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EDITORIAL

EXTRA-CURRICULARISM

The exuberant, spontaneous outbursts of the rab-rab spirit during the old days have died down to a faint trickle of forced shows of college spirit today. Students have lost the swing of the old cheering squads and college sprees; college halls have become as stiff and as dry as opera houses.

In the main, the average student has taken to straddling the fence and to striking the passive, folded-arms pose of indifferentism. Let all those games and programs and shows go by just as long as you leave him alone with his textbooks.

One professor once said that extra-curricular activities must be given up when they stand in the way of one's studies. Academic standings, he stated, must by all means rate priority over extra-curricular activities.

To be sure, academic ratings have more weight than a basketball letter or a medal for dramatics. That is, in the determination of scholastic awards. But, when the final balance sheet is drawn in the hard, competitive life beyond college walls, the student who went in for extra-curricular activities eventually rules the roost.

For being in college does not mean merely working for a diploma. It involves a whole lot of

other things besides being contained in the theoretical world of mathematics or the abstract realm of philosophy.

College life extends to the practical field of campus politics and the football field and the speaking platforms. It means getting along with people and developing one's personality with them. It also means submerging one's personality in the unit and rooting for the team. It means trying to excell others in the healthy spirit of competition generated by a lusty college spirit.

What one learns within the range of the class-rooms alone is not enough to help the student clear the hurdles raised by the cold, realistic world of today. That alone would not make the student good enough to rush headlong into the world of occupations.

To prepare himself for that, he has to serve his apprenticeship on the intramural team or the debating team or the glee club. All these are grists for his mill of all-round schooling. All these will pay off dividends of a secure place later in one's community.

Yes, let's not shy away from extra-curricular activities. Let's get into the swing of them.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF A STUDENT

By

FRED. D. ZARAGOSA

One ominous dark thread runs through the silken tapestry of history from the beginning of time to the present; namely, sin.

"One man can not be tempted by lust, but he can be by pride. Another man can not be tempted by pride, but he can be by avarice. Another man can not be tempted by avarice, but he can be thru his affections, another man can not be tempted by his affections, but he can be thru his benevolent sympathies. Another man can not be tempted thru his sympathies, but he can be thru his intellectual appetites and tastes." On one side or another everyone is subject to temptation.

Some of the outstanding temptations which confront the student are as follows:

The first temptation is to become intellectually self-conscious. In the pride of power a student forgets his lowly origin and may take unto himself an air of superiority. In this day of democratic thought there is no place for a class-conscious intellectual aristocracy. Education is the gift of the people. Every ignorant hard working "toad" has in some way contributed to the college education we are receiving. Our debt to him is so vast that our lifetime service to the masses he represents can scarcely repay him. If tempted to feel a little superior in the presence of the common man just say: "There goes a man who helped me in my education."

The second temptation which confronts the student is to choose a selfish career. He looks around and sees many avenues to greatness. This one leads to wealth with the ease, luxury and influence that riches can buy. Here is another. It leads to fame and social position. Then there is a third avenue. Its name is the way of service. The student stands at the cross-roads. He must decide how he will invest his energy. He says to himself, "I have power—I am able and am trained. I can succeed in the line I choose. Shall I strive to achieve fame? Shall I amass wealth

or shall I forget myself and dedicate my power to the service of my fellow-men?"

We must choose the way of service. Our powers are not our own. The knowledge we have been given was made possible by the toil and sacrifice of countless generations. The freedom we enjoy to seek truth in the halls of learning has been sanctified by the blood of martyrs. Our power is given to us as a sacred trust and we are in honor bound to pay our debts with interest.

The third temptation which confronts many students is to lower their moral standards. For the most of us, coming to the city is like coming to a new world. Life here is very different from that in the province. Temptation flirts on almost every street corner. At home we are surrounded by restraining influences. Everyone knows us. Our misdeeds

The student's pathway is cluttered up with wedges over which the least wary easily trips over. The author makes some pointers on how not to hit the dust.

quickly become known and bring shame upon our mothers and fathers. Hence we are practically unknown. In the city a man hardly knows the doings of even his most intimate friends. Temptations which would be quickly thrust aside at home are strengthened here by the thought that "No one will see me. No one knows me and I can keep it a secret."

Many of us students never know how strong or how weak we are until we fall. The real test of character is not are you good but why are

you good? Do you live a pure life because you fear that your friends might say you did otherwise? If so, you are not the possessor of good character. It is not safe to trust such a man in the dark. A man's real character is revealed by what he does in the dark when he thinks he is alone, when his soul meets the tempter's face with no supporting influences.

Another reason why students away from home are tempted to lower their standards is because sometimes they are not faithful in attending services of worship. Man can not stand alone and win. He needs God. "Education without religion makes men clever devils." If we would keep our life pure and clean we never do a deed of which we would be ashamed to tell our mother or the girl who is some day going to make us radantly happy. Let us not forget God.

A young student wrote to his lady love.

My dearest Maria,

I would fight my way thru fire to be with you. I would scale the highest mountain peak to bask in the beauty of your presence. I would wade thru floods up to my chin to stand by your side.

Lovingly yours,
Juan

P.S. If it does not rain, I will be over Friday evening to see you.

To successfully meet temptation, a man must realize that success and hard work are synonyms. It is one thing to write beautiful sentiments about perseverance, it is another thing to persevere. Good intentions are poor substitutes for perspiration. The treatment of temptation is to keep God with us by sanctifying grace. We must be diligent in all the things which make God real to men. We must attend services of worship, live a pure life and never miss an opportunity to lend a helping hand.

TRAGIC AS IT SEEMS

It is about five minutes to eight o'clock on a particular morning and I am sitting on edge by the student teachers' table itching for the school bell to ring. I must say I am feeling uneasy as I see the school clock points to three minutes to eight. I should tell you that today is my first teaching assignment and for a week I have been practicing how to open the class. I do not know why I am in the midst of this predicament for I have always hated to teach—more so to have someone to teach me how to teach.

Now if there is anything I fear, it is being observed by a supervisor. In this case, he is a small wiry fellow, who gives vitriolic comments. I am afraid of him and when I enter, I fear that I will forget my teaching technique when I see him in the back of the room.

The bell rings at eight and I am on with scampering feet. The screeching of chairs and the feminine "cackles" cease as I lead the prayer. I take a bird's eye view of my class and as I stand gaping at their awkward teen age, I see my critic teacher and the supervisor awaiting my doom.

"Attention, please," I say as they are seated, "I am going to write my name and please do not call me by any other name." Meantime I write my full name on the blackboard with a stress on the "Miss" as I recall the rule which says, "insist on being called by your full name."

"Yes, Ma'am," the class says in chorus. Personally, I am not one to get fussy over trifling things. I give the class my best smile and it happens that a full grown Chinese boy winks at me. I recall I have my low-heeled "Baby shoes" on and a small red ribbon strung on my hair. I feel pretty sure that this boy thinks I am of his age. I am determined then to throw my shoes into the fire when I get home and to get myself a high-heeled pair with a black ribbon to match. So I frown at the almond eyes and turn to the class.

"I do not like to be called 'ma'am' for our teaching rule prohibits it. Understand?" I say as I catch the supervisor's frown.

"Yes, ma'am," the class says in chorus again. On first thought I think of opening the door to escape but then I reflect that it is not good for myself to lose patience immediately. I realize I am too small to cut a half-century practice of "Yes, sirs" and "Yes, ma'ams". I proceed according to my lesson plan over which I spent a sleepless night, since I failed in the first round.

"What is our lesson for today?" I ask as I point to an elfish-looking boy. I recall I made the mistake of pointing at my pupil. Pupils should be called by their first names. It's just my ill-luck I haven't made my seating plan yet. He stands up neverthe-

less and looks at me with an absent look. "I did not hear you, ma'am. Will you repeat the question?" he says fussing his hair.

"Sit down," I say puckering up to send him out. I point to a chubby girl eating a chocolate bar. Now I recall this is a free country and I suppose she has the right to eat when she is hungry. The chubby girl rises and passes the chocolate to her neighbor in the next chair. I am getting hungry on seeing the chocolate, but I think it

A new schoolmarm runs headlong into her class at half cock and her first day of teaching turns into a comedy of errors.

is very foolish indeed to think of eating at this crucial hour. The chubby girl replies: "Our lesson for today is about love," she says hurriedly. I turned a quizzical eye at her but on second thought, I believe she is right for I recall the lesson is about love for mother.

"How do you express your love for somebody," I point to the elfish looking boy again. The class giggles and I can see that there is something heavy on their minds.

"I do not know, ma'am," he says scratching his head.

"Why don't you know?"

"I did not read my lesson, ma'am, 'cause I went around the whole evening looking for firewood," he says as he shows his big teeth to me.

The class breaks into a roaring laughter and I must say I am not in my brightest mood.

"Silence!" I say. "Now which is more important, little boy, love or firewood?" "I think fire, ma'am. There's no love without fire," he says with a wistful look.

"Now you are talking sense," I say as I pound my fist on the table to break again the shrills and the whistles.

Then I see that I have five minutes left to accomplish my aim in today's lesson. I look at my lesson plan again and forget the faults of the class as well as my own. I proceed to write beautiful passages about love for mother but I find I am short of

chalk. I am feeling more uneasy now. I keep saying to myself that if I go out of this room I will go straight to Mama and tell her that I prefer selling vegetables to teaching.

The Chinese boy stands and says, "Ma'am, I go out and get you chalk." I nod my head over his "pidgin" English. The class keeps eyeing me as I stand before them wishing I were home in bed. The Chinese boy is not back yet and I figure out that he has gone out to play. I look that I am a failure and I must say I am dying of a tragic cause. I keep on wishing I were tending my sick grandmother. I heave a sigh of relief as I see the Chinese boy giving me a handful of chalk. But then the bell rings for dismissal.

Everybody stands up and somebody leads the prayer. Before I know it everyone has scampered away, but the supervisor. He comes to my table and as he gives me his comments that seem to burn my hands, he gives me a fleeting smile which I say I cannot make heads or tails of.

Now I can hear Miss Diore's calling me. I remember I have to observe with her in another English class as preparation for my next week's practice teaching. Miss Diore is in the same boat with me only somebody tells me she is better off than I am because of the cartload of abilities in her head. Moments pass and I find myself sitting beside her at the back chairs observing things which I confess do not appeal to me. The fleeting seconds turn to minutes, then to half an hour and finally I find myself referred by the English teacher.

"The last girl on this row with the red ribbon—please answer the question. How do you express your love to somebody?" he asks as he looks at me straight in the eye. A commotion arises. Now I must say I am being chased by love, and here it is disguised as a three-horned carabao. I see the pupils scrutinizing me and I hear a wave of whispers here and there. Then I hear a shout from one of the new pupils telling the teacher that I am not one of them, but a student teacher. The teacher gives his apology as I wipe my damp brow.

"Why don't you apply a little make-up and throw that red ribbon away—that will distinguish you," Miss Diore tells me in a tight whisper.

I nod my head and I realize I am nodding my head too much. I have made up my mind to become a smart lady in the tragic field I am pursuing. I resolve, too, to avoid topics about three-horned love.

HERE ARE YOUR FAULTS

By RAFAEL V. GUANZON

A wise guy once cracked that the trouble with women is that they are women. Here, a bolder faultfinder fearlessly points out the feminine foibles at the risk of having his eyes scratched out.

It is gratifying that the young women of today are just a few defects away from perfection. But before they can attain that ideal state, they must first be apprized of the flaws in their ways in the same way a mirror would tell them just what is wrong with their face.

For my personal safety, lest I rouse the ire of the fair sex, let me inject into this stuff a shot of apology that I am no paragon of virtues myself, but just one who happens to look at the mirror of comments of the proper authorities on young women.....namely, the young men.

Of the cardinal shortcomings afflicting the younger better half of mankind, probably the worst is that of not meaning what they say, or not saying just what they mean. And if they mean it at all, only seldom can you rely on them. In other words, it annoys me to say it, young women simply lack sincerity in their utterances. If they are asked, they usually answer "no" when they mean "may be," and they say "may be" when they just want to say "no". And the result of this deliberate ambiguity in answering is that people, particularly the gallant sex are kept in nerve-wracking suspense. Many earnest young men have suggested that it would do the young women a lot of good to read "The Boy Who Cried Wolf," by Aesop.

Their next defect is what Aster Dula'y calls "estafa social", which incidentally is not penalized by either the Penal Code or the special laws of this country. This consists in their trying to appear what in reality they are not. In this attempt they impose upon themselves the superhuman task of trying to alter the art of nature thru artificial means. And although not infrequently the altering results for the worse, it is a consolation to them that to some extent they have succeeded.

This feminine tendency away from nature is manifested by such savage practices as the painting of the cheeks and the lips, the pulling out of some of the constituents of the eyebrows, the curling of the hair and the dyeing of the nails the intentional eating of but one meal a day to obtain curves, or in beauty parlance, "a coca cola bottle figure". Moreover, feminine artificiality includes the punishing of the arches of the feet with high-heeled shoes as well as the torture of the ribs with corsets. But what is worst, however, with the "beautifying process", as women gloriously call it, is in the painting aspect. They do not have a definite studio. Even in the presence of other people and irrespective of the place, the young women take time to apply to their lips and cheeks that indispensable danger signal—the lipstick. The end sought by all these

artificialities is obvious.

No less grave an imperfection attributed to the young of the better half of mankind is allergy to reason—that is to masculine reasoning. Instead of lending an ear to the arguments of the other party "that light may be shed, and that darkness be dispelled," the young women give bent to their passions, they sob, kick, redden, and even faint. In other words, the young women themselves give the late Lord Chesterfield justification in dubbing them "mere grown-up children who need to be flattered."

"Varium et mutabile semper femina," said the Romans of old. Woman is an ever changeful thing. This Latin conception of the softer sex is still a complaint of the young Romeos of this day of electricity and the atomic bomb. But, out of respect for the old ladies, the defect should be limited only to the young. The tender squaws are so fickle that it would not be courting criminal liability to compare a woman's mind to the weather. As a matter of fact, the U.S. Army Weather Bureau has decided to give feminine names to woman's no less furious kin—the typhoon. Consequently, we have the typhoons feminized as "Jean, Cathy, and Flora." One moment a woman says this, and before long, one will hear her say that. The main difference, however, between the weather and a woman is the former can be easily perceived by a barometer while the latter often keeps the observer puzzled.

Like the tail of the lizard the last defect of the daughters of Eve is the lightest. It has the mitigating circumstance of being a disseminator of news. In this respect, it is noteworthy that the female gossip propensity has awakened both the envy and gratitude of the newspaper reporters. Whether in her house, in the college library, or in the classroom, the young woman can rarely be found not wagging her tongue about other people's affairs, and her usual topics are widowers, weddings, young men, nylon stockings (Continued on page 17)

IN THE EVENING LIGHT

by

LEONOR D. SENO

Still in the evening light,
 Ere Sleep's sweet balm has calmed me,
 Dear Memories rise from night,
 Of happier days with thee:
 The love, the trust,
 The years we had together,
 The lips that spoke,
 Alas, evoke
 No words now to remember.
 Thus, in the evening light,
 Ere Sleep's sweet balm has calmed me,
 Dear Memories rise from night
 Of happier days with thee.

Swift are the years but slow
 Is the ache in me tormented,
 My strength is gone, the glow
 Of sanguine youth is fading:
 My falling tears
 Are crystal drops to warm thee;
 My friend, my life,
 My hope in strife,
 Alas, thou canst still hear me:
 Thus, in the evening light,
 Ere Sleep's sweet balm has calmed me,
 Dear Memories rise from night
 Of happier days with thee.

BROTHER, HERE'S

Of Fire and Women

By Avelino T. Estorco

WHY

By JOSEFINA LIM

Dear Mr. Guanzon,

Why is that no other group is more criticized and found fault with than the fair ladies? It is but natural then that a woman, when cornered by the searching spotlight acts like a chameleon and assumes a self-preserving coat of paint. And when confronted by the all-conquering gallant she lashes out with her God-given super-tongue. Hence "Jean, Cathy, and Flora" three smart girls who are the counterpart of those volves, "Tom, Dick and Harry."

Often to ease out from under duress and pressure milady gives evasive replies because he will get the better of the argument by hook or by crook and will not take any answer except that which he has decreed in his own foul mind.

The modern city girl is a victim of strain on her health due to the increased tempo of the times and the crowded conditions of city life caused by men of science and industry. Her brother teases her for losing that wholesome ruddy complexion, so she makes up for it by make-up. Does it not make her easier on the eyes, beloved Rafael, in these latter times?

Art is an improvement on nature and what subject in Nature is more worthy of art than woman? Devoted to her are many beauty schools. Even some colleges deem her worth a distinctive and separate course in make-up. Happily she provides a lucrative calling for a host of artists, masseurs, corsettierris, cosmetic companies, dressmakers, beauty operators and scores of artisans of the various related fields of beauty culture. The majority of the employees are men, who wouldn't have pocket money otherwise.

Moreover, young women do not consider make-up as vain. It sets a standard of self-respect... below which are excessive avoirdupois untrimmed hair, unkempt faces, unbecoming dresses and so forth. Consequently, my dear Ralph, the lessening of food, the shaping of eyebrows,

permanents, powder paint, corsets and shoes, if you do not know it, all have a streamlining purpose easy for the eye to follow.

Women have developed no "allergy" for self-protection. Masculine demand is sometimes so repugnant to feminine reasoning, and nature, which is subject to definite mental and spiritual reactions due to physiological and supernatural factors—that it is woman's privilege to change her mind to protect her high dignity bestowed on her by God.

Moreover, Rafael, woman's menial household tasks are depressingly monotonous and it is a tribute to her resourcefulness if she passes her hours of monotony more agreeably by utilizing her gift of speech with her companions in misery. If you had gone through a concentration camp you would understand this point. Furthermore, wagging tongues about affairs, widowers, weddings, young men, nylons, love, new dress-

Fire is an all-purpose implement. Of all forms of energy, it is the most used by man. When man is hungry he builds a fire to cook his food with; when he feels cold, he kindles a fire to warm his hands with; when it is dark he lights a torch with it to see by. As man's subservient slave it is willing to die from lack of attention and flares out when cared for. Like a caged animal, it can let loose its pent-up capability of destruction. Let it go unheeded and the most destructive conflagration can take place.

Of all existing species of anthropoids, the creature which has a resemblance to the omni-useful fire is her skirted loveliness: Woman. When man feels cold and yearns for the warmth of another creature's presence he usually turns to woman: when he is hungry, woman responds to his call. At times, when the frigid pangs of lonesomeness freeze his love for the outside world, woman's sympathy thaws his frozen emotions and a smile comes to life. If man is tired, again woman encourages and holds high the torch to guide him.

Valiant men have harnessed great water falls to move tremendous forces across land and sea. But woman alone has chosen to harness the latent potentialities of falling tears. And as one author puts it, a "woman's tears are the greatest example of hydraulic power." Great citadels have been leveled to the ground because decisions were changed at the instance of a woman's tears. Battles were won or lost because a woman played the leading role.

es, and the like are child's play when compared to the intrigues, stratagems, jokes, politics, feuds, debauchery of most male conversation.

Mr. Guanzon, if we women are just a little removed from perfection, be patient. Our defects spring from a desire to please. Whom? "O frailty thy name is woman". Actually we are of good will: we aim to be easy on the eyes.

Grant us a little margin for humanity, the feminine brand. With a little more male cooperation surely success will be ours, yours and mine. Just wait and see!

END

THE EARBORNE BATTALION

By

OSCAR V. TRINIDAD

A sleep bound street corner
In the early morning hours
Silence reigns unbroken
Save by a feeble snore
Issuing from a half-open window.

Suddenly, a shriek.....
More shrieks
And silence

The earborne battalion strikes!
"Operator, give me the police,"
Is shouted over the phone.

Khak-clad, white helmeted men pile out
Of the close-packed, whining car,
Rush up the stairs of the house
From which the shrieks had come,
Rush down again and drive away.

For it was but a child
Who shrieked the shrieks
Who had too much pie
The night before.

Bachelor's

NEW YEAR

by Alejandrina Bantiles

The years had seen Delia and Ned drifting away from each other. Then the stroke of twelve one New Year's eve springs a surprise on a breach that had seemed beyond bridging.

Ned stared from his window and watched an occasional pedestrian hurrying home with New Year's presents clutched under the arms. He saw the evergreens in the neighboring windows all bright with tiny colored lights flashing outside almost every home. The weather, as was proper on New Year's Eve, was nippy and gay.

But Ned's face was glum. He was preparing to spend another New Year by himself. As a bachelor, come New Year's Eve, he felt older than his years. The polished floor, the chairs, the sofa too, seemed old and gloomy. Never before did he feel in such a state of sadness.

He thought of past New Years with Delia.....But she had gone to Manila to continue her studies for more than two years already, and in that time she seemed to have forgotten him because he did not answer her last letter. From far off in the back of his head, a little quotation that he had not used for two years moved into Ned's consciousness.

"Ah, sweet mystery of life at last I found thee.

Ah, I know at last the secret of it all.

All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting, yearning."

It trailed into a pause. He could not remember anymore. He frowned, shook his head. He went to his bed and tried again.

His memory still failed him. Why had he thought of it? Why couldn't he stop thinking of it? It wasn't funny to remember how foolishly he had misplaced the beauty of his youth. Why had he lost track of the words of a familiar song, the music of which he wrote to fit Delia's lyric?

"I'd better go out and forget that song, or else I'll have no peace to-night," he thought.

He went into the hall and put on his coat and hat and went out. The street was lighted by red and blue lights flickering in the windows. It was a few minutes before eleven.

He stopped before Eve's Variety Store and abruptly stepped inside. There weren't more than half a dozen people there. And yet, it was cheerful and noisy with the clatter of their conversations, the sound of a girl's laughter and the metallic symphony of a juke box that never stopped playing.

He moved uneasily towards the counter painted in letters of different colors, "Wrapping Service." He stared at the sign. He looked around. "That's the same counter I had stood at two years ago," he thought. There was still the same girl in the wrapping service booth. She was sitting there on a chair at the back of the counter, with boxes piled high around her and rolls of sample ribbons over her head.

"Hi, stranger, Happy New Year! Remember?" the girl said.

Of course, he remembered that at this same hour, two years ago he came to this counter with a package in his left hand. She took it, slipped off the brown paper bag and examined his sales slip. She looked at the package; the smooth white box, and inside the smaller box which had sides that fell down when you lifted the cover, leaving the delicate painted bottle alone on a base of satin, with a French name spelled elaborately along the inside cover.

"She'll love you more for this," the girl said cheerfully.

"Really?" Ned answered. "Make it look prettier" he added.

"Well, then, we'll give her a wrapping that matches well. She doesn't want it wrapped in pink and yellow ribbons," the girl said. "Look," she added, "while I'm packing this up, you just run over to that counter to your left and pick her a card saying, 'To my Own Sweetheart,' or something. She'll appreciate it."

"All right," Ned answered. He went slowly to the left and found a counter racked with cards. He selected a card which said, "To my Own Sweetheart," and brought it

back to the wrapping service desk. The girl looked up brightly as he approached. He nodded and she handed him a pen. He signed it. The girl smiled as she handed him the finished package.

All that he recalled now as he went out into the crowded street. As he walked, a form loomed out from the darkness and drew alongside him. It was the guard on his beat.

"Good evening, guard," he said. "Good evening and Happy New Year," the guard answered.

Ned looked at him and wondered what the simple fact of its being New Year's Eve had to do with the bright smile and the gay voice of a man who had to spend the eve walking around on duty in the cold night.

"Happy New Year!" Ned replied. He walked past the many lighted stores along P. del Rosario St. As he hastened his pace, a thin remembrance of his old home and its New Year's Eves crept into his head. He saw his father standing on the porch with New Year presents under his arm. He saw his mother gayly setting the table with delicious dishes. He heard his kid brothers' boisterous laughter lost against the deafening pop of the firecrackers. And again he saw Delia open the small package that he gave with the card, saying, "To Delia, my Own Sweetheart. Ned."

Ned's wreaths were green and bright when he returned into his room. He looked at his watch. It was three minutes to twelve. He went to the table, took up a present and carefully opened it. It was from Delia. It was the usual necktie Delia used to send to him years ago. But now it was prettier than before.

Outside, a car glided slowly down in front of Ned's front door. An elegant lady stepped out. She was carrying bundles under her arm. The lady rapped gently on the panel.

There was silence for interminable seconds. Then....."Who's there?" "It's I," the lady answered. "Happy New Year!"

"The same to you, Delia," Ned smiled. And in one long stride, they were together again after what seemed an interminable separation.

♦ AULD LANG SYNE ♦

by

A. C. FERRARIS

A New Year has been hustled in. A man is suddenly aware he has grown older. He has outlived another year, and all the years he has left behind gather in force about him, to taunt him with that perennial query: Have I done better so far than most of my kind? Have I gone ahead or am I left behind?

These questions were strongest when some members of the family and I stood watch for the coming New Year. We were whiling away the time by reading what we could lay hands on, mentally picturing the scene in the traditional New Year's Eve dance, which we could not attend due to the inclement weather. I then remembered the seven year old annual of my college days. Before long, I was slowly turning its pages, gazing at the familiar names and faces of young men and women with whom I had studied. High and low, brilliant and dull were among the graduates who obtained a cultural education in the preparatory courses.

My spirits rose when reading this inspiring dedication to the graduates by our Registrar: "Go forth and make the most of your advantages. With the benefits that the College has given you and the opportunities open to you now, carve your future with an honest hand and brain. In you repose the hope of your institution for the brighter destinies that await our people. Go forth and at the end, emerge as men and women with loyal hearts that will not suffer the honor of their Alma Mater to be tarnished; as men and women with civic courage that will stand for what is right; as men and women with strong moral character that will defend our national peace and liberty; as men and women who will be leaders not by social position but by true worth and just reasons. Go forth and strive that your success and achievements may contribute to the building of a greater and brighter Philippines."

I saw the familiar, beautiful college building over which proudly flew the Stars and Stripes and the Sun and Stars After seven years I saw the war was not very kind to the main building.

Yet, there is not much reason for being disconsolate. Since liberation, reclamation from destruction is going on at a fast pace. From out of the shambles of war, Filipino perseverance, patience, and

industry are building a greater and grander institution of learning.

The section for the A.A. graduates took my attention next. Forty-eight familiar names and faces evenly divided between the sexes. The accounting began. I saw a grave young face—lost in the "Corregidor" tragedy of 1941: an old crony beloved killed during the fight for Manila's liberation: an "Education" lad who has stayed to this day in the military service: a "Pre-Lawrite" turned aviator: some pre-law cro-

After the smoke of battle had cleared, a soldier looks back across the years, saw former schoolmates turned prosperous and professionals. A surge of emotion swept over him—was it of frustration?—of resentment?—of pride?

nies now seniors in Law: two friends, now resident physicians in this city: many, now professionals in the field of education. I recalled my first meetings with many of these faces after liberation. A lot of the boys and girls were proudly squiring their "better-halves": some, with the "products" of their marital union. They had completely shed that collegian look of se-

A YEAR IS BORN

by

Leonor D. Seno

The world is gay, but I am sad,
The earth is young, but I am gray,
Behold I am the dying year.
I'm fading past; my heart grows still,
My voice recedes to yonder hill,
My footsteps echo faint and fast.
For lo! across the eastern rim,
On yon horizon slowly peeps
Another day, however dim.
A year is born; your life renews,
As fresh as the morning dew.

ven years ago. I remember my most intimate cronies until now enjoying what they call "singleblessedness".

And I? After five years in the military service of my country and a year of patient lesson-plan writing for high school teaching, I have returned to college and find myself trailing behind in the present scramble for careers. Who were high school freshies when I was a collegian are now my mates in college. I find myself an old man.

But let's go back to the annual, to the words of the Head of the school. They at once warn and comfort: "The world is now so highly competitive that one needs to absorb the condensed experience of others to supplement his own. Educational systems have developed to insure the passing on to succeeding generations of as accurate and as varied a portrayal of the experiences of the past as is possible in order that every generation may better be prepared to meet the problems of its own times. Those who acquire an education, therefore, gain an advantage over those who have not been so fortunate. Inasmuch, however, as public education is financed by the people, one who benefits therefrom assumes a moral obligation to share with others not so lucky his acquired advantages." And our acting Dean hoped "that the training you have acquired in the way of cooperative organization and desirable leadership will continue to develop in more defined and marked stages when you assume a distinct place in the university of experience and hard knocks."

Have my seven years since I left college been a waste? I gave them—the best years they seemed to me—to my country under constant threat of death by bullets of the enemy during war, and to my government in my people's education when peace came. It is true there is still a long way to go before I can hang out my own signboard of profession. It is true I'm very much behind in the present feverish grabbing for diplomas and degrees. Yet in a way, there is spiritual comfort in the thought that I have given the best years of my life to the service of my country and people. Quite idealistic—in this materialistic present world! Yes, nevertheless, a comforting satisfaction for the New Year and a resolution to continue in the same spirit for the future.

by
CARMEN F. RODIL

Why Help

THE RED CROSS?

It is a part of education to learn to give willingly to a good cause. The Red Cross is a good cause. But there are a few people who are still skeptical and a few more who prefer to remain ignorant about it. Many of us have come a long way from home to go to college to learn many things, but never how to give to a good cause. That would be the last thing many of us would bother ourselves about.

The Philippines is afflicted with typhoons, flood and fires. Victims by the thousands suffer from want because there is no one to care for them. Private charity is not systematic enough to care for them all. The government is too cumbersome a body to move quickly. It takes too much red tape to get Congress moving. Some private organization is needed to supplement the work of the government; an organization which is not mixed up in politics and which will not be partial to a certain group.

We have for instance the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation, a private organization in the service of the government, to promote sports in order to train healthy and fair-minded citizens and to provide Olympic teams to represent the Philippines abroad. This organization has been a great success and has managed to keep clear of politics.

A similar organization is the Philippine Red Cross which purposes to meet the needs of the citizens in time of emergency. It has personnel trained to handle an emergency. It too has proved itself a success and like the PAAF deserves our support.

It is indeed a pity that out of every ten men only one is willing to respond to the call of the Red Cross. Much good money has to be spent on advertising this organization because people are reluctant to give. Much more education, patience, and zeal are needed to make the Filipinos more Red Cross minded.

It is quite surprising in how short a time the people of this country became "surplus" minded. If we only could become as quickly surplus minded in the sense of giving our surplus away to those who stand in need of it. That would be a good move in the right direction for the establishment of social security throughout our new republic.

The United States, our model in so many ways, has many more government institutions than we have to take care of the less fortunate. Yet the Americans give liberally to the Red Cross, because they know even a good government cannot reach the needs of sudden victims in an emergency. The American Red Cross has reached such a degree of efficiency that it has spread out its good work to all the countries of the world since the last war.

The Philippine Red Cross was once under the American. But since April 1947 it has become a distinct organization with chapters in every province. Since the war it has broadened its functions and increased its responsibilities. Disabled veterans, widows and orphans have to be cared for lest they become victims of communistic propaganda. It is only the Red Cross which is able to restore their faith in human society and to bring them back to normal healthy lives.

Here in Cebu and in the Visayas we still

B A L M

by
Leonor D. Seno

While in the swirl of life's eddying
pools,
You're numbed in its grip with nothing
else to do;
When laughter seems but fitting
food for fools;
And your lips are stilled from merriment
true,
Then go, take your violin, and try
to lull
The throbbing pain that seems to cleave
your heart;
Listen to its softer notes, and like
the gull
That loves to ride the waves, go dwell
apart;
Or gaze to learn the message of the
stars,
And seek your balm in palm endless
space.
Then resume your task when the
golden bars
Of dawn and Night's dark horse race.

A plea for a revered organization that has done a tremendous service to humanity, but which "many of us would not bother ourselves about."

have many indigent people in spite of our present copra prosperity. A more equal distribution of our wealth is needed to make this country a happy home to all. The Red Cross is a means of distribution.

Remember that Pauline! Remember the dictionaries given to the schools by the American Red Cross through the Philippine Red Cross. Last Christmas hundreds of children were made happy by gifts distributed by the Red Cross. Innumerable other cases could be mentioned. I do not intend to cite all the Red Cross has done, but I do wish to call your attention to the fact that we take this organization too much for granted and that its work is easily overlooked and for that reason we must excuse the Red Cross if it blows its own horn in order to call the attention of the people who should support it. No human organization is without its defects. We may pay dearly for what we get from the Red Cross but we also pay dearly for what we get from the government. Some organization is needed to take care of our typhoons, flood and fire victims. And the best organization in the field at the present time is the Philippine Red Cross. Let us make it a bigger organization by giving it our support.

TWO OF A KIND

In 1906, Gertrude Stein posed eighty times for Picasso's portrait of her, after which he wiped the face off, saying he couldn't "see" her any more, and then finished the likeness in Spain, where he couldn't see her at all. He also gave her this portrait because, as he later said at that time in his career the difference between a gift and a sale was after all negligible. He also said, when friends complained that the portrait didn't look like her, that someday she'd look like the portrait.

AN OLD BAMBOO

A Chinese pulls the wool
over the slant eyes of an-
other dumb Jap and sets
an American prisoner on
his way to freedom.

The sun bore down with its sweltering heat, yet the crowd gathered behind the barbed wire fence eager to view the new prisoner.

"Who is he?" one inquisitive person queried of another, but neither of them knew anything about the newcomer.

Jack, as he was called, was an American pilot whose fighter plane was shot down the day before. He bailed out of his machine outside the limits of the Jap-infested city. But, after a few hours of hiding in the sparsely wooded hills, he was caught.

Before the war he had been a promising young businessman, living with his parents in Stockton, California. When events tensed for war he was already in Pearl Harbor. Fortunately, he survived the sneak attack. A few months after the incident, his 7th Fighter Group was transferred to Saipan then. The last sortie was near Cebu. That was the time his comrades lost him.

The first day he was interned, nothing worried him because his environs did not bother him. Only one thing obsessed him—that was the thought of home and his family.

One day his ration was changed to a ball of cooked rice and dried fish. His Jap interrogators grew more cruel and the more he refused to answer questions the more blows rained on his face. Yet he did not falter. The punishment became still more intense and his ration was further restricted to dried fish. Still he refused to tell anything.

One day Jack's jailkeeper did not give him water as he always expected.

"Ha!" grinned the Jap, "he thinks he can survive. If Yankee no tell airbase he from, no give rice, only fish, dried fish. Plenty fish he likes eat." finished the Jap, putting an air of finality on his r's.

To eat dried fish unpaired with any other food would be sickening and not to drink

water after eating would bring slow death. The more Jack shouted for water the more the Jap would show his slant-eyed, contemptuous smile, and at the same time threaten to jab the bayonet into Jack's ribs.

One morning, before the sun was in its fury, Al Lee, a Chinese, looked persuasively at the prisoner inside the compound. After a long pause he came to the place where Jack was, and leaning on the barbed wire fence, his head sagging inertly, he commenced a long series of oaths and curses. Seeing that Jack needed water badly, Al Lee hurriedly disappeared and came back tugging something, which was a pail of water. With great care he set it before Jack but such as not to be within reach, and resumed his litany of malediction. On seeing this the Jap smiled and nodded in affirmation.

"...you deserve in there. My house bombed last week," shouted Al Lee in his best pidgin English. "Wife, mother and

By Auelino Estorca

children killed," he continued, counting the dead with his fingers. "Yes, them all killed. You killed them. Not you, your friends; not your friends, but me sure, Yankee. I kill Yankee, kill! kill!..." pointing and simultaneously waving his clenched fist at Jack. To increase Jack's desperate need for water, Al Lee poured the pail's content on the ground, a little of which trickled to where Jack was. Seeing the longed for water, Jack got on his knees and stooped to lap the water. But before he could let out his tongue he received a savage kick on his hip and toppled over. Both the sentry and Al Lee enjoyed his misfortune.

The next day Al Lee took his usual place, just opposite Jack for his oratory. The only thing different this time was the bam-

boo pole he carried instead of a pail. It could have been used for anything. Without hesitation he went to his usual place and began his discourse.

At the height of his anger he hurled the bamboo pole at Jack. But poorly aimed as it was it did not find its mark. It fell short by a few feet. Jack stared at his would-be killer to expect a satanic grin, but instead he saw Al Lee beckoning him to come closer.

"Get bamboo pole," rasped the Chinese man's voice. "Something good you had."

At first Jack didn't understand, for such a sudden turn of events was to him very surprising. A number of guesses surged through his brain, but at least he would try.

At dark, after his supper of salted fish, he crawled to the place where the bamboo pole lay. After a lengthy groping he found the pole just where it landed before.

"Thank God," he muttered inaudibly, "the Japs did not make firewood out of it."

Upon making sure no Jap would see him Jack subjected the pole to further scrutiny. His finger came upon a hole in the side of the pole. Water trickled from the opening. At the thicker end of the bamboo was an opening where cooked rice was compressed into a small volume. With intense gratitude he lifted the pole and drank without wasting a drop. Then he ate the rice without losing a kernel. At the bottom of the rice was a loaded gun with which he could make his escape.

The assignment given to the pupils was to write a theme on "The Most Beautiful Thing I Ever Saw." The least esthetic among the young men, finished his in a jiffy. It was short and to the point—"The most beautiful thing I saw was beautiful beyond words."

THE VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC EXERCISE

By E. S. D.

You have possibly discussed the merits of a well developed muscular body with some friends and they probably promptly told you that they have no use for big, bulky muscles. And because they assume this indifferent attitude, they refuse to further consider whether or not scientific exercise might offer some other values besides the acquisition of big muscles. To day, thousands of men and women of all walks of life could be better off mentally and physically if they would take up scientific exercises. But how easily they are prejudiced. Why not be willing to fully investigate with unbiased mind and determine for yourself whether or not exercise has benefits to offer besides the development of shapely muscles?

As a matter of fact, the acquisition of mere bulk in muscles is perhaps the least reason why exercise should be indulged in. The reason for this is that today we have mechanical and electrical power devices in industry to do the heavy labor requiring the sheer strength and sustained efforts. We have trucks, cranes, pulleys, rollers, conveyors, hoists, bulldozers and all kinds of equipment to relieve human effort.

Others advocate acquiring big muscles so that in case you are out with your girl friend and a thug attacks you, you can dominate the situation. This is sometimes true but thugs seldom bother refined people they generally go after their own kind. Laborers and physical workers are among the lowest paid, so there would not be real incentive to exercise for the purpose of being able to do more or better work of that kind. Then why exercise?

Briefly we do so for the general improvement of our personal efficiency. In our day-dreams, we have a sort of secret ambition to live a long, useful, profitable, healthy and successful life, and to go through it all with the minimum of sickness. Exercise can play a tremendous part in making this possible if we do it systematically.

Our body is a wonderful creation through which we can achieve the best things in life. It is able to stand a lot of punishment. No matter what goal, what objective we really seek, our body and brain must somehow be kept in perfect condition to achieve our objective. The better they are able to function the greater our chances of success in whatever we undertake.

Exercise has been an important factor in emancipating people from troubles like rheumatism, antritis and other affections where the body becomes rigid and stiff. Exercise aids the system in the excretion of toxins and poisons and wastes which accumulate in it.

Certain amount of exercise is essential for the maintenance of normal health. It aids greatly in stimulating the process of metabolism (breaking down of old cells and the building up of new ones). Muscles that are kept active by adequate exercise are always healthier and capable of more response than idle muscles are.

There is a saying which runs as follows, "Movement is life, stagnation is death." It is applicable to the world of today where some of us are dying a slow painful death by non-use of our muscles, which deteriorate quickly.

During exercise more oxygen is used by the body due to muscular activity. Now oxygen means vitality. The breathing of more fresh air than usual makes our blood stream healthier and purer. Then, digestion and all the other activities of the body are greatly stimulated giving our body more health and capability.

Lack of exercise has a tendency to produce flabbiness. A lot of extra fat on the heart and abdomen greatly hampers the internal organs from doing their work efficiently and well, especially in the late forties. Complaints of aches and pains are the result. During the time men have amassed their fortunes they have sacrificed their health. Thus, instead of enjoying what they have earned they find out their mistake too late. Consequently, they consult a doctor, but he cannot "give" them health in exchange for wealth.

We determine our health by how we live daily. The ailments, weaknesses and diseases we get are our own sowing.

Even though we are not interested in acquiring big muscles or huge development, we still need to exercise. Directed training and effective equipment—either barbells, dumbbells or cables—three or four times a week for a few minutes will keep us fit. Within a short time we can observe the benefits of systematic exercise,

S P SAN CARLO NOSE OUT

By

Pitting smooth teamwork and deceptive passing against height and reach, the Colegio de San Carlos dribblers trimmed Canada's highly-touted, formidable-looking hoopsters, the Vancouver Red Roses, to the cheers of a packed crowd that filled the Eladio Villa Auditorium on January 12. The Carolinians chalked up a 49-52 victory.

Staging a swift-paced, classy performance from start to finish, both teams provided a thrill-filled, shrilly evening for close to two thousand basketball enthusiasts who were on their toes throughout the four periods. Sport circles rated the game as the "finest yet seen since the liberation."

Sparked by Bakken, Red Rose sharp-shooting wizard, and Robertson, fleet-footed captain of the invading team, the Canadians scored heavily in the first phases of the game to maintain a slight lead up to the third quarter. Always hot on their heels, the Bas-Mumar Abell-Cortes combination tried to turn the tides at the closing minutes of the last quarter bringing the game to a rousing climax.

Cebu Governor Manuel Cuenco tossed the first ball to formally launch the three game Cebu series. Barely a few seconds afterwards, Captain Antonio Bas drew first



SAN CARLOS

THE CAROLINIAN

R T S

HOOPSTERS CANADIANS

R.

blooq when he hooked in a long beauty to the alarm of the visitors. With another goal by Mumar, the Carolinians had got off to an auspicious start and touched off the screams and excitement that followed.

The natural cheers for the home team rose to a pitch when against frenzied opposition and towering odds, the San Carlos dribblers, none of whom reached the six-foot mark, kept the upphand until the closing minutes of the first stanza. At one time the Canadians furiously deluged the basket with shots that went awry and missed what could have been a fine morale-wrecking chance. They wrested the lead, however, at the end of the quarter to the tune of 13-12. Henceforth the lead never widened much until the fourth phase.

Playing in top form, Lauro Mumar, the one-panc-clip artist, starred for the CSC. He was devastatingly effective with his thrusts and parries that invariably slipped him neatly thru the formidable Canadian defenses. With his elusive rushes and accurate long shots he got the opposing guards flat-footed most of the time and took the breath out of the fans. At the start of the second half Mumar spearheaded the

(Continued on page 20)



VARSITY TEAM

SAN CARLOS VARSITY IN MANILA

By FRANCISCO BORROME0

(This is a first-hand account of the trip to Manila and of the series of games played by the San Carlos basketball team during the annual National Intercollegiate Championship and the National Open Championship, December 9, 21, 1947.)

At the expense of the Philippine Amateur Athletic Association, our team left Cebu December 6, 7:30 P.M. on the S.S. Cebu. The team occupied the upper deck and slept on cots. It took its meals in the first class dining room. Father Bunzel accompanied the team and occupied a special cabin.

After a delightful evening on board, the players retired early for a good night's rest.

The next morning being Sunday, Holy Mass was celebrated in the open, above the main hatch. Almost everybody on board attended the Mass, including even the Moro passengers. The people were very glad that a priest was on board, for the next day was the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

After a very pleasant cruise we arrived at 7:30 A.M. Monday in the north Manila harbor, where we were met by Mr. Enriquez, representative of the PAAF, who came with a station wagon and a jeepny for us.

After presenting our credentials to the port inspector we were whisked through downtown Manila to the Rizal Memorial Stadium where we met Dr. Regino Ylanan, the executive secretary of the PAAF. He assigned us to quarters below the football grandstand where we had a large room for ourselves with adjoining shower bath.

Since we were told we would have to play Bohol Colleges the next afternoon, we soon proceeded to the basketball stadium for an hour's practice.

To our surprise we noticed that the backboards of the basketball goals were made of transparent glass, in order to give spectators a view of the ring from behind. This transparent backboard made it more difficult for us to judge the distance from the ring, when trying to shoot into it, since it was not easy to get accustomed to the transparent backboard when shooting directly from the front. Probably no factor determined our failure during the championship games more than this transparent backboard.

We took our meals at a restaurant near the stadium and ate as much as we like. The next morning we attended Father Bunzel's Mass at the La Salle Chapel. We

offered this Mass for the success of the team.

At 3 P.M. we put on our complete uniforms for the opening ceremonies in the stadium. Captain Bas and Captain Rosel of the Southern High School raised the Philippine flag during the ceremonies because they represented the defending champions. All the players participating in the tournament were present for the occasion.

BOHOL COLLEGES VERSUS SAN CARLOS 48-60

After two preliminary games of the secondary division, we took the court versus Bohol Colleges, the champions of the Manila Industrial Commercial Athletic Association. The crowd gave us a big hand as we entered the stadium.

This game was played under protest against two of the opponents' players who were not bonafide students of the school according to reports received.

Although we knew that we could beat our opponents nevertheless our shooting was erratic and purposely our breaks were slow. Cortes played a better game than usual and came out highest scorer. Abella also shot well and stocked up 16 points. Mumar tried hard but was not up to his usual form. In spite of the victory, there were many misses in shooting, and the team was lacking good form. Until Danguilan went out on fouls Bohol put up a good fight. After Danguilan was out of the game its morale weakened.

Bohol Colleges 48

Liwanag	18
Danguilan	11
Soliman	6
Yabu	5
Romos	4
Pretta	3
Carillo	1
Cruz	0
Santos	0
Garcia	0
Rafael	0
Buan	0

San Carlos 60

Cortes	17
Abella	16
Mumar	13
Bas	6
Paras	3
Voloso	2
Magsalng	2

(Continued on page 20)

Women, Did You?

Did you ever stop to think about the million things the hands can tell?

On a sunny morning you go to the market place to buy whatever you need. There you see daily life at its busiest and noisiest. You stop to buy oranges. You take them from hands that are browned, gnarled and twisted into an irregular shape. They are scarcely what you would call an artist's delight. But looking at them you recall a picture of honest toil, the kind of work that gives infinitely more than it takes. You grow thoughtful looking at them, for are they not the symbol of the nation's strength?

Laden with purchases you return home. Your mother meets you and helps you with your things. You take notice of her hands also as she puts the oranges in a bowl. Large well-developed and though not so young anymore they are still beautiful. You must recall. "The hands that rock the cradle are the hands that rule the world!"

It is evening. You go to a musical show. The curtain rises—the artist sits at the piano and over all settles an expectant hush and then—once again, flying out the ivory keys, graceful, sensitive, light and yet so full of strength, your eyes are again fascinated by her hands. Watching them you can better understand the essence of the music for they alone can give voice to the art of the masters, and listening, you feel an appreciation for all that is beautiful and noble in life. After her piece, she bows and her exit is the cue for the entrance of danseuse of great fame. Gracefully, she moves to music as she portrays the story of her dance. Her face registers every emotion but her hands—oh, her hands! Perfectly molded, they are so distractingly beautiful. But soove all, they are expressive as they snottly move through the motions of the dance. All too soon, the curtain falls and quite reluctantly, you go home with the rest.

Luxuriously warm in bed, you are soon off to dreamland. But oh! what a dream, rather, a nightmare. You see nothing but hands and hands. They all parade before you—those of saintly mothers, of famous surgeons, sculptors, painters, and writers. You awake with a start from all these varied nonsense and you look at your own hands. You try to read their future from their present wrinkles. Maybe they, too, will have a story to tell.

Did you ever stop to think?

On Being Nobody

By LILY KINTANAR

Nobody likes to talk on his being poor. I like talking on my being poor and a nobody. I feel happy over eating crumbs of bread left by the rich and I would not mind it at all because I am a nobody. I love my place and I surely would refuse to change places with Princess Elizabeth with all her spices in India and her newly acquired possession, Prince Philip of Greece.

When I was young and was old enough to know something of the world's mockeries, Mother often hushed me with a stick whenever I asked her for a blue-eyed doll. Since I was nursed with restraints over my wants and comforts, I often came to think of it as a common phenomenon. Once Fortune came knocking at our door to give the blue-eyed doll, but he stayed not for long when he said goodbye at the call of War. It was only then that my immature mind began to grasp my deplorable condition, although it did not surprise me at all.

When Fortune gave me the blue-eyed doll, friends came to play with me. I showed them how she slept and coked. As the months passed by, Time made her a rugged old thing and Misfortune cast molds on her blue eyes. My friends ran away from

me, except a cast-away girl who stayed and comforted me. Ever since, that girl has been the pillar of my sorrows and woes. At an early age then, I unconsciously applied the test of true friendship. I wonder if ever Princess Elizabeth will get at this test. I believe she still has her childhood playmates, for who wouldn't when she keeps a dozen blue-eyed dolls at her wish.

My life in a tumble down shack is a prize novel which, I am sure, Princess Elizabeth would enjoy vicariously. I come and go to all places like the four winds, and nobody ever cares to bother whether I am hungry or cold. Anyhow, an answer would call for extra bread and an extra army blanket. I can not imagine the princess unaccompanied strolling along the streets of London on bare feet. Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of the King of England, Successor to the Crown, Future Queen of England, cold or hungry, would arouse, the whole British Empire like a declaration of war.

The pitter-patter of the rain through the leaking roof over my head would sound a dull monotony of discordant notes to the princess. To me it is a melancholy tone that arouses ambition. The boisterous laughter of my kid brothers and sisters would sound faint and dull if ever we were to lodge at Buckingham Palace.

I wonder whether Prince Philip really loves the princess herself or her title. Nobody would say that Prince Philip would still be willing to marry Elizabeth even if she were a nobody like me. One cannot put them in a test tube and treat them with litmus paper to test their basic sweetness for each other. My Prince Charming is a nobody and loves a nobody like me. I don't doubt his love for I have neither a title nor a box of spices in India.

I love talking on my being poor and unfortunate. I am happy for I am consoled by a passage in the greatest book in the world which speaks.

"Blessed are the poor and the meek for theirs is the kingdom of heaven"
I am poor and the assurance of eternal happiness has made me feel a thousand leagues above the palace of any worldly prince.

SOME GLOW

by
Nene Bantiles

Why did a change come over thee,
sweetheart?

In what did I fail to do my part?

Alas, I cannot say what changed thy
love.

Yet I know right well that should
we meet

Deep in thy heart, some love will glow,

Though not with that heat

Which made it beat

With joy... two years ago.

TACTICAL INSPECTION SCHEDULE SET

The office of the commandant has just received information about the standing operating procedure for annual R.O.T.C. inspection. There are 6 inspecting officers to investigate the efficiency of all R.O.T.C. units in the City of Cebu. The following inspecting officers compose the Visayan and Mindanao team:

Major Castillo, Marcelo, Chairman, Training; Capt. Maguad, Bartolome, Member, Personnel; Capt. Fernandez, Pablo, Member, Administration; Capt. Cleofe, Senon Member, Cadet Corps; 1st Lt. Almazor Silverio, Member, Equipment; Capt. de Leon Jaime, Member, Medical.

The San Carlos R.O.T.C. unit is scheduled to be inspected on March 23, 1948.

TWO NEW OFFICERS TO ASSIST COMMANDANT

Two regular officers of the Philippine Army are now assisting the Commandant, Capt. Pedro Gonzales, in grinding good artillery soldiers out of the Carolinian cadets. They are 1st Lt. Antonio N. Concepcion as Plans and Training Officer and 2nd Lt. Benito P. Dacanay as Adjutant. Both are graduates of the Philippine Military Academy and Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, U.S.A.

FOUR CADET OFFICERS GET PROMOTION

As per order No 22 from the office of the commandant 4 cadet officers were promoted to fill the posts left vacant this semester. After passing the desk and field examination for officers the following cadets were chosen:

Cadet Capt. Napoleon Rama from Bn. Adj. to Regt'l. S-1, Cadet Lt. Jose Arquisola—2nd Bn. E-1, Cadet Lt. Nicamor Illicito from Sgt. to 1st Bn. Adj. and Cadet Lt. Santiago Laurel from Sgt. to Ex-0 Hq. Battery.

Message from the Commandant

I found it most fitting for me to say something to the cadets at a time when the leap year has just begun to unfold its days and when time and circumstance seem to point to the importance of words which would set the cadets on the alert and urge them to prepare for eventualities that very soon might arise.

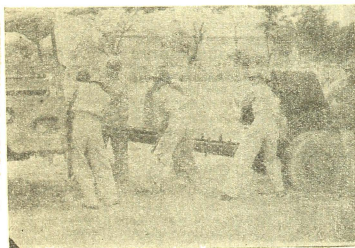
The San Carlos cadets have raised themselves to the level where there is a duty to uphold prestige. They have always proved equal to the expectation of the public and have efficiently measured up to the mark which their predecessors have attained. Now we are faced with the great responsibility of guarding that precious reputation. Very soon we may be called to a test to prove our worth and to defend this trust and confidence to an efficient degree.

The present tendency of the time seems to stress a certain amount of necessity for each of us to be in full preparedness and readiness so that we shall be competent to perform the duty which our country might call on us to do. This preparedness has been the purpose to which military training has hitched itself—a patriotic one, and in the attainment of such an end the cooperation and help of each cadet must be voluntarily given, so that our unit shall successfully cope with such a situation. We must therefore bear the inspiring idea, that we are training ourselves in order to serve in the best and in the most efficient way the benefit and welfare of our nation. It is worthy of mention that the training, the discipline, the hardness we acquire from military instruction does not only serve us in war but also helps us preserve national peace.

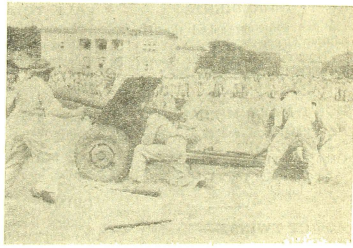
Catholic institutions furnish inspiration which other schools have but very little of. In them we are nourished with Christian principles, methods and ideas. Christian justice, Christian morality, Christian virtues are the bedrock upon which instructions are founded. We have Christian ideals to defend which make us not only a vanguard to national peace and safety but also a bulwark of those principles baptized by the blood of Calvary—principles upon which the principles of democracy find their real interpretation. It is indeed inspiring to think that in our training we are not only preparing ourselves as well polished soldiers of our nation but also as noble soldiers of the cross to defend the precepts of Christ should Satan seek to tarnish them.

As ever, let us try to hold the spirit, zeal and courage which have always brought the San Carlos unit to the achievement of remarkable success. Along with our endeavor, let us invoke the help of Divine Providence so that we may not break the faith and confidence entrusted to us, so that we may atly hold high the green and gold banner, and justify the hope and expectation of those that have already given a good name to our unit.

CAPT. PEDRO GONZALES, F. A.
COMMANDANT
Colegio de San Carlos



MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.



PREPARE FOR ACTION!

NICK-NACKS

PROFUNDITY

Sergio Barts, on being told that Cesar was a very profound man, replied:

"Profound! Yes—he is a perfect cavity."

FAVORITE LITERATURE

Two passengers were overheard in a literary discussion on the Brooklyn express.

"What's yer favorite readin'?"
"Popeye, Superman, and Flash Gordon."

"Howcha like O. Henry?"

"Naw, the nuts get in my teeth."

SPELLING AND DICTIONARY

"Why don't you buy a dictionary?" asked the man whose friend repeatedly consulted him as to the spelling of certain words.

"What would I do with a dictionary?" was the reply. "If I can't spell the words, I couldn't find 'em, and if I can spell 'em, I don't need a dictionary."

SCOOP

A city daily once chartered a car to rush a green reporter to a nearby town to scoop all rivals with first news of a fire that was burning the place down. A couple of hours later the managing editor got a telegram from the bright young man reading: "Have arrived at the fire. What shall I do?"

The editor replied: "Find the place where the fire is hottest and jump in!"

RIGHT INGREDIENTS

When someone asked the famous painter Orpen:

"How do you mix your colors?" he answered: "with brains, sir."

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH

Ben: "Did you see that young lady smile at me?"

Oskie: "That's nothing—the first time I saw you, I laughed right out loud."

AGE OF TWINS

"How old are you?"

"I don't know."

"Ask your mother."

"How would she know?"

"Well, how old is your brother?"

"He's three years younger than I am and we're twins."

"How could you be twins if he is three years younger?"

"I'll prove it to you. What's in a hat box?"

"A hat."

"What's in a book case?"

"Books."

"Well—my brother and I sleep in twin beds, so we're twins."

SENSE & DOLLARS

"It's a dollar and sense wedding."

"What do you mean?"

"He hasn't a dollar and she hasn't any sense."

DEFINITIONS:

Wedding—a funeral where you smell your own flowers.

Bachelor—a man who thinks before he acts, then doesn't act.

Love—the delusion that one woman differs from another.

Woman—a skirt-wearing animal that causes man more trouble than all the diseases put together.

READING

"Tell me what you read and I'll tell you what you are."

"Well, I read Shakespeare, Dante, Cicero, Plato....."

LIE & LYE

"You're a liar!"

Flattery is 90 percent soft soap, and soft soap is 90 per cent lye.

CALL TO ARMS

A certain farmer, who had a strong dislike to hard work, was looking at a fantastic sunset. He saw the letters—"P.C."—in fiery red in the sky.

He called his wife. "Look," he said. "There is a call to me. Those letters man 'Preach Christianity.'"

His wife replied—"You darn fool. You had a call all right, but those letters mean 'Plant Corn.'"

CRIME

"Crime doesn't pay, you must remember this."

"No, it doesn't but the hours are optional."

OF CONGRESS AND TRUST

"Here, hold my horse a minute. will you?"

"Sir, I am a member of Congress"
"That's all right. I'll trust you."

SCOTCH BOMBERS

"H was a Scotch anarchist, but he got killed."

"How?"

"He put a bomb and hated to let go of it."

NAME AND NICKNAME

"I've got a pet pig—I call him Buntingong."

tong.

"Is that h's real name?"

"No, that's his pen name."

ECONOMY

"I have to drink a quart of milk everyday."

"Why?"

"To keep it from getting sour."

MATCH

Cesar: "If you stand alongside of a jackass what fruit would you look like?"

Alfonso: "If I stood alongside of a jackass what fruit would I look like?"

Cesar: "Well, I don't know. What would I look like?"

Alfonso: "A beautiful pair."

HOMECOMING

"Why so blue, Sergio?"

"I lost my chicken."

"Don't worry chickens go home to roost."

"That's the trouble, boss, they went."

DOUBLE GIFT

"That mouth organ you gave me for my birthday is easily the best."

"I'm glad you like it."

"Yes—mother gives me a quarter a week not to play it."

FOREIGN

"If you'll marry me, dear, we'll travel and visit Borneo."

"I love him on the radio."

"You love who on the radio?"

"Ben Borneo."

The girl who would rather have a second look at the boys than have a second helping of dessert — Justina Manueto, Educ. I

The doctor who is more interested in your pocket than in your ailment—Milagros Lucero, Pre-Med. I

The guy who pretends to be wiser than the teacher by asking a lot of impertinent questions—Estela Teves, Educ. I

The fellow who strains his eyes in many ways more than one.—Rosario Palaez, Pharmacy II

Two people who walk in the rain oblivious of everything—Rosario Rodil, Commerce I

The student who never feels himself prepared for an examination without memorizing his lectures to the letter—Lourdes Ybanez, Educ. I

The loss who puts on more weight on his face knits his brow and forces a smile that looks more like a pout when somebody approaches his table.—Marina Javellos, General Course, II

The person who is so serious in everything that he does, that he has completely abandoned smiling because he has long forgotten how—Reuben Frias, Pre-Med. I

The teacher who can better scold and insult than teach—Amparo Camara, Educ. III

The person who lives on a piece of Schubert, a Reader's Digest and a cup of coffee—Francisco Borromeo, Pre-Law I

Men who are afraid of their own shadows, the shadows they have cast yesterday—Tita Valencia, General Course I

The old man who insists on taking a few steps of "kaykay" with you just to test if his bones won't fall apart—Luisa Dosdos, Commerce I.

The girl who can still look nice and sweet with the dress bought in the morning and remodeled in the afternoon—Carponio Manriquez Jr., Pre-Med. I

People who take a mile when you intend to give an inch—C. Rodil

The guy who pretends to buy a ten-cent's worth of nothing just to get a calendar—Milagros Lucero, Pre-Med. I

The student who prefers to hang around the cop to any other conspicuous place—Jose Gallon Jr., Pre-Med. I

Take this, my friend Don't be afraid to approach.

Human nature is just the same; prick an aristocrat and you will find a savage primate underneath.

(Contributions to this column will be acknowledged, They should not be more than two sentences. Please submit to C. Rodil)

Howdy, studes! What about joining in for a little game of naming things—this time, your pet phobias. For example, if you're superstitious—that is, afraid of the number 13—you can put people off the track by saying, "I have triskaidekaphobia." Savvy?

We'll name the kind of fears and you name the kind of phobias they are. Let's go!

1. Fear of contagion
2. Fear of being buried alive
3. Fear of dogs
4. Fear of thunder
5. Fear of cats
6. Fear of the dark
7. Fear of crowds
8. Fear of being in closed spaces
9. Fear of fire
10. Fear of thieves
11. Fear of men
12. Fear of heights
13. Fear of this number (13)

For the answers to the above, just turn the page upside down:

1. Mysophobia
 2. Trichophobia
 3. Cynophobia
 4. Keratophobia
 5. Altruophobia
 6. Nyctophobia
 7. Claustrophobia
 8. Kryptophobia
 9. Kryptophobia
 10. Kryptophobia
 11. Acrophobia
 12. Acrophobia
 13. If I remember right, we've already told you the answer to this number.

DARTS FOR THE HEART

By BEN MABANTO

There is fever in my heart
 It's tiny tendrils of emotion overwarm
 And there is a thought so hard to part
 And an emptiness in my arms.

There are a million dreams in the future
 I seem to know, I seem to feel
 But there will be always an exquisite picture
 My mind will paint, my fever to quell.

There is fever in my heart
 I know there's always ache to bear
 And always at the heart Cupid poised
 But make make love you, dear.

This is such a charming story, the kind grandmothers tell their children.

There was once a little gnat, that flew from flower to flower, satisfied with itself, happy to be alive and to be able to play in the sunshine.

One day it was so intoxicated with the lavender emanating from the fields that it did not see a big cow. The big cow opened its huge mouth, and the little gnat flew in, but it was so absent-minded, poor thing, that it did not even notice it. It continued to flutter about with the same lack of concern, first in the cow's throat, then in the esophagus, then further and further in the cow's innards.

Finally, however, it felt tired; it stopped flying about and rested in the cow's stomach. But it was so tired, so very, very tired, that it soon fell asleep.

When it woke up the cow had gone!

BIRTHSTONE

- For laundresses, the soapstone,
- For architects, the cornerstone,
- For cooks, the puddings'one,
- For soldiers, the bloodstone,
- For politicians, the baronystone,
- For borrowers, the touchstone,
- For policemen, the pavingstone
- For stock brokers, the curbstone,
- For burglars, the keystone,
- For beauties, the peachstone,
- For motorists, the milestone,
- For pedestrians, the tombstone,
- For editors, the grindstone.

SAY IT

- Say it with flowers.
- Say it with sweets.
- Say it with kisses.
- Say it with cats.
- Say it with jewelry.
- Say it with drink.
- But always be careful
- Not to say it with ink.

Calling All Alumni

The Alumni Association of the Colegio de San Carlos, Cebu City wishes to hear from them or their close relatives or friends a brief personal history, the main events and accomplishments in their life, and if living, their present address or if dead, the year and place of their death.

1892-1893

1. Alo, Zacarias y Polbaire
2. Rodriguez, Jose y Rodriguez
3. Sanson, Flaviano y Pono
4. Vano, Filomeno y Veloso

1893-1894

1. Abad, Maniano y Ricamora
2. Alpuerto, Eladio y Godinez
3. Barte, Hilario y Retoya
4. Base Villarosa, Melchor y Najarro
5. Bitoon, Simplicio y Codilla
6. Borna, Sebastian y Crimaco
7. Borromeo, Angelo y Veloso
8. Borromeo, Casto y Veloso
9. Bailes, Eutiquio y de los Reyes
10. Causing, Casiano y Villahermosa
11. Cuaresma, Juan y Andoy
12. Frias, Antonlin y Ramos
13. Gonzales, Victorio y Gensis
14. Jabier, Mariano y Villariza
15. Jakosalem, Dionisio y Abella
16. Japson, Maniano y Daza
17. Mandin, Francisco y Coraya
18. Mar, Graciano del y Pono
19. M'el, Ciriacio y Pedrasa
20. Osmena, Sergio y Suico
21. Rodriguez, Jose y Rodriguez
22. Sosin, Cayetano y Quimbo
23. Sosobrado, Andres y Godinez
24. Tan, Meliton y Jagonos
25. Villaraza, Conceso y Espina
26. Vivera, Pablo y Rogis

1894-1895

1. Abad, Mariano y Ricamora
2. Alcazar, Braulio y Japson
3. Alpuerto, Eladio y Godinez
4. Barte, Hilario y Retuya
5. Bernad, Miguel y Ladema
6. Borromeo, Angelo y Veloso
7. Borromeo, Casto y Veloso
8. Cavada, Baudillo y Nacor
9. Causing, Procopio y Villahermosa
10. Demetrio, Salvador y Cu'son
11. Gandongco, Martin y Fernandez
12. Gandiongco, Miguel y Fernandez
13. Lozada, Juan y Gonzalez
14. Lozada, Vicente y Gonzalez
15. Manden, Francisco y Curaya
16. Mar, Graciano del y Pono
17. Prado, Teodoro
18. Reyes, Guillermo de los y Salazar
19. Salinas, Francisco y Noel
20. Sanson, Flaviano y Pono

MacArthur Honors Former S. U. D. Superior

Very Rev. Theodore Buttenbruch, S.V.D. posthumously received the Medal of Freedom with Gold Palm for service rendered in the American prisoners during the Japanese occupation in the Philippines. The Medal of Freedom with Gold palm is one of the highest honors given by the General to any civilian of any nationality.

Fr. Buttenbruch was a German citizen. He came to the Philippines in 1912 as a priest of the Society of the Divine Word. He became parish priest in the province of Abra. He later became the Provincial Superior of the Society and served in that capacity for nine years. During his term of office in 1935, he took over the Colegio de San Carlos at the request of His Excellency, Archbishop Gabriel Reyes. From that time on, the Colegio was his pet project and it flourished remarkably. His one desire after his superiorship was to teach in San Carlos. However his successor believed him more valuable in the capacity of parish priest in Quezon City.

While establishing an entirely new parish with the alms received through his own collecting, Fr. Buttenbruch built up what is now known as a parish church of Kamuning. During this time he also collected clothing, food, and medicine for the soldie's in Camp O'Donnell who had withstood the Death March of Bataan. He also aided the prisoners of Cabanatuan Camp and Sto. Tomas Camp. Fr. Theodore used to collect truckloads of food and medicine and then get them into the camps by bribing the Japanese officers in charge.

When higher Japanese authorities in Manila heard of Fr. Buttenbruch's activities, he was thrown into Fort Santiago where he was tortured and kept for about six months.

21. Suson, Melecio y Bas
22. Tan, Meliton y Jagonos
23. Teves, Mariano y Lucero
24. Villarosa, Dionisio y Najarro
25. Villarosa, Melchor y Najarro
26. Vivara, Pablo y Rogis
27. Zano, Felicidad y Zacarias

Through the intercession of higher church authorities, Father was released although already condemned to death. During his imprisonment, however, he suffered so much that he could hardly walk.

As soon as Fr. Buttenbruch had recovered his strength enough to go on his collecting tours, he again took up his former good work of aid to the American prisoners: Driven by the sole motive of Christian charity he endangered his life for the sake of the suffering. Although closely watched by the Kempei Tai he was able to elude them and to bring more help to the soldiers especially in Cabanatuan.

On November 11th, 1944 while on one of his collection tours in Manila, Fr. Buttenbruch disappeared. The American Intelligence was able to learn that Fr. Buttenbruch had died the death of a hero of charity that same day at the hands of his Japanese captors.

FR. BECK PASSES AWAY

The Rev. Philip Beck, former secretary of San Carlos College (1935-41) passed away recently in Christ the King Mission Seminary, Manila.

Fr. Beck was the first S.V.D. Father to come to San Carlos College when the Society took over the institution in 1935. He served as secretary and professor for six years during which time he endeared himself to the Carolinians. He also was responsible for much of the progress of the Colegio on account of his previous experience in educational work.

In 1941 Fr. Beck took an extended vacation in Baguio for recuperation. His physical condition, however, continued to deteriorate until this year, for some unknown reason. When about to be operated for ulcers the doctors discovered that Fr. Beck's case was hopeless due to internal cancer. He lingered for a few weeks longer and died a holy death conscious to the last. His interest in San Carlos as a university continued to the very end of his life. He was sixty-seven years old.

On Being Alone

By ALEJANDRINA BANTILES

The sun was already looking into my window over the mountains when I awoke. It was the same sun which looked upon me the morning before with lingering gaze, like a departing friend. It shone upon me now like a child which burst into my room with beaming glance to wish me a good morning on a joyful holiday. And was I the same being, who, only a few hours before, had thrown myself upon my bed, broken in body and spirit? Immediately, I felt once more the old life courage with trust in God and myself, which animated my soul like the fresh morning breeze.

I went out into the open fields, alone. Wandering arm in arm with my own thoughts, through the valleys and over the plains, I sipped the life's fresh nectar of enjoyment. But of what interest to me were the green mountains, the dark ravines, the blue lake and the mighty cataract? Instead of contemplating them, they looked at me and wondered among themselves at my solitude. It smote me to the heart that I had found no one in all the world who loved me.

Such a day was this—and so I lay down upon the soft moss of the fragrant woods, and stretched out my weary limbs and gazed up through the green foliage, into the boundless blue and I thought of how it feels to live alone!

I believe I saw the stars for the first time during the day. Although I lay on the soft moss, I shivered and was chilly; or I was frightened. For who has seen a star during the day? It seemed so ridiculous. In short, something came over me which reminds me of a fairytale in no ordinary style. I wondered at the stars and thought that the wood-nymphs had made them look beautiful. Furthermore, I felt that everything about me tossed and nodded, hummed and buzzed. There came a great swarm of little, myriad-footed winged creatures, which lit upon my forehead and eyes and said, "Good Day". Immediately, my eyes smarted and I cried, "Poor little one, how the

gnats have stung him." I could not open my eyes to see the blue sky any longer, but I felt that I had a bunch of fresh roses and it seemed as if a dark-blue, fresh, spicy perfume were wafted through my senses. Even now, wherever I see the first roses in bloom, I remember this, and it seems to me that I must close my eyes so that the dark old heaven of that day may again rise over my soul.

It was difficult to describe my thoughts and emotions as I went home. My soul could not at once and there are thoughts without words, and these are thoughts without words, which in every man are a prelude of supreme joy or suffering. It was neither joy nor pain only an indescribable bewilderment which I felt; thought flew through my innermost being like meteors which shoot from heaven towards earth but are extinguished before they reach the goal.

When I entered my room I sat down wearily. The pictures on the wall seemed to watch me and wondered at a solitary wanderer. The sight often urged me out into the night again, where no one could see I was alone. At a later hour, I stole quietly into my bed and the song of Schubert sang through my soul until I went to sleep. "Where thou art not, is happiness." And loneliness awoke me every morning and haunted me all the day like a song which one cannot drive away.

END

WOMEN HERE ARE...

(Continued from page 4)

(especially after the last war), love, and new dresses which to her are as inseparable as bread from butter. Fortunately, all the foregoing shortcomings of the young female Homo Sapiens are remediable, and what is propitious is that the remedy is just in her own hands. Once the young woman is rid of them it will be gratifying that she is not only almost perfect but that she is already 100% perfect—ready to enter heaven.

GACETILLAS

(Continuación de la página 18)

da dio a los sancarlinos 52 puntos y 49 a sus contrincantes.

Cerca de dos mil personas presenciaron al juego. Aunque los Red Roses demostraron su supremacía durante los primeros periodos, nunca lograron ensanchar su ventaja a mas de 6 puntos. Los momentos decisivos se lucharon en los últimos minutos del juego en que los sancarlinos consiguieron desquitarse.

500 SE GRADUARAN ESTE SEMESTRE

Segun informacion facilitada por la oficina del Registrador, el numero de candidatos para graduacion, incluyendo los de la escuela secundaria, llegara a 500 este semestre. Se amenre el Training Department High School y los Boy's High School cuentan con unos 150 graduandos. La graduacion tendra lugar a fines del mes de abril de este año.

Mark Twain once visited the artist Whistler in his studio and was looking over his pictures. He started to touch one canvas. "Oh," cried Whistler, "don't touch that! Don't you see, it isn't dry yet?" "I don't mind," said Mark Twain, "I have gloves on."

A Methodist in America, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, asked one of them "if he had not found great comfort last Sunday after receiving the sacrament." "Aye, master," replied the savage, "but I wish it had been brandy."

In connection with the destruction of the 700,000 manuscript volumes of the Alexandrian Library, the Caliph Omar said: "either these books conform to the Koran or they do not. If they do not, they are positively harmful. Therefore, let them be destroyed."

Sección Castellana

NAPOLEON G. RAMA
EDITOR

VICENTA ESCAÑO
EDITORA ASOCIADA

ISIDRO ABAD
CONSEJERO

JESUS A. MARTINEZ
REPORTERO

EDITORIAL

Gacetillas

Entre el Proposito y el Exito

ES COMODO SONAR por un porvenir de prospera y opulenta existencia como lo es proponerse a un fin glorioso y auretado de exitos, cuando el sonador no se preocupa de los medios para llevarlo a cabo. Desde luego, para un hombre muy ambicioso nada hay mas importante en este mundo que su propia ambicion. Embebido en su entusiasmo, su mas urgente interes, en vez de buscar los verdaderos medios para superar los obstaculos que le salen al paso en su camino hacia la fama y la fortuna, se resume en una pasion insana por alcanzar su objeto lo mas pronto posible y llegar a el a campo traviesa. Y, juguete de esa pasion, se agarra a todos los medios que se le presentan sin fijarse si son buenos o son malos.

Innumerables veces en nuestro existir y, sin duda, en nuestros momentos de exaltacion, nos hemos permitido tan perjudicial capricho. Na la hay mas natural en un hombre que por temperamento es algo poeta y sonador. Mas, de poner manos a la obra y elegir los medios para conseguir el exito de nuestros designios o las obsesiones que desde luego balagan la fantasia, cada uno tiene su modo de matar pulgas. De aqui resulta una diversidad de ideas.

Los endurecidos de corazon, dejandose llevar de su codicia, conciben proyectos para conseguir los cuales emplean medios deshonrosos y hasta criminales. Al echar mano de toda clase de instrumentos, abogan la voz de la conciencia y cierran los ojos a las buellas de destruccion y desolacion que dejan a su paso. Me refiero a aquellos a cuyas almas el brillo del dinero ha deslumbrado. Quienes juegan con la idea de hacer fortuna en un quitame de abi esas pajas corren el riesgo de trocarse en unos monstruos economicos cuya insensatez rayara a tal extremo que inclusive arrebataria el pan de la boca del pobre sin el menor remordimiento.

La historia presenta ejemplos perfectos de megalomaniacos quienes, valiendose de fuerza y hierro para conseguir sus fines, anteponen sus pasiones de gloria personal a los intereses de la humanidad entera. A este laya pertenecen aquellos a quienes se refiere el adagio latino: Quos Jupiter vult perdere, dementat prius.

Que se hayan notado indicios de este caso de loerar el fin a troche y moche entre algunos estudiantes es una verdadera calamidad. El diploma a que tanto aspiran conseguir despues de todo, no es nada mas que un pedazo de papel como otro cualquiera cuando certifica cualidades indigenas del que lo posee. Lo que importa no es que hayan pasado el curriculum, sino como lo han pasado. Son cosas enteramente diferentes el pasar en tal o cual asignatura y el saber las lecciones. Esta—a mi parecer—es la leccion que deberian aprender primero.

EL COLEGIO DE LEYES HONRA AL REPRESENTANTE ZOSA

El "Lex Circle" y la facultad de leyes del Colegio de San Carlos recientemente honraron al Representante Manuel A. Zosa en el Club Tropicana" con un banquete al que acudieron prominetes oficiales del gobierno y la crema de la sociedad metropolitana. Nuestro estimado decano partira para Manila a los fines de este mes para asistir a las primeras sesiones del Congreso de Filipinas donde representara el sexto distrito de esta provincia.

El Representante Zosa lleva muchos anos como profesor del Colegio de Leyes de San Carlos y desde antes de la guerra actuaba ya como decano del mismo. En su ausencia, el Abogado Juan E. Yap, decano auxiliar, asumira interinamente el decanato.

SE CONSTRUYE UN EDIFICIO PARA CIENCIAS.

La construccion de un edificio designado para las clases de laboratorio del Colegio de San Carlos ya esta comenzada. Planeado por el Ingeniero Jose A. Rodriguez, Decano del Colegio de Ingenieria, con la cooperacion del Arquitecto Paulo Beltran, tambien profesor del mismo Colegio, el edificio se completara dentro de 4 meses. Segun el Padre Rector, Lawrence Bunzel, dentro de poco tambien se construira un gimnasio para las actividades atleticas. Se ha sabido que el proyecto de construir un edificio central de este colegio se llevara a cabo en dos anos.

EL QUINTETO SANCARLINO DOMINA A LOS CANADIENSES

Demonstrando una vez mas su superioridad en rapidez, excelente teamwork y destreza en manear la pelota a la ventaja de altura, los jugadores sancarlinos derrotaron al team canadiense Vancouver Red Roses en un encuentro sensacional que tuvo lugar en el "Eladio Villa Auditorium", el 12 del mes corriente. La ultima tanda (Pasa a la pagina 17)

PROMESAS HECHAS EN EL MAR

Por RAFAEL V. GUANZON

Por Esperanza Lopez

Mi Hombre IDEAL

Por fin, ceso la tempestad. Y nosotros, con la esperanza que todo iría bien, volvimos a embarcar el landing barge o la balsa de desembarque.

Había no menos de ciento cincuenta pasajeros en dicha embarcación inclusive niños, mujeres de todas edades, algunos chinos, sin contar los d'ecineue cerdos.

El landing barge dejó el puerto de Taiho con rumbo al pueblo de San Carlos en la otra isla. Algunos de los pasajeros cantaban; otros conversaban; mientras los demás hacían elogios a la buena suerte que hemos tenido por aquello que el tiempo se amaino. Hasta que algunos llegaron al punto de decir que nuestra buena suerte con el tiempo demostraba que éramos seres predilectos del Gran Navegante. En pocas palabras, todos estaban alegres.

"Un ligero cambio en el equilibrio del barco nos llevaría a las profundidades del mar."

Nuestro barco había atravesado casi un kilómetro y medio desde la playa sin que nada alarmante sucediese. Y hasta allí no más. Porque apenas hubimos entrado el segundo kilómetro de nuestra navegación, empezamos a sentir las sacudidas fuertes de las olas que a medida que nos alejábamos del puerto se hacían más fuertes. Muchos de los pasajeros, especialmente las mujeres y los niños empezaron a vaciar los estomagos. Algunas voces pidieron al capitán que volviésemos al puerto de embarque. Pero duro de corazón que era este no dijo más que "no hay nada que alarmarse". Y con aquella seguridad dada por uno que se había envejecido en el mar, nos alentaban. Pero apenas hubieron transcurrido unos cinco minutos después de habernos asegurado aquel viejo del mar unas o'as g'gantescas que las que habíamos visto sacudieron

nuestro landing barge con tal violencia que el suelo del barco hacia desde el nivel del agua un ángulo no menos de ochenta grados con cada golpe.

Se mencionaron los nombres de muchos santos. Se oyeron juramentos superlativos jamás oídos en otros sitios o situaciones. Y sin más ni más, un ruido acompañado por gritos comunes en casas mortorias, se oyó detrás de mí. Una de los pies del barco ocupado por las mujeres y algunos niños se quebranto, y por consecuencia se tumbó el banco. Todos creyeron que la embarcación se iba a hundir ya. Hubo tal espanto que el capitán tuvo que amenazar con la pistola el que moviese de su asiento, d'iendo que un ligero cambio en el equilibrio del barco nos llevaría a las profundidades del mar. Nos ensencamos. Y se reanudaron los rezos y murmullo de los nombres santos. Y por no se que capricho de la naturaleza las sacudidas se persistían. Se canto el Ave María por la mujeres y algunos hombres, que ya estaban convencidos que no había más salvación.

Una vieja sentada a mi izquierda tuvo que pasar la tarde en la iglesia a dar las gracias al Señor San Carlos antes de tomar el suburban para su pueblo en caso que pudiésemos llegar a nuestra destinación. Cual por milagro de dicho santo, nos dejaron las olas grandes y el viento borracoso.

Una hora después del buen cambio del tiempo, p'samos la tierra de San Carlos, salvos y sano. En el muelle había un "jitney" de pasaje. En seguida me sente a lado del chofer. Y unos minutos después se marchó el jitney.

Luego que estaba en marcha el vehículo, por casualidad, volví la mirada en pos de mí. Alla, con un puro en la boca, estaba la vieja que se sentaba a mi izquierda en el landing barge minutos atrás.

Lo que no recordamos es que estamos viéndolo sobre una estrella—Chesteron.

Al fin! He hallado a mi hombre ideal. Mi pesquisa esta terminada, no tengo que buscar más lejos porque en el halló todas las cualidades de mi hombre ideal. Estas cualidades son carácter, inteligencia y hermosura.

El carácter de mi hombre ideal es bueno en sí. El es la encarnación de la caballerosidad. La veneración a los ancianos y el respeto a su prójimo y amor a la juventud son las prendas inherentes a él. El vive sujeto a estas leyes y espera que otros vivan siguiéndolas. Apesar de todo, él no es débil ni afeminado. El tiene la fuerza y valor la energía y coraje ante una situación peligrosa. El egoísmo es la mínima de todas sus faltas, si esta en presencia de otros, raramente piensa en sí mismo, sino para los demás.

Nunca piensa mal de otros, ni ha molestado a ninguno. Su pureza de corazón le hace simpático y querido de todos. Tal es la grandeza de su corazón que a nadie ha dejado sin ampararlo. El dolor de otros es también su dolor. Nada le agradece más que el ver a otros regocijados. Su mera presencia es consuelo a todos acorrajados. Sus palabras llevan solaz y paz a almas do'oridas.

Un carácter tal indica una inteligencia notable. Doctrinas que brotan de sus labios cuando se ponen en ejecución salvan a muchos gu'an a los ambiciosos a los senderos por los que alcanzan fines felices. Su consejo ha sido seguido por todos—jóvenes y viejos pobres y ricos y nunca se han arrepentido.

El mismo Adonis no puede competir con mi hombre ideal porque a aquel le faltaba la belleza moral y la rectitud de consciencia.

En fin mi ideal como hombre es mi verdadero ideal, en este, miro yo al Hombre hermoso entre las hermosuras, al Hombre divinizado por su carácter sobrenatural, a aquel que no tiene igual y por lo tanto no puede compararse con nadie. Este mi ideal es Cristo a quien todos debemos imitar. Y, también debemos buscar y escoger entre los hombres aquel que mejor le conozca y por lo tanto le ame y siga su verdadera doctrina la única capaz de traer al mundo la verdadera paz.

SAN CARLOS HOOPSTERS....

(Continued from page 11)

CSC offensive, pierced enemy defenses and punctured the basket full of holes so many times as to pile the biggest individual score of the evening 17 points.

On the other hand, Ole Bakken also awed the spectators by pulling the spectacular stunt of hitting the hoop and locating it with his back to the goal. The most outstanding performer among the visitors, he proved lethal with his feet, turning away from the goal while holding cut the ball with outstretched arm and suddenly flipping it in the basket with a fast wrist jerk without so much as looking where he was throwing. Repetitions of this "hook-shot" thrilled the crowd and netted him 16 points. With Burtwell, Henderson and Pomfret cooperating, he rolled back the Green and Gold defenses in the second stanza and established a comfortable 6 point lead at lemon time.

Paced by Mumar and Bas, the Carolinians smashed the Canadian offensive in the third period with long shots, subtle passing and man-to-man guarding. Working like a house on fire, they narrowed the lead of 6 points to 2 within the first few seconds of play. They score stood 23-25 for the visitors. Thenceforth the margin seesawed from 2 to 3 points. At one time just before the end of the period the score knotted at 33 all, but Henderson promptly sank a double decker to keep the driver seat for the Red Roses at the end of the third quarter, 35-33.

The decisive time of the game was the last minutes. In an attempt to widen their lead into a safe margin, the Canadians put in all their stuff and geared the game to a breakneck speed. Hostilities heightened when the score evened up shortly after the start of the quarter at 39 and later, at 41 and 45 all. The game looked very much in the bag for the Red Roses when at 5 minutes before time, Bakken and Robertson looped in a twin marker each, bringing the score to 48-45. Hero of the evening was M. Abella and his unpredictable shots when he converted two near-the-foul line, heaves in quick succession offsetting the four-point lead of the enemy. The tally was 49 all. Jittery, the Canadians called time out.

Estrera then brought down the house with a double decker flipped from right of the keyhole just 3 minutes before time. With Mumar's free foul shot the Carolinians stood out 3 points in front. After this they started the slow break. Cool-headed and surefooted Captain Bas was largely responsible for the high morale of the team and for its clock-like precision throughout the game. Desperate, the visitors fouled several times to recover the ball. The Carolinians cleverly waived the free shots in favor of side throws to keep the ball.

Then Mumar attempted to make good a

SAN CARLOS VARSITY....

(Continued from page 11)

Miolo	1
Borromeo	0
Du	0
Frias	0
Aquino	0

SANTO TOMAS UNIVERSITY VERSUS SAN CARLOS 68-50

Our second game of the intercollegiate championship was with the Glowing Goldies the team rated to win the championship. It was a rough encounter from the start and the Goldies were able to pile up 28 fouls. Our team had no guard who could stop Campos, the fast two-handed shooter of Santo Tomas. Consequently the latter was able to make 23 points. We Carolinians kept feeding Mumar who equalled Campos' record, but our defense was weak and easily punctured by the Goldies. Had our boys been in shooting form they might have beaten their opponents. But all seemed to miss the ring by inches, from Mumar down to Bas.

Santo Tomas 68	
Campos	23

free throw. He bungled it and with lightning speed, Henderson snatched the ball and rushed to the Red Rose basket. Estrera intercepted him and recovered the ball. The final whistle sounded with Estrera still holding the ball.

One of the outstanding feats of the evening was Center Cortes' outjumping six-foot-five Bakken. He also did a wonderful job grabbing the ball from rebounds right under the noses of other Canadians.

Newcomer Villamil proved to be a cooperative supporting cast. He made an excellent team with Cortes in recovering the ball from the board.

Captain Bas played his best game of the season and was second highest pointer for the Carolinians with 12 to his credit.

VANCOUVER "RED ROSES"	
Henderson	0
Bakken	16
Robertson	11
Wynne	2
Franklin	3
Burtwell	10
Watson	2
Gloag	4
Pomfret	1
Total	49

SAN CARLOS COLLEGE	
L. Mumar	17
V. Cortes	7
M. Abella	8
A. Bas	12
R. Villamil	2
E. Veloso	0
G. Batiller	0
G. Estrera	6
J. Espeleta	0
Total	52

Vestil	12
Tanquintle	10
Naglaton	9
Martinez	5
Deo	5
Nepomuceno	2
Estevea	1
Castillejo	0
Buan	0
Tonco	0

San Carlos 50	
Mumar	23
Abella	10
Cortes	7
Du	4
Magalang	2
Bas	1
Miolo	1
Veloso	2
Paras	0
Borromeo	0
Frias	0

After the National Intercollegiate Championship was the National Open Championship. In this tournament any team could qualify whether commercial or scholastic. Moreover, colleges could utilize their good high school players to re-enforce their teams.

Consequently Estrera and Espeleta went to Manila together with Batiller to bolster the Carolinians.

Our first and only game was played with the Olympic Sporting Goods, the champions of the Manila Industrial and Commercial Athletic Association. The game was a toss between Mumar and Borck. However, Mumar was eliminated from the race when at the beginning of the third quarter he was knocked unconscious by two of the opponents. Although San Carlos was leading in the first half 20-13, yet the Olympics managed to take advantage of the absence of Mumar in the second half and came out victorious in the last quarter.

OLYMPIC SPORTING GOODS 47	
Yee	17
Borck	17
Navarro	5
Gavleres	2
Callan	2
Dy	2
Yang	0
Leyden	0
Borja	0
See	0
Go	0

San Carlos 38	
Estrera	12
Batiller	9
Mumar	8
Cortes	4
Abella	0
Bas	4
Veloso	2
Magalang	0
Espeleta	0
Borromeo	0
Du	0

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