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## EDITORIAL

# SPIRITUAL INVENTORY

*Just as business establishments close down one day at the end of each calendar year for an inventory of their books, so also this month we go into our annual retreat for an inventory of our spiritual books.*

*A retreat is a period of meditation during which we make a searching examination of our batting average in our spiritual life. During these times when the people's sense of morals is on the skids, there is nothing we stand in more desperate need of.*

*Today our sense of values has been blunted to a point where virtue is "soft stuff" and the religious person is nothing but an "Amen-snorter." If that is putting the finger on what is wrong with us today, then a spiritual retreat is indicated.*

*It is time we started stoking our spiritual fires and turned to probing into the inner recesses of our conscience. Have I been a regular church-goer or just another nominal Catholic? Have I said my prayers devoutly or have I said them mechanically? Have I been receiving the sacraments lately? Have I been falling down on my many other duties as a baptized Catholic?*

*Those are the questions we should ask ourselves and take into heart during our spiritual inventory. And they should be met with determined resolutions to make up for deficits in the ledger of our spiritual life. Otherwise, all the purposes of the retreat would have been defeated and all the exhortations of the retreat master would have amounted to nothing.*

*On the debit side of the ledger is the loose conscience of modern youth. It does not any longer feel guilty about missing Sunday mass or, perhaps, the family prayers. Neither does it have any scruples about passing up the sermon at Sunday mass or failing in the obligation of the annual confession and holy communion.*

*These are all elementary to the sufficiently indoctrinated Catholic youth. But it is unfortunate that very few feel any compunction about these failings. We trust the holy retreat will re-awaken and bring home the meaning of these spiritual duties, and many more, to consciences thrown out of gear today.*

*It is a pity for one to meet with disaster after being warned against it. Nothing could be more pitiable than one falling into sin after he has been warned against it. The red flag of danger against sin is waved in the retreat and the green light is flashed for a clean, virtuous life—a life of prayer and religion.*

*One who heeded those signals is a typical veteran of the last world war who joined up with one of the strictest monastic orders in America. Why he did this, he said: "I sought happiness from Greenland's barren mountains to the infested jungles of the South Seas... in search of gold, gambling, drinking, and romance. But all in vain. I vowed if I came out of the war safe, I would dedicate my life to the service of God. Now I'm happy."*

# ★ ★ My Valentine Day ★ ★

by  
LUZ TRINIDAD

It was St. Valentine's Day! For me, not one of all the days in the calendar was as full of romantic surprises as this day. Christmas got my warm applause but St. Valentine's Day got me all on edge.

As a child, I often wondered what St. Valentine's Day stood for and why all my grown-up cousins and friends practically wasted the whole day giggling and talking in low voices whenever I was within earshot, or rushing noisily in a group to the door when the mailman came. I noticed then that they excitedly opened large square envelopes, from which were extracted with careful hands what seemed to me a very intriguing combination of paper lace, ribbons and flowers all in wonderful coloring. I didn't get to know what it was but I noticed that some looked like my own pretty picture cards which I got for my birthday. Rather than take upon myself the impossible task of asking a question from a bunch of blabbering girls, I satisfied my curiosity with the self-made explanation that these unpredictable adults still found amusement in colored picture cards, after all.

Years had passed and brought adolescence when childish naive glee gave way to a better understanding of the idiosyncracies of the human race. Among other things, it gave me a somewhat more tolerable idea of what St. Valentine's Day was all about, serving at the same time to explain the constant object of my childish wonder.

Wild-eyed observations plus bits of information gleaned from "talk-sessions" with my friends greatly augmented my knowledge on the subject. Of course, I knew it wasn't all silly romanticism for I read in the papers of a more serious and authoritative outlook of the whole affair.

"Long ago" so the story goes, "a monk named Valentine had the yearly practice of sending good-will letters to his friends. These letters were

extremely valuable for no sooner did the ink dry on them than the lines changed to gold."

However, I preferred to take the lighter and more romantic side of the matter. I loved to think of St. Valentine's Day as the special day in the year set aside for the expression of that mysterious thing called love. I knew that all the girls in our class were having such roseate dreams of receiving, on that fateful day, those pretty bundles of sentiment commonly known as Valentine cards. Of course, the expectation isn't all on one side for the boys are just as thrilled to think of receiving them.

Finally the Day of Days dawned bright and clear. I myself didn't feel a bit dull as I went through my work or rather as I tried to work. For,

*If you think of Valentine yard by yard,  
you'll find it's difficult and hard. If you think of it inch by inch, it's a cinch!*

strangely, I seemed to have lost my concentration. To make up for this lack, however, I seemed to have acquired an exquisite feeling of joyful expectation. Indeed, I was already picturing myself as the happy and proud recipient of a Valentine message. I could set it in my mind--something sweet and beautiful with such gloriously romantic sentiments which would turn the other girls a nice shade of green when I showed it to them. But then suppose--(oh no, it can never be!)-I don't receive a card, I turned limp at the thought. What a grim possibility. Indeed what a calamity! Why, I would be considered a wash-

out by the girls for I know all girls do receive those cards. Still, beneath these gloomy prognostications, I had a strong feeling that somebody was going to send me a card and in addition, I felt pretty sure who it would be!

It was ten o'clock. About time for the mailman to make his daily appearance.

A knock on the door. The mailman? I rushed and opened it and nearly collided with my cousin who stared at me queerly. I pretended to go downstairs in a hurry and I made up my mind to wait there.

After an eternity, the familiar figure appeared and I ran up the stairs with the mail and straight to my room. There, I hurriedly sorted my letters and after a feverish search, emerged triumphant with the characteristic envelope in my hand. Well, well! so my Valentine didn't forget me after all. And he'd better not. I carefully cut the flaps off and opened the envelope. I drew an elaborately embossed, perfume-scented card and my eyes immediately fell on the lines written across it. It said:

Dear Juana,

All other friendships may grow stale,

Ours will always grow lusty and hale.

On Valentine's Day I renew my pledge.

Here's hoping you do not hedge.

Sincerely,  
Gordap'a

Shades of Shakespeare! And all along, I had been looking forward to something else from somebody else, something I could fairly well swoon over.

Well, I'd swoon that time -- but not over the swain.

# ★ ★ A September Drizzle ★ ★

Rose Mellinda stared at the outside world with an unseeing and nonchalant gaze at Cebu City scenery. Then she drew her lips into a thin hard line, mechanically drawing her coat closer around her youthful form as she went to her writing table and sat down to type.

Her dainty fingers often paused over the keys and tears treacherously came to her light brown eyes as she closed the envelope with her tongue.

She could not overcome the strong temptation to peruse certain old letters on her desk because they afforded the exceptional opportunity to relive the life she loved most.

"Sial Sial!" Iking, her twelve-year old brother burst in suddenly. "Why are you crying?"

Rose, leaving her letters untied, blinked angrily at the intruding youngster. "I'm not! . . . Why don't you knock? Don't do it again. Now, if anyone asks for me, say I'm not in. Understand!"

Iking puckered his brow. "You're not in? But if she looks around? . . ."

"It's not a she! It's a he!" Rose remarked definitely. "Go now!" With these words the troubled teen-ager returned to the window.

There was a slight drizzle outside and vision was poor.

"That must be mother already coming from church," she said, "and I haven't prepared dinner yet."

She hurriedly ran to the kitchen.

"The firewood, Iking. Quick! Mother's coming."

The food was on the fire and still Rose heard no maternal voice in the house.

She flung the kitchen door open.

Then closed it again quickly but quietly. Her heart palpitated. She could not meet him now.

Iking rushed downstairs with his hands full of little paper boats.

"Sailing boats, eh? Well, well, this reminds me of the time when I was your age, too. Your friends are waiting for you outside. By the way, Iking." Jes asked in an engaging voice likely to bewitch boys. "Is your sister at home?"

"She's in . . . aw, no! She's not. I mean, she told me that she's not going to be in."

Jes hid an infectious smile as he produced a new silver coin for the lad.

"I'll tell you," Iking whispered.

"Never mind," Jes patted him on the shoulder.

Jesus followed the boy to the sala and sat down to smoke impatiently.

Unaccustomed to inaction during interminable minutes, he at last said loudly, "Well, some women prefer to be myste-

rious."

Rose gritted her teeth in silent anger. So he's taking her for granted! She'll show him. If he breaks open that door, she will scream.

"All is quiet on the human front," Jes muttered loudly. "Me-thinks I hear my lady breathing."

Rose restless pacing was significant of mental torture.

Under pressure of Jes' presence Rose reasoned quickly, "Perhaps it is just my pride that has made me so unreasonable and inhuman as to prefer a shattered love to an explanation. Perhaps he is repentant after all he has done to kill my faith in him."

The image of that curvaceous Tagala who was often with him in Manila, as her friends

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by  
LEONOR SENO

---

had written her, was very vivid in her imagination. Dely had written that a certain Luz (the second name Dely did not know), who made a charming two-some with Jes, looked strangely like him. And now she thought of what her mother said, "Usually people who are destined to marry are somewhat alike." Then again he might have come to realize the enormity of his offense to her and wished to beg her pardon.

Which was it? She could not make up her mind.

Soon young frightened voices shouted, "Iking is drowning in the sea!"

Rose, pale and frantic, forgot the situation she was in and came out of the kitchen. She ran toward the shore at top speed unbecoming her previous feminine dignity.

She hastened through the mud of Spolarium street toward the sea. Her thoughts centered on saving Iking. How, she never thought of.

When she arrived on the beach there was a small crowd in a circle within which Jes

*Old wives' tales come  
pretty close to breaking up  
a beautiful romance. But  
then, as the saying goes,  
"truth will always out!"*

had the unconscious boy on the sand face down and was kneeling over the body. He was perspiring freely in his underwear as he administered artificial respiration.

What will mother say when she comes home from church? Will Jes be able to save her only brother? She felt like shrieking but did not do so for fear of the crowd. She looked at Iking searchingly and then dared to look at Jes. The latter's face did not register much concern as he assured her the boy was coming to.

"Please, carry him home," Rose said in a quiet voice after the lad regained consciousness.

Jes and Rose returned home silently together.

From the warm covers of Rose's bed, Iking stirred uneasily. Slowly he opened his eyes and saw his sister watching him. He closed them hastily again, then groaned and chattered his teeth.

A few minutes later Rose jerked him up gently. "Where did you get those papers you made into boats?"

Jes, who until now was a mute spectator, stood beside the bed like a guardian angel.

Iking gulped and appealed to Jes, who was holding something white in his hand which he had picked from the floor.

"I thought those papers were waste," the pale lad confessed.

"Waste?" she emphasized.

"This is one of the papers you are looking for, Rose," Jes joined in, as he handed her a badly crumpled boat.

Rose dared not look again into his expressive eyes.

"What's the trouble?" Jes persisted, taking her hand into his.

Finally Rose admitted in a sheepish manner, "I meant to return them to you and get mine back. I cannot force myself on you, Jes. That girl in Manila. . ."

Jes laughed outright.

Rose slipped him half unwittingly.

"All right, I deserve that. So you believed all the buzz-buzz. Dearest, look at me," he said as he took her arm.

The flushed Miss Mellinda could not still the palpitation of her heart, much less dull the pinkness of her cheeks. She saw Iking wink significantly to Jes but she was not angry. Yet she remained speechless.

"Luz is my half-sister! I didn't know her until my father introduced her to me in Manila. It was for my sake, he kept the secret. Your last hasty letter made me come now to explain. It's September, but I came. And one thing more, you're the sweetest idiot I've ever loved."

Rose smiled back in her usual sweet manner. "I'll forgive you this time."

# UNDER

## THE SCALPEL'S EDGE

It all started when I felt something in the lower right side of my abdomen as I laughed. I passed the news on to my Mother with the intention to impress her that at long last something happened to me. My sister had partial paralysis and my brother's myopia and adolescent pimples seemed dramatically hopeless. My mother's freckles were incurable. (She kept the freckle-cream industry prosperous.) Papa's blood pressure soared dangerously when copra prices sank. But I never had an ailment, before. So Mother lost no time in carrying me off to our doctor.

I was hostile, belligerent and reluctant but she was explosively insistent and bossy. So I modestly bared my belly to the doctor, the very same belly the same family physician had rubbed with olive oil when he thought, twenty years before, that I was the reddest and noisier infant he had ever ushered into this world.

"Long-time-no-see," my tummy said, as the wise old man tapped and kneaded, kneaded and tapped, while a stethoscope dangled from his ears. He knocked on my clavicle, then on the sternum, the way one knocks on a jackfruit to test it. He seemed to me to be a traveling salesman. Apparently nobody was at home, so he merely said, "Uhm...."

Just as I was beginning to resent him, the declaration came. And what I thought happened, didn't. It was a mere "appendicitis" and I was utterly disgusted. By this time my imagination had soared to poetic proportions, flattering myself with the idea that it was a tumor of the pancreas, or some such awe-inspiring phenomenon. Yet the mere appendicitis created a considerable disturbance in the family circle. I thought it was about time I made the headlines, at least to the family members who always thought that nothing more serious than a common cold could ever happen to me.

Even I had regarded myself healthier than a baby hippopotamus. I was quite impressed with myself sprouting something that menthol and eucalyptus could not soothe. I felt the tide of glory slowly rise up within me and before long I was feeling as important as the president's daughter. I then politely declined an invitation to an immediate appendectomy using the handy excuse of the then approaching mid-term exams.

Meanwhile I went on with my sincere but futile efforts to achieve a feminine figure. I was aspiring for a 19-inch waistline in conformity with the traditions of the year's

chosen "bodies beautiful." I worked like a gargador. I dieted and starved myself. Accompanied by another enthusiastic aspirant, I took long hikes to the Fuente, I perspired oceans of H<sub>2</sub>O. I bended and twisted, panted and sweated in a steaming bathtub. I chose non-fattening fruits like the August guavas and, of course, their brittle seeds. Likewise, I ran races with my dogs, then climaxed them by a somersault or two.

There must have been ominous warnings but I was too busy slimming down my podding to notice them. Then it happened—just on time—for me to dodge the mid-term tests. But for once I was genuinely miserable. My right leg was numb and I'd have vomited something if I hadn't stuck stoically to my starvation diet.

But I wasn't destined to die just then. I lasted till morning. At five the doctor came. At six the blood-count report said that it was a 'cute' appendicitis. At 6:01

peared next. And all the while I was growing more and more blue.

Backstage, Mother was jittery; again at her head. My sister was serenely reading "Without Seeing The Dawn" which she had found on my bedside table. What an appropriate book for a paranoiac pessimist who didn't expect to see another dawn.

Stella, my best cousin, was less frightened than Mama and more interested than, Sis. She made a holiday of it and went into the operating room to watch the show.

My father was in the office keeping an ear on the phone if his little girl should need him for her last will and testament.

Brother Rat was in school, reciting nouns and pronouns for Mr. Tolentino.

In the operating room, Stella and the nurses took turns reminding me to keep my mouth open. The morphine had almost lulled me to sleep when a sudden stab of acute pain jerked me back to consciousness. Four

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*More thrilling than the spine-tingling, last-minute rescue in the horse opera is, to the author, having an ailment. Result: the spine-tickling account of how she went under the knife.*

---

the verdict was given: "I was to be butchered at 8:00."

I was too pain-racked to enjoy the glamour of it all. Even my father was stern and dignified. He carried me tenderly from my bed to the car.

At exactly eight the nurse gave me a shot of morphine, wheeled me into the operating room, clamped and strapped my wrist and feet, and heightened the macabre atmosphere by shielding my head from the rest of my body. A tray of chromium and steel knives and hooks rattled into the room.

In marched the doctors, in immaculate white gowns, with cap and mask; dressed to kill! And to think that I used to regard this as the noblest creatures alive! They must have scrubbed themselves thin for their odor of disinfectant and antiseptic became nauseating, to say the least.

I had hardly any time for nausea for I heard the head-butcher announce, "Hija, this is the sugar-cane." Forty cc. of novocain kept me from shock.

Soon the first curtain must have opened — my, what a lot of adipose tissues! Really, I should have hiked more. The facias apiculate walls and four white-clad giants kept sailing round and round me and at regular intervals there was a metallic click and the

dull sound of flesh being severed while the pain increased almost unbearably. My hikes and gymnastics must have toughened my muscles. With classic dignity I closed my eyes tight and abandoned poise. I was ready to scream.

It was all very solemn. They paid no attention to my distorted looks. Stella whispered, "Be brave, dear," and this clinched my demoralization.

Then a hollow cold emptiness came where my internal organs should be. "It seemed as if the butchers were yanking out meters and meters of my intestines. "Baloney," I thought, this is like one of Dalí's brainchild. These doctors must be searching for something more precious than a pot of gold among my entrails or maybe they dropped one of their forceps. Then another snap and there it was—no prettier than a hen's intestine. How terribly disappointing!

From the mirror overhead I could watch the performance that brought me back to the dear old days of my sunny kitchen and of chicken-slaughter for salad. But how demoralizing! Imagine my appendix and intestines, no better than a poor hen's.

The mirror was a fine thing, one of those, (Continued on page 20)

# THE NINTH DAY

Rodolfo walked aimlessly through the crowded Escolta of Manila. Bitter thoughts pressed on his mind with increasing fury. With hands thrust deeply into his pockets he kept on walking until finally after dark he found himself in the district of Paco.

He was restless, looking one way and then another. Occasional passers-by scarcely noticed him as he stood under a dimly lighted street lamp. His strenuous stroll made him only more exhausted in mind and body instead of giving him relief. Looking up he saw the Ermanent blazing with countless stars and there was one brighter than the rest; it was in the East.

Echoes of laughter reached him but they did not mean anything to him now. They were things of the past. "Tonight, it must be tonight or never," he muttered as he stared blankly into space. Then one by one like phantoms of the past things came back to him....

"You, Rodolfo, you will marry that good-for-nothing girl you picked up in the street?" His mother asked him tauntingly.

"But Mother, hear me first. She is not what you think she is. I know her...." Rodolfo's voice died.

"I thought you had better taste after spending so much time in school. You are easily fooled by a pretty face. You ought to believe me for there is wisdom in age. I cannot afford to lose you to that woman." Mrs. De Vera cried. "If you marry her, don't let me see you again," were her last words.

Two years of wandering in the city found Rodolfo still without a permanent job. He became desperate and oftentimes desperate men think of desperate things. Like a drowning man who had only a broken raft to cling to, he had clung to the hope that his sweetheart would remain faithful to him. It was this last ray that had made him love life and look for work.

But like a mirage, it too disappeared. A letter from a friend in Cebu told him that his sweetheart had found another man.

His news drove him to Paco. As he threw away the stub of his last cigarette a man passed by and greeted him. Rodolfo grunted an answer. It was only 7:30 by his watch as he crossed the street to a small drug store adjoining a small lunch counter.

A cheerful "Good evening, Mister" made him look up into the face of a fair waitress. Rodolfo was dismayed by her vivacious and friendly attitude. He had come across no such sympathetic character since his trouble began two years before.

by

ESMERALDA RESUENA

"Where is the young man who used to serve patrons here?" Rodolfo asked of the young lady half-deceptively.

"He isn't here now. May I help you?" Her voice was soft and her eyes sparkled innocently as she faced the newcomer.

Rudy felt uneasy at her question one foot to the other as he stammered and shifted his body nervously from one foot to the other as he stammered "May I have a box of sleeping tablets?"

Nora intuitively diagnosed the case before her as she saw beads of cold perspiration oozing from the brow of the young man. She was puzzled as to her next move. Her keen sense of justice and charity soon prompted her decision.

"You look weak and hungry" she said compassionately as she first invited the young man to a seat at a small round table near by. "May I give you a cup of warm coffee to re-

fresh you?" she queried as she offered a chair to her new patient.

Rodolfo, ashamed to refuse the tempting offer, said in a soft voice. "Will you join me, if I do?"

"I am Rodolfo De Vera," he said as she seated herself opposite him. "I am from Cebu." I left it two years ago. Do I look like a tramp?"

"You seem to have come a long way and to carry a heavy burden."

"You are right, Miss," Rodolfo answered lamely as he shifted the burden of the conversation to Nora.

The clever waitress kept eyeing the passers-by going to church as she drew out of the young man his recent disappointment. She soon learned that he was contemplating a desperate act from which his mind must be diverted.

As she was wondering how to accomplish her good deed a dignified lady approached her. The intruder was strikingly familiar to Rodolfo, as she spoke to Nora in a subdued tone.

"Are you ready for the novena?" the woman questioned as her eye fell on the young man across the table. For a second the two exchanged glances.

"Yes, I am," emphasized the waitress as she stood up from her seat in all seriousness. "But first I wish you to meet Mr. Rodolfo De Vera of Cebu."

The elder woman by this time had recognized her long lost son for whom she had been making one novena after another. "Rodolfo," she gasped as she unconsciously threw open her arms. "My son!"

The young man struggled to his feet and met the embrace of his bewildered mother speechlessly.

For the moment Mrs. De Vera kept muttering "It's the ninth day! It's the ninth day!"

Then Rodolfo fully understanding the situation suggested. "Let us go to church now."

He extended his left arm to Nora and whispered, "It's the first day of a new novena for me. May I invite you?"

Nora assured him, "I'll do it if you do."

*There is nothing that the power of prayer cannot fix. In this story, that cure-all is wrought on a man smitten with bitterness over a girl's infidelity.*

# BEAUTIFUL FROGS

FOR SCIENCE

480 Junquera Extension  
Cebu City, Philippines  
February 12, 1948

Prof. Aster Dula  
Rue des Republique  
Paris, France  
My dear Professor,

Having heard of the difficulty you usually encounter in obtaining the frogs for the experiment and studies you make in your laboratory, which, as a matter of fact has even taken you to such an out of the way place as Zugambo, in Darkest Africa I, as a friend, am happy to bring to your knowledge the existence of a new variety of frogs, which, I am sure, will be of much interest and use to you as a man of science.

This new variety of leaps easily to obtain. They do not depend on the season of the year for their existence, whether it is summer or the coldest rainy days for instead of using water to refresh themselves, they use another liquid called "perfume"; and instead of mud, they utilize a peculiar kind of paint known as "lipstick." And as a consequence of this, instead of inspiring a feeling of loathing as is usually the case with the ordinary rana vittegera, this new species makes people see beauty in them. Moreover, the habitat of the rana feminina, as this new variety is known in zoological parlance, is right here in the heart of civilization in a body of water called "the libraryum." However, the original abode of those queer creatures is a lake called "the socialum Hallium" where the gods assigned them because of the enervating noise they make, a characteristic exclusively their own. Just why they migrate to such a sacred place as the libraryum, I do not know.

By fishing these frogs out of the libraryum and utilizing them in your scientific studies, not to say exterminating them, you would be doing a great service not only to the world of science, but to the student world as well. I say a great service because these ranas femininas pester the peaceful people dedicated to study with their continuous "kala kala" especially during those holy hours from two to five in the afternoon

when the students try to lose themselves in profoundest concentration. At these times, these neophytes of the amphibian kingdom wag their extensive tongues of such things as love, ice candy, young men, true romance articles, weddings, toothpowder, Vicks Vatronol nylons, toothpowder, weight lifters, and other protanties not supposed even to be whispered in the libraryum.

Wishing you success in your experiments, I end this, expecting you to take advantage of this information for the benefit of science as well as that of people who love quiet and tranquility. Au revoir.

Yours sincerely,  
Ralf Guanz

Rues des Mont Germain  
Paris, France  
February

Mr. Ralf Guanz  
480 Junquera Ext.  
Cebu City, Phil.  
My dear Mr. Guanz,

I read with great interest your most enlightening letter. Indeed, I have carefully recorded all the pertinent data you gave concerning the rana feminina. The whole world of science will, I am sure, be eternally grateful to you, Monsieur, you will go down in the annals of science as the first man who sat up and took notice of this unique but very interesting species of frogs.

You write, my friend, that this species—the rana feminina—is easy to obtain. Pardon me, Monsieur, if I contradict your statement. The specimen—a very beautiful one—which I have in my home was anything but easy to obtain. For three years, yes, my friend, for three long years I tried to catch it without any success. Summer and winter, rain and shine. I laid sieges but to no avail. I used nets—big as well as small nets—but it always escaped. I used strategy and used all my knowledge of frog psychology but all these were fruitless. I spent almost a fortune trying to catch her. Are you curious, my friend, as to how I finally caught this specimen I would not tell anyone else in this world. But you Monsieur, have shown yourself to be a

great lover of science and to you I shall impart my secret. Well, I simply gave up the chase and pretended loss of interest and well, one day I brought it home. Just as easy as that. But, my dear Mr. Guanz, just imagine—three long years, I therefore humbly suggest (I hope I am not hurting your feelings but remember, Monsieur, "to err is human") that you erase the words "easy to obtain" in your description of the rana feminina.

Your letter made me exceedingly curious as to what further interesting bits of information about these "queer creatures" I might gather in what you call their habitat. They abound, you say, in the libraryum. There is, fortunately, one such place a block away and thither I betook myself the very afternoon I received your letter. You were right, my friend, there were all types of ranas femininas in the libraryum. Some were extremely beautiful but I didn't care much for them. My own lovely specimen at home is by far the loveliest. I was more interested in the kind of noise which you claimed they make. But it was a difficult job—trying to locate the source of the noise. I mean, I saw male frogs in some corners and the way their jaws move restlessly I concluded that they also contributed to the racket. When I moved closer to these male frogs, my suspicions were confirmed—that the squeaks of the ranas femininas were nothing compared to the more guttural croaking of the males And so, my dear Mr. Guanz, my request No. 2 is to please, use once again your eraser on your otherwise commendable description because the making of noise is not the exclusive characteristic of the ranas femininas.

I am very sorry, my friend, that I cannot do what you request me to do in the latter part of your letter. Much as I would like to please you, I must sadly admit that there is no hook available with which to fish these very "queer" frogs out of the libraryum. The ordinary fishing hook would be of no use. If you could send me the right hook, I most willingly will do what you ask me to do, since I would certainly be honored

(Continued on page 20)



# ON BEER AND ALES

Miss Mania Borja leaned her bony elbows on the table edge and gazed anxiously through her thick-graded glasses across the Farolito dance floor. Her anxiety for Tessie and that new find of hers left a troubled frown on her face. The orchestra struck a wild jazzy piece and it gave her a start.

A boyish face—a heavy bulk in a triple uniform—brushed against the table and showed pearly teeth on seeing her. Her forty-summers smiled back with indifference on sensing his strange familiarity. She scanned the dancing faces once more and her anxiety turned to fear of responsibility. A chair squeaked pulled back—pushed forth: there came breath of beer, then a deep voluninous voice:

"How about a dance, Baby?"  
"I beg your pardon?" she asked as she found the light-headed boyish face beside her. "I'm sorry I didn't hear. I'm so anxious for my niece."

"Will you shake a leg with me on the next piece played, Baby?"

"I don't shake, man. And don't you baby me. I am Miss Borja attorney-at-law, and sister to the governor of the province. Will you please peddle your wares somewhere else? Really my niece ought to be here now."

"Really, I'm so thrilled to meet you, Miss Borja—a—Attorney Borja. Now, which 's which?"

"Aw, stop bothering me. Who do you think you are, wise guy? Another Stalin?"

"Not a communist, Miss Borja, but Staff Sergeant Johnny Ruiz of the MP Battalion chaser of the Huks. Really, I'm so sorry for bothering you. I thought you were a friend I know. You resemble her closely. That dainty turn of your nose—those charming dimples, and those wide innocent eyes. Such striking resemblance. Ripley ought to know this."

"And who is Ripley? Your battalion commander?"

"A special friend with a tremendous talent. Believe it or not."

"I don't believe it. Now go away and drown yourself."

"I'm drowning my sorrows in beer. Here, waiter," he ordered a chic boy. "bring me beers and plenty of them to drown a rat.

You see, Miss Borja," as he turned to face her again, "I'm looking for inspiration—and you are the girl to give it."

"You've come to the wrong front, Sergeant. Now keep shoveling off and move out fast."

"Now why do you women start turning your nose up in the air when a man starts liking you. I like the way you look at me, Miss Borja. It reminds me of a lovely friend. Such beauty—"

"Whose beauty—my beauty or someone else's beauty?"

"Of course it's your ethereal beauty I'm talking about. I'm speaking of no one but you."

"Look here, Mr. Ruiz, don't you pull me down to your level."

"Look here, Miss Borja. I'm not pulling you. I haven't even touched you."

The waiter arrived with a tray of beer.

"You women of illusions," he continued, "why do you choose men's professions? Why don't you stay home—sweep your own backyard and raise children? You'd be serving the country a great deal better."

"Now, don't you belittle my degree, Juan. It cost me my father's fortune. And another thing...why can't you place woman as your equal. She can do a hundred little things more than what you can do, you dumb ox."

"I like the way your eyes glitter, Miss Borja. They remind me of sunset stars...And the wagging of your tongue reminds me of Ameri-

can machineguns...nice guns, Shake hands, Miss Borja, I take you as my equal.

"Here's a toast to your freedom of equality. May you drink to my safe return from the Huks," he said raising the glass of beer.

"May you never come back to trouble me again," she said as she drank a glass of beer straight.

Sergeant Ruiz blinked twice. "I'm no milk-drinker, man and I puff cigars like you do, so don't blnk like a cat."

"I love your spirit, Mary. I'm glad to have met you before I succumb to my fate. I'll surely miss you more than anything else in this world. I'll never see those wide innocent eyes again."

"Don't be so seamy-sided. Why talk of trash when there's life around you. Look at those laughing men and women. Can you not laugh like them? Look at the stars and the moon. They are more alive than you are."

"I can never take my eyes away from you, Mary. You are the first girl I've met whom I really like. You're the star of my life. Look at the moon. It is cursing nature for having made you so lovely and beautiful. Could you care for me?"

Miss Borja lowered her eyes and fixed her hair unconsciously.

"But, John, I don't know what to say. It seems that I've lost faith in all men. They are the same—speaking the same lines to all girls they meet."

"Not me, Mary. Mine is a different line to a different girl like you. I'm telling you—you are my lone star. Look at me. Am I like other men you have met?"

"How do I know?"  
"I'm telling you the truth—nothing but the truth."

"You're telling me...I think you are a bit different from the others."

"Then you do believe me."

"I think I do, Johnny," she asked as she looked at the boyish

(Continued on page 10)

**Stiff neck or man-hater?  
Which of the two is this  
strait-laced career woman  
of a Miss Borja? A smug,  
cocky huk-chaser loosens  
those tight laces on her  
in the process of finding  
out.**

## A Chocolate Bar

by Estella R. Teves.

Few things are as novel or memorable in my life than an insignificant chocolate bar.

We had just returned, early in 1945 from the hills to the home-town after the Japs had deserted it. In the wake of the liberation forces, black markets flourished everywhere and one day, Mother gave each of us a bar of chocolate she had bought at an exorbitant price. My brothers and sisters were gleeful. As for me, I could hardly analyze the mixed feelings of pardonable greed and joy I experienced as I feasted my eyes on that bar.

It was a hard, solid piece, square and thick as my two fingers and just as long. On it were grooves set apart to make it easy to break off. But I d'd not immediately eat it. For a long time I contented myself with merely examining the design and words on its wrapper. Hershey Chocolate! Made in United States of America! What a world of meaning those old famous words held for me! It savored of more good things to come, of freedom from fear and want and hunger. I smelled its rich chocolate flavor and suddenly I realized with nostalgia how much I missed this dear, sweet candy for three long years. I reviewed those nightmarish days when we were half-fam'ished and longing for what was not there. My eyes then grew misty.

Finally, I broke off a piece of the bar and ate it. Oh, the three years' respite was well paid for! The lovely brown chocolate had just the same delicious, familiar, if not better and sweeter, taste as before! As I rolled the melting lump over in my mouth, I looked at my brothers and my sisters who were eating, too. They had the same looks of contentment in their faces.

Today, I cannot eat ice-cream or candy or any of God's gifts without thinking of that day, three years ago when I ate that wonderful chocolate bar.

## A Moonlight Dream

The low undulating landscape is silent and serene, mysteriously awake in the hour after sun set. There is not a cloud in the pale sky, not a shadow along the dim, pearly fields, hills and woods. The mist is lifting from the valleys and hallows; the air is cool.

I picture you standing on a rock, overlooking the vast plains and the gray-hair outline of the little valley below. It is a beautiful and you too are beautiful. Your cheeks are pale yet radiant against the charm and splendor of that purple tinted sky. The moon rises from the cove of fleecy clouds, suffusing the world below with its subtle ethereal light, while I am breathless as I watched the enchanting spectacle of the evening.

You are standing there, silhouet-

hind a vast billowy cloud. You are motionless, as if you are afraid something might break the stillness of that heavenly scene. Then the peal of the bells from the old belfry below tells you and me it is time for prayer. You are asking God to let the world stay as you see it, lest it change if you move again.

The moon glides out of the huge Billowy clouds illuminating the stygian darkness and once more changing the earth into a veritable paradise. Once more I am held in vibrant rapture and my dark forebodings are forgotten amidst this phenomenal phantasy, which is again unfurled before my mortal eyes.

The moon betakes itself still

by Ed. Gandinganco

ted against the multicolored tapestry which is heaven itself and as you stand there, you remind me of the Blessed Statue of Our lady of Immaculate Conception standing atop a big mound amidst the convent garden in the village from whence we came. Even the trees seem to command their green foliage to stop fluttering and to harken to you, the mysterious lady with a golden glow. The gentle breeze wafts to our nostrils the fresh scent of the sea nearby.

I sit watching the trees, the moon, and everything, in all their nocturnal beauty. Words are unnecessary. They come, only to die unspoken, for I am afraid to break the magic spell cast upon me and upon our vibrant emotions, which are united by the silken cords of tenderness and understanding. There are words which are never spoken, yet are perceived.

Yet in spite of the loveliness which lifts you to the lot of the unearthly, I can for a moment neither overlook nor forget the fact that you are human like me, you have a heart, while the statue of stone, is cold and heartless.

Then again, the moon hides be-

once again into a dark and forboding cloud, and is hidden from my sight. Eventually, those beautiful things fade slowly before my eyes, and your beautiful outline is likewise dimmed before me. Nothing is left except long shafts of light protruding from the distant horizon like golden pillars sinking fast into the vast quicksand of the unknown.

I come to reality and awake from my beautiful dream, I reach for your hand to assure me that I am not dreaming, but as I reach it, some invisible spirit seems to stop me. I let my hand drop to my lap. Like a dream 'it came, like a dream it soon goes, for dreams leave behind only a memory.

Now I am all alone, with nothing but the tenderest recollection to ease the longing and bitterness the memories of that one December moonlight have engraved in my very soul. But, I shall always be waiting and I shall be praying. In my privation I will dwell in the hope that someday, somewhere, we ...you and I, shall be standing there, side by side on the top of that rock, together once more, gazing on our moonlight paradise.

## a study in Pandemonium

apparently, i had Bats in my Be'fry, How else explain the heady, cutting, goggly-eyed feeling for that certain not-so-tall, nor-so-dark but Definitely oh-so-handsome ADONIS who lived down our alley? we were kindergarten and in the SAME class, for getting a PERFECT score in Spelling (they were simple, common garden-variety words—the very spelling DEMONS for me) AND for being able to stand on his head while turning handsprings (no other in the class could do this, I dec'ed he and i were the EXCEPTIONS, i tr'ed it; —and landed FLAT with an ANGRY behind.) i knew he was my hero, from then on, whenever his HIGHNESS passed, tousled and dirt-streaked from roughhousing it with the gang, i HUNG out of the window, the stricken Fancy followed the

b't of cleaning his spectacles the while his ADAM'S apple pumped up and down so fascinated me i did not SEE his windsails EARS, UNLOVABLE and prominently formidable now, they are.

th's Puny Pundit was elbowed out of the microcosm by a BRAWNY Athletic HE Carried the girl's looks home, the Competition for his company was awful, i did not Know then what happened to Jennifer Jones, i wrote love letters gotten of Milk-'n' dry what had always been arid in the First Place. Snappish Tempers manifested in the destructive displacing of hurlable objects at interfering souls enterprising enough to ASK what is Eating You, seeing very well your nibbling the nails, mumbling the abracadabra, staring at the Blank.

by Josefina Lim

watchful Eyes albeit the Corpus stayed at Home. A Fortnight of this & ENOUGH i hid me oif and just SAT on his doorstep, so to speak, until he consented to pay ATTENTION to me just to have a little PEACE and QUIET, i remember he GRINNED AT ME, Bewitchingly with his Buckteeth, immediately, i was spirited to the EMPYREAN, that is in the seventh dimension,

this cooperative Swain presaged a coup'e of Crushes, they were the Sweeter for being Unshared—none of them were even REMOTELY concerned. He who could turn handsprings was abandoned for a romantically MYOPIC Scholar whose ha-

perspiring the Brow, the flitting descendant of a Pterodactyl nested in the Upper Story until there came a grapevine blossoming the bitter fruit that he had wedded the rustic peanut vendor, who, alas and alack, was the sole peddler of same, we Missed him but we Missed more the peaNUTS, so i say to you, O my soul, beware of the old Adam and the younger Eve, Leave love to the songwriters, you are going to write an easy, You Are Going To Write An Essay, YOU ARE GOING TO WRITE AN ESSAY.

you will submit it with a smile.

and a PRAYER.

### leap year

by oscar v. trinidad

a toddling storm is a rustling breeze  
and a baby fowl is a pattering ra:ndrup  
and an infant avalanche is a rolling pebble.  
you are a she-lamb?

the sephyr is a raging cyclone  
and the rivulet is a rushing flood  
and the stone-slip is a roaring landslide.  
the year has leaped.  
you are now a what?

### IN MEMORY

by

CARLOS CREER RUSIANA

Your grave is still.  
Beneath this sod your bones repose  
All that is left of your fair form.  
When you parted this life  
You left me alone  
To become a burden to myself and others.  
Now thoughts of you are as colorful  
As the flowers on your grave  
As the birds that soar above  
As the rainbow in the sun.

## Most Humorous Person I've Ever Met

By LYDIA CUI

One day last year I went to one of our Cebu town fiestas, where houses were unpainted and ramshackle, and where people made futile attempts at cornfields grown to weeds, I saw in a market place a character unique and unusual in personality and appearance but no less funny and startling. She wore a shapeless skirt of huge blue and white checks, a crepe waist of burnt violet colored orange and over that, a sweater too tight for her with the broadest greenest stripes I've ever seen. An offensive green it was and her waist which was buttoned from up to bottom with saucerlike huge violet buttons served only to cover and warm her, but not to conceal a peculiarity of figure which had a queer resemblance to a water guard. She wore a "buri" hat with a wide brim with a string tied under her chin, which was already black with dust and perspiration. She was a woman of huge proportion, with angular menly shoulders a little stooped and she was wide of hips. Her arms and face were burnt to a rich golden brown which unmercifully unmatched her preposterous colored clothes. Her voice was of the nasal uncultivated coarseness and she had comparatively small black eyes, crossed and surrounded with a network of deep wrinkles. Her feet were incased in a man's cheap leather G.I. shoe. Beneath her tiny bonnet her hair in contrast with the current style was rolled into a high pompadour. She was of the idiotic and ignorant type of mountain people and garbed thus she evoked chuckles of mockery and laughter. She looked to grotesque and ridiculous that I could not help myself against laugh although her huge size made me stiffle my laughter. Upon seeing the attention she invited among the passerby she was embarrassed and she hastily walked in a gait, rambling in manner and possible only to a person of her size. She walked with arms akimbo and very fast. Although I knew it was wrong and unmanerlike to laugh at a person's disfigurement, I could not help myself until after she had walked away that my conscience smote me and evoked a shrug of pity from me. But her stupidity and ignorance, with no malicious intent in mind none(theless presented to anybody who saw her a figure one sees only in funny movie films and freak shows.

# SPORTS

# C.S.C. LIFTERS SWEEP TOUR

The Colegio de San Carlos Weightlifting team won the first Inter-Collegiate Tournament held in Cebu. The Green and Gold lifters captured all the bodyweight team championships except the bantamweight class. The Carolinian supermen showed their superiority over the other teams by starting with poundages well within the limits and having a sure total.

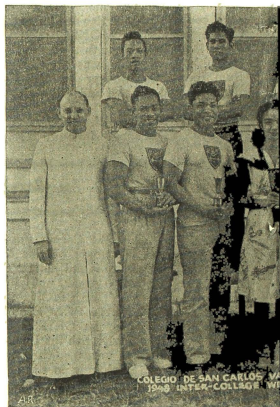
In this tournament, six Cebu records were broken by the San Carlos lifters. Ramon San Lorenzo, the present strongest weightlifter in Cebu and captain of the Green and Gold team, won in the middleweight division handily, with his nearest rival trailing behind by 100 pounds. San Lorenzo shattered the Cebu mid-

dleweight record in the snatch with 205. The old record was 165. He likewise broke the old record of 240 in the clean and jerk by doing 265.

Displaying plenty of speed in his lifts, Rudolfo Alonso won in the lightweight class with his high-calibre lifts. Elpidio Dorotheo shed off a few pounds to lift in the featherweight class where he won with a total of 505 pounds. He also bettered the Cebu record in the clean and jerk with 205.

In the flyweight division, Ricardo Dorotheo, Jr. won over his closest competitor by 65 pounds. Alejandro, no. San Carlos bantam lifter, took third place in this category. Other Carolinian weightlifters who made good in the inter-collegiate contests

were Jose Du, Luis Kintanar and Gerardo Alonso.



Above photo is the San Carlos Weightlifting team and the Regional representatives.

## SUMMARY OF RESULTS

Names	Units	BWT	Press	Snatch	Clean & Jerk	Total
<b>FLYWEIGHT</b>						
R. S. Dorotheo, Jr.	CSC	107	135	135	190	440
L. Opura	SWC	104	105	120	150	375
R. Relente	Argao Inst.	109	105	115	140	360
R. Alino	SWC	111	90	105	150	355
E. Diores	UP	109	90	115	140	345
<b>BANTAMWEIGHT</b>						
K. Bagano	SWC	121	155	155	190	500
D. Alesna	SWC	121	125	155	180	470
A. Abatayo	CSC	123	140	135	180	455
J. Du	CSC	116	125	140	150	415
<b>FEATHERWEIGHT</b>						
E. S. Dorotheo	CSC	130	145	155	205*	505
A. Buenconsejo	SC	131	130	140	180	460
A. Alino	SWC	130	130	135	180	445
C. Hubahib	SWC	125	130	130	180	440
F. Real	SWC	124	150	—	—	150
G. Minoza	UP	132	120	—	—	120
<b>LIGHTWEIGHT</b>						
R. Alonso	CSC	140	145	150	200	495
F. Godnez	SC	144	135	140	190	465
N. Alino Jr.	SWC	148	160	165	—	325
<b>MIDDLEWEIGHT</b>						
R. S. Lorenzo	CSC	156	105	205*	265*	660*
T. Maranga	VI	159	175	170	220	560*

## TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS	13	Points
SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGES	9	"
SOUTHERN COLLEGE	4	"

\*New Cebu Record

## ON BEER AND...

(Continued from page 7).

eyes wistfully while Sergeant Ruiz peered.

"Johnny!" the greeting of a girlish-form brought Miss Borja down to earth. Tessie had arrived with a bi-mustached stocky fellow at her side.

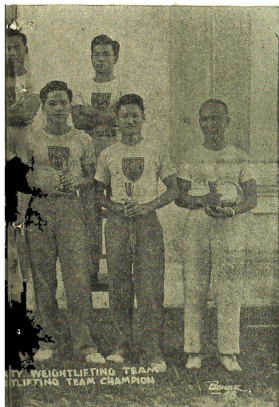
"Baby Tessie! Is it really you?" Sergeant Ruiz started back at the cute thing before him.

"Aunt Mary, you've been talking

to my boy friend, Sergeant Johnny Ruiz of the MP Battalion. Oh, Aunt Mary, will you please take

# ACHIEVEMENTS

The Carolinian supermen staged a repeat performance of their showing



Lifting Team which won the Inter-championships held recently.

care of Mr. Pecson here? I won't be long. Come along, Johnny. I never expected to see you tonight."

"So long for a while, Miss Borja...a...a Aunt Mary," Sergeant Ruiz gulped taking off with Tesie at his heels.

Miss Borja blinked thrice at the pair who were immediately lost in the crowd of dancing feet.

"Ah, men. "she sighed." I'm really through with them."

"Ah, women", echoed Mr. Pecson seated at her side, "I'm beginning to see them."

in the recently held Inter-Collegiate Tournament and went on to win the team championship in the 1948 Regional Weightlifting contests with 9 points. The Green and Gold outfit ran into stiffer competition this time with the Cebu Fire Department and the Southwestern Colleges battling to a draw for second place with 7 points each. The Cebu Weightlifting Club, last year's champion, wound up in last place with only 3 points.

Four of the San Carlos lifters entered in the competition finished among the first three in their bodyweight classes. Ramon San Lorenzo, CSC middleweight lifter, improved his press record by doing 200 pounds. Rudy Alonso, lightweight broke his own records to total 520 pounds. Elpidio Dorotheo, featherweight, narrowly missed being champion in his division by a mere 15 pounds. Al Abatayo displayed remarkable fighting spirit in the bantamweight class. Ricardo Dorotheo, featherweight, lost the championship by 5 pounds.

## ADVICE TO ATHLETES

To high-jumpers:

Look before you leap.

• • •

To weightlifters:

Do not patronize the bars or else you'll cross the bar when you lift the bar-bell.

• • •

To basketball players:

A shot in time saves nine.

• • •

To bench-warmers:

Flowers from time to time.  
o.v.t.

### SUMMARY OF RESULTS

Names	Units	BWT	Press	Snatch	Clean & Jerk	Total
<b>FLYWEIGHT DIVISION</b>						
A. Tabar	CFD	112	120	135	190	445
R. S. Dorotheo, Jr.	CSC	107	135	125	180	440
L. Navarro	CFD	111	130	140*	170	440
J. Du	CSC	112	120	130	160	410
F. Alesna	SWC	111	125	135	170	430
L. Opura	SWC	105	115	120	150	385
R. Relente	VECO	109	110	110	140	360
R. Alino	SWC	111	100	105	150	355
<b>BANTAMWEIGHT DIVISION</b>						
V. Atillo	CFD	122	180*	160	200	540*
L. Alesna	SWC	121	130	160	200	490
C. Hubahib	SWC	123	130	140	190	460
A. Abatayo	CSC	133	130	135	185	450
<b>FEATHERWEIGHT DIVISION</b>						
J. Alforque	CSC	130	160*	170	200	530*
E. S. Dorotheo	CSC	130	155	160	200	515
R. Bagano	SWC	125	145	145	210*	500
A. Alino	SWC	130	130	130	180	440
M. Caus'n	CSC	132	145	125	—	270
E. Kibido	—	130	140	—	190	330
<b>LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION</b>						
N. L. Alino, Jr.	SWC	148	165	170	220	555
N. Alonso	CSC	144	150	160	210	520
<b>MIDDLEWEIGHT DIVISION</b>						
R. San Lorenzo	CSC	156	200	205	260	665*
T. Maranga	VI	159	170	180	230	580

### TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS	9 Points
CEBU FIRE DEPARTMENT	7 "
SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGES	7 "
CEBU WEIGHTLIFTING CLUB	3 "

V. Atillo (Bantamweight)—established a record snatch of 180\* in an extra attempt which is permitted for record-breaking purposes but is not included in his total.

\* New Cebu Record.



Fr. Stephen Szmuto, S. V. D.

## New Director For Boys' High Named

ANOTHER AMERICAN priest fell in love with the Filipinos through the complimentary lectures and books of fellow Americans and decided to do something practical about it. Father Stephen Szmuto, S.V.D. particularly liked what he read and heard from Fr. Edwards (incidentally a name revered by Carolinians) and volunteered to come to the Philippines.

Nothing strikes anyone who meets him so much as his disarming smile which has won the hearts of the High School boys. This 30-year-old priest was born in Trenton, New Jersey. He studied for the priesthood in the Sacred Heart College, Pennsylvania and St. Mary's Seminary, Techny, Illinois.

He had a taste of hospital work from first aid to everything at the Alex's Brothers' Hospital for males in Chicago, Illinois. This was his first assignment. In Ohio he was a Camp Summerian in a summer camp for boys after which he was transferred for parish work to Boston. He received the surprise of his life when he was ordered to come to the Philippines, after helping out for only six months in Boston. Last August he spent a joyous four weeks with his family in Trenton, New Jersey



Fr. Philip Van Engelen, S.V.D.

## C.S.C. Faculty Bolstered By Latest Addition

A strong and living argument that science and religion are compatible is Fr. Philip Van Engelen, S.V.D., who arrived in Cebu City last January to teach in the Colegio de San Carlos after a two-years' sojourn in the States acquainting himself with the intricacies of physics

prior to his trip here.

A program was given for him upon his arrival in the Colegio de San Carlos by the High School department of which he is the present director. Fr. Stephen Szmuto during his first few weeks has shown great interest in the boys and the boys in turn cooperate with him. Like Fr. Edwards, Fr. Smith, and Fr. Bunzel whom he has known before, he likes basketball, tennis, football and hockey. Singing appeals to him and he has bright plans for a gleeful club.

Asked why he likes the Philippines and the Filipinos, he said that "the climate is agreeable and the Filipinos are very lovable. There is something about them you like, they're cheerful, smiling, happy, they can take poverty in a jolly spirit!" Who can help but like this "Guiding Star" of the High School boys?

and electronics at TULANE UNIVERSITY, NEW ORLEANS.

Fr. Van Engelen is not a stranger to the Philippines for he was here since 1935 when he taught at the Colegio de Corazon de Jesus of Tuguegarao, Cagayan. He saw Fil-American baptism in blood during the war having been himself a prisoner of war in Los Angeles. After liberation he was sent to the States to study Physics and Electronics where among laymen he tinkered and wrestled with radio tubes and problems of Physics. During his stay there he had the singular fortune to visit other engineering schools of note like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Of Dutch stock and citizenship, Fr. Van Engelen is the oldest of ten children, 6 brothers and 2 sisters of whom are still alive and presently living in Utrecht, Holland. Father visited his parents before coming back to the Philippines. His youngest brother is also studying for the priesthood and may come to the Philippines someday.

At present Father Felipe is teaching only Religion at the Colegio. He hopes that in a small way he may contribute to the building of a fine

# Under The Microscope

(Editor's Note: This is a condensation from an article in "The Week Magazine by the Pre-Meds)

"See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.... is an old Oriental saying worth bearing in mind, says our mentor.

Not these days, we answer, when being goody-goody and wishy-washy is no longer the fashion. As a rule we do not subscribe to the dictates of fashion come what may, more conversed as we are in our own work than in anything else.

Nevertheless, in the vicinity of our laboratory, there are times when we have to assert ourselves to put meddlers and people with delusions of grandeur in their proper places. Various human species persistently tap at our window panes, some, simply to attract our attention; others, purposely desirous of distracting us from lucrative endeavor. Interesting specimen—many of them—only for laboratory purposes; although plenty, too, are quite tiresome, to say the least.

This week, our venerable tutor picked at random a jabbering pair of these. This, he told us is a pair of the monkey type, Humankind, he continued, explaining when he noted our puzzled expression being of the animal kingdom, displays natural abilities similar to, or worse than other animals. In some as in this one, the monkey trait is more accentuated; in others that of other creatures.

So noisy was the female of the specie we had under study, we rued the fact we were not members of the "Obey-our-Impulse Club," or we would happily viscet either or both of the pair, previous to putting them under the low power objective of our microscope.

For details we were told, we should turn on the high power objec-

phys'c laboratory and electrical and civil engineering shop for San Carlos where young men and women might study the mysteries of science. He has already ordered additional equipment from the States for the college laboratories. He will act as Regent and Spiritual Director for the College of Engineering in the urn in the States acquainting him-  
new San Carlos University.

# Law Freshies Elect Officers

After a spirited electioneering and speechmaking, the Freshman class of the College of Law elected its officers on January 29. The following came out elected:

Mr. Alfonso C. Dalope.....President  
Mr. Sergio A. Bantiles.....Vice-Pres.  
Miss Lila Llanto.....Sec.-Treas.  
Messrs. Sergio Lactao &  
Sgt. Bajarías .....Sgt.-at-arms

Before the above officers were elected, Major Mercado, the then incumbent president, presided over the meeting. The first nomination was that of he candidates for President. Mr. Dalope came out unanimously elected.

After his election President Dalope took the chair. He received nominations for the other offices.

Both the new President and the Vice-President delivered inaugural speeches.

## DREAM ON

by  
CARLOS CREER RUSIANA

Sleep, my love, dream on.  
Charming stars light the sky;  
The moon is beaming bright;  
While caressing breezes blow,  
I'm near to you, yet far  
Away from dreams come true  
Yet sleep, my love, dream on  
Your angel watches o'er you.

tive. But there was no need for that. every detail however minute was so clearly defined, we could right away describe our subjects.

There were what found out an impartial examination of our subjects:

This female of this species will die unless she is allowed to tattle endlessly. Her gabblings, though usually revolve about people she is fully aware are her superiors in intellect or in other matters. Her theme is invariably the same—concocted "badness" of "il-repute" of those people whose high standard of living or superior ability she tries to ape but could never attain considering her limitations. Her greatest happiness is when she could go the round of  
(Continued on page 20).

# Letters To The EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I have been reading the pages of the Carolinian religiously and I am glad to say that I have enjoyed it thoroughly. I like especially the informal and the humorous write-ups.

This is the reason that I have come forward with a suggestion to improve the contents of the Carolinian. I think it would be a good idea to put up a gossip column. In that column, you can give an account of the activities of famous personalities of the college.

I am sure that such a column will stir the interest of the students because, as the saying goes, "It is the names that make news."

I hope that you will like the suggestion and give a little thought to the matter.

M. Z. Bajarías

We have to hand it to Reader Bajarías for the nice—but not novel—suggestion. In fact, nothing can fill the pages of the magazine more quickly than a gossip column. There really is no trick to writing a column. However, the policy of the magazine is to keep as impersonal as possible for certain reasons. Hence, a gossip column has been left out deliberately at the expense of reader appeal. Reader Bajarías will be happy to find however that we are running a column this issue — not the "gossip" kind, though.—ED.

Mr. Editor:

This is going to be a gripe, pure and simple, and I dare you to publish it in the next issue.

I have noted that the Carolinian always comes out weeks or months late. For example, the November issue came out in December and the January issue came out in February.

Furthermore, I am under the impression that the college organ is supposed to come out monthly. Why is it that there were two months, if I remember exactly, that the Carolinian did not come out at all. What  
(Continued on page 14)

was the staff been doing all the time.

Alfonso Dalope

Readers Dalope's gripe is understandable so we have taken up the challenge to publish his letter. Half of the blame can be laid to the staff made up of students, after all, and not of professional writers. The other half can be laid to mechanical difficulties, paper shortages and varied other details attendant at the printers. The magazine is not a monthly. The quota is 6 issues for a school-year or 3 a semester.—ED.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I would like to add my voice to the chorus of praises that I have heard being heaped on our college organ, the Carolinian.

I think that it is the best edited magazine among all college publications in the city of Cebu and may even stand comparison to several Manila collegiate magazines. Very noteworthy are the running comments attached to the short stories and articles. They are so well written that I might say one is even disappointed to find that the pieces they are supposed to ballyhoo do not sometimes turn out as they are advertised.

Lastly, the Spanish section which a good many part of the student body may miss is another part that I also read. I have found the editorial written in very fine style—so good, indeed that sometimes I find it hard to believe that the author writes it himself. My father, in fact, has expressed the same opinion.

As a whole, the magazine is of high quality and I am proud of it.

Jose Gallofin

The Bouquets thrown our way are very flattering—but definitely. However, the idea of a ghost behind the Spanish editorials is a bugaboo. The Spanish editor is as good as his Editorials. Again, the incredulity can be considered actually as a backslap—it is a measure of how good the Spanish, editor—and his works.—ED.

You are you

If when depressed by life's pains,  
You still can, like fallen birds, sweetly sing.  
If when amidst life's strongest baffling hurricanes,  
You still can, with confidence from above, securely stand.  
If when confronted by life's ugliest grins,  
Still you can admire and hold up your chin.  
If when cheated costly by strange beguile,  
You still can beam and draw a honeyed smile.  
And when left far behind in life's race,  
You still can hope and make cadence at ease.  
If lost and into darkness you go astray,  
You still have courage to find your way.  
If when enticed by the sweetness of sin,  
You still can boldly not by transient joy forfeit your soul  
If when cruelly hurt by betrayals of friends,  
You still can love and pray for them.  
If when utterly fagged by life's tediousness to the bridle  
You still can close your eyes and fall to pleasant dreams.  
..... then you are you

A. Chamber

### TEARS THAT FLOW

Storms cannot break it  
They only put it to the test  
And strengthen it for us.  
The tears that flow show me  
That you care, for which  
I appreciate you the more.  
If we stand together  
No earthly force can sever  
Our mutual love.

### ETERNAL PEACE

May your slumber nevermore  
Be broken by fires of guns  
May your peace be lasting  
Forevermore.

We shall be reminded  
Of all the things you've done,  
Of your vibrant youth and flaming  
courage.  
We'll keep them in our hearts unstinted.

Yes—you're gone, far away  
To that peace of eternal life  
But memories of you will haunt us  
From day to day.

—JOSEFINA MONTEBON

### DREAMER'S LAMENT

by  
DITO P. BUGARIN

O may there be no summer moon  
To lengthen my dreary days  
And mock me with a flickle face  
That cooled a flame too soon.

No more shall come the zephyrs of morn  
Bringing the fragrance of a rose.  
The decrepit sun at sunset has lost  
its gold; the sky, its blue. A dreamer  
forlorn

Like me shall walk the long straight road,  
With darkness and uncertainty to weaken  
My footsteps that totter now and then;  
Benumbed, weakened by the heavy load.

Now I know that in some ways  
I shall not see once more  
The evening star beckoning me to the  
hills;

The warmth of a smile; those assuring  
looks;  
Nor hear the robin's call from the vine-  
clad nooks.

But then should I a dreamer  
Who loves these things and the moon  
Within a cold ground sleep too soon?



# MILITARY

## CROSS CANNON FRATERNITY ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

The cadet officers of the C.S.C. artillery corps elected a new set of officers to run the Cross Cannon Fraternity this semester. The following were elected: pres'dent, Cdt. Col. Eduardo Javelosa; vice-president, Cdt. Lt. Col. Antonio Tumalak; secretary, Cdt. Capt. Napoleon G. Rama; treasurer, Cdt. Major Jaime Jimeno; reporters, Cdt. Lt. Vicente Uy and Cdt. Lt. Ramon B. Tupas; sgts-at-arms, Cdt. Capt. Teodoro Ruiz and Cdt. Capt. Florencio Rito. Adviser of the organization is Capt. Pedro Gonzalez, commandant of the ROTC unit.

## ROTC SPONSORS CHOSEN AFTER KEEN COMPETITION

An election of sponsors for the different units in the ROTC corps this semester was held recently. After a close balloting, the following were declared elected: Regimental sponsor, Teresita Mart'nez; Regimental staff sponsor, Milagros Lucero; 1st battalion sponsor, Charito Pelaez; 2nd battalion sponsor, Milagros Lopez; 1st battalion staff sponsor, Andronica Torrefranca; 2nd battalion staff sponsor, J. Cosito; Hq. battery sponsor, Marina Javelosa; "A" battery sponsor, Cand'a Estillore; "B" battery sponsor, L. Asuncion; "C" battery sponsor, Mabel Varian; Service battery sponsor, Teres'ta Valencia; Color sponsor, N. Kho.; Band sponsor, Julita Tagalog.

## SPONSORS BALL HELD

The cadet officers of the Cross Cannon fraternity held a ball and program at the Life Terrace in honor of the newly elected sponsors of the organization and the new officers of the Cross Cannon fraternity. The affair was graced with the presence of Lieut. Col. Manuel T. Flores, past commandant of the San Carlos ROTC unit and now superintendent of all ROTC units.

## C.S.C. ROTC AWARDED HIGH RATING

The office of the superintendent of ROTC units picked out the Colegio de San Carlos ROTC unit as the organization with the most efficient record here last year. In recognition of this record, the artillery branch of the service was given the unit.

The San Carlos artillery corps is

## ARTILLERY SONG

O'er Hills  
O'er Dales  
We have hit the dusty trail  
As those Caissons go rolling along

Counter March  
Right About  
Hear those wagons  
Soldiers shout  
As those Caissons go rolling along

### CHORUS

For it's Hi Hi Hee  
In the Field Artillery  
Sound off your numbers  
Loud and strong  
One, two, three, four

Ev'ry body 'll know  
Ev'ry where we go  
That those Caissons  
Are rolling along

## COUNTRY LIFE

by  
A. C. ABATAYO

The early morning breeze rushes  
To the nipa doors and windows  
For everyone to breath in full.  
At noon the trees hum their tones  
As changing winds pass through.  
The evening leaves the day behind  
And all man's worries cease,  
Again the moon ascends the sky  
To watch o'er those who rest;  
The days and nights are made for us,  
With all the things around,  
And all the beauty one can see  
In everything is planned.

the only unit in that branch of the service in the whole Visayas and Mindanao. In Luzon, this distinction is enjoyed by the three leading universities of Manila: the University of the Philippines, the University of Santo Tomas and the Far Eastern University.

## C.S.C. CADETS BEARING UP WITH COMBINED ARTILLERY, INFANTRY TRAINING

The Carolinian cadets are undergoing training in two branches of

the military service this semester--the artillery and the infantry. Despite the weight and hardship this involves, the instructors and the cadets have managed to come through with a fairly good average.

## MILITARY BALL HELD FOR LIEUT. COLONEL FLORES

A military ball was tendered on March 14 by all R.O.T.C. units in the city in honor of Lieut. Col. Manuel T. Flores and his party who came here to conduct the annual tactical inspection of R.O.T.C. units here.

## 94 CADETS TO TRAIN IN FLORIDABLANCA

Ninety-four cadets who took the second year basic and the advanced course in the R.O.T.C. department this year were selected to undergo two months of summer cadre training at the Philippine army training camp in Floridablanca, Pampanga.

Graduates of the second year basic course last year were previously scheduled to make the Floridablanca trip also. The order to this effect however was revoked after the quota of 94 given to the Colegio de San Carlos was filled. Another reason given was that last year's crop were trained in the infantry course while this year's cadets were given training in the artillery branch.

The first batch of Carolinians going to Floridablanca will emplane on April 1. The rest will follow later, either by boat or by plane. The training will start April 7 and will close in the last week of May, it was announced.

## C.C.S. UNIT MAKES GOOD IN TACTICAL INSPECTION

The Colegio de San Carlos R.O.T.C. unit passed the grade with flying colors at the annual tactical inspection held on March 15, drawing the biggest crowd in the series of inspections of all R.O.T.C. outfits in the city.

The fact of the Colegio de San Carlos being the only R.O.T.C. unit in the city designated to the artillery branch added glamor to the show put on by the Carolinians at the tactical inspection.

The tactical inspection was conducted by Lieut. Col. Manuel T. Flores, superintendent of all R.O.T.C. units in the Philippines, and his party of tactical officers.

# ★ ★ ★ NIK - NAKS ★ ★ ★

## A STUDY IN PRACTICALITY

Nick: My brother's in jail charged with murder.

Nap: Say, that's serious. How d'd it happen

Nick: My father was sick and the doctor told my brother to give him a shot in the arm to relieve his pain -- and my brother thought if one shot would help -- why not empty the six shooter into him.

## BIG FEAT

Pete: You're always talking about my big feet -- well, let me tell you I'm glad I've got big feet.

Paul: Why

Pete: Well, when I was hunting lions in Africa, I ran out of ammunition and there was a lion following me. It started to rain and I started to run so the lion wouldn't kill me -- well, it rained and rained and the lion kept following me, but he finally fell into one of my footprints and before he could scramble out, he was drowned.

## THE SCOTS DO IT AGAIN!

Two Scots were mountaineering in Switzerland and when one of them fell into a crevasse. The other peering over the edge, saw his companion holding on almost by his fingernails.

MacDougal: Are ye a'right, MacPherson?

MacPherson: Not exactly that, but if you run down to the village an' git rope I'll try to hang on here till you come back. Hurry for heaven sake.

MacDougal disappeared and was gone nearly an hour. Suddenly his face appeared again over the edge of the cliff.

MacDougal: Are you still there, MacPherson?

MacPherson: Aye! Have ye got the rope.

MacDougal: Nay -- the dirty dogs in the village wanted 2 pounds for it.

## PLAYING HOOKY

Max: You can go on playing hooky here, but I bet you can't do that in a correspondence school.

Koykoy: Betcha I can.

Max: How?

Koykoy: I send an empty envelope.

## PLASTIC SURGERY

She: What will the operation of lifting my face cost, doctor?

Doc: Five thousand dollars madame.

She: That's robbery. Isn't there something less expensive I can try?

Doc: You might try wearing a veil.

## CHICKEN BUTCHER

Mario: I'm a lady-killer.

Oskie: Yeah, they take one look at you and drop dead.

## LADY-KILLER

Nap: They say he's a regular lady-killer.

Ben: I'll say he is. He starves them to death.

## I'LL BE HANGED!

Juan: Were any of your ancestors on the stage or screen?

Pedro: My cousin was the principal character at a public function once, but the platform fell.

Juan: Did he fall to the floor?

Pedro: No--the rope stopped him.

## BOBBY-SOX

Mac: What is the difference between the so-called old-fashioned woman and the so-called modern woman?

Joe: The old-fashioned woman used to darn her husband's socks while the modern woman socks her husband.

## GRAMMAR

Teacher: Give me a sentence using

the word "miniature."

Student: The miniature asleep you begin to snore.

## ANGEL

Walt: From what I hear, your wife is a bit of an angel.

Pete: Oh, rather. She's always going up in the air and harping on something or other.

## LIARS

Professor: I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter.

Nearly all raised their hands.

Professor: That's fine. You're the group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

## LUNATICS

He talks to himself--that shows he's insane.

Ridiculous. You wouldn't be insane just because you talked to yourself.

No?

Of course not. I talk to myself. Do you think I'm insane.

I wouldn't say you're insane if you talked to yourself. But you would be if you listened.

—o—o—

A doctor was showing a friend around a lunatic asylum. "See that man over there," he said.

"Yes."

"Well, he's the fellow who went mad on the night of his wedding when his girl jilted him."

"Too bad."

"They passed on. Coming to a steel cell in which a man was hanging his head against the bars, the doctor said, "Do you know who that is?"

"No."

"Well, that's the fellow who married the other fellow's girl."

—o—o—

The last scene is laid in an insane asylum. They are serving soup to nuts!

# Catalog Of Character

## From Head To Foot Notes

by J.R.G.

The Carolinian would have been a better school organ if the student body cooperated and contributed more. The feature column specially, bares obvious hints of neglect. Hints?... huh! The awful truth is more like it.

\* \* \*

The anticipation of graduation... determination to succeed. Flushed, eager faces... anxious glances... expectant hearts... visions of the sweet-girl graduate, ecstatic in her flimsy, white organdie... nightmares of the martyred-boy graduate, choking in his coat and tie.

\* \* \*

The eternal controversy... the battle of the sexes will go on and on as long as women insist on the war paint, as long as men howl their war-whistle. Women giggle... men oggle. Women have cinematic illusions that they have glamour and oomph-appeal plus. Men have telescopic notions that they are the impregnable universe. Still, useless each without the other.

\* \* \*

The best-selling Book-of-the-ages—the Ego and I, by Every Egoist. There is not a more typically human characterization than Ego this... Ego that... a more satisfying eulogy of sincere praises that I was... I am... I will.

\* \* \*

The Constitution explicitly grants "freedom of the press." We heartily applaud, "Let Freedom Ring."

\* \* \*

The Way of All Beings is canned up in the nutshell of a radio request program. Prisoners of Love wash Sentimental and plead Guilty to the Temptation of Jealousy and the Full Moon and Empty Arms, and await their sentence to be Near You Till the End of Time. My! Ain't love grand!

\* \* \*

What price cooperation? I copy from you... you get hundred. So do I? When you get zero. I get a hundred per cent. Why? I do not let you copy what I copied from a third person.

\* \* \*

The trouble with women is that they exert too much effort to attract the attention of men and exert no effort at all when they say, "No."

The trouble with men is that they are too self-confident. When a woman says, "No," they think that he is pretending. They never think that there must be something wrong with their love-making.

\* \* \*

Can't we do something about the increasing list of overdue books in the library?

\* \* \*

Posting a deadline creates as much promising prophecy as did the writing on the wall. There is a slight variation, however... there is indeed writing, but where on earth is the wall?

\* \* \*

Leap Year calls for an innovation... girls ask boys for dates, spend for them and chase them. But had it not been so all these years? So subtly... so ingeniously done that all along it looked like conventionalty par excellence?

\* \* \*

Why are there cynics? It isn't because people have lost their faith and trust in some other people—not because hearts have been broken by careless promises—not because the illusion of pink clouds and blue skies have become the black shadows of disillusionment. Rather, people become cynical because there is such mystery and intrigue in being a cynic—cynicism is out of the ordinary... there is allure... there is something different... there is such a useless word as a cynic for people to make use of... a justification for the originality and novelty of being called cynical.

\* \* \*

Pardon, but my slip is showing between the lines. I could be sued for plagiarism yet and some people would like to run after my scalp, eh wot?

The "Guy" who boasts of his dozen sweethearts today but loses them all on the morrow.—Miss Priscilla Dosdos, High School Training Dep't.

The irritated and irritating in-laws who cut each others throat and bite each others nose but still remain intact and sound under one roof. — Mr. Ray Pangilinan Jr., Liberal Arts II.

Students who pretend to be ignorant about their assignments when they have burnt their midnight candles digesting them. — Miss Fe Patalinghug, Education I.

The woman who enjoys gossiping stories of her chums more than discussing her studies. — Miss Nieves Castillo, Education I.

People who think that riding on a camel is fun but are oblivious to the danger of a fall. — Miss Tita Valencia, General Course I.

The student who after copying the work of others in the examination, thinks the achievement to be his own. — Miss Rosario F. Rodil, Commerce I.

People who get the idea they are worth a lot of money just because they possess it. — Miss Fe Patalinghug, Education I.

The man who has an eye for beauty but a mind that is good for only one thing at one time.

The family which boasts of a well-planned budget that usually ends up in a malnutrition hospital.

The fellow who insists on reminding you of the descendants of Bonifacio, Mabini and Rizal at the time you are in one of your "surplus" deals.

The young bride who has to adjust from a honeymoon trip to her in-laws.

The girl who walks in a manner that makes people make way for her.

The lady who immediately drops a boy like a hot potato after she learns he has no jeep and is not "Yarrow" minded.

The girl who immediately wears a wounded look without your knowing you had hurt her in any way.

## Seccion Castellana

VICENTA ESCANO  
EDITORA ASOCIADA

NAPOLEON G. RAMA  
EDITOR

JESUS A. MARTINEZ  
REPORTERO

### EDITORIAL

## EL HOMBRE PROFUNDO

*Era un guason incorregible que informado de que un tal fulano es muy profundo, observo con finisimo sarcasmo: Deberia serlo, pues el es todo una cavidad.*

*La erudicion para algunos consiste en embeber todo el libro: todas sus proposiciones, ideas, letras y signos ortograficos. Acepta, con la religiosa credulidad de un secuaz de Mahoma, todo lo que ve alli impreso. Apoyados sobre la falsa premisa de que deberia ser un sabio quien llega a escribir un libro, abrigan la idea de que todo lo que un libro encierra dentro de sus paginas no puede ser otro que una obra acabada y erudita, cuyas teorías y conclusiones son dignas de ciega y fervorosa creencia cual un dogma de fe. Su amor a los libros pronto se trueca en un culto fetichista, y en este su idolo literario, como en todos los dioses falsos, encontraran la perdicion y la disilusion.*

*Hay dos clases de estudiantes que estudian sin aprender. Pasan por profundos, merced a su disfraz grave y estudioso, cuando en realidad son unos mentecatos. Se dedican a los estudios con mas entusiasmo que aptitud. Cuando poseen mediana inteligencia pero mucha pretension al aplicarse a los estudios fuera de su alcance intelectual, sus hondas ambiciones resultan fatales. Tanto mas indagán en los misterios de la vida y del mundo, cuanto mas confuso se quedan.*

*Por otra parte, hay quienes estan dotados de sobresalientes cualidades pero estas estan mal aplicadas. Proclaman prematuramente su independencia intelectual, y luego, bencidos de vanagloria y egoismo, ya no cabe en ellos ninguna otra inteligencia superior. Poco a poco les arruina su presuncion temeraria. Mentira parece, pero los mas solemnes y monumentales errores en este mundo los han enunciado hombres de esta categoria.*

*Hay algunos estudiantes que por haber leído a Kant, a Marx o a Nietzsche ya se creen unos sabios. Nuevas y atrevidas ideas balagan su fantasia y excitán su imaginacion. Guiados por su pueril afán de lucirse, desarrollan y ponen en practica las teorías malsanas recién aprendidas. Se valen de ellas para contradecir y refutar vanamente doctrinas que han sobrevivido a siglos de contradiccion y vicisitudes mil veces mas abrumadoras. En verdad, la ciencia puesta en manos de fanaticos e incautos puede convertirse en un arma de doble filo que hiere y destruye al mismo que la posee.*

*El hombre erudito no es aquel que quiere aprender sin el menor esfuerzo por su parte, ni aquel que, sin reflexionar, acepta todas las lecciones y enseñanzas, solo porque magister dixit, ergo ita est. La erudicion consiste principalmente en poder separar lo falso de lo genuino, la mentira de la verdad, la fantasia de la realidad.*

## Un "Bluff" Historico

por rafael v. guanzon

Cual pokeristas modernos, los revolucionarios de la provincia donde respire las primeras auras de la vida también han empleado el "bluff"..., pero lo emplearon historicamente. No porque ellos fuesen blufistas por temperamento sino porque la necesidad y el patriotismo lo emperaron.

Eran los primeros días del Noviembre de 1895. Casi todos los pueblos de Negros Occidental estaban ya en manos filipinas. Solo quedaba por conquistar el mas importante—Bacolod, la capital. ¿Serían los revolucionarios o no, tenían que tomarlo enseguida antes de que llegara la ayuda que hacia días esperaban los españoles. Pero como hacerlo cuando el enemigo aun con la ausencia de la ayuda esperada, estaba mejor armada? Este problema habia costado mucha preocupacion a los Generales Aniceto Lacson y Juan Araneta... caudillos del gobierno cantonal revolucionario de Negros. Pero cual por milagro de un poder divino que un pueblo oprimido se librara del tirano, los dos caudillos no tardaron en llegar a la solucion.

Y como resultado de ella, por la tarde del 5 de Noviembre del mismo año, las fuerzas revolucionarias procedentes del norte bajo el mando del Gral. Lacson y las del sur encabezadas por el Gral. Araneta, marcharon simultaneamente hacia Bacolod. Cuando estaban ya a eso de un kilómetro de la poblacion, se pararon. Uno de los generales envió un emisario al gobernador español demandando la capitulacion de la cabecera, porque si no, la iban a tomar por asalto antes de la madrugada.

Aunque el gobernador veía desde la torre de la iglesia de San Sebastian lo bien "armados" que estaban los batallones revolucionarios, se nego. Mas tarde, sin embargo, ahlandado quizá por los llantos de su esposa y sus hijos y comprendiendo (Pasa a la pagina 20)

# EL HUMOR DE UN MUERTO

Por R. V. G.

Era las once de la noche del Día de los Difuntos, Juancho, en vez de compartir el regocijo de sus compañeros en gracia a la ocasión, encuartelabase en el silencio del otro extremo de la casa. Repasaba las lecciones pasadas en anatomía en que había de tener examen la mañana siguiente.

Pero apenas hubo traspasado un cuarto de hora en que nuestro estudiante hallabase en la mesa de estudio, empezó a turbarse el silencio que reinaba en el recinto. Detrás de él, venía un ruido de algo que se arrastraba. Sin embargo, preocupadísimo que estaba de lo serio que sería el examen, no lo hizo caso; creía que era no más el crujido de las tablas después de un día de severo sol. No había nada fuera de lo natural, pensó. Un ratito después, cesó el ruido solamente para resumirse después de unos segundos como si se burlase de alguien. El siguió atento a su libro, pero el ruido persistía, y se hacía más audible. Aquello era ya intolerable. Para averiguar que era lo que le molestaba y para darle fin, el joven volvió la mirada en pos de sí. Solo para quedarse abobado y guzpa para olvidarse de cuanto había revisto. Un espectáculo no común y poco agradable encontro su mirada. La calavera que había traído de su pueblo para el laboratorio zoológico del colegio andaba, paraba, paraba. Aquel resto humano movía, lateralmente, mandándole con las cuencas tapadas con algodón. El espectáculo no solo le convenció de la existencia en su cuarto de algo fuera de lo ordinario, sino que le hizo el corazón palpitante con estrépitos violencia a la vez que un intolerable deseo de gritar se apoderó de él. Pero su ser físico parecío estar paralizado y se requirió el lapso de unos momentos antes de que él pudiera despegar la lengua para pedir ayuda. Sin embargo, su grito no fue respuesto en seguida. Tuvo que reír rarlo y en voz que parecía clamar al cielo. Los socorrientes forzaron la puerta. Al ver el cráneo andante, le largaron dos bastonazos fuertes.

Segundos más tarde en medio del montoncito de nuevos rotos de la que era calavera, se vio otro cadáver—un raton muerto.

# La Mujer y la Inspiración

..Por ALFONSO C. DALOPE

La vista de una mujer, además de haber sido siempre mi fuente de inspiración, también me hace acordar de distintas cosas que entre sí son también distintas.

Una mujer retorgada me trae a la mente recuerdos de épocas de bonanza y prosperidad; una que sea delgada, de épocas de normalidad; pero la vista de una chica flaca me retrotrae a los años bellicos cuando muchos perecieron de hambre.

Los ojos azules de una mujer, sea ella africana o china, me recuerdan del cielo de verano o del mar en días de sol; si ella posee ojos negros me acuerdo de agua de un río revuelto por una manada de carabaos.

Sus labios rojos me hacen recordar de los pétalos de rosa. Pero sus labios palidos me traen a la memoria el "atabrine" y la malaria.

Al ver yo su nariz, si es alta y bien formada, recuerdo el volcán de Popocatepítol de Mejioco; si es chata, se me viene el retrato de una colina sembrada de maíz.

Si su cabello es rubio, se me ocurre pensar de los rayos del sol una hora antes de ponerse; si es negro, me acuerdo del humo que venía de los templos de la antigua Roma.

La barbilla puntiaguada de mujer me hace recordar de la geografía y de la punta de Cebu en el sur; si no lo

es, del norte de Luzon.

Su cuello, si es corto, recuerda del emperador Neron, si es largo de las bellezas de Cambodja.

Si la parte superior de las pantofillas femeninas son más grandes que las inferiores me acuerdo de mi juventud cuando jugaba "bowling." Pero en caso que las superiores sean de igual támara que las inferiores, me acuerdo de mi diversion de pintar y dibujar los vacíos de las balas del cañon.

Los pies si son venenosos me acuerdo de una verengena frita con huevo; si por casualidad no lo son, se me viene contemplar los pies de la estatua de marmol de Venus en la biblioteca narmal.

Los talones pletoricos son reminiscentes de la yema del huevo. Pero los anemicos, recuerdan de la clara del mismo huevo de gallina.

Y las unas de los pies? Si son pintados, en seguida siento hambre porque me recuerdan de los "cookies" de color del Times Kitchen; si no son pintadas me acuerdo de las mujeres en el Noli Me Tangere y también de la crema de la leche que es responsable por el presente estado de mi salud.

En sentisís, no estara de más decir que la mujer siempre ha sido la fuente de inspiración de toda obra magna, tanto en lo espiritual como en lo físico.

## Los Maestros - Seres Abnegados

por Crescenciano Dayanan

Estos maestros son conidados como los humildísimos entre los humildes; son los que pasan sin gloria y ignorados de los que trabajan para el gobierno. Sus responsabilidades son innumerables por razon de su cometido y porque ellos son los que forman el caracter de la juventud de la nacion, pero apesar de su eficiencia y lealtad no son apreciados por algunos altos oficiales del gobierno, que no consideran el hecho de que los maestros en todo tiempo estan muy cargados de trabajo. Su tiempo de recreo y descanso es muy limitado. Las fiestas oficiales son generalmente los días en que los maestros van a gozar, y se alegran y divierten separados de sus alumnos y de la monotonía de la vida diaria. Todo esto impele a los maestros a pedir justicia pero sus voces se pierden en el desierto de la escena

gubernamental.

La vida de los maestros no es un camino sembrado de rosas. Tribulaciones y conflictos turban la felicidad y las sensibilidades de los maestros en la actualidad, debido a la insuficiencia del salario. Pero a pasar de todo lo hecho por obtener mejor consideracion de un gobierno a que el maestro sirve con lealtad nada se ha obtenido para remediar la situacion critica de los maestros. Y el unico orgullo y consuelo de un maestro es que el enseñar esta considerado como una profesion noble y honrada.

Estos individuos llamados a encender la antorcha del saber dedican todas las horas del día al método y a la mejor manera para que su trabajo sea fructuoso y que sus problemas sean resueltos.

## UNDER THE SCALPEL'S... (Continued from page 4)

stainless steel and sparkling crystals I'd have felt benevolent towards at a time when I was dressing up for a date. But at the moment my mind was far from dates or dancing. I was thinking of all the heroic dead who had died before me: some by a Roman soldier's spear, some by an Indian's arrow, some by a Jap's bayonet, some by a Frenchman's blade, some by a Bluebeard's dagger, some by a Venetian's poniard, some by a Batangeno's balisong, some by a sniper's knife, and I, most glorious of martyrs, (for no cause at all)—by a humanitarian's scalpel.

I stopped counting the nails on the beams above me and meditated on things deeper. I am too young, to make my exit now, I thought. I have a new dress, still with the modiste. And shoes were being made to order. My size is 2.5, so who would utilize them after I am gone? Ah, Mama would cherish them dearly, in memory of me. That's that. Then too, I have an over-due book from the USIS; and would Stella please stop murmuring "Pray, darling, pray."

It came to me in a flash that I've had no real happy moments in life yet—not even the time when my professor, whom I had idolized secretly, called me by my full name. He is the indifferent type, you know.

The pain carried on. "What a racket," I thought, "what a bloody racket." Poor Papa is paying hundreds just for the privilege of having me sliced to pieces.

At last the doctors found the proud swollen appendix and darned the darn thing, with catgut. I presume. And very soon I was sewed up in pain.

Well, the palm of martyrdom isn't for me yet. Funny what! For Gandhi, but not for me. They wheeled me back into the room and dumped me into the bed, a contraption of levers and bars. Then the big thing was brought to me in a tiny air-tight jar. It was red, large, and swollen, pregnant with malicious juice. Later I heard that my brother brought it to class and presented it as a specimen of a nematelmintox to his Biology teacher.

Outside, the sun shone bright on a world at peace—without me. I could hear the squeak and screech of roller skates and of children talking liquid and melodious Chinese. If I had perished under the knife, I would have gone without even having learned to roller-skate, not to mention my delinquency in Chinese.

It was 8:30 and the telegrams, notes, and condolences started coming. I had forty-eight hours of bliss—no visitors for two days. The memory of a collapsed abdomen et cetera put me to sleep till evening.

Then came the tantalizing recollections of adobo and steak, cakes and rich puddings. At midnight, I had a nightmare of bubbling fountains of ice-cold Coca-Cola, and a mountain of lemon ice-cream. Instead the nurse

## BEAUTIFUL FROGS'.... (Continued from page 6)

to have done a "great service to the world of science."

By the way, Mr. Guanz, since you have shown so much interest in science, I believe you would be interested to know about another specimen of phylum Chordata, class Amphibia. I am searching for. This time I am looking for a male frog which I am told has been known to produce a low sound very like a whistle everytime its extraordinarily large, protruding eyes alight on a rana femina. This frog, I am further told, prefers to chase rather than to be chased. But it chases only ranas femininas. And that rather stumps me because I would not, for the world, have any one of these frogs chase my own femina. I therefore appeal to you to help me find a solution to my difficulty. If you know of a place where this species abounds, please, let me know. And I'm warning you—this frog sometimes looks very harmless, but it can be very dangerous. But definitely! I hope I don't have to go to Zugambique again, but I will even go to Timbuctoo just to get his specimen.

Any help from you, Mr. Guanz, will be highly appreciated. Your place in the history of science will then be doubly secure. And your name will go down as one to whom science will be for endless ages grateful.

Yours very sincerely,

Astere Dula

kept offering tiny, teaspoonfuls of warm tea. I resolved to drink a pool-ful of Talia's clear cool water, as soon as I could get out of this bed—a lo 'till a' the pool's gen dry'.

A little past midnight, my back was a stiff board equipped with a nervous system. In the morning the lethargy was passed. In the afternoon I awoke to a pleasant glassful of orange-juice, all for me. It was no mirage, this time; no Fata Morgana. I sipped a little and I fell over—I had abstained for too long.

When I looked into a mirror I pronounced the operation a success. It was a whooping success for at last one of my three chins had secretly vanished. The success included boxes of candies, ice cream, comic books, pocketbooks, magazines.

Then the first visitors came, the butchers who dissected me. I changed my mind about them and we were friends again. Then more visitors came. Some stayed too long for me and others borrowed my magazines. Some

## UNDER THE.... (Continued from page 13)

the neighborhood, or far out its circumference, in a campaign against the "pet peeves" among people more or less of her calibre. Ten to one, however, this kind of female lead a life which stinks so badly, you could smell it a mile away.

The male is no better; at times, he is worse, especially if he is of the namby-pamby, somewhat effeminate sort. Usually, he echoes what his mate says, incapable as he is of discerning anything beyond his nose. But when he takes the initiative, you maybe sure the fiction he mouths in bad taste to an audience hungering for such thrash is much more dirty.

Subjected to acid stimuli, this pair reacts strangely. Cringing to the extent of slavishness, both would be willing to trade their own parents or brethren to save their skins.

Our mentor classifies this species thusly:

Phylum—Materiosium,  
Class—Envidiosum  
Order—Gossiperum  
Species—Simeanus

## UN "BLUFF" .. (Continuation de la pagina 18)

la inutilidad de ofrecer resistencia a tal fuerza mayor, el gobernador hizo la rendicion por la media noche.

Sobre aquella rendicion, muchos historiadores lugareños creen que si el gobernador hubiese pedido plazo de siquiera doce horas para decidir si iba a capitular o no, la historia nengreña hubiera tomado un aspecto diferente. Porque a las cuatro de la madrugada siguiente a lg rendicion, lleo el buque de guerra espanol La Reina Cristina, lleno de soldados y armas.

El remordimiento del gobernador por la capitulacion que acababa de hacer era indudablemente, amargisimo cuando vio a los filipinos hacer la parada de victoria con sus rifles de tallos de nipa, media docena de rifles viejos, algunos revolveres, y canones de petates arrollados. Cuentase a consecuencia de aquel superlativo "bluff", el gobenador murio de un ataque cardiaco poco despues de salir de Filipinas.

stayed too briefly.

The most welcome was the nurse whenever she bathed me with after-shaving lotion or talcum. For ten days I smelled like a bar of Reuters. And I was enjoying it. After all I had at last the coveted 19-inch waistline.

# MID - SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

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