

The **CAROLINIAN**

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE STUDENT BODY OF COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS



Very Rev. Fr. ARTHUR DINGMAN, S.V.D.

(See "GOOD-BYE AND BON VOYAGE" on page 2)

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EDITORIAL

The Cult of Tinsel

This is not purposed to be a sanctimonious discourse on virtues and morals. Just as certainly, it is not a pretension to a "holier-than-thou" attitude.

At the risk of being overly repetitious, this is meant to expose that widespread cult of sophisticated youth blase from an over-dose of pleasure: namely, the worship of the bright lights, of glamour and all its superficies.

A way of life that slants too sharply to the materialistic side has given birth to a generation covered with the hard crust of selfishness. Present-day fashions and movie fare that feed on the sensationalistic and the suggestive have lifted the flood-gates to a rushing tide of exhibitionism and fanfare even here in Cebu.

For what has become the yardstick of social success and popularity today? What qualifies one as a "regular fellow"? It is pointedly illustrative, a most ironic commentary, of progressive modernistic society that social standing is measured by the number and size of the parties one can throw; by the color and lustre of the clothes he can sport; by the variety of the spicy gossip he can retail. He makes the longest reach to the level of the "select" who takes the most license with life's values.

Does the youth of today dream of attaining to a design of living based on the homely qualities of piety, modesty and simplicity? Does it look forward to a home grounded on filial love, marital fidelity and all the solid Oriental virtues? Nix! Who ever heard of such bromidic,

old-fashioned ideas?

Tailored to the best Hollywood tradition, the "regular fellow" loses himself in endless pursuit of gaiety and revelry. Embarked on a continuous joy-ride, he tries to outdo the glorified movie idol in disrespect for womanhood, in the volume of liquor consumed, and in the irreverence of his language. By every girl added to his date-book, by every drop increasing his alcoholic stint, by every word broadening his vocabulary of profanity, he strengthens his claim to the "regular fellow" status. All told, he spits at all the virtues of life as if they were so many cuspidors.

And a very dull and uninteresting fellow—a "wet blanket"—is he who follows the straight and narrow path of clean, upright living. Regarded with tolerant amusement, if not entirely held in contempt, is one who respects womanhood, and abstains from drink and off-color stories. He is merely beating against the waves when he starts talking about applying himself to some worthy vocation or looking for something worth living for. In short, this lack-lustre fellow is living a very unexciting life.

Indeed the worship of the bright lights and glamour has taken a dangerously fast hold on our pleasure-struck, joy-mad youth. Until we start tearing off the veneer of showiness that has encrusted our young people; until we start dredging the silt of egocentricity that has bogged youth down, we cannot hope to topple the cult of tinsel.

GOOD-BYE AND BON VOYAGE

by JOSEFINA GABOYA

The departure of our beloved Rector, Father A. Dingman, for Rome is a major event and we, Carolinians, are anxious to know the why, when, and how of his trip. An interview is therefore in order. Not only does it serve as a source of information to the curious, but it is also a portrayal of our dear Father.

In answer to my question "Why are you going to Rome at this time of the year?" he said "The Superior General of the Society of the Divine Word has called Provincial Superiors and delegates for a General Chapter. Delegates from all over the world — Europe, Africa, India, North America, China, Japan, East Indies, Republic of the Philippines, will represent their respective provinces in the meeting."

Father Rector is one of the three delegates from the Philippines. He will leave for Manila about the middle of August to join the other two delegates. They will take the

name of San Carlos College. He will request the Holy Father to give us his Papal Blessing.

"And where will you go from Rome?" I asked him.

"From Rome, I intend to see the scarlet poppies and vari-colored tulips, and to hear the rhythmic spin of the giant windmills of Holland. Then on to England — the home of English literature. I have been an English professor for years and my secret desire is to smell the air that Shakespeare smelt, to see the scenes that English poets and writers have immortalized and who knows — perhaps meet a man, who may someday be with the truly great."

Father Dingman, with a merry twinkle in his eye then queried, "Aren't we mortals all alike? Years ago, my ambition had been to see England. I never had the chance. Now, when I have the opportunity, I've somewhat lost my ambition." He quietly chuckled, "Nevertheless I'm still

rors he suffered during the war.

I should note here Father's heroic charity during the early part of the Japanese occupation.

While not yet in concentration he collected money for the Fathers in Santo Tomas Camp. With the admirable cooperation of religious communities he was able to collect a substantial amount monthly for over two years. He did much that we shall never know of. He is much too modest to talk about his meritorious deeds.

As San Carlos' first S.V.D. Rector, he was responsible for the construction of the beautiful chapel in the old building and the immense library. He has always been a teacher and admits he finds great pleasure and honor teaching the freshmen of high school — "these," he says, "are the ones that need instruction most and upon a good Christian foundation rests the progress of a Christian citizen."

In America, Father Rector will not permit grass to grow under his feet. With such ardent zeal as his, he will gloriously accomplish what is foremost in his mind — the reconstruction and expansion of San Carlos College. His project is to petition aid from the American people to finance the Science Department of C. S. C. Scientific-minded Carolinians are looking forward to the sparkling walls of a new Science Building, a super-microscope, spick and span laboratories of an ideal scientific school. He will — we earnestly pray God — come back with laudable success.

We, Carolinians, wish him God's speed on his journey and a safe return to San Carlos University.

A parting interview with Father Rector on the eve of his world-girdling vacation trip.

PAI. for Rome via Bangkok on September 2, in time for the meeting scheduled for the middle of that month. They will stay for a month in the Holy City to elect a new Superior General and to discuss current problems.

Father Rector assures us that the Holy Father will know that in a little, far-off corner in this world, there exists a venerable institution of learning by

going to England — ambition or no ambition."

He will spend the winter in the U.S. His hometown is Pittsburgh, Penn. It will indeed be a homecoming. He has been away for so long — eighteen years. Unlike the luckier Fathers, he did not go home after the liberation. He was requested to stay, although he needed rest after the uncertainties, anxieties and the hor-

By Rosalina R. Ruiz

The Araneta house looked peacefully quiet. The air around it was filled with the fragrance of gardenias. Mrs. Araneta loved flowers and her garden was one of the most beautiful spots in the little town of Mercedes.

Her son was proud of "Dovecot," the bungalow Rody's father built years before for his bride. For him it was home, and Rody loved every inch of the place. But today, for the first time in his life, he was oblivious of the natural beauty spread out before him. He stood by the gate and looked into space with unseeing eyes. A gentle breeze swayed a spray of the bridal bouquet blooming over the pergola and ruffled his already unruly hair, flinging down his troubled brow, a lock of curly hair which made him look ed defensibly young.

After aimlessly looking around him for a while, he wearily closed the gate and walked toward the house. As he entered his room, he dropped his tired body heavily on the bed. Not bothering to undress, he gazed at the blank wall before him, until tears began to fall from his eyes. All the pent-up emotions of the sixteen-year old boy gave way, racking his whole body with the sobs he tried to stifle.

"She's gone," he muttered over and over again. "Nellie is gone."

The first time Rody saw Nellie, it was decidedly a case of love at first sight.

Coming home one afternoon after a game of basketball with the boys, he saw her playing with one of his father's old hats. Seeing the look of surprise on her son's face, his mother, who was darned nearby, called him.

"Rody, this is....."

"Nellie!" he interrupted.

"But, dear, your aunt who

left her this afternoon called her 'Patsy'. Aunt Milly is leaving for Manila, so Patsy is staying with from now on."

"Please, Mums," he pleaded, "let's call her 'Nellie.' The boy took his mother's soft hands in his own hard brown ones and looked imploringly at her.

Looking at her son lovingly, she knew she couldn't refuse him anything — not when he started calling her "Mums." She knew she was vulnerable when her son called her that. She gave in and said, "All right, call her 'Nellie' if you wish." Gathering up her work, she stood and shooed them away. "Now, run along you two or you'll get no supper at all." That was three years ago.

Ever since Nellie and Rody were the town's inseparables. There had sprung up between them a friendship that was full of love, loyalty, and unselfishness. Rody would come home from school to find Nellie waiting for him at the gate. As soon as she'd see him coming, her whole face would light up with pleasure. He would rush to the gate, and they'd race up to the house, and make a dash for the kitchen, their healthy happy voices echoing throughout the house.

Mrs. Araneta always had cookies, fried sweet potatoes, or fried bananas which Rody loved, ready for them.

Their hunger satisfied they would run out again, leaving the kitchen inseparable to her once more.

They had fun — these two. Their days were full of adventure. Their pranks made Mrs. Araneta fear for her precious china and bric-a-bracs. Sometimes on rainy days, they could be seen sprawling on the floor of his mothers room, Nellie's head on Rody's

Heart - BREAKER

down her silken-black hair, drowsily listening to "Mum's stories.

Don't think Nellie was devoid of mischief. She had a very bad habit of hiding Rody's notebooks in inconspicuous places when he needed them, or going around the sala with muddy feet after the maid had cleansed it. But she'd look so contrite and sorry when they would scold her, that she was sure of being forgiven all the time. Yet, in spite of Nellie's giving them these headaches, they loved her.

One Friday afternoon, Rody did not find Nellie at the gate as usual. He was surprised. She never had been absent before. Maybe she is sleeping he thought. Or — she might be with mother in the kitchen. But she never forgets I come home at this hour, the poor boy argued with himself.

"Oh, God!" he prayed, as he rushed into the house. "don't let anything happen to Nellie."

His mother met him at the door.

"Ma, where's Nellie?" he asked.

For an answer, she silently led him towards the sala. Fear clutched at his heart.

"Mums," he began again, "where is —?" The words trailed off. He stopped dead in his tracks, and stared unbelievably at the prostrate form on the sofa. It was Nellie. And Nellie was dead.

Nellie was buried under the big "banana" tree. On one side of it were rows of varicolored chrysanthemums — red, yellow and white. On the other side were Mrs. Araneta's prized gardenias. And on the white cross placed over the fresh mound of earth,

(Continued on page 17)

YOU**By J. Mercader****AND YOUR COLLEGE**

It is said that the years passed in college are the best of one's life. Old graduates always look with wistful reminiscence on their college days and regard them as the most joyous of their lives. We who are still in college are apt to fail in appreciating properly what we are enjoying and acquiring in college.

Going along one night with a sweet somebody, I was told that studying in a particular school was getting monotonous. It was a most natural reaction. She is young and beautiful, deserving of all the good and fine that life can offer. Why pass these days, when we are still capable of enjoying life to the brim, in the boredom of the classroom lecture or of the laboratory experiment? Why be in college in the high tide of life when the physical condition is at its height and when we are capable of feeling the most? What has college to offer to eager, zestful youth?

A Forced Vacation?

It has been decisively said that the years in college are a forced vacation from life; meaning that in college the student loses time by living in an atmosphere far removed from the "realities of life." In a certain sense this is true, because it is in college that the student is preparing to pass a life fuller and richer than that he would experience if he would not study in college. It is in college that his faculties and powers are so developed that he is the better able to satisfy the aspirations of his nature. It is here that the student is taught the ways and means to better attain his

physical, material, intellectual and moral well-being.

Aim of a College

A true college gives her students a creed to satisfy their intellectual needs; a code to perfect their social desires and a cult to fulfill their religious aspirations. Given these satisfactions man can live an abundant life and is in a better condition to fulfill the purpose of his creation. This is the aim of a college; this is what it hopes to accomplish in those who come within its walls.

Material Well-being

The importance of college education in attaining mate-

not very clearly become more fine as it becomes more rich.... There must be a taste for life a sensitiveness to discern what is fine and true and generous and permanent, and cutting it off with sharp, clear-cut avoidance the vulgar, false, selfish, and transitory things that cheapen life. Taste, sensitiveness, fineness and intensity of appreciation must be built up so that our wealth may be worth giving and worth having." Culture and fine taste, a college should also impart to its students, enabling them to satisfy their intellectual and social desires.

Above all these, man still yearns for something more and without which human life with

A searching analysis of college life

rial well-being is being realized more and more. In college knowledge and skill are developed to enable the student to produce and acquire the things that satisfy his needs and that of his family. Statistics show that a college graduate is better prepared to earn his place in society than one who is not.

Something More

But the attainment of material well-being and the satisfaction of social aspirations are not enough to make one's life superior. Alexander Neiklejohn in his book "The Liberal College" writes: "Wealth has not generally brought to those who have it the fineness of taste and the niceness of discrimination which the use of it demands. Quite as often it has brought coarseness of feeling and dullness of appreciation. Our civilization does

The Higher Life

all the goods and refinement that the world can offer would only be a little better than that of the beast. As Chief Justice Moran of our Supreme Court said in a recent speech at the University of Santo Tomas: "The nature of man demands something that can fill the emptiness of their hearts and satisfy the cravings of their souls. Since this cannot be fulfilled entirely in this world, as reason tells and experience confirms, the only alternative left is to hope for it in the other world; a hope founded on something stable, permanent, perfect, complete; a hope founded on Someone who is the absolute Goodness, the absolute Justice, the absolute Truth. Nothing but that can slake the thirst of the human soul..... With this hope of the future, man goes to the

(Continued on page 14)

COLLEGE COURTESY

Nature's Solace

Lourdes Varela

In the course of the years a certain rule has come to be called golden. College days are really the Golden Rule days. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," is the essence of collegiate courtesy. With this your yardstick you can't go wrong.

A certain professor once met two coeds, the smaller of which was attending his class. The latter greeted him while the taller one did not. When the smaller one asked her why she did not greet him, she exclaimed, "But I am not under him in class."

Being in one collegiate department does not exempt her from being courteous to professors of another department.

Thank You

In childhood we were taught simple politeness. "Please," "Thank you," "Excuse me," "How do you do," — these by

lords it over his circle and shows his affection for individuals or groups by commemorating them on desks and walls. He spends so much time in the corridors or halls watching the ladies, whistling occasionally when a "choice morsel" passes, yet he never greets his teachers and superiors, clergy or laity alike. As a matter of fact, to and from classes he rushes without regard for professors and ladies, who ought to pass first. What greatly excites him is the sight of a friend or an acquaintance. As a good politician he hails them — even while class is in session. To him, people who give women preference to seats are "softies." It just isn't smart not to take the opportunity of stuffing cigarette stubs into chair seats or of throwing candy wrappers and scrap paper out of the window, which by the way, is also handy for spitting.

Now and then, he gets myopic and ignores certain friends who have loaned him a peso or two, a book or lecture notes (he has mislaid them), a fountain pen, an eraser, and who knows what else. Next time you encounter him, reflect if you have any detachables about you. In self defense — just in case.

At programs, Soph Smart-Pants is the most avid of audiences. He claps as heartily as a farm hand, demands encores as sincerely as a child, sticks himself up like a sore thumb — apparently the better to admire the scenery for himself.

Wherever he goes he thinks he owns the place he is in and the more so the longer he is in it. His kind is not limited to the second year for he continues going wrong as the years pass by. His end is a hopeless one in good society

(Continued on page 12)

Tired, dead tired, with a poignant ache in my heart — that was how I felt yesterday. At five o'clock in the afternoon I was deeply hurt by a careless remark I had overheard. And as I strode from the college campus to walk the long way home, a hot tear rolled down. I saw the blurred faces of curious people turn to stare. Two giggling teen-agers stopped to gape. I quickened my steps, while a great lump formed in my throat, and faster tears flowed freely, hotter than ever.

With a sigh, I caught sight of the hazy outline of my home. I dashed up into my room. A few seconds later — I was dashing down again, and in my hurry I forgot to pay with a kiss the affectionate smile of my little brother.

More slowly now, I strolled towards a hill in the garden where a lone mango tree stood — a solitary sentinel. There no one would gape to mock my tears. Showing myself beneath its sheltering branches I leaned my head against its friendly trunk as I looked towards the sea. There it lay — miles and miles of it — unruffled and peacefully blue. A gull stood on the rocks, poised for flight. It spread out its wing and swooped and soared. Gracefully, it glided over the water, then higher, steadily higher, until it reached the mountain clouds and then I saw it no more.

I regretted the lost sight of the bird only to find that I was myself again. The ache in my heart was lessened and the tears had dried on my cheeks.

A sweet odor then turned my head. Beside me was a flowering gardenia bush I had not noticed before. The dark-green leaves and the few white flowers that were shyly try-

(Continued on page 12)

by JOSEFINA LIM

now should be second nature to us.

For as one grows up, so ought to grow in proportion a person's good manners. Yet, with malice toward none and charity for all, let us consider a typical case.

Smart Soph

Take the case of Soph Smart-Pants. Youthful, good looking, fairly bright and cursed with too much exuberance and high spirits — this *beau monde* spends the time of his life in college. Either one or both of two things precede his hail-fellow-well-met presence. The first is a cigarette smoke (yes, even in the social hall) and the second sounds like a first-cousin to din. He is a gregarious fellow, yet one who

THE GLAMOUR *of* LISTENING

By VALERIANO LOZADA

Listening is such a wonderful quality that it can almost be called a virtue ... a virtue that is so brutally handled today. Men keep on being puzzled to find out that nobody seems to do the listening. Even henpecked husbands are getting modern nowadays; they snore at their nagging wives politely; they never listen anymore.

Please do not get me wrong. I am not engaging in a militant campaign encouraging wives to nag or husbands to lose their minds. Any useless or senseless view on the subject is not worth reading.

Let us begin with a professor lecturing in class. He appears before the students prepared with a sweeping argument, and due to a worked-up appetite, perhaps the sweet thoughts of a good supper set on his mind, he sits down on his bench in solemn majesty and commences the lecture.

If he is allowed a few minutes of silence, he can call himself fortunate; another minute would mean that he absent-mindedly entered an empty room, and if the silence continues until his lecture is over, he will die of heart-attack, for lecturing in another world. The miracle of silence has not as yet blessed our school-rooms.

Now let us take the ordinary course of events, where the professor comes out alive, but of course not victorious. He swaggers back into the room ready for anything. He failed to control the class yesterday, but this time, he is going to change his tactics. He speaks louder now so that the class will hear him and thus become interested. This

is the height of optimism. As soon as the poor fellow opens his mouth, he is attacked by a barrage of noise and turmoil. Like a good guerrillero, he holds his ground and speaks in a voice so commanding that it causes the frosted glass windows to stammer. This does not suffice, but knowing fully well that the best defense is attack, he clenches his fists, elongates his neck, rolls his eyeballs and shouts "Silence!" at the top of his voice. By this time his lungs have already pumped out enough carbon dioxide to stop a conflagration. He sits down limp and exhausted and he whispers meekly, "class dismissed". Like a magic wand, the room is deserted and the shadow of quietness reigns over the empty space.

It is most certain that a professor is paid to talk and students pay the college to learn to think. But as it often is, the students are doing the talking and the professor the thinking. His long preparation and research are wasted, his health is weakened and our money, too, is gone. We cannot blame them later if we fail to jump over board or bar. Nemesis always asks for usurious interests.

I am trying to point out a bad habit because it has so become a part of us that it is now second nature.

At the Sunday Sermon, the same thing happens. It is even worse because we go out of church and start chatting and snickering, disturbing those who choose to listen. A few minutes of the gospel is good for the spirit and if we listen to it well, it is really invigorating to the body. There is nobody more red-blooded

and manly than Christ and his disciples and there is no beauty can even compare remotely with the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. We can always use a little power of the will and sacrifice a few minutes listening. God promised that in His house there are many mansions. But if our idea of perfect happiness is to talk and talk and not to listen, a completely sound-proof apartment, where we can chat and laugh for eternity without disturbing the angels in their prayers, is awaiting us. But not in God's mansions.

Let us fly back to earth for a moment and examine ourselves in a crowd. We hate a person that talks too much, but is this hatred not caused by our unwillingness to listen? Certainly his feeling toward us is mutual, if not worse because we who do not listen are also guilty of talking too much. A person who tries to convey his ideas in a crowd gets more scared than the early Christians in a lion's den. All are just waiting for him to lose his breath or slip his tongue and they will jump right in to out-talk him. If he does not get out-talked or if he can help himself with adjectives, they do not stop at this, they try to see if he has false teeth or to scrutinize the balance of his mustache, if he has any. Others who cannot use their eyes or mouth sniff like a bloodhound in search for the other fellow's bad breath — they use all their senses except their ears — they never listen.

I admit that listening is not an easy habit to master especially for the inexperienced

(Continued on page 11)

From A Hilltop

By LUIS A. ESMERO

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a place which was all flower and field, sky and seashore. This was merged into music and moonrise, and magic! with nothing short of death in it.

The place had a garden and a hill lay beyond. Here, upon this hill, she and I sat, while the whole world lay at our feet and I even asked her to dare me pluck a low-hanging bright star. I felt for the time being like a god and forgot that I was but a few grains of dust.

AND THEN there were two tiny words, three innocent little letters, "I do," and she said them to another man. I died because she went out of my life as if she were relegated beneath a slab of stone wherein the words "I do" were inscribed. Those tiny words, solemnly and sacredly said, will stand out from among the countless words ever coined as the most formidable, and as irrevocable as Time itself. For these words spelled my doom, making me rave like a fool and tear my hair, and I began breaking beautiful things and entertaining dark, ugly, vicious thoughts.....

There was a mansion, and yes, it is now haunted. Haunted with thoughts that lay treasured in its dark corners, dusty sills, and even in its dimly lighted hall where sunlight filtered through cracks and crevices. Only cobwebs of memories hung strung all over the place, yet still the lust for something lost lingered.

Nearly, a tree whose bark we had carelessly torn in a playful mood, still thrives. It is strong and swinging with

the winds to the high heavens because it had long outgrown its hurt. Could I have forgotten my own hurt when I have not even forgiven you?

Once a storm shook and battered the same tree. It withstood its blast until the tempest subsided into fitful gusts and then one leaf, only one, reluctantly detached itself from a twig and fluttered helplessly to the muddy ground. Someday, because of

that leaf a blade of grass will sprout. I, who saw the falling leaf, will remember alone. And someday the story will be told to someone like her, to someone who will understand, to someone capable of healing the hurt that she had seared in my soul.

There was a yesterday that was matchless as a memory. That was the day I met someone like her. And now there is a song that comes begging to be sung. It is someone's song with a wonderful strain in it; it is the song of understanding and I am again sane.

(Continued on page 17)

ALL IN FUN by ALIX

Hold on a minute, stoddents! This isn't anything like any of those stock "Quiz" problems you get stuck on in the magazines. It is exactly what the title says it is.....all in fun.

1. What key is hardest to turn?
2. Why are old maids very much like volunteer guards?
3. Why is a fish peddler usually selfish?
4. What is the worst kind of fare for people to live on?
5. What does an artist like to draw first?
6. What part of a fish is like the end of a book?
7. How may book-keeping be learned quickly?
8. What word of three letters can change a young girl into a woman?
9. What fish is most valued by a married woman?
10. Why was Adam a good we might even say, the best runner?
11. If you were talking with the Venus of Milo, and she suddenly slipped, which of her hands would you reach for to save her from a nasty fall?

Next, stoddents, go over to a quiet corner and start thinking your heads off! But do not rack your brains to death. Put yourselves in a state of mental poise and serenity the poise that refreshes (oh, oh, you don't catch us throwing in an ad for free). At any rate, if you've thought hard enough and still don't catch the drift, turn the page upside down and you have the answers:

1. Ah! this is one on you the donkey!
2. They are always ready, but seldom wanted (ask, ask.)
3. Because his business makes him sell fish, silly.
4. Whatever. All's fair in love and war, or is it?
5. His salary, of course. He's only human.
6. The "in" is. Catch on?
7. Just remember this maxim: "Never lend books."
8. Gotcha there, chum AGE.
9. Her—ring, what else?
10. Because he was first in the human race.
11. Neither, you ignoramus. She has no arms.

RED DUST

Flora was suspicious. She sat and rubbed her dainty hands against each other, and looked up apprehensively at the man and woman who stood before her. The man didn't matter much, he just stood there and he looked like a man and wore a brown suit, the color of gray mud. But the woman was real. She was dark, short, sparingly small as though her body was built on little food and little air. The food and little air. The paint on her face was too bright as though in an effort to cover something beneath it. It held successfully the woman's age, but not the sorrow and hardships undergone. The eyes showed them plainly.

"Well?" She said.

The question came abruptly, insolent and almost aggressive. Flora felt uneasily, she moved on the stool which the prison guard had given her to sit on.

"You are Miss Vasquez?" Flora began.

"Why you are polite!" Lila interrupted, turning to view Flora with insolent amusement in her eyes.

"You see, I mean..... well..... I saw your picture in the 'Pioneer Press' this morning, and I thought Miss Vasquez isn't really your name. Your picture looked like somebody I knew. I mean, somebody I've wanted to know. I mean.....well, you see..... my mother."

"Oh, go away, child. You didn't practice your lines well and I'm not the listening type. Look here," her voice suddenly becoming hoarse in an effort to make it seem hard and steely. "I'm glad you came. I'm gladder still that I look like your mother. But I've never had a kid of my own. I'm so bad, I felt kids were milestones, and they really are not my profession. Forget me and think you'd better believe that part about your mother being

dead."

"But I know she is not dead. My grandmother told me so before she died." Flora persisted.

"And suppose she isn't!" flared Lila, "what need have you of her? You're grown up and it's been a long time she's been away. Perhaps she has done something she is ashamed of and wouldn't want you to find her at all, so you'd never find her anyway."

"But I don't really care what kind of life she had." Flora returned, her voice ringing with a touch of sincerity. "I don't care when and in what place I'd find her."

alejandrina bantiles

"You're nice and you look successful. Your mother may not be worthy of such loyalty and besides....."

The two women looked at each other. In the eyes of the younger woman was a hurt look, in that of the other, a look of realization that she had said something to bruise the young one's heart. Her past had made her heart a gory tomb for memories too painful to recall. Like a piece of flotsam, she drifted with the debris of her life's stream.

"Time's up!" came the manish voice of the prison guard. Flora jumped, startled.

Flora walked to the door, but after taking a few steps, she returned. Impulsively, she reached for Lila and kissed her on the cheek and rushed out of the prison, stumbling a little.

Lila stared through the bars of her cell, tears falling quite freely from her eyes. It was a torture to have seen her especially at the moment of her last hour and a great torture

to have her gone. Her desire to hold her close took the form of icy fingers touching her heart until the throbbing almost ceased.

The wind was howling wretchedly that night. There were no stars, no moon, just blackness and rain, but Lila still sat at her table at the middle of her cell. She couldn't sleep, and the guard, listening to her restlessness smiled grimly to himself. She was just like the others, he thought—lost her nerves. And the end was so close it had to be faced.

She asked for a piece of paper and the guard watched her so closely as she sat down at her table. He seemed to have arrived at some decision. Yes, he had it now. She was going to write a confession. Well, just so she wrote it. She didn't look like the crying kind, but then, she didn't look like a murderer either.

Now, phrases were beginning to run through her head, and her ideas were beginning to tie up. She looked up from her work, then closed her eyes for a minute. She almost had it now, just a few words eluding her grasp.... "Flora, my child....." she began.... as things in her life began to appear before her one by one, stretching like a corridor, goading her beyond endurance. She became weak and the words that followed couldn't be clearly deciphered.

Something very like a sob woke the guard from his placid reflections, and he cast an anxious eye in her direction. He quietly expressed a hope to God that she wasn't going to get hysterical after all. Mentally, he scratched his head. There was something queer about this. Maybe.... but she left her papers and went to her cot. She relaxed and closed.

(Continued on page 16)

GLOWING EMBER

By **MARINA JAVELOSA**

"I won't hear any more of it," Don Manuel's voice echoed in the large drawing room. "you don't know what you're saying! This is a serious thing to decide and you are not of the right age yet to figure out things for yourself."

"But Father, won't you listen to me? I know this is the real thing. I've never felt like this to any man before. Not even to Nanding — all I had for him was sisterly love and nothing more." Eva answered clearly.

"You must think sensibly, my girl. You know, marriage is not a joke. Have you ever stopped to ponder that once you marry somebody, he will become your life partner to the end? Do not be carried away by good looks and personality. I told you before that we can't trust any stranger. You don't know whether he's telling you lies, do you!" Eva's father chided.

The young girl dropped her head and kept silent. Of course, she thought, she hardly knows Reynaldo for the short spell they had known each other. Since he was assigned to Camp Lapulapu five months ago, everything looked bright to her— even the most insignificant thing had its meaning. When Rene opened his heart to her, she realized for the first time how one feels when in love. And now ...she could not marry him. Her father was partly right, she admitted. Who knows, but that Rene might be a married man and was only making a fool of her. But no ... she resolved, he is not of the type who stoops that low. And then again, he could not be that much of an actor. However, she can only wait for the time when her father would give his consent.

A few days later, Pearl Harbor was bombed. Imme-

diately, there was the call to arms. All able-bodied officers and enlisted men were needed to defend their country from the invaders. It was then that an order from the General Headquarters summoned Lt. Reynaldo Paras to Manila. The evening before his departure, he went to see Eva.

"I'll have to leave early tomorrow morning. Oh, Eva, I hardly know what to say. Thoughts are flooding my mind, but I'm at a loss for

words! I know how you feel because when one loves somebody the way I love you, he knows exactly what she thinks and feels." Rene said.

"I'm glad you do understand; don't worry about me much—I'll always love you no matter what happens," Eva answered.

"While I'm away, please pray for my safe return. If God bestows a ray of kindness on me, I'll come back sooner than you expect me. I'll not say good-bye forever for this is not my last good-bye. Till we meet again, God bless you, my darling," Rene finished.

"God bless you too and keep you always; you might be gone but there will always remain that ever-glowing memory!" the young girl answered tearfully.

A week later, Eva received a letter from Rene saying that he was assigned to Bataan. After that short note, nothing followed. The fighting in Bataan continued fiercely, as Eva learned from the trickle of news over the radio.

Then, the country was overrun by the Nipponese invaders. To her dismay, nothing was heard again from Rene. She prayed hard that there might be a way to ease her disturbed mind.

One day, as if in answer to her prayer, a fellow lieutenant of Rene came to see her. She asked the man eagerly for news — only to learn that Lt. Paras was last reported missing in action. When she heard the depressing information, every ounce of strength seemed to drain out of her body, leaving her utterly desolate.

As the days rolled into weeks and the weeks into months, still no trace of Rene was found, so she bitterly accepted the fact that at last her beloved was gone forever.

(Continued on page 10)

Good Night, My Dear

By **LEONCIO P. ABARQUEZ**

Goodnight, my dear, sleep tight.
The day is done, night falls.
Shut your beautiful eyes
Enjoy sweet dreams, tonight.

I know I will not be
The one of whom you'll dream,
Yet, I pray the Lord God
To guard both you and me.

Goodnight, my dear, rest well.
Forget the past and me.
Tears I'll shed for you, dear,
Of which I'll never tell.

I Must Go Up

By **LEONOR DINA SENO**

I must go up to the hills I love,
For my heart is to them bound,
In a simple hut 'neath the summer sky,
Where the air is fresh and mild.

I long for solitude up above,
Where true peace can be found,
With the birds and beasts in the foothills high
And the flowers chastely wild.

I shall retire like a mourning dove
That nestles on the mound,
While her inspiration is soaring high,
And the time is well beguiled.

I must go up to the hills I love,
For my heart is to them bound,
In a simple hut 'neath the summer sky
Where the air is fresh and mild.

Glowing Ember...

(Continued from page 9)

Meanwhile, Nanding, her childhood playmate, asked her to marry him.

"Eva, is it not enough that I have waited for five years... hoping and praying that someday your heart might soften. Please give me a chance to prove myself worthy of your precious love, Marry me now!" Nanding pleaded.

"It's not that you're not worthy. I know you too well for that. All I've always felt for you was no more than sisterly love. You know I love Rene and I always will."

"My dear one, Rene is gone! You have to face the fact," the young man exclaimed.

...After a long pause Eva asked brokenly..... "Do you still want me to marry you knowing that I don't love you..... the way I loved Rene?"

"I still do. It does not matter whether you don't love me now. I know you'll learn to care after we are married. I'll make you forget him and you'll be happy with me." Nanding assured her humbly.

For the next few days, Eva weighed the matter carefully. The image of Rene kept haunting her—in her sleep—in her work and almost in everything she did.

Then, the crisis came. Her father became seriously ill. The doctor informed her that her father's life hung on a thread and that any time his heart might cease to throb.

One morning, Don Manuel summoned his daughter to his sick bed and said:

"My dear child, if I did you wrong once, please forgive me."

"Father, there is nothing to forgive I knew long before that you only wanted me to be safe and happy in the future." Eva answered, close to tears.

A brief pause followed, then.....

"There is nothing more in the world that I wish for than to see you married before I die. Why don't you marry Fernando?"

The poor girl thought for a moment and then answered.

"If it makes you more happy to see me settle down, I think there's no reason why I shouldn't marry Nanding."

"Thank you, my child," the old man sighed gratefully. "Somehow, I know you'll be happy."

The wedding was set for two weeks later. Within this short interval, Eva gathered what remaining pieces were left of her lost love. Suddenly, one moonlight night, while she was sitting on the porch, she realized that it was exactly three years since her last glimpse of Rene. She was so engrossed in her thought that it never dawned on her someone had approached her. The man whispered her name. She started on hearing the strange but familiar voice. When she looked up, her face became deadly white.

"Eva, my darling, don't you recognize me?" The voice asked.

"Rene! Is it really you in the flesh — or have I gone too far in my thoughts?" Eva asked with a trembling body.

"It's I, Rene, I'm back as I promised."

"But you were killed in that fight!"

"Oh! no. How stupid of me not to explain that. You see, I've been reported missing and I couldn't do a thing about it then. It happened like this I was found by Major Villamor, alone, badly wounded. At that time, a submarine was awaiting him, so, he took me with him to Australia. I couldn't send any word to you, especially since I was with the intelligence division. When the Americans landed in

Leyte, I was able to come back with them. So, now I'm here."

Eva was so bewildered that she could not suppress the joy she felt. Tears began to roll down her cheeks but her face was flushed. When she regained her composure she quickly related to Rene what has passed since the time he was believed to be dead.

Rene understood the situation.

A step sounded. They turned their heads to see Nanding arrive. For an uncomfortable pause, no one spoke.

At last Rene broke the uncomfortable silence.

"I've come back, Nanding. What you're seeing is not an apparition. I've just learned how things stand between us."

When Nanding got over the shock, he said,

"I understand what this means to Eva. I must say you've won, Rene. I love Eva so much that I can't afford to deprive her of her happiness. I have known for quite a while that no matter how she tried to love me, she could never forget you."

"Thank you, Nanding, you've always been a real 'sport' as long as I've known you," Eva answered.

"Here's my heartfelt wishes for a happiness that will keep on glowing as the years go on. May God bless you, Rene and Eva."

After Nanding departed, Rene said thoughtfully, "What a gallant fellow! I wish all men were of his kind." Then he turned to a tearful girl and continued, "I'll make everything all right for you. We must thank God. He saw it fit to deliver me back to you safe. Don't cry, my darling."

"I'm not crying," Eva raised her face to answer him while unrestrained tears rolled down her cheeks.

End.

NEWS

Two more Fathers have joined the San Carlos teaching staff and a third one is expected next semestre of this school year.

Rev. Robert Hueppner, S.V.D., is the new head of the Chemistry Department: He came from the Immaculate Conception College in Vigan, Ilocos Sur, where he was Dean of Studies. He holds the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemistry from Santo Tomas University.

Another addition to this year's faculty is Rev. Constante Floresca, S.V.D., who is one of the nineteen Filipino priests of the Society of the Divine World. He is Assistant Athletic Director as well as teacher of Religion, English.

Rev. Philip Van Engelen, S.V.D. is expected to join the faculty by November. He has just completed graduate studies in Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana for the degree of Master of

Science in Electronics. He is now touring Europe and will return to the Philippines in a few months bringing with him new equipment for the Physics and Engineering departments.

Enrollment Increases

True to form, the college has almost doubled its enrollment of last year. Three thousand Carolinians reported for study last July, and more than fifty per cent of them are in the various colleges or post graduate school. San Carlos has by far the largest R.O.T.C. group in Cebu.

Library Books Ordered

More than two thousand professional books have been ordered to supplement the college library. Almost half of them have already arrived and the rest of them are on the way from Chicago. These books are for collateral reading on the collegiate level.

ROTC Corps Formed

The Colegio de San Carlos ROTC Corps was formed last July 18 with the following high ranking officers:

Cdt. Lt. Col. Eduardo Javelosa, Cdt. Major Antonio Tumalak, Cdt. Major Jaime Jimeno, Cdt. Capt. Vicente Frias, Cdt. Capt. Mario Delgado, Cdt. Capt. Elmo Garrido, Cdt. Capt. Lauro Mumar, Cdt. Capt. Levi Tupas, Cdt. Capt. Jose Libron, Cdt. Capt. Virgilio Yparraguirre, Cdt. Capt. Florencio Rito, Cdt. Capt. Quirino Ragay, Cdt. 1st Lt. Alejandro Abatayo, Cdt. 1st Lt. Napoleon Rama, Cdt. 1st Lt. Ramon Tupas and Cdt. 1st Lt. Rigoberto Tacan.

After a stormy meeting, the Lex Circle of the College of Law elected the following officers:

President, Pedro Clavano; Vice-President, Dr. Ramon Castillo; Secretary-Treasurer, Rosario Canete.

GLAMOUR OF LISTENING (Continued on page 6)

ed. It is easier to teach a baby to walk than to talk. But watch out and beware! Once she learns to talk no force in the world can stop her — not even love or money. It is better to train her in the art of listening while still a small baby, because once she grows to be a big baby of say, sixteen to twenty, the cause is almost lost!

Listening can be made exciting, even glamorous. The most charming conversationalists are all expert listeners and they enjoy themselves. Love can make sacrifice ethereal and hate can make sweet sour.

During class, we can easily imagine our professor as a great scientist revealing the secrets of atomic energy. If we do not listen, our very lives may be in danger and if we

do, we may be able to avert disaster or to use atomic power in a more pleasant way, like making a rocket convertible sedan which can bring us on an excursion among the stars.

If one no longer lives in the comics era and has developed some aesthetic sense, he can always take the classroom as a grand auditorium where the greatest thespians of the world are staging the climax of an exciting melodrama where a slight whisper would spoil everything.

Well if excitement bores you to death or the allure of aesthetic cures your insomnia, surely love would pep you up. The professor might be lecturing on torts and damages and the damage caused on your pocketbook during last night's dance would make the subject most interesting.

Once you improve your imagination, presto — you

become a good listener, a perfect confidant, a sound adviser and a persuasive conversationalist.

Now if you must talk and have a hard time listening you may lock yourself up in your room and end up with your lungs exhausted. Once you get sick and tired talking, you can come out into the world a perfect listener. This habit is hard to acquire at first, but like taking a bath, it can be mentalist, deserted us and learned.

Later on as you progress, listening won't be cumbersome anymore and you will only be talking in your sleep. However, if your room-mate is a bad listener but a sound sleeper you are not bothering anybody anymore.

By now, you must be a perfect listener, having made pains reading this. Next time, if there is ever a next time, I'll teach you how to talk!

Sports**LOOKING AHEAD . . .**

The coming of another basketball season calls for a look into the crystal ball to see how the different teams will wind up at the finish. Looking over our line-up without even so much as a peek into the opposing camp, I think I can safely say that it will be another clean sweep for Coach Baring's NCCC Champions in Cebu.

With the old line-up virtually intact, the Green and Gold Powerhouse will go into this year's battles charged with valuable additions and seasoned from big-time competition. The lone casualty registered by the loss of Genaro Fernandez is more than made up for by four promising newcomers.

Paging the San Carlos Champions, we still have four of the "Big Five" who made sports history last year. "Old Reliable" Antonio Bas, the terror of the opposition will rule the roost again as captain of this year's team. Vicente Cortes, whose brilliant passing and colorful ball-handling earned him a place on Willie Hernandez' mythical cage team, will hold down the center position as of old. Spearheading the offense will be tall, "rangey" Lauro Mumar, whose spectacular one-hand heaves make lesser misses than a bomb-sight. And, of course, Marcelino Abella of the deceptive dribbles will be right in there feeding the basket faster than you feed the cartridge belt into a machine-gun.

Straight from the Hawaiian coast comes six-foot Amanacio Paraz with a big order of fancy plays featured by timely snatches and swift backboard recoveries. From the Southern College High School

National Champions comes J. Magalang who brings his stock of "angle spot shots" and flashy foot-work. After an absence of one year, Gregorio Batiller puts in a comeback carrying a repertoire of one-hand flips and neat ball-handling. Ramoneda, a veteran performer, will render valuable assistance with his years of experience in local basketballdom. Graduating from the ranks of the San Carlos High School team, Paquito Borromeo breaks into the Varsity Squad on the merits of his cool defensive work.

Lastly, Amado Du, a left-over from last year's second-stringers, returns matured from playing on the Camp Alabang Five during the last summer. Likewise, Aquino will be some help in the pinches.

I have thus elected to put down my last chips on Coach Manuel Baring's boys to end up on top of the heap again, if only by force of habit. With the advantages of height, weight and shooting power decidedly on our side, it does look like another banner year for San Carlos.—R.B.T.

Nature's Solace

(Continued from page 5)
ing to hide among them reminded me of the time I was deeply struck by the beauty of a white gardenia half-lost in the darkness of a young maiden's hair. Impulsively, I reached out for a budding blossom. As I did so I noticed that the sun was slowly sinking.

The sky was glowing with a fiery red. Its deep blue color, more beautiful than a woman's eyes was gone. The ex-

(Continued on page 16)

Physical Culture . . .

The San Carlos Body-building and Weight-lifting Club was organized last month with more than forty members. Mr. S. Abella, ex-national champion light weight lifter of Cebu will coach the club. The following officers were elected to head the new organization: Mr. M. Causin, President; Mr. A. Abatayo, Vice-President; Mr. E. Matheu, Secretary; Mr. Ben Go, Treasurer; Mr. A. Evangelista, Publicity I; Mr. R. Varela, Publicity II; Mr. C. Lastimado, Sergeant-at-arms I; Mr. R. Murillo, Sergeant-at-arms II.

College Courtesy

(Continued from page 5)

and he is fortunate if he has an honorable funeral.

At the end of the term, Smart Soph is surprised, and puzzled to find out that nobody bids him a happy vacation!

The True Carolinian

Now pause and think who was the most likeable student you ever met. More likely he will turn out to be the antithesis of our Smart Soph.

It is he who greets elders and gives them, (and women, too,) the preference to seats and doorways, who smokes but never to the discomfort of others; who always acknowledges your glance of recognition; who converses but never across someone; and whose many little civilities save him even when he accidentally inakes a mistake. A freshman once said in his answer to a classmate's query, "What saved the young graduate when he kissed the lady who was not his aunt?"

"I think it was his courtesy."

Military**IN SUMMER TRAINING CAMP**

by VAL. DACLAN

"How was life in the training camp" — is a question which we summer cadets are frequently asked. By request of the editor, I am answering the question in the hope that this article will enlighten our numerous friends who wanted to know about our life in camp.

We cadets left Cebu by plane for Manila on April 2, 1947, leaving behind us a trail of sorrow. At Makati airport in Manila we met a few cadets who had gone before us the previous day. They told us nobody met them at the airport as arranged so they snored out the whole night in chairs. We did not ask them whether they were comfortable. Shortly after, a truck arrived to take us to Camp Alabang, a distance of 24 kilometers from Manila.

"Sarge, drive us around Manila before going to camp." Mariano Causin requested the driver. Don Mariano is a master of flattery. The driver we knew very well as a first-class private took the request with much delight.

"Let's buy something for Sergeant Guaps if he drives us around Manila." I said. Guaps, short for guapo, means handsome. I rechristened him Guaps although his face was full of smallpox scars. The rest of the boys on the truck joined in praising the driver. Even the truck was praised although we were all covered with dust. Finally, the driver drove us around town.

We found Manila a nice place. No pickpockets, no Huks, only decent people. All too soon we arrived in Alabang.

The first few days we were free to roam around Manila. Expenses?

"This is robbery!" a fellow cadet wailed. He told me his allowance just flowed out like water. We had scarcely begun our camp training when many of us were already sending out frantic "Mama-send-money-son" telegrams.

Our training really began only on April 7, a week after we arrived in Manila. Cadets came from universities and colleges all over the Philippines. There were 483 in all.

Major Flores, the ROTC Superintendent, opened our training with a welcome speech. He said, "I welcome you gentlemen into this camp. You are to be trained as soldiers. I promise you nothing in this training but hard work."

And hard work it was. Camp life the first week was tough. There are moments in life when we do not smile, and there were few who smiled the whole first week. The sudden transition from a life of ease to a soldier's life was shocking to say the least. But there was no thought of backing out.

Many cadets suffered from stomach trouble. The rapid evaporation of the liquid in our bodies caused our stomach ailments. The camp physician prescribed taking a bath every day and drinking plenty of water. The instruction was simple but there was not enough water available. However this problem was solved by Major Flores the next week as he tried his best to alleviate the mi-

serable condition of the cadets. We are all of the opinion that Major Flores and his officers could not have done better, under the adverse circumstances, to make the first post war ROTC summer camp a success.

Repeatedly Major Flores said that the government is allotting P1.00 per cadet for daily subsistence and we have to make the best of it.

One afternoon I met Oscar Aleonar, fat as ever. He was swinging leisurely the ever-precious mess kits and I was wondering whether he was not partly responsible for the insufficiency of our rations.

"I'm tired," he said.

"Tired of what?"

"Tired of this camp life. My tummy before was as big as this," he answered, making a sign with his arms.

Later Aleonar became popular because of his jokes during the "Smokers Night", a weekly program held by the cadets. He was in demand every program. "We want helmet! We want helmet!" the boys shouted. They meant Aleonar because his head shines like a helmet.

After a gradual adjustment to the new conditions, life in camp became more tolerable. Hundreds of civilian prisoners attired in orange uniforms helped us fix our camp. We referred to them as the Orange Battalion, while we called our unit the Suicide Battalion, because we cadets worked and trained the whole day under the heat of the sun and ate the same food as the prisoners.

"Ah, two days more!" the Tagalogs would say. They

(Continued on page 16)

Co-eds' Echoes

A Word To Women Only

The modern woman, just like her sister of generations past, has to deal with men. Unless she locks herself within cloistered walls, she can not help but meet them—in the office, in school, in the ballroom, and at home. It is imperative therefore that she know how to manage them.

Men are not always such big, selfish brutes as some temperamental actresses reveal in the divorce court. They can be the gentlest, kindest, and most considerate creatures on earth (this is definitely not for men to read). Most of us still have our fathers—very manly, yet tender at the same time, and brothers, who are the best chums in the world. And yes, of course, who can be more chivalrous, more manly, and more worthy of all praise than your own hero of your dreams?

You may have looks that outdazzle even the beauty of the Queen of Sheba or a figure that puts Esther Williams to shame. Yes, these are all right. But that breathtaking, beautiful face will

someday wrinkle. And that youthful figure will shrink. It is tact that will live on even when beauty has faded.

You have tact when you know what is appropriate to do or say in dealing with others without giving offense. It is just a little word, but it is a wonder-worker when applied to men. Much tact can be found in our modern women but they can

made thee prince over Israel, this shall not be an occasion of grief to thee that thou hast shed innocent blood, or hast revenged thyself....." That's tact—delicate, refined tact. Read the words once more. She did not bluntly and rudely demand of David to give up his evil plan. She went about it indirectly. She send David thinking about the bad consequences of his revenge and about his future greatness. And David's mind was moved. Her home and her husband's life were spared. She won David's respect and after her husband's death, David made her his queen.

There you have it—the power that is a tactful woman's. It is a power that can stay a violent hand or smother the flames of a burning hatred. It can fire men's ambitions into heights unknown. It can be the power behind immortal genius and deathless action. And this great power can be yours—yours to hold and sway men's hearts if you use tact in managing them.

by LOURDES VARELA

still learn from their earlier sisters.

Take Abigail in the Old Testament, for instance. Her husband, Nabal, had offended young David. The latter planned to retaliate and when this sad news reached Abigail's ears, she made haste to avert David's wrath. Hastily gathering many gifts, she went to David's camp. Said she: "Let not evil therefore be found in thee all the days of thy life.....And when the Lord shall have

promises another life where the longings of their hearts will be satisfied."

Unsurpassed Excellence

Religion, the heart and soul of its activities, distinguishes and elevates the Catholic school above the secular institution. A Catholic college does not neglect to prepare the student for what he must be. It has zeal for all those things which promise him a large measure of happiness and contentment here on earth. But it goes beyond that. It knows that no perfection that earthly life might ever achieve can satisfy the hunger of our souls.

The ultimate destiny of man, the sublime end of his creation, in his union with God through all eternity. It is the "unsurpassed excellence of Christian education that it aims at securing the Supreme Good, that is God, for the souls of those who are being educated and the maximum well-being possible here below of human society." (Encyclical on Christian Education). What more noble work can there be; what more profitable task can youth dedicate himself to than to submit himself to the plan of Christian education.

(Continued on page 16)

You And Your . . .

(Continued from page 4)

struggle of life as the soldier plunges into the battlefield with hope of victory, as the sailor guides his craft thru the perils of the stormy ocean with confidence of reaching the port. Take that hope of the future away from man, and you reduce him to the level of the beast. For then he says: "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die." That is exactly the picture of an animal that has nothing to live for but this life.... It is therefore necessary to inject religion that tells there is a God who

Report From MANILA

By MRD

"Manila is paradise." On that score, there is a distinct unanimity of opinion among the Carolinians who have emigrated to Manila with assorted ambitions ranging from a yen for more excitement to a thirst for deeper knowledge.

The latest mailbags, however tell an interesting tale of love, sweat and tears for them, particularly the Pre-Med grads of the last term. The medical students up UST way are currently going through the painful process of initiation into the world of laboratories, morgues and nauseating corpses. Reports say the boys are passing the test with flying colors so far. And when they tell of Mava Noel sitting down to a few sessions of study and homework, then things really must be happening. Truly, the boys must be up to their necks in sweat and tears.

And love, too. There is Jorge D. who, we hear, is making suspiciously frequent calls at the Philippine General Hospital. Sure, there's nothing fishy about a medical student going to a hospital. But going to the wrong hospital — the UST has its own, you see — tsk, tsk — well, that's something else.

Very heartening, indeed, is the news that has come in about Andrew D. who has reportedly given up his continuous night-clubbing and chronic class-skipping. In fact, his nocturnal activities have boiled down to something like this: class dismissal sees him catching a bus for Quia-po. From there he switches to one bound for his place in Santa Ana. Between buses, he takes a harmless amount of malamis (whatever that

means).

Similarly, Nonoy del Mar, that perennial counterpart of a swashbuckling Jamey boy, and Kingking C., the jiggishly domesticated specimen of a playboy, have both rolled up their sleeves and gotten into the groove of study, study and more study. Sure enough, it's taking all of their patience, getting used to the unexciting routine of assignments, homework and such stuff. Throw in the inevitable sallies into Manila night-life and you'll imagine the weight and sleep the poor boys are losing. Meanwhile, they are chanting, "So far, so good."

About Joe Neri, it seems a crowded calendar of dates is burning quite a large hole through his pockets. Terribly love-sick, he absent-mindedly

tight guarding and his bomb-sight throws against us but just the same we give him our hand from across the seas and tell him, "We sure are missing you."

Ramy (Apenny) Valenzuela, the erstwhile slick embodiment of a thousand long-drawn-out whistles has, so they say, metamorphosed into a book-digging, cadaver-cutting debonaire. Among the medicos who are up UST way, Ramy, we are positive, still has his heart down south with CSC. That's whatcha call Semper Fidelis.

Jess Gabs over at FEU is digging in for a long, hard bout with accounting problems and a hodgepodge of figures and statistics. By the way, "figures" doesn't mean the kind art-lovers under-

A Hot Scoop On What's Cookin' With Carolinians Up North . . .

tucked the cadaver of a woman under his shirt one day and brought it home with him from the lab. Don't start blushing now. The cadaver, of course, was deader than a statue of Venus.

Rose Rocha, the CSC coed who finished her A.A. with the highest honors is giving those UP ten-syllable intellectuals one of the toughest races in their bookwormy lives. From friends in the capital we heard that Rose earned herself a free scholarship in the State University after topping a brain-racking exam. Atta gal Rosie, we feast on a "balut" to a sister-Carolinian.

The news that A-1 dribbler Naring Fernandez of the CSC Varsity has broken into the UST Goldies, is indeed enough cause of common pride. Someday he will surely use his air-

stand. In fairness to Jess and to someone else, it should be stated that it means the one businessman — or businessmen-to-be — work with.

Chink-worshipping Onyot Garcia has lately assumed the nonchalant gait of a UST slicker but still is on the lookout for headlines on the next World War. To quote a few amateur historians, they say that would-be-architect A.G.'s biography is an abridged synopsis of both the Jappy and the jeepie regimes monotonously interwoven with the story of a pair of nylons. Hey brother, ain't the Huk war enough to give you another break or are you waiting for something special — say, the atomic bomb?

Mayong Osmena, that green spotted W-hound of a senti-

(Continued on page 17)

IN SUMMER TRAINING. . .

(Continued from page 13)

meant two days more before the weekened pass. Cadets living in Manila got all the breaks because they could go home every week-end. Cadets living in the Visayas would say, "Seven weeks na lang!" Seven weeks were like seven months for us in camp. However this week-end pass was welcome by all as we too could find diversions in Manila.

Our training progressed smoothly. It was hard but interesting. I sometimes stopped to think why we were taught the art of killing, why all people the world over talked and hoped for peace, while they girded for war.

"Hit that bulls eye, god dammit!" a hard boiled captain whom we called "Hammer" hammered at me. I could not talk back to a superior officer, but inside me I was saying furiously, "I'm tired and hungry, sir. I was given 5 lemon-size rubber-like pieces of bread for breakfast, so please be reasonable.

There were also Capt. Demerit, Capt. Bazooka, Capt. God Dammit, and many other Captains and Majors whose names were those of animals.

Dances were also held in camp and the boys had a delightful time meeting socialites from Manila. But after all there is no place like home socialites notwithstanding.

I was resting on my bed one afternoon when an unusual thing happened. Someone started whistling. Several heads popped out from the tents and whistled. Then many heads and many more heads popped out and whistled until it seemed the whole camp was whistling. I jumped out from bed and saw a fair-looking laundrywoman. She was the cause of the commotion. To the love-sick cadets she looked like Jean Harlow.

RED DUST.....

(Continued from page 8)

ed her eyes against the glare of the candle lights.

The next day, the prison laborers were preparing the chair. She knew that they were preparing it for her. Lila was indifferent and she hummed a lullaby. The lullaby reached the row of cells. In silence she heard the sounds of the feet of the guards who would escort her to her death chamber. Two guards came and unlocked her cell. She walked between the two guards and as they started down the long corridor, she glanced back at the unfinished letter on the table, she looked at it with sudden understanding. She knew that the unfinished letter and the emotion with which she wrote it and the moments that would soon follow are associated with Flora, and woven unforgettably into a rich, dull crimson of her life's RED DUST.

We experienced a mixture of emotions when training was drawing to a close. We hated to part from new found friends who had been with us through tears and laughter for two long months. Yet we never regretted leaving Sergeant "Hammer" and certain other officers who hammered us into soldiers.

"I take pride in presenting the graduating cadets, who, young as they are, are capable of replacing our old officers in the Philippine Army," Major Flores commended us when introducing the guest speaker, Senator Pendatun, on our graduating day. We felt like new men after these words.

Our training was finished. We trained in two months, the use of scientific weapons of destruction, so that we may live happily back in our nipa huts. But have we been really trained for peace?

YOU AND YOUR

(Continued from page 4)

Directing Knowledge

It is not amiss to mention at this point what Dr. Hutchins of the University of Chicago recently declared that the "world has reached at one and the same time the zenith of its information and technology and power over nature and the nadir of moral life." The danger of this was clearly brought to mind by the unleashing of the energy of the atom. Atomic energy is capable of causing the most exorbitant progress or the greatest destruction ever known by the world. Hollywood has aptly entitled its movie on the splitting of the atom as "The Beginning or the End." The blessings of science can very easily turn into a curse if they come without moral direction — a moral direction based on the origin, nature and destiny of man. And this direction can come only with religion.

Conclusion

Fellow Carolinians, our college is a Catholic college. As such it has the sublime aims of Christian education. We are young, eager, full of zest. Christian education will develop, perfect and enoble our faculties by coordinating them with the supernatural thru Christ. The high tide of life spent in college might be the best years of our life. They will be the best years if they lead us to our ultimate destiny: beautiful union with God.

NATURE'S SOLACE

(Continued from page 12)

quisite whiteness of the billowy clouds put on a maroon tinge. The heavens were afire. So was my heart.

On the horizon, a single sailboat was wafted towards the sun. Frail as it was, trustingly it sailed on. And as I gazed, I became conscious of a feeling of deep peace and of reserve power. Gone was the

(Continued on page 17)

REPORT FROM MANILA

(Continued from page 5)

joined the ranks of, Mapua engineers. He pledged to be a master in the art of refrigeration and plans to settle down with a girl who has a good hand at the ice-box. We have our own doubts to the latter though, and we're keeping our fingers crossed. My advice to MO: start reading the Popular Mechanics — maybe it'll help you make your own convertible coupe before somebody's hits you with your G-strings down.

Nene Pacana, the filibustering Carolinian of the "rolling" business fame has just ended up behind a Manila nightclub's cash register, so we heard and has cleverly made a jack-pot out of the honest contraption for the endless pleasure of some bosom pals. Before we went to press, talks had it that the lucky stiff landed in the dog-house but the news turned out to be another from some pessimistic alarmists who underestimated Nene's cunning.

Libering is another fellow who has gritted his teeth in earnest and elected to drown "sweet memories" of home in a big pile of accounting sheets and law books at UST. And we predict, he'll be a master of his trade when he turns in his textbooks.

Danding Taylor, that bum who's left tympanic membrane is on a sit-down strike, seems to make things hard for a sobbing soul on this part of the earth. Hard-hit himself once, E.T. is similarly undergoing the protracted process of recuperation in the coed-infested premises of UST. I wish that next time, Danding hitches his Chrysler to a skirt suffering from acrophobia. It'll be healthier for the poor mug's blood pressure.

Max Maceren, the gentleman with the suave sophistication of a first-rate criminal

FROM A HILLTOP

(Continued from page 7)

And now I turn my eyes to the bright stars in fervent supplication and found that there was still much left on this earth. I was not after all merely intended to be gnawed at by hungry worms and to be sucked by starving roots. I, after all, am not made to be destroyed. There will always be in me something that worms cannot eat nor earth dissipate. Man is not born for the soil, there is destiny in him.... a higher destiny.... that makes him indestructible.

lawyer is another of the Carolinian tribe who joined the Manila exodus to pursue his law studies. Currently working as secretary to Presiding Judge F. Borromeo of the PC, his flair for writing love-letters has given way to jotting down legal notes. Confidentially, just between you and me, Maxie left us for the heck of forgetting those old familiar places. Oh, now — now — stop getting suspicious, there's nothing sentimental hidden between the lines.

On the other hand, Antebory, the chatter-box, is having the time of his life catching up on the Tagalog dialect, reading five cases a day from the Official Gazette, classifying the "eye-fillers" and doing a few other things. Armed with his penguin Tagalog, Antebory, so we hear, can say "Komusta and kalagayan mo?" without his Visayan accent giving him away.

Well, as they said, "Manila is paradise", and this is just a rough generalization based on what varied reports we could get from our fellow Carolinians up north. No credit is claimed and none is expected. If anything, we would wish for more mails to keep the local postman busy and help us get a good supply of space-fillers.

HEART-BREAKER

(Continued from page 3)

Rody's father had written:

"To Nellie — We will always love you."

From the next room, Mrs. Araneta had heard the sobs getting lesser and lesser, until they finally died down.

She noiselessly got out of her bed and went into her son's room. She saw that sleep had mercifully claimed the heartsick boy, making him forget for a time his loss. He is young, she thought. He will get over it after a while.

His mother covered him up. She saw that the tears had not yet dried on his cheeks. He looked like a little kid, curled up like a toon, one hand tucked under his chin.

"Dear Mother," another mother prayed, "take my son under your wing, guide him always, and give him all the happiness he deserved."

Then at last she turned around, the first thing that caught her eyes was the picture on the desk. She walked towards it. For a lingering second, she gazed at the picture of Rody and Nellie taken some months ago.

"Nellie," she murmured, "you're the best dog a boy ever had."

Then with a sigh, she turned off the light and quietly closed the door.

Nature's Solace

(Continued from page 12)

pain in my heart. I felt new blood coursing through my veins. The birds twittered again and the evening star winked to me as it burst the sheen of declining day. I was ready for another twenty-four hours, full of bright hopes and golden promises

Seccion Castellana

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Editorial

EL ESTUDIANTE DE HOY:

Su Pasion y Salvacion

Medio confuso y desencantado, el estudiante de hoy cuyos estudios la guerra pasada ha interrumpido a medida que se derrumbaban sus castillos del aire y se reducian sus sueños preciosos cuatro años ha en un amargo desengaño, se encuentra ahora en una desconcertada situación en que, tomando de nuevo el sendero que abandonó, se da cuenta de cuán pesado es volverse otra vez estudiante cuando es tiempo ya de empezar la lucha de la vida, tener una familia y ganar el pan de cada día por su propio sudor.

No es poco su miedo y duda entre decidir a continuar su interrumpida vida estudiantil o cruzarse de brazos, apenas se han callado los cañones de la guerra recién terminada, ya se oyen los ecos familiares de los ávaros y negros de corazón. Levanta los ojos hácia lejanos horizontes y ve solamente un porvenir envuelto en sombras de inseguridad. Solo su optimismo y la esperanza, prendas inapreciables del hombre, le sostienen. Parece que todo el mundo se conjura contra él.

Más, por otra parte, esos mismos años de guerra y desengaños que le han robado los mejores días de su vida, mas que agriarle, le han enseñado a apreciar, como nunca ha apreciado, el tiempo y el trabajo. Para él, es inconcebible que uno pueda a su gusto malgastar el tiempo en bagatelas despues que los cuatro años de guerra le hayan sometido a una vida inerte y embolada, o por decirlo

asi, a un estado de estancamiento. Jamás ha visto con más claridad que ahora todo lo que significa y vale la vida.

Aquí mismo en este Colegio de San Carlos, el número de los estudiantes que trabajan mientras estudian, se ha duplicado, en comparación con los años anteriores a la guerra. Ocho de entre los diez estudiantes que no están empleados, están ansiosos de trabajar. No es fenómeno extraño. Se hallan en esa misma disposición de ánimo casi todos los estudiantes de hoy en cualquier colegio. La diferencia parece, que media entre el estudiante de hoy y el de antaño, es que este tomaba la escuela como fin, mientras que aquel se vale de la escuela como medio para llegar a un fin.

Por el atraso y por su mala suerte, el estudiante **post bellum**, ha alcanzado cierta madurez y sazón intelectuales; conoce sus responsabilidades mejor que sus predecesores, y sabe aprovecharse de lo mejor que le puede proporcionar la escuela, puesto que, no solamente se propone a un fin definido, sino que también, impulsado por la premura de tiempo, lucha por ese fin. No va a la escuela para recrearse, ni pasar el tiempo. Estudia por razones mucho mas serias: completar su preparación para mejor ganar la vida, mejor servir a la humanidad y cumplir con las obligaciones que debe a la sociedad y a Dios.

N. G. R.

por peon

Voces de Manila

Tuve la buena suerte antes de retirarme de la capital, de encontrarme con los "Junior alumni" del Colegio de San Carlos que han ido allí para continuar sus estudios. Sus impresiones no eran diferentes: les fascinaban el rápido correr y el interminable movimiento de la vida de Manila; para ellos no dejaba de ser cosa extranable y admirable que se levante un puente sobre una calle. Se mostraban algo tímidos y extraños en el ambiente que les rodeaba, mas nunca les falta interés por ver a las chicas tagalas que por su gracia en la compostura, su primor y su muciosita elegancia en el vestir no cesaban de hechizar a los ojos provincianos.

Era, pues, una tarde amena, poco antes de ponerse el sol cuando, en uno de mis paseos en que me solia divertir, o pronunciadas, entre la confusión de los diversos dialectos del país, unas palabras muy familiares y por mi bien entendidas que no pude menos de volver la cabeza para averiguar quienes eran los que charlaban en cebuano. Precisamente, vi a unas caras muy familiares que al notarme, se mostraron riguenas. Despues, hubo gritos de saludo, calurosos y resonantes golpes sobre las espaldas. No son otros que los carolinians, Andrew y Kingking, una pareja que raramente se ve separada. Llevaban libros en sus manos — por primera vez en muchos años! Nos enzarzamos en una animada conversacion.

—Volver a Cebu? Chico, es una tontería, — exclamo Andrew, dirigiendose a mí. —Allí no hay ni color ni vida. Solo hallaras el aburrimento.

—Quedemonos aquí para siempre— me aconsejo Kingking.

—Si yo pudiera hacer lo que quiera, me quedaria aquí hasta el juicio final — contesto reíndo. —Mas, por circunstancias ajenas y superiores a mi voluntad — dije en tono medio enigmático, medio burlesco — tengo que marcharme.

—Este lugar es todo encanto— dijo Kingking. —Se venden cosas (Pasa a la página 20)

La Mision del Colegio de San Carlos

por *jesus a. martinez*

Es indudable que el factor principal y que mas grandemente influye en la manera de vivir de los habitantes de una nacion es su sistema educativo. Por medio de las escuelas, el individuo no se educa e instruye solamente para aprender un oficio o profesion, sino tambien para formar el caracter como base de un verdadero ciudadano especialmente cuando se le ensena etica y moral.

La educacion en las escuelas publicas de Filipinas carece de esa ensenanza o factor tan importante para la formacion del caracter del individuo. Y esta falta se debe, en mi humilde opinion, a la carencia absoluta de instruccion religiosa, pues el caracter del individuo puede formarse solamente por medio del conocimiento, amor y temor de Dios. Por consiguiente, la ensenanza religiosa, la catolica por ser la unica verdadera, la que predica la verdadera fe que franquea las puertas del Cielo, es de impe-

riosa necesidad. Pero como no es mi proposito el tratar esta fase del asunto, en este pequeño y humilde ensayo literario, voy a citar unicamente algunos datos estadísticos sobre la proporcion de estudiantes catolicos de ambos sexos que acuden a las escuelas y colegios catolicos, comparados con la poblacion catolica de cada país. Voy a citar unos cuantos países solamente.

Estados Unidos proporciona un 12.8%, China un 16%, Africa una 21%. Pero Filipinas, la unica nacion catolica en todo el Oriente, y que ocupa el sexto lugar entre los países catolicos del mundo; Filipinas cuya poblacion catolica constituye por lo menos el 85% de su poblacion total, solamente proporciona un porcentaje insignificante de un 0.65% o sea 65'10,000 de su poblacion catolica. Esta proporcion tan ba-

ACERTIJS

He aquí unas desconcertantes preguntas que han confundido aun a los personajes de campanilla. Que habria respondido usted si le hubieran hecho estas preguntas de improviso?

1a. En un aposento puede usted sentarse en algun lugar en el que no pudiera sentarse otra persona?

2a. Como arreglaria Vd. para dejar caer un huevo y que este caiga en el suelo, despues de haber recorrido una distancia de tres pies, sin romperse?

3a. Dos padres viudos y dos hijos tambien viudos se casaron con tres mujeres, si señor, fíjese bien, tres mujeres, y sin embargo cada uno de los viudos tenia una esposa. Como es posible esto?

LAS RESPUESTAS:

1a. Si se sentaria usted en las rodillas de aquella persona, acabara de confesar esta que es cosa que no podria hacer.

2a. Muy sencillo: Deje caer el huevo desde la altura de cuarto pies del suelo. Caera, por lo tanto tres pies sin romperse. Despues... que revoltillo!

3a. Los viudos se casaron muy contentos y tranquilos porque estos dos padres y dos hijos no eran mas que tres personas: un hijo, su padre, y el padre de este.

La Mision del...

ja se explica por la sencilla razon de la falta, en general, de escuelas catolicas en los pueblos, y naturalmente los jovenes no tienen mas recurso que asistir a las escuelas publicas en donde la ensenanza es gratuita en las escuelas elementales y mas economica, que la de las escuelas privadas, en las intermedias y "High School".

Como procurar pues el mejoramiento de esta triste situacion bajo el punto de vista catolico? Esa es la mision de todo catolico, esa es la mision de las instituciones catolicas dedicadas a la ensenanza, esa es la mision del Colegio de San Carlos, esa es nuestra mision. Nosotros los estudiantes del Colegio de San Carlos reflejando el sentir de nuestra "ALMA MATER" debemos emplear toda nuestra influencia para lograr la apertura de escuelas catolicas en los pueblos y barrios mas reconditos de Bisayas en donde nuestros jovenes catolicos puedan recibir la ensenanza cristiana; y entonces, solamente entonces, podremos exclamar con jubilo, que la mayoria de la poblacion catolica de Filipinas, acude a las escuelas catolicas. Esta seria una labor magna y muy meritoria, y tal vez, la unica para procurar proteger a nuestro pais del estancamiento material y moral, dando un mentis a los que propagan que el catolicismo es contrario a la ciencia y al progreso.

Como contestacion a los que tal alegan podemos citar esa pleyade de lumbreras en el firmamento de todas las ramas del saber humano, como son Pasteur, Ampere, Colon, Copernico, Gutemberg, Marconi, Pasteur, Ampere, Colon, Comuchos mas, todos ellos fervientes catolicos y productos de la educacion catolica. Asi mismo tenemos en Filipinas hombres como Rizal, Burgos,

Zamora, Quezon, Araneta, Avencena, Arellano y otros muchos, que han sabido enaltecer la educacion religiosa recibida en las escuelas catolicas; y en Cebu este colegio de San Carlos tambien contribuido con su grano de arena con un Osmena, los Cuencos, Cababug, Briones, Jakosalem y otros muchos que no menciono por no alargar la lista. Pero eso no quiere decir que el Colegio de San Carlos ha cumplido ya su mision. Es verdad que ha hecho mucho y de ello podemos enorgullecernos, ya que nuestro Colegio esta trabajando hace tres siglos por el bienestar material y moral de nuestro pais. Y esta mision perdurara hasta el fin de los siglos; y el Colegio de San Carlos seguira produciendo hombres formados en los principios catolico-cristianos, y estos a su vez educaran a sus hijos dentro de los principios y fundamentos de una moral cristiana que les fortaleza y prepare para afrontar y sobrellevar con valor las vicisitudes de esta vida.

Para terminar ruego con el Hon. Sotero Cabahug: "Que este espiritu y este ideal sean siempre el faro luminoso que, en todas partes y en toda ocasion, guie los pasos de los actuales y futuros alumnos del colegio de San Carlos para orgullo de esta veneranda institucion docente, para la honra y gloria de Dios en las alturas y para el progreso y prosperidad de la Republica de Filipinas!..."

El que pierde el tiempo de otro es un ladrón. —Dicho vulgar.

Comienza la vielez del hombre cuando los remordimientos ocupan el lugar de sus sueños. —Juan Barrymore

Cobra coja no quiere siesta y si la quiera caro le cuesta.

De las obras del hombre no hay nada mas maravillosas y merecidas que los libros. —Carlyle.

Mas vale cola de leon que cabeza de raton. —Dicho Vulgar.

VOCES DE MANILA

(Viene de la pagina 19)

baraticimas aqui.—

—Como por ejemplo — interrumpe Andrew — una botella de cerveza que aqui solo cuesta treinta centavos.—

—Y que bien que andan las chicas de aqui! —Se puso entusiasmado Kingking.

—Parece que han estudiado cursos de como andarse de tal manera que guste a los hombres.—

—Vamos al UST — me convidaron —alli encontramos mas y mas carolinians, a pesar de la muchedumbre de estudiantes por la que atravesamos. Vimos a Maya, Naring y Boy que estaban centados tranquilos al pie de la estatua del fundador de la Universidad. Aquello ya parecia una verdadera reunion de carolinians. Me informaron que Naring ya a jugar para el UST y esta para hacer una sensacion en la Capital por su agilidad y destreza en el juego de basketball. Boy pensaba cambiar de rumbo y en vez de sacar el curso de medicina, estaba ya considerando matricularse en el colegio de derecho. En el entretanto Maya mostraba su sonrisa de conejo como si hubiera llevado una vida contentisima en la capital. De no se donde, comparecio el señor Antebory, uno de mis simpaticos amigos, con habano entre los labios. A Antebory tanto le impresionaba las grandes y largas murallas de concreto de la Universidad que al verlas por primera vez pregunto si aquellas encierran el Intramuros. Como siempre, Antebory ponía cara de pasucas y nunca dejo pasar una ocasion de poder lucirse con sus bromas y fanfarronadas que echaba con gracia.

Parecia interminable nuestra conversacion cuando nos hizo volver la cabeza el silbato atrojante de un coche muy nuevo y flamante. Dentro se hallaba sentada una mujer que tenia la cara mas fea que un pecado mortal. En el momentaneo silencio que guardamos se oia la baja y ronca voz de Andrew que decia tristemente: —Lastima de coche! — En este momento toco la campanilla de la Universidad llamando a todos a clase y asi se disolvio nuestra bulliciosa reunion entre risas y despedidas.

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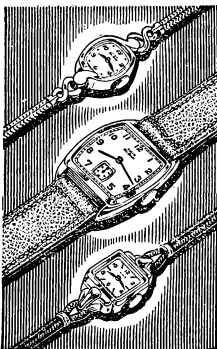
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