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 EDITORIAL

INSTITUTION BUILT ON ROCK

The celebration of the 352nd anniversary of the founding of the Colegio de San Carlos gives occasion to trot out the chief merits that have set it apart from the common run of colleges today.

The Colegio de San Carlos is an institution built on rock. Through the centuries, it has survived successive revolutions in school curriculums and has averaged up pretty well with an enviable record. It has withstood the ravages of time and wars—today it can look out proudly on a record without parallel in the educational field of Cebu.

If, anything, the alumni roll which San Carlos has written gives the lie to the charge that Philippine schools are "diploma mills." For in its three and a half centuries of existence, the Colegio de San Carlos has rolled out a scroll of distinguished names that read like a page from history.

It is San Carlos which made the men who helped make the Philippines. True, these men had the inherent stuff to rise above the crowd — they wrote their own ticket. But that it was San Carlos which tapped their resources and potentialities, there can hardly be any quarrel.

What is the magic wand which San Carlos uses to bring out the best and the finest in men? It is its sound philosophy of Catholic education to which it has held fast through all the years.

For the unchanging standard of the San Carlos curriculum has always been the subordination of every course of study to religion. Development of a good moral character has always had priority over proficiency in grammar or appreciation of the arts.

But more, San Carlos has bucked the onrush of so-called "progressive" methods of education. For it believes in discipline, but that discipline must eventually be self-discipline.

Undoubtedly, the difference in the form of external discipline among Catholic schools range from the progressive type to the ultra-conservative kind that borders on regimentation. Yet every Catholic school would admit that discipline is necessary.

Discipline means right order. And San Carlos has realized all along that its charges are not angels, but very human beings with all the weaknesses of human nature. Thus the discipline that San Carlos has wielded to whip exuberant young minds into the line of upright and clean living.

Those are the cornerstone on which is founded this institution built on rock. Arnold Lunn, the English convert, once said petulantly, "The answer to the educational problem is a monosyllable—God." The Colegio de San Carlos has always had that answer in her 352 years.

The Dream Of A University

By Valeriano Lozada

The man, seeing the mass of ruins, shrank to heaven in silence—not for vengeance, but for help. Its past memories would have been a little dimmed had the building been blasted to nothingness, but there remained fragments of walls and twisted steel that were so poignantly eloquent in its muteness.

He did not cry as brave men cry. Instead of weeping and shedding use less tears, he labored and he sweated. The Lord once said, "Ask, and it shall be given thee." But the Giver never yields unless a man sweats on his brow. We must ask and we must ask and we must also labor. That is the beauty of this new Paradise..... we get the most pleasure if we strive for something that entails the most pain.

From the ruins he began to build a dream..... and the dream is now becoming a reality!

It is indeed romantic to dream..... but it needs a superman with a super bank account to accomplish such an astronomical dream.

The war pulverized and impoverished the Colegio de San Carlos. Its modern classrooms and college halls which were a treasure chest of old memories and old friends were gone..... the beautiful chapel was gone..... the library was gone..... There was so much to rebuild and practically nothing to build it with again. Now no one has the power to say, "Destroy this temple and in three days I shall build it again." San Carlos was built by men and has to be rebuilt by men—and that requires enormous sacrifices and enormous strength. It asked for courage and not to be overlooked of course, was the financial aspect of the picture—which happened to be the grimmest side.

The lowest estimate made by the best engineers of the city placed the cost of a new building way over the hundred thousand mark. The brooding man did not know where to get the money or material. The place was too small and the city was under a planning program.

To make and get the most out of a bad situation, he had the old building demolished to save the reinforcing bars out of the chunks of concrete. Yes, he built the fr-



ST. CHARLES BORROMEIO

ture from what remained of the past. The echoes which once resounded only to the memory could now be heard by the hammering of the old and the building of the new. Everyday, there was a change in the building. Then followed the laying of foundation stones, the cement forms, and the rumble of hammer strokes mounted in volume day in and day out. Those who went to early mass at Sto. Rosario church noticed the remarkable change, the growing of stones and concrete. Just a few weeks after the Flores de Mayo the new structure stood up—stately and serene. It took an L shape and seemed to embrace and protect the church of the Most Holy Rosary and hide it in its wings. Many objections were raised. The building had no space; it was too near the church. But it is unbecoming of a temple of learning to be next door to the temple of Truth! We seek the truth in knowledge and from that truth we see a glimpse of God.

There were so many objections and so many red tape but his courage and faith was not only glowing inside him—he was in flames and no one could have the power to extinguish that burning soul.

He knew he was trudging on the right road and the right road is not a bed of roses. It is full of bumps and sometimes you don't even see the road at all and only you and your spirit and your reason would urge you to go on. Weaker men would have fallen in the wayside and stay contented and happy behind an office desk but he was born to work and he was working as a soldier of God as soldiers of God alone could fight and work. St. Joseph was a carpenter and he made things.

In three months, the new building was finished and he did not stop at that. He is going to build another one—a bigger one! All he needed was our help, and your help.

Out of those ruins, he built a dream that is now a reality. He is a dreamer and unlike all dreamers who dream of dreams, he is a dreamer that is a builder of reality.

And today, the reality that has been spawned by that dream has been drawn up in blueprints and engineers' plans. The surface of the dream has been scratched and from now on it is only a matter of building up to that goal on which his sights have been set from the beginning.

The man who looks out on his past deeds and thinks that he had done big things has really done nothing. But the man who does not look behind, the man who has no time to roost on past achievements—it is he who will do miracles.

Of the latter kind is the man who has resurrected San Carlos from ruins and is going on to build it into a university. He is that idealist who perched himself on an ivory castle to dream big dreams but at the same time the realist who brought himself down to earth to do things.

In the passing parade of men, he has stood aside to let honors and praises drop on men less deserving of such. For once, here is a man who has placed himself above the early level of breast-beating—here is a man who has risen to the spiritual plane of satisfaction and pleasure in the knowledge of doing good to his fellow-men.

For that, no greater testimonial can be given to the man behind the dream of a San Carlos University—Father Ernest H. Erdmann.

LIFE, LUCK AND A PRAYER

By Leoncio P. Abarquez

Lightly, Paul's rough fingers strummed the old five-stringed guitar as he sailed along with three companions. As the music swelled merrily in the morning breeze, he began to give out the "Guerilla Polka" in a voice so deeply in contrast to Sinatra's.

"A hunting, awalking, ashooting, we will go

Down from the mountains
Through trails that we all know
We'll shoot them, we'll beat them
We'll drive them from our homes
We know we'll beat them
Because we're brave and strong....."

In that little boat there were four of them—all boys and in ages liable of kindling Nipponese suspicion. Paul, the skipper, was 22, Cesar, the boatswain, was 20, Pedro, the steersman, was 19 and Tony, the cook, was 18. They all know the danger of having those ages, but that didn't bother them much. Life was but a matter of luck, they believed. Everyone must die. And if the Japs would hang them for that, that was because their time had come.

That early morning, they were making their way through the blue waters of Leyte with the favor of the northeast breeze. They were bound for Ipil, the market center of the evacuees in Bohol, to sell the thirty sacks of palay they bought from Ormoc. A nice profit was waiting for them there. So life went as usual with them and they didn't care much when the war would end.

"We will go Jap hunting," Paul went on gayly, "we will keep on...."

"Hey!" the cook interrupted the skipper's recital, "chow is ready boys. C'mon everybody."

"Report to the mess hall k'd's," Paul yelled putting his guitar aside. "Cesar, you may leave your post. The wind is soft, anyway. You need not counter-balance it."

Cesar did as he was told to do. He waited long for that sweet music. Hunger was within him for a couple of minutes already.

"Good work Tony....." Paul complimented the cook. "Now, take Pedro's post for a while."

It was the regulation of that boat that while the three senior officers were taking their meals the cook was to relieve the steersman. He was to take his chow after the three were through. So, when the three elder boys gathered in the middle portion of the boat which was their mess

hall, Tony moved towards the stern to take hold of the rudder for the meantime.

The nine o'clock sunshine was glittering on the sea like small golden marbles. Tony found a great pleasure in watching the beauty displayed in the sea that morning. He was too young but he had Whittier's eyes and Milton's heart. He gazed at the sleeping mountains, the blue sky, the thin horizon and all around. His eyes wandered in great delight as far as it could reach.

Then as he scanned the glittering sea, something happened. A sudden paleness swept across his cheeks. With the quickness of a fox he stood up. He widened his eyes. What was it? Could it be? His lips started to quiver. Yes, it was!

"Paul!..... look!....." he shouted with a tremor in his voice.

"What's the matter, Tony?" the

They sailed on forbidden waters for love of sea and adventure. A Jap patrol boat and hot leads in their direction gave them enough of adventure to last them for life—plus a chill down their backs.

boys asked.

"Look!..... there!....." he pointed what he saw, unable to say more.

The other three boys stood up. With a zombie's eyes each one of them gazed at the thing Tony pointed. Then, the same paleness that swept across Tony's cheeks swept across theirs.

"The Japanese patrol boat!" Paul shouted in a tone half dead.

Silence followed. They knew what was to come. They knew it! Speechless, they looked at one another. Each one had a million things to say but no word could be said.

They had a full knowledge of what became of the sailors captured by the Jap patrol boat. They had seen many headless, and disfigured bodies drifting in blood-stained seas. They had witnessed countless ships burning in the ocean while the unlucky crews were tied to the masts. And now..... their turn was to come.

"What are we going to do?" Tony's voice rung like a half-broken bell.

What would they do? In silence they looked at one another. There was no answer for that question. They knew escape was a too-scarce-word to be found in those moments. They knew how impossible it was for a small weaponless boat to fight against a launch full of machine guns, rifles, grenades and other deadly implements of modern warfare.

"Look!..... the wind is blowing hard now." Cesar yelled. A hint for the answer came.

"Sailor!" Paul's husky voice echoed like a lion's roar. "Get any direction where the wind can give a full blow on our sails."

And so they decided to take the last chance—to run and flee! That was the last card they could deal in that gamble of death! From their mess hall, each one ran to his post. Pedro went back to the stern. Tony joined Cesar in counter-balancing the force of the wind while Paul took hold of the sails.

The little sailboat turned and headed south. As the hard wind blew the the sails, it started to whiz through the slightly rough waters. Seconds later it was in a good speed. Then.....

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat..... Machine gun bullets signalled them to stop.

"Duck everybody but don't leave your post," Paul shouted.

The boys followed his command. Pedro made the boat run in a zigzag manner. He was an expert in that. He was already a good steersman at the age of fourteen.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat..... Bullets whizzed again. A top, at the rear, at the flank, hot lead seemed to be everywhere. But the little sailboat went on courageously. Its crew preferred to meet death with those bullets rather than suffer the torture of those merciless brutes. With that decision, they used their senses right. To die under the Japanese torture was indeed a horrible death.

The Nipponese patrol boat gave out its ultimate speed. It went splashing through the low waves, its engine roaring like the roar of a monster angered by the stubbornness of its prey. It went faster and faster. In every minute, it sent through the air a rain of bullets. But the boys did not give up. With all they could they sailed onward. The blue ocean that morning became the arena of the gladiators of the twentieth century.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat..... Another flock
(Continued on page 7)

THE HIGH DIVER

by

OSCAR V. TRINIDAD

Many tales have been told of war and disaster. I have read and heard many strange stories told, but the strangest by far was that of my friend, Juan.

Juan's story begins in San Carlos, Negros Occidental, in 1941. I was studying in the Catholic High school there. I used to go swimming on weekends with my schoolmates at one of the wharfs. There, the water was deep and clear.

One Saturday, while I was sitting on the wharf, I saw a boy standing on one of the piles, preparing to dive. There was nothing out of common with the boy. My attention was attracted to him just because I had nothing else to fix my attention on. On second thought, I noticed that he was about my age, height, and build -- and that he was preparing to dive from a height which, even to an older -- and more solidly built person, would still be dangerous. With the ease of a professional highdiver, he dived off, cleaving the water cleanly, and, in a moment, I was staring down at an ever-widening ripple where he had entered the water. I couldn't help noticing that it had been a very well-executed full-twist-and-a-half. Neither could I help envying the boy his diving ability. Suddenly, my heart stood still--MINUTES HAD PASSED AND THE BOY HAD NOT COME UP!

"DROWNED!" My lips were beginning to form the word that I was about to shout. But, as I watched the ripples of the sea, I saw air-bubbles break on the surface and, after these, a dark mass struggled up. To my relief, it was the boy. I befriended him, and Juan, as he was called, came to be admitted into our group of swimming friends.

One Saturday, we were playing hide and seek among the piles of the wharf. I was "it". I had easily managed to catch everyone -- that is, everyone but Juan. Man, but he was such a slippery customer. Several times I nearly had him, but he always managed to escape. till, suddenly, he disappeared. I swam around looking for him, but not a trace of him could I find. Then, turning a corner, I came upon a hole in the concrete. It had a ragged opening which was impenetrable from a distance. But now that I was

up close to it, I could see in its depths, hiding out, my friend, Juan.

In the midst of these laughter-pregnant days, the dark news came, like a bolt from out of the blue, that war had been declared. Our merry group was disbanded and we each went our separate ways homeward.

The next I heard of him was from Lyo Nando, his father. Juan was dead, Lyo Nando told me. The Japanese had suspected him of guerilla activities and they had arrested and killed him. I expressed my deepest condolence.....

One day, several months later, I happened to pass by Lyo Nando's

*Truth is stranger than
fiction! This true story
proves just that.*

evacuation home. I was surprised to find so many people there. I determined to investigate. I asked the first man I met

"Juan has returned", the fellow said.

Unable to say anything better when Juan and I came face to face, I said, "New life", the customary Cebuano salutation to a friend who has been in danger of his life.

"New life, you are right" he countered.

I wondered what he meant by that cryptic reply, but I refrained from asking him about it. My patience was rewarded for he, later on, told me his story of his own accord.

He had been taken by the Japanese to their garrison in San Carlos. There, he was thrown, hogtied, into a damp and putrid cell, where he was kept for two months on starvation rations, with little or no water, depending upon the type of Japanese soldier who happened to be the guard.

One day, with the approach of night, he was taken out of his cell to join the other prisoners who were being herded in a drove towards the wharf. The guards carried rifles with bayonets fixed. By the fading light, he could see the insouciant glint in their eyes. In these, he read his fate.

"Funny," he said, "but in my condition, I didn't feel afraid. Maybe it

was because I just didn't have the energy to feel anything at all; maybe it was because I had expected that fate all along; or, maybe it was because" and his voice dropped a note or two lower "I had prayed and prayed, and made my peace with God."

At the wharf, weights were attached to the feet of the unfortunates, to make doubly sure, it seems, of their death.

"I was the first man prodded into place, with my back towards the sea, and my face towards the guard. Over his shoulder, I could see the town. I couldn't help recalling the events of the happy boyhood I spent there. I couldn't help but remember the hopeful plans I made in early youth which were now to be extinguished by the bayonet of the lunging Jap. Then I struggled with my bonds and shifted my body a little, to meet the force of the Nip's charge. The Jap finally got to me and that was all I could remember, except that I felt as if I were falling down into a bottomless pit....."

"When I came to, I noticed that I was bobbing up and down, and that my head was bumping against something hard. I tried to touch it with my right hand, but my right hand would not obey. It felt numb. I touched it with my left. There was a gaping hole clear through the arm, and into my side. Then I heard a splash behind me. I turned my head. It was a body, rapidly sinking towards the bottom of the sea. THE JAPS WERE STILL UP THERE, AT THEIR GHOSTLY WORK."

"What was I to do? It must have been the Holy Ghost which descended on me and reminded me of the hole in the concrete, where we used to hide. What bettes h'ing-place? I swam as noiselessly as possible with my good arm, towards the hole. There I remained for what seemed like the whole night. In reality, it must have been but an hour.

When the splashing of corpses ceased, I lowered myself gingerly into the water -- gingerly now, for my arm and side ached and burned, as if a redhot iron were held to it. As soon as I was satisfied that there were no more Japs on the wharf, I struck out for shore. With both arms, I could have made it in seconds.

(Continued on page 7)

WOMAN *Under Our Laws*

by
J. MERCADER

The present senatorial position of a woman gives occasion for more comment on woman's "emancipation".

The provisions of our laws make a sobering impression on those who claim equality of men and women. It seems that our legislators believe in the saying of Cato: "Suffer women once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will from that moment become your superiors." Our laws restrict the civil rights of women. These restrictions are imposed when the woman marries.

Before marriage a woman has almost the same civil and political rights as man. Apparently our lawmakers think that as long as woman remains single she can do little harm to man, except perhaps to cause some "injury to feelings" which our laws do not take cognizance of. But at marriage, the woman incurs many set backs. Man does not lose any of his prerogatives. On the contrary, he acquires more.

Manresa, the eminent Spanish commentator of the Civil Code, says that the civil capacity of a married woman suffers great limitations, the greatest among them being the frequent necessity of obtaining the consent of her husband. For a married woman cannot give consent in the cases provided by law. (Art. 1263, Civil Code).

Other provisions of our Civil Code are explicit in subjecting the woman to the authority of the husband. The wife must obey the husband. She follows his nationality. (Arts. 57, 22 Civil Code). The husband has the undoubted right to fix the domicile of the family and the wife is obliged to follow him wherever he may establish his residence. (Art. 58, Civil Code). The wife who does not follow the husband is not entitled to support by the husband.

There is no law about the wife talking too much — it might be

useless anyway — but there is a prohibition of the publishing of any writings or literary works without the consent of the husband. (Spanish Marriage Law, in force in the Philippines). And our "Rules of Court" provides that a married woman cannot sue or be sued alone, without joining the husband, except in three specified cases.

The limitations of a married woman extend also to her property rights. She has no freedom to do what she likes with the fruits of her own separate property or with her earnings or profits during marriage. For these fruits and earnings belong to the conjugal partnership, of which the husband is the administrator. The

Should women stay free from the fetters that they have broken loose? The author walks the tightrope of that ticklish question.

conjugal property cannot be held liable for any obligation contracted by the wife except for those contracted for household necessities. To forestall unnecessary expenses by the wife, purchases of costly things made without the permission of the husband are valid only when the husband consents to the use of such things. (Art. 66 Civil Code).

It can be seen from the foregoing provisions of our laws that marriage impairs important personal and property rights of the woman. So great are the limitations on a married woman that she can hardly be considered a *sui juris* — a person possessing full civil capacity.

Do our laws favor the activities of married women outside the home? A married woman does not have legal capacity to habitually engage in com-

merce, for one of its essential requisites is freedom from marital authority. (Art. 4, Code of Commerce). To engage in commerce a married woman must have the authorization of the husband stated in a public instrument. (Art. 6, Code of Commerce). And a married woman cannot accept a civil or commercial agency without the permission of the husband. (Art. 1716, Civil Code; Art. 282, Code of Commerce).

It is clear from the provisions of our laws that women are subject to the authority of their husbands and that their activities outside the home are not encouraged. Is this treating the women unfairly? Is this depriving them of their rightful place in society?

In answer to these questions we quote the following from the "Encyclical on Christian Marriage": "Order in domestic society includes both the primacy of the husband and the ready subjection of the wife This subjection does not deny or take away the liberty which fully belongs to the woman as a person and as a wife; nor does it bid her to obey her husband's request if not in harmony with right reason or with the dignity due to a wife.... But it forbids that in the family, the heart be separated from the head, to the great detriment of the family. For if the man is the head, the woman is the heart, and as he occupies the chief place in ruling, so she may and ought to claim for herself the chief place in love."

The laws of the land are not unfair to women, nor do the laws deny them their proper place in society. For by her nature woman must be subject to man and her proper place is the home and the family. The woman in the home remains triumphantly a queen, the object of all affection, and in her shall be verified the old saying: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

The Two Roses



by

JOSEFINA LIM

Gay Don Antonio groaned upon his arrival home one evening when he recognized the single lighted window as Titina's. That meant his spinster sister had again failed to have dinner ready for him. It was already 8:00 p.m.

Don Antonio stiffened with indignation as he peered surreptitiously through the window of the front door. Then he took off his shoes and tiptoed softly into the kitchen to the refrigerator. It was no use complaining to Titina. She would only chide him for gambling so long at the Belchors Club after business hours.

As he scrutinized the frozen chicken, Don suddenly became aware of his twin sister in the doorway.

"Err—good evening, Sis," he greeted guiltily, the wrinkles in his face deepening, as he hid the leg of the chicken behind his back.

"Good evening, Juan Santiago Antonio," Titina coldly replied. "Dinner will be ready in an hour."

Antonio sighed with all the pent-up regrets of years as he thought of the delay. He first felt like a burglar and now he had to change his comfortable clothes for an aristocrat's dinner dress as Titina would not be shocked.

During the meal not a word was spoken, though the food was savory.

After dinner while Titina went back to her sanctum, to shut herself up like an oyster, Antonio had the living room to himself. The flowers profusely banked on two tables filled the air with a perfume which made him feel unusually romantic although he had already reached forty-five.

His sister's ungracious behaviour the last weeks, her strange way of avoiding his company and of going about in a dress, his expectancy of he knew not what, made him feel his own loneliness more than ever. Why had Titina given up her knitting after dinner and why had he found her reading the newspaper advertisements? And why had he seen her hiding a copy of "Romeo & Juliet," when he came

upon her suddenly the other day? Stranger still, what was that volume, "Life Begins at Forty," doing on her reading table?

Antonio began to think that a wife might be better company than Titina. But he had never been a woman's man. The thought of leaving the paternal home and his sister had heretofore seemed impossible, for he was naturally shy and women did not bother him. He finally decided to advertise for a life partner through the local press.

Days passed. Letters began to reach Antonio. There were seven of them, from the office of the press. One in particular

An old maid, an old bachelor, two roses and a tryst all tangled up to add up into a hilarious story.

kept his mind wondering—who knows, she might fill, at least in part, the void his mother's going had left in his heart. He wanted freedom! He wanted a smiling face, full of interest and affectionate welcome, waiting for him after a tedious day at the office. And it seemed to him that this particular woman answering his ad might be just what his heart yearned for. She had signed herself "Lone Star." He felt the same.

The clock struck ten. Before going to bed, however, Antonio read that last letter again. He drew the missive from its envelope—a delicately scented, lilac-scented sheet. She was forty-five, lonely and shy; she could keep house—in fact she done that for years.

Of course Titina would have to live elsewhere, perhaps with Aunt Ana in Manila, who had always been a favorite with his sister, and who was a spinster herself. Yes, he would arrange to meet his correspondent as soon as possible, in forty-eight

hours.

The dew had scarcely been kissed away by the morning sun when Titina was already on her way to the dressmaker who raised quizzical brows at the earliness of her customer. From the beauty shop she went to the town park. Alone on a bench Titina drew from the secret inner folds of her handbag a letter, and read for the twentieth time the invitation to a rendezvous.

"Meet you on Friday morning, 8:00 A.M. on the bench near the fountain in Zinnia Park. Please wear a red rose that I may recognize you. I, too, will wear one."

This was Friday morning. The park was deserted at this early hour. With fear and trembling, Titina sat near the fountain. She was conscious of the red rose on her heaving breast!

In view of the glorious prospect of the day, Antonio passed by the flower shop and selected a red rose for the lapel of his coat. He tipped the clerk and left in good spirits.

The church bell chimed the eighth hour when he reached the park. Seeing a lady tall and elegant on a bench near the fountain, he approached quietly from behind.

As he cleared his throat the lady turned around. She stood up, and immediately sat down again with a gasp, mumbling "Tony".

"Titina!" Antonio gulped. Then gradually burst into laughter.

There are moments in everyone's life when revelation flash upon the mind, explaining everything in no time, as it were, and without words. This was such a moment! They laughed it off.

The brother and sister went home together, arm in arm, with two roses, and thereafter reformed their ways. They still go back to the bench frequently and always with a hearty chuckle.

END



Musings by Candlelight

by

LOURDES VARELA

Ah, who will say that there is no charm in a candle as it flickers and wavers in the darkness? Its soft glow sheds on one and all present a veil of mystery, beauty, and romance. In its presence the ordinariness, the drabness, the ugliness that were revealed by the unrelenting daylight, disappear. The homely face is lit up and is transformed into an expressive, charming one. The old dress loses its faded look. The old fur, turg is no longer drab. Yes, all things, by the kindness of a candle's soft flame, become things of beauty, and what is already lovely becomes even more so. Especially the pretty girl's features are softened. She looks hauntingly wistful and sweetly tender as the candle's beams play on her face.

A lighted candle gleaming in the deepening shadows sometimes makes me feel like a wide-eyed child on the threshold of fairyland. Its playful beams seem to speak of a land where of blazing neon lights, there is none, but where are found armored knights on silver steeds and fairy princesses in golden palaces, where wishing rings bring me my dearest desires, and magic carpets whisk me from one wonderland to another.

There are times when candles speak also of love, of sorrow, of faithfulness. The candle that burns on, deep into the night, tells of a mother's love that unweariedly keeps watch at the bedside of a feverish child. Only he can understand the meaning of a candle in a sickroom, who has himself gone through the agony of long, anxiety-filled nights beside a suffering loved one. A candle tells of a love so great that it is limitless, so unselfish that it forgets self, so deathless that it will live on forever.

And when a dear one goes and leaves us behind, candles stand as symbols of our grief. They speak of the tears that freely flow, of the hearts that break with sorrow, of the unspoken hope that a time will come when loving hearts will meet loved ones again. And the man who has left the poignant ache in a heart that is felt behind can better grasp the significance of a funereal candle.

The candle that shines from a window tells of a loyal heart that nightly waits for an erring husband or son, of a heart that will always cling to the one hope that someday the long, long wait will end. The many disappointments that the candle on the window speaks of can be understood only by that heart whose life has

been one of constant waiting. Yes, candles speak a language of their own.

The language of the candle—ah, how hauntingly sad it is at times. However, candles are not always associated with sorrow. Candles also wear festive garments. The candles that light up a beautiful church altar—do they not add to the merriness in the air, to the exaltation in the hearts of the faithful, to the melody

Have you ever paused to think how the glow of candlelight can run the gamut of human emotions?

of the bells as they peal forth in the morning of a joyous church feast or marriage? On Halloween night, we see candles inside pumpkin heads and we know that children's hearts all over the world are thumping with a wild joy that is felt only on this night. The sight of birthday candles on a huge cake makes any little boy ex-

citedly lose his breath and he puffs and puffs—ten heroic puffs to blow out five tiny little candles.

Ah, and there is Christmas time—the time for holly wreaths and candles. It is the time for the members of the family to sit beneath the same tree again and talk, of the past Christmases and of the Christmases that are to come. And as they talk, the candles steadily shine on even as the lovelight in their eyes shines on. The Christmas picture is then complete, perfect.

I cannot make myself think of a world without candles, maybe, because I know there will never be such a world. As long as there are hearts that appreciate the poetry and the magic in a candle, there will always be the candlelight that enhances the beauty and the mystery of Night and transforms, as by a magic wand, the dark, unromantic world into a glowing fairyland.

END

THE HIGH DIVER.....

(Continued from page 4)

As it was, it must have taken nearly an hour. Thank God, there were no Japs around when I made shore.

I made my way to a salt-boiler's hut, where I rested while the salt-boiler contacted the guerrillas, who came in the dead of the night to take me home to the hills."

"But how could you have floated with the weight around your feet?" frankly puzzled, I asked.

"I've never been able to figure it out. When I came to, the weight was gone."

COULD IT HAVE BEEN A MIRACLE?

LIFE, LUCK AND.....

(Continued from page 3)

of bullets rode the air.

"Paul!" Tony cried, "our sails! The bullets bore many holes in them! The wind is just going through!"

"Don't mind that," Paul answered. "We still have a chance."

Paul did all he could to give his comrades a light of encouragement. But the words that sprung out of his lips were not the words he had in his heart. He knew there was no hope to be relied upon. The shore of the nearest island was yet a mile away.....

Rat-tat-a-tat-tat..... Another burst.....
(Continued on page 20)

DREAM OF LIGHT

by OSCAR V. TRINIDAD

In the beginning was gloom,
Gloom, gloom.....

The world was a haze of shadows
And movement.

The soul wandered in mistiness.
Hungry, it sank to abysmal depths
Dim-shadowed in thought.

Then broke forth the ray imparting

To the lost soul an aura of light

Bringing visions rare and bold

Of life in all perfection—of the land

shadowless,

Where care lifts not her tired face
to the eye—

A land of sunlit ecstasy above the fog.

But it was all a dream of light,

And, with the waking, fled the ray

That had dispelled the shadows.....

In the beginning was gloom.

And, in the end, was gloom,

Gloom, gloom.....

The world is lights and shadows

And movement.

A Boy, a Girl, and the Rainbow

by
A. C. FERRARIS.

The sight was breath-taking. Ruben thought, as he sat close beside Lina on the long wooden bench on the porch of the low nipa hut. The afternoon was fast disappearing, and the sun was about to hide behind the distant blue mountains of Malindang. Before the two young people, swayed the tall flowering adelphi plants of Lina, giving forth the smell of perfume: the growing avocado trees rustled as if shaken by the hands of man; and the tall, healthy, green stalks of corn dotted the countryside around the house. A little farther, just across the national highway, rose the prominent hill of Pangli from the top of which Ruben once excitedly viewed the panoramic Pangli Bay and the wide expanse of Mindanao Sea. Beyond the hill and distant were the mountains of Karkum with their thick forests, possible haven and refuge of outlaw bands. This was the country Ruben loved best, since the time he drifted into the area to join the guerrillas of Fertig and Morgan. It injected into him that serious touch of life with its alternations of ease and privations.

The porch was in that part of the house hidden from the rays of the sinking sun. When Ruben shifted his attention from the picture unfolding beyond the house to that nearby, he saw the outline of the hut and the shadows of the plants cast upon the ground. The breeze from the bay was becoming colder, glancing up, he saw dark clouds gathering.

He gathered the hands of Lina in his. "Do you always see this view every afternoon? No wonder you were eloquent in writing that theme about the view from your window." Looking deep into the eyes of the girl, he imagined sparkles of stars at twilight.

The girl smiled. "I was then in the mood when I wrote that theme."

"What put you in the mood, Lin?" Ruben bantered mischievously.

"Oh, just because..."

"Because what?"

"Because I was in the mood." Lina's soft laughter tinkled like distant bells.

"Hm..." The boy mimicked displeasure, successfully hiding his dis-

appointment. He had expected her to say, "Because I was then thinking of you."

Lina continued to smile.

"I'd give you millions, if I had them, just to know what's in that lovely head of yours," Ruben whispered.

"Why not a penny for my thoughts?" The girl mockingly re-

Here is a new angle to the boy-and-girl story as two love-birds go strolling over the rainbow.

plied. "Or why try at all? Have you forgotten your sermon that a woman is the biggest question mark in the world? Or that two young people would be happier were the boy to love the girl more and not try to understand her at all, and the girl to love him less and understand him more?"

Point one, Ruben mentally recorded this boomerang.

OF BEAUTY

The clouds vanish,
The sunset fades,
The songbirds die,
And, like the passing of a song,
Beauty goes

The stars twinkle,
The moon shines,
The breezes murmur,
And, with a lilting croon,
Beauty returns

OSCAR V. TRINIDAD

"Lina, you really are at your loveliest today!" The boy shifted to another mode of attack. "Do you know that I always congratulate myself for being the luckiest guy alive?"

"You...you men. Eternal flatterers!"

"Flatterers? If I give up saying what is charming, then I shall have

to cease thinking and believing what is charming!" Ruben answered, "Let's see how you are going to get out of that one," he thought with mischievous glee.

"Look, Ben, There's an end of a rainbow just below the hill!" Lina exclaimed.

"And there's the other end over there;" Ruben pointed, excitedly.

The two watched their ends of the growing rainbow. The distant blue mountains had disappeared behind the dark clouds which by now had gathered in force. Lina's end was rapidly moving, in gradual curves up the sky. Ruben followed the progress of his end, pointing with his index finger.

"Don't do that! Don't you know that your fingers will be cut if you point them at the rainbow?" Lina exclaimed, grasping the boy's lifted finger.

Each of their ends had grown longer and longer, arching higher and higher, over the Pangli Hill. The colors were now very clear, for the human eyes to behold. Ruben held his breath — this was the first time he had witnessed this heavenly, multi-colored phenomenon in movement. Then in the twinkle of the eye the growing ends connected — and there a complete, beautiful rainbow arched before them.

Ruben's free hand clasped the shoulder of Lina. Both were speechless for a moment.

"Funny," the boy mused aloud. "You and I, among the souls in the world, saw this rainbow from its beginning to its fulfillment in the twinkle of an eye. You saw one end, I the other. And both moved toward each other forming this heavenly arch in the sky. What more can be expressive of the love we profess for each other, Lina?"

The girl did not answer.

"People say there's a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow." Ruben whispered, looking intently at Lina. "Don't you wish that were true so we could go and fetch the pot for ourselves?"

"We don't have to go that far, Ruben," the girl replied softly.

DECIDING MOMENTS

By CARLOS MANSEQUIAO

Never before had I been in a critical instance when my life, like a pendulum on a slim thread, was consciously dangling over an abyss. So precarious was my situation that something wise and feasible had to be done and by me alone — and that fast. After sizing up the prevailing circumstances from every conceivable angle, I struggled within myself with two conflicting ideas.

At first thought, I decided to emerge from my hiding ground and walk with empty hands held heavenward to the waiting enemy. The conduct of war has it that a voluntary surrender should entitle the captive to no severe punishment. And I saw the futility of hiding myself any further, for the enemy had last seen me running swiftly that way like a deer from a hunter. To hide was tantamount to defiance which would constitute adequate cause for my execution in their hands.

But the second and opposing thought prompted me to hold my ground and to fight back at a propitious moment as every good soldier should do. I was trained to fight. I knew, I have my name, honor and country to defend. The wanton butchery which the enemy used had aroused me to peerless pugnacity.

I was a discomfited opponent after the hot skirmish with the Japanese patrol at early dawn. Due to their arms and numerical superiority they succeeded in overrunning my fatigued guerrilla detachment, after we had inflicted considerable casualties on their side. Their fanatical onslaught had overwhelmed and destroyed my harassing force almost to the last man, when at the last moment I was tobogganing down the hillside where the "cogon" grass had afforded me excellent concealment.

The grass was thick in its usual August growth. Its green blades were a foot taller than my head. While lying on the ground, I was panting with excitement and exhaustion. I was alone. My men were gone and nowhere to be found. I had to fight my foe single-handed. I decided on escape from the enemy and to fight only as the situation may demand. I crawled to escape as cautiously as an elusive snake does without shaking the grass around me. It was the most laborious task I had ever undertaken but I knew it was worth the price. My progress was slow to-

ward the nearest thicket.

But I had hardly crawled twenty yards when I heard in broken English the call to surrender. I was shocked as if by a thunderbolt, and I suspected the movement of the grass around me might have betrayed my presence.

In stern tone the Jap leader shouted, "Come out, officer..... do not hide no use come out."

His sharp cries ran through me

A guerrilla finds his back against the wall & his ammunition down to the last round. The next "deciding moments" spell the difference between life & death.

like a chilling touch of ice. My life was to be decided in a few fleeting seconds. It was too late for me to run, I lay quiet and waited.

I was a hunted-man whose only crime was loyalty to the great cause of Democracy and to those who are dear to me. I was a hunted man facing an antagonist whose bayonet knew no charity or justice. All these thoughts inflamed me and encouraged me to take the deadly challenge.

The austere command which was so harsh to my ears, then came from all directions. I felt that my hideout had been encircled to prevent my escape.

Now and then I heard a domineering voice as if commanding the others to advance to the depth of the grass. The combative tone was suggestive of that of a grizzled warrior itching for more blood. I heard more shouting in a discordant voice ordering me to surrender. The shouts only confirmed me in my desire to fight to the last bullet.

My .45-calibre was, as usual, tucked at my side. It was my only weapon; with fourteen rounds of ammunition at my command.

"Every bullet must hit its mark." I mumbled to myself. To a guerrilla ammunition was a premium so that every bullet was valuable.

The salty sweat rolled down my disheveled countenance. Thirst had dried up my throat like a desert zone; hunger had weakened my whole physical system. To kill my enemy was

the only ambition left to me. The blazing sun poured down torrents of heat to the grass stalks in which I hid. Its splendor heralded the arrival of warm nights when impoverished guerrilla soldiers can sleep without blanket or even shirt on their back.

Slowly I directed my pistol to the source of an approaching sound, to kill my would-be killers. I lay motionless. I know not how long, listening like a hunted deer. Only my eyes and head were then moving at a limited angle. I felt my heart throbbing. I recommended myself to God, not for safety but to allow me to kill most of those fanatical plunderers.

About ten feet from me I saw a bayonet held quite high above the grass. The latter was so tall and luxuriant that it hid the searcher from my view. The untarnished blade was brandishing in the sun. I saw in it death, like a ghostly figure, approaching me.

"If he finds me here, I must strike him first," I told myself.

I sighed out my suspense when he passed me by.

The thick foliage of the grass must have provided shelter to hide me from my assailant. I thought to myself then that an angel of God must have been with me in that moment.

The searcher had barely gone past a few feet when I heard another hissing noise in the grass. It was a second searcher. My ear told me that he was at my left flank.

I instinctively directed my revolver in the new direction ready to exchange hot lead, just in case. Suddenly I heard five successive explosions coming from the woods in the distance. Their bursts, which were as familiar to me as my alphabet, made me think that some of my men who might have succeeded in escaping from the enemy must have fired an infield rifle.

The whisking of the grass abruptly ceased. Many yards in front of me a bugle was sounded with resounding blast. Its hasty cadence, though foreign to my hearing, suggested an alarming call.

I could hear the scattered searchers turn sharply on their heels. The trample of their spiked boots died out in the direction of the woods.

I felt relieved but I was not confident in my apparent safety. The palpitation of my heart slowed down

(Continued to page 15)



H O N O R

MID-SEMESTER 1947-1948

COLLEGE OF LAW First Year

1. Mr. Luansing, Alejandro	1.57
2. Miss Rubia, Carolina	1.63
3. Mr. Garcia, Pablo	1.67
4. Mr. Seno, Cecilio	1.85
5. Mrs. Monterroyo, Catalina	1.90
6. Mr. Doronio, Catalino	1.91
7. Mr. Ferraris, Aniano	1.92

Second Year

1. Mr. Mayol, Michael	1.13
2. Mr. Albino, Brunito	1.14
3. Mrs. Pilapil, Bernardina	1.26
4. Mr. Dakay, Vicente	1.30
5. Mr. Borromeo, Jesus	1.34
Mr. Veloso, Bustacio	1.34
6. Mr. Merino, Licerio	1.37
7. Mr. Morada, Fernando	1.38
8. Mr. Dejaresco, Zoilo	1.40
9. Mr. Osmena, Ramon	1.43
Mr. Ruiz, Eufemio	1.43
10. Mr. Capahi, Geronimo	1.47
Mr. Lazo, Guillermo	1.47

Third Year

1. Mr. Mercader, Juan	1.10
2. Mr. Sevilla, Ben	1.50
3. Mr. Balbuena, Adalberto	1.79
4. Mr. Varquez, Francisco	1.85

Fourth Year

1. Mr. Palacios, Eduardo	1.48
2. Mr. Luspó, Pedro	1.60
3. Mr. Clavano, Pedro	1.62
Mr. Luspó, Roque	1.62
4. Mr. Borromeo, Fortunato	1.66
Mr. Gunabe, Luciano	1.66
Mr. Tumalak, Dominador	1.66
5. Mr. Maribao, GI	1.70
6. Mr. Alifafara, Gerrardo	1.74
7. Mr. Solatan, Bernardo	1.78
8. Mr. Jatico, Fortunato	1.84

MID-SEMESTER 1947-1948

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING First Year

1. Butalid, Jose (No Religion)	1.96
2. Rito, Florencio	2.00
3. Bajarias, Fortunato (No Religion)	2.10
4. Lucero, Leon	2.14

Second Year

1. Tan, Eduardo	1.54
2. Gonzales, Victorino (No Religion)	1.79

Third Year

1. Ruiz, Teodoro	1.59
2. Limchiu, Lucia	1.67

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY First Year

1. Sy, Antonia	1.28
2. Veloso, Estrella	1.32
3. Inocian, Restituta	1.38
4. Ceniza, Benedicta	1.43
5. Kintanar, Lydia	1.44
6. Yu, Conchita	1.46
7. Ru'z, Carolina	1.54
8. Fuentes, Fe	1.60
9. Valera, Teodomira	1.63
10. Abrajano, Francisca	1.64
11. Mangubat, Jovita	1.70
12. Kho, Natividad	1.72
Lopezillo, Abundia	1.72
13. Yap, Pacifica	1.75
14. Gerra, Luisa	1.77
15. Iliacuna, Conegunda	1.81
16. Bollozos, Rosario	1.84
17. Macabasag, Emiliana	1.92
18. Paulin, Dolores	1.93
19. Diaz, Carmen	1.95
Dosdos, Elena	1.95
20. Valencia, Salud	1.97

Second Year

1. Catan, Luz	1.36
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2. Pepito, Caridad	1.50
3. Lasala, Priscilla	1.53
4. Gantuangco, Aureliana	1.69
5. Ruiz, Honoria	1.70
6. Ruiz, Perla	1.80
7. Padilla, Aida	1.80
8. Gabrino, Alicia	1.93

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE First Year

1. Rodil, Carmen	1.4
2. Rodil, Rosario	1.4
3. Coloyan, Aida	1.5
4. Maningo, Cristino	1.5
5. Batulan, Milagros	1.6
6. Sanchez, Socorro	1.7
7. Cabanlit, Vicente	1.7
8. Atillo, Luciano	1.8
9. Tan, Luz	1.8
10. Saguin, Clarissa	1.8

Second Year

1. Rodil, Amparo	1.3
2. Cabatingan, Lilia	1.4
3. Puentespina, Carlos	1.6
4. Ong, Arlinda	1.6
5. Escano, Pilar	1.7
6. Trinidad, Luz	1.7
7. Bahena, Manuel	1.8
8. Garces, Resurreccion	1.8
9. Escano, Vcenta	1.8
10. Masecampo, Julita	1.8

Third Year

1. Cabatingan, Josefina	1.1
2. Reynes, Juanita	1.7
3. Solon, Juanita	1.7
4. Madamba, Teodoro	1.8
5. Abellanos, Purificacion	1.9
6. Rosello, Manuela	2

Fourth Year

1. Tan, Espiritu	1.7
2. Unabia, Eliseo	2

ROLL



COLLEGE OF JUNIOR NORMAL

First Year

1. Navarro, Librada	1.6
2. Canete, Leonisa	1.8

Second Year

1. Somosot, Dulcesima	1.59
2. Roble, Genoveva	1.6
3. Tumalak, Rosario	1.7
4. Pena, Casilda	1.8
5. Penascoza, Ana	1.88
6. Abadia, Carmen	1.93
7. Doblas, Elena	1.97

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

GENERAL COURSE

First Year

1. Roa, Aurora	1.5
2. Sol, Cesar	1.8

Second Year

1. Causing, Aurora	1.3
2. Varela, Lourdes	1.4
3. Lapez, Ramon	1.5
4. Montebon, Mariano	1.59
5. Tupas, Ramon	1.6
6. Garces, Teodora	1.7
7. Jumamoy, Hilario	1.9

Third Year

1. Mitra, Corazon	1.2
2. Alojipan, Carmencita	1.4
3. Borromeo, Angeles	1.5

Fourth Year

1. Gimenez, Fineza	1.31
2. Casal, Nena	1.35
3. Delgado, Leonor	1.6

PREPARATORY LAW

First Year

1. Espina, Rene	1.6
2. Ruiz, Narcoso	1.66
3. Arreglo, Pedro	1.78
4. Mendez, Antonio	1.78
5. Estorco, Avelino	1.9

Second Year

1. Santos, Fernando de las ...	1.4
2. Yap, Julian	1.5
3. Ceniza, Antonio	1.526
4. Abarquez, Leoncio	1.525
5. Fuente, Josefina de la	1.6

PREPARATORY MEDICINE

First Year

1. Gallofin, Jose	1.5
2. Ty, Mario	1.6

Second Year

1. Malbas, Gabriel	1.6
2. Lim, Edward	1.68
3. Asenas, Primo	1.7
4. Rubifios, Manuel	1.8
5. Enriquez, Alejandro	1.84
6. Veloso, Manuel	1.9

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

First Year

School Year 1947-48 First Semester

1. Rodil, Concepcion	1.31
2. Dineo, Marina	1.53
3. Trinidad, Teresita	1.65
4. Dunque, Teresita	1.67
5. Enemeco, Fornarina	1.71
6. Yap, Esther	1.77
7. Vivera, Narcisa	1.83
8. Urgello, Elena	1.87
9. Yap, Isabel	1.88
10. Ybanez, Lourdes	1.95

Second Year

1. Ozarraga, Guadalupe	1.2
*2. Hotchkiss, Senecia	1.2
3. Mirasol, Lucy	1.46
4. Tan, Angelina	1.47
5. Yu, Genoveva	1.5
6. Barnido, Carolina	1.52
*7. Bascon, Gavina	1.52
8. Alquizola, Anita	1.57
9. Belleza, Isabel	1.61
10. Cruz, Corazon	1.63

*No Religion

Third Year

1. Ouano, Jovita	1.21
2. Ganhinhin, Maternidad	1.43
3. Fernandez, Alejandra	1.44
4. Gabrino, Beatriz	1.44
5. Kintanar, Jane	1.49
6. Castanares, Desideria	1.56
7. Cabrera, Maria	1.59
8. Seno, Leonor	1.59
9. Dejaras, Lourdes	1.63
10. Rosales, Lourdes	1.63

Fourth Year

1. Momongan, Inocencia	1.32
2. Iway, Ruperta	1.51
3. Espiritu, Tecla	1.52
4. Zosa, Evangelina	1.56
5. Basalo, Gregorio	1.57
6. Paraguya, Cesarea	1.57
7. Fortuna, Otila de la	1.68
8. Palacios, Fe	1.75
9. Mantilla, Marte	1.78
10. Guia, Rogelio de	1.82

HOME ECONOMICS

First Year

1. Seno, Lucia	1.95
2. Suico, Cleofe	2

Second Year

1. Perez, Hilaria	1.85
2. Sevilla, Luz	2.2

Picked out of Life's own inimitable incidents, this story tells disturbingly of the death of a bewildered child with a message to all lovers of war.

I WATCHED A BOY DIE

N. G. RAMA

was out of the wound stood bluish veins and it had looked to me like roots of a plant torn out of the soil by a brutal hand.

But he was a brave soul, that boy. He did not scream out loud, nor kick as any boy could have done. His face was wet with tears but I could see plainly his struggle to keep them back.

His mother, who had been weeping most of the time, tried to soothe the boy's pain. She sat by his side, stroking the child's hair with one hand and drying her face with the other.

One time, the boy lifted his face, seeking release in the face of his mother. There was something that did in the upturned face of the boy, something irrevocably lost. I could see it. And I could see more than the death of something. I could gather from the knitting of the brows, the desperate searching in his eyes, a bewilderment, a confession of a confused desire.

I have not expected it but the boy made a gesture I could never forget in my life. He grasped with his only hand the hand of her mother. His fingers clutched tightly upon his mother's, told almost aloud of the urgency of his need of her, and his desire to talk to her. There seemed to be a lot of things he wanted to tell his mother which could not find release out of the web of confused feelings.

His mother reached out to touch the feverish face. For a moment the lines smoothed out; the boy's face softened. The mother looked at the boy encouragingly, fighting back the tears that stung at the back of her eyes. The lips of the child began to work nervously, soundlessly at first. An instant later, a mutter rose from them, indistinguishable syllables stumbling into one another, words suddenly crowding in his mouth. Then out of this incoherence came the sound. The lips of the boy stilled, his grip on her mother's hand tightened.

"Ma," he said suddenly, very faintly, "did I do something wrong?" That was all he said. Perhaps there was a lot more he wanted to say but he could only say those and had found them adequate, enough. He said the words with great difficulty and it had seemed that every inch of him had ached to say them.

The mother who understood the boy

more than any one of us in the room, couldn't bear it any longer and broke anew in weeping. An understanding came upon me, filling me with uneasiness. Right that moment I knew that the boy has been reared in upright ways. Her mother had taught him the hackneyed philosophy of punishment for a wrong and reward for good deed, which now at last brought under the test of reality, the boy found wanting and therefore sought an explanation. The boy was never punished but for a reason. And now, racked with pain, he had asked his mother what awful mischief was he guilty of, to me a nameless punishment. It was a very simple question uttered out of a mouth of a child yet it had seemed so unanswerable.

The mother merely cried because it was silly to explain to the child the war, the rotten ways of this world which were utterly beyond the grasp of his tender mind. How could he know about the greed of men, their lust for glory, the backness in their hearts—how could he comprehend these things.

I wanted to say something to the boy, to soothe him, to answer his question perhaps, but I found myself suddenly bereft of words; I felt so sick and crushed to be there and to be so helpless. And he died without knowing the answer.

A tenseness and an unbearable quietness had settled in the room. The blood had ceased flowing. From the distance came the droning of planes, back again after a lull of two hours to accomplish a mission of death. The echoes of the explosions had mounted in volume and violence. Each moment drew them nearer and nearer over our heads. But I didn't care anymore to rush back to the shelter. Now, nobody in the room cared to move out.

This is what have been repeating itself in my mind for years: It doesn't take so much as a child's utterings to put the whole human race to shame.

A coward is he who in a moment of crisis, thinks with his feet rather than with his brains.—Chinese Proverb

I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED to write this story—of a boy I knew and I saw die. The scene had always come sharp and vivid to my mind and I felt that it was there, because it wanted to be told, because it begged to be recorded in more durable form. It is for this urgency and for my scruple to tell the story truly and as faithfully as it had really transpired that I approach the telling with misgiving.

It isn't really much of a story. There is nothing breath-taking or spectacular that I can promise in its reading: Perhaps it is no story at all but merely a scene. But since it is life's own true incident of which I was witness and was moved, I decided to chronicle this in hopes that some one discerning enough may in the course of his reading, stumble upon some meaning, no matter how vague, even as I did and was disturbed.

It happened five years ago in this city—to be definite, three blocks north of the present Colegio de San Carlos. It would seem a long time ago and the story stripped of timeliness. It isn't really. As long as the world is torn with bickerings as long as the thought of another war could not be dismissed as thoroughly whimsical, this story will not pass into untimeliness ever.

To me the boy could not be more than seven years of age. I was seeing him one September morning race with his dog in our backyard, bustle vigorously up and down our garden like a north wind. The dog was furious at the laughter of the boy and the mocking face the boy flung at it as he bolted around, uncatchable, teeming with the exuberance and the immortality of life.

Yet the day after, I tried hard to believe my eyes as they fell upon a limp form gory with blood, writhing in agony in a stained bed. I could not fit the picture of the running boy, swift and howling with his dog into that of an unmoving prostrate kid on the bed before me.

All around me people were rushing back and forth in their frantic efforts to stop the hemorrhage on the left arm of the boy. The wound was wicked. In parts it was red and blue and black. The steel could have been red hot when it cut it. Nobody ever knew where the other end of the arm

SPORTS

Pre-Medic Blue and White Copped Intramural Basketball Championship

FINAL STANDINGS

Teams	Won	Lost	Pct.
Pre-Medic	5	1	.833
Commerce	3	5	.833
Law	4	2	.667
Engineering	4	2	.667
Education	1	6	.145
General A. A.	1	6	.143
Pre-Law	0	6	.000

The Pre-Medic Blue and White dribblers copped the C.S.C. Collegiate Intramural Basketball championship after scoring an impressive 35-32 win over the Commerce Green and Gold quintet. The Pre-Meds and the Comerciantes put on championship calibre shooting and floor generalities that had the huge crowd that packed the stands to capacity on edge throughout the forty minutes of spine-tingling play.

The first quarter opened up with the Commerce outfit starting at full throttle. Ben Solon scored the first blood for the Comerciantes with a neat spot shot. The Commerce boys pulled away to a comfortable lead as Rodil and Miolo followed suit with a volley of double-deckers while the Pre-Meds were having difficulty locating the hoop. The first period closed with the Commerce team leading, 10-2.

The opening of the second quarter touched off a Pre-Medic avalanche of baskets starting with a beautiful spot shot by Zosa. Frias next broke up a Commerce play, intercepting a beautiful pass, and then threaded the leader through the basket. The Commerce team fired back with a field goal but there was no stopping the Pre-Medic shooting rampage. Successive fouls called on the Commerce boys' further helped the Pre-Meds and at lemon time, Doc Solon's charges were sitting on top.

As the whistle sounded for the resumption of hostilities in the third quarter, the Comerciantes dug right into the fight with a change of strategy, this time—a withering long-range shooting assault. The Pre-Meds folded up under the Commerce

change of tactics and as the minutes flew by, the Commerce boys gradually shoved into the lead. The end of the third quarter saw the Commerce squad back in the lead, 26-18.

The Pre-Medic team broke loose at the outset of the last period as O'Keefe started drilling the basket with spectacular one-hand flips from the center of the court. With nerves strained by the see-sawing turns of the game in the closing minutes of play, O'Keefe went out on five fouls. "Wonder Boy" Zaragosa went in for O'Keefe and started out on a shooting spree of his own.

With only four minutes more to play, the Comerciantes were still leading by two points. Whereupon Frias of the Pre-Meds was fouled and promptly converted the two free throws awarded him, tying the score at 32—all and sending the stands mad with a concerted roar. Fighting against time, Abodies of the Pre-Meds played the hero's role when he streaked through the tight Commerce defense with the deciding double-decker—plus a foul shot, to boot—and thus wrapped up the championship trophy for his team.

SC Green and Gold Swamped Bohol's Rafael Palma College

The San Carlos Green and Gold on Nov. 28, swamped Bohol's Rafael Palma College dribblers, 63-42, and went on to win the Inter-Regional play-off series and the right to represent the Visayas in the National Collegiate Basketball Championship opening in Manila on Dec. 9.

Earlier, the Carolinians had toppled the other two competing teams in the Inter-Regional tilts. On Nov. 27, Coach Baring's outfit handed Dumaguete's Silliman University cagers a neat 54-58 lacing and on the following night, overwhelmed the Iloilo basketekers, 74-50.

Abella starred for the winners with 18 points to his credit while Matgea who was good for 13 points led the scoring parade for the visiting Rafael Palma team. The game was a lopsided affair as Coach Baring played his second-stringers most of the time against the weak Boholanos.

The Green and Goldies pulled away to an early lead and coasted to victory during the closing moments of play. San Carlos won all the quarters, 15-10; 25-23; 45-31; 73-42.

The individual scores—

San Carlos	65	Rafael Palma	42
Bas	12	Matgea	15
Mumar	11	Yap	11
Abella	18	Fabiosa	13
Ch. Veloso	0	Abunadora	1
Paras	2	Kutamora	7
Magalang	10	Inting	3
Borromeo	0	Oppus	1
Miolo	2	Carra-an	4
Du	2		
Frias	6		

CSC Team Off For Manila

The Colegio de San Carlos basketball team left Dec. 6 for Manila where it will make a defense of its National Inter-Collegiate basketball trophy against the cream of Philippine basketballdom. A heavy schedule lies ahead for the Carolinians as they will take on the All-Canadian cage team which is expected in Manila late in December.

The members of the San Carlos delegation
(Continued on page 20)

TO A LOST ONE

Dedicated to Miola
By F. de Leon

You took away

From me, O lost one,

My heart, my life —

This very soul!!!

From you I now part,

With feelings gone,

I'll walk my way alone.

Songs would bleed, I know,

In time that hurts again

For dear remembered days

Shall haunt you still.

Yet, I do not mind;

Yours is important.....

I no longer exist!!!

Carol's IDEAL

by
Lourdes Varela

Every woman needs an ideal to look up to, an ideal after which to pattern herself. There is in every woman a restless desire for self-improvement. Out of this longing is born her womanly ideal—the woman she dreams to be. The lady Carolinian is no exception and for her there is also an ideal.

The Carolinian girl should be easy on the eyes. No, she is not necessarily strikingly beautiful, but there is a sparkle in her eyes and a warmth in her smile that people love to see. She uses makeup with the fine and delicate taste of a well-bred lady, without overdoing it, without cheapening herself to vulgarity. Neither slovenliness nor awkwardness are found in her streamlined form.

In school, she is well-liked. Her intelligence does not make her proud or puffed-up. She goes about her studies seriously, but she is far from being a "kill joy." Cheerfulness is her striking trait. Classmates know they can approach her easily without any fear of a cold reception or a disdainful snub. Another admirable feature about her is her lack of cattiness. She does not indulge in gossip. Other women may possess better looks than she or may have more money in their purses, and yet she is not envious. She does not resort to low means in order to steal the spotlight from deserving women whose only crime, in the eyes of jealous women, is their tremendous popularity. No, she is far nobler and her gentleness does nothing that will wound another's sensitive heart.

Whether she be at home or in school, her modesty is notable in dress, in speech, and in action. Fashion the follows, but only when following it does not imperil her modesty. Otherwise, she sticks to the true standard of decency even at the risk of being termed "old-fashioned." She is pure and chaste without being a prude. She goes to dances, meets boys and er, joys talking with them. But everywhere, her purity shines through her eyes, glowing on her young cheeks, and gives her a lightness of heart and a buoyancy of step—admirable and enviable. One does not long wonder how she keeps herself that way. Deep down, she is pious and God-fearing and from this mainspring of piety spring up all those lovely, sterling qualities that make her what she is..... an ideal, truly an ideal.

Her womanly heart is even more soft when in the midst of her family. There she becomes more tender, more sympa-

November Reflections

By Josefina Lim

Thanksgiving

There is a day in November that is set aside for a purpose—Thanksgiving. Outside of the United States, we, Filipino women are perhaps the best fed in the world. Our purses are well laden with various things of pre-war standard. Out of the ashes, our homes are rebuilt finer, sturdier, more modern in design and convenience. Our brothers and sisters attend schools staffed by teachers aware of the important role they play in shaping the plastic minds of the young. Best of all, our churches are open again, ever mindful of our dire need for spiritual retreat and prayer.

Yes indeed, our cup of joy overflows. We have all the reason to be thankful—if only for being alive.

The Modern Materialism

But lest we forget—we are far from perfect. Let us not be perfectly content with ourselves. Since the liberation many women have lost their fine sense of values and have donned all the trappings of wealth, pleasure and honor.

Women are fast becoming liabilities rather than assets; they are a drain on the pocketbooks of their helpless parents, husbands or sweethearts. Moreover, in her materialism the Filipina has cast aside her

theftic, more understanding. Her busy hands are everywhere—patting a weeping little brother's head, mending clothes torn by active little limbs, putting-in with the pots and kettles in the kitchen, making the beds. Towards her parents, she shows a devoted love and a respectful obedience. She is patient and gentle with the over-energetic youngsters who jump on clean sheets, hold pillow fights nightly, and in short, make a horrible mess of the whole house. Life in her home is pleasant and happy.

The real flesh-and-blood Carolinian girl knows she has not yet attained her ideal. But in that knowledge is the hope that someday she might. The ideal is there, encouraging her, lifting her up when she stumbles during her brave ascent. There it is seemingly unattainable, but so worth striving for. Let her take heart and remember that glory lies not in the attainment of the goal but in the heroic striving, in the unflinching courage, in the unwavering determination to climb on and on...towards the shining inspiring, imperishable ideal.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

AND THE FILIPINAS

by
Lourdes Varela

Catholic newspapers and magazines are not getting the support they should get from the women of the Philippines. There should be a Catholic periodical in every home. But is there?

There is a certain diabolical prejudice among the ladies against Catholic periodicals. Many associate the name "Catholic" with dull, lifeless, uninteresting, and pious reading. They do not realize that Catholic writers also have much life in them, and can produce real, vital, gripping articles, with the Catholic interpretation of the news.

Everything we read influences our lives for better or for worse. It is therefore important to be cautious about what enters our minds. Catholic fog for thought is now rising to the soul as oil is to a lamp. Some girls still prefer to waste their time on cheap magazines. Why not develop a taste for the supernatural for something elevating and worthwhile? Certainly, it takes initiative to begin. Let's go! A Catholic periodical in every home!

most becoming adornment which is modesty.

Ask the modern girl what she would bring with her were she to be stranded on an island. It would be a crate of cosmetics, a trunk of frocks, even moonlight, perhaps. If it becomes her—anything else that happens her. The thought of modesty never occurs to her.

Furthermore, she jeopardizes her modesty when she caters to a "good time" by indiscriminate and unchaperoned dating.

Not long ago, a young lady went out on a date accompanied by a chaperon. She returned with a peaceful conscience. That night in her home, she burned to death and was called to her judgment. She knew what she meant; respect is: since she never put her virtue in danger. She surely never regretted it.

What sort of perverse sense of achievement drives girls to draw two or more boyfriends on a string? I do not know.

At a party, a socialite was asked by a waiter what drink she wanted. "Whiskey? Gin? A Cocktail?"

"Milk," she answered.

If only some of our modern women would ask for milk when they have had

(Continued on page 16)

ALUMNI NOTES

November 4, 1947

Saipan, Marianas Is.
October 18, 1947

Judge Fortunato Borrromeo
President
San Carlos College
Alumni Association
Cebu City, Cebu

San Carlos College
Cebu City, P.I.

Dear Father Rector:

Greetings to our Alma Mater on our College Day:

On this yearly anniversary of the oldest existing college of the Philippines, allow me to extend our sincerest congratulations and best wishes to the Reverend Fathers of the Divine Word, the Faculty, the Alumni Association and the student body of San Carlos College, in behalf of the Alumni members of the City of Manila.

This day should be a day dedicated to a spiritual thanksgiving not only for us all, but for all Cebuano or for that matter, the Filipino people in general. For out of the portals of our ancient and venerable gates of our Alma Mater, have emanated the true Catholic spirit and moral values that are so basically essential for that intellectual, cultural, and scientific standing which our culture and our people have accomplished and enjoyed to this very day.

Be thankful and be proud of such heritage and such accomplishments. Let this shining record of moral and intellectual achievements be our guide and source of inspiration, so that we, who follow the footsteps of our predecessors may be better prepared in our grave task of rehabilitating and reconstructing not only our physical and material elements of our civilization, but also, our spiritual and aesthetic values which are just as essential to our people.

No greater task and no greater honor rests upon your hearts and upon your shoulders. Be worthy of that sacred trust and that singular honor. History has revealed the Cebuano to possess that will power and that determination to surpass unsurmountable obstacles. Let there be more Lapulapus and Sikatunas. Let us be more worthy of that civic and moral mission, so that out of the ashes of war, may truly rise a worthy people possessed with the blessings of Order, Peace, Beauty and Happiness.

CARLOS E. DA SILVA (Class '28)
Secretary Philippine Institute of
Architects



CARLOS DE SILVA

DECIDING MOMENTS...

(Continued from page 9)

danger. I again longed for any kind of water to quench my burning thirst. My limbs shook for want of control. I raised my eyes at the scorching sun beautifying the day. I tried to single out any betraying sound of things around. There was silence. Not a single soul seemed to be there. Apparently I was left to my own peace and solitude.

I supported myself on my right knees, then in my feet, to observe everything as far as my eyes could see. I perceived no one in the immediate vicinity to trail me. Perhaps the pursuers left the grass with the thought that I was the runaway in the woods.

I have to get out from here to seek for water, was my next thought.

But I tarried my action, for my pursuers might have pretended to depart, leaving some of them to lurk around me. So I paused further and listened to every audible sound suggestive of their presence. Moments dragged along like an eternity of uncertainty.

In spite of all these doubts, I commenced to extricate myself from that tight spot and began to crawl my way toward the thickets.

Soon I heard cracking sounds like pop corn in the oven. Then I saw to the rear dense smoke rapidly spreading like a December fog all over the grassland.

The enemy had set the grass on fire. I was alarmed by the new danger. So I stood up and accelerated my steps away from the conflagration. The cracking sound of the fire and the widespread smoke afforded me excellent concealment for my frantic dash to freedom.

It is with both pride and joy that I write this letter, because the mighty San Carlos still stands, a symbol of culture, justice — a guiding hand in the dark. All Carolinians in the Philippines, and we abroad, will always remember the San Carlos that we have learned to love and respect.

In a few days from now you will celebrate San Carlos Day. Rest assured that those of us who cannot be present will rejoice within our hearts and whisper a silent prayer to God for the success and prosperity of San Carlos College.

Sincerely yours,

T-Sgt. Carlos de la Rosa

THE PRISONER'S PRAYER

by

Carlos Rusiana

Release these fetters Lord, and
cease the ache
Of life's bitters; her fill my soul does
bear;
Yonder is that treacherous hand I
feared.
Will atoms smash this borrowed
faith again?
Young, my years; but look! lurid
lines are seen;
Still with candor I yearn for life to
share
The joys of youthful splendour that
never dare
Lament the hours when woes triumphant
phant reign.
My pleas hear, sagacious Lord, Thou
Most High;
Help spend dull fortune's sombre
hours for me.
Steer to yonder realm; my ugly
trail do screen;
Disclose a beautiful spot where
none may sigh;
Where Philomel's melodies sung
will be;
To slumber lull my woes down
Leth's stream.

INSPIRATION

By T. V. M.

NOVEMBER REFLECTIONS
(Continued from page 14)

"Thank you for the inspiration."

That was all that was written on the half-sheet of linen stationery that fell from the Free Press Linda was hurriedly thumbing through.

Coming up her room, a few moments ago, she was surprised to see on her table a rolled periodical which turned out to be that Saturday's issue. On the front cover she learned it had come from Eduardo. Having come from office and feeling rather tired and hungry and a bit irritable, she could only peek through the contents of the weekly. She was going to read it the next day, Sunday, when she would have a whole day for leisure.

Her initial surprise, however, gave way to wonder upon reading the laconic contents of the piece of paper that had fallen from the periodical. What did the sentence mean? What inspiration was Eddie talking about? She was going to ask him in class that evening.

"Did you receive the Free Press I sent you," Eduardo, two seats away from her in class asked Linda during a pause in the instructor's lecture.

"Yes, I got it this morning," Linda was going to ask him about the piece of paper but the instructor had began to resume the lecture and she had already missed a sentence.

Her next class was in the new high school building and she had to hurry when the bell ran as her instructor always called the roll a minute or two after the bell rang. She had to go to the ladies' room yet. She was not going to be in the same class with Eduardo anymore that evening.

Linda, after dinner the following day, took the Free Press from her room and settling down in one of the big comfortable cushioned rattan chairs in the sala, began to peruse the paper. Her attention was drawn to the smiling picture on page 4 of Evangelina de Castro, the winner of the PAL-sponsored Miss Philippines contest. She began reading the articles about her.

She passed up the next article which was about some scandal in some government office, and began to read instead the short story on page 8. She came to the end of the story with a wish it had not ended where

it did. She passed up the editorial page. She never took interest reading editorial which she considered highbrow. She was not the scholarly, studious type of student who would be concerned with what the United Nations was doing or whether there was going to be another world war.

Leisurely turning back the page, Linda's attention was attracted to an illustration of a sailboat under whose full-blown sail a man and woman, both young and about her age, were standing beside each other looking out into the horizon. From the illustration her eyes wandered on to the title of the Free Press' second short story offering for the week and a sudden realization dawned on her. The line next to the title of the story

enough. The heroine takes the perfect way. We fallible daughters of Eve have just a wee bit of margin to move in. That small margin allows us moderate drinking. But moderation is the golden mean.

Are you one of those misguided coeds who think it is smart to drink and smoke to the amazing point? Disabuse yourself. You're not creating the right kind of sensation.

If we are to be smart, let us be so according to the wisdom of Solomon. "Be not wise in thy own conceit; fear God and depart from evil."

explained the meaning of it all.

There in unmistakable bold print were the words:

By Eduardo del Castillo. Cebu City.

LINCOLN ON THE PROLETARIAT

Seeing that President Lincoln had arrived, the crowd of people thinned out to make way for the principle speaker of the occasion. As the President went his way thru the assembly, a curious head thrust itself conspicuously out of line and registered disappointment.

"He is only common-looking fellow," said the owner of the head.

It was a bit too loud and Lincoln overheard it but was untroubled. He turned his head toward the comentator and answered good-naturedly: "The Lord likes the common-looking fellow, He made so many of them."

DEATH OF A TOWN

by
Vergotrin

The town was aflame
a maze of twisting, turning,
licking tongues of flame.

A pink cloud was over the town,
reflecting its struggle-cc-the'death
with flame.

The townsfolk bucketed water, vainly
trying to halt the fierce onslaught
of flame.

All other noises were lost
in the dry crackling
of flame.

Some fiery tongues were quashed;
but yet more numerous grew the
tongues
of flame.

Till none could stay the holocaust,
and all was engulfed in a
roaring, seething sea
of flame.

In the morning, the flames had
died down.

Left of flame were dying coals
And plumes of smoke curling in
the air.

The town was a burnt corpse.
The town was dead.

NIK - NAKS

REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES
Department Of Public Works
And Communications
MANILA

SWORN STATEMENT (Required by Act 2580)

The undersigned, Benjamin Martinez, editor of THE CAROLINIAN, published monthly in English and Spanish, in Cebu City, having been duly sworn in accordance with Law, hereby submits the following statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580 as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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Colegio de San Carlos, Cebu City

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BENJAMIN MARTINEZ
Editor

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of October, at Cebu City. Affiant exhibited to me his Residence Certificate No. 803194 issued at Cebu City on Oct. 2, 1947.

FULVIO C. PELAEZ
Notary Public
Until Dec. 31, 1947.

"He makes money on election day. He is sort of a taxidermist."

Tourist: Pardon, sir, but what do you do with all that corn?

"What is that?"
"He stuffs the ballot boxes."

Farmer: Well, we eat what we can and what we can't we can.

Tourist: Oh, I see.

Tourist's wife: What did he say, dear?

Tourist: He said, they ate what they could, and what they couldn't they could.

"Where I come from they do things in a hurry. Why, they put up buildings quicker than in any other city. They start a 20-story building one day and in a week it's finished."

"That's nothing—you should come down to our town, I was going to work one morning and they were laying the cornerstone of a building. When I came home from work that evening, the landlord was putting tenants out for not paying their rent."

What are you looking so as about? I just got thinking—fleas always know that their children always go to the dogs.

"He came here to see if he couldn't cure his absent-mindedness."

"And how is he getting along—is he improving any?"

"His wife took him downtown in a taxicab and he kissed the driver and gave his wife 80 centavos."

"Improving, huh?"

"I don't know. At breakfast his back must have started itching. He poured the molasses down his back and scratched his pancakes."

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

If I stood alongside of a jackass what fruit would I look like?.....

Well, I don't know. What could I look like?

A beautiful pair...

"I can't eat this chicken."

"Why not?"

"It's an incubator chicken."

"What makes you think it's an incubator chicken?"

"No chicken with a mother could be this tough."

"A nut was sitting in his cell, playing solitaire. Another nut was watching. Finally the khitzer spoke up: "Wait a minute, I just caught you cheating yourself."

"Shhhh! Don't tell anybody—but, for years I've been cheating myself at solitaire."

"You don't say! Don't you ever catch yourself cheating?"
"Naw! I'm too clever."

"Here's your dinner."

"You may lay the table."

"Yes sir."

"Say what's wrong with this egg?"

"Don't blame me—I only laid the table."

Seccion Castellana

VICENTE ESCAÑO
EDITOR. Y ASOCIADA

NAPOLEON G. RAMA
EDITOR

ISIDRO ABAD
CONSEJERO

JESUS MARTINEZ
REPORTERO

EDITORIAL

El Dia de San Carlos

EL 4 DE NOVIEMBRE DE ESTE AÑO marcara el 352 aniversario de esta veneranda e ilustrisima institucion. Al celebrar este historico acontecimiento, mas que conmemorar tan fausto dia, saludamos el glorioso pasado de nuestro colegio; ratificamos de nuevo nuestra fe en los ideales que ha mantenido incolumes a traves de mas de tres centurias y que le distinguen de entre las otras instituciones culturales cual un Andes entre colinas; acariciamos a una madre que con solcito ajan nos amamanta con la savia de la sabiduria y ciencia y nos ampara en esta peregrina epoca contra las oscuras fuerzas de la impiedad e ignorancia.

El Colegio de San Carlos es mas que una institucion docente— es un monumento de amor, de cultura y progreso y es una leyenda sin par que esta intimamente ligada con la historia de Cebu y Filipinas. Imposible es borrarla de los anales de nuestra historia como lo es pasar por alto el nombre de Sergio Osmena, el mas ilustre y famoso de sus alumnos.

Seria interminable recorrer la lista de sus ex-alumnos esclarecidos—dignos funcionarios del gobierno, santos dignitarios de la Iglesia, hombres de profesion, prosperos comerciantes, ciudadanos ejemplares y millares mas que bendicen el nombre del Colegio de San Carlos por deber su fortuna, su exito y todo lo que son hoy a esta afortunada institucion.

Nunca ha habido en esta region del pais otra institucion docente que tanto haya contribuido a modelar las almas, ensanchar la mentalidad, formar el caracter y bormosear los sentimientos de los ciudadanos como el Colegio de San Carlos.

N. Rama

GACETILLA

FESTEJOS DEL DIA DE SAN CARLOS

Fueron esplendorosos los festejos del Dia de San Carlos de este ano, a juzgar por las actividades que se llevaron a cabo y que consistian en una misa de campana, comunion general, veladas, ferias, representaciones de obras dramaticas, ejercicios militares y una parada por los calles de esta ciudad.

Como es de tradicion, las fiestas duraron tres dias, o sea, desde el dia 4 hasta el 6 del mes corriente. Participaron los ex-alumnos en los festejos con su reunion anual y banquete en los salones de este colegio durante los dias citados.

CLUB DRAMATICA DEL CSC PRESENTO UNA VELADA

Bajo direccion del Sr. Ernest Hoerdemann, el club de los aficionados del drama ofrecio el mes pasado una velada en que se represento la obra de Wilfredo Ma Guerrero titulada "Movie Artist."

Muy concurrida fue la velada cuyos numeros invariablemente arrancaron aplausos del publico. La Movie Artist, cuya directora era la Sra. Trinidad de Morelos, acabada protagonista, fue habil y plausiblemente interpretada por las señoritas Teresita P. Milagros Lucero, Adelaida Miranda, Trinidad Borromeo y Sra. Trining de Morelos a quien se debio grandemente el rotundo exito.

Uno de los mas divertidos numeros fue la comedia "He Knows All the Answers" dirigida por el Sr. Francisco Romualdez, profesor de este colegio. Los artistas que desempeñaron los papeles de radio announcer y entrantes de un acertijo eran: Francisco Borromeo, Al Paras Roque Avila y Pablo Javelosa.

CONCURSO MILITAR EN EL DIA DE SAN CARLOS.

Entre las actividades que emprendio el departamento militar del CSC las fiestas de San Carlos hubo Bat-

(Pasa a la pagina 19)

EQUIPO DEL CSC APLASTO VI, CIT, SC

VOCES altas y bajas

Por ALFONSO DALOPE

Mostrando una vez mas su superioridad y destreza en el juego de baloncesto, el equipo sancarlino, campeón del NICAAC y del CAAA, 1946, derrotó con facilidad a los teams de Visayan Institute, Cebu Institute of Technology y Southern College, en sus recientes encuentros que tuvieron lugar hace un mes bajo los auspicios de la asociación CAAA.

En el primer encuentro que tuvo con VI, el team nuestro dominó por completo la cancha casi todo el tiempo, confundiendo a sus contrincantes con su rapidez al igual que aguerjaba el cesto con la pelota con asombrosa frecuencia y precisión.

El recuento final marcaba una abrumadora mayoría a favor de los jugadores del CSC, 63 contra 35.

Luchando en su segundo juego con el team del CIT, los del CSC, a pesar de los admirables esfuerzos de sus adversarios, no les dieron oportunidad a desquitarse. Al silbato final, los sancarlinos lograron humillarles

a razon de la cuenta 29-22. Lucharon con mas ferocidad los del CSC y los del Southern College. Durante todo el tiempo de la partida mantuvieron a los espectadores. En frente de una determinada y dura oposicion, el team sancarlino no se desespere ni por un momento. Solo despues de una acerrima lucha, pudieron subjugar al equipo de Southern College a razon de 53 contra 52.

En los circulos deportivos de esta ciudad ya se concede el campeonato del corriente CAAA al equipo sancarlino. Todavía faltan dos encuentros en que tendran que triunfar para salirse campeones. Son los teams del Cebu College y del Southwestern Colleges. En cuanto ganen estas ultimas luchas los jugadores sancarlinos contendran con los mejores teams de Manila para defender su copa del NICAAC que el ano pasado logro arrebatarse a los equipos manilenos. Como antes, nuestro estimado P. Lawrence Bunzel y el coach Manuel Baring les acompañaran a Manila.

COMO PRECIOS, barómetros y cojos, las faldas del vestido femenino se van "ya arriba ya abajo". No es de extrñar esto en nuestra edad de inconsistencia. Antes, en los años pudorosos de sayas de María Clara, se guardaba escrupulosa atención de cubrir hasta las puntas de los zapatos. Al advento de la era que se llamaba moderna, las faldas subían con asombrosa rapidez. Mas, hoy día, — fenómeno interesante — se va bajando el ribete. Mucha razón tenía el señor Shakespeare en gemir lleno de desesperación: Mujer, tu nombre es inconsistencia.

No pretendo ser profeta ni un sabio que interpreta fenómenos expertamente. No se si esta rebaja de ribete es un portento feliz de una reforma moral en nuestros tiempos o si no es mas que una moda efímera — y sospecho fuertemente lo es — que mejor sera no hacer caso de ello. Lo que si, yo se es que esta moda inusual de kilómetros de telas y costara unos millones de pesos a los bolsillos de los varones. Despues de la guerra, se ha de temer las andanzas de la moda femenina. Cuanto se pierde al menor capricho de la vanidad de la mujer!

Si me perdonais la observacion y la alegoria, eso de ir "subiendo y bajando" no esta fuera de ordinario en nuestros dias, pues, hay la mar de cosas que suben y bajan. Una especie de estas son los vehiculos por las carreteras de nuestra ciudad. Por las malas carreteras que benemos, ya no es posible, ni es correcto solamente decir "andar por las calles" sino "ir arriba y abajo" por ellas. Si salieses algun dia de paseo preferiblemente en un jeep, me explicaria mejor eso de ir "arriba y abajo".

GACETILLA...

(Continuacion de la pagina 18)

tery Drill Competition, juegos de baloncesto y volleyball. Rivalizaron en estos juegos los dos batallones, mientras que en el concurso entre "haterias", los Battery "A", "B", "C" y "D", incluso el grupo domingo se disputaron. Presenciaron a este concurso los comandantes del ROTC de los comandantes del ROTC como jueces. El Battery "B" fue juzgado el mejor.

DefiNECION

- o—
- RAYO DE MUERTE:** La mirada que echa una mujer a otra con el mismo vestido.
- SOLTERONA:** Ella que sabe todas las respuestas pero que no ha sido preguntado.
- ESQUELETO:** Un hombre cuyo interior esta en el exterior y cuyo exterior no esta en ningun lugar.
- NINO:** Aquel pedazo de humanidad cuyo un extremo hace mucho ruido y el otro es muy irrespensible.
- HAMLET:** Es la preparacion inglesa de "ham-and-egg."
- OPERETTA:** La nina que trabaja en una compania de telefonos.
- OPTIMISTA:** El que se va a un resturan y piensa pagar la cuenta con la perla que espera encontrar en el ostra en su plato.

of bullets was heard.

"What's that?" Pedro asked, "I hear a strange sound below the deck."

"Cesar, take hold of the sails while I take a look what's going on below," Paul handed Cesar the rope that was fastened to the sails. He took off the box-like cover of the small opening of the deck. Then he stooped down and made an eye of the bottom of the boat. But then..... he paused for a moment and refused to believe what he saw. There, a great blow of water came rushing in through the holes of the shattered keel. They were holes bored by machine gun bullets.

"Give me a piece of cloth, quick!" he shouted, "We've got to plug these holes." Through the small opening he quickly slid down to the bottom of the boat.

"It's no use Paul" Cesar answered, "the wind is fading. They are coming closer now."

"Forget them" Paul argued angrily. "We've got to plug these holes. Give me a piece of cloth. Sail on!"

Tony handed Paul an old towel. It was the only piece available. Paul tore the towel apart and started plugging the holes. Below the deck, he could now hear the drone of the launch, sounding like a music of a night when vampires roam the streets. Louder and louder it grew. And.....

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat..... Another fire was given to them. Nearer and nearer the Japs came. Paul's lips started to quiver. His hands begun to tremble. His heart heaved faster. Unconsciously a prayer was born in him. That was the last thing he could do.

"My Lord!" he said in a trembling whisper. "You're the only one to whom I can ask for help. Please don't let us die in their hands. Deliver us, my Lord!" He was not used to prayers before. He once had that strange belief that prayers are only for women and not for men. But at that moment he came to pray. And he said with his heart.

"Planes! American planes!" he heard Pedro shouting in a thunder-bolt. The Lord's answer? No! He didn't believe it. Pedro must have gone delirious, he thought. His comrade must have mistaken the drone of the patrol boat to that of a plane. But.....

"Paul! Come up quick!" Cesar and Tony called him, "American planes! Hurry!"

"American planes? Could it be? He climbed up back to the deck. He was just in time to see the big splashes of sea water. Machine gun bullets

tion are Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, S.P.D. athletic director; Manuel Baring, coach; Antonio Bas, captain; Lauro Mumar, Marcelino Abella, Vicente Cortes, Alvin Paraz, Jose Magalang, Eustaquio Chicho, Velezo, Francisco Borromeo, Amado Du, Ramon Mole, Ruben Frias and Aquino.

Battiller and Ramoneda did not make the trip on account of the one year residence rule which will be enforced in the coming Inter-Collegiate meet. The absence of Battiller will be felt by the Green and Gold as he has time and again proved himself handy in the pinches. However, Mole and Frias will bid fair to plug the gap left by the absence of Battiller.

APOLOGY

For the unpardonable delay in the release of the "CAROLINIAN," an apology is in order.

Editor

sounded more fiercer than before. The sea became a field of foam and spouts. A few seconds later the sons of the rising sun went down to the depths.

Amidst the howling cheers of his comrades, Paul remained silent for a moment. He saw the Lord's answer, the urgent willing help given by Him in return for a prayer he sincerely offered. And a new light descended upon him.....

Several hours now had passed since that unbelievable miracle. Beneath the lovely sundown, the little sailboat went gliding peacefully in the sleeping sea. Lightly, Paul's rough fingers strummed his guitar.

"Paul," Cesar interrupted him, "isn't life a matter of luck?"

"It isn't," he answered. "Life is a matter of prayers."

The three younger boys looked at one another. To them, Paul was talking in a riddle.

"Prayers?" they asked.

"Yes," was the skipper's short reply without taking pain in explaining what he said. He didn't care if the boys did not get what he meant. Someday they would come to understand.

—THE END—

HUMAN NATURE

By C. RODIL

The girl whose ideas are as queer as the shapes of her bags and shoes.

The teacher who starts howling and stamping his foot which may also start you to thinking whether his wife is a little bit too nagging or whether his morning coffee was done rather too sweet.

The boy who puts on the right clothes, goes to the right places, meets the right people, does practically the right things except give the right answers in the classroom.

The debutante whose evening dress is so adequate to cover the whole floor but leaves her poor back to pneumonia.

The boy who hangs around juke box joints, so girls would think well of him although he can never call the tune he likes until a good friend happens to drop in.

The girl who would rather lose weight than fail to set her hair. ?

The guerrillero who likes to recount the close shave he had with the Japs at the time you aren't in the mood to hear him, just to convince you every cent of his backpack was rightly due him.

The teacher who cannot excuse absences and late people other than his own self.

Men who easily fall poor, helpless victims of the treacherous disguise of lipstick and rouge.

The sort of girl who makes rough determined men turn gentle and lose direction.

People who borrow your things and keeps them, thinking you were so generous as not to ask them back until finally you will be forced to borrow your own things, to get them back.

Boys who changes girl friends more often than the gum they chew.

Uninvited guests who lessens your surprise by crashing in the spirit of could auld acquaintance be forgot.

The train of girls who frequents the dressing room more than the classroom.

People who seldom remember the favors you have given them taking for granted they were rightly due them.

Note:—Contributions for this column will be acknowledged. They must not be more than two sentences. Submit to C.R.

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