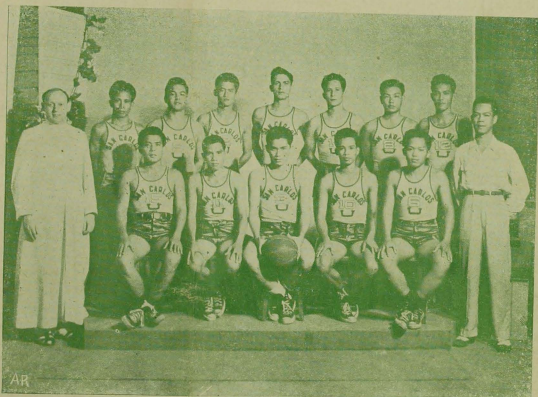




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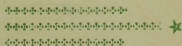
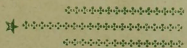
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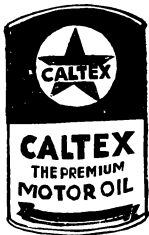
Left to Right Standing: Rev. Fr. Bunzel, Physical Director; Ramoneda, Borromeo, Estreza,
Munar, Valmayor, Veloso, Magalang, and Baring, Coach.
Same order Sitting : Angel, Cui, Cortez, Pilonas, Abella.



v. 17, no. 2

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER ISSUE
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EDITORIAL

The Ramparts We Guard

WE FILIPINOS are zealous of our democratic institutions. In the preamble of our Constitution we write that we want to secure to ourselves and our posterity "the blessings of independence under a regime of justice, liberty and democracy." In the last war we did not hesitate to make common cause with the great powers of democracy and to make great sacrifices for that cause. Today we have a Congressional Committee on Un-Filipino Activities charged with finding better means of defending those things we cherish.

It is not without reason that we are zealous for democracy. We know that no matter how rich and how well-developed the resources of our land are, no matter how efficient our government is, it would still be a tragedy if the people could not enjoy the "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We may not have always used rightly our democratic processes and for their misuse we may have made loud criticisms, but, having undergone recently the brutality of Japanese rule, and seeing the unhappy lot of the people under totalitarian states, we have come to realize that democracy with all its defects and weaknesses is preferable to any other system that would deny us the rights we now enjoy. And we are aware that now there are forces, outside and inside our borders, working for the destruction of our democratic institutions.

Today we see the forces of communism threatening to engulf whole continents in their "iron curtain." Inside of that curtain we are sure there is only one thing, the "blackout" of rights and freedom. In our country, in spite of our zeal, we have to admit the presence of men who would destroy our democratic institutions; hence Congress has deemed it necessary to create the Committee on Un-Filipino Activities.

In defending and safeguarding our rights, let us not only investigate those activities we call Un-Filipino, but let us also foster those factors that make us appreciate more our blessings and strengthen more our faith in them. In this respect the Philippines ought to be thankful for her Christian heritage. For there is no better champion and defender of human rights and liberty than Christianity. Her doctrine that man is created to the image and likeness of the Creator is the basis and strongest argument for man's rights. It is this doctrine that gives man his essential dignity which nobody, not even himself, may violate. This makes man anterior to the state and this gives rise to the principle that the state exists for man and not man for the state. Moreover, it is the teaching of Christianity that God is the source of man's rights; hence no authority may take away from man those rights.

In still another way Christianity preserves for us the blessings of democracy. The freedom we enjoy in a democracy is not an absolute guarantee that man's basic rights will always be respected. As Msgr. Fulton Sheen said: "With all our talk of democracy let us not forget that it is possible for a democracy

(Continued on page 2)

Society and SURVIVAL

By ROD VON BARRIGA

As clear as a handwriting on the wall the world situation of the present spells one word, "extinction." Armageddon is suspended precariously from a thin thread of Time. War might break out tomorrow, a week from now, or in a year.

The first stages of World War III started with the occupation of Berlin and only the horribleness and the destruction remain to be speculated on.

Yes, the end is drawing near. The world is being rapidly geared and catapulted to its doom. Unreasoning power-crazed men are vicing for the honor of this accomplishment. Today we find the forces of the world divided into two major camps. These divergent forces are poised for the great conflict that shall once and for all obliterate civilization.

What is the enigma behind this antagonism that will not reconcile fellowmen? What is it that makes men find virtue and the inevitable formula in strife? It is ireligion. Now, it is a fact that the nations are fast alienating themselves from the security of religion. From a worship of divinity today's species of the human race has shifted to the worship of man—blind and fanatical obedience to a human leader,—a veritable incarnation of Satan himself.

Ireligion is the chief cause of this present period of international uncertainty and consuming distrust. Unless there be a wholesale movement towards reconversion—a resurgence of the lost faith and belief—the world cannot be saved. The only hope, if hope there is, lies in the Catholic Church.

Modern society is possible only through the adoption and recognition of the true religion. Without religion there will be chaos and the disintegration of society, for religion is the very stabilizer of social order: History and ethnology tell us that religion is natural to man; therefore to do without it would be the very height of absurdity and gross stupidity.

THE RAMPARTS...

(Continued from page 1)

to vote itself out of democracy." To be assured of the blessings of democracy, it is essential that the people should exercise their freedom in accordance with truth and goodness. And for that there is no better guide than the principles of Christianity.

We are zealous of our democratic institutions because we consider them the ramparts of rights now denied in totalitarian states. With more reason should we be zealous of our Christian heritage, for in the ultimate analysis, Christianity is the basis and bulwark of our human rights and liberty.

Religion stands for the recognition of the supreme deity, and that everything in the universe has its source in this divine authority; and other power or authority can only be delegated from the omnipotent God. Religion then may be regarded as recognizing no other authority or social order. It is an inclination of man to express his inner convictions in terms easily comprehensible and in order to solve the complexities of life.

For an understanding of religious accomplishment, one can look to an institution that has tenaciously weathered the centuries—the Catholic Church. The many spiritually atrophied and floundering individuals who recently became Catholic converts have to a great extent demonstrated that religion can be responsible for man's metamorphosis from the sterile and drifting to the fruitful and secure. Such men won again to the Faith, universally exhibit the highest degree of tolerance with their fellowmen. They are advocates of the Golden Rule, imperative to the present health of the society of nations.

If all men were to listen to the Vicar of Christ, the common Father of all Christians, there would not be this present conflict of ideologies. Nations would be at peace, with time to work out their salvation here on earth and for eternity. A common ground of understanding and toleration would then tend to make this world a haven for all men notwithstanding their language or color.

True religion stabilizes the human mentality. It guides the ways of men and nations by light from above. A deviation from its ethics is deleterious to the common weal. Religion therefore is indispensable to social order and no nation can thrive for long if it disregards this light from above.

The Catholic Religion is he the only answer to world survival.

• • •

CHRIST—THE KING

By F. A. SAVELLON
Law '52

The 31st of October is the Festival of Christ, the King. This is not only one of the Church's festivities but also an occasion full of symbolism for all men to see. Christ, the King, stands of course, for the Glorification of Jesus. In a deeper sense, it is more than that. The life of Jesus is a pattern for all humanity to follow. "I am the Way and the Life." will ring through all ages calling men to realize, each in himself, the Christ in every human life.

The Christ is in every Christian heart And the quicker we realize this, the sooner, too, can we add beauty and joy to this world of ugliness and sorrow. Let, therefore, this year's Festival of Christ—the King—be the Portal for every man to pass through for beyond it is the great truth, the essential oneness of all beings. Let Christ—the King—be the foundation of brotherhood and peace.

That is the Way and the Life.

COUNSEL

By CRESNUPUR
(Law '51)

*Cease to pine; begin to hope
Soon the sun will shine
Rely on good sense and not on fancy,
Trust in God and don't despair
Coax yourself to better effort.
And when you come to decide,
Uphold principles; do what's right.
Zealously guard the good that's in you,
By the grace of God above
Not when you stand though left alone.*

in bain

By: jose l. arquisola
coll. of law, usc

*one by one
pensively
i picked the fragments
of what once was a haven:
trying to mend them together
again...*

*bit by bit
painfully
i gathered the embers
of something once was flaming red:
wishing they would burn
again...*

*one by one
pensively
bit by bit
painfully
i watched the fragments
fall to pieces
i saw the ashes
nothing more.*

Short Story

★
★
★
STARS

On The Ceiling

By Jesus Rama

HE HAD A WAY OF STARING at the ceiling while lying in bed hours on end. What's more, he never tired of it. Even seemed to enjoy it maliciously.

I often watched him in the college dormitory, his hands behind his head, his face lean and emaciated, his languid eyes rapt at the white monotony of the concrete ceiling overhead.

Once he said, "There are five lines lengthwise and eight crosswise." And without bothering to shift his gaze at me, he continued, "And do you notice how many squares they make? Forty-five exactly." At this juncture there was a lift in his voice.

I became so familiar with Fred's ways that they no longer annoyed me. In fact, I used to kid him along. While lacing my shoes I answered him, "Fred, you have a fine sense of humor. Not every man can find something interesting in forty-five squares on the ceiling." I laughed aloud, perhaps inordinately. When I stood up he had not yet reacted to my comment. He seemed to remain morose and sullen.

As I fussily parted my hair the thought struck me of following up my humoring to a showdown. I got the canny idea of inviting him for a good time with some coeds. "How would you like to come along to Santo Rosa Hall, Fred?" I queried.

He did not say a thing. The petrifid and imperturbable expression on his countenance remained unchanged, as if he were in a state of nirvana.

Fixing my belt I felt a ripple of a qualm pervading my interior. Yet I could not help shaking my head with dismay, as I left the room. On the way out I met Clem, the soph cheer-leader, just coming from the shower room. He was feeling exceptionally cheerful.

When Clem saw Fred in a state of depression his first reaction was to break out into laughter, this time unusually loud.

I paused near the foot of the stairs just to see what would happen.

"What do you see up there, stars?"

"No sir, just visions," dryly retorted the dreamer.

"Then you must be a saint, compadre," shrewly responded Clem, as he rubbed his back with a towel.

"No, I'm just a poet," emphasized Fred, "and you know how vulnerable

poets can be."

Fred never wrote a line of poetry in his life, I thought as I ascended the stairs. And I wondered what was aching him now. Could it be a touch of malaria, dengue, or disappointed love? Then and there I decided to get to the root of the matter.

When I retraced my steps I found Fred more awake than when I left him, so I proceeded to psychoanalyze him. "How about a smoke, you chunk? Maybe that will help you to see some more visions. What's ailing you today? Where does it hurt?" I urged.

He put his hand on his heart, as if to indicate silently that it was more that a body ailment.

"Homesick?" I questioned.

"Yes and no," he began. "I do miss the lush green hillsides of my home province, Davao; the refreshing sight of Mt. Apo looming above the gulf; the energetic pioneers turning the landscape into veritable gardens; my violin; the family porch overlooking the sea; and someone—"

Fred stopped short and no coaxing could encourage him onward. Dimly in my mind I realized that it was not an ordinary case I had before me. And I began to fear it was beyond my practice. Nevertheless, I was out to do what I could for the patient.

I tried to impress upon him that it is usually not the first love that leads to the altar, that often when women say no, they mean yes, that perseverance wins even in love. "A woman wants to be wooed," I pointed out impressively. "And the man who does it best will win."

My patient showed very little concern or conviction. I therefore decided to change my tactics. I inhaled deeply and then blew a few rings of smoke at the horizon. There was still one more topic that I as a friend should bring up.

"Life is a game," I persisted. "You've got to play ball to win. To escape is no solution to the problem. Fred, you're out of step with the world around you. Get into step and keep in," I advised rather strongly.

"When are you going to sign off?" he bluntly requested.

I felt like a preacher whose parishioners moved out on him. The only thing left for me to do was to move about my own business.

It was a Saturday in March previous to the baccalaureate graduation. I said to Fred, still persisting in my cure: "I've arranged a date with Delia and her sister for tomorrow. 'Twould be good to have you along."

"That's fine. I'd like to but..."

"There's no but about it," I broke in sternly.

"I'll be having a date myself," he narrated hesitantly.

"That's O.K.," I assured him while concealing my surprise. "Let's meet at Kool Spot after the show."

"That's all right with me," he agreed, while lighting a cigarette.

"And who is the lucky girl," I imposed.

"Oh, she's from Blair's Department Store. I happened to run into her in the theatre."

I cheered in astonishment. Then asked, "At what time are you going?"

She told me to pick her up any time at the store."

"Anytime?" I repeated nonplussed.

"Yes, that's what she told me."

On Sunday morning Fred was sick and span. He was in high hopes.

After seeing Delia home that evening I went straight to the college dormitory. As I was about to enter the building I noticed Fred sitting on a bench with his feet on another bench. "How was the date?" I questioned.

"Fine," he said in a slow low tone.

"Delia and I were looking for you at Kool Spot."

"Oh, we went off to Blarrows," he assured me.

"Boy, that's a mighty break dating a Blair girl."

"Biggest thing to happen to me in years," he drawled.

"That's the biggest shuffling you ever did," I laughed. "Was Blair's open on a Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes," he said avoiding my eyes.

"Fred, let's get this straight. Did she really show up?"

He didn't answer. A scowl tightened on his lips, the taut pulling at the corner of his mouth. He appeared as if any moment he might burst out crying. I placed a hand on his shoulder.

Fred arose spasmodically and went upstairs.

I followed him into the dormitory. The ceiling became the object of our gaze as we retired.

On Thorns

By Carolina Cavada

Thorns are mostly known for their power to dig in the flesh and to cause pain. And therefore people are often heard to say, "Why should there be thorns on roses?" In other words, let us put it this way, "Why should there be sorrows to sting our lives?" Or, "Is God not allwise and all-good?" Why then does he put thorns and sorrows in the world? Is it just to molest us, like a torturer? Is it just to spoil our fun, like a cynic? These are questions every man and woman must answer either directly or indirectly. And the answer will influence one's outlook on life.

A man may gaze at a rose and say, "What a pity that God has put thorns on roses." Another man may say, "What a blessing that God has allowed the thorns to have roses." Of two men who look out from their prison bars one sees mud, the other sees stars.

Just as there was no hell in the beginning of creation, so also we may suppose there were no thorns on roses in paradise. But circumstances alter cases, and, in the course of time and perhaps evolution of plants, roses put on thorns to protect themselves from the rude world around them for the survival of the species. How great God is to give roses the power to protect themselves! Otherwise they may long known them as fossils. Thanks to the thorns we know and enjoy roses today, and God be praised.

So also in life without sorrows we would be easy prey to the enemies of our salvation. We must educate ourselves to the fact that life is not a bed of roses only. The rose is the symbol of love, but the thorns belong to the rose.

From My Window

*The air is cool and gentle,
While dawn breaks o'er the mount
The sea has a silvery film
From my window on the hills.*

*The tree tops wave in the vale
Sunbeams bathe them all,
As twittering birds and a grazing cow
Move about in the breeze.*

*Hours pass; the sun reclines
Softly on a bed of gold.
And shadows of evening rise
In the wake of a dying day.*

—by Lourdes Dejoras

MOTHERHOOD

By VEN-PUYOK
(Pre-Medicine II)

We men bow in reverence o'er the shrine of the world's motherhood. There looms before our eyes a familiar and beloved figure. We seem to sink once more into that perfect peace which comes when a little babe pillows its tired head on its mother's breast. A thousand touching memories throng our minds. We may meet only for an hour. But it leaves behind a renewed faith in God and trust in humanity.

Some of the most sublime of God's attributes He has implanted in the breast of every true mother. Philosophers write learned disputations about life and its deeper aspects, but their wisdom is as nothing beside the intuitive wisdom that lies deeply buried in the mother heart. Today, let motherhood speak to us about life and of God. We will be the wiser and better for it.

For centuries men have been trying to build and maintain civilization by means of armies, navies, and destructive implements of war. Now, they are finding that their weapons are atom bombs that turn in their fight and threaten the very civilization that sends them forth. The voice of motherhood rises in a universal song of peace. As love creates the family, so love alone can create the family of nations. Who is it that wields the scepter of destiny? It is the mother. With service and sacrifice, mothers have built an imperishable monument to peace in the heart of humanity. The mother-heart is the safest and ablest protector of life.

When we think of a mother as a reveler of religion, we must not think of her as a creed-maker. If you want to know what lies in the heart of God, observe the love, the sacrifice, the anxiety and the care of a mother as she watches o'er her babes. Let the mother speak freely to God. She will naturally choose to speak first of the love of God. She will not speak in words. No tongue can adequately describe her own love let alone the love of God. Mother must speak in terms of life.

Have you ever watched a little girl bloom into the beauty of maidenhood and then have you watched her transfiguration into the glory of motherhood? If so, you have caught a glimpse of the heart of God. On the birthday of a child, there is always a double birth, the physical birth of the babe and the spiritual rebirth of the mother. These are the outward signs of a trans-

figuration within. The love of motherhood, that dauntless, undying flame of heaven, have taken possession of her heart. "The love of our mother is only surpassed by the love that lies in the heart of God" What a message!

The mother's pain and sorrow over a wayward son is a reflection of the pain in the heart of God. Can you adequately picture the grief that a disobedient and sinful son brings to a mother? Can you imagine the sleepless nights, the ceaseless gnawing pain, the agonized cry of "Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?"

Do you wonder that we say that memories of a godly mother are the greatest assets a man can have? What a debt we owe to motherhood! The gifts that mothers bring to their sons and daughters are priceless. A mother can never be repaid. She can only be rewarded.

Womanhood and motherhood are inseparable. A woman is a potential mother; tho, childless, she possesses a mother's heart. Thus, all womanhood is sacred. What greater tribute can we pay motherhood than to honor and protect all womanhood? Life can only be repaid by life. Can we do less in honoring our mother than to highly resolve that her beautiful character shall be reproduced in us? Above all, a mother's heart yearns for love,—the responsive, unrestrained manifestations of affections that is seen and felt when a child throws his arms around his mother's neck and cries joyously, "Oh Mother, how I love you!" It is this reward that lifts a mother's soul into paradise. This is her reward supreme.

When that form once so erect and graceful has become bent and twisted, when those eyes that once sparkled with humor and the strength of youth grow dim, when those hands once so sure and capable begin to tremble, when the cheeks once as smooth and cool as the kiss of dawn have become wrinkled and drawn with care, still beneath that withered breast, the mother heart beats as strong and true as ever. She longs for the caress of childish arms now grown to the proportions of manhood and womanhood. Shall we deny her the craving of her heart? God forbid! Let not this day pass without winging a message of love to the mother heart that so anxiously awaits it. Give mother her reward today with a rich, full overflowing message of appreciation. The mother heart is calling.

YES, WE'VE MET

By ARISTOTELES BRIONES

"Tikay, where is Mamma? Where is everybody!" Bert inquired of his sister as he stepped in the door of his home near the sea.

"They are all gone to the dance, already. Have you had your supper?"

"Why, goodness, not! I'm starving. Bring me something to eat."

As Bert sat down to table he could hear the hot swell of the "guaracha" from the distant "Municipio." He was in a holiday spirit and could not wait till he got to the dance. He took a hurried supper and then dressed in his best. "Better late than never," he thought as he lifted his feet toward the municipal building.

Vespere night!... Wow!... Good music... many people... Queen... Ho... ho!... Guaracha! Rumbal... Shamba!... and sweet music, too! Bert could feel the rhythm of the saxophones as the orchestra played the sweet strains of "Jealousy" when he approached the hall.

It was nine thirty. There was still time for enjoyment. But most of the girls, he found out, were from the neighboring province of Negroes. Only a few were local girls and he hardly knew them. Whom will he dance with? Was the big problem, "That's the trouble with studying far from home," he muttered to himself as he wandered about the room. He looked for a partner, but to no avail.

The orchestra was hot on a rumba number and Bert was at a vantage corner itching to dance. He ground the Chesterfield he was smoking and was about to light another one when his eyes caught sight of a dancing belle. She was doing the "Squeeze da banana" of the rumba when his eyes alighted on her. Bewitchingly beautiful and feeling *ola-la* in her "new look," this "dalaga" gave him a coquettish "old look." Bert felt his heart take an unusually quick beat as he stepped over to a townmate who, like him was at the moment "Laid off."

"Who is she?" he asked of him. "She is a beauty, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is. They say she is from Negroes. Looks like she has all the boys gunning for her. She is a good dancer. I know the guy she is dancing with, but I do not know her."

"Aw, never mind the guy."

"Haven't you danced with her yet?"

"Nope. I just came in."

"I see," Bert continued wonderingly if he could get to first base with her.

When the music was over, Bert went straight to where she was sitting. She smiled again as he approached and Bert

was confident that he could have her as a partner in the next Latin Americana.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss—?"

"Yes, I would be honored," came the sincere retort.

"I am Alfredo de la Pena, Jr."

"I am glad to know you," the girl answered, extending her hand just as the orchestra struck up a "guaracha."

She rose from her chair and they wound their way to the center of the floor.

Bert watched closely as she shook her shoulders more gracefully than many another belle.

The girl returned his glances with an unusually sweet smile causing her partner to wonder whether she was not already in love with him.

"My, you dance the 'guaracha' fine!" Bert commented.

"Oh!—no, but thank you," she added politely.

"By the way, how does your dear mamma call you?"

"Oh, just plain Lina or Carolina."

"I find it beautiful. Hm... Carol... Carolina... 'Tis nice either way. But what's your family name?"

"Gomez," she answered a bit hesitantly.

"Gomez... Gomez, Gomez... now where did I hear that name before? Sort of familiar."

"Ah—ah! Don't hand that to me. I know that line. Wonder how many girls you said that to already. If you go on, I'll leave you."

The music stopped and Bert escorted her to her seat.

"May I dance with you again?"

"Why not! I'm not engaged; but now I am."

When then the next piece opened up Bert saw another young man come to claim her. Lina smiled at him sympathetically as she looked over the shoulder of her new partner.

Bert waited another chance. He was able to dance with her only once more that evening, for there were many who had asked for her company. Anyway he would be seeing her on the morrow. That she had promised and Bert was glad. But come to think of it, he forgot to ask her where she staved.

He looked around for her amongst the dancers. She was not among them anymore. He went home very tired. Stealthily he climbed to his room. The family was already fast asleep.

Rolled up in his sheet Bert's thoughts were of nobody else but of Lina. He wondered where she could stay. H:

(Continued on page 15)

BETWEEN DAYS....

By A. C. FERRARIS

Peace and quiet had descended upon a very tired earth. And above hovered in watchfulness a moonless, starless sky. The night was far advanced.

—I—

A steady stream of pale light from one room of a building, casting the silhouette of the loose-robed figure of a young woman, broke the darkness without. She stood leaning by the open window, facing the span of peace and quiet that stretched endlessly before her. She knew by heart every little line of the landscape now clothed in gloom. But tonight, she missed the pattern of her little world beyond the window, for within her was surging tumult. She started into the darkness, and darkness accented the blankness in her eyes, for her thoughts were drifting into boundless space, scarching, seeking.

Earlier that evening, she was the cynosure of eyes during the university ball. The cream of young men of the university were seen flocking about her, vying for the favor of a dance with her. It was truly a night promising the long-dreamed of happiness—for this was her first social affair—until she spied a certain young man seated at a table, conversing nonchalantly with companions over beer and coke.

This was not the first time she saw him. On the campus, not a day passed without their meeting. These meetings evoked an awareness and a disturbance in her, which culminated in the dance. Her great longing was for a waltz with him. She wanted to know more about him, but a girlish scruple forbade her to inquire. For she was a neophyte in the ways of the world, and profiting from the painful experiences of disillusioned friends who had confided in her their woes in matters of the heart, she feared the hurt she believed likely to result from such indiscretion. To her this was a world quick to misunderstand. Thus, when she came to the university, she walked alone, and undisturbed.

And now she sighed and slowly left the open window. Soon darkness settled in the room. She lay restless, peaceless. Her eyes closed but her imagination, taunted her with the face of a young man. And she knew she was no longer free, nor alone nor undisturbed...

—II—

Darkness in another house and room was broken by cigarette embers left in the ashtray by the bed. A young (Continued on page 15)

THE IRONY OF IT ALL

JRC

She... an enchanting vision of loveliness from the tips of her scarlet-tinted toes looking like diced boiled beets to the top of her five-pee coiffed hair. A gourmet would mistake them for sausages and doughnuts a la king. The silver evening slippers are the last word in fashion and in (ouch! they pinch). Her frothy white dress is a creation of bustles, ruffles and ribbons and more ribbons, ruffles and bustles. Her face, picturesque as a rainbow and just as multicolored... vermilion lipstick, rosy-red rouge, pink-peach foundation; midnight-blue eyeshadow, even-black mascara; sepia-brown eyebrow pencil and ash-white face powder. A Walt Disney puppet photographed in technicolor.

He... a perfection of well-dressed gentleman. Black patent leather chevrons as laboriously polished. His evening suit... tailored with sartorial excellence, with padded shoulders. A football star's over-stuffed uniform would look like an undersized pin-cushion compared to it. His tie, a surrealist's dream; his buttonnits sprouting a rose as big as a sunflower. His hair, a porcupine might mistake for his lost quills plastered into submission with grease. His face, ah, his manly face well-scrubbed and so clean shaven some of the skin has been shaven off.

The Event... The first date... The very first date together. With a courtesan flourish he leads her into the waiting taxicab and bangs his head smartly against the doortop. She gracefully drapes her evening gown about her... pop! There goes a sharp fastener! From that second forward, she is in a state of breathless expectation, breathing not least the fasteners snap open again. They speed away, he... choking purple in his strangling cravat, she... stifling pink in her tight bodice.

Eeek! She pipes a shrill alarm... her compact! Would he mind awfully if they went back for it? Er... of course not. Driver, back to where we came from please. The taxi-meter ticks pleasantly on... And her goodness! She almost forgot her bosom friend! He doesn't object terribly does he? Ahem! Sure, go ahead... there's always room for one more. And as she thankfully gives a distant address to be taxi-driver... way past the city limits... He stealthily peeks at the meter and mentally makes a rapid calculation of his monetary status. It is indeed far from stable... a depression is inevitable. (Ah! If I Were King.)

The bosom friend turns out to be a bundle of bounce and exuberance wrapped up in salmon taffeta that rustled like spring. Wheel! Let's get started! "Aint" it super-swell? The taxi-meter ticks on and on.

The swankiest night-lub in town, scintillating with besequined upper bracket. He assists the two ladies out of the cab and conscious of their Concerto in Giggie Major, handsomely pays the driver with a stentorian "keep the change," bub!

"Yes, sir... A ticket for one gentleman and two ladies sir?"

"That will be ten pesos, sir."

"Thank you, sir. Center table Sir?"

"Yes, sir. That will be five pesos more, sir. Thank you, sir."

Sir, nothing but the very best for the first date. The dance? Then music is a symphony of throbbing sweetness... The lights, soft and low. She... in his arms... Her... cut in. Brother? And he watches her glide lightly away... away.

And the night wore on... "Do you mind awfully if we ask Pascuala and her crowd to join us? That's sweet of you! What will I have? Let me see... rum and coke... a club sandwich... and another club sandwich. My what a wonderful party! Gee! There's Cora-pia and her good-looking cousin. Do you mind awfully if they join us? You don't? Oh you terrific darling!"

And the night music went round and round... and the crowd came on and on... and the party grew gay and gay... and the orders went right and left... and the bills went piling up and up... and his roll of bills went sinking down and down... and...

"What's the matter? What is wrong? Don't you feel well? HELP! Somebody! Is there a doctor in the house? He's passed out. Oh, my darling!

A SYMPOSIUM:

What I Like Or In A Young

In this issue I give you an exchange of students' opinions. My paramount objective is to enable Carolinians to express their views on subjects placed before them and to develop and encourage more awareness of things and participation in their own university paper. So here, our coeds and "coods" say in response.

Mr. Eduardo Javelosa, Corps Commander and Law Sophomore, declares: "I do not place much emphasis on looks. Above all, I admire a young woman's nobility of character. A touch of charm, modesty, and the unassuming quality greatly adds to her attractions; frankness with her own self and others; understanding and consideration of others' feelings. I have a very high regard for one who practices punctuality and one who is a good Catholic. I dislike a jealous and nagging female, a flirt, and an extremely social butterfly."

"Campus Queen" Miss Rosario Dorotheo, Corps Sponsor and Education Freshman, takes us out of this world when she writes with deep religious feeling that her ideal is the "All Perfect God." She confesses being "stumped" when pressed further on the earthly form of her ideal young man, yet finally yields this: "I'm afraid I haven't given this dream-boy project the least bit of thought yet. One thing I'm certain of is, there exists no such person as a Prince Charming, because he usually emerges out of fairy tales and ends there, too. A modest Catholic gentleman always appeals to me most, especially if he frequents the receiving of the Holy Sacraments. I believe in the old advice, "Pick your man from the communion rail." He has to possess a soothing personality, coupled with refined manners and respect for the opposite sex."

When handed the questionnaire, Major Jesus Mercado, Prexy of the Law Sophomores, grunted a reply somewhat like this: "I should inhibit myself from giving any comment on this subject, if age is to be considered; however, as a man's heart is always young (and in this particular subject, the heart and mind should divorce themselves), I say this: I like a woman who keeps herself always young; I dislike one who by her carelessness makes her own self old."

Conducted by Aniano C. Ferraris

islike Most lan/Young Woman

"Physically, my ideal young man need not be an Adonis. Chivalry and courtesy, outward manifestations of a gentle and noble soul, place a man above the crowd and high in a woman's esteem. Nothing so stirs a woman's poetic soul as chivalrous and courteous acts—whether a mere cheery 'Good morning!' or the heroic rescue of a lady in distress," so says Miss *Lilia V. Javier*, Education Senior.

Mr. *Felipe E. Balmoria*, Vice-President, Education Seniors, replies: "I appreciate a young woman in whom is typified the modern Maria Clara—with her humility, modesty, friendliness, and absence of vanity. I dislike one who dotes only those young men who look well with her when she wants to impress people."

Miss *Lydia C. Lacuna*, charming Pharmacy Freshman, gave us that sweet Mona Lisa smile when confronted with the question. She writes: "Among a young man's qualities I like most are those that stamp him as well-bred and refined. A keen sense of humor, the straight-forward quality, consideration for the rights of others, and patience in adversities qualify a man for a place in any young woman's regard. I have the greatest respect for one temperate in his way of life and God-fearing."

Diminutive Mr. *Domingo Q. Villanua*, Pre-Law Freshman, answers: "I admire intelligence in a young woman; a pair of smiling, charming, starry eyes; a well-proportioned figure; an oval face; and above all, the virtues of a good wife, housekeeper, and mother. I dislike trimmed eyelashes; a young woman who frequents nightclubs more than her classes."

Petite, vivacious Miss *Deborah Carrin*, Education Sophomore says: "I like most a young man who likes another despite the latter's faults; a gentle and understanding soul: one who never forgets birthdays or other special occasions; a man fond of sports and of outdoor life; and above all, a neat-looking fellow. I dislike one who is always on the lookout for a rich wife; a man who marries with the hope of reforming his wife; one who does not appreciate music and is without a sense of humor; a man specializing in flatteries of women; and one who seldom says a word when he is in a crowd."

For a lawyer, Mr. *Horacio Adaza*,

TODAY'S WOMAN AND THE SOCIAL WORLD

By J. N. LIM

At seven o'clock on the evening of Oct. 22, 1948 eight Carolinian coeds, along with other citizens, were awarded certificates from the Provincial Institute of Social Work.

Certificates are continuously awarded but this instance is of such significance and merits our attention.

The Institute if made up of social welfare agencies dedicated to the amelioration of social maladjustments. These agencies aim to prevent and reduce the substandard social conditions which cause poverty, illness, and other causes of human distress. In general, they provide aids to enrich life and make more wholesome man's existence.

Social workers are of three groups.

In the first group are the case workers. They work with individuals or families in trouble. They furnish financial aid to the needy, give counsel on personal and family problems, act as probation officers in courts, direct persons who have physical or mental illness, deal with problem children in schools, institutions, and foster homes.

The second group is known as the group workers. They deal with workers in settlements, recreation centers in schools, churches, playgrounds, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, etc. They conduct leisure-time activities as games dancing, clubs, dramatics, lectures, arts and crafts, and study groups.

The third group is engaged in social welfare planning. The members organize and coordinate the work of social agencies, raise funds, engage in social research, and promote social legislation.

The latter involves special knowledge and skill.

Our Carolinian coeds underwent education and training before their certificates were awarded.

Through her daily practice and research the social worker becomes conscious of social ills and their causes. Therefore she seeks to remedy them and is active in bringing about the changes to achieve that end.

But should this attitude be confined to the certified social worker? We are living in a world where we can no longer afford to live alone. It has become our pressing duty to be our brother's keeper.

In the old days women of "good intentions" and with a desire "to do good" were the harbingers of social welfare. Consider only St. Elizabeth, Queen of Tsuringia. In spite of her husband's admonitions, she personally braved the elements day and night in all seasons to give aid in hovels and poorhouses. Thousands of mission Sisters do such work in the Lord's vineyard.

Each one of us, in her own chosen calling, can be a social worker. Scan the nature of the work of the different groups. It is Christian in spirit. To do a Christian act is in the province of all. Indeed the spiritual and corporal works of mercy bounden on everyone is social work in nature.

Today's modern woman is active, more sensitive to the miseries of her fellow creatures. She is a fit daughter of the Church who has for her a legacy of a tradition rich in human love, charity, and Catholic Action.

V.P. Lex Circle and Law Junior certainly packs a terse wallop in these sentences: "A young woman must exude friendliness, frankness, smartness, and willingness to discuss and argue intelligently with men. Other desirable qualities: a retentive memory, sufficient to remember past acquaintances at a glance; a sportsmanship, with that 'bury the dead past' and grace on every occasion and liteness in movement. I do not like ingratitude in a young woman as to past favors rendered her.

Miss *Emperatriz Macadaag*, slim, serious-looking Pre-Law Freshie, scribbles this reply: "First of all, a young man must be a regular church-goer. I also like one who is respectful to his parents, teachers, and superiors. I admire one who is very responsible. I dis-

like a young man who appears untidy, for he does not usually command the respect of his community. Likewise, I do not like one who indulges in excessive drinking and smoking. Above all, I hate a young man who is clumsy in speech, especially in speaking to women."

Mr. *Zoilo C. de la Rama* of Education I, has this to say: "Modesty and reservedness come first in a young woman. She must also be a good conversationalist without being talkative. Likewise, I admire a keen sense of humor, friendliness which does not fail to put a young man at ease, and simplicity of taste. Above all, she must possess a good degree of dependability and responsibility. I dislike an artificial beauty; a hypocrite; one who falls in love to

(Continued on page 8)

Caroliniana

By J. N. LIM

The first semester is ended and we will be leaving the classrooms, some for a while, but others for all time. "For all time" is a phrase sweeping and chilling like a cold wind the heart of graduates already sick with thoughts of parting from friends and desolate with the feeling of aloneness the day after graduation, the school door closed, the former associates scattered.

But November has ever thus been a month of harvest. The purpose of four years has been accomplished. Our degree, the key to open doors, is in our hands at last.

The outlook for the education of tomorrow's youth is very bright, for Rev. Fr. Constanse Floresca, S.V.D. is our most distinguished graduate.

Among the lady educators are; petite Ruth Gupana, delectable Lourdes Morales, our tall and elegant college chum of the years, Alice Policarpo, our dear friend and Songstress Candy "Inday" Mercader, Emerenciana Yu a wholesome personality, three veteran teachers of long standing, Consejo Toyas, Irene Raneses, Amparo Veloso, and that Carolinian bluestocking, J. Lim.

Very much missed around the campus, especially at extra-curricular gatherings and intramural games, will be that pulsating bungle of energy and pep Juanillo Alquizola. Ted Madamba, cut-prising locoano that he is, will not stop with a B.S.C. but plans to go on to take up law. Graduating, too, will be Toribio, member of the brainy Rodis. So will our sweet and dear friend Puring Abellanos Avila. A triumvirate of pretty commercialistas ends our list: Josefina Cabatagan, Nela Rama, and Niting Solon.

WHAT I LIKE OR...

(Continued from page 7)

too easily and out of love too quickly; one who sports an aristocratic air."

From Mr. Cesar ("The Face and I") Gonzaga, Law Sophomore, comes the following: "I like an intellectual aristocrat, who is, at the same time, tactful, understanding, and a 'good mixer'."

I also admire a deeply religious young woman. As to physical attractions, I like one healthy and well-proportioned and one who has charm."

There you are—the desirables and undesirables in a young man and a young woman. Don't you think what our fellow Carolinians have written on this subject should be supplementary reading to Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People"? Or did we violate Carnegie's exhortations when we chose this topic?

The Annals of the Ladies Room

The Home Economics building is in the process of growing up, of expansion, in the inevitable progress of time. We are getting sentimental about it now—to have come back after a week's vacation and find our precious duplex-apartment dear with memories of co-ceds' get-togethers, torn down forevermore was a shock. Next semester it will have risen up fairer and better, but the complete obliteration of the old decorative set-up a symbol of the solid security of our college days—makes more poignant our separation from school life because of graduation.

Every afternoon a spontaneous symposium arose when the ladies who frequent the ladies' room met. It began as light conversation then came a sparkling exchange of ideas. Yours truly started off with a query something like this, "What virtue do you admire most?" She herself suggested courage, perhaps having in mind the teeming millions who are her Oriental brethren. Carmen Rodil (of the admirable Rodils) spoke up for broadmindedness, a revelation of her character which is as broad and stable as the base of the Pyramids. Carmen Gogo, amusing, smart, and talented did not come right out but we gather that being a good sport counts much with her. Neither did Carmen Siguinza speak out but by her pals-walsy attachment to Gene Najarro anybody can see that compassionate friendliness clicks with her. Gene, by the way, is a most endearing, childlike friend. She admires all virtues. Well, of course, but by such an all-embracing answer we infer that were Gene to open a store, it would deal with general merchandise and not specialize in grocery, stationery, textiles, drugs, etc. Paquit Tumalak stated simplicity. This she says is subdivided into simplicity of clothes and manners which shows that Paquit knows her own mind, however complex.

Never judge a girl by mere face value. Friends will tell you that Justina Zabala is unprepossessing and unsmiling, but her generosity is unmeasurable.

Come to think of it the ladies' room has brought to light the best in the nature of its habits; Lourdes Varela of the conservative, sincere, even disposition; Dinday Garces determined, ambitious, great attainment from whom we expect things; Nita Alquizola amiable, natural; Prescing Bacalots frank, gay, lovely; Rosa Alesna gentle, unaffected, unselfish; Taling Mercado generous of heart and hand.

I'll Always Remember

By GLORIA B. PARREJA

As a child I used to think that someday I would outgrow the memory of the simple joys of my early youth. But now I realize that those joys are one of my most cherished possessions.

It seems I took home too much as a matter of fact until I had to leave it one-day. I was riding in a banca on the Mindanao Sea. The sun was just setting over the calm waters and I saw myself mirrored on the deep. The reflection on the glassy surface reminded me of boating days on the Bislig River at home in Surigao.

I saw the clouds kiss the Divatas and the declining rays of the sun grow thinner over the vast rice fields of the valley. I recall how curious I was about the mysterious mountains, and how I questioned the old folks about them, in order to learn the tales of ancient folklore.

Although in Bislig there were many modern conveniences lacking, yet my life there was happy. The air was always fresh and invigorating. The ever-green valley was a sight for pleasant meditation. I look back with enthusiasm to the time when I sang "Planting Rice" while knee-deep in mud, or when I first tasted the "Pilipig" prepared for the harvesters from fresh rice kernels which I founded in harmony with other young girls and boys.

I remember one summer afternoon a friend of mine took me to her garden during the harvest season. The big Mancao tree at the center was full of fruits and we two climbed onto the branches to pick the luscious purple berries. It was siesta hour and the cool breeze blew through our tresses while we feasted on the delicious fruits and while our mothers slept. Then we climbed down and went into the rose vines to pick and could not extricate ourselves. While shouting a dozen times for help we searched our mothers from their slumber. Naturally a good scolding followed and that put the damper on future escapades of that kind.

When I went to church I had to cross a narrow bamboo bridge. Here I used to linger and daydream while watching the tiny gold fish swimming among the lilies. I tried to read the future in the crystal waters in which the heavens were reflected. Although I did not succeed I still have the happy memories of the attempt.

Evenings dad and I would sit by the window listening to the crickets and other insects while we chatted about current events. From where we sat

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Christmas Supplement



Glory To God
In The Highest



Peace On Earth
To All Of Goodwill



When The Angels Sang

By J. MERCADER

There was stillness in the night; silence reigned over the hills and valleys while in the unclouded Syrian sky glimmered a myriad of stars. A group of shepherds was on the hillside "watching the watches of the night." Little did the humble shepherds think that soon was to occur one of history's greatest moments, if not its greatest; little did they dream that soon they would be privileged to hear the courts of heaven singing.

It was the first Christmas night and to quote the beautiful narrative of St. Luke: "Lo, an angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all the people. For unto you is born, this day in the city of David, a Savior who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be the sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger'. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly Host praising God and saying—

'Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace,
Goodwill toward men.'

With that heavenly anthem the angels disappeared and
(Continued on Supplement B)

This Year's Christmas

By MARIANO FLORDELIS

One would like to think of the first Christmas as the greatest romance of all time, an event of biggest moment in the history of mankind. Events of lesser import would have gone down in history as things of the past. Such were the birth of empires and conquerors and the climax of power and adventure. Such was the creation of the universe itself and of our planet and the many miracles of nature. They all fade into what we, in our inadequacy, call theories and hypotheses. They are things to remember too but they are all frozen in a cool corner of the mind for they don't move the hearts nor touch the souls of men. Not so with Christmas.

I like to think of Christmas as a turning point, a noble revolution, a change of heart, a glow in the dark, a dream, a reality, and at the same time, a miracle. If it were a song, its theme is peace. If it were something to eat, (I would say) it is chocolate with almonds; if a fruit, it's durian; or maybe something we have heard a lot to be good but have not quite tasted as yet in full because the essence of Christmas is somehow lost from us. I am talking, of course, of peace.

In order to have a good grasp of the Season's meaning, the peace must have to be. And in order that peace shall be, there must be meeting of minds and souls must touch
(Continued on Supplement II)

Short Story

DOLL FOR CHRISTMAS

By MARINA F. DIÑO

Perla Manalo stood up, quietly left the room and entered the vacant one next to it. She did not know how tired she was until she sat down. She heaved a deep sigh. Teaching was a hard job. Today it was more difficult than usual. "If it were not for Amelia!"—She thrust the thought quickly aside. If she could not have patience with one girl in her first year of teaching, how could she have patience with others, more trying in years to come.

Her pupils in the next room were very noisy. They were giving a program to announce the last day of school and the start of the Christmas holiday. Vacation. That meant for Perla rest, and with rest would come strength and confidence. It was hard to believe that it was a little spunk of a girl—a girl with large eyes and a small pretty mouth, who always seemed to drain all strength from her. The trouble was she did not know how to meet the problem.

Amelia was not dull. She always answered questions promptly and well. She behaved like a good girl. Nevertheless Perla knew she was responsible for the class' unruly behavior. An acknowledged favorite because of her beauty and wealth, Amelia unconsciously used her influence to make things hard for the teacher.

"Brooding?" a voice roused her from her thoughts. It was Nick. He always came in the afternoon to take her home, the school being of considerable

distance from town.

"Oh, it's you, Nick. I'm afraid you'll have to wait till the program's over."

"What are you doing here anyway? Your pupils are like a pack of wolves," he said inclining his head to the other room.

"Yes, school's over. Let them howl," she said, smiling.

"What's on your mind? You look troubled. Amelia?" Nick asked as he took the seat beside her.

"Y-yes and no. I guess I'm just tired."

"I wouldn't worry too much if I were you. I've patted her on the shoulder. 'Want to howl with them? I do.' And with a bound was across the room to the next."

Presently Perla could hear his voice leading in Silent Night. She smiled. She liked Nick, liked him since she was a girl in pig-tails. He had asked her to marry him but she had always postponed her decision. She wanted to try her "independent wings" first, before plunging into so serious a business as marriage.

During the silence going home, Perla wondered whether Amelia would come to the party she was giving her pupils on Christmas. And if she did, what attitude she, Perla, would take.

"You know, Perla," Nick said, "Amelia is jealous of you."

"What?"

"Yes. From the talk I gathered—

asked questions, casual ones,—she can't stand competition."

"Well what d'ya—" and Perla laughed outright from sheer relief. "It's absurd, Nick! Jealous of me—Me? I'm flattered. At 25 a woman would be, when a 14-year old pretty girl like Amelia is jealous. I'm glad though. Jealous would be easy to get out of her system as soon as I explain to her she has no right to be."

"I don't think it's as easy as that. Amelia is a sensitive girl and much spoiled by a doting father."

Perla said nothing. She moved uneasily on her seat. If it was jealousy she could work it out but she had a feeling it was something else. She had observed Amelia with others and she knew there was something wrong with the kid. She was much too bright, much too gay.

Christmas, The Manolos were busy. Perla was busier than the rest, giving a cup to a girl here, talking to one boy there, smiling, laughing. There were 30 boys and girls, all pupils of hers. The group was indeed a very jolly one. Only Amelia seemed out of place with her silence, so unlike her who usually was the animated member of any gathering. Even Nick's efforts to enliven her proved futile. Perla could not help feeling afraid of the coming days. She had taken a turn for the worse with Amelia. It was one cloud in her bright day.

Twilight. The children were going
(Continued on Supplement C)

WHEN THE ANGELS SANG...

(Continued from Supplement A)

earth was left once more to the stillness of the night.

To this day the midnight splendor witnessed by the humble shepherds still enchants us. A spirit of joy and cheerfulness always pervades the Christmas season. But too soon it passes away and we are back once more to the grinding dullness of daily life. We wonder why its spirit cannot linger; why the lightness cannot last the year long. And we wonder still more why with our yearly celebration of Christmas the world has known no peace; why now, even as we celebrate Christmas, we are watching for the burst of an atom bomb to announce the outbreak of another world conflagration.

Today Christmas comes to a world longing for peace and happiness. The advance of science and technology has given us comfort and convenience unknown to the kings and mighty of old, but our quest for happiness has remained unsatisfied. Costly, destructive wars have been fought within a generation and mankind is weary of war; still another more destructive than the last is said to be inevitable. As we celebrate Christmas there will again echo and re-echo that part of the angels' song "peace on earth, peace on earth." But will the first part of the angels' song be resounded?

Will we make the confused and troubled people of today

ponder on those ageless words of the angels—perhaps the most perfect ever uttered. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of goodwill." Mark well that the angels sang first the praises of God before they mentioned the peace of man. The angels said in effect that man must first glorify God before peace and happiness would come to him. God's glory and man's happiness—these two follow one another. Ignore God or put man's interest over God and life which is meant to be a joyous one, becomes a misery and a tragedy.

Today, what place is given to God's glory in man's activities? Where is the place of God in man's relation with his fellowmen, in industry, in science, in politics, in government? Is it not the worldly interest of man that dominates everything that engrosses people's thoughts, feelings and efforts? No wonder, peace and happiness have ever been illusive things in this twentieth-century world of ours. We have banished God from the domains where we should have made Him reign supreme. We have forgotten the guilds of the Middle Ages.

The world will only have its peace and man his happiness when man performs the first part of the angels' joyous chant: the glorification of God. The message of the angels is as true today as it was on that glorious night in Bethlehem. May we always remember that God was first glorified when the angels sang.

A Reminiscence of My Chemistry Class

By CARMEN F. RODIL

I should consider myself very fortunate in having gone with the Pharmacy group in Chemistry. They were the sweetest and most docile bundle of girls in this university and that goes for the teachers as well. It must have been this sweet hospitality they gave us that prompted me to write this, for I am never good in communicating my feelings verbally, much less demonstrating it in inarticulate gestures or suggestions. So I wish to make up for this by leaving my gratitude in print. Yes, in bold print that will lay naked all the unspoken feelings, which choked at my throat and throbbed in my heart all the time.

After I had finished my final examination, I folded my test paper neatly and paused to catch at some fitting last words I could say to my teacher. But when finally I went up to her, the words stuck and refused to come out and all that I was able to utter was a faint, quivering "goodbye mam." I do not know if there was enough emotion in my voice or enough expression in my face to make up for the inadequacy of words and to support my confused feelings which cried out for proper expression and definite shape. But again, the fact that I was never given a role in the Dramatics Club except that of a typist and a prompter, I knew, I was a flop at external expression.

I have a big reason for being grateful to the Pharmacy group—I can still remember the first day I entered the class seeking for sympathy and friendship. The sweet Pharmacy girls gave me spontaneously, warmly, ungrudgingly. In less than one week, I felt so much at home with them, that when I was in the Science Building, I seemed to shed off our own identity. I no longer belonged to the College of Liberal Arts. I became one of them. They became also a permanent part and parcel of myself and no time and no place can shake them off from me. They shall be there always, clinging tenaciously and crowding every bit of myself—my mind, my heart, and my soul, weaving a perfect pattern of a memory built up of love, understanding, of jovous laughter and mirth.

I often wonder then, after our lesson in Negative and positive Ions, whether this perfect understanding between myself and the Pharmacy girls was not in some ways due to the fact that I am very highly negatively charged and these Pharmacy girls are a sweet bundle, positively charged. For according to our teacher, only oppo-

sitively charged ions can attract each other. This principle must have worked out not only for the ions but for persons as well as well for I really found myself neatly fused with the Pharmacy girls. I must confess I am really "negatively charged" for I have often disagreed with my teachers on several points, although of course I never came near being disagreeable. And I say the Pharmacy girls are "positively charged" for they prefer to say "Amen" to everything the teacher says than dare raise a question. Its not that they are not smart, or that they are too shy or rather awed by our teacher's personality. Maybe they are just cultivating or preparing themselves with that patronizing and agreeable attitude so very indispensable to every good storekeeper. And even this "peace for peace sake" policy of the Pharmacy group did not make, me less uncomfortable in my seat. Finally, however, I had to give in, the ratio being 60 : 2 on their favor. They on, I behaved very saintly, making only the most necessary inaudible noises. I had to prick myself sometimes to convince me I was still my good old assertive self. For one long semester I believed this way and this did not go without leaving a trace of influence in me. This somehow tempered me, slowed me down so to speak. For this, I am also grateful to the Pharmacy girls.

There was plenty of rough sailing in the Chemistry course. For example it took me a whole week to know to balance an equation. There were also a host of laws—Bowley Law, Charles' law, Le Chatelier's Law etc, which were enough to draw out the last pinch of patience in any one like me who was unfortunately born with a very inexact and unscientific mind and a very little taste of "laws". And I came near hating and cursing these great scientists if only I was sure they were not yet dead. I am grateful again to the Pharmacy group whose sweet company made these things less painful for me. Otherwise I doubt whether I could have gone through Chemistry still whole and alive.

The rawest part of Chemistry for me was the Laboratory work which fall on a time that made it even much rarer than wild cassava. The time which was 1:00 - 3:00 P.M. was for me the most unholly and unhealthy hour of the day for work. It was only through sheer discipline on my part that I could settle down to brass and tacks during the Laboratory hour. Most of ten I could not command enough dis-

Those Happy Days

By JOSEFINA MONTEBON

*Those happy days have passed away
Like fleeting moments of the hour;
The joyous times I spent with you
Will never return to me again.*

*When I recall the gladsome past
It seems that you are here once more
To brighten the hours of the day;
But those happy days have passed.*

*The never to be forgotten days,
I wish those times would come again
When you and I were happy ever;
Their you heart would rest content.*

cipline (or maybe there was not enough reserve discipline in me for that matter) that I had to fall to some useful talking and gossip. Fortunately I was near a girl in the Laboratory table who was very neighborly in the sense that she kept me from dozing for the two, long hours. She was "mild of eye, soft of voice and gentle of gesture". Just the correct person who could drive sleep at this unholy hour and keep one awake and alive. She used to tell me many pleasant things about far-away India. Of course I was a very remote subject for me but just the same it helped make the reality of the hour less depressing. And when the teacher happened to hover around us, I quickly pushed one or two test tubes here and there and replaced unnecessarily the beaker with H₂O (By the way this is the official name of water when it happens to flow in the laboratory) to put up some semblance of work. But I never quite succeeded in fooling her long enough for I heard the last adjective she labelled me from among her good stock of adjectives was the word "naughty." I do not protest; however I say that I can qualify myself more for better adjectives than this one which she pinned on me. For if it were glue, it would have refused to stick on me, unless forced.

But I must own, that she, like the rest of the good Pharmacy girls, has also won a place in my heart. And there was, among other things, that broke my aversion completely and finally reconciled myself with the discipline (Cont. on Supplement D)

A Sequel To O. Henry's

GIFT OF THE MAGI

Author's Note:

By Rs2t

To William Sydney Porter, that famous American short story writer, otherwise known by his pen name as O. Henry, I express my apologies for this poor attempt at a sequel to his "the Gift of the Magi."

Remember? Yes, that's it, the story of Jim and Della, the poor American couple who didn't have the money to buy gifts for Christmas? How they wished to give each other a grand surprise? Yes, Christmas means "I love you."

Mr. James Dillingham Young and Mrs. had quite a tough monetary problem to wrestle with at the moment. The next day would be Christmas, and the situation for both was grave, each prompted by the spirit of the season. So, Della sold her hair for P20 with which she bought the much-coveted platinum fob chain for husband Jim's watch. Jim, on the other hand, much perplexed as to how and what to buy his Della, sold his watch and bought a set of beautifying jewelled tortoise combs for Della's equally beautiful hair.

You know how it went after that—rather the amusing double surprise, each one received from the other when they opened their gift boxes.

Well, this is winter again in the following year. Della and Jim are in the same situation as the last Christmas. Jim is out of a job. As everybody, he stays indoors, you know, during winter. No work for Jim, Poor Della. She almost could not bear it. Sometimes she would cry, though of this, Jim didn't know. Money! It doesn't go far when coal and winter supplies are high. What they saved—to pull through the winter was not enough to cover household expenses.

Like a miracle-worker Della tried hard stretching and stretching, until it hurt (what was not elastic).

Jim had long sold the fob chain which Della had given him the last Christmas. Of course, he was able to use it for a time after he rebought the watch during the time of plenty. Yet, it was not of much help. For then, the string's ends could not meet; and somehow if they ever did, they were not long enough to tie a wise and beautiful knot.

Jim hadn't returned yet. He had gone out since morning. What could be keeping him, thought Della. He said he would go to buy something from the store. Buy something! But the mo-

ney, where?

Suddenly she got it. She was sure of it. He had gone out to buy her a gift. No wonder he didn't tell her. She looked at the calendar. She had almost forgotten it. Sure enough it was the day before Christmas. Jim couldn't have gone out for any other reason. How clever of Jim!

She smiled, happy at the thought. Jim is really a darling, even if they were poor, he's still a treasure of endearment. She wondered where he would get the money this time.

Good old Jim was loving her through the many years of their married existence. He wasn't tired of her after all. For better or for worse.

She realized all of a sudden she could not let Christmas go by without her buying also a gift for him.

What about her? Her! She had nothing with which to buy Jim—something good this Christmas. No, this must not be! She's got to. Something, somehow. Jim has taken much trouble, for the spirit of Christmas. Why she could do it, too. If Jim could, why not she? There must be a way. But how? How?

She put her fingers to her head. Think! Think! Think hard of an idea, pretty head. Let me see. Her fingers touched the beautiful curls of her hair.

Why not? Yes. After all Jim has taken much trouble just to please her, this Christmas. I hope it won't be like the other time, she muttered.

No, it won't be. Jim isn't foolish enough to buy her combs, anyhow. No, that can't happen again. Not twice, although of the last of the combs she had lost almost all the teeth. She could use another, but—No, Jim doesn't know I don't have any now.

Great! But what'll she do? What a surprise! Will he get this time? This is what she will do. She'll sell again her hair to redeem that fob chain they had sold to the pawn shop. That's clever. Ha, ha, won't he be delighted to tell again the time from his watch with it hanging again from that chain. She could see his eyes blinking his surprise at the sight of the gift to him this Christmas.

But one little fear ran through her for a while. What if Jim sells his watch again? Preposterous! That can't happen all over again. No, not Jim. He simply won't risk selling his watch again. He has taken his lesson the last time.

And her hair? Bless her hair. It has returned to its original beauty. Mmc.

Sofronie will be glad to pay again for it. It will grow again like before; Jim won't bring a comb this time.

Della studied the pros and cons of her super-plan for quite a time. Then after a long wait she at last awoke as she heard Jim whistling his way up the stairs. She hurried to the door and opened it to him.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. James Dillingham Young."

"Merry Christmas, Dell."

"Now what do you have there for wife?"

Jim was carrying a box that seemed to hold combs. She was taken aback. Her hair were gone.

"Jimmy," for goodness sake, don't tell me those are combs?"

"Why Dell, they are! What's the matter?"

"Oh, oh," then, I suppose you sold your watch again for those?"

There was a lump in Jim's throat. He merely nodded a weak asset.

"Oh, no, no, Jim. Why should this happen to us again!"

"What is it Dell? Dell, darling, what's happened?" Jim was shaking her terribly hard now.

She found herself finally and was very much surprised. Her hand went reflexly up to her head, to touch her hair. They were there. She cried, "Oh, Jimmy, darling, I am glad, thank God! It was only a dream—that I sold them!"

A REMINISCENCE OF...

(Cont. from Supplement C)

tasteful laboratory work, it was the winning ways of my good teacher. I never really excelled in it but at least I have called forth what little energy and vigor I have in me on these sweetening hours of the day, to do justice to the NaCl, CaCl KOH, FeCl₂·H₂O (that's almost all I remember now) which the Laboratory boy gave us.

Inspite of the heartbreaking, flesh-splitting, brain-scattering work, in the Chemistry course, I shall constantly associate it with my happiest days in college and with friends who shall never break loose from my memory because they have, by their wholesome ways, knitted me neatly and firmly to them and then to me. And where they have dropped and left off the threads, I shall pick them up and tie the loose ends of them, so that with the passing of the years, this fabric of friendship which we have mutually woven will stay, with no edges reaped, frayed and ravaged.

BETWEEN US WOMEN

My dearest Mary,

Last night, my little Cita begged me to read the story of Red Riding Hood. I did so willingly. But while it left Cita pleased and satisfied, it left me with a feeling of a vague unrest and anxiety over you. Because to me you in college seem to be very much like another Red Riding Hood sent out into the world alone. It's not so much the small stones or the tiny thorns of unkindness shown towards you, as that mean but meek-looking wolf awaiting you that I am afraid of.

This is your first year of college, the reason why I am more than just ordinarily concerned about you. First year girls usually come to college wide-eyed, vibrant, alive, their whole beings tingling with life and enthusiasm for the new life that lies ahead of them. They have been under the influence of the good in their younger years and find it hard to believe that people can be bad. That's why they are so trusting.

Red Riding Hood's wolf wasn't mean compared to this twentieth century two-legged, flashily dressed specimen, in sheep's clothing. While he is glowing inwardly over his easy-conquest, he is pleading his undying love; while he is mentally rubbing his hands together in satisfaction, he looks soulful, ardent, and (worst of all) sincere (and he succeeds too); while he is secretly laughing at his poor victim, he tries to be the perfect Christian gentleman — most courteous, considerate, and thoughtful.

Only he does not remain the perfect gentleman long. A master at effective persuasion, at successful flattery, at well-disguised deceit — he can surely fool your maidens into a date.

A handsome face may be his greatest asset. Girls "fall for" a Hollywood profile without giving the slightest thought to what's behind that skin-deep beauty.

His "line" — that's another asset. The trouble is some girls still swallow a "line" even when they do know it is one. A feminine weakness is vanity and credulousness. To receive compliments tickles our vanity and we are quick to believe them.

Moreover when the young man can pull out greenbacks every minute or has a flashy car, girls find him even harder to dislike. They do not ask how he got those flashy things or what is the price of sharing them with him. That he might have robbed the poor to get his money or that he might have borrowed the car never occurs to the young ladies.

And if ever one of them marries him she gets a big jolt when the money and the car have vanished. And girls usually don't relish being jolted.

The greater tragedy is this that such men never think of marriage at all. It's pleasure they're after and not responsibility. They are too cowardly and selfish to shoulder burdens or make sacrifices. Those broad "he-man" shoulders were not really made for that.

A man who has pleasure for his goal is always restless, always unsatisfied. What may be his pleasure today is no longer so tomorrow. He goes from one victim to another and he glories in his conquests. Such a man leaves in his wake a string of broken hearts. The young girls are left with nothing but bitterness in their hearts and feelings of guilt on their consciences, and sometimes more than that. They are disillusioned only too late and they are the sufferers not he.

You, my dear Mary, have always been such a sensible girl and I am certain that head of yours contains more sense than people credit you with: that you can still take advice and be on your guard not to get cornered or trapped. This is why, though I am a bit afraid for you, I am not unreasonably or terribly afraid. Besides, there's always that other Mary to turn to for inspiration and help. There's your adviser to seek for guidance. If you want to find a fine young man for a husband, you can start seeking and praying now. But do not compromise yourself. Stick to the good old rule of having chaperon or companion to protect you when you step out. It is better to be safe than sorry. It is better to remain single and pure than be married and impure. Your purity is far too great a price to pay for a husband. And impurity makes a poor basis for a wedded life.

Now, my dear niece, in conclusion do not forget the spiritual means at your disposal, such as frequent Holy Mass and Communion, prayer and sacrifice. If you forget God He will forget you and abandon you to your own devices. Do not rely on your own strength to withstand temptation. You are weak without God's grace.

With best wishes for a happy college life in the Lord, I remain
Your devoted aunt,
MARGARITA

ODE

To My Alma Mater

(By EMILIO B. ALLER)

A.A. '36

Now Chief Radio Operator
USAT, LST 1048

Welcomed with heart a-brim with mother-love,
Within thy folds, O Alma Mater,—
When our youthful fancies were astr
And as freshmen, scapegoats of our age,
We came.

Thou shaped our minds and hearts and
cleansed our souls
To mold a better manhood out of us;—
With tireless enthusiasm fired our hopes;
Within thy halls we drank of learning's
cup, and stayed awhile.

Time came thy tutelage had to end for
us. . .

Life's vagaries caused changes

unforeseen. . .

And boyish whim to taste of other cups
Of learning made us blindly to depart.
We left to see the world.

We met relentless trials of this life
And tasted of the varied cups they fill;
And we have quaffed from cups of bit-
terness

Which drench the heart with disap-
pointment's call.

Yet, guided by the truths thou traced
and taught,

The worst ordeals we have survived.

Thus, now, what feelings fill my heart
when oft

I look into my memory of years!

The child thou reared with mother-
love and care

Has grown to man who feels deep

gratitude

For thee who beams the light that never
dims.

SEALED LIPS

I've already atoned with tears
For the fault that I've done—
I've sacrificed myself to life's
Maelstrom of human emotions

But you are not contented;

When my quivered lips murmur

Those beads of an ill-fated rosary,

You laugh. . . because you have

A heart to condemn a dying fool!

When tawring bells in wiers chimes

Silence the agonies of earthen flesh,

Then will end the wandrings of an ill
lusioned soul.

—Emasoji Nonimus



USC VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

Right to Left Standing: Rev. Fr. Hoepfner, S.V.D., Suela, Mendezzona, Valdivia, Quino, Arellano, Diaz, and Gandionco.

Same order Sitting : Suarez, Lopez, Gador, Singco, Zosa, Miole, and Martinez

Front Row with ball : Valmayor, Jose



USC Faculty Club with the Reverend Father Miramar, Talisay.



Some of the ladies, members of the Faculty Club, who attended the Faculty Club Fiesta in Miramar. Right to Left: Miss Guanco, Mrs. Briones, Mrs. Montecillo, Miss Urgéilo, Mrs. de Veyra, Mrs. Gonzales, Miss Causing, Mrs. Anden, Miss Zosa, and Miss Rodll.



Members of the Dramatics Club with th in the Miramar resort.



uring their "Club Fiesta" last Nov. 7 in

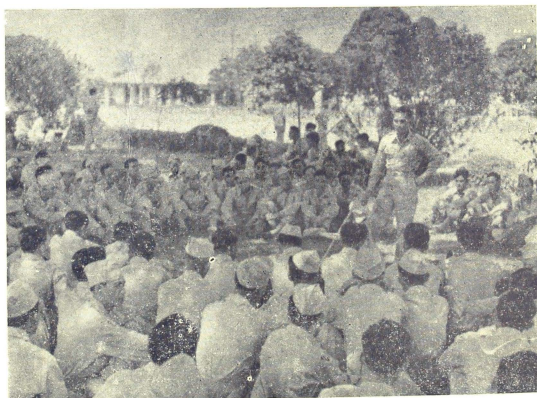


USC JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

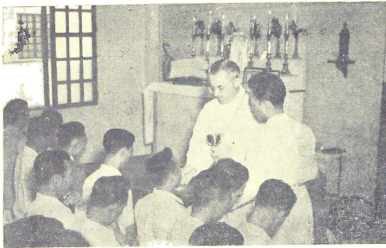
Left to Right-1st Row: Reves, Bucuo, Jakosalem,
Same order-2nd Row : Tabura, Rev. Fr. Bunzel, Catalla, Angel and Lioan
Same order-3rd Row : Tam, Alvarez, Espina, Salgado, Solon, Arche, Juizan



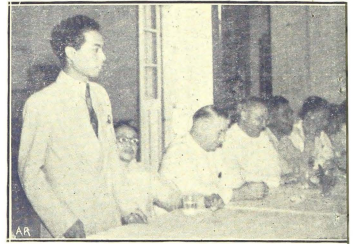
Director Fr. Hoerdemann spend a day off



A group of ROTC cadets listen to instructions from their Commandant Lt. Col. [Name].



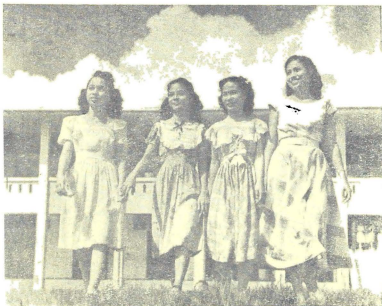
Members of the Student Council receiving Holy Communion on Oct. 29. Feast of Christ the King, from their Moderator Fr. Hoerdemann.



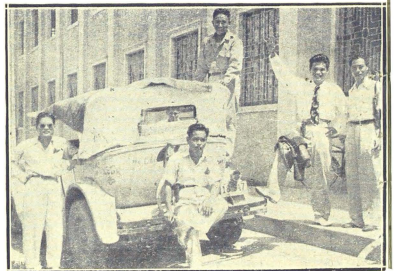
Juan Mercader, President of the Law Seniors and of the Student Council speaking at the breakfast of the class officers and representatives to the Student Council. On his left are Congressman Zosa, dean of the College of Law; Fr. Rector Dingman; Fr. Hoerdemann; Judge Martinez; W. Buquid Lex Circle President and V-J of the Student Council, Amparo Rodil, treasurer of the Student Council.



113 Class officers and Representatives to the Student Council filled three long rows of tables at their breakfast last Oct. 29.



Cocéis on the Campus Left to right: Lucy Gabrillo, Aurora Abulle, Remedios Castelo, Virginia Camacho.



Some members of the Law Seniors Gun Club ready to go on a target practice. Left to right: Mayor Leocadio Llanto, Manuel Allego (inside car), Gabino Melgar, Alfredo Mancao, Eufrosenio Ramos, Juan Mercader.

Christmas With Mary

By LOURDES VARELA

A dingy little stable made bright by a heavenly light, made sweet-smelling by fragrant incense... all quiet and still, save for the gentle flapping of angel wings.

In the center a beautiful Babe. Near Him a Woman, lovely beyond words. Standing quietly at the head of the crib is the gentle Protector, St. Joseph.

Here is complete peace.
Here is supreme happiness.
Here is a little heaven-

Into the depths of the Child's eyes, we observers, gaze adoringly...on and on...
And then we turn to the Woman.

A woman just like you and me and yet so different!

So different because through those soft eyes we look into a sinless heart, full of grace.

(And our own hearts? They are ugly and disfigured with sin-wounds.)

From that sweet mouth can come nothing but sweetness, kindness, and love

(And only this morning we have been nagging and scolding endlessly. And how often have we repeated that little bit of gossip that we have picked up at the last party?)

The maternal hands that stroke the Child caressingly—the same hands that drew water from the wells, that seldom left the spinning wheel, that swept and dusted and in every other way kept neat and clean the tiny home that was hers and Joseph's. The very hands that were always ready to minister to sick neighbor, to help at a marriage feast.

(Our own hands... idle sometimes... less ready to help... less ready to give but readier to receive.)

The feet small but calloused from walking miles to wherever she was needed—in a cousin's home, perhaps, or in a sickroom, or in the home of a bereaved family.

(While our own feet get calloused too...but from dancing.)

We gaze once more at the Child. And our thoughts flow on—thoughts of the past, the present, of what is to come. Thoughts of past Christmases. Perhaps, they were happier. Because we were children then and innocent. But the happiness we feel now is deeper—a happiness children never know. Because now we can look deeper into things. Now we can understand clearly what children never could grasp. We realize the real significance of Christmas and how much Christ's coming means to us. Now we can perceive hidden meanings.

This too is why sadness for us is keener. As when we look into the Child's eyes and see the love-hunger in them—a hunger man can satisfy and will not. Or when we see the Mother grieving with her Child over the evil that men do.

But we shall not be sad. Because this is Christmas. And Christmas is happiness and joy, brought to us by the Christ child.

It is more quiet now. Angel wings have ceased flapping. The Child is asleep.

And we walk away noiselessly—with faith renewed, with a feeling of spiritual strength, with a heart more calm and a mind more at peace, with a vivid picture of that incomparable scene of the Child, the Mother, and the Guardian—a picture that will ever gladden us and inspire us and live in our memories forever. We now more fully realize the great work of the Woman in the redemption of souls. Can we not also realize more fully the role we are to play in life in the salvation of our own souls and those of our families and neighbors?

TAKE HEART, MY SON

By EDWARD CURATO

If you fail, my son,
Remember in this age of struggle
Even great men make mistakes,
Forge ahead, build on the past
Be determined to succeed.
Remember my son: The price of success
Is eternal vigilance—more work, less play.
Should you feel depressed, and crushed,
Consider the ant: In his diurnal task
His patience and long-suffering,
Each man has his day and night
Should tribulations come
To challenge your might
Take heart, my son
Things will be right.

A Christmas Gift For Linda

By L. C.

Linda is a sweet wish of a girl, fragrant as the first breath of morning. Any man who knows Linda will not fail to be won by her quaint and quiet but sometimes loquacious charm.

This Christmas I want a gift that will cheer Linda's heart. She loves beautiful things, the flowers, the leaves, the grass. She prefers soft fabrics for her clothes preferably blue but she also likes pink.

I remembered hearing her say she wants a heart-shaped picture frame with a border neither too antique nor too modern. She also said once that sheeny curtains with tiniest scarlet flowers will be just adorable for her bedroom window.

She also sent for hand-painted flower pots to be placed on the balcony. They did not get the ones with the design to suit Linda's exquisite taste. She said she wanted them just that shade of moss-green to match the growing ferns on the garden.

I wish I could give her all these for Linda is lovable and deserves the best. Now I will not give her the soft fabric of blue. Nor the hearty shaped picture frame with border not too antique nor too modern. Nor the sheeny curtain with the cute scarlet little flowers. Nor the hand-painted flower pots with exquisite design.

Really I won't give her any of these for I do not want to make Linda cry. I do not want to remind her of the time when she could see.

Linda now lives bravely in a world of darkness after a car accident deprived her of her sight.

But surely there must be a gift for Linda to cheer her in her new plight. Perhaps an exotic and fragrant orchid will add joy to her life and her guardian angel can tell her that it looks as prettily as it smells sweet. What would you suggest?

WHAT CAROLINIANS THINK ABOUT CHRISTMAS

Conducted by J. LIM

Christmas is one of the two greatest feasts of the year. All over the Christian world, as the church bells ring their "tidings of great joy," the heart of man is lifted up in a pause of pure adoration; and at once the wish for peace inherent in man asserts itself. Better known as the "Christmas spirit," this spirit is manifested by the open hand and more precisely, by the open heart, spreading happiness and good cheer all around. That this spirit of goodwill should extend throughout the year, and not only on Christmas, is the universal thought. However, each and everyone of us have our own peculiar thoughts about Christmas. Here is a cross-section of what Christmas means to different people

Estrella N. Gonzalez, Commerce: Is there a more fitting time to renew one's baptismal vows than on the birthday of Our Saviour? As I kneel before the crib, I offer this most fitting gift of all.

Hilda Abellana, Commerce: With previous agreement, the family gathers annually for a reunion. Only on Christmas is this possible. Then all are kindly appraised, those present and absent. The rough edge of scrutiny is softened. Would that it were Christmas the year round!

Catalina Mercado, Liberal Arts: Many of our generation were adversely affected by the last war. Therefore, this Christmas, I think most of all of the blessings of peace, and hope and pray that it may continue.

Paquita C. Tumalak, Education: On

Christmas, the hands of time relax and I am once again back to the time when there was pure magic in constructing the crib of Bethlehem. Doing so now is a chore, albeit less enchanting. But the spirit that moves me to recapture the Christmas scene remains the same.

Ana Pilapil, Chemistry: Like the end of a busy day, I go over my balance sheet in December. Looking back over the months, I ask myself "Have I piled up more credits than debits?" If not, it is high time to reform; hence my New Year resolutions. If more credits, then Christmas is happier for me.

Angie Ylaja, Law: During the Christmas season, I used to be on the receiving end of the line. With the passage of the years I now do the giving. That is the aunt's role. That was my aunt's role.

Mrs. Lilia R. Tumalak, Home Economics: I have a gladsome task to do on Christmas—I must pass on to my daughter the tradition of giving happiness as my present to the Holy Child. On me will also depend the festive appearance of Christmas, the tree, the tinsels, the board, everything that makes Christmas a memory to cherish through the years.

Perfecta Guangko, Secretarial: Now at last, I can give in largesse the kindnesses that others have showered on me during the year. That is why I dearly love to give gifts, for it is not so much the physical present that counts. It is the spirit that prompts the giving.

Honorita Ruiz, Pharmacy: What a star-studded holiday is Christmas! How

I love it! With what elements is it compounded of? Goodness, cheer, merriment, love, happiness. No wonder it remains longest in my memory.

Lilia Cabatingan, Commerce: The giving of Christmas cards seems a little thing, yet it means so much. So is the Christmas seal, yet it is the practice that saves the lives of sick people. It is a beautiful custom helping a humanitarian cause.

Teresita P. Trinidad, Education: Christmas is made merrier by the homecoming of friends and relatives called away during the year by studies or the business of living. What a boon Christmas is! Your remotest friends remember you and you in turn remember even mere acquaintances. It makes you feel that you are not without friends after all, even if during the year you seldom hear from them. What a boon Christmas is to friendship.

Rosario Osorio, Education: Christmas, to most of us echoes joy and merriment but to a pessimist like me, it means just the opposite. I just can't be happy during X'mas especially when I don't get any present from my dear ones for it only makes me feel jealous why others are too fortunate to get some and I don't. Besides, X'mas brings me the sad memory of my parents who went back to God. Who would feel animated during X'mas with no more Santa Claus to send us gifts and cause us to remember that Christ was born in a stable dressed in swaddling clothes? No, X'mas will never come to me for the only valuable X'mas gift I cherished most is my dearest Mother.

YULETIDE THOUGHTS

By ED. VON BARRIGA

*Christmas Day is drawing nigh;
Foretold by the passage of another day.
Contrarily, I welcome its advent with a sigh . . .
As gloom and emptiness stride my way.*

*I may want my heart to sing
And glad tidings accept and impart,
As trumpets blare and Yule bells rings.
But I cannot for we're leagues apart.*

*The gifts I plan to give
With these mine very hands,
You will not receive—
For I'm far away, islands past islands.*

*The joys with you I wish to share
At Christmastime—
But make this life seem bare;
Knowing disfulfilment peals with every chime.*

*Remotely then, the Noel bliss I'll share
If you will think of me as I of you . . .
When bells will ring and trumpets blare—
Then both our cheers will sound the season through.*

I WONDERED WHY

By ANGELES TRINIDAD

*The farmer said,
"Thou hast bloom, beauteous and fair,
O lily, yet not rare;
In the open fields where'er I go
A million I find as fair as thou.
Blue butterflies do come and go
Flitting here, there, then over thee:
The meadow's blossoms all seem to say to the butterflies,
Come hither, hither here's the nectar for thee!
But at daybreak lovely and fragrant
Thou hast the sugar the butterflies want;
And yet with a cold blast thou swingest to and fro;
A sip thou deniest them as they fly by,
Please tell me why?"
The flower answered,
"Cast thy magic wand, I pray thee,
Upon him who is far from me, lest he forget me;
It's for him thou hast sowed my seed,
All, my all, must be for my own blue butterfly.*

CHRISTMAS

F. A. SAVELLON, Law '52

Christmas brings recollection of childhood days. Generally it is taken as a day for children in whom we bestow our gifts to make them happy. We delight, too, to retrospect and live over again in the joy of our Christmas days as children. It is well that we take this Christian attitude because from our natural love for children it will not be hard for us to see a new light and significance in the birth of the Infant Jesus. Why we love children is a wonder to many of us. We say that it is a human instinct. Yes, it is. But the root of this instinct is the love which Jesus, the First-Born, inspires in all human hearts. Yet we, as Christians often escape this fact and let our Christmases pass as an ordinary feast which we must endure year after year. But one thing is certain that Christmas can only become a true Christian festival if we allow Jesus to be born in our hearts. True Christmas is the birth of Jesus in the heart of all mankind.

This Christmas let our gifts be not only of things which money can buy. Let it also be the love for Jesus reborn and renewed in our hearts. Thus can we truly love our fellow human beings. And thus will the Peace of the Lord—the Peace which passeth understanding—descend upon us and be the Light that will light the whole world.

A CALL FOR WRITERS

F. A. SAVELLON, Law '52

Every country—every race has its literature. Literature is the expression of national life and the projection of the national soul. As such it is ultimately the body of the spiritual longings of the people. The Philippines even as a young country has a literature of its own long before the coming of Spain. Under Spain the highest spiritual conception was infused into the national life—that of Christian life. With the Americans the Philippines was initiated into the adventures of individuality, freedom, and democracy. And now we are a republic—a free people. "Under a regime of justice, liberty, and democracy," as intimated by our Constitutin, the future of Philippine literature is great and full of hope. Never before in the history of our country had we as a people the rare opportunity to express the greatness of our race than now. Creative writing, as a branch of art, thrives abundantly in an atmosphere of freedom.

Our University is a training ground for writers. And to inspire our young men and women the CAROLINIAN is provided as a vehicle for student artists. The University of San Carlos has always been, and will always be, a school for leadership. It is not only a place where we gather knowledge but it is also an institution wherein we learn to make use of wisdom. We have many talented young men and women in this university who could write but they refuse to write. Writing is one of the ways of utilizing and disseminating wisdom. And the only way to write is to start to write.

On Two Poems of Walt Whitman

F. A. SAVELLON, Law '52

When I Heard the Learned Astronomer

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were
ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and dia-
grams,
to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer
where he lectured with much
applause in the lecture room,
How soon unaccountable I became
tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd
off by myself,
In the mystical moist night, and
from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence
at the stars.

The Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly
From the walls of the powerful
fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted
locks, from the keep of the
well-closed doors,
Let me be wuffed.
Let me glide noiselessly forth:
With the key of softness unlock
the locks—with a whisper,
Set open the doors O soul,
Tenderly be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold O mortal
flesh,
Strong is your hold O love.)

Walt Whitman was among the first
(Continued on Supplement 11)

DOLL FOR CHRISTMAS...

(Continued from Supplement B)

home subdued but happy. They sang the praises of their good teacher who not only gave them a party but lavished gifts upon them as well.

Perla was just entering the sala when she discerned Amelia's figure in a dim corner of the veranda.

"Why, Amelia, I thought you were gone!"

"I—I wanted to thank you—for this," she held up a beautiful doll in the darkness. "I—I've always wanted a doll. Father buys me things I've no use for. Maybe he thinks I'm too big to play with dolls. But—but, I wanted someone I could love, speak to, someone for company. With father away, I'm always lonely. I never saw my mother who died when I was born. I have no sister, no brother. So, I wanted a doll," she was huddling the doll to her now. "A friend, my friends, are not as perfect as a doll could be. They like me only for my money."

Perla was too stunned to speak or more. Dumb, idiot, fool, why hadn't she guessed it? It would have been so easy to offer sympathy and love!

"I—I'm sorry for having been mean to you," Amelia was speaking again, and the tears were not far away. "But you were so loved that I felt hurt. And this afternoon, when I saw you with your loving Mom and Pop, with your adoring sisters, happy, contented, I—I could not stand it. It was more than I could bear to keep from running away."

"Amelia," Perla's voice was husky, "how would you like to come here and stay anytime you want to?"

"May I?" Amelia asked brokenly. The smile she tried to give made Perla's heart twitch.

"Yes. My sisters would love it. I know I would like it very much too. And Mom would simply be delighted. You know, they asked me time and again to make you come, but I thought you wouldn't care."

"Care? But I do! I do!" And the girl flung an arm around her teacher's neck and cried softly.

Perla stroked the girl's soft hair and said, "You're going to be a very loved member of the family, you know."

In the darkness she saw the doll and smiled at it as if the two of them shared a secret. Why she bought it under Nick's protest she didn't know except that she thought of Amelia being a doll with her pretty face.

Inside, Nick's voice rang out, "Joy to the world—" Yes, it was indeed a joyful Christmas, one she was thankful for. For peace had come to her and to the lonely heart of a girl she was going to love very much.

ON TWO POEMS...

(Cont. from Supplement G)

poets to use the medium of blank verse successfully. He was considered the poet of the mass, chanting the songs of common life, the common things of life—exalting the beauty of simplicity—and democracy. "When I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER" is one such example. Hearing a learned astronomer lecturing on the heavenly bodies, spreading before his audience the figures, the charts and the high mathematics involved in that science, Whitman was dazed. Not that he did not understand nor like science and progress that he was unaccountably tired and sick and left the lecture room. It was simply that, especially in his time and at the turn of the century, science was too materialistic as to exclude God from the scheme of life and the universe. So he left the room. And outside the night was comfortably moist and the sky clear. When he looked up, he saw the stars, distant and beautiful in the orbs of heaven. Inwardly he knew that they were untouched, unscathed by the materialism of the science of his day. He wandered off by himself with the inner contentment of one who could commune with his Maker. The stars were there—the glory and splendour of God.

"THE LAST INVOCATION" is a prayer for the release of the soul from its prison wall of matter. Whitman understood the value of prayer and the sublimity of the ecstasies in the life of man. To know how to pray and be exalted as a result of meditation is to bring life nearer to God and to witness the truth of the oneness of life and the beauty of the infinity of God in the diversities of His creation. Of this Thomas A Kempis said: "The men to whom all things are one, who bineth all things to one, who seeth all things in one, he is able to remain steadfast of spirit, and rest in God." Capable of this ecstasy Whitman in one of his

SPORT NEWS

UST, LA SALLE BASKETBALL TEAMS TO PLAY HERE

The famed basketball teams of San Tomas University and La Salle College will be seen in action against the San Carlos five this coming January. The two famous Manila teams are scheduled to play two games here on Jan. 26 and 27. Southwestern Colleges, the CCAA champion, will be the other local team to compete with the visiting teams. UST is the champion of the UAAP and it has the greatest chance of winning the National Intercollegiate Championship. La Salle is one of the best teams of the NCAA in Manila. In the last NCAA series it was a strong contender for the championship.

The games to be played here will be for charity. The receipts will be given to Iiis Excellency Mons. Rosales, Bishop of Bohol, to help construct the new seminary in Tagbilaran.

Before coming to Cebu the two Manila teams will play in Tagbilaran and

poems wrote, "I am large, I contain multitudes." St. Paul discerned this truth when he said, "Thou art the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." St. Francis of Assisi, too, one of the sublime mystics of the Church, knew this truth as when he said in his HYMN TO THE SUN, "My brother the Sun... My sister the Moon." St. Francis called all the creatures of God his brothers and sisters.

The exaltation of the soul, as in deep meditation, is one of the objects of prayer. The release of the soul from the gross physical body is the mastery of life. The spirit is willing... but the body is a powerful fortified house, a stronghold of mortal flesh, made so by the desires and consuming love for earthly things. But "then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave

USC QUINTET TO PARTICIPATE IN NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

The Varsity Basketball team of San Carlos will sail for Manila this Saturday, Dec. 11, to compete in the National Inter-collegiate Championship. The San Carlos team is the runner-up of the CCAA. It lost only to SWC and by a close margin. The varsity team earned its right to participate in the National Championship when it defeated also the Rafael Palma College of Bohol and Silliman University. Other Cebu teams to play in Manila are the SWC, CCAA champion, and the Southern College high school team winner of the CCAA Junior division. The games will be played in the Rizal Memorial Stadium from Dec. 14 to 19.

Cagayan. The San Carlos quintet will also be seen in action in Bohol when they play against the Manila teams during the Bohol Inter-Diocese School Athletic League competition on Jan. 21 to 23. From Bohol the Manila teams will proceed to Cagayan to play against the Ateneo de Cagayan and some other selected teams of Mindanao.

TO HOLD FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT

Football fans in Cebu will at last witness good football games. The Cebu Football League will conduct a series of games to determine which team will be sent to Manila to participate in the National Football Championship. The football teams of USC, William Lines, Silliman University, Ateneo de Cagayan, and San Carlos Negros Occidental will probably participate in the series. The games will be played sometime in February or March.

The Chinese Collegians from Manila are also scheduled to play a series of games in Cebu against local teams about December 18.

THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS...

(Continued from Supplement A)

each other. Where some are too lofty and others too low, the higher must stoop down to the lower. That was how, the first Christmas happened—the Father came down from the heights of His Glory humbly to mix Himself with the masses, the dust, the graft and politics of the time, the false gods, and all the curses then that are still the curses now. In order that souls will touch each other, the bigger ones must give their bigness to the smaller ones for the small ones are shy and inarticulate. This is the basis of all understanding and goodwill.

To my mind, nothing is more beautiful than peace and order. When Christ was born, there was peace (Pax Romana) but no order. Today, strictly there is no order and no peace. That's why Christmas is so sweet and the heart yearns for it. Yes, because the things that should be should have been but are not and the things that are not of Christ the year round. We find joy in being true Christians even for just a month of the year. Thereafter, the

yearning piles up again until December of the next year.

One would like to have a Christmas that is without season. It is such a sweet season that we might as well extend it for the whole year. Thus, Christmas may lose its rare, seasonal glamor but then we would be living in a much better world. The UN will probably work potentially for the first time, and there would be less strikes and Stalin would never say that God is a capitalist. I have been seriously thinking of this, that is, stretching the Season a little longer. What do you say?

Christmas is coming but I don't care much. I mean I will take it easy with the candies and cakes. For I am not satisfied with the world set-up: peace without order, law without justice, anarchy and the sweep of hypocriticalisms born of the materialism of Hegel and Marx. This year's Xmas will be dimmed then by a challenging philosophy, the antithesis of law, order and decency and the other virtues which Xmas stands for.

But the spirit of the Season is hard to resist. One feels it with all his five senses and there's no escape from it.



A Page of Poetry



Entreaty

By FITZ ARREZA GERALDO

Destroy, O God, those fools, who trust in force
To rule the seas and land;
They who would own all; body, will and mind
They who do not cease to spill the blood
Of millions who must sacrifice.

This is Thy World, O Lord, and Thou didst say
There is but one Lord of all, who Thou art,
Now come these gangsters who would wrest from Thee
The adoration that is Thine alone.

O Heaven's King, these earthlings thwart Thee.
Like Lucifer, they aim to take Thy throne.

For You And Me

By ANGELES TRINIDAD

The sun rises on the horizon
And paints the skies with golden rays,
Makes the world welcome the morn
And you and I share the dawn.
As old sol journeys towards the zenith
The message he brings is of the best
Which you and I are sharing.
The dawn of rapture,
And the sunrise of splendor,
The blessings of another day
All meant my dear—for you and me.

The lengthening shadows of the evening
Hastily darken all the world
In the east a bright moon is peeping
Which your eyes and mine behold
It glows and sends its sheen in golden rays
O'er ocean villages and hills
Casting a nocturnal charm o'er the lovely night
Filling our hearts with its carressing radiance.
This wondrous sphere with its enchanting beams
Which cast their spell o'er this vale of tears
Is meant my dear—for you and me.

yours is to blame

By ARVON
College of Law

it was once
i loved you
'cause you were you
but now is not the past
i love no more
as you are not what you were
my love would yet be supreme
if only you did not change
yours still would have been mine.

when new whims and conceit
possessed you in your success
i saw it was a crowd
and it seemed i was the shadow
lost in the dusk
it was the hope you might yet remember
that i loved you still

you glory at the sight
smiling that it should be
you are the portrait of inconsistency
yours is the blame
as is the rue
for me
no grief
nor joy
only a crimsoned cheek for you
hark you my going
farewell.

And Then You Came

ED. VON BARRIGA

College of Law

You have glided to me in the void and darkness
A redeemer that was to liberate me...
Then, it was a struggle deplete of purposes
Sublime... You came a beacon for me to see
The true path of desire... to ambition and glory.
I was faltering, tired of the venture for greatness.
Disparaged by the countless ills which marred the way.
And then you came... and suddenly all was brightness.
The inkiness of ambiguity around me.
Your most opportune advent so quickly dispelled.
And now, the road is clear... I see before me
Success, fame, and the power I shall one day wield,
A fit crown to lay before your exalted feet.

From The College of Engineering

Fraternity Organized

By RESTITUTO ALPUERTO
C. E. '51

Upon the initiative of our energetic acting dean Jose Rodriguez, the engineering students recently organized their fraternity the "Sigma Kappa Epsilon." The following are the officers of the Fraternity: High Grand Epsilon—Teodoro Ruiz; Grand Epsilon—Victorino Gonzales Jr.; Scribe—Eduardo Tan Jr.; Eschequer—Jose Solidum; Herald—Restituto Alpuerto, Mario Mendezona; Provost Marshals—Moises Bucia, Cenon Sato, Muse of the Fraternity is Miss Virginia Oliva and Sweetheart of the fraternity is Miss Carmencita Ty.

The fraternity held its first activity on the 24th of October when it went out with the Pharmacy students for a picnic at the USC resort in Miramar, Talsay. Highlights of the affair were the impromptu program, induction of officers, investiture of members, presentation of the fraternity's muse and sweetheart. In the program Mr. J. Rodriguez, Fr. Hoeppeper, and Fr. P. Van Engelen delivered short talks.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR MUSE AND SWEETHEART

Miss Virginia Oliva, our muse, hails from Milagros, Masbate, where she was born twenty years ago. She loves to make friends, and letter writing is her hobby. Her favorite sport is volleyball. Friendly, beautiful and bright (she's in the Honor Roll), Virgie is our logical choice as Muse of our fraternity. She is enrolled in the Junior Normal department.

Miss Carmencita Ty of the College of Pharmacy is the "sweetheart" of the fraternity. She comes from the southeastern part of Surigao. She is popularly known as Nene. One of the loveliest coeds and possessing a charming gentleness and politeness, we could not help making Miss Ty our "sweetheart." The engineering students consider themselves very lucky and are indeed proud of to have such a "sweetheart."

AMONG THE ENGINEERS

by Diosdado Abangan, CE '51

The Engineers on parade: See them march in strides with colors waving high and bright. Heading is Mr. Teodoro Ruiz. Number one on the Honor Roll

of the Seniors, Doring is the President of Engineering Dept. Organization and I of the Engineering Fraternity. Mr. Ruiz is a cadet officer with the rank of Major. He will be our Color Bearer in the next nation-wide Board Examinations for Civil Engineers. His victory and success will be our pride.

Another bright star is Mr. Eduardo Tan. He is a descendant of Pythagoras and the great grandchild of Ptolemy the renowned astronomer. He is a 360 degree cousin of Dr. Vidal Tan, the author of the High School Applied Arithmetic. Got some puzzling problem? See Mr. Tan and he will solve and help you understand any mathematical difficulty that you will encounter.

The parade moves one and now comes another leader. Mr. Restituto Alpuerto was with the Philippine Scout for 8 years. He was with the Bataan artillery. Now his former 155 mm Howitzer is replaced by that harmless instrument, the Transit. His experience in the Army and on the battle field and his personal initiative contribute to his leadership. He is a number one honor student of the Sophomores, a good father, and a worthy President of the class organization.

With the band of the parade is an engineer. He plays his clarinet well, with notes in terms of x and y in a rhythm of slurs similar to a parabola: For Not only a good player, Mr. Fortunato Bajarias ("Fortunato Barry") is also an expert handler of the deadly sighting instrument of the survivors. For Barry nothing is impossible to solve. That's why he is coping the second place in the Honor Roll.

SCIENCE NOTES

by Mario J. Mendezona
College of Engineering

Do you know that solid carbon dioxide, or "dry ice", scethes while at the same time it freezes its immediate surroundings? This is explained by the fact that the surrounding pressure is so low that the CO₂ boils and by doing absorbs the heat from its surroundings.

I have you ever imagined that water can be made to boil until it freezes? If you know how you certainly can make it do so by sufficiently reducing the pressure.

And here is another thing which should be of interest. A multi-billion-volt proton synchrotron to be built at

(Continued on page 20)

A Glimpse of Pharm-Land

by Rosario Ty

Well, well, whom do we have here? Ah, none other than pretty Nelda del Carmen, putting on her most-attentive look. But see? She always has an open magazine under her lecture notebook. Want to know about novels, screen biographies or Batman? Just ask Nelda! Sometimes, Nel, we believe that that mole on your nose brings you luck.

Wait,—somebody's reciting. Yes, it's Miss Catan the brain of the class. Luz surely looks charming in her new hair-do. She's everything that a pharmacist should be: reliable, amiable, charitable, serviceable, but (for the present) not spendable — er rather available, though.

Ah, here comes debonair Eugenio Villacorta, the only male thorn among the female roses. Anyone of those ice-cream and peanut parties, Pop? He's so conspicuous in our classroom that his absence is readily noticed. Now, isn't that too bad?

Well, if it isn't Troping Ursal flucting over her pneumococci in the incubator. Be careful, don't get too intimate with those cocci, Ping! Miss Ursal is the "juniorst" of the Juniors, but the tallest too. Bacteria are her favorite subject. She's quite handy with microscopes and cameras. An excursion won't be complete without her camera, nor will a party succeed if Troping isn't in with her cash and piano pieces for entertainment.

Talk of inseparable chums, we have them in our class too. That what Laling and Charito are to each other, Miss Noel and Miss Ty to you, respectively. One won't go to the excursion so the other doesn't go also. Resuti! Ma'am gets "sore" the following Monday! Velvet and the co-op draw the two like a magnet; even during lab, they leave their boiling magna for a sip of Birelys.

R-ring! Oh, it's time for the sophics to use this room. Now, who are those coming in, arm-in-arm? It's cute Carmen Tolentino with Estrella Veloso. Mameng is a brilliant conversationalist with a keen sense of humor at that. No wonder she keeps us in a gay mood. She has brains too. Mameng is really T.N.T. (trim, neat and terrific).

Like Mameng, Yeyeng Veloso has intelligence to match with her nice figure. Geel her eyes alone are really something to look at.

...Wherever there is laughter, one is sure to find Salud Valencia among them. Vivacious Salud is fond of movies and dancing. She knows dances from A to Z, i.e.—from Abaravay to

(Continued on page 20)

YES WE'VE MET...

(Continued from page 5)

mumbled her name, Carolina...Lina... until finally he fell asleep.

Morning found Bert still asleep at breakfast time. His mother was quite busy with her visitors and friends who had just returned from the "Rezada" of the "Kahulogan." Presently, Tikay came to his room.

"Hey, Roberto, wake up!" Tikay shook him. "Can't you see it's nice o'clock."

"Uh—h-h-h—h—" Bert dreamily turned, rubbing his eyes, they opened a little and closed again.

Tikay shook him again.

"Wake up! Mamma wants you. She told me to wake you up."

"Still Bert could not get up.

"But there are visitors, Roberto."

"Aw, what if there are. Now, go away!"

"But she told me to bring you. They want to meet you."

Finally Bert could hear his mother call. He dressed much to his dislike and still grumbling, he entered the dining room.

"Bert," he heard his mother again, "you surely kept us waiting."

"Yes, Ma, I'm sorry. You see I didn't sleep well last night. I came home, late."

He kissed his mother and turning to the visitors, said, "Hello everybody—" His eyes alighted on a familiar figure. There, across the table sat Lina and her mother. "Why, Lina! I'm glad to see you!"

"Hello— Alfredo de la Peña Jr." she greeted him, with a special emphasis.

"Am I seeing things or am I still dreaming?" Bert asked himself aloud.

"Well, well, I see, you've met. But aren't you going to give your cousin a shake, Bert? Her name isn't Lina. It is Marina. This is Mrs. Flores her mother, my second cousin on my mother's side," explained Bert's mother.

"...Cousin" Bert heard himself muttering again. "How do you do, Marina!" Bert greeted as he shook her hand heartily.

"Yes, we've met before, haven't we, Bert?"

"But, didn't you tell me last night your name was Carolina Gomez?"

"And didn't you tell me your name, too? Ha, ha, I saw your pictures in that family album and when I saw you at the dance I immediately recognized you."

"You mean, you mean, you were just tagging me? You—you—did recognize."

Marina understood and assented with a big smile.

The mothers looked at each other with a smile.

Life and DEATH

By SALOME BARBA UBAS
Commerce I;

The morning dew is on the leaves of aromatic jasmine flowers. Birds are joyfully singing in the trees. The smiling radiant crimson sun is just peeping over the eastern horizon. The air, freshened by a shower, is still pungent with the evening scent. Everything seems standing still but that is a delusion.

Two things are going on all about, Life and Death. Nothing is standing still. Every plant and insect is either growing or dying. This jasmine blossom, which is now luxuriant and blooming sweetly will produce one, two, or three captivating buds and then will wither and disintegrate into the elements to be forgotten. Grow or die is the inexorable law of life. Even the insects which wing with such amazing freedom do their work and, when it is finished vanish from mortal eyes. Nearly every living thing leaves its seed behind when it dies away. Nothing really dies. Death then is just the delusion of ignorance, after all.

Flumens, like plants, breathe, produce and die but, being humans, they are not limited to the production of physical things alone. They can produce sympathy, love, laughter, song, beauty, kindness, a better social order. These are the seeds they can leave behind us, and they will live again in them as they grow and blossom.

But life is the greatest treasure that God has given man as a priceless gift for the good things he does while he lives; but it is a chain of day and night, happiness and sadness, love and hatred. It is founded on give and take. Like the scent of a blooming rosebud, its delicate petals die, its beauty and fragrance fade away, but it leaves behind seeds promising new life, new beauty, and aroma. One may be rich or poor, a king or a commoner, great or small, but the same destiny awaits all in this world.

* * *

alone

a glance, a smile, a sigh,
a boast of love we'er to die.

a look, a vow, a kiss,
a soul lost in complete bliss.

a word, a wince, a start,
a love moving far apart.

a tear, a sob, a sigh,
a gaze at clouds that fly.

—C.C.R.

BETWEEN DAYS...

(Continued from page 5)

man lay in bed. He was to smoke only one stick before he would give himself up to sleep, after a fatiguing evening. But he completed a chain of them, and was still awake. For he was thinking of a woman, to him a walking dream of youthful beauty and endearing charms.

He relieved the first moment he saw her, by a corner of the busiest streets in the city, a package in one arm and a cute little girl child protectively beside her—a pretty picture that at once challenged an active imagination. He saw her again the same day, and a closer view made him feel his search for that one woman he had almost accepted illusory was at long last ended. And wonder of wonders! he say her again and again on the university campus; he had passed by her so closely that he could perceive the perfect smoothness of her cheeks and the brown tinge of her eyes. On these occasions, he was sorely tempted to walk beside her and tell her he wanted to be a friend—later, much more, he hoped. But she appeared to discourage such intentions, for when she walked around, no male ventured beside her. Young men dared only to look with approving glances.

The university ball offered an opportunity. He saw her, an apparition of a dreamer's delight. He knew he must make the first move, if he were to take her around the dance-floor in his arms and hear her voice he believed as haunting as her face. But his courage failed him, in the face of fierce competition for her favors. It concealed his lost courage in nonchalance, apparently oblivious to the presence of a delightful armful of femininity.

Now in bed he inhaled one last puff of a cigarette and crushed it in the tray. Slowly exhaling, he heaved one deep sigh of frustration and strove to catch the figure, now moving, now still, of that lovely apparition stealing into his every thought. He closed his eyes, wistfully hoping he would soon know her, to chide her for taking away from his the erstwhile freedom that was his.

—III—

Night moved on. The breezes became colder, leaving, as they played around in the dark, telltale shimmering signs among the blades of grass and the leaves of trees. The young woman shivered from the breeze that strayed into her window and hastily pulled the bed cover up her neck so as not to miss a beautiful dream unfolding.

Another breeze wafted into the young man's room, and he felt the cold, truant air in the darkness of a slow-moving night.

NINETY-EIGHT GRADUATES IN THE FIRST SEMESTER

A total of 98 students graduated in the first semester. There were 28 graduates in Bachelor of Science in Education, 16 in Bachelor of Science in Commerce, 5 in Bachelor of Arts, 3 in Associate in Commercial Science, 20 in Junior Normal and 27 in Associate in Arts.

In the morning of November 13, the graduates attended the Baccalaureate services which included a mass and breakfast at the University hall. In the evening of the said day was the commencement exercises. Miss Jovita Uvano of the College of Education delivered the address of petition. Msgr. C. Reyes as the guest of honor delivered the commencement speech.

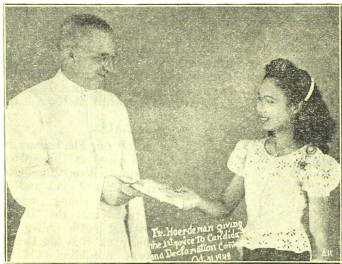
After the distribution of diplomas, the drama "Half an Hour in a Convent" was successfully presented by the USC Dramatics Club.

NEW BUILDING FOR HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

A new two story building has been constructed for the Home Economics department. Located at the old site of the Home Economics department, the new building is far from the noise and dust of the street. The new structure of strong materials will provide ample space for all the requirements of the department.

NEW MEMBER OF THE FACULTY

Mrs. Avelina Juan-Gil is the latest addition to the faculty of the collegiate department. Mrs. Gil is a Senior Teacher Eligible and is a B.S.E. graduate (Cum Laude) of the University of the Philippines. She took a post graduate



Miss Candida Mercader, Education Senior won the First Prize in a Declaration Contest sponsored by the College of Education. Here she is shown receiving the prize from Fr. Hoerdemann dean of the College of Education.

N E W S

course in the same institution and lacks only 12 units for her M.A. Special courses taken by her include Dramatics (she was a member of the U.P. Dramatics Troupe), Dancing and Piano. In the examination for Pensionado (English) in 1937, she ranked third place. Mrs. Gil was the Director of the Dramatics Club and Physical Education Department of the Tayabas High School in 1938-1941. From an authoritative source we learn that she has one of the most beautiful English accent. Mrs. Gil will handle English subjects in the collegiate department.

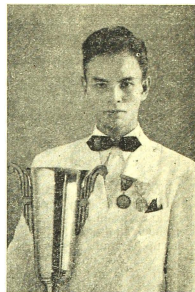
STUDENT COUNCIL ATTENDS SPECIAL MASS & BREAKFAST

Last Oct. 29, feast of Christ the King, the class officers and representatives of the student council heard a special mass said for them by their moderator Fr. Hoerdemann. 113 class officers and representatives were present. About two thirds of them received holy communion. Fr. Hoerdemann delivered a stirring sermon on the Kingship of Christ. After the mass the officers and representatives took their breakfast at the university hall. Among those present were Fr. Rector Dingman, Fr. Hoerdemann, Judge F. Martinez, Dean Zosa of the Col. of Law, and some faculty members. Short talks were delivered after the breakfast by the following: Miss L. Chew who spoke in place of Miss A. Redil who could not speak due to a sore throat; Mr. D. Morales, President of the Law Junior and executive assistant of the Faculty Club; Mr. J. Mercader, President of the Law Senior and of the Student Council; Fr. Hoerdemann and Fr. Rector Dingman.

Mr. W. Buquid-- President of the Lex Circle and Vice President of the council, acted as master of ceremonies. Fr. Rector congratulated the Council for holding such a praise worthy activity.

LAW LEADS IN ATTENDANCE OF STUDENT COUNCIL MEET- INGS

In all the meetings held by the Student Council last semester, the College of Law always had the best representation. The College of Com-



Mr. Vicente Uyo third year law student, First Prize Winner of the Oratorical Contest sponsored by Knights of Columbus.

merce ranked next. The colleges of Education, Pharmacy, Junior Normal and Home Economics Departments, Liberal Arts, Engineering, Secretarial were also always represented though they ought to have better representation. The A.B. group had the lowest attendance with the Senior A.B. conspicuous by their continued absence.

In the special mass and breakfast the following are the attendance of the various colleges and departments in the order of their majority:

(As reported by Miss Amparo Rodil, treasurer of the Student Council)

1. College of Law	25
2. College of Commerce	24
3. College of Education	19
4. Junior Normal	12
5. College of Pharmacy	7
Pre-law	7
Pre-medic	7
6. Secretarial	4
7. Home Economics	3
8. College of Engineering	3
8. A. B. (General)	2
Total	113

It is hoped that the colleges and departments which had poor attendance in last semester's meetings will have a better representation this semester.

STUDENT COUNCIL TO HOLD OUTING

In its last meeting the Student Council decided to have an outing in the first days of the 2nd semester. It will be a whole day affair to be held at the USC resort in Miramar. Around 150 officers and representatives are expected to join the party. Purpose of the affair is to foster unity, among the student leaders of the various departments. The President of the Council, J. Mercader has appointed Mr. Adaza Lex Circle V.P. general chairman of the affair.

USC Takes Runner-up Post in CCAA Bows to Southwestern in Play-off

By BEN MARTINEZ

Coming within a game's distance from the CCAA championship, the scrappy San Carlos Green and Goldies tripped at the finish line and succumbed to the withering fast-break attack of the Southwestern Colleges who retained the trophy with their 36-27 victory in the finals held at the Eladio Villa stadium on Nov. 28.

The heart-breaking Carolinian setback does not immediately cross Coach Baring's boys from the national championship set for December 14-19 in Manila. San Carlos is a cinch to make the grade in the three-way play-off with the Rafael Palma College of Bohol and the Silliman University of Dumaguete. The winner of the series will pair with the CCAA champions as representatives of the East Visayas in the national intercollegiate meet.

San Carlos stepped with too much caution and played right into the rough-and-tumble tactics of the Southwesterners in the championship game. With the game slipping away from their hands the Carolinians came back with a big fight in the closing quarters. Luck was on the side of the opposition which kept peppering the hoop to run off with the game and the championship.

The "never-say-die" spirit of the Carolinians paid off famously on Nov. 21 when the favored Southwesterners went down to a 44-38 beating to extend the league an extra game. It was a magnificent rebound from the heart-breaker which San Carlos dropped to Southwestern in the first round.

It was no surprise that Coach Manuel Baring's boys were crowding the Southwesterners for the top space in the CCAA League. San Carlos, this year, is top-heavy with potential stars from the newcomer list and is propelled by the presence of Olympian Lauro Mumar.

No. 1 among the new faces is "Wonder Boy" Cui, the mighty mite, with dynamite in his shooting hands. The fact that he comes from Carcar, the cradle of basketball stars, should tell enough about him. The label of CCAA "find of the season" goes to him by a wide margin.

Nimble as an acrobat, rifles shots through the basket from any angle of the court. His forte is one-handed leaves from around the foul circle. And he beavels the opposition with passes that rival those of Daboc Cortes.

Gonzaga, another newcomer, is racing Cui to a photo-finish for the title of "most promising newcomer." He is a rock-hard barrier on the defense and a shot on the offense. He is all

over the court like a streak of lightning, breaking up enemy lays and ringing pointers from long and short distance and under the goal.

But the one that everybody should be burning incense to is Lauro Mumar. There's a percentage in his presence on the line-up alone. It works strong medicine with the team. The morale of the team goes up as accurately as the mercury soars when the weather is hot.

For another thing, San Carlos this season never had to scrimp on player-switching on account of the many good men it can always pick from. Skipper Vicente Cortes still carries the team with his expert ball-handling and fading. Jimmy Bas and Joe Abella, old-time veterans, never fail to make their presence felt by the enemy. And there's Yrot Estrera who blows hot and cold as the situation calls for it.

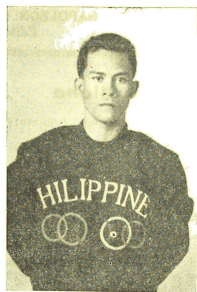
In the CCAA San Carlos has been blowing hot most of the time and finished the league deadlocked with the Southwesterners for leadership with five wins and one loss each. The Cebu Technicians trailed behind and the Southwestern College outfit made up the tail-end. The Carolinian games were as follows:

In the CCAA San Carlos has been last. San Carlos took an easy 43-33 win over CIT. Making his first appearance in a San Carlos uniform since he returned from the London olympics, Mumar put on a big show and accounted for 13 points, besides yeomen work at guarding. Cortes and Bas also showed flashes of old form and performed admirably.

The Carolinians easily swept the Southern Collegians in their next assignment.

San Carlos entered its first crucial engagement with the strong southwesterners in the forwards missing. Mumar was out of town then and Abella suffered from a limp in his leg. The odds were heavily in favor of Southwestern, which did come through to a hard-fought triumph. Wonder Boy Cui electrified the crowd with his one-hand baskets through three quarters. Experience and endurance finally caught up with the Carolinians in the closing minutes of play and Southwestern pulled away to victory.

The picture was different in the return San Carlos-Southwestern encounter in the second round. Mumar and Abella were back on the line-up. San Carlos promptly staged its usual razzle-dazzle power drive and ran wild to a 13-point margin at the fin-



Ambrosio Sambiao Basanung
Swimming Coach of USC

Mr. Basanung was a member of the Philippine Olympic delegation to London. He is the 1948 National Champion (400 and 1500 free style) and is the record holder in 100 and 200 meter free style. He coaches USC swimming team and gives swimming lessons to bonafide Carolinians.

INTRAMURALS

The College of Law team and the Pre-medic outfit tied for the first place in the basketball intramurals. To determine the champion there will be a play-off game this second semester.

ILL ALWAYS REMEMBER...

(Continued from page 8)

we could clearly see the black silhouettes of the mangoes dotted with glowing fireflies. Dad was always good into resting company, and I would not barter such fine evenings for any other amusement even today.

Now when I ponder over the years of my early youth among children who wanted only a simple things and then not always got them, who were happy in spite of their poverty, I feel that somehow there has not been enough of those days. Youth was all too short in its span for me, and I treasure its memories and the little things that count very much.

ish of the first half 25-11). Southwestern's Alcludia brothers, ably fed by Daboc Cortes, came back to life in the third quarter and steamed up the enemy rally that cut down the San Carlos lead to 4 points. The San Carlos line held in the final quarter and the Carolinians swept through to a 44-38 win and the fight to meet the champions for the play-off on Nov. 28.

NAPOLÉON G. RAMA
Editor

Sección Española

mejor dicho

El paraguas es un refugio para uno pero una ducha para dos.

* * *

Ella se viste como un "Christmas Tree."

* * *

Justicia dilatada es justicia denegada.
—Manuel Quezon

* * *

Tiene cara mas fea que un pecado mortal.

* * *

Sus ojos brillaban como dos soles.
—Juan Valera

* * *

Hace mucho quien hace bien.
—Kempis

* * *

Erguia su cabeza, tan calva como una bola de billar.

* * *

Prefiero tener razon que ser presidente.

* * *

—Henry Clay

Haz bien y no mires a quien.

* * *

Quien pierde el tiempo de otro es un ladrón.

* * *

...tan desvalido como una tortuga tendida sobre sus espaldas.

* * *

Charlaba como un "sub-machine gun."

* * *

"Cada uno rey!" es el refran del paraíso de los bobos.

* * *

—C. Romulo

Hacia mucho frio que repiquetearon mis dientes.

* * *

Me miraba, valiendose de sus ojos como se fueran sus dientes.

* * *

Somos iguales, pero por gracia de Dios, no somos identicos.

* * *

—T. Dewey

Tenia brazos que extendian una milla.

* * *

—I. Washington

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

* * *

—Bernard Shaw

EDITORIAL

LA GUERRA DETRAS DE LA GUERRA

LA MAS prolongada y encarnizada de las guerras no se emprende en los campos de batalla sino en los mercados de las naciones. Si bien imperceptible para los de medianos alcances, día tras día los pueblos del orbe contienen entre sí en una porfiada lucha económica. La lucha eterna de sobrevivencia.

Esta lucha cotidiana alcanza proporciones gigantescas porque afecta a todo ser viviente. Como la muerte, no respeta a nadie, sea él un príncipe o un pobre. Arrastra a todos a sus fronteras y nadie puede proclamar inmunidad a su furia y violencia. Sin piedad ni misericordia diezma a los vencidos, de hambre, crisis y miseria al par que premia a los de mejor suerte de prosperidad y opulento vivir.

La cuestión del día de vivísimo interés es: Como se libra nuestra Filipinas de la corriente guerra mundial económica?

Verdad es que les toca primero a nuestros funcionarios del estado, y a los negociantes filipinos dar la respuesta. Sin embargo, no estaria de más el hacer algunas observaciones que sirvan para dilucidar la presente situación económica.

Por doquier que se eche la mirada, no se puede hallar nada risueño en nuestro horizonte económico. Hay grandes casas de negocio, si: empresas que envuelven millones de pesos; los centros de negocio se inundan de compradores; están vivos y rebosando de actividad y prosperidad. Pero al escrudiñarlo mas atinadamente, uno confronta la amarga verdad que el que causó toda esta vida y actividad en nuestros mercados es el capital extranjero. Es doloroso tener que admitirlo, pero la verdad es que en la trascendental guerra económica que acometen las naciones, Filipinas se lleva la peor parte.

Las ventajas o las desventajas que se nos proporcionan en este trata anormal y anormal podemos muy bien imaginar. En todo caso no es de extrañar que estos forasteros pongan sus propias intereses por encima de los de nuestro país. y el celo con que estos guardaran nuestros intereses, no podria ser muy distinto de la indiferencia de que fueron capaces los mercenarios de ayer con respecto a los intereses ajenos.

DE ADIVINACION Y ADIVINADORES

Por ALFONSO DALOPE

Con la reciente apariencia de un cometa sin nombre y visible en Cebu y otras partes de Visayas han nacido presagios funestos y favorables que se nos brindan a cada paso por unos "gitanos" mas o menos simpáticos. Este fenomeno celestial, dicen, es un indicio de una guerra venidera. Los mas optimistas de los adivinadores lo interpretan como el precursor de años de abundancia. Sin duda la publicación de este artículo que trata de adivinación y presagio es a nuestro juzgar, muy a tiempo y no faltara interes a los credulos y a los que tienen vocación de gitana.

—Editor.

Quen puede negar que en nuestros tiempos subsisten los creyentes en los presagios? La civilización externa moderna no ha logrado extinguirlos. Algunos coincidencias o casualidades, muchos hechos, consecuencias naturales de otros, pero en los que no se piensa o no conviene a veces pensar, contribuyen a perpetuar creencias dignas de poca constancia, y no concurre poco a ello el neurosismo que domina en la vida moderna, precisamente en las clases mas señaladas como cultas.

No a otros factores deben su mas o menos floreciente existencia las adivinadores o pitonisas modernas y las

echadoras de cartas que explotan el desequilibrio mental social. A juzgar por su numero y supervivencia, el negocio debe dar lo suyo, a costa de incautos creyentes o de las que, aparentando pasarse de listos, se prestan a oír los vaticinios, que siempre dejan algo en pos de si que les impresione.

Tarea mas que dificil seria enumerar todas las aberraciones de la credulidad de los hombres, pues, sin contar con el mal de ojo, en que tan a pies juntos creyeron las pasadas generaciones y cree aun no pequeña parte de la nuestra tenga influencia en nuestra vida, salud, apenas si hay acto propio o ajeno que honra, fortuna, tranquilidad o negocio... Desde tener que decir "simbako" para destruir el maléfico de haber dicho un mal futuro y probable o escupir fuerte tres veces para anular la mala pata del que atraviesa un rio, hasta colocar una herradura tras de la puerta de la casa para atraer sobre ella la buena ventura, toda superstición tiene cabida y sera explicada satisfactoriamente por los desocupados que de todo hay en el gremio de los oráculos y nigromantes.

He aqui ahora algunos ejemplos de presagios funestos y favorables de los mas acreditados entre nosotros. Los primeros significan muerte, enfermedad, desgracia, calumnia, disgustos, contradicciones o perdida de intereses, los segundos, salud, la vida, la paz, el amor, la prosperidad, etc. Lo malo de estos es que ninguno esta comprobado por una recta experiencia.

Mi Comprovinciano

Cuento por
RAFAEL V. GUANZON

"Sr. Polo, Sr. Cruz," nuestro amigo Pablo nos presentó uno al otro.

"Mucho gusto en conocerle, Sr. Cruz," me dijo. "Entonces Ud. es tambien de Negros."

"Si."

"Ud. debe conocer a los Polo de Miranda, Sr. Cruz. Mi padre se llama Don Miguel Polo, uno de los poderosos de tal lugar."

"Por que no. Los conozco, especialmente a su padre. Son ricos y poderosos."

"De veras, mi padre es uno de los mas ricos no solamente de Miranda sino de toda la region del sur de Negros."

"Ah, sí, mucha razón tiene Ud."

"Tambien conocerá Ud. Sr. Cruz, a

mi hermano Paco Polo, juez de paz de Buri?"

"Quién no le conoce? Es uno de los mejores oradores en castellano y es un gran abogado. No es de extrañar que ocupe el cargo de magistrado algun dia. Hay que oírle hacer uso de la palabra."

"Se equivocó Ud. Paco es buen orador no solamente en castellano sino tambien en ingles. Para mi es el mejor orador de Filipinas en la actualidad. Ni el Presidente X no puede compararse con el en la oratoria. (El mestizo se ponía rojo). Y eso de ser magistrado, es todavia un puesto bajo para Paco."

Rei la risa de conjejo. "Parece que Ud. tiene razon. Voy por otro, que hace Ud. aqui en Manila, Sr. Polo? Estudia en algún colegio?"

Perjuicios Respecto A Los Cabellos

El cabello no es solo adorno de la cabeza o prenda de belleza; es tambien signo de fuerza y de salud, y precisa cuidarle desde la infancia para que tenga esas cualidades en la edad adulta y en la madurez. Si la cabellera de muchos niños no es tan lucida y hermosa como fuerza de desear, casi siempre se debe a que no se descuidaron o fueron mal aplicadas las medidas higienicas especiales.

El pelo de la cabeza se consideraba antiguamente como un agente protector contra la acción ofensiva de las variaciones atmosféricas. Al frio y al sol que de cabeza, los corizas y hasta la difteria.

El agua y el cabello se tenían por enemigos, y esta enemistad, que prohibía el uso regular del agua en abluciones y lavados, jabonoso o no, ha hecho muchos calvos. Como que por su natural capilaridad, el bulbo pilifero y el pelo se hincha con el agua, este ultimo se hacia tierno, seco y quebradizo. Suponiase que cuanto mas seco estaba el cuero cabelludo se transpiraba mas de la cabeza, y se aconsejaba el santo horror al agua, o hidrofobia para prevenir la calvicie, que, con la canicie, son los dos enemigos para el porvenir, no del salud, sino de la belleza humana.

Creiase, por ultimo, que cortando el pelo bruscamente y no solo las puntas, y haciendolo muy crecido, se podia engendrar debilidad y cloro-amecia, por que una abundante cabellera sustraía a la sangre jugos nutritivos importantes (hierro, azufre, cal, silice, etc.)

"No. Estoy aqui organizando la liga de veteranos. Por ahora lo que hago es pretender ser nadie como aquel personaje cinematografico Tartu, aunque como ya saben mis amigos que pertenecia a una gran familia en nuestra provincia. Pero una vez organizada la liga será uno de los mas poderosos aqui. Y todo el mundo me rendirá homenaje."

"Aplaudo su idea, Sr. Polo. Bueno, Sr. Polo, hasta otra vista." (Le de un apretón de mano).

"Un momento, Sr. Cruz. No se por que desucido he dejado mi cartera en casa. No puede Ud. prestarme cinco pesos. Siento devolveré esta tarde."

"Serlo que precisamente he salido de casa sin llevarme la cartera. Adios, Sr. Polo."

A GLIMPSE OF PHARM...

(Continued from page 14)

Zamba, together with its derivatives Altho' Salud is fun-loving, she does not turn her back to those close to her. Her ambition to be a pharmacist is enough proof for her desire to help those who are suffering.

Outwardly, Miss Restituta Inocian 's shy, but my! when you come to know her, she can talk untiringly from dawn to dawn. She is a bright coed with Chemistry as her favorite subject. Tutang is the Tita Duran of the sophies and naturally Pancho is her ideal man in the person of—? May we conclude that Pancho is also interested in Chemistry. Toots?

Now, here comes our candidate for any fashion show; our model for the "New Look." However, never entertain the idea of her tripping down the stairs, as she is always on the look-out. Elen Dosdos is friendly to everyone and believes in whatever you say, so boys beware! Don't spoil her trust. Medium sized, school-girl-complexioned Elen is the exact model of a Filipina beauty.

Well, the instructor's calling attention now. Let's go. Say, what's she dictating? Listen!

Latin-English name: — Fe Fuentes (official in Carolinian Pharmacopoeia '48).

Habit:—Dumanjug, Cebu.

Description:—Tall, fair-complexioned. A Betty Grable figure. Brown eyes. Sweet-tempered. Intelligent. Modest.

Uses: — As a good friend, reliable pharmacist (to be).

Boyl! how easy Pharmacozoology is!

SCIENCE NOTES...

(Continued on page 14)

Brookhaven National Laboratory will produce mesons artificially by bombarding hydrogen atoms with high-energy protons. The 60-foot synchrotron will accelerate protons to energies of three billion electron-volts. In a vacuum, these protons will speed around a doughnut-shaped tube surrounded by powerful magnets. Protons will reach speeds of nearly 180,000 miles a second or 96 percent of the speed of light. Launched at four million volts from a Van de Graaf generator, they enter the tube at an angle. By duplicating the cosmic-ray action, scientists hope to learn much about the properties.

Remembering a telephone number is simple for a new electric calculator with a memory capacity of 400,000 digits. The new machine,

HOME ECONOMICS DEPT. EDUCATIONAL JOURNEY

Home Economics students taking Home Arts I (Arts in Everyday Life) under Mrs. Jose Briones had an educational journey (not sentimental) around the city with the purpose of observing the architectural designs, the interior and exterior decorations, landscaping and color schemes of several houses. Among the residences visited were those of:

Mr. and Mrs. Nicanor Santos at Jones Avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Magin Ongpin at Ranudo Street; Mrs. Esperanza P. de Velez of Lahug; Mr. and Mrs. Jose A. Cavan of Guadalupe; Justice and Mrs. Manuel Briones at Mango Avenue; and Casino Español.

The students derived a great deal of pleasure from this study and are grateful to all who contributed to make a success.

Faculty Club Organized

Through the initiative of Fr. E. Hoerdeman, Secretary-treasurer of the university, a club for members of the

built by International Business Corp., is the first to combine electronic calculating speed, vast memory capacity and highly flexible facilities. Numbers to be recalled most quickly are held in electronic circuits while others are stored in relays and as holes in continuous paper tapes. By using punch cards, its memory capacity is almost limitless, 3,500 numbers of 19 digits each; it can multiply every second 50 numbers of 14 digits each or divide 20 numbers of 14 digits.

faculty was organized. Its purpose is to promote more fellowship and camaraderie among members of the faculty. The following are the elected officers: C. Faigao, President; secretary Dr. P. Solon, treasurer; A. Anden, Press Relations Officer; D. Morales, Administrative Assistant. Rev. Fr. Hoerdeman is the adviser of the Club.

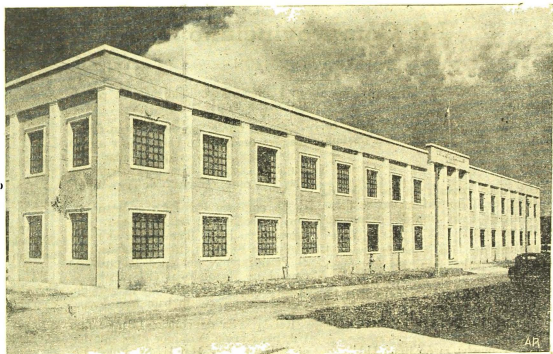
The members of the club with their families, and friends had a whole day of merry-making last Nov. 7 at the university resort in Miramar. Among the activities indulged in were swimming, volleyball, badminton, archery and parlor games.

Carolinian To have New EDITOR

Juan Mercader, our editor in chief, has asked to be relieved of his work in order to devote more time to his studies. Mr. Mercader is graduating this year in the college of law and is scheduled to take the coming bar examinations. A new editor will handle the USC paper and magazine this semester.

Carolinian Handbook To Be Published

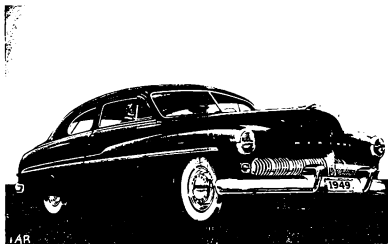
One of the things decided by the Student Council in its last meeting was the publication of a Carolinian Handbook. Said handbook will contain the rules of the university and the college songs and yells. The handbook will be distributed to all Carolinians and it is expected that they will follow the rules and learn the songs and yells contained in said handbook. The President of the Council has appointed Mr. D. Morales chairman of the committee in charge of the publication of the handbook.



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M/S "BOATSWAIN'S HITCHHI" or S/S "NORTHERN
HAWKER" at 10:00 P.M. for Dumaguete, Bais, Zam-
boanga, Cotabato, Jolo and Isabela de Basilan.

TUESDAY:

S/S "NORTHERN HAWKER" or M/S "BOAT-
SWAIN'S HITCHHI"—at 5:00 P.M. for Manila

WEDNESDAY:

M/S "CARMEN"—at 9:00 P.M. for Ormoc.
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FS 165 or FS 176—at 10:00 P.M. for Danao, Polawan
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