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EDITORIAL

LET US NOT BE FENCE-SITTERS

After so much have been said and done for or against Parity the people have finally given their verdict. Whether there is wisdom or indiscretion in the decision, is not ours to say now—this is a question which belongs to the future. Parity as an issue is a settled case, but there is one striking implication brought about by the last plebescite.

Judging from the final counting of the votes cast during the last election, only slightly over one third of the total number of registered voters throughout the country exercised their right to vote. And allowing at least a third of this third to have been morally coerced by the party in power, we find in the last analysis that only about one-fifth of the qualified electors have honestly taken a hand in deciding the fate of our country. This is one of the ironies of democracy in the Philippines. Where did the rest of the registered voters go?

A good number out of sheer laziness refrained from voting for there was not the usual enthusiastic candidate to distribute drinks, food, cigars, or maybe money. Many laid low because they had no individual grudges to rectify nor any personal favor which their votes could buy. And a great majority simply stood by with folded hands and assumed the attitude of "Let's wait and see." To the first belong the ignorant; to the second the demagogues and to the latter the indifferent intelligentsia. To the ignorant, more education; to the demagogues,

a stern reprimand; and to the fence-sitters a moral whip.

The fence-sitter is a disgrace to society and a menace to the country's progress. Sitting on the fence he sees many things; he talks a lot but does nothing. He gripes, he criticizes, he moralizes and yet he cleverly claims himself the exception to every rule. He howls for his rights, but he deliberately forgets his obligations. He has no backbone nor any conviction of his own. He does not commit himself to anything, at issue for he wants always to be in the safe and advantageous side; he waits for the outcome then goes down from his fence and there he goes right straight to the side that benefits him—after all, did he not say, "I'll wait and see!"

The last war has breded a great number of fence-sitters in our country. They abound not only in society, in the government and in business but also in our schools and colleges, places which used to be the bulwark of activity and briskness in every endeavor. At this stage of our country's progress it is imperative that we do away with this pernicious attitude of mind. We need men of vigorous moral stamina; we need men of conviction, men who can decide for the best of their country and deciding will follow through their decision with action. The task of building our country is neither his nor hers but ours. LET US NOT BE FENCE-SITTERS.

The Life of Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes

On March 24, His Excellency, Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes passed another milestone in a phenomenal and unique career, on the occasion of his fifty-fifth birthday. The spiritual leader of over a million souls, his voice today carries great weight as a militant crusader in an age torn up with great social and moral upheavals. Splendidly human with his engaging smile and homespun jokes, he has carved a permanent niche in the hearts of the people. Through his humanness and humor runs a pattern of genius that has shown itself from early childhood and grown to fruition with his elevation as the first Filipino archbishop.

Mon. Gabriel Reyes was born in the town of Kalibo, Capiz at about the same time that another "first"—the first president of the Philippine Republic—was opening his eyes to the light of day in another town of Capiz. From the province of Capiz, each has blazed parallel trails of greatness—one leading to the highest office in the temporal sphere, the other to the most exalted position in spiritual domain.

Going through his primary education in the public schools of his town, young Gabriel exhibited an aptitude for the priesthood with his precocity and unusual talents. His leaning for the evangelical life ineluctably led to his admission to the Seminary at Jaro, Iloilo at the age of thirteen years. At the seminary, his manifold excellences found fertile grounds for expression in the studies of philosophy, theology, and other subjects. Throughout his studies at the seminary, Gabriel Reyes stood out among his classmates and displayed the qualities that always were

A Brief Account of the Life of the Greatest Friend and Benefactor of Colegio de San Carlos

to place him a scale above the general run of men.

Finishing his theological studies at an early age, his ordination to the priesthood was delayed for several months until he had reached the canonical age for ordination. In March of the year 1915, he was raised to the Holy Priesthood by the then Bishop of Jaro, now Cardinal Denis Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Shortly after his ordination, Father Reyes drew an assignment that would have weakened the stoutest of hearts. Appointed to the parish of Balasan, he found himself the spiritual head of a territory that

By Benjamin Martinez

was about as far removed from civilization as any imaginable. There were no churches or convents or any passable roads or bridges to speak of, and the difficulties of transportation were multiplied a hundredfold with the coming of heavy rains. Moreover, Father Reyes found himself face to face with the proselytizing evils of the Aglipayan and Protestant sects, which were in the majority. Rolling up his sleeves in earnest, Father Reyes set about exerting his moral and spiritual influence on a people grown indifferent in the faith from lack of buoyant leadership. Traveling on foot or on horseback against drenching rains and thick mud, he made frequent visits to his parishioners living in inaccessible, outlying districts. In the period of two and a half years, his magnetic personal appeal and unbreakable spirit triumphed

over indifference and Protestant proselytism.

His astounding record in his first assignment brought him an appointment to the important parish of Capiz as pastor under the administration of the late Rt. Rev. Maurice Foley, D.D., then Bishop of Jaro. On the coming of Bishop James McCloskey to the diocese, one of his first episcopal acts was to name Father Reyes as his secretary in recognition of his remarkable intellectual gifts and pastoral zeal. At the same time he became Chancellor of the Diocese of Jaro with residence in the Episcopal Palace of Jaro.

On the occasion of the Holy Year in 1925, Father Reyes traveled with Bishop McCloskey to Rome where he was granted an audience with the Holy Father. An interesting incident in the pilgrimage to Rome was the summoning of Father Reyes to the office of the famous Cardinal Merry del Val. Why the great Cardinal del Val should take it into his head to talk to him, of all people, even Father Reyes was at a loss to understand.

The mystery of the interview with Cardinal del Val was not explained until some seven years later when Father Reyes received the greatest and most pleasant surprise of his life with a communication direct from Rome jumping him over many older men and appointing him Bishop of Cebu. In the interim, he had served as Vicar-General of Jaro, being at the same time parish priest of Sta. Barbara.

His consecration as Bishop of Cebu took place in the Cathedral of Jaro on the eleventh of October, 1932 by Most Re-

verend William Piani, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, assisted by their Excellencies, Bishop Alfredo Versoza of Lipa and Bishop James P. McCloskey of Jaro.

Bishop Reyes came to Cebu on October 15 and was welcomed with great rejoicing and festivities. At the banquet given in his honor, one of the speakers referred to him as a "man of symbol." The speaker went on to say that in times when humanity is rocked by great social convulsions and world revolutions, there invariably appears a man of symbol to stop the mad rush to destruction and suicide. Such was how Bishop Reyes was described on his arrival here.

Bishop Reyes forthwith proceeded to make good the prophecy made about him. He embarked on a crusade of spiritual revival to bring order out of the chaos of spiritual and physical decadence. Organizing a militant Catholic Action, he took the lead in the battle of the Church against everything unethical, immoral, and anti-democratic in the City of Cebu. Alive to the innumerable advantages of a vigorous Catholic press, Bishop Reyes founded a weekly magazine, "Ang Lungsuranon" under the direction of Father Bartolome Cortes and later of Father Camomot. A champion of social justice and a great friend of labor, Bishop Reyes organized weekly instruction classes, masses and other forms of charity for laborers and their families. A moving spirit in the educational field, he invited the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, on the basis of their reputation in the administration of the University of Peking, China, to take over the management of the secular branch of the Colegio de San Carlos.

In April of 1934, the Diocese of Cebu was raised to an Archdiocese and Bishop Reyes was

March-April, 1947

F. B. Maningo

Fare Ye Well, Alma Mater Dear

Colegio de San Carlos, Alma Mater dearest, with heavy hearts we bid thee farewell! Yes, with lonely hearts we turn our backs to you full of happy and lasting memories.

Our time has come and our task is done. You have scored us well. You have made us men—strong and capable. You have nourished us thoroughly to face all eventualities of life. Oh! What great joy! But alas! What great sorrow for those who are leaving thee! Were it only possible to turn back the course of time, I would gladly do it and be with you forever. But everything has its end. And so with my stay with you.

There are many familiar things we will miss pretty soon. They will surely haunt us amid the depths of our sleep; they will become sweet reminiscences in the peaceful moments of leisure. There is the college's name, for example, under which we were reared and christened more to the flesh and soul. The strong and efficient faculty of able instructors is another — it is never to be forgotten that they "dine - on - bulkies - or crumbs" with the students. The college library from which we have not failed to accumulate knowledge and learning. And there are others: the campus and friends around, the games we have cheered at, the laboratory periods, the college prog-

at the same time exalted to his eminent position as the first Filipino Archbishop. In his seven years of administration over the Archdiocese of Cebu, he has ever displayed solid qualities of exceptional ability,

rams in the hall, ROTC drills and exercises—they will surely gnaw at our homesick hearts in distant days to come. And most of all, the college undaunted spirit—to conquer and lead—will forever ring in our bosoms.

Carry on, most-beloved Mother! Some of your sons have to go away far from you into the great wilderness of life, to gain laurels or perhaps, to fail. Tell those who follow us to harrow the seeds we sow. Show to the rest of our younger brothers the pattern that we have left and the love of you which will never alter with time.

We are afraid, Alma Mater dear, afraid to go out into this unfriendly, probably, cruel world. We know our journey is not a rosy one. There are thorns, thousands of them along our way. But we have faith in you. We are capable and strong men. And you are a bright star that will light our path. We are no longer afraid. We can feel the guiding touch of Almighty God. We have faith that He will not fail us. You have taught us to trust in Him, the Greater of all things.

Farewell, Alma Mater dear. We go out into this world full of hopes and beautiful dreams. A resolution to gain glories and to rise is inside us, for as we rise you rise with us.

Pray for us and have faith in us. Fare ye well, our dear Alma Mater!

fiery zeal, good judgment and piety. This month, on the occasion of his birthday, San Carlos dedicates this page to her great benefactor and patron, His Excellency Archbishop Gabriel M. Reyes.

Bringing up

SIS

THE minute the house shook I knew what was up. It was not an earthquake; it was sister Hilda in one of her tantrums. Sometimes I would rather welcome an earthquake or a typhoon than one of her fits. To have my soul rocked with banging doors and toppled chairs (thank goodness she never breaks a hinge or a leg) coupled with a barrage of books aimed at my head is no fun. Soon the rattling of Mama's prized plates brought Mama to the spot. Papa, who could not bear the clamor, left for a stroll to an undefined destination.

"Hilda dear, what is it this time?" Mama asked her.

"Where are my hairpins? I know I placed them right there. Where are they? Who stole them?" she screamed as she rattled the pots and the plates again.

"But, Hilda, why look among my plates?"

"Who knows the rats might have brought them here. Dirty rats! Big rats!"

"May God have mercy on us," Mother wailed and she went to fetch her *panuelo*. She followed Papa under the mid-day sun.

By evening everything had quieted down again. Hilda was in dreamland fighting the pillow. Papa was back in his western yarn, and Mama was beside him puffing papa's complimentary cigar.

"Papa, what shall we do with Hilda? She's already old enough to get married—but she's still getting straws in her head. Can't you do something about it?"

By LILY KINTANAR

"Now, there you go again, Mama. Are you regretting that you spoiled her? We'll have to send her back to the Madres, even if we have to mortgage our lands again."

"But, Papa, you know—the Madres don't want her back. They couldn't do anything to reform her before. Don't you know that she's home for scratching the eyes of some big shot's daughter? Papa, I'm afraid the father of that poor girl will sue us and we'll all go to jail. What shall we do? I hope somebody will marry and carry her off. I wonder if Berting would do..."

"I suppose he's even afraid to talk to her. If only you didn't get that streak from your mother..."

"Streak from my mother, my eye. Listen here man, the day I married you I knew I was in for great troubles in life. You certainly have that streak yourself."

This finally ended up with Papa sleeping on the sala sofa and Mama on the kitchen table. I had a pleasant night in the family bed.

Hilda's next fits took place when my pet dog made a good rolling ball out of her party

dress. Papa was at his work and Mama was long overdue from her window shopping tour. Hilda's shrieks had already gone wild. I took refuge in my favorite nook and saw sis getting a big stick of firewood from the hearth. I closed my eyes and prayed that my Yankee would escape.

Then came a knock. One... two... three. Her shrieks were suddenly stifled.

"Who is it?" she asked in a little more than a whisper. She opened the door a few inches for her red nose.

"I beg your pardon, Miss. Could you please tell me if this is the home of Miss Hermine-gilda Cruz?" a masculine voice inquired.

Hilda threw the door wide open. The stranger had a boyish face, mischievous eyes, and a bulk of muscles. He reminded me of the Superman in the *Tip Top* comics. I was afraid he was a secret service man. Then I saw a big package in his hand.

"I'm Miss Cruz. Come in. What is it you want?" she said as the stranger followed her. "Please excuse this dirty mess. I'm just placing the house in order. My naughty dog was playing with my kid sister and he unfortunately knocked things around. That explains those shrieks you probably heard a little while ago," Hilda said, with a tremor.

I swallowed the little lie as I peeped again through the small crack. I saw the stranger help Hilda arrange the thrown books and the toppled chairs. Hilda, with her curly hair in a tangled mess, and soot on her face, was now all smiles.

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Hilda was a spoiled child. Even the madres reputed to be strict disciplinarians gave her up for good. Nothing seemed possible to change her. But, human as she was, she succumbed to change when

LENA banged the drawing room door after her. "What's the matter, Len." I asked my sister frowningly.

She glared at me as if she were ready to swallow me.

"Everything's the matter!" She panted. "My letters! Someone did away with them!"

"Oh, you must have mislaid them," I said, laying down my book. In the corner of my glasses I saw our miscreant brother, Simon, engrossed deeply in an adventure story, while Bear, his favorite dog, lay at his feet.

"Love letters, eh?" I drawled.

Lena blushed furiously. Simon, an uninterested party until now, ventured up, "Yes, sis, Lena is in love, with that 'bogoy' Joe."

Before I could open my mouth, Lena was upon him. But he, elusive as a shadow, got free from her. However, the rug tripped him and as he slid headlong, Lena punched him like a punching bag.

"Where are my letters?" Lena cried, holding him by the collar, away from the doorway.

Simon twisted himself. Since Lena was not a match for his agility, he eluded her again. I gasped as Lena flew enragedly after him. My heart was in my throat as my ears strained to hear. The house shook.

"Jumping bedbugs!" I muttered, as I heard Simon shrieking through the house. I ran to the window. Lena, flushed and disheveled, was chasing Simon with Pa's broad leather belt.

Ma, who was cleaning the

Bringing up

BROTHER

By LEONOR D. SENO

ward that morning, dropped her rake, Simon catching sight of her ran to her and hid behind Ma's voluminous kimona. Lena stopped.

"What now?" Ma said in a belligerent tone. She had had enough troubles just then with a government agent without Lena and Simon bothering her in addition.

My sister gulped. She seemed to shrink before Ma's invulnerable figure armed with the rake. At length, she refrained, for the time being, from thrashing Simon rather than have the whole affair of the letters laid bare before their conservative mother.

Lena gulped again as she forced herself to smile sweetly. "We were just playing cat and mouse, Ma."

Her eyes were intent on Simon.

"I thought I heard you crying 'my letters!' Ma said.

"Oh—that's nothing, Ma. Run, now, mouse!" Lena challenged. The low sweet voice, not deceiving me, carried venom.

Simon peeped from behind Ma's back and stuck out his tongue at Lena.

Lena flared up. "You—mouse!"

Just then Ma got a call from the neighbor and she wrenched herself free. The

poor "mouse" got the whacking he really deserved. His shrieks sounded unearthly. Anyone might have thought Lena was slaughtering him.

The morning went on but the atmosphere was no less charged by Ma's settling the matter. Simon sulked in his room. I managed surreptitiously to slip him his dinner which he took after seeing who I was through the key-hole.

"Beth," said Lena. "Won't you help me with the cake? I have an excursion tomorrow."

"Oh—huh?" I said.

The cake turned out to be a success. As Lena surveyed with delight the fluffy thing, I heard the stairs creak. It's Bear, I thought. Lena placed the cake carefully in the cupboard.

The morrow came.

I looked around for Simon to buy paper napkins at the nearest store, but his usually irksome, ubiquitous figure was absent. Only Bear was there.

Simon was a blessing in disguise when there were errands to run, even though he was undesirable at times when three's a crowd. I managed to secure the napkins myself and had the basket ready for the cake.

Lena opened the cupboard. "The cake is gone!" She discovered to her great chagrin:

We looked at each other.

Then Lena looked around frantically as if thinking she must have misplaced the cake.

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The mischievousness of kid brothers sometimes constitutes a serious family problem. Many a tear has been shed, many a rod has been broken for these little devils but when they grow up to manhood, we wish they be kids again, to fondle with and to adore, bringing them closest to our hearts. . . .

BATTLE SCARS

By Maria R. Delgado

My brother Tony is dead. I am alone this afternoon, at the same table where we used to sit before he was killed. I am thinking. I am trying to forget. But the deathly agonies of war can't easily be forgotten and the disillusionment of the glorious impulse that drags people into it is far more haunting.

A waitress, her face painted red, wiggles her way through a laughing, carefree crowd in the café. She gives me my cup of coffee and strides back without a word.

It is a damp, stinking place. Chairs and tables are thrown everywhere. Taxi-girls are all around the dirty mess. Men, drunken and sweating, are pouring bottles of whiskey into their throats until they are half-dead. Another gang is playing poker. Cigar and cigarette smoke fill the humid air inside. This is no place for human beings.

A boy is playing the piano. The tender, soft melody is the only thing decent in the God-forsaken place. I look at him, his frail, slender fingers running through the keys. I elbow my way through the crowd to the boy. His left leg is missing. He looks like Tony.

"How are you making out, kid?"

He looks up at me. His face is innocent and he smiles back. "Fine, just playing here for a couple of pesos."

"What happened to your leg?"

He again gazes up at me and down where his leg used to be. I see an ache inside him and I am sorry I said something about his leg.

"The... the doctor had to cut it off..." I sense he hates to tell me what happened. I

eye him sympathetically.

"When the guerrillas were trying to ambush the Japs, I got hit." There are tears in his eyes and I know I have to stop. I give him a slight slap on the back as though trying to comfort him. I hate to look at him again because the same feeling that made him cry is swiftly creeping into me. I turn away and go back to my table.

Just now I cannot figure out why there should be all this horrible business of killing and getting killed. Why millions should march out, including myself, carrying a gun and a bayonet.

The boy on the piano stops playing. He slowly gets up from the piano and starts to leave on his crutches. He passes my table and I invite him to join me. He smiles and sits down beside me.

"Do you come here every afternoon?" I inquire.

"Yes, I make my living this way."

Coffee is brought to the table and I slowly push a cup to him. "You see, everything seems to go against me. My mother was killed when the Japs landed in the province and my father lost his life when he went across the way of an enemy punitive force which was after the guerrillas. So I have to make enough money for my younger brother and two sisters."

I do not have the heart to look at him for a longer time. I just stare blankly at the faint steam rising from my cup of coffee. Here is a cripple, younger than I am, who, too, is almost desperate, but is still equal to the world around him.

The people inside the café

(Continued on page 20)

Jesus A. Conception

CHANGE and COURAGE

The sun rises brightly. It is day. People begin to stir in their homes. Mothers awake their children from sleep and fathers go to the fields to begin another day of toil. All are happy and contented with what little. God, in His infinite kindness, has given them.

Then the blue of the night comes after the gold of the day. There is change in Nature.

The green leaves of growing corn in the fields, gently sway in the breeze. The ears grow big and we pluck them one by one. Those leaves which have been green, wilt and die. Their color changes from green to brown, the hue of the earth. To dust they return.

A wailing cry pierces the stillness of the night. A child is born. After a few months it begins to crawl. A year, and it walks and talks. Time marches on and before we know it, this same child, through the strange metamorphosis of human existence, changes to strong, vigorous, and sturdy manhood. Later when he has accomplished his part in the fascinating drama of life, old age creeps upon his shoulders, wiping the exuberance off his face. Streaks of gray adorn his head, a symbol of impeccable dignity. The deep and numerous lines on his kindly face command respect and admiration. A child had been born and has ultimately become old.

You and I, being integral parts of this creation are also subject to these changes, whether we like them or not.

Let us have the courage to develop with determination the strength to carry out our noble purpose to a successful and glorious denouement.

Aurora Causing

My Ideal Man

Surely, you must have heard about my ideal man. He is a young gentleman of twenty-six, tall and very handsome. He is poised and very dignified. He is slim, sleek and well proportioned—the dream man of every girl.

He is fair complexioned and has a light, slightly-wavy hair. He possesses a pair of deep-set eyes and well arched brows. He has a well shaped nose and a winning smile—a perfect looking, attractive man is he.

He is an A-1 doctor and is the best teacher and adviser I've ever known. In addition to these qualities, he has all the virtues which cause men to like him. He shows kindness, generosity and understanding to all, especially to those persons who need him. Although he is intelligent, he is so humble in his own admirable way that both the rich and the poor do not hesitate to request his assistance when in trouble. His tactfulness develops confidence in those who approach him. He takes care of his patients as though they were his own brothers and sisters. Frown never gets the chance to appear on his cheerful face. While doing charitable deeds, he forgets his own dear self.

There's never a dull moment when he is near. I can stay hours after hours listening attentively to his voice. He speaks so fluently that one fails to notice the quick flight of time.

Certainly, my ideal man has given me a convincing proof of his great love. All that I am, everything that I have is due to him. Everything around me

(Continued on page 20)

Louder Varela

On Rainy Nights

I love cold, rainy nights—nights when the wind howls furiously, and all the trees in the garden quake and quiver, and the sky is one vast darkness, shattered now and then by short, quick flashes of distant lightning. Such nights I love, not only because I enjoy hearing the music of pitter-patter raindrops, but also because I can put on my new angora sweater, which makes me feel like a crisp million-dollar bill and then shove my chilled feet inside Mother's woolly slippers, and curl myself in Father's favorite arm-chair, to read. Sometimes, I reach out for Tarkington who greatly amuses me, or in serious moods, I turn to Dickens who makes me weep over poor Oliver Twist, etc. If I am in a romantic mood, I take down from the shelf a book of poems instead. Keats appeals strongly to me and often have I soared up with his "winged dryad" into the realms of fancy or wished for a "draught of vintage" when my own heart ached. And not infrequently, I read Francis Thompson—the of the childlike heart—and always I forget myself in my delight over his "Little Child's Prayer".

But reading is not the only thing I do.

There is the big tumbler of hot milk and there are the cream crackers and delicious cookies which I devour while Mother sweetly chides me for my undisguised appetite and Father looks on with an approving glance. On very cold nights, I pour myself a cupful of wine which gives me a glorious feeling of warmth inside. In still hungrier mo-

ments, I grab a huge ham sandwich prepared as only Dad knows how to prepare it. All this little feasting takes place while Mother knits by my side and Father, with his inevitable cigar, sits in a deep chair. A rare delight this—to keep on munching while listening to Dad's favorite jokes and Mother's remarks as to how her children are dying or how beautiful her roses are.

Sometimes, I ask Dad to tell me ghost stories. With the moaning of the wind and the slashing of the rain furnishing the necessary atmosphere, Dad starts recollecting stories about the shadow that walked back and forth at exactly the same hour at night, or about the mysterious and weird noises in the churchyard, or about the inexplicable appearance of countless rats in a certain house. To all these, I listen, my cold feet getting colder and my excited heart beating faster. But I don't mind because I am safe and secure in my arm-chair.

I love music, too, and often I ask my younger sister to play the piano. Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" is almost invariably my first request. As the first dramatic chord is struck, I sink back deeper into the beautiful piece which clearly depicts his hard struggle against the cruelty and harshness of reality. There are wonderful passages—passages which, out of sheer beauty, almost wrench the spirit from the body. Liszt's "Liebestraum" is another old favorite. At the beginning, it lulls me to sleep but I sit up, fully awake, when my sister starts

(Continued on page 20)

A GREAT WOMAN

IN the splendid sala of her home in Cebu, Ramona Roa received her visitors. It was her eighteenth birthday and her "coming out" party. She had to meet all the society folks, even though she didn't really want to. She did it just to satisfy the whims of her worldly father.

While the party got into full swing Ramona was unconscious of the many admiring glances of the young gentlemen and the envy that lurked in the eyes of the young ladies. It was her winning smile, combined with an exterior calmness and serenity, which enhanced the beauty of her clothes and personality. She greeted her guests most warmly, yet beneath her expression was a mixture of emotions which she was trying hard to conceal.

The orchestra struck one popular melody after another. Ramona dazzled her guests by her rhythmic grace and her apparent good humor, yet she was often momentarily oblivious of everything around her. The thought of her mother on her death-bed a year before came to her forcefully now—

"Ramona, you are convent-school bred. You do not know the evil ways, the pitfalls of this world. Sooner or later society will make you sophisticated. Be close to God always, dear child and He will always bless you."

After the party Mr. Roa approached his daughter, saying, "You did very well tonight, darling, and why not! You have everything girls desire. I slave for this wealth for your happiness." His tone was ominous and the girl almost shivered with conflicting emotions.

With great reluctance she had danced with Ramon Garcia, her father's favorite for her hand. For the first time

she really sensed sweet melodious rhythm. But it was only for an instant. As she came back to herself, a strange inspiration came upon her as she thought of her mother.

"Yes, daddy, I tried my best to please you tonight, since I am your only child and since mother is no more with us. But somehow or other I always felt a certain emptiness in the happiness afforded me by this party, even though from all appearances it was a great success. Daddy, true happiness does not come from social glamor. It's cause is higher than that."

"Oh, quit your moralizing now. You are too young for that. Enjoy yourself while you can. There is plenty of time in old age to begin to moralize."

"Nevertheless, daddy, I am thankful to you that you gave me a good mother. Perhaps I did not appreciate her enough while she was with us. She planted in my heart a desire for the higher life, and you know, dad, how daughters follow their mothers."

Mr. Roa was keen to see what his subtle daughter was driving at. He was pleased to realize her subtlety, the product of his guidance through good schools, but he now sensed the "tragedy" of it all—of good schools, of a good mother.

"What do you mean? Are you still thinking of going to the convent?"

"However much I love you as my father, however much I am grateful to you for everything you gave me in life, yet am I not more indebted to God whom mother taught me to love with my whole heart,

whom I learned to love in the schools you sent me to?"

The aging father was tempted to say, "Hang those schools—that mother," but he controlled himself, mumbled something inarticulately as he failed to reply. Tears came to his eyes, much against his will, and Ramona sympathized with him; yet she remained firm in her decision to put the question to him.

"Dad, I am intending to leave the world..."

"And what? Let your aged daddy home alone? Let your family die out?"

"It is the sacrifice which the Lord is asking from you and me. Let us face it squarely with His help. It is not for us to reason why."

Mr. Roa felt himself weakening under the mighty argument of his daughter and began pleading, "Won't you stay even if I ask you to?"

"No, dad, I cannot. I must go. I must serve suffering humanity."

Slowly, but with firmness and determination in her steps, Ramona found herself at the St. Rita Convent in Manila. Its solemn serene solitude attracted her. The Mother Superior received her and after exchanging greetings said, "What can I do for you, young lady?"

"Mother, I want to take the veil and I wish to ask your permission to be admitted as a postulant." After a very thorough scrutiny of Ramona's papers the Superior questioned, "Did you bring a doctor's certificate of health?"

"No, I didn't, Mother. I'll go now and get it. Goodbye, Mother."

After a careful examination, Dr. Pacano gave his diagnosis. "There is a very slight spot on the top of your left lung. A few months' rest in Baguio will do you good.

With the doctor's words still ringing in her ears, Ramona hurried back to the convent and reported. She was told she would be welcome there upon her recovery. She then telegraphed her father about her plan to go to Baguio.

"Only a few months," Ramona consoled herself. She knew she would be utterly lonely but she was convinced it was worth the sacrifice.

As the bus zigzagged up the Kennon Road to the Mountain City, Ramona was conscious of the beauty of Nature upon which she feasted her eyes to lessen the lone-

A Short Story By **Esmeralda Resuena**

walking. After she went to the cathedral, her great pastime was small hikes to all parts of the city. She enjoyed watching the children play in the beautiful park in the center of the town near her hotel. Then she spent much time walking down main street to the large market, admiring the many things for sale. Sometimes she would wander leisurely to distant places of interest.

On one of these solitary walks on a winding road, one afternoon she passed Teachers' Camp and crossed a narrow bridge high above a creek. Just as she came near

the X-ray table only to learn that her leg was broken above the knee. The doctors set the fractured bone and placed the leg in a large plaster-paris cast.

The white clad figure of Dr. Villamor was ever present during these actions. He felt remorse for the accident even if it was not his fault, for at that time he was speeding on an emergency call to a distressed patient. "In two months you will be able to leave the hospital," he told Ramona. "For the time being you are under my care."

Ramona felt pain in her leg for the first few days and it pained Dr. Jose to see her suffer on his account. She was resigned to God's will and told the doctor that she harbored no resentment against him for breaking her leg.

She found herself often

Before long she understood the eloquent secret of his heart. Now she was in a greater quandary. Love for God and love for man hitherto seemed to harmonize so easily in her life. Now she realized the vast abyss that can come between them.

someness which had suddenly come upon her. Engrossed with such entrancing sights she became unconscious of the time.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, when a light mist had settled over the city, the bus arrived at the new Baguio station. The mountain scenery, the winding asphalt streets, the fine homes; all were a pleasant surprise to her who had never seen them before. She anticipated a happy stay in the city as she taxied to the Mountain Hotel where she took up her quarters in an end room with a beautiful view and with all conveniences.

The days passed quickly for Ramona. Twelve hours she spent in resting. The rest of the day she had for meals, prayer in church, and for

the farther end of the structure a speeding coupe came around a bend in the road and was about to cross the bridge when it struck a large loose stone and ran off the road, pinning Ramona between the car and the rail of the bridge. She fainted from the shock.

The driver picked her up and put her carefully in the car. As she came to her senses he introduced himself to her as Dr. Villamor, one of the assistant surgeons of the city hospital. He apologized for the accident and asked her if her leg hurt her. She answered it did. The sympathy and care of the young doctor whose face was very easy on her eyes made her momentarily forget the pain until they reached the hospital.

Ramona found herself on

lonely in a room in which she was the only occupant. Once her leg was in a cast she required no special nurse to care for her in addition to the floor nurse. Her only visitors were the floor nurse and the doctor who came now and then to see how she was. Her father had answered her telegram and promised to visit her in a week.

Two weeks passed and Ramona found new pleasure in her environment. Her nurse, Nellie, with whom she became very well acquainted, was pleasant and congenial by nature. Dr. Villamor was a daily visitor. Her father had come and gone again to Cebu. He had tried in vain to dissuade her from her determination to give her life for her

(Continued on page 15)

The SAN CARLOS R.O.T.C.

BATTLE ORDER

"Is everything clear..... I'll repeat the whole set-up. Our enemy is located at their outpost in a club house 7 km. north 3 degrees. Enemy strength in outpost is estimated to number fifteen—all well-fed, physically strong, mentally awake and of high morale. They are backed up by the entire Cebu military and civil forces. These 15 men are deployed all over the club. According to reports two advance guards are posted near the front door each armed with a .45 and a club. Inside are the reserves.

"We are three hundred fourteen men and divided into 2 battalions, each composed of two companies, and a reserve company, Company E. Our mission is to get inside the outpost without trouble, and to gain control of it for one night. Our entrance will be through the main gate. This will be done individually or in pairs. Upon penetrating enemy's territory our main attacking force will assume the skirmish formation in depth or platoon column. Secondary forces will deploy in platoon in line. Formations will be subject to change depending upon the discretion of the company commanders. At no one time shall a cadet be seen at the bar for more than two consecutive hours. Avoid heated discussion. When attacked, maneuver into a better position. Under no circumstances shall our men engage in hand-to-hand battle.

"Company Sergeants, assemble your men in front of our Coop, CSC, at 1900. Complete uniform is required. The

first two companies of the 2nd Battalion will be transported to their destination via north east route No. 16 at 1930 sharp by a 6x6 truck. The men of the 1st Battalion will follow at 2000 taking the .641 north west route. Company Commanders and Executive Officers, consult your maps. One weapons carrier will be stationed here for any emergency.

"Platoon leaders see to it that all your men are armed with at least 2 pesos victory notes. Refreshments can be had at enemy's outpost, after we gain control of it, at individual expense.

"All company commanders will contact and report to me here thru the telephone every 30 minutes regarding developments. One more thing at 2400 hours at the signal or sound of taps or good nite our entire force, including our intelligence agents, will retire back to vehicles, which will be parked in front of the club house. Is everything clear? No questions? All right set your watches... it is exactly 1600. Our time of departure will be at 1930."... POST

INTELLIGENCE REPORT 26 Jan. '46

"..... Theatre of operations ... Club Filipino ... d-day, ... January 26 ... Time ... 2000 hours ... S-2 reported that the Carolinian Corps of national defenders commenced operations at 1930 hours, our scouts having observed a convoy of trucks loaded with Carolinian co-eds, chaperons, cadet officers and men, and displaced personnel (gate crashers), proceeding to destination, Club Filipino. Inside clubhouse, men of the corps, with "dates"

"blind dates," and chaperons, maneuvering elements deployed and occupied tables in strategic positions. Outside, the displaced personnel laid sabotaging plans for gaining entry. Later, the rear echelon together with the reserves arrived with more co-eds and by 2100 hours, the sector was packed full of well-scrubbed cadets, not-too-well-scrubbed cadets, sweet-scented co-eds, stern-eyed chaperons, and gate crashers, who, by this time, were observed to be crawling in and out of the place. The air was of a strange mixture of starched khaki, lifebuoy soap, and "mission bells" or whatever women use to dub themselves with. Major operations then commenced with the "Night Hawks" transmitting dance music. Those cadets with "dates", danced with them. Those who came "stag" asked for dances, while the most bashful of the "stalwart(?)" men sat brooding in the sidelines, still determined to get the most of their financial contributions. These were the only "psycho" cases present. The proverbial wall-flowers were proverbially bypassed. The scene shifted from that of quiet, to that of hectic music and dancing, the men employing half-steps, others full steps and the rest, either flanking or oblique steps. On the whole, they succeeded stepping on their partners' booby traps (pet corns, to you.)

"Gay laughter, mustaches, more mustaches, sweet nothings, still more mustaches, and sweet music, pervaded the atmosphere. The mustaches turned out to be cadet V. T. Frias, who had arrived, "stag" as usual. Scout from baker team

reported stranger trying to prow into Cadet Moose Irrabagon's territory. Prowling situation got serious and a bit critical at 2230. Moose availed himself by employing the army's surprise element tactics, and maneuvered himself around his territory while applying the scientific "close march," supported by his all-out envelopment movement plus a twirl here and a whirl there, accompanied by the well-timed seriously sweet, somewhat sporadic fire from his mouth; finally he regained control and held ground.

Then came 2300 hours... the grand tour. Regimental officers escorted their respective sponsors, around the dance floor. The sponsors looking grand, while the officers, merely de-touring. For and in the absence of the Corps Commander, Cadet Lt. Col. Eulalio Causing, Jr. who was still grouping stragglers, Cadet Major Oscar Alconar, using his best parade-ground voice made the presentations in strong blast, through his scented breath. The first sponsor to be presented was Miss Florencia Gonzales, regimental sponsor. The following, in the order of their succession, were in turn presented: Miss Amparo Serafica, regimental staff; Miss Dely Logarta, First Battalion; Miss Marina Javelosa, First Battalion staff; Miss Charito Pelaez, Second Battalion; Miss Luz Trinidad, Second Battalion staff; Miss Guadalupe Ozarraga, Co. "A"; Miss Teresita Pil, Co. "B"; Miss Salud Rama, Co. "C"; Miss Florinda Sagun, Co. "D"; Miss Carmen Hermosissima, Co. "E"; Miss Amelia Jacinto, regimental band. Amidst a general applause of approval, the bashful men sat, wishing for a dance with the sponsors. On the other hand, the wall-flowers, sat gazing, thinking, "If I were only a sponsor." But a nice

time was had by all and as the last notes of the 2400 o'clock taps or "Good-nite" was heard the entire force including the last sentinel vacated the sector. Mission accomplished, no casualty, nobody missing... situation reported normal and well under control.

Success of the operations is especially due to Captain Pedro M. Gonzales, Commandant, Lieutenant Floro Kangleon, Adjutant, and to the cadet officers and men of the Carolinian Corps... Last but not the least was the cooperation given by the C.S.C. Women's Dept....

—o— D-Day

March 14:

..... TACTICAL INSPECTION: Headed by Major M. T. Flores, Superintendent of ROTC Units of the Philippines, and erstwhile Commandant of the San Carlos ROTC, tactical inspectors from Manila conducted a one-day tactical inspection of the corps. At 800 hours on the Normal Grounds, the day commenced with the corps presenting a Parade and Review in honor of the inspecting officers. Each and every cadet, displayed remarkable esprit de corps. The regiment marched in review "a la Academy style".

Second in the order of the day, were the individual inspections. Tactical officers went from cadet to cadet, conducting punctilious inspections from head to toe, questioning every man, testing the cadet's familiarity with military science. At this point, each cadet though well-versed, seemed to have developed a bad case of jitters and as the ceremonies terminated, the unit released a sigh of relief, en masse.

Then came the main event.

Phase by phase, detail by detail, the regiment was called upon to demonstrate the various phases of military tactics:

close order drill, extended order drill, scouting and patrolling, first aid, combat principles, map reading, etc.

While parts of the regiment were under the 11 o'clock heat in the field performing and demonstrating the various combat problems the rest were given "the pause that refreshes"—cold coca cola given by Fr. Secretary and distributed by the sponsors.

As the last grueling phase of the inspection: was over the cadets, in formation, marched off the field. The day was pronounced a success.

Touched by the splendid showing of the entire corps, with its band, the Commandant wrote the following commendation:

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT

22 March 1947

SUBJECT: Commendation

To: The Cadet Corps, COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS

1. It is an undeniable fact that, of all ROTC Units in Cebu that were presented for tactical inspection from 12 to 15 March 1947, the Cadet Corps of Colegio de San Carlos gave the highest percentage of attendance, displayed the smartest in dress and appearance, and presented the perfect timing and spacing of cadence.

2. For exhibiting such admirable spirit of clean competition and cooperation, this Department commends each and every cadet.

3. Whatever the results of the Tactical Inspection may be, this commendation shall stand on record as a testimonial of your fervent college spirit. If all else fails, there is one Award that never runs short: We can always be GENTLEMEN.

Pedro M. Gonzales
Captain FA (PA)
Commandant

COLLEGE NEWS

ROTC FIELD DAY

Marking the end of the training of this schoolyear, the San Carlos ROTC held a Military Field Day at the parade grounds on March 30th. The day started with a field mass at the basketball court. At 8:00 o'clock in the morning a Parade and Review was held after which, followed the inspection and the inter-company competition in squad, platoon and company drill.

In the afternoon at 4:00 o'clock the cadets performed their last Parade & Review in honor of the graduating cadets. The ceremonies included the presentation of awards and honors to the outstanding cadets of the year.

The Osmena Trophy was presented by Dona Esperanza Osmena to Cadet Capt. Mariano Montebon, Company Commander of the gallant company "A".

The following cadets were given awards:

Medal for Leadership—Cadet Major Oscar Aleonar.

Medal for Efficiency—Cadet Capt. Mariano Montebon.

Medal for Honor—Cadet Capt. Mariano Montebon.

Loyalty Medal—Cadet Antonio Mansueto.

Medal for Duty—Cadet Cecilio Seno.

Among the guests of the day were Mon. Gabriel M. Reyes, Gov. Manuel Cuenco, Mayor Vicente del Rosario, Lt.-Col. Juan Causing, Rev. Fr. Rector, Dona Esperanza Osmena and the charming sponsors of the Cadet Corps.

March-April, 1947

A CAROLINIAN MAKES GOOD

Loon, Bohol

April 5, 1947

The Rev. Father Rector
Colegio de San Carlos
Cebu City

My dear Father,

As a loyal Carolinian, I consider it a duty to formally report to you an achievement which, humble as it may be, would do well to add to the glory of my Alma Mater. Indeed, my desire to glorify the institution which opened my eyes to the great truths of my faith has constrained me to act outside the bounds of convention and make of record a personal success and submit it to you for all that it may be worth.

It is with a feeling of genuine but repressed pride, Father, when I inform you as I hereby do, that I, an alumnus of the Colegio de San Carlos, Associate in Arts Class of 1938, placed third among the 249 successful candidates of the bar examinations given by the Supreme Court of the Philippines last Nov. 1946.

It would not, however, be amiss to declare that this little achievement could not have crystallized into a reality had I not availed of the opportunity to have myself indoctrinated with the philosophy of Catholicism. For, indeed, to all the subtle doings of this world could be applied the inscrutable law of cause and effect.

It was good old San Carlos and its loving Fathers who made me see the infallible light of my religion. To them I owe such gratitude the profundity of which mere words could not encompass. For it must be stated that my suc-

cess could be ascribed to their unyielding and unflinching devotion towards the spiritual upliftment of their students—the spiritual health which this ailing world so badly needs but yet so little cares about. I only wish it were within my power to at least pay my debt and serve my Alma Mater.

On this day, made "illustrious by the glory of the resurrection of our Lord," I reverently salute you, the faculty and the student body of the Colegio de San Carlos, and join in praising Him Whose "mercy is confirmed upon us" and Whose "truth remaineth for ever." Please extend my special regards to Fr. Hoerdemann.

Your son in Christ,

FERMIN R. MESINA

(Through this page the Reverend Fathers, the Faculty and the Student Body of Colegio de San Carlos extend their heartfelt congratulations to Atty. FERMIN MESINA. We wish you more and greater success. Keep that old 'Carolinian spirit' burning!—ED.)

17 CAROLINIAN CADETS LEAVE FOR CAMP ALABANG

On April 2nd and 3rd 17 Carolinian cadets enplaned for Manila in order to undergo further training at Camp Alabang. The training will last for two months after which time, these cadets will be commissioned in the Reserve Force, Philippine Army. Among those who left were Cadets Eulalio Causing, Jr., Fernando Morada, Oscar Aleonar, Mariano Montebon, Escolastico Eviota and twelve other cadets.

To them all the Carolinians wish good luck and a happy camp life.

CHEMISTRY CLASS EXCURSION

The Chemistry 3 Class under Mr. Jaime Borromeo went

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SPORTS

PRE-LAW WINS BB INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONSHIP

The Pre-Lawyers nosed out the Engineers on March 28 by the heart-rending score of 30-29. Both teams displayed high class basketball and the spectators witnessed a "dream game."

The collegiate intramural championship round was played twice and resulted in a triple tie each time between Pre-Law, Pre-Medicine, and Engineering.

The Pre-Law victory over Engineering settled the question of championship for the second semester. It was a hectic struggle and the score seasawed from the first to the last minute of play. With the score deadlocked at 25 at gong time, it was necessary to play another five minutes. This first five minute-extension saw both teams playing sure to stave off defeat. The score again seasawed more. With less than two minutes to play and the Engineers in the lead by two points, Koykoy Noel cunningly eluded his guard and tied the score at 27 at gong time. Another five minutes of play was again added. William Liu made a long distance shot and gained a two point lead. Then Koykoy Noel made good his charity award reducing the Engineers' lead to one point. The Radicals were determined to win the championship at all cost. They tightened their death grip and nailed the ambitious Engineers to 29 points. With but less than one minute to go, Nonoy del Mar made a side spot shot grabbing the victory by just 1 point.

WHO IS WHO IN CSC BB COLLEGIATE INTRAMURAL

With the collegiate intramural basketball at an end, the Sports Editor proudly presents the school year's most outstanding court personalities.

Pre-Law

Max Ylala (forward). Fast and lightning like, he paces the court like nobody's business. Like S. Lao Max's mid-court attempts are deadly.

Koykoy Noel (forward). Paired with Max he makes the team victorious. A good ballhandler he sure was indispensable this season.

Nonoy del Mar (center). A wonder at rebounds he led the team to the championship because of his winning shot.

Loloy Tiro (guard). His timely snatches are a novelty and his angle spot shots are dangerous.

Tonieng Avila (forward). The Pre-Law contingent is incomplete without Tony Boy. He plays a cool game when the contest is at its hottest.

Jimmy Jimeno (guard). A minesweeper de luxe when it comes to tight guarding, Jimmy gets in on the job.

Gineng Abella (center). Gineng's knees and elbows are educated in India.

Joe Nunez (guard). A sensational and grand octopus in action.

Pre-Medicine

M o n c h i n g Borromeo (guard). His side shots are disastrous.

Boy Zosa (forward). The galloping dark horse with dangerous pivot shots that seldom miss.

Anoy Du (guard). The shooting guard. When he attempts he rarely misses a shot.

Andy Gumabon (forward). He plays so fast that he is a modern version of a slippery eel. Lay-up shots are his specialty.

Frankie Maningo (center). The medics' sensational center. His acute angle spot shots are thrilling.

Engineering

Frankie Magalang (forward). Watch Frankie let go to arch the sphere. He measures it, that is why it is always 'sin tocar'.

William Liu (center). The Engineers' dependable backboard tender and passer. His left hand flips are dynamic in the ring.

Law

"Shorty" Mission (forward). "Small but terrible" with his two-handed shots.

Diox Nacua is a tower of strength at defense. He has fast recoveries.

SPORTS SHOTS

San Carlos High took the prize for basketball at the Cebu Regional Meet on March 29 at the Abellana High grounds.

The Carolinians first defeated the Visayan Institute dribblers by a score of 32-27, and then overcame the Military Police in the finals of a two-day series. The score of the M.P.C.'s was 22 to the Carolinians' 34. The prize was a laceless basketball donated by Dr. Guiang, Cebu's Superintendent of Schools.

The High School Training Department and the Boys' High School played their most thrilling game of the season Mar. 18. The Training quintet after trailing through

(Continued on page 20)

"WHERE are we going for our honeymoon, dear?" Juanita Larios asked Carlos Cruz as they gazed at her ensemble in front of them.

"I'm keeping that a secret until our wedding day," he said as he looked benignly at her.

The thought of being married in two days made both of them intensely happy. After a few moments of smiling at his future bride, an auto stopped in front of the house.

Police Chief Larios came in and broke the silence.

"Carlos, are you here? Go and tell your father we are at war. The Japanese already bombed Pearl Harbor, Davao and Baguio."

"Davao and Baguio?" Car-

time and all were at table. Chief Larios was uneasy.

"There seems to be movement on the trail below. I hear strange noise." He listened and held his breath. "Somebody is coming—the Japs!"

Before the chief had a chance to escape five Jap soldiers rushed up the hill and surrounded the house. Then a tall, dark-colored interpreter came out of the group.

"Are you Chief Larios of the Cebu Police Department?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are obliged to assume your position in the city."

"Must I go with you now?"

"Precisely. That is what we came here for. Take your family with you."

Juanita stared at Carlos.

to her office as usual. She sat quietly at her desk doing her usual clerical tasks.

Suddenly two Japanese soldiers escorting Carlos entered the room. The young man's appearance was dishevelled. His face was disfigured by blows and scratches.

Juanita sighed almost audibly as she noticed her boy friend pushed into the room without mercy.

Fortunately Carlos noticed her as she sat at her work. Their eyes met just for a second, but long enough for them to understand each other's attitude.

The young man was placed in a cell not far from the office. Juanita could count the

A Blessing In Disguise

By

P. Labra

los said as he turned pale. He glanced fearfully at Juanita who was speechless. A tear was in her eye.

The news of war spread quickly throughout the city of Cebu. People seemed to be running here and there seeking advice, gathering news, and hastening home to the provinces.

The greatly anticipated wedding was called off temporarily. Instead Juanita and her mother busied themselves preparing for their evacuation to the mountains.

Five months later the Larios family was still coyly nestled in the mountains of Ligdiglid, about fifteen kilometers from the city. Aunt Maria and Uncle Jose were there with them. It was breakfast

Then she slowly cast her eyes down.

As the family packed up its meager belongings, Juanita was puzzled. Her eyes were on Carlos.

"And you?"

"I'll do my worst." He kissed her goodbye and quietly slipped away.

Back in their Cebu home the Larios family was uneasy. Jobs were rampant and job-seekers were scarce. Juanita was offered a job in the Japanese Kempei Tai. She felt forced to take it to avoid suspicion.

For more than two years the family was well, quite well off. Yet there was no contentment. Especially Juanita felt like going back to the hills.

One morning she reported

blows he received almost every hour. She heard his spontaneous bursts of insufferable agony. She prayed for him and in her prayer she made up her mind to help him in any way possible.

The next morning American planes came over Cebu for the first time. Pandemonium broke loose at headquarters when the first bombs fell on San Carlos College and set off an ammunition dump which exploded with such concussion that the whole city quaked. Hundreds of Japanese soldiers were caught in the explosion and so every available sentry at the Kempei Tai was needed to carry the wounded to first aid. They left the cells at the

(Continued on the next page)

BLESSING IN DISGUISE

(Continued from page 14)

Kempei Tai unguarded.

Juanita knew where the keys of the cells were kept. She got an idea—now or never. She hastened to release Carlos. To avoid suspicion they travelled singly, a block apart along the byways until they reached the outskirts of the city. They met again at the foot of the trail to Ligidligid.

They hiked hand-in-hand up the mountain slope that led to the four freedoms. When they reached their destination toward sundown Aunt Maria and Uncle Jose were pleasantly surprised to see them. It was a happy reunion which was celebrated with a chicken fry.

A week later a guerrilla chaplain united a couple in lawful wedlock until death do them part.

END.

A GREAT WOMAN

(Continued from page 9)

people. She was somewhat glad when he left.

After a month in bed, Doctor put Ramona in a wheelchair and rode her around the hospital garden to breathe in fresh air and to watch the sunsets. These little walks were full of animated discussion on many intellectual subjects of the day. They were real recreation for both doctor and patient. Fresh flowers arrived every morning to brighten her day. They were always marked, "From a Friend."

As soon as Ramona was able to get around on crutches, Dr. Villamor began to drive her around in the city and to places of interest around Baguio. They visited the hot springs, the mines, and other sights for tourists. Their friendship grew strong-

er as the time passed. Miss Roa appreciated every kindness that he showed her and she was most grateful to him for making her stay in the hospital so pleasant.

On one occasion they started out at dawn on a longer trip to the Bontoc and Ifugaos regions. They crossed over the central Luzon divide of the Cordilleras near Mt. Data at a height of over 7,000 feet, passing also Mt. Pulog, the highest peak of the island. They visited the interesting town of Bontoc and came into the romantic rice-terrace region of the Ifugaos, world-famous terrace builders. Ramona had never viewed such love-inspiring scenery before. Never before did she sit beside such a gallant young man as the doctor.

He stopped the car in view of the highest mountain terraces at Banaut. Ramona was thrilled with the scene before her.

She said, "I never dreamed there was such romantic scenery in the Philippines."

He answered, "I, too, find it inspiring."

The conversation became more intimate.

"This is one of the happiest days of my life," she said.

"The doctor could no longer restrain himself from telling her, "I feel like a criminal for having been responsible for so much unhappiness in your life. Will you allow me to make amends?"

"Just what do you mean, Doctor? Have you not done enough to repay me, already?"

"No, I feel I should like to continue making you happy forever."

Ramona sensed his meaning instinctively. Her whole self seemed rocked and thrilled to her foundations. Never before in life did she find herself in a greater dilemma. Love for

God and love for man hitherto seemed to harmonize so easily in her life. Now she realized the vast abyss that can come between them. She had "overcome" her love for her father; would she now be able to renounce that of the doctor?

In her amazement the girl was silent at the doctor's proposal. She was determined to serve God with her whole heart, and yet she did not like to turn down one who had shown her such affection during the last two months. She needed time to think it over.

When Dr. Jose asked her what she thought about it, she said, "I will let you know within a week."

They drove back to Baguio in a mood which was both serious and humorous.

Sunday morning found Ramona an early riser. She attended the first Mass at the Cathedral with Nellie. She was exceptionally alert. Her emotions were a strange mingling of the bitter and the sweet: It was the day of her answer to Dr. Villamor and the day of her dismissal from the hospital. Both her leg and her lung were boiled. She had come to like Baguio, the city of the pines, and to appreciate a certain young man in her life. Yet she also loved God and was willing to undergo any sacrifice to which He might call her.

During the Holy Mass she prayed hard for light from above that she might do the right thing. At the elevation of the host, it seemed as if her dilemma was solved. There was only one course for her to take and that was the better of the two.

As she returned to the hospital Ramona first thought of breaking the news to the doctor by leaving a personal letter on his desk. But on se-

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* * POETRY * *

To Josephine

When in Night's chamber I'm
alone,
Enwrapped in silent reverie,
The past unveils the tapestry
Of mem'ries present in my
mind.
And when the hours tick end-
lessly,
I suddenly hear my voice so
kind,
Just like a wind among the
trees,
Or fairy songs that ride the
breeze.
And still my heart is beating
true,
To the dear phantom call I
knew,
Which eleven years have kept
afresh,
Tho' Death has caused our
parting ways.
Lovely still is the soul in thee,
My Josephine, which van-
quished me.

—L.D. SENO

Twilight

Twilight trails its silvery light
While its wings rive forth the
night
Into the misty air, the forest
glades,
Along the lonely shore, the
mountain shades,
Into the troubled heart, the
childlike breast,
Giving to man and beast re-
quired rest.
Hark! to the evening chimes
that say
The day is done; 'tis time to
pray.

—LEONOR D. SENO

Tonight and Every Night

Tonight and every night,
I am with you, my dear,
In the stars, in the moon;
I'm with you far or near.
Though you've long gone
away
You're with me still as sweet
As the song we used to sing
As the sweets we used to eat.
Into my gloomy heart
There comes a day of light
Whene'er I'm with you, dear.
Tonight and every night.

LEONCIO ABARQUEZ



A Student's Prayer

Dear Mary, my Mother,
Today I face a test.
Be there to guide me
And help me do my best.
Deafen me to whispers
That steal across the room
Blind me to papers
That lead to certain doom.
If cheating is in question
A three outshines a one,
So let me in the future
Remain your sincere son.

—FLORENCIO FAJARDO

BRINGING UP BROTHER

(Continued from page 5)

But the delicious treasure was
totally gone. Bear eyed us la-
zily and wagged his tail.

Lena suddenly stooped.
"Look! Oh! Oh!"

I stared at the remaining
crumbs of the cake clinging
to Bear's jaws.

Before I could restrain her,
Lena in sheer desperation,
got hold of a big-sized stick
and beat the life out of the
hound. I stood rooted to the
spot of our discovery, amazed
at the horrible scene. Bear
emitted one long whelp and
then slumped.

The door opened. A stormy
form rushed in on us. Simon
must have heard the plaintive
whelp.

"What have you done to my
dog?" he wailed. "Bear! Bear
it's I—Sim." The dog wagged
his tail twice, feebly.

He lifted the animal's head
tenderly and cradled it in his
puny arms. At last the dog
turned his eyes faithfully to
my brother, who had been so
kind to him, conveying what
message there was in his fare-
well. There was one long con-
vulsion. Then he was still.

Simon looked at us and his
lips trembled.

I hadn't heard the car for
the excursion come by the
gate. I only heard it as it de-
parted. Lena stood by the
window, waving, after she
had told her friends she would
not go.

Lena went up to Simon and
took him by the hand.

"We are going to bury him,
Brod," she said penitently.

Simon dabbing his moist
eyes with his hand, looked at
Bear steadily and then at her.
The defiance in his voice was
gone as he said, "It was all
my fault. If I had been good,
he would not have died. I—
I killed him. It will never be
the same again."

END

BRINGING UP SIS

(Continued from page 4)

The stranger told her in a nice voice, "I was afraid I couldn't find you with so many winding streets in the city. Now that I'm here and have found you, here's the package your Aunt Choling sent you."

"Aunt Choling? I never thought... er, thank you very much for the trouble Mr...?"

"Arturo Reyes."

"Why... are you the valedictorian Tia wrote to me about? Of course, you are. She's always praising you for your school work. It's a pleasure knowing her best student."

"It's a pleasure greeting you, too. I hope you'll visit your Aunt Choling someday when you get the chance. You'll see the improvements she has helped to make in our town."

They talked for quite a while and I heard Sis laugh her sweetest. It was a long time since I had heard Hilda laugh. It was a golden laughter that reminded me of the ripe grains blown by the wind and the ripple of the near-by brook. I was glad for the stranger. I was no longer afraid she'd hit him with the firewood.

I must have dozed off to sleep for the stranger was gone and Mama and Papa were back when I awoke.

The following weeks, I found Hilda a bundle of songs and jokes. The stranger was there every afternoon to bring her something nice. There were still shrieks from her but not of hysteria, only of delight.

"Papa, what happened to Hilda?" Mama asked him one day. "Her fits have undergone a strange metamorphosis. I'm afraid it's the hospital this time."

"You simply don't realize it, Mama. Love has tamed our wild Hilda. We'll no longer worry over her. The young man has relieved us of our

NIK-NAKS

Religion Class

Pete: Why so many red crosses on your test paper?

Dan: They're to drive the devil out of me.

Professor: (After a long weary lecture) Well, has any one anything to say?

Student: (raising his hand) Sir... let's pray.

Girl Student: Have you seen our boys being inspected by Major Flores and company?

Romantic Girl: (Sigh!) No, I was too busy inspecting Major Flores and company.

Pascual: What did your first love mean to you?

Julian: It prepared me for the second.

Pascual: What did the second bring you?

Julian: Regrets about the first.

Student: May I have this picture, sir? (Showing the picture of a parrot)

Teacher: (Nodding) Now, don't talk nonsense. (Reminding)

Student: (Not understanding) All right, I'll buy it then.

Teacher: Now, don't talk nonsense. Don't you see what's on the picture?

Teacher: (teaching tongue-twisters) How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood?

Student: A woodchuck would

troubles. May his soul rest in peace! Mama, I've just consented to his proposal this morning. He was struck I said 'yes' rather too hastily. Now Mama, isn't that just a good riddance?" Papa asked her as he rocked himself with his

chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would chuck wood.

Editor: Boil this down.

Cub-writer: Where's the kettle.

Romeo: I love you with all my heart.

Rosie: You're making a mistake. Why don't you leave most for your wife?

Lenor: What author do you like best?

Emma: Scott.

Leonor: Scott?

Emma: Yet, I read all of his works.

Leonor: Scott's Emulsion, too, did you?

Emma: Yes, yes, all of his works.

Leonor: Hope you didn't swallow the bottle.

Lily: I don't believe he loves me.

Betty: Why?

Lily: When he talks to me he looks away.

Betty: Who is he?

Lily: Joe.

Betty: He is cross-eyed. Didn't you know?

Rosenda: What will you answer to the one who says, "I love you. Do you love me, too?"

Nita: I'll answer him diplomatically.

Rosenda: What do you mean?

Nita: I'll tell him, "Perhaps."

infectious laughter.

"Good riddance, you say. But she has turned a new leaf, Papa?" Mama said, surely stacked up. Everybody answered her with laughter—convulsive laughter that shook the house again.

SECCION CASTELLANA

EDITORIAL**MANANTIAL DE LA FELICIDAD**

* * *

TRES DIAS duraron los Santos Ejercicios a que con fervor asistieron los alumnos de este colegio. Tres dias de meditaci6n y penitencia. Momentos de escudriñar lo recondito del corazon, de acudir a la iglesia, de alejarse de lo mundano. Es un espectáculo consolador en medio del ambiente de disipaci6n moral que nos rodea.

Si bien los desgraciados suelen tener la propension de señalar ciertas fuerzas exteriores como el autor de sus males, las mas de las veces su infelicidad tiene sus raices en su propio ser.

Los grandes descalabros que sufrimos en la vida, las insondables paradojas que se presentan por todas partes cual miserias en medio de la riqueza, inquietud y miedo en medio del poder, discontento y hambre en medio de la abundancia, son muy a menudo sintomas de enfermedades espirituales.

Cuando el alma, que es el fondo del ser, está enfermiza, flaca y llena de inquietudes, puede proporcionarnos trastornos de cualquier género y constituyere el primer embarazo en nuestra busca de la felicidad. La felicidad es hija de la paz y en vano se busca esta prenda en otras partes porque solo se descubre en nosotros mismos.

Como podría uno alcanzar la seguridad y tranquilidad de ánimo y de qué le sirven los muros de protecci6n que su riqueza levanta en su derredor, cuando su alma está presa de amargos remordimientos? Cómo lograr el contento si la avaricia le carcome el corazon y le lleva hasta la insensatez de ansiar lo infinito, por lo que el mundo entero no le bastaría? Y por encima de todo, está el miedo de lo que le espera mas allá de la tumba.

Para hallar la felicidad verdadera, preciso es conseguir primero la paz del alma, y ésta se funda en la paz con Dios—que es el fin de los Santos Ejercicios. El alma, al par que—cuando embarazada de maldades y remordimientos—es origen de toda desgracia, también es—cuando goza de paz y está libre de toda mancha—el manantial de la felicidad.

El "Joven Irresponsable"

Por Antonio Borromeo

Es una filosofía perniciosa la de contender que la juventud y la responsabilidad no mezclan. El joven, dicen, es olvidadizo, incauto, frívolo, imprudente, y indigno de confianza, en una palabra, irresponsable. La vejez, siempre fanfarrona e hinchada de orgullo por su experiencia pretende monopolizar las varias virtudes de ser prudente, precavido y apropiadamente serio.

Si bien la verdad es indiscutible que unos jóvenes tardan en salir de su niñez y otros aun están extraviados por los senderos del mal y del crimen, sin embargo sería una injusticia generalizar y cerrar los ojos a las hazanas meritorias con que muchos de ellos de hacen célebres en los diferentes campos de la ciencia, arte y filantropía.

La potencialidad del joven es asombrosa y cuando esta bien dirigida, resultará un bien incalculable para la patria. Siempre que una calamidad sacuda e invada al pueblo es a los jóvenes a quienes se mira para socorro, fuerza y proteccion. Pues, fresco es todavía en la mente el papel prodigioso que desempeñaron durante la guerra pasada.

El joven no es por naturaleza irresponsable; si lo es, debido es a la falta de instruccion o por el mal ejemplo que inavertidamente recibio de sus mayores. Tiene sus faltas, si, y sus flaquezas, pero estas son remediables.

Siendo muy impresionante y tratable el joven, es nuestro deber darle buenos ejemplos y al primer indicio de flaqueza, menester es educarle y enseñarle lo recto y lo bueno y no renirle. Con esa manera de tratar a los jóvenes, podemos sonar un futuro halaguero para la patria como antes de nosotros lo sono Rizal.

El Arte de Bien Decir y Algo Mas

MONS. GABRIEL M. RE-

YES: Una ley de expiacion, un yugo abrumador pesa sobre la humanidad: el dolor.

MAURA: La nacion que confia a otra el cuidado de su defensa, renuncia a su personalidad, abdica de su independencia.

CAJAL: El educador que comienza demasiado pronto a castigar, corre el riesgo de no acabar jamas de castigar.

MONS. FULTON SHEEN: La misericordia es la inundacion de la justicia.

JORGE BERNARD SHAW: Dos personas saben que son el Socialismo y el Comunismo: el uno es Stalin, y el otro, yo.

MANUEL L. QUEZON: Mi lealtad al partido termina alli donde comienza mi lealtad al pueblo.

CASTELAR: (A un diputado que pronunciaba un altisonante discurso sobre una materia baladi) Su senoria mata los gorrones a canonazos.

ROMERO ROBLEDO: La calumnia es hija de la ignorancia y hermana gemela de la envidia.

CANALEJAS: (Cuando murio su yerno.) Papa paso a mejor vida. Nosotros tambien.

RIZAL: La humildad no siempre es virtud. Es crimen cuando alienta tiranias.

ARQUIMIDES (ponderando la fuerza de la palanca): Dadme un punto de apoyo en el espacio y movere el mundo.

ZAMACOIS (Criticando el prurrito de prononcias discursos): La mitad de los hombres no saben lo que hablan, y la otra mitad no saben lo que oyen.

el canto de jesus en domingo de ramos

Por TOMAS R. TABOADA, JR.

de rosas, rosas entre cespinas y rubias
de cantares y aleluyas embriagadme
llenadme el corazon y reprimid
sus quejas de dolor.

para mis pies mitigad las venganzas
de piedras que pican cuando pisoteadas
aplacad las iras primitivas
con alfombra de flores.

convidad a mis ojos, lagrimas de alegria
y a mi corazon, lagrimas de sangre:
lagrimas que lloran rubricadas
las almas enamoradas.

agitad ahora con pagana violencia
las palmas; ya en su temblor oigo
el agudo silbar de latigos caidos
sobre mis espaldas.

y las glorias, o gargantas de inconstancia,
cantonad, arrancaos de himnos de hosannas.
(y al:ogad ese canto de mofa en mis oidos.)
(y borrad de mi vista ese drama de la cruz.)

padre mio en los cielos ya llega
la hora; y comenzada,
la crucifixion.

el amor a jesus

No me mueve, mi Dios! para quereute
El cielo que me tienes prometido,
Ni me mueve el infierno tan temido
Para dejar por eso de ofenderte.

Tu me mueves, Senor: mueveme el verte
Clavado en esta cruz y escarnecido;
Muevem? el ver tu cuerpo tan herido
Muevenme tus afrentas y tu muerte.

Mueveme, en fin, tu amor, y en tal manera,
Que, aunque no hubiera cielo, yo te amara
Y, aunque no hubiera infierno, te temiera.

No me tienes que dar porque te quiera,
Pucs, aunque lo que espero no esperara.
Lo mismo que te quiero te quisiera.

—SANTA TERESA

A GREAT WOMAN

(Continued from page 15)

cond thought this appeared cowardly to her. She decided then to tell him orally for she believed that since he was such a fine fellow and since he loved her with such an unselfish love, he would be man enough to be able to take the bad news.

As Ramona was packing her things, the doctor entered her room and in surprise said, "What does this mean?"

She gracefully replied, "This is my answer to your question of a week ago. I'm leaving for Manila on the two o'clock bus. I thank you most heartily for all you have ever done for me, doctor, and I wish you the greatest success in your profession! I'm sorry I cannot do more for you. But I know you will understand."

He took it in his and said, "You are the greatest woman I ever met. I shall never forget you. May God bless you in your vacation. Allow me to bring your baggage to your bus which awaits you at the front door of the hospital."

END

ON RAINY NIGHTS

(Continued from page 7)

pounding away those magnificent soul-stirring chords which make the "Dream of Love" the splendid piece that it is. "Kammenoi-Ostrow" brings me to the land of angels and angel voices. So do Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song". Usually, I end this musical feast with Brahms' tender "Lullaby".

And with its gentle, soft strains still lingering in my ears, I leave my comfortable chair and go to Dreamland where the rain no longer drops and the furious wind howls no more.

March-April, 1947

MY IDEAL MAN

(Continued from page 7)

is the sign of his affection. He wishes me to ask and expects me to receive anything good. Every day and every night, he showers his countless gifts and blessings.

... Yet he isn't satisfied. He wants to do more. He wishes you and me to earn the treasures he once earned. To become the friend of many, he has made himself a prisoner of love.

Silently, he permits himself to be hidden in some quiet place where all men can come to him. There, he patiently stays... waiting for us to visit him sometime; to talk to him; to share our joys and guide us in our daily duties small crosses; to help and and struggles; to comfort and heal our restless souls.

Once you learn to know him, you'll realize that you've found a changeless friend who is ever willing, ready and able to make you happy, better and contented, a comforter who can make you taste the sweetness of peace which this world knows not of; a doctor who can soothe wounded souls caused by sins and imperfections.

My ideal man could be nobody else but the Son of the Living God, Jesus Christ who is truly present in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, true God and true man.

SPORTS

(Continued from page 13)

most of the game ended up with a victorious finish with a one-point lead 37-36. Lim, Borromeo, and Frias were the main stays of the victors, while Moras, Seno, Bacay, An Anana fought hard for losers.

BATTLE — SCARS

(Continued from page 6)

are wildly laughing and I can tell that it annoys him as it does me.

Tears slowly gather in his eyes but he manages to continue, "But I have my brother and sisters, and they mean so much. They are worth suffering for."

They are the people that make pain and death in a yet untrodden wilderness seem worthwhile. I now understand why men defy the agonies of death—because there is somebody like Tony or this kid's brother and sisters beyond the thick ominous smoke of battle.

"I think I had better go, the children might be waiting for me now."

"We better do."

We take up our cups of coffee and drink. With a slight difficulty he tucks his crutches under his arms and we step out of the cafe. It is getting late and the boy limps his way in the other direction. I head for home alone.

The sun is descending beyond the graceful slopes of the mountains. Everything seems unusually beautiful. The atmosphere is quiet and the air is cool. I take a deep breath and recount what the crippled boy said, "They are worth suffering for."

COLLEGE NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

on a three-day excursion to Bais, Oriental Negros on March 30th. The excursionists were mostly pre-medics students. Besides the interesting lectures and actual observation of the workings of the Bais Sugar Central, the excursionists played basketball with two local teams. Their visit to Negros was made more pleasant by the hospitality of the Mayor of Bais and other leading citizens of the town.

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Registration—College—May 5-8, 1947—Classes begin—College—May 9, 1947

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