muchos años, a ella asistieron altos dignatarios de la iglesia y del estado.

P. Hoerdemann Regresa De Manila

El Rev. Padre Secretario Ernest Hoerdemann llegó aquí el miercoles pasado de la capital donde hizo observación de la administración y arquitectura de los colegios y universidades de Manila. Los planes para la construcción del edificio central de la universidad va estan para completarlo y se espera que se colocará la piedra de fundación muy pronto.

El P. Charles Gries in Hospital

El director de la escuela secundaria de la Universidad de San Carlos el "Training Department," Rev. P. Charles Gries se halla ahora en el hospital recuperandose de una operacion de apendicitis.

Responsables del feliz resultado de la operacion son los medicos Protasio

Juegos Intramurales

Con el entusiasmo y la pompa tradicional se abrieron los juegos intramurales dos semanas ha. Los diferentes teams de baloncesto demostraron vigor y excelente manera de jugar que no se ha visto en años pasados. De los teams que lecheraron en las semanas pasadas, dominó el team de departamento de Derecho.

Una de las mas intensas obsesiones del hombre contemporáneo es la libertad. Como ninguna otra, esta idea ha invadido su esfera de ambición y ha difundido tanto el ambiente que le rodea que ya no le es posible escapar su influencia y seducción.

El primer grito que se lanzo con la claridad de un clarión en las plazas de Francia y que despues halló eco en el Nuevo Mundo, en España y mas tarde en nuestra Filipinas que lo resonaba a pleno pulmon, ya ha tomado un volumen y una urgencia que se siente por todas partes y repercutió la mayor parte del orbe. Merced a las seductoras calidades de la idea de libertad, el hombre de hoy la va buscando como un borracho una botella de domoque.

Y así como cualquier otro que se deja llevar de su entusiasmo, pronto se olvida del verdadero motivo de su regocijo. Celebra su oportunidad de poder gozar de tan valiosas prendas pero ignora el fin de esa libertad. Muchas veces no sabe porque quiere ser libre y de que quiere librarse. Como un niño que recibe un regalo de martillo en su cumpleaños el hombre moderno se sirve de su libertad de una manera erronea y perjudicial y acaba por herirse a si mismo o romperse la cabeza.

Por todas partes hallamos periodistas que demandan lo que llaman la libertad de la prensa. Muchos de estos no quieren mas que el libertinaje de poder tirar todo a la cara de otro y por esto divertirse. Han demandado una libertad que es indiferente a la verdad y la responsabilidad. De la misma manera, los criminales quieren una libertad independiente de toda ley. Este falso concepto de la libertad ha carcomido la fundacion moral de muchas naciones y derrumbado troncos porque trueca una prenda divina del hombre en un instrumento contra el.

La libertad no puede existir por si sola. La libertad requiere un fin, se apoya sobre la verdad, la responsabilidad y la ley. La libertad no es el derecho de hacer lo que uno quiere sino es el poder de hacer lo que se ha de hacer.

Si seguimos confundiendo la libertad con el libertinaje no podremos ser mas libres que los habitantes del carcel de Bilibid.

N. C. RAMA

El Presidente del Ex-alumni Elevado ala Corte de Apelacion

El Hon. Fortunato Borrónico, anteriormente presidente del Tribunal del Pueblo y actual presidente de la Aso-

ciación de ex-alumnos de la Universidad de San Carlos, fue nombrado uno de los jueces de la Corte de Apelaciones.

El martes pasado salió en aeroplano para Manila donde tomara posesion de su nuevo cargo.

Por Encima de Todas Las Victorias

Por SIMEON D. ABAYCO

Sin sabiduría, ni fuerza militar, ni oro, ni elocuencia doce analfabetos consiguieron la mas estupenda victoria jamás encontrada en la historia del mundo.

Con mucho afán y hasta animosidad, los historiadores y los amantes de la historia vienen discutiendo sobre quien es el mejor guerrero que ha conocido el mundo. Apoyados sobre las premisas que éste debería ser quien ganaba el mayor número de victorias, las mas prodigiosas y difíciles, reducen el número de sus candidatos a los mas astutos del campo de batalla. Escribían los anales y comparan la brillantez de las estrellas de nuestro firmamento militar.

Estos expertos de la historia se han olvidado de que mas grande que la proeza de Hanibal Barca, en humillar la soberbia ciudad de las siete colinas del Tiber, más prodigiosa que las victorias de Alejandro el Grande realizadas en las lejanas regiones del Asia, más permanente que las campañas de Julio Cesar cuyo resultado era someter bajo el yugo cruel del Imperio Romano todas las regiones más allá del Rubicón, y aún más que las hazañas napoleónicas en subjugar todas las potencias europeas bajo su temible cetro, existe otra victoria más colosal, más estupenda que la combinación o combinaciones de todas las victorias realizadas por los que han manejado el sable conquistador. Se han olvidado estos expertos de que, hay otra victoria tan grande y aterradora que su repercusión no ha perdido su volumen despues de haber resonado tras el vastísimo lapso de 19 siglo! Si, existe una victoria tan permanente que este mismo mundo en que estamos verá su fin antes de que el efecto de esta victoria se borre de su faz; tan completa que todas sus oposiciones han encontrado su derrota irremediable para nunca más volver a turbarnos a nosotros que gozamos sus saludables efectos. Y esta victoria no es otra que la de los doce pobres Pescadores de Galilea-Apostoles del Mendicante. Eterno-que marcharon por entre las impenetrables tinieblas reinantes en el mundo pagano, despues de reci-

bir de su Divino Masetro la orden de conquistar el mundo entero para EL y para su Eterno Padre. Pobre e analfabetos pescadores fueron—y eso es precisamente lo que hace la victoria más dulce, más agradable. Hanibal Barca ganaba sus batallas contra Roma, pero sin duda, pues era un genio militar; Julio Cesar conquistó con poca dificultad a los semi-barbaros galos, pero que pudieran hacer estos contra el potentísimo poder militar romano? Napoleón Bonaparte humilló a todos los que se atrevieron a pelear contra él, pero detrás de él habia una Francia poderosa cuyo entusiasmo para su emperador maravilloso no tenia limite, cuyos ciudadanos creian haber recibido de lo alto la misión sagrada de preparar la doctrina política basada en la libertad y democracia. Pero al contrario ni sabiduría, ni fuerza militar, ni elocuencia, ni el oro con su brillo deceptivo tenían los viejos Apóstoles, cuando, con mucha confianza, marcharon irresistiblemente a todas partes del globo para reunir todas las naciones bajo el glorioso estandarte de la Redención—el estandarte del Crucificado. El Imperio Romano, con toda su gloria marcial no era bastantemente fuerte para poder resistir el avance arrollador de los Conquistadores cuyas espadas no eran sino su humildad indefectible, cuyo armamento consistia en las oraciones fervientes y constantes, cuya estrategia era la completa confianza en la infalible bondad de su Jefe! Tan misteriosamente pasmosa, tan sobrenaturalmente colosal es esta victoria que si vivieran los Apóstoles hasta nuestros días podrian con mucha razón preguntar así: Conquistadores del mundo, donde están los territorios que habéis ganado? Donde estan las riquezas que habeis despojado de las infelices victimas de vuestra rapacidad? Donde están los pueblos que os pagan el tributo de homenaje como conquistados a su conquistador? Don-

DETENGAMOS UN INSTANTE

Por JOSEFINA DE LA FUENTE

Nuestra ciudad, rapida como es, se presenta a nuestra inteligencia como una serie de maravillas. Tenemos ahora cosas que parecian imposibles a nuestros taratábulos, como la radio, la television, el teléfono y las innumerables invenciones que han venido a formar parte familiar de nuestra existencia. Todo esto lo debemos a la ciencia e inclinamos la cabeza ante el poder inventivo de los hombres que ha puesto estas comodidades al alcance de todos.

Olvidamos que el hombre que descubre no es nada mas que un instrumento de un ser superior. El hombre tiene una fuente para escudriñar todos los secretos del universo y cambiarlos en cosas provechosas para la humanidad. Pero el hombre superior es aquel que conoce donde termina el conocimiento y donde empieza la fe.

Si nosotros, cansados despues de un día de trabajo, nos paramos un momento cada tarde al ponerse el sol, contemplamos un espectáculo mas maravilloso que cualquier cuadro pintado por los grandes pintores. Allí parece que la madre Naturaleza pone ante los ojos del hombre le belleza y la hermosura de una de sus hijas.

Pero cuantos de nosotros despues de ver todo el encanto de la vida, natural o de la ciencia, achacan esto al Criador? Dejándose llevar de la maravilla palpable y visible quien se preocupa de la causa?

Consideramos pues un instante la armonía y belleza del universo y no perdamos la oportunidad de reflexionar sobre las cosas todavia mas trascendentales que esos visibles fenómenos. Las maravillas que nos rodean revelan una inteligencia eminentemente superior. Pues, si la chispa es tan brillante, que seria la llama?

• • •

de están los imperios que, con tanto afán planeabais construir despues de pisotear los derechos de los demas a la libertad e independencia?

En las largas cuentas de la historia no encontramos ni una victoria tan brillante y portentosa como la conquistadora de amor hecha por los doce ignorantes pero heroes, pobres pero nodores de Galilea—una conquista quebles, analfabetos pero generosos pescadores lleva a la celestial bienaventuranza.

• • •

Caroliniana

By J. N. LIM

The intramural games are getting in full swing and much in evidence is the spirit of sport and fair play that scores more than a ball in the basket. But no less sporting is the faithful attendance, in shower or sunshine, of the team's sponsors, notably petite Aurora Yballe and sweet and angelic Corazon Sagun of the College of Law.

The Seniors of the College of Education gathered to elect their officers. For president they were looking for one capable to lead members and undertakings, well known to the student body, possessed with the seniority of years attendant to a sound Carolinian spirit. Because she has all these qualities, Miss Jovita Ouano was elected.

In the library prompt and efficient attendance on borrowers is a distinction. But Rosita Alesna, cheerful and winsome, knows the plus ingredient which wins her friends and prevents possible delinquents on fines and returns. It is service with promptness and efficiency... and a friendly smile!

Adding impetus and interest to Physical Education, is the bresence of one who we think is our youngest and pleasant-to-be-with instructor, Teodora Garces. It is because Dinday is young and sympathetic enough to be our sister that she understands and is adept at imparting to the girls the knack of "one...two...three...slide...four...five...point step."

There is never a dull moment in Genovena "Gen" Najarro's company. Small talk with her always assumes the form of the next lesson in literature. Gossip is never verged upon (for lack of interest), and if you happen to be in the mood for chamber music she has with her conveniently handy a pamphlet of piano pieces. However, one's moods must be limited to 1) when no class is going on and 2) when no other musical soul is at the keys for "Gen," whose charming manners keeps her constant friend Carmen Siguenza always at her side, knows that the essence of charm is consideration for others.

Writers start as amateur, obscure aspirants who believe they can and will be writers. By dint of application and hard work they usually "make" the college paper by their junior year. Antonio Hermosissima, Sophomore, intends to augment his happy suspicion by taking the journalism subjects to be offered in the future. He has not handed in an article yet but he hopes to do so soon. So don't tell me this column didn't notify you.

Behind every successful party is the mindwork, legwork, handwork, musclework—behind the scenes prepared by members who do so not because it is a duty but because it gives one a sense of "belongingness" and that it is more fun to entertain than to be entertained. At the party on August 22 given by the juniors of the College of Education, Mr. Fabian Villoria, junior president, proved that a man can be competent as a host as any professor-to-be can be. But woman's touch is essential. Aurora Causing and Virgie Ylanan maintained the balance on the domestic-home economics side.

The cog in a machine is a tiny part, often inconspicuous and sometimes, like Dicken's Bob Cratchitt, clerks with complicated ledgers and accounts day in and out. But it is a necessary and integral part of the whole and if one moves it themachine will be crippled, that much.

Crispin Castillo is a part of the whole USC. His doing his share in the machine's smooth running is aided and abetted by merry-eyed Bienvenido Dodos and others. "Others" means not only the boys at the office but also you, and you, and me.

Deborah "Debby" Carin (pronounced Kerr — in) is enrolled to be an educator a few years hence. On the side, she is training to be a secretary. Debby is representative of today's Filipina youth in USC...versatile, ingenious, and ambitious. She exemplifies the truth that the sage uttered.

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

• • •

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of September 1948 at Cebu City, Philippines; affiant exhibited to me his Residence Certificate No. A-944263, issued at Cebu City on May 29, 1948.

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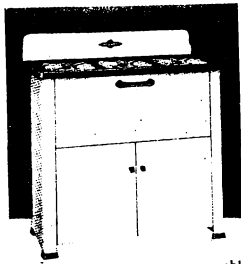
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