



The Carolinian

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE STUDENT BODY OF THE
COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS, CEBU CITY

This Christmas

Sergio M. Suica

A Strange Christmas Gift

Leonor D. Seno

A Box On The Shelf

P. R. Suarez Jr.

One Christmas Night

Alejandrina Bantiles

Yuletide Sparks

C. L. G.

Lo Que Va De Ayer A Hoy

N. G. R.

V. 10, No 4

DECEMBER, 1946

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Aboitiz & Co., Inc.

HARDWARE DEPT.

Legaspi St.

Cebu City

Tel. 25

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Ho Tong Hardware

163 Sikatuna St.

Tel. 405

COMPLIMENTS

OF

L U DO
&
U YM CO.

CEBU, PHILIPPINES

COMPLIMENTS OF

YUTIVO SONS HARDWARE CO.

CEBU BRANCH

COMPLIMENTS OF

Royal Lumber Co.

556 MARTIRES ST

Cebu City, Philippines

Tel. 228

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE STUDENT BODY OF COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS

Associate EditorsBenjamin Martinez
Mario Delgado**News**

Leon Casals

Sports

Ramon B. Tupas

H. S. ReportersJose Lugay
Ray Pangilinan Jr.**Francis J. Militante**

Editor-in-Chief

Napoleon G. Rama

Spanish Editor

Business Manager

Oscar Aleonar

Circulation Manager

Domingo Mirafior

Angel C. Anden

Adviser

Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel S.V.D.

Moderator

Literary EditorsAlejandra Fernandez
Pablo Suarez Jr.**Poetry**

Virginia Peralta

Military

Andrew Deen

FeatureEulalio Causing Jr.
Mario R. Irrabagon**EDITORIAL****THE REAL FOUNDATION OF PEACE**

Upon the birth of our Lord in a lowly manger at Bethlehem, the angels were heard singing, "Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of goodwill." These words could not have been sang only for the men of that time, but undoubtedly for all men of all times. Every year at Christmas these phrases are repeated in song, sermon and prayer coupled with the hope that there shall be, once and for all, peace among all men on earth.

During the last war when Germany and Japan bowed in unconditional surrender we all thought that the way was clear at last for world peace. There was the proposal of peace between the Communists and Nationalists of China, and there was the British promise of independence to India and the Dutch's emancipation of Indonesia. Everything looked rosy on the path towards peace but beneath this rosy path lay thorns of germinating hatred and selfish designs of one nation towards another. Hardly had the smoke of the first atomic bomb cleared the horizon, when there loomed again ominous clouds of varying magnitude; there was even a serious threat of an immediate war. Even the UN, supposedly the greatest exponent of world peace, had on several occasions been deadlocked in its sessions, evidently due to distrust of one nation towards the other.

Every nation on earth wants peace; every decent man abhors war. And yet

why did we find ourselves flung into the greatest human carnage of history? Why have so much blood and so many tears been shed? The average American or Englishman or Russian soldier could easily say it was all for peace. To many, peace is whatever happiness and prosperity they can enjoy regardless of the goodness or badness of the means they use to get it. This is the very view which placed the world in a huge conflagration. It is founded in selfish motives and wanton disregard of the rights of others, resulting in the illwill of one towards another. If this ideology will continue to prevail we cannot hope for any world peace, for the peace of the world can only be achieved when there shall be goodwill among all men. This Christmas we shall hear again the chantings of "Peace on earth to men of goodwill" while deep in our hearts we know that that peace will only be superficial unless we make its foundation, goodwill, real.

How can we promote goodwill among all men? The Christian religion which is founded on man's love of God and of his fellowman should play a major role in the life of every man. It is not enough to know the tenets of the religion but it is necessary to practice its teachings and its virtues to the end that man will love his fellowman, out of love of God. Then there shall be goodwill among all men and peace to the four corners of the earth.

The Box On The Shelf

P. R. Suarez Jr.

A black coupe crunched to a stop in front of Aling Dora's boarding house. As the generous proportions of the landlady's face at the window broke into a relieved smile, a slim, young woman, dressed in sober black stepped down from the car, glanced hesitatingly at the number scrawled on the wall, then as if assured at what the slip of paper in hand told her, slowly ascended the rickety flight of steps that led to the second floor of the building where Aling Dora kept her room.

"Good morning," Aling Dora wheezed in cordial greeting, "I presume you must be Mrs. Ricardo. I'm glad you came. I was hoping you would get my note. You see, I need his room very badly now, especially with the boarders I have. Of course, it didn't matter very much during the last four years. There was hardly a soul in the house then. But now, well, it's different, so I just had to write you and..."

"That certainly was nice of you," cut in the young woman in steady, even tones, in a voice with a strange husky timbre to it. "May I have the key please?"

Aling Dora certainly was not of the mind that social amenities should be as curt and perfunctory as that, but a look at the strange woman's eyes mollified her anxious social instincts, as if the glance she gave her made any more words between them seem superfluous. Without a word, Aling Dora gave her the key, executed a funny twist of her ponderous hips in her own version of a French

bow and motioned the visitor along to a darkened corridor.

"Here it is," Aling Dora explained as they stopped in front of one of the many identical doors. "I hope the lock doesn't give you any trouble," she murmured obsequiously, wishing to make her presence the least evident as possible.

"Thank you," intoned the young lady with finality that implied very strongly of her wish to be alone.

Pale, shapely hands fumbled with the lock, which, responding to the steady pressure of delicate fingers, gave way with a rusty click.

Celia leaned on the door jamb for a moment, her one hand clutched convulsively on the knob, as the strange, piquant mustiness of the room assailed her nostrils, engulfing her in the bitter, nostalgic flood of memories that it brought with it. This is his room - - -, Fred's room, just as he had probably left it four years ago. Yes, there hung his white coat on the wall, now given a darker hue by the layers of dust that had settled on it. The rack on the threshold still held his hats. It was funny about Fred's flair for hats. He would no sooner leave the house without one than he would his shoes. That coat of his too, now like a sheeted spectre in the crepuscular half-light of room, brought back memories of lighted stores and attractive window displays. Fred had always wanted to do his Christmas shopping early and even before the first week of December was past, he had all his gifts

wrapped and ready to be mailed. They had gone out together Christmas shopping then. That was when they had bought his new suit. Yes, she remembered that afternoon very well. She had been particularly attracted to a beautiful, silken, Spanish shawl in one of the stores. Vividly bright and rather gaudy, she had stared at it for several minutes. To Fred's generous protests to buy it for her, she had steadily refused, for the price tag read an amount which would certainly have wrought havoc to their carefully planned budget. They had had a lovely Christmas then midnight mass at the old church Christmas supper at her mother's then the melodious strains of carolers' voices till the early hours of dawn in their own cottage.

Her searching look, her eyes now accustomed to the darkness took in everything - - -, the typewriter on the table, half buried in a litter of papers, his old family chest in the one corner, the wash stand with its mirror now half-opaque from long neglect, in the other.

That was the room Fred had taken for himself, where he had lived after that trivial incident that had precipitated their separation. Celia was bitter after all these years. Bitter at Fred's asininity, his self-centered pride. Every body had thought they were the perfect match - - -, he a promising young attorney; she the only daughter of a well-to-do family. There was nothing that could have barred their

(Continued on page 12)

One Christmas Night

By Alejandrina Bantiles

"Women do go crazy for a uniform, don't they?" Amadeo Villa said to his wife Lenore as they rode home from the Xmas Ball.

"Meaning, I suppose, that I danced too much with Captain Solon. If you didn't like it, why didn't you cut in on him? All you did was to stand around and pout," she answered.

Worse words followed before the couple reached home.

When Lenore walked out of her house the next morning, it was not a shopping bag she carried. Nor was she headed for her hometown to the south, in order to visit her mother. Instead she took a new direction, one she had never traveled before.

She landed in a small town to the far north of the island of Cebu. There she applied for work. The only job available was as clerk in a Chinese tienda. Her boss was glad to have her help and even accommodated her with a small room behind the store. Her presence there saved him a watchman.

After the novelty wore off of her work in a few weeks, life became exceedingly monotonous. People eyed her with suspicion. She received no social invitations. She felt as if in exile. This was no place for a woman of her standing. Yet there was nothing she could do about it. After the second day away from home she had sent Amadeo a registered letter begging his forgiveness for the

harsh words she had spoken to him in their little quarrel, but he never answered.

A year passed. Again it was the afternoon before Xmas Eve. Lenore was busy in the store waiting on the holiday shoppers when a messenger brought her a telegram from Cebu City. She opened it immediately and read: "Your husband hurt in auto accident. Come at once to city hospital. Cebu Police Dept."

Christmas Eve

Lo! upon the air I hear,
 Glad music, sweet and deep,
 The happy, holy Christmas bells
 Awaken Love from sleep...
 The moon smiles down on me
 While watching from the sky
 And I hear those happy songs
 Of love that cannot die...
 Gently, softly dance the waves,
 And lovingly the breeze
 Touches my cheeks with tenderness
 And so my heartaches cease,
 For 'tis Christmas Eve.

Nene Bantiles . . .

Lenore was bewildered for a moment. Did he really want her to come? Was he dying? Soon her mind was made up. She would go to him, for she still loved him.

The afternoon bus was due to leave in a few minutes for Cebu City. Mrs. Villa climbed aboard after taking quick leave of her kind employer. She took an end seat toward the right side of the

truck and a little to the front. She was troubled in mind and remained silent. To add to her gloom the rain fell fast and the wind indicated that a depression was in the vicinity of the Visayas. "What a Xmas Eve I'll have this year," she said to herself, as the bus started for Cebu.

Everything went well until the tenth kilometer from the city. Then another bus coming in the opposite direction suddenly appeared on a curve in the road. The first driver tried to avert a collision, but in doing so got off the shoulder of the highway and skidded into the ditch. Mrs. Villa, who was caught off balance, fell out of the bus and hit her head against a stone. She was taken in an unconscious state to the city hospital by the second bus.

It was Xmas morning. The rain still poured in torrents although it was ten o'clock. Lenore awoke from a deep sleep and found herself in strange surroundings. A nurse was at her side bathing her forehead.

"Where am I?" the patient began.

"In the Cebu City hospital."

"And who is in the bed next to mine?"

"Your husband," the nurse retorted with emphasis.

"How is he?"

"He's all right, except for a good bump on the head and a few minor cuts."

"And what's wrong with me?"

"Nothing, except for a shaken-up brain and a wound on the head."

Amadeo heard the whole conversation. He could restrain himself no longer, so he began to speak.

"Lenore! Are you there?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm glad. Thank God you're not hurt more. You had a

(Continued on page 12)

To My Sister

By Louisa Y. Varela

"SISTER, listen! The Xmas bells are ringing. Yes, they ring expectantly, insistently, calling you and me.

"Did I say you? Ah, no! they no longer have the power to call you. You cannot hear them. I sit alone in this soothing darkness which I love, which reminds me of you because you love it, too.

"They tell me you were very happy when I was born. You hovered over my crib and fussed over the little sister you were so happy to have. The cooing, tiny baby did not know that you treated her as a devoted slave would treat her queen. Perhaps, you thought so, didn't you? But somehow, she did learn to know, sister mine. She did

know the loving gaze you always turned on her, the warm softness of your gentle arms as you tenderly held her, the sweetness of your voice as you sang her to sleep.

"And so as I grew up, my eyes turned to you in gratefulness. I loved you and showed it. I toddled after you and as soon as I could, I even joined you in your games---games which I loved because they were yours. I did not mind the bruises nor the sprained elbow I got when, using father's walking-sticks, you led me around the house, pretending we were riding on a pair of fleet, Arabian steeds. Much less did I mind the pain of broken teeth when I fell, none too gently, from the old mango tree in the backyard. I did not mind because I was with you.

"Thus we grew up together, getting closer as the years sped by. Can I ever forget the nights we spent talking---you in your bed and I in mine?"

Ah, this babe was my dearest treasure. I was her most devoted slave. With her tiny fingers, she would pull me from my work to the garden to pick the flowers she so loved, or to listen to the gay twittering of the birds.

She, too, came to me one morning, her sweet face upturned, her eyes glowing with anticipation---the way they glowed whenever she wanted something. I remember I put down the book I was reading and took that little face in my hands and said, "My queen, I will do everything you bid me do."---Unfortunately, tragic words.

"Then come, Father," she said. Her little fist in mine,

(Continued on page 7)

Sometimes we talked about friends---unforgettable. A t times, we discussed books---light and serious, and when the moon shone out of a starry sky and the shimmering palm leaves languidly rustled we turned to poetry. I recall the "Hound of Heaven"---how you loved it, how your eyes glowed with pleasure as you went 'down the arches of years'. And Keats. You loved him, too.

"But listen--- The bells--- they ring for the Midnight Mass. They call---no, not you---but me alone.

"Somewhere, in a lovely, quiet convent chapel, I can see you bowed---bowed in adoration before your new-born Master and your King."

The Mountaineer

L. D. Seno

He was a rough figure of the wild open space, untrained in the luxuries of civilization. A tenacious bond held him irrevocably to the plow and the field. As my father and I waited for him to inform us of the season's yield, I scrutinized him more closely. He was an old man, yet, judging by his appearance, he had the suppleness of youth. He was of a stolid nature and the stern, immobile set of his face was carved, as it were, from the hills behind him. His coarse home-woven shirt, frayed at the elbows and at the collar, covered limply the bulging flesh of his muscles. A shaggy mop of long unkempt hair was running with sweat that streaked down a square, deeply lined, unshaven face. A prominent, high-bridged nose jutted out between two weather-beaten cheeks. His

(Continued on page 13)

THE MISER

L. Y. V.

When I got out, leaning on my old bamboo cane, children---run after me, crying, "Scrooge, Scrooge!" They make faces at me and sometimes the more daring ones throw mud at my pants.

"A miser," they call me. Yes, a mean, calculating, old miser. But come and look long at this weary face and these sorrow-filled eyes. Trace a finger along these wrinkles. And now put your hand over this old heart. Yes, all the weariness in this face, the sorrow in these eyes, these wrinkles---all should not have been were it not for my shattered heart.

"Tight-fisted," they say. Look at these clenched hands...strange...very strange...but they were once soft, and tenderly did they hold a lovely woman's hand. Gently, too, they held a tiny babe---a baby girl that was the idol of my heart.

Yuletide Sparks

By C. L. G.

"If you give a budding writer an inch, he will make a column out of it," is an old saying in news offices. I am no exception to the rule. When the editor approached me to try my hand at an article for the Xmas Carolinian I had an idea that he was secretly determined to fill his magazine with trinkets until it bulges like a Christmas stocking. That thought set off the spark of inspiration which kindled my Yuletide spirit and reminded me that Christmas will soon be here with all its childhood loveliness.

Again the phrase "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," should not be just a byword. The grand old festival of Christmas stands for grace and holiness, joy and laughter, unblemished by pain and despair. We rejoice greatly in the expectation that we shall be able to dress a *maquey* tree without feeling like a two-faced fool, or sing our own local versions of the Christmas carol without our tongues getting somehow entangled with

our back teeth. After 5 years of fear and uncertainty, this will be quite an achievement.

The past few years of futile dreams and disheartening experiences have left us with a bitter taste in the mouth, and forgive us if, now and then, we sound off-key and wary of a number of things. Too many bombs, carbines, and grenades have for some bewildered period of our existence changed the heavenly star of Bethlehem into a leaden flak which left corroding fragments in our hearts. We know that some of us have lost our childlike faith and simple joy, because brutal reality has taken off some of the shine from our little glittering world of make-believe. But let us rehabilitate our Xmas selves.

We are not cast so far down in the bottom of our last pair of shoes as to believe that there will be no more Christmas such as we have known before. In fact, are we not awaiting the Yuletide season with joyful anticipation of vari-colored

window lanterns, of cotton-laden Christmas trees, of happy voices raised up and down the streets in their innocent exuberance of joy and goodwill? We have no way of ascertaining whether *lechon*, walnuts, grapes, and other delectables will also be on hand for the festivities, but we have decided that a few well-meaning gifts from our friends, and less underminings and intrigues will suffice for all practical purposes.

Also, we realize with a sudden pang of patriotic fervor that this will be our first Christmas as an independent people. Our sense of destiny is greatly disturbed, and we are reminded of the kindly injunction never to call a people an independent one unless we are sure of facts. Anyway, it still remains to be proven whether *gods* can learn to stand and "walk on brown legs" as has been foretold, or whether they will totter and fall from lack of training and too much cod-

(Continued on page 16)

The Miser

(Continued from page 6)

she led me down green fields, past lazy cows, across a rippling brook, and into a poor hut. It was a miserable hut indeed, and inside were a thin woman and her six children. The woman I recognized as the widow of one of my former tenants.

"Help them, father," she said, simply.

And I did. That poor hut grew into a comfortable house. The mother's health improved with the care of the best doctors available. The children all went to school. Yes, I

spent much for that family just so I could get in return the pleasure of seeing my daughter's affectionate and grateful eyes.

Baby eyes slowly turned into a beautiful maiden's, pure and innocent. And through all those long years, I spent and spent---yes, on that poor family.

One evening---oh! how I tremble when I think of it---the eldest son came to me timidly. Still more timidly he told me he came to ask for my daughter's hand. He---a mere beggar,---and she---the fairest, sweetest, dearest creature on earth. I recall---Oh,

the anger that I felt---that I shook the boy fiercely and shouted hoarsely, "Out! Out with you!"

He went out; and out too, went the light in her eyes. Frantically, I tried to bring it back, but I failed.

One morning, I knocked at her door. I knocked once,.... twice.... and no answer came. Oh, the bitterness of that hour! She left me---the darling of my heart left me.

Everything within me was dead. My gray hairs turned more gray still. The once generous hands slowly hardened.

And now, they call me the Miser. God, have mercy on me!

C. S. C. Fair Merry-Go-Round

by m. r. d.

The 4-night San Carlos Fair was one of the big social affairs of the season. It opened last November 3rd on the CSC grounds.

Mrs. Esperanza L. Osmeña and Mrs. Milagros Cuenco formally cut the ribbon of the San Carlos Fair. The two distinguished guests were shown around the fair by the Very Rev. Fr. Arthur Dingman, Rector of the college, and by Fr. Hoerdemann and Fr. Bunzel.

Before the opening ceremonies, a big parade was held with all the campus beauties, R.O.T.C. cadets and High School Students in attendance. A number of floats presented the various colleges. The coveted first and second prizes for the best floats went to the College of Education and the High School Training Department respectively.

The Fair grounds blazed with multi-colored lights, and offered a variety of colorful booths and displays, each sponsored by the various departments of the college. Green and Gold electric lights hung over P. del Rosario street just across the welcome arch at the main gate spelling in big bright letters "CSC".

After the College Fair was opened, there was one reason less for students to complain of boredom. By this time everyone looked like he was enjoying himself immediately. People were seen with gay smiles as they made the round of the booths the various departments had put up.

The program for the inaugural night featured the solid stringing of the guitar by Villarino of the CSC orchestra.

Another highlight of the evening was a Spanish play presented by the GSC Alumni Association participated in by Carmen Moras, Trinidad Alvarez and Apolinar Abella.

We don't know how people felt about it but a lot of Carolinians were wet when due to rain the second night's program had to be postponed for the next evening.

The third evening of the Fair presented a Spanish-English program. Plays, songs, declamations, and dances were featured.

Mr. Vicente Frias and Miss Dely Logarta depicted a scene entitled "Betrayal". As usual, Mr. Frias' acting was on par and Miss Logarta carried the show. The audience pronounced it wholesome and stimulating.

The last night of the 4-night college affair which was the Gala Collegiate Night was climaxed by a one-act play, "Home to Mother", depicting what happens when too many understanding women try to help a misunderstood husband. Mr. Eulalio Causing played the part of the misunderstood husband. The play was a bang.

Another top performance of the evening was an impromptu comedy sketch, "AH-H", presented by top college crackpots under the sponsorship of the Barons Club. Worthy of mention were such cock-eyed talents as Messrs.

E. Causing, O. Aleonar, V. Frias, F. Militante, W. Buid and Moose Irrabagon, the perennial crowd-pleaser. The sketch was a riot.

College bobby-soxers swooned when Guest Artist Jesus Concepcion started stealing the show of the last night's program with his inimitable rendition of 'I'm Crying in the Inside'. The audience roared for an encore and "Unting" followed up with "Madre"....and topped it all with the ever-popular "Always in My Heart". By this time everyone was too hoarse to yell for some more.

The Fair was the biggest post-war social activity of the college. And to the quote official statistics, the place where people got most and paid less, if they ever paid at all, was the San Carlos Fair Canteen.

R. O. T. C. ACTIVITIES

Nov. 6—A Military parade and review was held in honor of His Grace, Mons. Gabriel Reyes and Very Rev. Fr. Arthur Dingman S.V.D.

Nov. 7—The Corps Sponsors reviewed the R.O.T.C. unit. After the review an inter-company close order drill competition was conducted with all the commandants of other colleges acting as judges.

Company "D" under Cadet Captain Oscar V. Aleonar, its commander, copped first place after a close contest with other companies of the unit. Company "C" commanded by Cadet Captain Vicente Dakay placed second.

Both company commanders received encouraging letters of commendation from the Commandant.

NEWS

Major Flores Visits C.S.C.

Major Manuel Flores, Inf., P.A., Superintendent of R. OTC Units in the Philippines visited CSC in the course of his tour of inspection of ROTC Units in Visayas and Mindanao. The major's visit brought back happy memories of the pre-war days when he was the first commandant of the ROTC unit of San Carlos, and made a crack unit that brought Manila off its feet in the memorable ROTC competition in 1938.

A welcome dinner was tendered in his honor by the Rev. Father Rector and Faculty of the college on November 23rd. Among the guests were high ranking Army officials and the Commandants of the ROTC Units of Cebu. In an after dinner speech he said among other things, "This college is dear to me."

Forensics Offered

A class in Forensics is being conducted by Atty. Francisco Romualdez a famous orator and, formerly professor of Forensics in the University of Santo Tomas and the Vicente Francisco Law School. This is the first time Forensics is offered at San Carlos. Several students from the different departments have already enrolled in this class and it is felt that more students will enroll because of the unquestioned ability of the professor to teach the subject, which he showed during the first meeting of the class.

Christmas For The Poor

The students of the High School Training Department are busy preparing various kinds of gifts which they will give to the poor children of

the city sometime before Christmas Day. An appointed Santa Claus will distribute the gifts at the basketball court of the department.

Oratorical Contest

An oratorical contest will be held in the U.S. Training Department on December 16th. There will be six contestants who will vie for the beautiful gold medal donated by Governor Manuel Cuenco and the silver medal donated by Judge Felix Martinez.

New Grandstand Almost Finished

The latest improvement undertaken by the college is the construction of a new grandstand around the improved basketball court for the college department. This is one of the things that Carolinians like most because this is where they shout out hoarse for the team; this is where they learn to accept defeat; this is where they feel the surge of Carolinian spirit.

CSC Varsity Team Left For Manila

The CSC Varsity Basketball team, declared champions in the NCAA League in Cebu, left for Manila last Monday to represent San Carlos in the NCAA Basketball National Championships. Rev. Fr. Bunzel, S.V.D., athletic director of the college, went with the team. The games will start on Dec. 18. To the boys we say, - Good Luck and Bring the Bacon Home.

Enrollment Increases

Enrollment for the second semester in the collegiate department showed an increase according to information re-

NIK NAKS

Accounting Class

Teacher: What is the purpose of the balance sheet.
Student: To make accounting harder.

Marketing Class

Teacher: Why are you so noisy today?
Student: (Shouting) today is market day!
-o-
Teacher: What is the difference between speculation and gambling?
Student: Spelling - Sir.

English Class

Teacher: Change this sentence into active voice
Juan was bitten by the dog
Student: Juan bit the dog.

Physics Class

Teacher: What is the best time saving device you know?
Student: Sir! Love at first sight.

By KOMMERS STUDE

-O-

People, have continually entertained fear of -what the people; might say'- for ages. This, is the primary cause of pretense and a breeder of hypocrites.

-O-

Women are presumably allergic to flatters. But just the same, they secretly wish to be flattered.

-O-

Men with excellent penmanship are men who write with a slow trend of thought and have plenty of time to waste.

By O Serap

ceived from the office of the Registrar. Last semester's record was 800 students in the collegiate department as compared to this semester's 861.

SPORTS

C. S. C. Cops C. A. A. A. Championship

The powerful San Carlos steamroller waded undefeated through the collegiate division of the tough CAAA circuit and walked off with the championship and the right to represent Cebu in the National Collegiate Basketball Championship in Manila, December 18th.

The San Carlos-Southwestern Game.

Coach Baring's boys made their bow in the CAAA tournament with an easy 45-28 win over the Southwestern Collegues. Still heavy with the strenuous "College Day" celebration, the Carolinians dully went through the routine motions of a basketball game and methodically cut the Southwesterners to ribbons. The shooting and passing on the San Carlos side was under par while the Southwestern team put on forty-minutes of fumbled passes and erratic attempts at the basket.

San Carlos took an early lead and coasted to victory during the last stages of the play. At the end of the first quarter, the score stood at 15-8 and at lemon time the Green and Gold had stretched it to 27-13. The second team took the field in the third quarter and Southwestern made a weak attempt at catching up before the regulars returned to put the game on ice. Mumar put in 13 points for San Carlos while "one-man team" Dadoc Cortes was highest scorer on the Southwestern line-up with 10 points.

The individual score:

FINAL STANDINGS

Teams	W.	L.	PTS.
Colegio de San Carlos	4	0	1,000
Cebu Inst. of Tech.	3	1	.750
Visayan Institute	1	3	.250
Southern College	1	3	.250
Southwestern Collegues	1	3	.250

SAN CARLOS	45
Mumar	13
Abella	8
Cortes	0
Bas	10
Fernandez	8
Solon	2
Aquino	0
Du	2
Ch. Veloso	2
Miole	0
SOUTHWESTERN	28
Cortes	10
Cabanero	0
Semilla	8
Cabaluna	4
Taboada	0
Tancingeo	4
Llaban	2

The San Carlos—C. I. T. Game, Nov. 16

Playing before a capacity crowd, the San Carlos dribblers out-manuevered and out-pointed the highly touted C.I.T. basketekers with a walk-away 60-34 count. It was a thrilling surprise to the big crowd that packed the stands to see the "dream game" of the season turned into a nightmare---for the Technicians! The fast-stepping Carolinians were at their shooting "best", threading the leather through the hoop at wild abandon while the Bas-Fernandez defense held down the enemy. The books registered a new mark for individual scoring as lanky Mumar looped in 28 points with his flawless one hand flips.

Coach Baring's boys turned

on the heat full blast from the out-set, putting on the one-two in perfect dribble-pass-and-shoot style. At the close of the first quarter, the scoreboard showed 22 points for San Carlos while the Technicians were cutting a sorry figure with a lone field goal. Intent on mayhem, the Green and Gold showed no signs of letting up and kept peppering the basket with the same regularity through the next three quarters.

The individual score:

SAN CARLOS	60
Mumar	28
Abella	6
Cortes	5
Bas	5
Fernandez	13
Solon	4
C.I.T.	34
Jaen	2
A. Alcudia	6
B. Alcudia	11
Aranas	7
Ceniza	2
Iburan	2
Sta. Cruz	4

C.S.C.- VI GAME

The San Carlos machine next ran head on into the a determined V. I. team and squeezed through a breath-taking 47-41 victory. Playing on the short end of the odds, the fighting V. I. aggregation start at a dizzy pace converting long-distance throws and undergoal tries into points with amazing accuracy and good fortune. Meantime, the highly favored Carolinians were having the time of their lives shaking off successive stretches of luckless shooting and then battling through

SPORTS

CSC-SC Game Nov. 18

the last states of play with a crippled defence wing coming from the disqualification of Bas and Fernandez. Second-stringer Chiong Veloso, substituting for Fernandez in the last quarter, played a hero's role in typical phlegmatic style coming to the rescue when the chips were down.

The Visayan Institute opened up with a bang and ran off with the first quarter, 14-5. San Carlos started hitting back in the second period but the V. I. spark was still there and the enemy led at half-time 25-20. Cortes and Mumar finally located the mark in the third quarter and the Green and Gold forged to a 34-30 lead. The score took seesaw turns in the thrill-studded last period as Bas first was thrown out on fouls and then Fernandez (with Cabahug of the V. I.) went out on a double foul. With the outcome in the balance, Coach Baring fielded Chiong Veloso, who promptly pulled the team out of the fire coming across with a long shot and topping it off with an under-basket goal.

The individual score:

San Carlos	47
Mumar	13
Abella	5
Cortes	12
Bas	8
Fernandez	2
Taylor	3
Ch. Veloso	4
Du	0
Visayan Institute	41
Seno	3
Batiller	5
Regner	8
Echavez	15
Cabahug	0
Lorenzo	0
Quano	10
Tuico	0

The Colegio de San Carlos nailed the CAAA flag fast to its staff in a fast encounter with the Southern College. The game was a replay of the rained-out battle of the previous night when the Southern College had the San Carlos strategy pegged with a man-to-man defence until the Carolinians broke away to a six-point lead when the rain fell in the third quarter.

The first quarter of the second day was a dingdong affair as both sides hit the loop with unusual regularity. San Carlos taking the better of the bargain, 19-16. The pace slowed down in the second period with the Green and Gold widening its lead to 32-24. The second half was a repetition of the first and the game wound up to the tune of 63-55. Fernandez, Bas, and Abella divided scoring honors on the San Carlos Champions with 17, 16 and 16 points respectively. Montecillo was highest pointer of the Southern College team with 16 points.

The individual score:

San Carlos	63
Mumar	6
Abella	16
Cortes	6
Bas	16
Fernandez	17
Taylor	2
Ch. Veloso	0
Southern College	55
Uy	10
Montecillo	16
Nacua	3
Cambonga	10
Alesna	2
Ramonedra	9
Barcenilla	0
Manubag	5

Collegiate Intramurals

The strong commerce quintet came out champion in the collegiate basketball intramurals for the first semester. The Law and Pre-Medics teams tied for second place while the Pre-Law followed close as third. The Engineers and the General Arts dribblers although trailing far behind consoled themselves with the thought that there is a second series in the second semester where they have a chance to make up for their losses.

The intramural basketball opening of the second semester was played on December 10, between the pre-medicos and the Law 51 centingent. It was a hotly contested game. Both teams inspired by the moral support given by Carolinian Coeds present, punctured the basket at all angles like nobody's business. With but four seconds to go and Doc Solon's dribblers leading by two points, Rosal of the Law 51 basketeers made good his attempt at the basket thereby tying the score at gong time to 33 all.

The second game was played between the Commerce and the College of Law team. At the blast of the whistle the Commerce boys exhibited a fast play and the Law contingents with their usual zone defense and subtly reduced to absurdity the confidence of the Commerce team at lemon time to the tune of 36-30.

Lines from our Poetry Editor

Dilemma

Long as my world is
With you
Will there be this pain?
Long as my world is
Without you
Will there be this rain?

Hope at Twilight

Some say hope rises fresh
With the rising dawn.
But hope comes to me
With a quiet prayer
At dusk...like water to a fawn.

Twilight Prayer

Twilight:
Warm-glowing candles on
A quiet altar.
Silence. Head in hands, and
Prayer for you at
Twilight . . .

Peace-Tide

The tide rises and falls
With the full and the waning
moon.
The tide in me
Rises to meet the warmth
Of a day begun, and
Ebbs with its lingering farewell.
But with the night is peace
and rest.
And the tide rises and it falls
With the full and the waning
moon.

-Virginia V. Peralta-

One Christmas . . .

(Continued from page 5)

close call. So did I when I tried to drown my sorrow in drink and did not have enough sense to keep out of the driver's seat. Yes, dear, I did have a hell of a time when you were away. I'm cured now. It took a good bump to wake me up. I want you back home with me to begin the New Year right. Merry Xmas dear!"

"The same to you, dear."
END

The Box . . .

(Continued from page 4)

happiness. But the realization that life, after the dissipation of that glorious haze that had lifted theirs from the sordid and the ordinary during the early days of wedded life, had to be lived with more practical sense and less of the fatuous idealism, had been too late. She had even now forgotten just what had been the cause of that nasty scene that afternoon - - -, some trivial fault, perhaps, some pardonable omission; but Fred had insisted to move to the city and take a room there. Her pride had been irked and she had failed to raise a finger to make him change his decision. She had thought their separation for a time would have been good for both of them at first, yet she had never counted on the stubborn pride of Fred nor of her own desire to be the last to declare a truce. She had waited daily for Fred to get her from her mother's home or to receive a letter from him. But if she posed to be indifferent to it all, Fred was doubly stubborn.

(Continued on page 16)

A Strange . . .

(Continued from page 2)

child; God will take care of everything. Only pray for your daddy. He is still in the prime of life and has a right to marry again. Perhaps that is the better thing for him to do. In any case I will be your friend."

Lily went home with a lighter heart that day, for she now saw the matter in a more mature light. She had never thought that it might be the better thing for daddy at least, if not for her, and she began to feel that she might have had too selfish an outlook on the whole situation. Anyway Xmas was near and that was the season of forgive and forget."

It was Xmas Eve and Lily was worried. The clock struck 8 p.m. and dad was not yet home. He had been gone all afternoon, "on an important engagement" as he termed it, and had left no word about the time of his return. Lily was puzzled about what to do. Should she retire and get some sleep before the midnight Mass? Or should she run over to Mrs. Vella's house or to Tia Juana for the evening? While others were making merry she had to stay at home alone with the maid. The blood seemed to course through her veins quicker than ever before. She felt herself growing desperate over her dilemma. Then she came to a radical decision. She would run over to Rose's house just to spite dad for leaving her alone like this on Xmas Eve, after she had tried her best to trim a tree and the parlor.

Dolled in a new mestiza dress and with full make-up, Lily ran down the stairs at 9 p.m. feeling rather triumphant again that she was

putting one over her father. Just as she came to the open front door of the house and looked down the dark street an auto was approaching. She withdrew a bit into the dark stairway until the car would pass. To her surprise it was daddy's Ford sedan which stopped in front of the house. She now saw the tables turned for herself. What explanation could she give him for being all dressed up, when she should have been in bed? She stepped backwards up a step or two to go upstairs again, but curiosity got the better of her and she waited to see who would alight from the car.

A young man, Tio Jose, was the first to leave the auto. He stepped out of the front seat and quickly opened the rear door. Then Tia Juana, beautifully dressed came out of the back seat.

"What's this?" Lily questioned herself, as she gazed more intently to the street.

Next came a woman dressed as a bride. The sight amazed Lily. Had the worst come to pass? Could there have been a worse Christmas? Would she be ever able to forget this night?

Finally, her daddy alighted from the car and took the bride in stroll toward the house, preceded by the other couple. Who was that woman that dared to come into the Rayner home to spoil Miss Ravner's Xmas and her whole life? Would there be a showdown this minute at the front door? These and similar thoughts rushed through Lily's mind as she stood pivoted to the second step.

Two other autos had by this time joined the first and sounds of merriment and good cheer filled the air. Tia Juana and Tio Jose upon seeing Lily waiting on the stairs called "Surprise!

The Mountaineer

(Continued from page 6)

mouth, set into a thin hard line, except where a pipe was clamped, flanked two rows of teeth which astonishingly flashed as he broke the embarrassing silence. When he spoke he was a man of few words.

Twice his eyes strayed to my manicured nails and I sensed something of a veiled sarcasm behind the cynical glare of his eyes; but that look, as suddenly as it came, receded from the non-committal orbs like a candle blown out in a casement, restoring once more the wonted look of bleakness in his eyes. His brawny limbs suggested a laudable strength which compensated for the dark obscurity of his intellect. No awkwardness encumbered his gait as he walked about the ramshackled hut. The feline grace of his movements, I surmised, he must have acquired while traveling through the thick forest where caution was a great part of valor for every mountaineer.

When I returned home I could take with me the imprint of a man trained in the highland school of Nature, under the watchful eye of God's Providence.

Surprise!"

For a moment Lily was speechless. She pressed the button of the porch light and was about to say "O Hello," when she got sight of the bride's face. Was it possible? Could that be--Rose? At the second look she was convinced. It was Rose. Tears came to her eyes as she joined in saying, "Surprised! Surprised! A thousand times!" And she rushed into Rose's arms and kissed her and daddy, saying, "What a Xmas gift!"

SECCION CASTELLANA

EDITORIAL

LO QUE VA DE AYER A HOY

—o0+0o—

Antaño, imcompleta sería la celebración de la Navidad sin oír la misa de gallo ó Misa de Aguinaldo. El culto divino en las iglesias era lo esencial, lo edificante, el verdadero augurio pascual, la alegría de todos. Para nuestros ancianos, las pascuas evocan recuerdos nostálgicos y tiernos porque se ha empapado en sus almas el drama perennemente hermoso y sin par desarrollando en un establo humilde y frío, personificado por un Niño divino y salvador, y por una madre cariñosa y predilecta a quien Diós quiso llamar madre aún antes de los siglos. Mas, para muchos de nuestros jóvenes, las Pascuas huelen más a lechón que a otra cosa. Lo celebran por celebrar, impregnados por el imperante materialismo y por la general despreocupación.

La tendencia es alejar más y más del verdadero espíritu de las Pascuas y prescindir del legítimo motivo de la festividad. No contentos con olvidar al Niño en su santo día, también instituyen usos y costumbres que desfiguran la sagrada tradición: así es que en vez de "Belen", tenemos el "Christmas Tree"; en vez de los Tres Magos, tenemos el Santa Claus (que ni es santo ni santito); el profano "christmas card", en vez de estampitas religiosas, y otras sustituciones fraudulentas cuya mención resultaría larguísima.

No es, pues, de extrañar si hallamos el otro día una revista en que se pregunta, "Que os significan las Pascuas?", a lo que unos estudiantes dan rienda suelta a su entusiasmo soltando respuestas tan extrañas, tan superficiales, como pueriles. Para una señorita, linda y de la alta sociedad (como la describe la revista citada), las pascuas son los jubilosos días de bailes, del "christmas trees" y del lechón. Otro mas candoroso confiesa que, siendo una festividad que ocurre mas que una sola vez

al año, él halla otro motivo para beber y gozar lo mejor de la vida corta. Otra niña, mas fina pero no menos extravagante, se alegra sobremanera del advenimiento de las pascuas por la reunion de la familia y por las felices sorpresas en forma de "aguinaldos" que espera recibir. Ni por una vez se hizo la menor alusión al nacimiento del Salvador y su significado profundo para la humanidad, especialmente de la presente humanidad, que tanto sufre, que camina hasta ahora entre sombras espantosas de la intranquilidad y del dolor.

Es triste leer las impresiones de unos jóvenes para quienes las pascuas no significan mas que unos días de alboroto, de "christmas tree" y de "aguinaldos", y quienes resumen los festejos de la santa fiesta en una orgía de bailes, bebidas y glotonerías.

Al par que se percibe a la legua la ignorancia religiosa con esa actitud, se revela que el espíritu pagano y materialista ha echado tales raíces entre nosotros que llegará algún día en que las hermosas tradiciones de nuestro pueblo que hasta ahora constituyen el "ancora de salvacion" de nuestra herencia espiritual y moral desapareceran y no quede mas que el recuerdo de su pasado.

La Navidad es una fiesta profundamente religiosa y espiritual y el olvidar o eliminar al Niño del Belen es como si se arranca del redimido el corazón de su Redentor. La Navidad no solo es el aniversario de la manifestación del Amor divino para con los hombres en un milagro de Dios hecho carne, sino que también conmemora el reinado del Divino Maestro que se funda en la paz y en el amor al prójimo. "Gloria a Dios en los alturas, y paz sobre la tierra a los hombres de buena voluntad."

N.G.R

MI FLAUTA

Por Leon R. Genson

Era yo entonces niño de ocho años, mas mi única ambición y la única cosa que en este mundo quería era: tener una flauta y tocarla a mi gusto. Me absorbía tanto esta obsesión de la flauta, que noches hubo en que no dormía pensando en ella, en cómo conseguir una flauta.

Por fin, conseguí una flauta que mi tío me dió en las pascuas de aquel año como *aginaldo*. Pues hice que me lo prometiera y antes de la Navidad, mi tío no podía escapar y tenía que traerme el *aginaldo*.

Entusiasmado sobremanera por la valiosa posesión, empecé a sonarla, primero tímido y vacilante, y después seguro y alentado por el sonido que emitía la flauta, la soplabo con mas vehemencia, tocándola a pleno pulmón por el resto del día.

Muy bien me acuerdo ahora como desde que era dueño del instrumento precioso, no pasaba día sin que prorrumpiese melodías que para mis oídos eran ricas, alegres y bien entonadas, sin sospechar que para mis vecinos eran unas matracas. A mi no me importaba lo que decían, o que se enfadasen y me amenzasen fusilar, sino callaba con mi flauta. No me fijaba que clase de música o canción tocaba mi flauta; solo creía entonces que nada que no fuera hermosa melodía podía sonar mi flauta, sin que necesitara preocuparse de la manera o fuerza con que la soplabo.

Considero aquellos años como los mejores de mi vida. La música que hacía con mi flauta me llevaba a regiones elevadas donde experimenta-

ba por primera vez en la vida, y quizas por ultima vez, la infinita dulzura de la inocencia y la pura alegría de lo que son las Pascuas de Navidad.

Ahora me extraño y no me explico de donde venía mi entusiasmo, aquel ardiente querer de la música. Sin noción del arte de la musica, ignorante de la estetica, un niño simple y sin ninguna experiencia de la vida, he llegado a apreciar lo que es la musica. Era que la flauta hacia milagros en mi. Era mi mejor

Taran y Minggoy aprendieron a bilar el *jitterbug*.

Muchas veces evoco momentos infantiles con envidia. Cuán tranquila y alegre me parecía aquella vida! Yo sacaba a relucir la flauta no por otra cosa, sino para hacerla sonar como si fuese el sonido de toda mi felicidad. Decia a mis amiguitos: "Yo tengo mi flauta que canta, que grita, que hace ruido; vosotros no tenéis flauta; por eso, sois pobres e ignorantes."

Pero mi pobre flauta ya no existe. Se sepultó con los años idos. He dejado de ser niño. Ya no oigo aquellas armonías de la inocencia. Solo recuerdo las palabras del Gran Maestro. "*De estos niños es el reino de los cielos.*" Ahora me dicen, ya adolescente, que los sueños de una humanidad honrada, pacífica y feliz no hubieran resultado tan vanos si los hombres hubiesen aprendido a vivir como niños. Dicen que este mundo no se salva por los sabios, sino por los niños de corazón. Solamente los niños son los que están cerca de Dios y del cielo.

¡Oh, quien fuera como niño! Con que dicha sentiría yo si pudiese volverme a ser niño, y volver a tener aquella dichosa flauta, a tocarla a mi gusto, a hacerla sonar como Dios manda, con toda fuerza de mis pulmones de niño travieso y destrozón! Aquella flauta me enseñó a amar algo de aquella vida que se me ha clavado en mi mente hasta ahora. Aquella flauta, cuando sonaba, atraía a los otros niños de la vecindad y les hacía alegres, reidores y animosos. Aquella flauta era mi ensueño pas-

Paz Peadora

Mevale

P-aciencia, alma pecadora,
Porque la justicia humana,
No es segura ni perfecta;
En este mundo no hay justicia
verdadera.

A-laba a Dios, alma mia,
Hallarás en el cielo el premio,
Trabaja, pobre alma, trabaja,
No ganarás allá el dinero,
La Justicia Divina reina,
soberana.

Z-ozobrada estás por opresión,
Ganas la vida de un labrador;
Imiteselo en la perfección,
Porque allá no hay mas opresor.
solo hay Amalor.

maestra. Sin la flauta, mi niñez se me tornaba un eterno gemido, un lloriqueo atroz. La flauta era mi más querido juguete. La guardaba en mi pequeño baul cual oro en paño. Por las mañanas abría el baulito solamente para ver si mi flauta no me la habían robado. Y pensar que con aquella flauta mis vecinitos

The Box . . .

(Continued from page 12)

"Kind of dark and gloomy, isn't it ma'am?" Aling Dora's rasping voice jarred, her back to reality. She had been leaning on the door for some time and Aling Dora had stolen back to take a look at her. "Here, I'll open the windows for you," she offered, sheepishly, as if she felt guilty at her intrusion.

Light spilled swiftly into the room, bringing with it the fresh, clean air of the outdoors. Everywhere there was a layer of dust--on the floor, on the papers, on the bed. Cobwebs, their strands thickened and hoary with the dust of four years gave the scene a haunting look. Weird and eerie, the room seemed like a fleeting moment from the hour-glass of the past.

"I'll help you fix things up, shall I ma'am?" Aling Dora anxiously volunteered. Celia, seemingly undecided as what to do first, tactfully refused, "Oh, I'll do it myself, thank you," she said.

On whatever she touched, the table, the chairs, she left streaks where her fingers had wiped the dust off, leaving tell-tale smudges on her hands, on her arms. It seemed as if she was reopening old wounds long healed, their pain subdued and anesthetized by the grayish mantle of dust. Long ago she had known her impatience giving way to bitterness and soon that too had been reduced to nothing more than apathy and indifference. She knew too that early December morning when Fred left to report to his unit when the war broke out, without even his suggesting a reconciliation. She was sure of the day when she received that

message telling her that Fred had died in the concentration camp, a victim of some lingering malady. She had clutched at the last strands of pity for him whom she had vowed to love hoping they would tell her she still loved him. But strangely enough, she took the news without shedding a single tear.

Calmly, swiftly, she put everything in order. Binding the papers together, stacking the newspapers and magazines in one corner, folding the clothes hung out on the wall. She was sending everything to Fred's brother, for Aling Dora had written her

Yuletide Sparks

(Continued from page 7)

ding. This, however is no cause for cynicism and despair. Surely, we are not incapable of greatness. And as long as the star of Bethlehem will continue to shine, there will always be one who will guide us.

that she needed the room for her new boarders. She was sure, methodical in her emotions, but above all, she was apathetic to all those small reminders of him.

A box was on the topmost rung of the shelf that hung from the wall. She had almost missed seeing it, so perfectly had it blended with the begrimed surface on which it lay. Hastily, she took it down, giving the top of the box a quick, impulsive sweep of her palm. The box was wrapped neatly with gay Christmas tissue paper. It had bright pictures of silver bells, holly wreaths and of Santa in his sled. Slowly she broke open the seal and removed the cover. A white slip of paper fluttered out. There was writing on it.... Fred's handwriting. It read:

Dearest Celia,

Here is my peace offering. I declare a truce. We have been so foolish....very foolish. I'm taking this to you myself on Christmas morning. Makes it more significant, I suppose. Merry Christmas to you my darling.

Lovingly,
Fred

He had counted on his being home for the Christmas holidays, and had set his heart to it, for in the box was the lovely Spanish shawl, exactly like the one she had gone shopping together. Very bright and tauntingly gaudy...

END

The Star Of Bethlehem

*'Twas years ago in Bethlehem
Beneath the chilly skies of
Juda
When all the world in darkness slept
That Christ the Lord appeared on earth.
Lo! a glorious star, the fairest sight
That ever gleamed in mystic light
Arose above the faint horizon
And rested where the Savior dwelt
Where shepherds worshipped in the night
And Magi came to offer gifts.
'Twas years ago and again tonight
So let the bells of midnight ring
And may the angel choirs sing
The birth of Jesus Christ the King.*

By

LEONOR D. SENO

Compliments

OF

Go Occo & Company

General Importers

POND & DEEN BUILDING

P. O. BOX 53

CEBU CITY, PHILIPPINES

Bang!

EVE

Christmas Sale

For every purchase of ₱5.00 or more you get something free from EVE beginning December 20 to December 31, 1946.

Don't miss this opportunity. Buy at

EVE

*Corner P. del Rosario & Pelaez Sts.
City of Cebu*

'RAINBOW'
Christmas Greeting!

Wishing all gratefully that this year's Christmas may bring to us a more happy and contented life

Always remember—

That Delicious is the word for Rainbow Ice Cream and Satisfaction in Permanent Wave and Coiffuring is the word for PACIFIC BEAUTY PARLOR. Pay a visit and try.

Vict. R. Ricahuerta
Owns it

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO
OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS**

FROM

Adrasi Panciteria y Panaderia
P. del Rosario St.
Cebu City

We are glad to announce a 24 hour service for the whole season. Serving—

- ♦ Breakfast—Lunch—Dinner
- ♦ Pospas
- ♦ Ice Cream & Cakes
- ♦ Sandwiches & Steaks
- ♦ Cold Drinks

We offer special prices for students & teachers—discounts for parties.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive"

IF YOU MUST GIVE A PARTY—GIVE IT AT THE **TIMES KITCHEN**, WHERE ALL BETTER PARTIES OF THE SEASON ARE HELD. YOUR FRIENDS AND GUESTS WILL ENJOY, AND YOU TOO, WILL FIND THE CHOICE A HAPPY ONE WITH NO REGRETS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ENJOY
AT THE
TIMES KITCHEN

"The Best Restaurant in the City"

MAIN
T. Padilla St.
Phone 332

Mr. Felix Jochin, Manager

BRANCH
Jones Avenue
Phone 333

COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS

CEBU CITY

Courses offered:

LAW
COMMERCE
EDUCATION
ENGINEERING

LIBERAL ARTS
PRE-MEDICINE
PRE-LAW
GENERAL A. A.
JUNIOR NORMAL

HIGH SCHOOL
ELEMENTARY

NEW COURSES OFFERED NEXT SCHOOL YEAR—
POST GRADUATE COURSE (Education) M. A.
PHARMACY
HOME ECONOMICS B.S.H.E.
SECRETARIAL

Summer Classes for all Courses in College and High School
Summer Completion Course for all Law classes.

For further information write to

THE SECRETARY, Colegio de San Carlos, Cebu City