

the CAROLINIAN

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FOR GOD HAS SAVIORS BORN
DIGNIFIED AND TRUE

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Christmas Message:

These lines are being written a month ahead of time. When you hold them in your hands the approaching feast of Christmas will be uppermost in your mind. You will be leaving behind the halls of the university and going home to celebrate Christmas with your family.

Christmas has always been an affair of the home. It centers around a home, the poor home of the Holy Family at Bethlehem. The Son of God came down from the splendor of His heavenly home to enter into the lowly home at Bethlehem and later at Nazareth. His coming into a human family and home sanctified all homes and families. God's Son, a member of a family, the Child in the home! Children learn from Him the example of love, respect, and obedience. Parents think of their own children as a gift from heaven which the Father in heaven has entrusted to them. Every family is enriched, blessed and ennobled. Christmas is truly a day of the family.

Let it be so once more during this Christmas, my dear students. There is no more beautiful way of spending Christmas than at home with one's family, with parents, brothers, and sisters. Do your part to make it again a harmonious family feast. Be a more devoted and respectful son and daughter and a more loving brother and sister. The Christ-Child was the center of the Holy Family. Let Him be the center of your family. All the joy and happiness of Christmas come from this Child who was born into the world.

My dear students, and dear parents of our students, I extend to all of you my sincerest wishes for a "MERRY CHRISTMAS" and for God's richest blessings for your own home and family.

(SGD.) Herman Koudring, S.V.D.
R E C T O R

caroliniana

It had taken us much effort to prepare this issue. The enrollment season had put us in such a tight spot that we thought we could never hit the punishing deadmark. The deadlines were piling fast one after another and so we had to work raw on our nerves amidst the riot of mosquitoes in the Office where we are temporarily cubbyholed. There were several times when we went home at cockcrow. The ordeal of putting up this Christmas issue was indeed tougher than we thought, but fortunately we made it. And so here we are with this 40-page magazine WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Christmas and the World

When the English Philosopher Bertrand Russell said that the maxim today is not Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death, but Give Me Liberty and Give Them Death, he was not talking nonsense; in effect, his words sounded a WARNING to the world. For today mankind faces its most crucial moment of survival as two forces diametrically opposed to each other are poised to destroy the world.

Communism, obsessed with its century-old ambition to subjugate the human race, not contented with merely controlling a section of humanity which it has long oppressed, has waged a step-by-step conquest which may ultimately lead to a global disaster; for, certainly, the Institution of Democracy cannot continue to lie supinely on its back while Communism has steadily advanced to devour, so to say, the whole world. Retaliation, as it has been said, might prove

(Continued on page 27)



editorials

RETURN

● Men, restless searchers and builders, have gone a long way in the 1,958 years since the birth of Christ. They have learned to project their voices across continents, to contract time and distance, to travel undersea and in the air; in short, to do so many things that would have exceeded the wildest expectations of the wildest dreamers in Christ's time.

But the progress of men has not always been along advantageous frontiers, and today, men find themselves in constant danger of annihilation by things they brought into being: planes and ships and bombs and missiles. And day by day, they watch the dangers assume greater and more gigantic proportions in utter helplessness: A missile, for instance, begets an anti-missile; an anti-missile begets a better missile; a better missile begets a better anti-missile; a better anti-missile begets a still better missile, and so on indefinitely.

Technology, men have found, cannot ward off the danger. Nor can all the devices now existing or yet to exist. Nor can all that science may possibly unravel. Where then and in what must men find deliverance from their plight?

Somewhere, the soft yet faintly audible echo of a voice long-forgotten whispers, "Return to Me, and I shall give you peace and comfort."

Men, restless searchers and builders, have gone a long way in the 1,958 years after Christ, but they could not profit by going away from Christ. Today is Christmas day; shall the return to CHRIST, THE ANSWER, start now?

M. S. G.

DECEMBER

● At no other time of the year is the name of Lord Jesus so sweetly spoken again and again as in December. In the month of December many things can happen: a persevering love is accepted, foes become friends, prodigals return and are forgiven, mothers cook masterpieces, etc. Filled with faith, we talk about salvation and the Life Hereafter, instead of H-bombs or guided missiles or sputniks or austerity programs or corrupt officials. We ruminate, and remember our essence; we rationalize; we learn to accept our faults; we find ourselves; we realize our misdeeds; we discover truths; we see beauty in existence. We feel whole, body and soul. During December, we are unusually charitable and we give what we can give.

December, with its healthy atmosphere and songs and dances, its message and fruits, like May, is a season suitable for poems.

I don't know what would happen if someone powerful and cruel were to take away December from the calendar. Because without December there would be no Christmas. And without Christmas, there would be no Christ and without Christ there would be neither faith nor hope nor charity in the world and no peace.

J. C.

by **Hon. MIGUEL CUENCO**

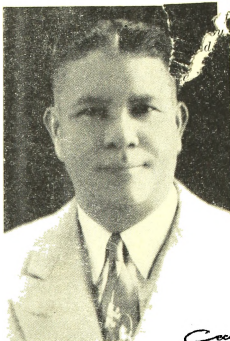
Congressman, Fifth District of Cebu

About the Author:

The author, Don Miguel Cuenco, graduated from San Carlos in the year 1919, at the age of 14, with the degree of Bachiller de Artes. He obtained a prize in Philosophy.

At the age of 13, he wrote a paper called "El Papado Ante la Historia" on the occasion of the anniversary of the coronation of Benedict XV.

He took the bar at the age of 18, 1923. He holds a degree in Commercial Law.



THE CALLING by the distinguished Under-Secretary of Education, our good friend, Hon. Daniel Salcedo, of a convention of teachers of Spanish and other educators to discuss and devise ways and means for the proper and effective implementation of Republic Acts Nos.

propagation of the national language in strict obedience to a constitutional mandate.

The philosophy behind the Soto (Vicente) and the Magalona and Cuenco (Miguel) Laws on Spanish has aptly been expressed by Dr.

others, Dr. Jorge Bacobo, former Secretaries of Foreign Affairs Romulo and Neri, Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs Alcazaren, Ambassador Narciso Ramos, to cite only a few, are products of our public schools, yet they speak good Spanish. Nobody in his right senses can say that these

The Spanish Language As An Instrument of

343 and 1881 is a step in the right direction. As long as our Constitution makes Spanish one of the official languages of the country and said Republic Acts Nos. 343 and 1881 remain in our statutory books, our schools and educational authorities, specially the Department of Education, are duty bound to make an honest-to-goodness implementation of the teaching of Spanish. Similarly, although those of us, like the author, have no use for the Tagalog language, for one reason or another, nevertheless, we have to support the teaching and

Pedro T. Orata. The said Laws do not intend to make Spanish the language of every Filipino but one of the languages of the Filipino professionals and of the cultured Filipinos. We should not underestimate the ability of a cultured Filipino to learn English and Spanish. Presidents Roxas, Quirino, and Garcia, Justice Labrador, Solicitor General Barot, former Speaker Jose B. Laurel, Jr., Senators Puyat, Primicias, Osias and Pecson, President Vicente Sinco of the University of the Philippines, Congressmen Enverga, Roy, Peralta and

distinguished Filipinos committed a mistake by learning Spanish and English. Any English-speaking Filipino who has the determination to learn also Spanish, can achieve this purpose, without much difficulty, specially because Spanish is phonetic and is more similar to our native Filipino languages. The study of the national language as well as of English and Spanish is for a Filipino largely a matter of simple decision and determination.

We can not be blind to the importance, nay, necessity, of Spanish

in our culture. Having eliminated Spanish from our schools since Lishman's decline of our culture in the past thirteen years is alarming. Many of our professionals, public officials and even first grade, civil service employees, can not even spell correctly ordinary proper nouns such as Anastasio, Alonso, Brigido, Elisa, Felipe, Filomena, Ireneo, Miguel, Ortega, Porfirio, Remigio, Rodolfo, and many others. It is high time that the Spanish alphabet be taught immediately in all our schools, beginning from the elementary grades, to redeem our youth from this cultural barbarism into which they have fallen.

By knowing only English, many Filipinos of today have no contact with the European civilization, a profound and ample civilization. The result is lamentable. We have the testimony of American, German and French educators with many years of experience in the Philippines. They have called our attention to the limited culture of the Filipinos of today who knows English only, in contrast to the scholarship of many Spanish and English-speaking Filipinos of the pre-war era.

Spanish civilization is not only

at Washington, D.C. as an example of courtesy. We have to teach our youth lessons of courtesy which are traditional with the Spanish people. The reading of Spanish books will also reinvigorate Filipino social life. Nowadays when we are seized by the get-rich-quick fever and the lust for power at the sacrifice of spiritual and moral values, we would do well to remember the simple but very meaningful verses of Calderon de la Barca, the soldier-priest-poet, on honor. We see much loosening of family ties, much selfishness and greed in our every day life. We have to go back again to the fountains of Spanish civilization, the civilization that influenced our ancestors, to reinforce our souls with the virtues of family solidarity and human dignity, spirituality, idealism and chivalry exemplified in Cervantes' *Don Quijote*. An eminent American scholar, Dr. James Brown Scott, Professor of United States Foreign Relations of Georgetown University recommends the reading of *Don Quijote*.

The knowledge of Spanish strengthens our position in world diplomacy. It assures the support to the Philippines of the 21 Latin American republics, and of Spain, Portugal, and Italy — more than

relations of the Philippines, a small and poor country, having no friends. Moreover, at the rate our population increases, one of the highest in the world, thirty years hence we shall be facing an acute problem of overpopulation. By that time many Filipinos will have to leave our country. Latin America, particularly the fabulously rich countries of Venezuela, Colombia, and Peru, will be the ideal places for the Spanish-speaking and Christian Filipino emigrants. We must bear in mind that Latin America, more than any other region in the world, is safely removed from the danger of annihilating nuclear wars.

The patriotic poems of Rizal, Apostol, Recto, Palma, Guerrero, Bernabe, Flavio Zaragoza Cano, Balmori and others teach us love of country and its heroes and martyrs. We have to learn them by heart in their original Spanish version. Great poets have also been great soldiers of freedom and their immortal poems have served as banners behind which entire peoples have rallied in their struggle for liberty and democracy. The *Marseillaise* is the hymn of the French Revolution. Dante's *Divina Comedia* is a precursor of Italian national unity and Camoen's *O*

FILIPINO NATIONALISM

old and well developed, but many outstanding works on science and other branches of human knowledge written by foreign authors are translated into Spanish. According to Engineer-Architect Mr. Fernando Ocampo, many good books on engineering, electricity, chemistry and physics written by outstanding French, German and Russian authors can be read in their Spanish translations, but they have no available versions in English.

The Spanish youth is portrayed on the walls of the Library of Congress

one-fourth of the entire membership of the United Nations. The English language, more than religion, trade or any other factor, is the greatest and strongest link that connects India, Burma, and Ceylon with England. Similarly, we can count with the sincere support and cordial sympathy of 24 Latin nations because they still regard us as a Spanish-speaking people. We shall lose the support of these Latin countries the moment we, Filipinos, stop speaking Spanish. It is easy, therefore, to visualize the sad predicament in world diplomacy and

Lusíadas, a hymn of Portuguese epic exploits in world navigation and colonization, is the great Portuguese national poem.

We salute the teachers of Spanish in the Philippines because they have a great national responsibility. All teachers must realize that the teaching of the national language, English and Spanish is a constitutional, statutory, cultural patriotic responsibility, for the benefit, honor and glory of our beloved motherland. †

Was Christ a Politician?

What is politics?
What is a true politician?

WEBSTER'S lexicon defines politics as the science and art of government. A politician, it continues, is one versed or experienced in the science of government. From the standpoint of these definitions, politics therefore is not so bad as we presently think it to be. In fact, politics, as defined, is never bad. It is a science — not a game; it is virtue — not vice. The politician of the dictionary is a well-intentioned individual; he is the honest, sincere, even the master in the art of government. Never the crooked, the cheater, the opportunist.

Was Christ a politician?

He was. The politician of the definition. Not only was He a politician. He was also a lesson in politics. He was the politician that symbolizes the original meaning of the word. The untainted one; the chaste; the pure. The ideal. Indeed, the true politician must be of Christly character.

Why the lesson in politics?

"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women." Thus said the angel Ga-

was a mere carpenter; Mary an impoverished member of David's royal house. The Annunciation was a political lesson: that leadership is not the monopoly of the rich, not a matter of heritage. The poor can be leaders—may even be the best.

"And it came to pass while they (Joseph and Mary) were in Bethlehem, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

Why did not Christ choose a palace instead of a stable? Why not a crib with multi-millions instead of a manger? Again, the lesson: that birth can be everywhere, anywhere, anyhow; but life can be so noble, so worthy, so good. And the man can be the best of leaders; the King of kings.

"And the devil led him up, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, and he said to him, 'To thee will I give all this power and their glory; for to me they have been delivered, and to whomever I will I give them. Therefore if thou wilt worship before me, the whole shall be thine.' And Jesus answered and said to him, 'It is written, **The Lord thy God shalt thou worship, and him only shalt thou serve.**'"

Have the so-called leaders of the

in government-operation. Graters must stay; nepotism must continue. Welcome opportunist! For "what are we in power for?" Hence, the white paper, the PHHC anomalies, the questionable reparations deal, the backpay racket, the customs mess, etcetera, etcetera. Result: government bankruptcy!

"With what difficulty will they who have riches enter the kingdom of God! For it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

Yet, those at the helm of the government have but one ambition in mind: richest richest richest!

"And he entered the temple, and began to cast out those who were selling and buying in it, saying to them, 'It is written, My House is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves.'"

Is not our government office now a modern den of thieves? Yet, how many newly elected officials with self-proclaimed missionary zeal have entered our government service "casting out those who are selling and buying in it" saying to them, "It is written, My House is the house of the people?" Has any crook been kicked out? Not one!

The unsuccessful "missionaries" often rationalize that it is impossible for them to rid the government of the unscrupulous. So, they better not make the "sweeping". Not only that. They become unscrupulous

Christ: A LESSON IN POLITICS

briel to Mary.

And—"Do not be afraid, Joseph, son of David, to take to thee Mary thy wife, for that which is begotten in her is of the Holy Spirit. And thou shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." The words of the angel of the Lord to Joseph.

At that time there was a king of Judea named Herod. But to him were not said the words uttered by the angel to Joseph. Not even to his royal tribe. To his wife was not aired the joyful message of the angel Gabriel to Mary. Yet, Joseph

country said in the midst of temptation: "It is written, **The Filipino nation shall thou worship next to God, and its people only shalt thou serve...**"? Sadly enough, that has been admittedly written (and in this they firmly believe) is that absolute

by **ADELINO B. SITYO**

power corrupts and when it corrupts, it corrupts absolutely. That no official has the nerve to avoid the gains derived from his office. That corruption is a necessary evil

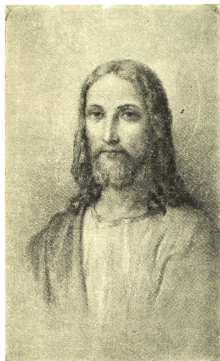
tool.

"And he said to his disciples, 'It is impossible that scandals should not come; but woe to him through whom they come! It were better for him if a millstone were hung about his neck and he were thrown into the sea, than that he should cause one of these little ones to sin.'"

This was He on scandals. Indeed, He was the beautiful lesson in politics.

Christmas: His birth: Time to remember Him. Will the present politicians who have spoiled the true meaning of the word heed Him as the lesson, the ideal? ♪

Christ: THE HOPE OF MAN'S WORLD



MAN'S WORLD today is sailing, as it were, on a dark and perilous sea. Lost in the night of fear, it gropes for light. And haunted by the horrors of war, it looks for the harbor of peace. Its captains, the diplomats and leaders of nations, are trying their best to avoid disaster and shipwreck in a modern war. But their talks, no matter how eloquent, their deliberations, no matter how careful, seem to be fruitless, in vain. In fact, the world of man today is no less tossed on and battered by the wind and waves of war than in the past decades. The storm of another war more terrible than all previous wars is almost blowing it to the rocks of total destruction. Unless something is done, man's world today will be destroyed forever.

The war into which man's world is drifting is very dreadful. The atomic and hydrogen bombs will be used as weapons. According to men of science, these modern means of warfare possess power enough to wipe out an entire city. Successive blasts and explosion of these bombs will destroy the civilization of man. Nay, they will once more render the earth lifeless and desolate as

the mountains and valleys of the moon.

But while there is still time, while the storms of this impending war have not yet broken out, must not man's world look for help and guidance? Since all the efforts of its leaders and diplomats have failed, must it not call on God for salvation?

Thousand of years ago, a handful of fishermen was overtaken by a strong storm on the sea of Galilee. They were at the point of sinking when suddenly the figure of Christ stood before them. Immediately they cried out to Him for help: "Master, save us, we are perishing". And at Christ's command, the fury of the storm abated and a great calm followed. The apostles were saved!

The predicament of man's world today is similar to that of the apostles who were caught by the storm. It is also sailing not however on a mere lake but on the rough seas of the modern age. Helpless and impotent as the apostles, man's world today is powerless to save itself from its impending doom. It can not avoid what it wants to escape. For, the more it tries to look for peace, the closer it drifts to the certainty of another global war. Never has the future looked so dark

by AMABLE TUIBEO

and uncertain as it does today. Never has the world feared and trembled at the specter of destruction and death as it does today.

But the world must not despair. There is still hope and salvation for it. It has only to lit its eyes. For before it stands the mighty and serene figure of Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer. This is the Cornerstone, whose permanence has been already tested by time but which was rejected by the builders. And this is the only Ark, which alone offered hope to the drowning civilization of antiquity. If man's world therefore, wants to be saved from the cataclysm of war, it must em-

brace Christ. For once this Great Galilean said as no man said before: "He that is not with Me, scatters".

If Christ has proven to be the only hope and refuge, why does man's world refuse to acknowledge Him? Why is it difficult for Man's world today to call on Him for guidance?

Proud is the world of man. Believing in the omnipotence of science, it derides religion; extolling humanity, it scoffs at divinity. Thus to appeal to Christ for help and guidance even in this critical time, would mean an insult to its pride and reason. With its progress and enlightenment, it would be too much for it to have the simplicity of the shepherds and to follow the old wisdom of the magi. So it wants to be left alone because of pride.

Pride was the cause of the Fall. Proud Lucifer, who once was the Bearer of Light, fell and became the Prince of darkness. Proud Adam and Eve, our first parents, fell and were exiled into this valley of tears. The proud people of Babel fell and their language was lost. The proud Empire of Rome, that Mistress of the world, fell and was trampled underfoot by the barbarians. Verily, those, who exalt themselves shall be brought low and humbled.

Man's world today has yet to learn this lesson of history. Like any other institution erected by human hands, it has to fall from its pride. And its fall will be great, for the higher it has climbed, the heavier will be its fall!

Left alone to continue its course across the ages, man's world today is drifting nowhere. Never has the port of lasting peace been so far away as it is now. Its leaders and diplomats have failed. They are confused and bewildered. Their confusion has become worse confounded. There is therefore no other alternative except that man's world today must be guided by God's hand.

Christ has come as Light. He has come as the Way. He has come as the Truth and the Life. He stands today before man's world. He waits for the call. The rest then is up to the world of man. †

TRUTH and EGOISM

THE WAY a man lives has an influence on the way he thinks. This is not a denial of the power of the intellect to grasp truth when it is presented to the mind, but merely an attempt to emphasize a neglected element. A person may understand the full impact of the truth of a doctrine, yet if his life is a direct contradiction to its content, he may either propose an amendment or change the law entirely. Take, as an example, the life of Martin Luther and his proposition to "reform" the Church.

Some people think that badness is an outcome proceeding from lack of knowledge. They invariably assume that men are wicked because they are ignorant. However, there are people who understand the doctrines, but cannot accept their verity, because their ego stands in the way. Not all Ph.D.'s are discerning, and not all uneducated are necessarily dumb. A college or university education does not always open the mind to truth, nor does lack of it in the ignorant close the mental channel to the flow of wisdom. Indeed, a certain type of intellect-formation may simply turn a man from a stupid fool into a clever fool and of the two the former has the better chance of finding truth.

Egoism or selfishness can turn a man's mind away from wisdom, and can so blind his vision that he may not even suspect the presence of truth. It is so obvious that only prejudice can lead any one to suppose that, because a certain concept was never in his mind, it can not be a content of nature or of the world around him. Yet this is exactly what egoism does to a person. Pride, oversexuality and greed, which are three forms of egoism, may so darken man's mind that he cannot accept the truth of subjection to authority, strict monogamy and sense of fair play in business, despite the evidential proofs of their evil effects.

The psychological concept of the

ego is the self, whether considered as an organization or system of mental states, or as consciousness of the individual's distinction from other selves. Ethically conceived, however, egoism is the doctrine that individual self-interest is the valid end of all actions or the motive of all conscious action. Consider the lawyer who launches himself into politics for honor and gain, and claims that there can be no other higher motive. Egoism has so bent his mental attitude that knowledge of nobility in shaping the policies of government cannot anymore be redirected.

The intellectual condition for the acceptance of truth is humility. The scientists must remain silent and bow themselves to facts of nature. They can not impose their own ideas of how cells should sub-divide or how atoms should react. Learning

there will be as many truths as there are minds. But truth is one and universal. We cannot claim that two and two equals four, unless that fact is founded on universal truth. Else, other minds can claim, "two and two equals five or three for us", and thus truth will be multiplied, which is against its very essence of oneness and universality.

Since truth is one and universal it can never be relative or subjective, but always absolute and objective. Knowledge of it, therefore, to bring back the point, cannot be evolved by a magic twist of the puny human mind. It would rather be an interaction, a giving on the part of Nature and an acceptance on the part of the mind, although the latter should be the active element—"a conformity of the intellect with reality", as deeply expounded by Thomas Aquinas.

If egoism poisons the learner's mind with "the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscences of the flesh and the pride of life" it will stifle the truth's objectivity. A man, for example, may be so impassioned by jealousy and arrogance that he will never see the truth of gentility, intelligence and goodness in one whom he envies or hates. This brings us back to the idea in our first paragraph. Man's thinking is affected by his living.

As a corollary, in order to learn and to be really wise, man must accept, first, the Author of truth, Who is the Source of knowledge and the Fountain of wisdom—GOD. Thus, humble in his acceptance of God, his mind will be prepared to grasp reality. It would be the arduous task of educators to open the minds of university students to this fact, so that in the arduous dissemination of eternal values there will be less waste. Consequently, learning and education will go hand in hand with the formation of the personality, and the product will be, according to Pius XI, "the true and finished man of character." #

by

Datticio Dolores

is the humble acceptance of the species of knowledge from Mother Nature, but egoism, which at its worst is the greatest form of pride, is the very opposite. The intellectually humble accepts facts and willingly gives up his own view, when proven wrong. The egoist, on the other hand, wants to create his own truth for selfish contingencies and, therefore, he either cannot increase knowledge or loses that which has been ingrained in him from childhood. What will fit his wishes, what will suit his desires, that to the egoist is the truth. These purely subjective norms can never lead him further than the confines of his own ego.

Truth is eternal and its bounds are infinite, for it is founded on the very essence of God. It is an objective reality independent of the mind, for if it were dependent on the mind,

Some Facts About USC's Patron Saint

SAIN'T CHARLES BORROMEEO was born in an age when some people used to say "If you want to go to Hell, be a priest."

It might be difficult for the reader to understand the foregoing statement if he does not know a little of Church history that dates back particularly to the early part of the sixteenth century. Corruption and vice, practiced in and outside the Church by priests and non-priests, marked the general order of that era. The Church fought a grim battle against its wayward members as the call for reformation and counter-reformation rocked the social and political foundations of the time. It was not surprising, then, to find the clergy, secular and regular, living an open life of scandal and spiritual squallor. "They walked the streets in lay dress, complete with sword and pistol. Churches were in a half-ruinous condition, the sacred vessels corroded with rust, the vestments moth-eaten" commented Rev. Francis Holland, O.S.C., in his biographical account of St. Charles. Intrigues from within threatened the very structure of the Church. As a consequence thereof, the faith of the populace wavered. It was indeed a time that called for a man of God to rekindle the flame of faith and once more show his flock the "way to salvation."

Four men answered the call.* One of them was Saint Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan and Cardinal.

Thus, Very Rev. Father Albert van Ganswinkel, former USC Rector, wrote in an editorial:

"As you enter the lobby of the Collegiate Building of the University, your eyes are drawn to a life-size statue in bronze. A man in a bishop's garb, with a powerful gesture, and energetic features, Saint Charles Borromeo, the Patron Saint of the University since 1779. The statue, a gift of the USC Alumni Association, was ordered and made in Milan, Italy, where St. Charles was Archbishop and Cardinal in the sixteenth century. That century was one of the most critical, stormy, and important periods in the entire

* The three other men: Pope St. Pius V; St. Philip Neri and St. Ignatius Loyola.



ST. CHARLES BORROMEEO
The Cardinal was only twenty-two.

St. Charles Borromeo

by Atty. Tomas Echarre

history of the Church; and St. Charles, a Cardinal at the age of 22, Secretary of State under Pope Paul IV and at the age of 40, was one of the most outstanding, clear-sighted, powerful leaders." (From the *Carolinian*, December edition, 1952).

St. Charles was born in the Castle of Arona on Lake Maggiore on October 2, 1538. He was the second of two sons in a family of six. At the age of twelve, after he received his clerical tonsure, St. Charles became the assignee of the Abbey of Arona with a revenue of thirteen thousand pounds a year. The rich Benedictine Abbey was resigned to him by his uncle, Julius Caesar Borromeo. St. Charles parents, Count Gilbert Borromeo and Margaret (whose

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St. Charles Borromeo

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younger brother was Pope Pius IV), were surprised upon learning that the boy insisted on spending the money for the poor.

As a student, St. Charles was not brilliant and he suffered an impediment in his speech. However, a friend of his said: "I have often wondered how it was that, without any natural eloquence or anything attractive in his manner, he was able to work such changes in the hearts of his hearers. He spoke but little, gravely, and in a voice rarely audible—but his words always had effect." The young Charles learned his Latin at Milan and afterwards went to the University of Pavia where his prudence and self-discipline made him a model to the youth in that University, who according to some authorities, "had an evil reputation for vice." At the age of twenty-one, he became a Doctor of Civil and Canon Law. In 1550, he was nominated by the new Pope, Cardinal de Medici (his uncle) administrator of the vacant See of Milan. (Actually he took possession of the See in 1565. Before him, no other Archbishop had lived and resided in Milan for 80 years).

In quick succession, Charles was named legate to Bologna, Romagna, and the March of Ancona, and protector of Portugal, the Low Countries, the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, and the orders of St. Francis, the Carmelites, the knights of Malta and many others. St. Charles received all these honors at the young

age of twenty-three.

But despite all this, he was openly opposed to ostentation and luxury. When someone offered to have St. Charles' bed warmed, he was heard to have said, "The best way not to find a bed cold, is to go colder than the bed is."

At the age of 27, he assumed the duties of his Pastoral Office. His diocese was one of the largest in Italy and contained 2,200 churches and some 600,000 souls to care for. With mind and heart, St. Charles worked to restore the faith of the people towards the priesthood and eventually succeeded in putting the vocation in its proper place in the hearts of the faithful.

Because of his intense devotion to whip the errant clergy into line, he had to incur the ire of some suffragans and priests who did not like his reforms. (One reform enforced by him: all his clergy should be clean-shaven). Thus his life was in danger when a religious order called Humiliati tried to prevail upon the Pope to annul St. Charles' regulations. One of the Humiliati themselves, a priest called Jerome Danelli Farina, agreed to carry out the plot to assassinate St. Charles after the Pope supported the latter's reforms and frustrated the Humiliati's desire to have the same annulled. Three priors hatched out the evil scheme to liquidate St. Charles, and for forty gold pieces, Farina agreed to do the deed. (The sum

was raised by selling ornaments from a church).

Posting himself at the door of the Chapel in the young archbishop's house, Farina, on October 26, 1569, while St. Charles was saying his evening prayers with the rest of his household, shot him at the moment when the following words were sung: "It is time therefore that I return to Him that sent me." Charles fell, but he was only grazed by Farina's bullet.

As a patron of learning, St. Charles was without peer. In the succeeding years, he established six (6) seminaries accommodating more than 700 students. He also founded the Jesuit College at Brescia (1573) and the Swiss College in Milan (1579). He was the originator of the "Sunday-Schools," two hundred years before Robert Raikes distinguished himself in England for his great dedication and work among Protestant Children.

At an age when most men reach the prime of their life and the peak of their careers, St. Charles gave up his life. He died at the age of 46. His last words at the hour of his passing were "Ecce Venio, Behold I Come."

The life and times of Saint Charles Borromeo should be a continuing inspiration not only for the youth but also for the clergy.

May each Carolinian be proud of the fact that his forefathers have chosen St. Charles for the patron of the University. May he be proud that they had chosen well. †

A HUNDRED times and more, I have received that greeting along the corridors of this University. And I am grateful. In that short greeting is summed up that beautiful (one might almost call it) instinct fused into the Filipino soul by four hundred years of Christian living: reverence for the God-given dignity of the Priest.

But I am not a PRIEST. Nor am I a seminarian who will someday become a Priest.

Friends and relatives have been much surprised at such an answer when they had asked me when I expected to be ordained. And more than one traveler in Manila buses have thrown me a suspicious glance upon hearing the same. It seems that few people are aware of the exist-

Good Morning, Father!

by Bro. William Yam, S.J.

ence of Lay-brothers. Or if there are many, their notion of the Brother's life is often hazy. Others, whose notion of it may be somewhat clear, have a mixture of misplaced pity and pitiable puzzlement for the Brother's lot. To a great extent, such ignorance of the Brother's existence and, deeper still, the lack of a Christian, supernatural appreciation of their way of life, are some of the reasons why we Brothers are so few today.

The Brother is the man you see wearing the same "soutana" as the

Priest, but who gives himself to the more humble tasks in a religious house, of tailor, cook, buyer, house-cleaner, poultry or laundry man, sacristan or infirmarian. And in this technical age, he can be electrician or mechanic, stenographer, accountant or librarian. One or some of these—can be the Brother's job. The Brother's training does not require a course of formal studies as does the training of a seminarian studying for the priesthood. But as in most rules, there are exceptions, and

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IF THE Philippine Roman Catholic Hierarchy—in recognition of an individual's humanitarian action—were the Philippine Government today, it would probably present the Golden Heart award to a man who is to be credited for his work

Town where the priests and the wayward youngsters lived, and slept, until enough funds were raised and Don Ramon was able to purchase a lot in Punta Princesa to which the Boys Town was moved. When the Punta Princesa lot was

Besides giving more comfort to unfortunate Boys Town youngsters, Don Ramon Aboitiz is giving moral and material support to various civic and religious projects.

Don Ramon also helps support the Asilo de la Milagrosa, a charitable

Cebu BOYS TOWN Benefactor

for the material and spiritual upliftment of his fellowmen.

That award, in all likelihood, would go to a philanthropist who has freely given his riches for the betterment of the lot of the unfortunates and in the service of the Church. This great work of his cannot remain unrecognized and uncommended.

So much material and moral aid has Don Ramon Aboitiz given to lay and religious entities that he is today regarded as a "philanthropic institution" in the South. Today he is also identified with the Cebu Boys Town, where young unfortunate people,—society's uncared-for seeds of promise—are housed and led.

He has faith and sees promise in these young people. Although born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, Don Ramon has undertaken to care for young people abandoned by wayward parents, rendered orphan by death, the homeless and the delinquents.

He foresees the great potential of the youth who grow up with the proper guidance.

It was because of his faith in the youth that, when the Cebu Boys Town was in its blueprint stage, Don Ramon tried everything he could to set up the "Home" in a permanent place and to make it more comfortable for the boys and the Salesian Fathers.

First established by the Salesians of Don Bosco, the Boys Town was situated at the left side of the Cebu Metropolitan Cathedral in what is now the Chinese Catholic Center. When Boys Town was first opened and admitted the first 16 boys, the building was dilapidated from every angle. The walls consisted of corrugated iron roofing materials that were not even nailed to the posts. The place was disorganized. For many months this was the Boys

by **BEN C. CABANATAN**



DON RAMON ABOITIZ

"A philanthropical institution."

cleared the construction of a semi-concrete building started, while his personal funds paid for the wood, concrete, and wages of laborers.

After about a month the building was completed, cleaned and partitioned into various sections ready for settlement. One end section was made the chapel, next the Fathers' quarters, the wards' sleeping quarters, carpentry shop, mess hall and kitchen.

All these accommodations in the Boys Town are the comforts provided by Don Ramon Aboitiz' unbounded generosity which finds more meaning in the fact that his benevolence turns what would have been impoverished, misguided, delinquent children into useful, upright citizens.

institution for young boys and girls.

Don Ramon was born on November 16, 1888 in Ormoc, Leyte. He is married to Dolores Sidebottom of Manila. He has two children, Maria Luisa Canova and Eddie. Eddie Aboitiz, who takes charge of the vast Aboitiz interests, is also giving support to the Cebu Boys Town. He is the president of the Cebu Boys Town, Inc. Last year he donated a farm tractor and other items to Boys Town.

But for the last few years Don Ramon himself has been the biggest benefactor of the Cebu Boys Town. Yet despite all these humanitarian contributions that he has made, Don Ramon Aboitiz today remains under self-imposed obscurity which can obviously be expected from a man of deep humility. †

John Randolph and Henry Clay once had a quarrel in the Senate at Washington. For several weeks they did not speak, when one day they met on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Each saw the other coming up the sidewalk which was very narrow at the particular point, and each was meditating as to how far he would turn out for the other to pass. As Randolph came up he looked the grand old Kentuckian straight in the eye and, keeping the sidewalk, hissed:

"I never turn out for soundrels!"

"I always do," said Mr. Clay as he stepped politely out into the mud and let Randolph have the walk.

NOT KNOWING what the electric push-button was for, the man knocked on the wall. After a while, the cushioned-door was opened. He took off his buri hat and smiled cordially, but the woman who met him paid no attention to his friendliness. She only looked at him.

"Good morning," he said. *Merry Christmas* seemed very informal. "I'd like to see Mr. Rubia."

"Mr. Rubia is taking a bath," she announced; the tone of her

THE DOOR moved; the man immediately stood up. A boy hurriedly went out, and another one followed. The latter stopped upon seeing the man. The man politely smiled at the boy; the boy reciprocated.

"Manong?" the boy asked. "I come to see your father," the man calmly said.

"Papa's eating. I'll tell him, Manong."

"Maybe your maid has told him already."

"Bill, come on! Don't tarry.

quested to sit down.

The upholstered chairs were amber-colored, very elegant, and tempting. The big round table was of glass and a vase with fresh flowers was standing on it. A piano was at the right side of the room. Oriental draperies and a big framed picture of Mr. Rubia and his family hung on the lacquered walls.

The man felt uncomfortable in the midst of such finery.

At the middle of the floor was planted the immemorial Christmas tree; it was tall and richly adorned with falling, brilliant, silver streamers, stars, apples, and a variety of trinkets. The tiny bells were real, and they tinkled when the wind blew. Many boxes done up in tinsel paper were piled near the base of the tree.

The man was dumbfounded by the magnificence surrounding him. He had not seen this even in his most extravagant dream of wealth and high living. Now he realized

IN THIS OUR *Life*

voice was of one who was bothered.

"I shall wait," he said.

The woman gave an it's-up-to-you expression and closed the door. The door made a thudding sound. It was far from his expectation; doors usually banged or creaked. He took a couple of steps backward and sat on the chair nearby. The wind was icy-cold, but he did not fold his arms.

This was the very first time he had dropped in at the kingly house of Mr. Rubia, although he had been tilling his land for a long time. True, during fiestas and birth parties he came here to help skin the goats and dress the chickens, but that was in the backyard.

If Nong Carlos, the overseer, had only lent him the money he needed, he would not have come here. He did not feel fit to see Mr. Rubia.

But, he reflected and held out hope, this is Christmas. These are the days of good understanding. This is the time when softness stays in the heart.

He was really in difficulties. His younger child had just recovered from a severe illness and all his savings were spent for the medicines; the doctor, too. Now, his wife was going to give birth, and he did not even have a few centavos to buy chocolate cakes, and a ganta of third class rice. Of course, he could not let his wife eat camote when she would have delivered.

Bill! We might be late. They must be there now," the other boy was yelling.

"Have you eaten, Manong?" the boy asked. "Yes," the man lied. "Just wait for him, Manong."

"I'll do that, I'll do that."

The boys raced across the flower garden; they drew their toy-guns and shot the airplane which passed by. The man sat back.

When he was that small, dream-ed of becoming one of them: well-dressed, fat and gay sons of rich people. But his father was not a somebody. He remembered going with him to the rice-field and while cooling off in the shade of the dwarf bananas, he watched him work under the heat of the sun. He had followed his occupation. They were sons of the soil.

III

THE WOMAN opened the door. "You may come in now," she said. "Your feet," she added.

The man smiled and rubbed his feet on the decorated doormat. The woman held the door for him as if she did not want him to touch it. When he was inside, she let go the door and it closed by itself, with the same thudding sound.

The tessellated floor of the parlor was perfectly vanished so that the man could see his shadow in it, and of the costly curtains swaying.

The woman had left him alone and disappeared into one of the rooms. He looked around and stood in the corner, for he was not re-

SHORT STORY

by

Junne Cañizates

that even in his fancy, a poor man could not possess what men of substance really had. He looked at the patches on the knees of his pants. The color of the flowers on his shirt had faded out, and what remained were the broken, dull traces of petals and stems.

Somebody played the radio-phonograph upstairs and the room where the man was filled with the savage beat of the music.

The woman came back with a piece of cloth. She bent and wiped out the dirt on the shiny floor. The man looked at his bare feet. He thought he had wiped them well; he stood there, motionless, and hot with shame. He gazed at the window and wished that he were in some other place.

IV

AT LAST, Mr. Rubia showed himself. He cleared his throat and afterward lighted a cigar. Through the flickering flame of the matchstick he glanced at the man.

"Good morning, sir," the man respectfully greeted; he did not forget to smile. He held his buri hat on his bosom, the way far-

But, he reflected and held out hope, this is Christmas . . .

mers do when they pray at sundown in the fields.

"Oh," Mr. Rubia said.

"I'm here, sir, because . . ."

"Merta!" Mr. Rubia called aloud, and swore at something. The woman came in. "Get my hat. The white one," Mr. Rubia commanded. He faced the man. "What's it?" he asked.

"I'd like, sir, to, to borrow money," the man said.

"Money?" Mr. Rubia said and studied his cigar.

"I'm hard up, sir. My wife . . ."

"Who isn't short of money nowadays?" Mr. Rubia said. "Who isn't affected by the crisis. The prices are raised, terribly. Now, the grocery charges are double of the usual worth. Money is scarce. Yes. And then some people just . . ."

At that moment, the carolers sang at the doorstep. It was a ballad about the coming of the Redeemer, and the lowliness which characterized His birth.

The woman had returned and handed him the hat. Mr. Rubia gave a coin to the woman and said: "Stop it. Go, stop it! It's too early yet."

Before the carolers were interrupted, a young man entered the parlor and Mr. Rubia gladly met him.

"Camilo! Camilo!" Mr. Rubia said with outstretched arms.

"Tio," the young man said and kissed the hand of Mr. Rubia. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" Mr. Rubia replied. "When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

The man waited patiently, and listened to the strangled dingdong and drumming and rubadub from the radio-phon.

"Where's Tia?" the young man asked. "Up," Mr. Rubia said. "I'll surprise her," the young man said laughing and departed.

"Now," Mr. Rubia said, "just tell me how much you want."

"About twenty pesos, sir," said the man, whose personal dignity had been cut to pieces by the blade of Mr. Rubia's words. That was the smallest; in fact, he doubted

if that was enough, but Mr. Rubia had driven him to say it. "My rice will be harvested soon, sir. It will yield a good crop. Mine is the best, Nong Carlos knows that, sir."

"All right, all right," Mr. Rubia said and got out his black wallet. "Here's ten. That's all."

The man had no choice; he received the crisp ten-peso bill.

"Lucas!" Mr. Rubia shouted.

"Sir," someone answered from the adjoining room; it was in the garage. "Is the car ready?" Mr. Rubia asked "Yes, sir. Yes," the voice quickly replied.

"Thank you very much, sir,"

the man said politely and bowed a little.

At this moment, Mrs. Rubia and the young man were coming down the stairs noisily. Mr. Rubia looked back and waved his hand to dismiss his visitor.

"Thank you very much, sir," the man repeated and went away with downcast eyes, carefully opened the door (it was not easy to pull) and closed it. It made a thudding sound which drowned out the tinkling of the tiny bells on the Christmas tree in the parlor, and the laughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rubia and the young man. ♪



ILLUSTRATED BY
Amosoko Mantingas



Illustrated by
AMORSOLO MANINGAS

I AM THE Christmas Breeze. I dance to the music of Christmas songs and play with the flirting sunlight filtered through the rustling leaves of swaying trees. I rush through the lilting heads of Dec-

with love, I bow with reverence for the tale which I am about to tell is for them alone, dreamers of Paradise. Open your hearts, O joyful ones, and listen to me as I linger by your sides, caressing you with my soft and gentle kisses,

A Tale of Two Christmases

(A Short Story)

ember blossoms, suffused and impassioned with delight, and whisper little love songs to the pure image of the calm blue sky. Enchanted with the magic of Love, I am Happiness herself: the gift of the coming GIVER, the heaven of every heart. As the sun gives light, so I give joy. The secrets of the centuries are in me; the precious tales of old are never told save through whispers of my own—heavenly-soft and cool and fragrant. To every heart that beats

touching the playful locks of your tangled hair, and humming, as I go, the tale of two Christmases.

I.

It was a sunny Christmas of long ago when in my wanderings through the joyful plains and valleys of this world I chanced to pass by a lonely hill where sat a forlorn pair, so mournful in their silence. Solicitous and curious, I glided through the carpet of verdant grass, where the two were

sprawled, to listen to their sweet little complaints and hear what inanities lovers still can think of to make a lovely day a sad one. As I came upon the two, I perceived that the maiden was as one I was wont to call as an angel's statue come to life, or perhaps Venus herself descended on earth, and the man, robust and tall and passionate, was in himself a brown Adonis in the prime of his youth. What a wonderful pair, I thought. Almost like lovers in a myth. Yet the scene was a sad one as I said before and the state of things made me more curious. I decided to listen. I touched the soft satin face of the maiden and ruffled her long curly hair to wake her up from her stupor whereupon her lover gazed upon her longingly as I played with her tousled curls and fluttering silky white garments.

He said: You are sweet and pure, Christina.

Ay ... of what use. She sighed wistfully.

Silence. Long silence.

I am a man, Christina, said he looking far away into the fading horizon. I have accepted my defeat. I will embrace bitterness with courage though with a bleeding heart. For you, a fervent wish for a Christmas gift of eternal happiness with Rodolfo. Ay ... your father's will be done.

Fermin, said she, gazing at him with misty eyes.

For me ... I will go away. Far away. I will think of you and of my fateful love. I will shed tears to the wind and utter sighs to the lonely stars. I will wander — cursing the men who make a business contract out of love!

Fermin!

Forget me, Christina. Now, I am a man without a heart. I will live on Hatred and on a promise of Revenge. I will ...

Fermin, please stop. She pleaded horrified. Please, I will go with you.

No, be true to a promise. You have been promised to somebody. Go and fulfill the promise. Forget me, forget me ... and with these words uttered over and over like a painful cry, he dashed towards the gloomy woods leaving behind the trailing maiden who sobbed in her vain effort to follow.

Myself horrified, I swept through the lonely woods hoping to ease the overwhelming grief of the unfortunate lover. I followed him as he stumbled through boulders and thickets, staggered through desolate plains, and fell upon treacherous crevices filled with jagged rocks and crusted pebbles. I felt extreme pity. When Christmas morning came, the miserable youth was a pitiful sight standing by the edge of a bottomless cliff the side of which stood vertical to the horizon.

I trembled watching him stand on the verge of the cliff gazing far away, weak and exhausted. As I brushed by his bleeding face I saw that there were tears in his eyes. He was silent. Almost meditating. Then he started talking weakly. I listened intently.

Cursed be the men who have no respect for love. Cursed be the Fate that molds my life in misery. Cursed...

I shuddered listening to the string of curses uttered, as I was beginning to believe, by a be-
lieved man. I could sense Satan himself standing beside him merrily tempting the pitiful youth in his misfortune. Terrified, I recalled the story which spoke of the Son of God tempted on a cliff towering above the sinful world. But this is a man, I said to myself. So I prayed. But even as I prayed, I heard him break the silence with a blood-curdling cry saying:

Give me a gift of war and pestilence!

lambs of God were fighting among themselves, cutting each others throats like wild dogs thirsting for blood. And they spilled precious blood even on Christmas. I felt dejected and I prayed very hard.

It was only the compassion of the Great Merciful himself that really abated the storm. I welcomed with deepest gratitude the day when people started to rejoice again at my coming and the obnoxious smoke began to clear. And perhaps it was a joke of playful

A Short Story

by

GERARDO LIPARDO, Jr.

Fortune herself, but I chanced again to pass by the lonely hill here once I knew a sad story I hated to recall. Yet as I lingered by its summit, at that very instance, a tall gaunt man in the garb of a soldier intruded upon my peaceful reminiscence, and as he came closer, I regarded the man in deep scrutiny for I began to discern that his countenance was the object of my recall. He was thin and haggard but young and good of feature. Wearily sitting on the carpet of tall grass, he uttered a very long sigh (I wondered whether it was of regret or longing), meekly raised his eyes to heaven and started to solilo-

quize. I listened in curiosity.

quize. I listened in curiosity.
Lord of Heaven, Great Saviour I have returned unto thee. I strayed from thy care and dwelt in sin. I defied thy words. I thought I would find pleasure in seeking fulfillment for the evil of Hatred in me. But I was wrong. Men can never live in Hatred. Men can only live in Love and in Peace. I was tempted once to make an evil wish, and I was frail to resist. Sins, I repent them all my Lord. I repent them all. I was not man enough to

abide by thy will, not brave enough to face my own Fate. Now I come, man enough to ask forgiveness, brave enough to receive thy punishment. Lord, thy will be done.

I was deeply touched by such a prayer that I felt my very heart crumpled to pulp as I dried gently the tears in his doleful eyes. I could not help trailing behind him as he descended from the hill to the little village of his own which, I supposed, missed him for many a Christmas and longed for his coming. At the outskirts of the town, he entered a deserted cottage and I heard the echo of his mournful voice calling the beloved name of a mother from out his lonely heart. When he was out, I looked at his bloated eyes in great compassion wishing I could share with his immeasurable grief and misfortune. He walked aimlessly, and strangely, I continued following him as he roamed around, feeling that by keeping watch of him, I was in a little way alleviating his misery. Deep in my heart, I was wishing something would happen, something like a fairy tale, for this man.

Thus on this particular Christmas eve, I found myself together with a repentant soul bowed kneeling before a great altar, instead of my usual gay rollicking in jovial towns on nights like this. I swayed to and fro with the people decorating the little chapel watching jealously my little lamb who had returned to God.

It was one of the generous souls

The Gospel of Love teaches us to spread Goodwill even to our Enemies. If we must love, then we must always learn to forgive. This is my Tale of Christmas and of Peace and of Love.

II.

As if the demoniac wish resounded through the very depth of hell, a shot was heard from afar and echoed to a roar from the four corners of the world. War. For four successive Christmases, I was an unwanted guest of this world, unwelcome and neglected. For four Christmases, I lamented through the plundered hills and valleys clouded with the repulsive smells of powder-smoke and tainted with the grim color of blood. The

of this world, a young lady, who stealthily went up to the altar to place her star of Bethlehem shining atop the cardboard stable. As if the lantern she hung was really a star she started to view the little place below regarding everyone peacefully with her imagined starlight. Upon seeing my poor little soldier, she started to stare in growing excitement, turning statue-like in her sudden discovery, whereupon the brave one raised

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Thoughts on Christmas

TODAY, we celebrate Christmas to commemorate that eventful date several centuries ago when the Blessed Virgin Mary, the chosen one of God, brought forth unto us God's Son, wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger in a stable in the little town of Bethlehem. That wintry night marked the turning point of the history of the entire human race. The birth of the Son of God was the first step towards man's salvation. The incarnation of the Word formed the gateway to the sacrifice at Calvary and the Resurrection, the reopening of the gates of heaven which had been closed to the human race ever since the unfortunate fall of Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise. Divine Mercy could not let the entire human race perish in eternal damnation. There had to be a way of restoring the image of its Creator. There had to be a redemption. And today, several centuries ago, was its commencement.

As it was from the beginning, today is a day of great rejoicing, not of the flesh but of the spirit. For the Son of Man was born not for the former but for the latter. The flesh dies but the spirit does not.

It is lamentable to note, however, that in this age of gross materialism, we have completely lost sight of the real idea of the Christmas celebration. We give more importance to the body than to the soul. We immerse ourselves in the dirty waters of worldly pleasures—of wine, women and songs — and forget the soul completely, leaving it to rock and roll in the dark pages of Satan's diary. "Not by bread alone does man live, but by every word that comes forth from the mouth of God," our pastors tell us. For "what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world but suffers the loss of his own soul?" We hear all right, but we do not understand. The "seeds fall by the wayside, and the birds come and eat them up."

The situation is highly dangerous

by **Filemon L. Fernandez**

for us especially when we take into consideration the fact that here we are but transient tenants of a Great Landlord. We are not on our own. Sooner or later we have to account for our stay. And He shall "reap even where He hath not sowed and gather even where He hath not winnowed." "To everyone who has shall be given... but from him who does not have, even that which he seems to have shall be taken away." Preparedness, therefore, is of prime necessity, for we do not know when the accounting shall be made. It may be this very moment, it may be tonight, or perhaps tomorrow.

And when the signs shall come to pass, the Son of Man will come again in great majesty and power, and He shall separate the "goats from the sheep," the former He will



cast into everlasting fire where there will be "weeping and gnashing of teeth," the latter He will bring to eternal happiness where one not only hears but also understands, where one not only sees but also perceives.

Let us liken ourselves, therefore, to the faithful servant in the Gospel who kept on waiting even when the master failed to come. Let us make this day and everyday henceforth a day of preparation and waiting for His Second Coming, that in so doing we may ultimately attain eternal life and bliss. ‡

A Study In Contrast

● The oceans have given up their secrets. The snows on mountain peaks have succumbed to the tread of men. The skies have been pierced and now we scramble for the stars!

The limitless spaces beyond, the wheeling galaxies have now become the object of man's quest. Our feet have left the earth.

But once upon a time, two thousand years ago, a star was but an instrument to light the way of certain shepherds to a stable, to lead the steps of certain kings to a city. A CHILD from the infinite beyond had come down to earth.

Two thousand years have passed. Man has shrunk down since then and his worth has turned to an infinitesimal point hanging on an infinitesimal thread. In aspiring

by **LEOD**

for the stars his gaze has become blinded by their phantasmal blaze and he can no more see beyond them. For where indeed in this vast universe that has become the breadth and length of man's vision is a place for that pulsating thing of living dust that is called the heart of man? Must the CHILD come down again to reestablish the divine worth of the human soul and the pricelessness of human destiny?

For here is the point, men of the twentieth century. Listen! For even as we pierce the skies to scramble for the stars, a CHILD had come down to earth to scramble for our hearts. ‡

A Tale of Two Christmases

(Continued from page 13)

his eyes to the altar, perhaps to seek assistance from the angels in his prayers. For a moment I felt a strange silence. Then I heard a gentle whisper: Christina.

I felt an overwhelming excitement among the flowers in the garden anticipating the outcome of this all. Somehow I felt elated, yet I also felt fearful. I was impatient. Something would happen. Something I did not know. I listened in great anxiety.

It has been a long time, Fermin. Her voice was soft and tender.

It is true, he said clasping his face with his hands. I was just a mere boy then. Now I am really a man. Now I can face anything. I lied before. I am sorry, Christina. He paused. Then he continued: Before, I never had the courage to face you with another love. Now, I can. Truly, Christina.

I believe in you, Fermin, she answered not looking at him. Your love is noble. And I understand your grief. The war was a curse. You lost your mother and it killed my father.

He was silent. Blankly staring in the air, he murmured: I am almost consumed with regret. Saying as if he had accepted full responsibility of it all.

Long silence. Then . . .

I have a gift for you, Fermin. Tomorrow is Christmas.

She looked young and very lovely by the moonlight. While she was smiling, her eyes met his in a wordless moment. They gazed at each other in silence. The stars flickered and a flower fell from above.

You are sweet and pure, Christina, said he.

Ay . . . she sighed still looking at him. You are as you were, Fermin. Only your heart has changed; it is braver and purer now. Would that my father were living. He would not have contracted me to Rodolfo because you would have faced him, brave as a knight. You would have voiced your love throughout the world and dared anything to prove your love was great and pure. You would have been like Alfredo or Eugenio or Nilo who stood in defense of their love, each a noble hero deserving of my humble self. I admired them. They were brave. And you. You

went away. You were never like them, Fermin.

Ay . . . I do not deserve to be forgiven, said he.

And now, she continued, my father is dead. Rodolfo lives. But the promise of a father is no more. Now heaven knows I am free to choose and

And . . . tell me Christina. Tell me, please.

Ay . . . about the gift Fermin, she interrupted. Tomorrow is Christmas. I used to give you gifts, don't you remember? I . . .

Never mind the gift. Tell me your choice. Let

Fermin, she whispered starting to sob softly. You never give value to my gifts. You

Christina, if you only know what thoughts urged me to still care for my life in the midst of battle. If . . . If . . . oh what frail words

Ay . . . I knew Fermin. I knew, she said plucking gently a pure white azucena by her side. Yet you never did know what gift had I been hopefully keeping for you alone since you went away. You never knew how many Christmases had I wished to give you my most precious gift of my heart and my love.

Gift of my heart and my love, I whispered in delight and strange ecstasy. My heart and my love, I repeated. I danced with the flowers in the garden filling the air with the sweetest perfume and ruffled the foliage of the trees urging them to whisper: My heart and my love.

All the brilliance of the stars gathered in our midst and I felt naked with joy and contentment, an overwhelming feeling of happiness. I sang my sweetest songs as I bade farewell to the two happy mortals, saying as I went: where there is love there is peace. Live in love and live in peace till the end of time. And even as I started to rush through the fragrance of December blossoms, I was filled with the spirit of love and happiness, and with the sweet sounds of songs and church bells announcing the birth of Love Himself, Love born in a manger. Angels were sweetly singing: *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*

Good Morning, Father!

(Continued from page 8)

you may have seen two Brothers in the classrooms of this University. In other words, the Brother is the man who goes around doing the ordinary, not-much-thought-of jobs that the man next door has to do everyday. And this in order that the Priests may be more free to carry on those jobs proper to them as Priests — hearing confessions, teaching, scientific research, and the like.

But we have only skimmed the surface — and you might well be tempted to protest that such jobs can just as well be done by paid servants. In fact, you might put it more strongly, the Brother seems to be nothing more than a frocked servant of the Priest. Call a Brother that and, if he has caught the true spirit of his sublime vocation, he will glory in it. In much the same way will one who has lost the true sense of spiritual values, despite the teaching of Spanish and look with envy at the honor of a Rector or Senator or Ambassador who was once his contemporary, as if high offices were the only yardstick he would be measured by on judgement day.

Between the mechanic next door and the Brother mechanic there is no external difference. The Brother also crawls under a car, gets as many grease stains on his face while fixing the gearbox. The difference lies deep in the supernatural value, in the motive with which the work is being done. It is not so much the work that counts, but "the love of the Divine Majesty", "the greater glory of God" which St. Ignatius puts ever before his men. And in this end, both Priest and Brother find their common goal. With this supernatural motive then, the Brother injects a divine value to the ordinary works that the majority of mankind must do, raising them up, in the same manner that Christ raised up the work of the carpenter in Nazareth, above the mere material worth and making of them a worthy offering to God to draw from Him a multitude of graces for himself as well as for a world of souls.

But prayer and hard work are not the only side of the Brother's life. Lest you should be left with the picture of a Brother as a man who goes about his work with a joy-less countenance and a faraway look in his eyes, trying the while

(Continued on page 27)

ROTC REPORTS

AS THE second semester opens, the USC ROTC Unit gears itself for another season of rough, rigid military training.

New subjects are scheduled to be introduced, among which are the techniques of missile-firing, including a study of the structure and operation of the various types of missiles now in mass production in the arsenals of the different world powers.

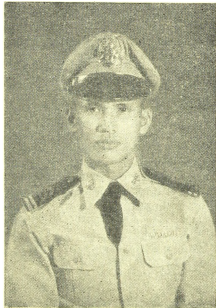
The introduction of new subjects has been found necessary to keep the cadets in pace with the arms development race between the free and the communist worlds.

It may be noted here that with the modern types of weapons presently produced, a one-man army can easily wipe away continents from the face of the earth with just as slight a movement as a flex of a finger.

Meanwhile, Lt. Ajero and his staff of instructors have signified their determination to carry on the weekly seminars on leadership training with the cadet officers.

... MEN MAY GO

Sometime during the semestral vacation last October, the Department of Military Science and Tactics of the University underwent a re-vamp with the transfer of T/Sgt.



SGT. PABLO PAPELLERO
The sergeant rose fast.

Sofio Herrera and S/Sgt. Pedro Carabaña to the HQ. Co., Reserve Affairs Section, III MA, PA, on orders of the new commanding general, Brig. Gen. Marcos G. Soliman. The old-timers were replaced with T/Sgt. Jesus Modequillo and Sgt. Pablo Papellero.

It may be recalled that T/Sgt. Sofio Herrera came to San Carlos quite a long time ago and had earned for himself the name "old reliable" when it came to infantry matters, while S/Sgt. Pedro Carabaña had endeared himself to the Artillery Cadets for his remarkable know-how on Howitzers.

It would not be entering the realm of exaggeration to say that with the transfer of the two, the USC Cadets lost two of their best friends and in-

ERRATUM:

The staff wishes to convey its deepest apologies to CAPT. JOSE M. AQUINO, Commandant of the USC ROTC Unit, whose name was reported as "Juan M. Aquino" in the last issue of the *Carolynian* (ROTC REPORTS Column).

The error was inadvertent.

structors. The sergeants, however, have promised to come around on Sundays whenever they would be free, to lend their able helping hands in every way possible.

AND MEN MAY COME

T/Sgt. Jesus M. Modequillo, the replacement of T/Sgt. Sofio Herrera, is a man whose greater part of life has been devoted to military service, and who can boast of a colorful military career. He enlisted in the service way back in 1935 and was immediately assigned to the 44th PC Company. Three years later, in 1938, he was transferred to the Philippine Army Training Camp at Fabrica, Negros Occidental. When war broke out, he saw action as a second loutie in the guerrilla forces of Col. Causing. Undaunted by the bitter experience as a *guerrillero* which could have broken down a man of lesser fiber, Sgt. Modequillo persisted, doggedly through, until the termination of the war saw him reverted to the army as a staff sergeant in the 8th Military District. In 1953, he was sent to the School for



T/SGT. JESUS MODEQUILLO
The sergeant persisted.

Reserved Commission, graduating therefrom six months later as a first lieutenant in the Reserve Force. Since then, he had been on active duty at the III MA until he was assigned to San Carlos.

Sgt. Pablo Papellero possesses a brilliant military record marked mainly by a speedy rise from a mere enlisted man in 1950 when he joined the army, to a non-commissioned officer that he is now. He was formerly attached to the III MA Quarter Master Co. right after his enlistment, and was sent to Quarter-master School in 1952. He finished fourth in his class of 120 enlisted men, and returned to the III MA in Cebu right after. Having displayed

by GERRY CREER, Jr.

much brilliance at the Area, Sgt. Papellero was sent to the School for Reserve Commission wherefrom he graduated last October 1957.

Sgt. Papellero hails from Toledo, Cebu. Married to the former Antonina Marriscal of Dalaguete of the same province, he has five children.

... THE USC ROTC UNIT GOES ON FOREVER ...

Sunday, September 28, 1958, was a red-letter day for all the ROTC Units of Cebu City.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the Annual Joint Parade and Review in honor of the Commanding General, this time, Brig. Gen. Marcos G. "Steel" Soliman, took place at the

(Continued on page 84)

JESUS CHRIST, BY NATURE GOD, TAKES
UNTO HIMSELF THE NATURE OF A SLAVE.

— St. Paul, Phil. II-5



And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and family of David. To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.



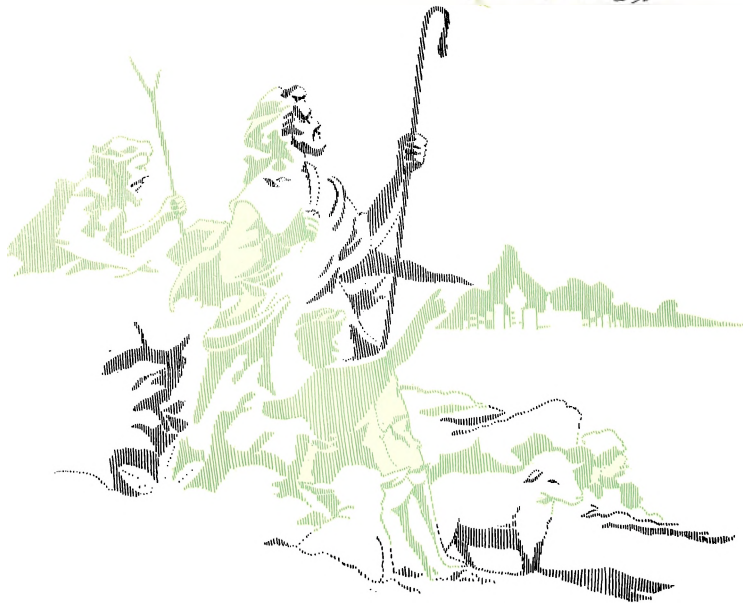
And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night-watches over their flock.

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear.

And the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people;

For: This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.





AND THEY COME WITH HASTE; AND THEY FOUND MARY AND
JOSEPH, AND THE INFANT LYING IN THE MANGER, AND SEEING
THEY UNDERSTOOD OF THE WORD THAT HAD BEEN SPOKEN
TO THEM CONCERNING THIS CHILD.

He Is Born...

by

JORGE RUBIO MANLIGAS

I

The gleaming stars
in the heavens
transmit a splendor
of unique light
that lingers with
the night's cold winds,
this December eve.

II

Amidst the stars
one is distinct
whose rays of light
gloriously bright
outshine the rest
with arrogance;
for it has the power
that is Thine —

III

It was so gleamy
and steady for a while
while they gazed upon it,
they who admired radiance and
had seen
the grandeur of the life
of a baby born
in a manger.

The Vision and the Cry

by DEMETRIO MAGLALANG

The needles of the cold night wind
Whizzed on the plains that winter night,
Sneaking through the cracks of the stable walls.
They stung His cheeks in their furious flight.

Slightly His eyes opened and saw
The Woman kneeling by,
The tall Man standing still and calm,
And the lambs softly bleating nigh.

Then the eyes looked far beyond,
And gazed with an all-seeing gaze
Towards hitherto unathomed depths,
The depths of dim and distant days!

And then they Saw

The blood of children flowing in Rama's plains,
The mothers crying and wailing in the night;
A gruesome headless body with bloodless veins
Decaying in a dungeon without light;
The pride of priests and pompous pharisees
Swaying a drunken mob to undo the deed;
The unbelievers of the chosen in stormy seas,
The helplessness of souls in the clutch of greed;
The lepers' putrefying flesh, the ailing
And the dying and the corpses strewn on the hills
Of death and the fathers by the rivers wailing,
Cursing their luckless plight and futile wills;
A maddened populace that thirsts for blood,
Their surging heads that seethed bubbles of hate
Bursting from raging hearts in relentless flood,
And they lead Him tumultuously through Halem's gate;
A Man nailed on a cross on a mountain height,
Lone and forsaken in the dimness of noon,
Jeering crowds with hearts as black as the night
That never saw the stars nor the light of the moon;
Centuries of tears, of wolves and foxes wild
Devouring the lambs in orgies of blood and sin,
The innocent slaughtered and virgin maidens defiled
With cries of shame and horror borne by the wind;
The mockery of nations banded together in war
In stark desecration of the Laws the Man had made,
Their armies clashing in fields of battle and gore
To destroy that which they all had built and laid
Atoms bursting, cities falling, mankind dying
In one tumultuous symphony of hate,
The plains embraced by bleeding men, the mountains
crying
A grim and lonely dirge of death and fate!

And for the first time —
The Little Infant
CRIED!

First Stage

by Gerardo R. Lipardo, Jr.

*i love you. I love you.
my love, i love you.
i do not beg for answers yet
just let me say wat i mean.
just let me know that now
you know that i love you.
to know that you know
is enough, my love.*

The Nativity

by Felimon L. Fernandez

*A period of adoration
December is.
The earth glistens
with hope. The Prophesied
at last, comes to give
wisdom. That reborn,
we understand life...*

Residue

by Pres. Lumayog

*A melody rose.
I listened; its words
entered into my heart.
Then, it expired,
leaving me: numbness
and quiet, and mountains.*

Determination

by Graclano T. Sing

*In the hour of darkness
Silently I stand,
Not worried by uncertainty.
For here I am—
With a life to accomplish—
A man resolved...*

Lament

by Dominador A. Almira

*Lonely is the beggar's carol
'midst the chilly wind. His
is one of those dying voices
of gold, now we call thrash—
The new hates the old...
Old man, I'm sorry...*



December Wind

by Jessie G. Cruzero

*Do you feel the December wind?
It's cold, yes. But not so...
See the talahib nod,
They concur in what I say.
Do you hear the December wind?
It whispers: Peace on earth,
The Saviour is born.*

What Life Requires

by Epimaco Densing, Jr.

*On air a bird can't fly
without the leathers on its wings;
Into empyrean man can't soar
without hardship and toil.
As feathers of birds are great and small,
so are man's hardships and toils.
As the leathers are light
man's difficulties, bearable.*

Good Morning, Father!

(Continued from page 15)

to remember that he must be serving God, let us take a look at the lighter side of his life. Endless hours by the hot stove may give way to the brotherly banter and refreshing splashes of the novitiate pool at the end of the day, or a tiresome day at the sewing machine is lightened by an evening's discussion of the Aeneas's triumphs and humiliations in the NCAA tournament or a Brother may spend his week checking and shelving impersonal and dusty tomes, and find time to relax with Beethoven via hi-fi on a Sunday afternoon.

And like any young man, he has his hobbies, too. In the short hour before sunset, you will find a Brother who is an ex-soldier among his plots of zinnias. Or you will find another Brother absorbed in experimenting with his transistor burglar-alarm, while still another is busy feeding his pet, a white barn-owl.

There you have a brief sketch of the Jesuit Brother, a man who lives an ordinary life like you and the fellow who rubs elbows with you along Magallanes St., but an ordinary life dedicated to a supernatural motive. To the Catholic whose religion begins and ends with Sunday Mass, the Brother does not cut an impressive figure, for he is neither scholar, preacher nor dispenser of sacramental gifts. But to the man who appreciates Jesus' thirty years in Nazareth doing the ordinary and unnoticed work of a carpenter, the life is more than just worth living.

If therefore, "Good morning, Father" has been an indication of the Catholic reverence for the Priest, may a more enlightened appreciation of the unseen values and the deeper supernatural spirit of our religion find expression in "Good afternoon, Brother!" ‡

Never hate, and yet know how to fight.

ANDRE MAUROIS

There is no going to heaven in a sedan.

ENGLISH PROVERB

Caroliniana . . .

(Continued from cover 2)

the best answer to stop the communist rampage and with both arming themselves with deadly ammunition and high-intensity nuclear weapons, the devastation of our planet does not seem impossible.

And so today, as we celebrate the Nativity, let us look forward to Christmas not only as a red-letter day in the calendar or as a time to commemorate an age-old tradition in terms of parties and dances—as we usually do—but, above all, as an occasion to seek Divine Guidance with more seriousness and greater determination so that He in His goodness will preserve this world for us and for the generations that are yet to come.

Personalia

The new Superior General of the Society of the Divine Word, **Very Reverend John Schuette**, is an acquaintance whom we have missed so much since he left us after a short sojourn in San Carlos. His amiability and friendly disposition have won the hearts of many a Carolinian so that they now look forward to meeting him again next year if possible.

The last semestral vacation was not as uneventful as it used to be. USC played host to two prominent SVD Fathers who crossed 10,000 miles of ocean to visit San Carlos after missing her for almost eight years. The personages were **Reverend Father Ralph Thyken**, National Director of SVD Schools in the United States, and **Father Frintz**, Treasurer-General of the Society of the Divine Word. Father Ralph, as you must know, has been closely linked with the growth and development of the University. To Carolinian scholars abroad, his name is synonymous with the American "dollar" for they get their subsidy through Father Ralph. We have so many things to thank Father Ralph for . . . but it was just unfortunate that he came here when the off-season had already started.

The Faculty of the Graduate School has been boosted by the presence of **Dr. Camilla Low**, a Doctor of Education, from the University of Wisconsin, who is here on a "Sabbatical leave." She arrived in Cebu City on November 11 to undertake a guest professorship on invitation of the University of San Carlos.

An authority on guidance and curriculum development, Dr. Low hails from Wisconsin. To her credit are the following degrees and honors: B.A. Magna Cum Laude in Smith College, which earned her the privilege to become a member of the Phi Beta Kappa; M.A. in the University of Michigan and Doctorate in Education (Guidance and Curriculum) in Stanford University.

Ms. Low has frequently contributed to leading educational publications in the United States and has authored a handbook entitled "The Child and the Community" plus several other articles in professional journals on guidance and developmental needs.

In the United States, she held the following positions: President of the National Association for Student Teaching in the United States for two years, director of various summer workshops in guidance and curriculum for in-serve teachers and supervisors, and consultant to schools and school systems in various states.

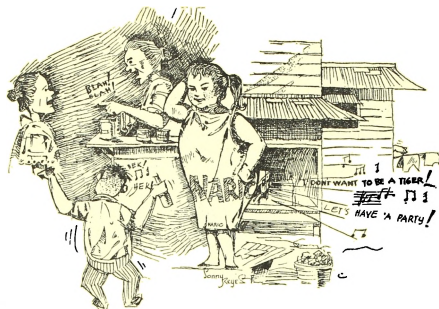
On the work of her fellow educators in the United States, Dr. Low made the following remark:

"We are trying to see if we can help boys and girls make a good contribution to a democratic form of government and at the same time



DR. CAMILLA LOW

(Continued on page 33)



by
Evangeline L. de Paula

I LIVE in the heart of the city where neighbors are as plentiful as ants in a cup of sugar. We have neighbors to the left of us, neighbors to the right of us, neighbors at the back of us. We also have neighbors under us. And I have yet to learn to love one of them!

Take Pomyang. She runs the corner tienda. Yabut doesn't hold a candle to her. She can talk for hours and hours on any conceivable subject. If a talkathon were sponsored here, she'd easily romp away with the first prize. She knows her neighbor from A to Z. What dress did Ceding wear Wednesday night (which explains the scratches on his face)? How much does Iko owe her store? Why does Rose's 12-year-old daughter have Occidental features? She'd know. Why! she would beat Quejada on a TV show!

There is Mr. and Mrs. Flores. They're the "mostest" in our neighborhood. And they would not let you forget that. Whenever "Mrs." goes to market, she always stops in front of Anky's (her arch enemy) house and calls back loudly to her children: "What do you want for dinner?" "Fried chicken, torta and adobo," they'd shout back. They own the biggest and loudest hi-fi set. With her two teen-age sons, you will go crazy listening to "I don't want to be a tiger," or "Let's have a party..." You will hear them first thing in the morning, last, at night. Sometimes I have the urge to get a big, big stone and smash it right through the set.

Manang Cencia, our back-yard neighbor, has eleven children. The

oldest is only twelve years old. There is a slaughterhouse and piggerly combined. There's bedlam the whole day through. When everybody is in, you would think Beirut is nearby. When Manang Cencia is at her rope's end (which is always) she would scream at them and curse them. And all of a sudden, all's quiet on the front. They had retreated—to our house. And with them is the debris of the bottle—mud, broken toys, bread crumbs, bubble gums. They jump and jump on our chairs, they turn on and off our lights, they draw on our walls, they explore every nook and corner of the house. If I had a machine gun, I'd gladly fix it on them.

NEIGHBORS o' Mine

We have our own version of Marilyn Monroe too. Marilou (Ijay was her pre-war monicker, I was informed) stages a one-woman fashion show every day. She is complete from shorts to the sock. Her dresses are always the latest vogue. But sadly her figure remains the old model. Her curves are in the wrong places. In spite of this, she daringly wears pencil-cut dresses which make her look more of an ink bottle. Nowadays it's the sack dress, which makes her just like that — a sack. A slight drizzle is excuse enough to

put on that fireman-red sweater which shows her to advantage. When you see her move about and oscillate those hips, you have had a complete course in anatomy.

When you're looking for a leading lady for a tear jerker, get our new neighbor, Loling. She's A-1 in this line. Like yesterday. She had hardly begun' her story when she at once burst into a flood of tears. They had nothing for breakfast. And they won't have any for dinner either. Last time it was her sick child. They could not bring him to the doctor for they were down to their last cent. Only when I reach for my purse will she stop sobbing. But look for her on pay day. You'll see her at the matijong table. And when her birthday comes (which is happily on the first of the month) she throws a party that would put Mesta to shame. But from the third to the end of the month, the family lives on her sob stories.

Whenever you hear a drunken laugh or singing, that is Iyo Kulas. Trace that stinking smell to Iya Te-

ria's pig pen. Watch out for your laundry on the clothesline for Fredo, Manang Mening's eldest son, has the habit of taking them, by mistake he says. A policeman came the other day to subpoena Mr. Rodriguez. The one who is so lovey-dovey with his wife. It seems he has another one in his hometown.

We have many more neighbors and all of them are far from being the ideal one. Come to think of it, I am a neighbor too. Ever heard of exceptions to the rule? I am that — I hope. ‡

A Matter of Names

*"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet..."*

—ROMEO & JULIET

by Junne Cañizares

HOW MANY hours do the parents of a newly born child spend in thinking up a fitting name?

I had seen a lady slap a ruffian; the latter called the former nut by her name.

In a short story writing class, names are studied as if they are parts of spulniks.

I kiss the name that you signed is a line from a beautiful love-song.

Bandit and loose criminals frighten us poor peaceful citizens even by the sound of their names.

Regular movie-goers swoon upon seeing the name of their favorite actress and actor at the introductory section of the film.

Now, who says that there is nothing in a name? He who has no name will feel as if he does not exist at all. Who writes to him? Who cares to talk about him? The who-are-you question shall be asked, at least, until the end of this world.

In any social gathering, there is always that Let-Me-Introduce-Myself-Or-This-Is-Miss Radcliffe custom.

We can tell the nationality of a person by his name. Azim Khan and Shere Ali are Afghans. Of course, Daigo and Miyoshi are Japanese. Alan Smith? Oh-uh, he is an American. Spanish names and Filipino names (our Moslem and pagan brothers excepted) have striking similarities.

There is a present craze of "Americanizing" our names. Metyang is shortened to Mitzie; Bosyang to Babe, and Vitoy to Vick. (Vaporub?)

One's name is his trade mark. In the literary world, writers who have established their names will find it very easy to publish even their prose works, while unknown ones who have fine compositions are rejected. A famous artist just wipes his brush on the

canvas and labels it nonsensically. Before the paint dries, it becomes the big talk among the critics. A famous dressmaker also has only to design that which no scanty mind would try to conceive. Clothes-maniac will say it's a wonderful style. Then, no writer can even send a manuscript to any magazine with "Ernest Hemingway" written on the by-line, if he is not the most celebrated author of the twentieth century. Nor can anybody star in a stage-play in any of our remote barrios and be introduced as Marlon Brando or Cornell Borchers. Be careful, usurpation of names and surnames may give rise to an action for damages and other relief. The law declares, "The employment of pen names or stage names is permitted, provided it is done in good faith and there is no injury to third persons."

The people whose ways of naming things, places and persons I admire very much are the American Indians. To them to give names is an Art. They use just the exact and wise method for it—symbolism. Have you heard of Sitting Bull?

Some parents are not honest in giving names to their children. A friend of mine knows of a girl named Bella Linda whose physical and spiritual properties do not necessarily demand the double-name.

There are those whose names are somewhat unlovely and ill-made, when they do not deserve them.

Who wants to change his name? Well, she or he needs judicial authority. Changes of names must also be recorded in the civil register.

Every moment, in some places, babies are born. Bells toll, parish priest are baptizing. They are those who will mock at or praise our names in the next generation. †

It's Hard to Remember Names by Ben Modina, Jr.

THERE is no question about it. For rarely can you find a soul gifted with a retentive memory when it comes to remembering names. The sad thing about it is that it can plunge you into embarrassment. Seldom do you pass a day without getting in touch with an old friend whom you've not seen in years, or a not-too-familiar acquaintance whom you met just a few days ago, and you forget his name. You tried in vain to recall it so as to make it easy for both of you to enjoy a lively long-time-no-see conversation.

We often forget that our very seatmate "Kolasita" who really possesses a "school-girl complexion" needs a little attention because she, too, exists. And that young fellow in that corner, Restituto, the former Toto in our barrio, who now insists on being addressed as "Resty" is, by the way, also existing. To forget their names will draw biting comments from them that will make us think twice of our blood pressure.

Strictly speaking we are not entirely to blame if we honestly forget our neighbor's name, but no matter what our reasons and excuses are, the offended party won't listen to them, but instead will always feel insulted and will not hesitate to point an accusing finger at our face. He believes that it is a downright insult to forget one's sweet name.

Once, hurrying to the library hall for the latest news in the austerity program, I "collided" with a girl in the doorway. We stared hard at each other and blamed each other like two angry huskies baring their molars. I could swear that I knew her but I couldn't recall her name. Our "cold war" terminated abruptly when she suddenly broke into a sweet smile. I make a hurried excuse and left the scene of the accident just in time to get the shock of my life. Why, she was the girl to whom I owed a couple of bucks for five years and of all things, and I never paid her! Until now, I don't remember her but I settled my obligation without a second thought.

A friend of mine has his own way of remembering names by an interrogative greeting like: "You're Ciriaqa, no?" The usual answer will be "Yes" or lead to the giving of the name. It's an old approach, all right, but it works because you don't have to drum your head to recall his or her name. But my good friend discarded his method right after he got two nice black-eyes from a husky fellow whom he mistook for Marcos. This time my friend missed and made a terrible mistake.

Now, things like these can happen to anybody. So do not forget the names of people you are supposed to know. †

Christmas Vacation and . . .

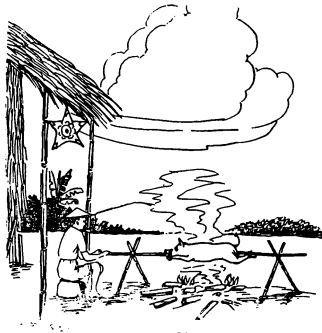
(Continued from page 18)

have a taste of beauty of the country life, the honey of the bees, the sweet nectar of the country flower, the purity of the country love, the faithfulness of country girls.

On the other hand, city students who are not financially able to spend their vacation in the way mentioned above should better stay at home and help their parents. The girls can take over the household work of their mothers. The boys can look for petty jobs and earn petty cash to buy the small daily necessities, like petroleum, soap, vegetables, sugar, salt, water and other such things. They can, say, sell sweepstakes tickets and newspapers, or act as brokers or commission agents.

The students from the province might go home to the province and spend their yuletide vacation there. And the boys must help their fathers in the farm, if not relieve them for a while of their work. They should take over their father's work in the house, as latching water, cutting firewood, grazing the carabao and other such domestic animals as they may have. Then in the afternoon and on Sundays they can join with friends and go visiting, or playing or seeing views in the outskirts of the town, or just taking a promenade about the place. The girls should stay at home. They should do the laundering, the cooking, the household cleaning, and all other woman work in the house.

But with all our enjoyments and occupations during Christmas vacation, we shouldn't forget the good Lord God. We shall go to Mass. Say our Rosary. Visit the Blessed Sacrament. Make our Via Crucis. Remember that Christmastide should be wholly dedicated to Jesus Christ the Lord Whose birthday we celebrate every Christmas. Offer ourselves and all our work during Christmas vacation as a birthday gift to Him. Then we will have spent our Christmas vacation wisely. †



*Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!*

On This Side Of

IT'S STILL the USC Golden Warriors against the UV Green Lancers! Some cage swamis might have wanted it otherwise but Hoopbet has her own way, so let her have her way. The much awaited and long delayed showdown as to who is still King in local hoopsdom, shall have been known by the time this paper comes out. The quest for the "Golden Fleece" of basketball shall have also been over for the title-seeking Warriors, the "mythical Jason" of local cagedom who have been in quest for glory for the last two years. Will they sow the "dragon's teeth"? Whether it's glory or bust for the Warriors let's leave it to god Hoopbet to decide.

The championship round of the CCAA basketball series started auspiciously for the Warriors when they ripped their perennial rivals from down C. Padilla, the CIT Wildcats 86-76. Five teams, UV, USC, CIT, USP and unsung SWC who was not even given a Chinaman of a chance to survive the semi-final round earlier eliminated a favored but hapless CSJ crew and thus for the first time in years joined the elite round of five teams who mixed it up for the championship.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ROUND

USC Warriors tame CIT Wildcats 86-76

The perennial rivals finally meet! Results, USC 86, CIT 76, the Wildcats at the short end of a lopsided bargain. CIT's fanatical cage followers dismissed their debacle with a disconcerted shrug of their shoulders adding, "if our star players were not only late in coming in, the results would have been different." Quite a good alibi but rather flimsy judging from the performance of both teams.

The "monkey wrench" of Coach Dodong Aquino that tamed all the Wildcats was neither "Killer" Macoy, who was on a lamine, nor "Sabrejet" Abejo. It was old reliable Peping Rogado whose 39-point binge, through his unstoppable and twisting lay-ups. Summoning "Stonewall Jackson" would not have helped them any!

The rout that was to come was not evident until the second-half. At the start of the second canto, red-hot Rogado, defying all Wildcat sentinels in his way, started again on a scoring spree, 56-49, 5'54" of the second half. When Rogado got a breather, Reyes, Deen and Abejo, taking the cudgels for a restive Rogado, took turns puncturing the CIT basket without let-up for a 9-point bubble, 76-67, 41" to go before buzzer time. Wildcat Sanchez countered on a foul, 76-68. Again Deen, Reyes and Abejo came to the rescue, 84-70, after a hook by Wildcat Go, Rogado and Escario exchanges ended the game, 86-76 for USC.

USC Warriors rip SWC Cobras 81-64

Four successive "long beauty's", the last a whooping shot from mid-court all by ambidextrous Boy de la Cruz, for an 81-64 count buried the SWC Cobras for good, after a near free for all among "Killer" Macoy and Cobras "Patok" Naborte and Jorge Salcatillo. The thubarb, which certainly was uncalled for, re-

SPORTSDOM *by Rodolfo Justiniani*

sulted in the banishment from the game of Cobras Salutillo and Naborte.

In a sluggish first half, USC's shocktroopers made shambles of SWC's defense through their slow driving penetration and occasional sorties for 35-30 count.

The second frame opened with double twin deickers by Warrior Ben Reyes and a Macoy lay-up, 41-31. Throughout the entire period, Coach Dodong Aquino fielded mostly his second stringers and marvelously they responded through the brilliant stewardship of skipper Deen for a fifteen-point lead 73-58, going into the last minutes of play. Then Warrior de la Cruz took over for a one-man show after the near fisticuffs.

In basketball games, violent tempers usually flare up and sometimes even swinging fists take over in an arena which surely is not for boxing bouts. Some cage players just have the notion that a basketball stadium and a boxing arena are one and the same stuff!

USC Warriors edge USP Panthers 78-76

Going into the homestretch drive for the championship, the USC Warriors edged a stubborn pack of USP Panthers 78-76, in a decisive and crucial game that had everybody on their feet and guessing as to who will collapse and crack up in the last seconds of play. With the score standing at 76-75, for USC, 28 seconds to go, USP took the ball after the ensuing jump ball, caused by befuddling feint Reynes' miss through a forced shot 30 ticks more to go. Reynes again kept USC hopes alive, fouling for possession and Panther Grate converting a 76-all tie. USC takes the ball with Macoy laying up for a two-point difference 78-76 and the right for a showdown with UV for the title.

THE CHALLENGE TO CHAMPIONS

Below are five of the six USC Warriors who were chosen to form part of the Visayan Stars selection to represent Cebu in the "C to C" basketball series in Manila recently. Not in the picture is Agapito Rogado.

Our own Coach Dodong Aquino was also designated mentor of the team by the CCAA top brass.

The six were:

Maximo Pizaras, a former mainstay of the Holy Name College's BB team of Bohol, earned his spurs under the tutelage of Coach Dodong Aquino, a veteran of last year's intercollegiate tourney, served a short stint in the MICA A donning the uniform of CRISPA, a veritable underdog hot shot and aims again to serve good old USC in the forthcoming intercollegiate tourney;

Isidoro Canizares, the man mountain of local hoopsdom, sparkplug of last year's USC Warriors in the CCAA campaign, threaded toes with All American Pete Brennan in the MICA A as a CRISPA stalwart, rebounding artist and has a springy, unstoppable jumpshot;

Emeraldo Abejo, a ball hawk of the first order, makes up for his low ceiling with a lightning speed in the court, serving his second year as a USC Warrior and aims to take the place to be vacated by skipper Danny Deen;

Julian Macoy otherwise tagged in cagedom as the "Killer", master of the change pace, possesses an accurate booming jumpshot plus a slow driving but deceptive lay-up to boot, holder of PI's hoopsdom record of 126 points, refused an offer by a well-known MICA A team to play in the recently concluded MICA A championship, but will give anything for a fried chicken;

Agapito Rogado, a prodigious point earner when on and a stonewall of defense when off, a whiz at backboard recoveries despite his frail frame, once got the award as the most valuable player of the CCAA, aims to serve more years for the Green and Gold Warriors, and last but not the least...

Danilo Deen, skipper of the Visayan Stars and USC Warriors, crown prince of the foul bait, lord of the one hand flip, a veteran of many cage campaigns, all around court man and a sportsman when playing on the hard court. #



DEEN

PIZARAS

CANIZARES

ABEJO

MACOY

THE CHALLENGE TO CHAMPIONS

BOOK • reviews •



by Bro.
W. Yam

THE POPES ON YOUTH, by Raymond B. Fullam, S.J., N.Y., America press, 1956. 448p.

● This is a survey of the whole field of youth formation in the light of Papal teaching in the form of excerpts from the encyclicals, addresses, and other documents of the last five Popes. These excerpts are logically arranged in four parts. First, the teaching authority of the Popes is established. Then, we have the right principles of youth formation. Thirdly, adults are reminded of their responsibilities. Lastly, the adverse influences of the world about us are taken into account. At the beginning of each chapter, Father Fullam sums up and gives a short commentary on what follows. At the end of the book, the researcher and those interested in doing further reading on the subject are provided with five excellent guides: the Table of Papal Documents, the Collection of Source Materials, the Supplementary Reading on Youth Guidance, the Study Guide to Related Chapters, and lastly, the detailed classified index.

The youth of today are the citizens of tomorrow. How peaceful and Christian our country will be depends on how well we bring up our youth today. Education, as used here, is not hemmed in by the four walls of the school. Seen from the Popes' point of view, it begins in the Christian home, continues in the classroom, and reaches out into the world-environment. And it is of the heart as well as of the mind, giving to youth a right sense of values.

Both teachers and those preparing to be teachers will be interested in this book, for theirs is a vocation that, to a great extent, shapes our world. And men in public life and parents will find this book a sure guide for, education is the responsibility not of teacher only but of all. §

MOSCOW WAS MY PARISH, by Georges Bissonnette, A.A., N.Y., McGraw-Hill, 1956. 272p.

● "You will be the only clergyman in Moscow." These words of Father Brassard, Father Georges Bissonnette's predecessor, not only begin the book but also give us an idea of the extraordinary story which is told here. Father Bissonnette came to Moscow in early 1953 to replace Father Brassard as Chaplain to the American Embassy, and, since he was to be the only Catholic priest in Moscow's foreign community, became its parish priest, too. His stay was a precarious one, and any little displeasure he should give to the Soviets might mean his expulsion from the country. This expulsion actually came in 1955, and with that ended the Catholic Church's contact with the center of the Communist world.

Reading this book is like listening to Father Bissonnette recount his experiences in familiar, conversing tone, often with a touch of humor. This is the story of how his parish house atop a nine-story apartment building became a rendezvous for hi-fi enthusiasts during free evenings when everybody brought his own beer, how he organized a hockey team of the U.S. Marines, even getting the U.S. Ambassador for a member, and of a host of other such projects he set up as morale booster of a confined community, and being, with St. Paul, "all things to all men" that he might lead them to Christ.

About one half of the book is devoted to Father Bissonnette's travels to the Ukraine, to Soviet Central Asia, and to Georgian South Russia. It was a leisurely trip, with a couple of companions from the American Embassy to insure diplomatic immunity. The author was able to talk to the people along the road and tour old churches and monasteries and cities which

THE LIFE OF HILAIRE BELLOC, by Robert Speaight, N.Y., Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 1957 552p.

● Napoleon heralded the nineteenth century with the rumbling of guns and his soldiers tramped all the way across Europe, victorious, until they froze in Moscow's snows. Then came Metternich's conservative Europe, and Bismarck's German empire one after the other. By this time, the century's midpoint was passing by, and with it Liberalism was fizzling out, only to be succeeded by Marx's Socialism. All this boiled up to an exploding point, and into this world of ferment Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc was born on July 27, 1870, in the peaceful village of La Celle St. Cloud, not far from Paris.

Hilaire Belloc's life was by no means destined to be a peaceful one. Hardly had a month passed after his birth when the whole family fled to Paris, thence to London. Prussia's military power crashed into France, and two months later, Napoleon III in humiliating defeat, surrendered at Sedan. For this, Belloc seemed never to have forgiven Prussia, so that in later life he always found occasion to castigate Prussia, no matter on what subject he happened to be discoursing.

Belloc grew up in England. At seventeen, he left Cardinal Newman's Oratory School, and before he turned twenty-two had traversed the United States, edited a short-lived monthly, toured France as a
(Continued on next page) .

foreigners seldom saw, in spite of the omnipresent MVD men shadowing him. But the remarkable thing to note in this account is that it is free of resentment and of the flag-waving tone of propagandists who write about their opposing camp.

"Moscow Was My Parish" offers enjoyable and informative reading to all. §

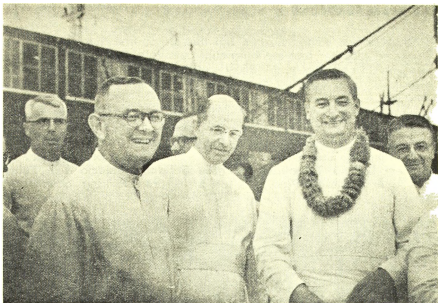
cycling correspondent for Pall Mall, did a term of service in the French Artillery, and finally, came back to England and into Balliol through the sacrifices of his mother and the generosity of his sister.

That was just the start of a long life full of controversy and disappointments, and but to mention its bare outline would take a good-sized chapter in any book. Mr. Speaight gives us here not merely a chronological account of Belloc's life, but a study of the man and his ideas, his outspoken and sincere character, his talents and the product of those talents, his lifelong adversities and the magnanimity of soul and song with which he met them.

For most students, the only contact with Belloc is through literature books. Mr. Speaight gives us more than a literature. He presents at length Belloc's political ideas through five chapters. Belloc the historian is brought out, too, a historian whose business it was "to restate things as they were, to give the events of the past in their right order of emphasis..." (p. 409)

Above all, Mr. Speaight presents to us a man who, though he drew little emotional consolation from his Faith, yet, through desolation at the loss of loved ones, through years of frugal living earned at the cost of hard work, through sustained and heated controversy, remained steadfast in his Faith "... as a wounded dog not able to walk, yet knows the way home..." (p. 374)

Besides enjoying a well-documented book on Belloc's life and ideas, the reader will find a beautiful tribute, not longwinded, but a short and clear summation of the great life given in such a style as only Mgr. Ronald Knox can give — the panegyric preached at the Requiem Mass for Belloc at Westminster Cathedral. And the complete bibliography of Belloc's works and works on Belloc at the end of the book will be useful to students who would want a broader acquaintance with the great man's achievement. ‡



SVD Superior-General Reverend Father John Schuetz (with lei) arrives for sejours in USC. (See story on page 27)

Carolyniana . . .

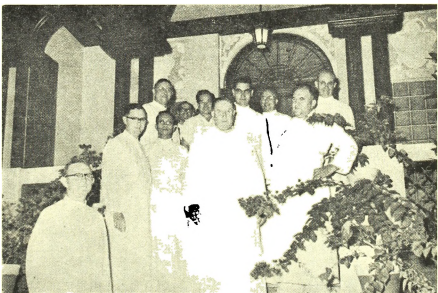
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gain personal satisfaction from every aspect of their lives. We want to help them enjoy their work, be good members of their families, know how to use their leisure time properly and happily and develop high standards of honesty and skills in working effectively with other people. These are some of our goals but we have a long way to go to achieve them perfectly..."

She continued, "I rather imagine that Philippine educators are struggling with the same problems."

Of college education, Dr. Low has this to say: "We are trying in our college level education to stress the importance of combining general education with professional education. We believe that professionals and businessmen also need to be good citizens, good parents, and know how to manage their own lives wisely—and therefore that a broad background in the area of the social sciences and the humanities is as important to them for living as the education which has to do with helping them earn a living."

(Continued on page 34)



Father Ralph Thyken (center), National Director of SVD Schools in the United States, poses with USC Fathers and Dean Patena at the latter's residence. (See story on page 27)

Caroliniana . . .

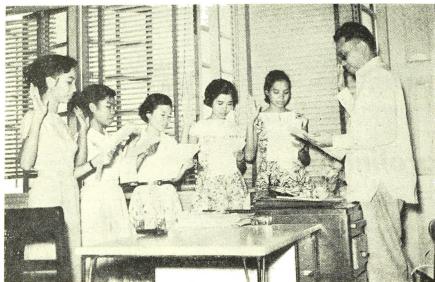
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The USC Legal Aid Bureau

Dr. Low has visited Europe but this is her first time to come to the Far East and also her first teaching stint outside of the United States. She will stay in San Carlos until mid-February of next year. We fervently hope that Dr. Low will find her stay in San Carlos a pleasant and memorable one.

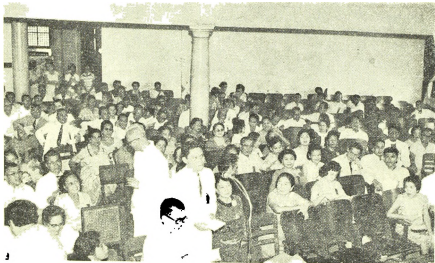
* * * * *

A bundle of credits goes to the following USC graduates who recently hurdled the Board Examination for the Practice of Chemistry in the Philippines: **Leticia Tolentino, Milagros Salido, Indalecia Tio, Felicidad Fernal and Rizalinda Pato**. All of them are teaching chemistry this semester.



Successful chemistry examinees (l-r) **Letty Tolentino, Milagros Salido, Indalecia Tio, Felicidad Fernal, and Rizalinda Pato**, take oath before examiner **Atty. Prospero Manuel**.

We are very grateful to **Atty. Catalino M. Doronio**, of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, for obliging us with his picture while he was delivering his address to the delegates of the Third National Convention of Spanish Teachers and Professors on October 2-4, 1958. **Atty. Doronio** represented the University of San Carlos in that convention.



USC's **Atty. Catalino M. Doronio** addresses the Third National Convention of Spanish Teachers and Professors.

The College of Law has organized recently a sort of a counselling body which will furnish legal advice to any student who needs it. They call it the USC Legal Aid Bureau. This Bureau is a duly constituted body composed of carefully selected students in the third and fourth years of the College of Law of the University. Its main purpose is to offer legal advice to all Carolinians and render legal aid and assistance to them. It is equipped with an efficient adviser, a law professor, who is ready to respond to the call for help in cases of special difficulty.

So, if you have any problem that needs legal advice, just consult the USC Legal Aid Bureau and you can get it free of charge (?). §

ROTC Reports

(Continued from page 16)

III MA parade grounds with ten different ROTC Units participating.

Departing from the old method of arrangement by companies, and following the new pentomic concept of the army, the parade went on its way with a series of combat teams of several infantry battalions in mass formation, and with one Artillery Battalion, all under the over-all command of a Commander of Troops.

San Carlos showed its wares on the occasion of the designation of **Cdt. Col. Anthony Siam**, Commander of the Second Combat Team, **Cdt. Lt. Col. Leopoldo Mercado**, Commander of the Second Infantry Battalion.

The affair culminated with a program at which our Commandant **Capt. Jose M. Aquino** was given the distinct privilege of introducing the honoree, **Brig. Gen. Marcos G. "Steel" Soliman**, to the public. In his speech, the General stressed the point that "the army needs intelligent people, not merely robots. A cadet should not only master ROTC but should also be proficient in his academics, for war is won not only by the use of force, but also by the use of the brain." §

From Our Readers . . .

For A Single, Unified X'mas Celebration

● Year by year, bit by bit we are losing the spirit of Christmas. And I'm afraid that this coming Yuletide shall be less happy than the preceding one. There are many causes for this. One is the wrong attitude which some of us have taken towards Christmas: That it is a money-making season. Another is the breaking down of our financial state.

To reacquire that fragrant Christmas of long ago, we have, I think, to listen to its message now with the ears and hearts of little children; I also suggest that, since we do like to spend money on Christmas, the gaiety shall be made a one-day affair. It shall begin from the eve of the 24th and end on the following day. A single, unified celebration in order to minimize expenses.

Isabelo de los Santos, College of Law

An Escape

● Christmas is an occasion when men will have a break from all kinds of worries and feel that in the world there are many beautiful things worth living for. Christmas caroling, visiting friends, and going to church at cockcrow are the activities of the season. Parents go out shopping to buy gifts for their children, relatives, and loved ones, and prepare some special things to eat: lechon, cake, puto, bibingka, etc. The giving and receiving of gifts makes Christmas distinct from other affairs.

Alfredo H. Belocure, College of Commerce

The Goodness of Christ

● Once upon a time, heaven was closed and the world was a horrid vision to behold. Man was a sinful restless creature that ruled the earth. He was drunk with power and wealth. Then Christ came. As a result, heaven's door swung open and man was retransformed to the very likeness of God.

Years rolled on. Christmas came and passed. Today, man is an ungrateful, wretched creature that rules the earth. He plays with power and adores wealth. He plunges himself to utter despair and commits suicide. But God is merciful. Christmas will continue to come and pass, and men can still be saved.

Josefine Tapia, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Christmas Greetings to the Staff

● A school's official publication represents the very institution itself. Those who fill the staff are the selected few from the student population who distinguish themselves in the journalistic field.

I can say with pride that the *Carolinian*, when compared with other school publications outshines

(Continued on page 38)

Woman: The Human Question Mark

Dear Virginia,

No, Virginia, you don't understand me and you never can. How could you? You are just a five-year-old little girl.

You never understand why some people laugh and others cry, why some are silent and others extra-talkative — no, you don't understand — you don't even understand why I have to write you now. It is precisely for this reason, Virginia, why I must write you. I like to write to people who don't understand for I am one of them. I, myself, do not understand so many things in this world.

You belong to the so-called fair sex, Virginia, but you're still young and simple. One day you will grow up to become the complicated woman I am now wondering about.

I don't understand, for instance, why women have murdered their Maria Clara heritage by wearing trousers (they call them jeans or "foredoers") and cutting their long, trailing hair too short (they call it "Italian cut") when it will only make them look more like men than women. Of course, they look cute just the same but I wonder how aging Grandpa, even with his pair of spectacles, would be able to differentiate a female from a male a few yards away.

And those high heels. How dignified and well-poised are women who walk on them. They are more fascinating than ever. But how unfair to increase their heights by "inches"! Where will the men below five feet be? Imagine how short fellows like Mickey Rooney developed heartaches, and how another short individual named Napoleon Bonaparte outlived all high-heeled shoes in the world.

Tell me, Virginia: why do women change their styles so often? Is it because they are so fickle? I can't understand, Virginia. I just can't. Today they inflate their skirts like balloons and spreading umbrellas (which give them that "turkey look"); tomorrow they will trim them so tight they can hardly walk like human "pencils". Diet controls those "vital statistics" (36-24-36), only in the fashion scene drastically changed to the shapeless "sack."

Oh, but men don't care, Virginia. Honestly, they don't. Whether women's hair is shorter than Elvis Presley's or women dress themselves as if they had misappropriated their father's pair of pants; whether they make their skirts look like falling parachutes, or trim them like sharpened pencils or dump their bodies inside a sack — men don't mind. They don't mind women painting their faces, if only to see the finished art that sends their

(Continued on page 38)

Musings
At

Christmas Time

by Fr. John Vogelgesang, S.V.D.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

NO OTHER least in all the ecclesiastical year exerts so universal an attraction as Christmas. It appeals to the hearts of young and old alike. It is the one occasion in the entire year when those who have passed from the carefree days of childhood to the sober, solemn days of manhood, return once more — if only for a few brief moments — to the joyous spirit of their youth. Christmas makes all of us children once again.

But the magic that is Christmas works still another bewitching effect. It breaks down the social barriers that separate class from class. In quiet, wondering procession it leads the rich and the poor, the rulers of this world and the ruled, to the foot of the crib. There at the manger, where the King of Kings and Lord of Lords lies a weak and helpless Babe, all men meet in silent, humble adoration.

The first Christmas, celebrated on the wind-swept hills of Bethlehem, was like that. Two processions, of vastly different kinds, made their way to the crumbling cave where the God of Heaven found scant shelter when there was no room for Him in the inn.

One procession—the first to come — was made up of the very poorest of the earth's poor — humble shepherds from the surrounding hill country. In this preference the poor of every age have liked to see a symbol of God's predilection for the poor. Saint Luke has given us so vivid a description of the midnight march of the shepherds to the Babe that was their God that we can do nothing better than quote it here word for word.

"In that same district there were shepherds in the field, keeping the night-vigils over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were exceedingly afraid. And the angel said to them: 'Fear not! for behold, I bring you good tidings of a great joy which shall be to all the peoples; because today there is born for you in the town of David a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign for you: you shall find a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' Then suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the

heavenly host, praising God and saying:

*Glory to God in the heights
of heaven,
And on earth peace to men of
good will.*

And when the angels had withdrawn from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another: Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this event which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us.

They accordingly went with all speed, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. Then, having seen him, they made known the message spoken to them concerning the Child; and all who heard wondered at these things told to them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things in memory, reflecting upon them in her heart. The shepherds then returned glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been announced to them.

The second procession was much grander than the first and far more impressive. From the fabled lands of the Orient, so rich in mystery, there came Wise Men seeking the new-born King of the Jews. How magnificent their retinue was, we do not know. Saint Matthew, to whom we are indebted for this item, is quite matter-of-fact in his description of it.

Jesus, then, having been born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of King Herod, behold, wise men from the East arrived in Jerusalem, inquiring: where is He who is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and have come to worship Him.

Now when King Herod heard this, he was in consternation, and all Jerusalem with him; and assembling all the chief priests and authorities of the nation he inquired of them where the Christ was to be born.

In Bethlehem of Judaea, they assured him: for so it is written by the prophet:

And thou, Bethlehem, Judaea's land

*Art in no way least among
the Princes of Judah,
For out of thee shall come a
Leader*

*Who shall shepherd my people
Israel.*

Then Herod, having privately sent for the Wise Men, inquired of them the exact time of the star's appearance. He then sent them to Bethlehem, saying, Go, and carefully inquire after the Child; and when you have discovered Him, report to me, so that I too may come and worship Him. Having heard the Kings, they proceeded on their way, when, behold, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, until it came and rested above where the Child was. And when they saw the Star, they rejoiced with exceedingly great joy. And having entered the house they saw the Child with Mary His Mother; and they fell down and worshipped Him. They then opened their treasure-chests and presented to Him gifts—gold, frankincense myrrh. Then, warned in a dream vision not to return to Herod, they departed to their own country by another road.

Such was the first Christmas. Years later, when the wing-footed messengers of the Gospel had told everywhere the charming story of the first Christmas, its utter simplicity captivated the hearts of men. The thought of the Holy Virgin and her chaste Spouses, wandering the crowded streets of Bethlehem seeking welcome shelter from the night, touched a responsive chord in the hearts of Catholics. In various ways they endeavored to keep alive the memory of that somber scene and its glorious aftermath.

Here in the Philippines we also have our Christmas tradition. The customs peculiar to our celebration go back to the days of the Catholic Spaniards who first brought the Faith to our shores. In some places in the islands the midnight procession that commemorates the futile search of Mary and Joseph for shelter will take place. It will end in the Church just before the Midnight Mass begins. Here homes will be decorated with festive garlands and brilliantly colored paper stars. Our hearts are larger on Christmas day and class distinctions are momentarily forgotten.

And so, although our celebration here in the tropics may lack many of the things people of other and colder climes spontaneously associate with the least of Christmas, we can still say that we too have the essentials of Christmas. With the Indian poet we too can sing:

*So, over here in India we keep His Birthday too,
Just as all His dear children in other countries do.
We have our glorious sunshine; we have our waving palms;
We have the BABE of Mary, the carols and the psalms!*

THE POETS AND CHRISTMAS

PERHAPS no other event in the world's long history has called forth so much genuine poetry and simple verse as the Birth of the world's Redeemer on the first Christmas Day. This is only natural, for where can one find a more poetic or a more inspiring scene than that in the wayside stable of Bethlehem? The shabby stable, the dumb beasts of the field — the stolid ox and the stubborn ass — a man and a woman bowed low in reverent adoration, and on a bed of straw "the Great Little One," the Lord of Heaven and Earth. There is more poetry in that picture than all the world's poems shall ever be able to fathom.

But different aspects of that holy scene have inspired the poets in different ways. One is charmed by the presence of the beasts — the ox, the ass, the lamb. Another finds mystery and deep meaning in the Infant in the crib. Still another tries to fathom the emotions that welled up in the hearts of Mary and Joseph, while yet another is intrigued by the hardy shepherds trooping down the wind-swept hills to find the Child in the crib. But whatever facet of the mystery captivates the poet, he strives to express his emotions in fluent verse.

There is, for instance, the German poet who imagines the ox and ass and lamb in solemn conversation with the Child in the crib. To Him they address the following delightful words:

*Infant, see us three,
Joyfully we come to Thee,
Singing songs in tones all true —
Lambkin, ox and donkey too.
Infant, pity me —
Make the earth to glow again —
Give to me Thy grace today —
And to us some grass and hay!
Little shepherd dear,
Following Thee men need not fear;
Guide them with Thy strong right hand
To their heavenly fatherland.*

The last stanza expresses the very hope of the Christmas feast. Christ has become Man that all men might find their way back to God through Him.

The winsome Babe in the crib has impressed other poets. What did the Child see as He first opened His wondering eyes on that clear December night? An English poet thinks the Infant Christ saw the following:

*Three fair windows
Had the stable shad*

*Where Our Lord Jesus
First made His bed,
Through the first window
What sight to see?
All the lights of Bethlehem
Twinkling merrily.
Through the next window
What sight on high?
Shepherds on the hilltop,
Angels in the sky.
Through the last window
What sight afar?
Wise Men and camels
Led by a star.*

Perhaps the truth of the matter is most succinctly told in the last two lines of the entire poem where the poet says:

*Through the golden window
God looks on God.*

For the Babe in the manger is God's own Son.

That is why another German poet cannot suppress the many questions stimulated by this strange scene. They beat against the mind and demand an answer:

*Who is the Babe upon the straw
Who fills the cave with brightsome awe?
Oh, such a lovely infant dear
From heaven only can appear.
The noble lady kneeling by
And gazing with enraptured eye?
The Virgin Mary it must be
Whose heart is filled with holy glee.
That man who stands like guardian true
And looks aloft to heaven's blue?
That is Saint Joseph full of joy
To see the lovely, heavenly Boy!*

Amazed at what he sees the poet can only exclaim:

*All praise to Thee, O tiny Mite,
Who makes our earth so warm and bright!*

*On Mary's lap thou art so small,
Yet Thou art He who governs all!*

And what about the Virgin Mother whose Child lies upon the bed of straw? What feelings surge through her virginal heart? What joy and happiness does she experience? Again the poet draws aside the veil for us. He sings:

*O'er the holy manger bending,
Where upon His bed of hay,
Her celestial Babe was lying
In the dawning Christmas day,
Stood the Mother fair to see,
Lost in joy and jubilee.
Oh, what glorious exultation
Through her sinless bosom
Thrilled;
What felicity unbounded
All her soul and being filled;
Gazing on her glorious Son,
Perfect God and Man in one.*

But the "glorious exultation that through her sinless bosom thrilled" did not make her forget the tender obligations of her motherhood. When her Infant cried, because the night air was cold, she covered Him tenderly and, again according to a German poet, sang a lulling lullaby until He fell asleep.

*Ye little angels from on high,
Come, hither fly!
Help us lull our Babe to sleep,
Here in the Crib!
Oh, sing and sigh
A tender lullaby,
Sing a tender lullaby.
Ye goodly shepherds on your way,
Come in, I pray,
And let the lambkin full rejoice
At your clear voice!
Oh, sing and play
And make my lambkin gay —
Make the tender lambkin gay!*

Sometimes the Virgin Mother would call her spouse, Saint Joseph, to help in caring for the Child, as the following verse indicates:

*Joseph dear, oh, Joseph mine,
Help me rock the Babe Divine,
Rich reward God will assign —
He will be thine —
This Son of Virgin Mary,
His Son who has appeared today —
Appeared today in Israel —
As was foretold by Gabriel.
Eja, eja,
Jesus Christ is born to us of Virgin Mary.*

One could go on for pages, quoting poet after poet, and still our curiosity would not be satisfied. There would always be something new to find in the sweet mystery of Christmas. This inexhaustible richness of the Christmas mystery the poets have also celebrated in their works, like the one who wrote:

*We know the words the angels sang
To shepherds long ago,
But how the heavenly music rang
As yet we may not know.
We, too, beneath the starlight keen
The windy hills have trod,
But never yet around us seen
The very light of God.
Yet year by year we take the way
The shepherds took before,
Heart-guided by the dazzling ray
From out the stable door.
We know already on the way
Him to whose crib we go,
But what His smile tonight will say
We never can foreknow.*

God grant that on this Christmas night, 1958, the smile of the Infant Christ may once again say to all the world "Peace on earth to men of good-will." †

Dear Virginia,

(Continued from page 35)

pulses racing. So whatever women are up to, we don't really mind as long as they remain the sweet and fair creatures who make us run around in circles.

Here's what a puzzled fellow said about them:

"Women, like accounting, are difficult to understand, more difficult to master! If you whistle at them they'll say you're a wolf; if you don't, you're beauty-blind. If you grant their wishes, you are a sap; if you don't, you are a skunk. (Oh heavens!) Criticize them, you are a woman-hater; praise them, you're a flatterer. If you take advantage of an opportunity, you're not a gentleman; if you don't, you're not a man. Ahh, woman!"

Then, this same haughty fellow added:

"Women have a passion for mathematics. They divide their ages by 2, double the price of their dresses, treble their husband's salaries, add 5 years to the ages of their best friends".

"Maybe it's a good thing men don't understand women. Women understand women and don't like them," but we do!

Confusingly yours,

Froilan V. Quijano

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 35)

most of them as gold does silver. Credit goes to the well-deserving writers of its staff. With the hope that the staffers continue their good work of upholding the reputation of our school paper, it is therefore but fitting and proper that we greet them on this season with a heartfelt Merry Xmas.

—Dominador A. Almira, College of Law

Laurels for the Council

● Congratulations and thanks to President John Henry Renner Osmeña for his brilliant and precedent-setting achievement which we, cadets, welcome with joy and open hearts, namely, the limiting of the ROTC drill to the prescribed three hours.

He could not have given us a better Christmas gift.

— Roy Theilo, College of Liberal Arts and Sciences

Christ Still A Stranger

● So many of us now think and talk of Christmas in terms of the excitement had, the number of shindigs thrown, the gallons, and the kick of whiskey consumed. And so, notwithstanding the one thousand five hundred and fifty eighth years that have passed, Christ is still a stranger in most human hearts. Will He remain a stranger forever? Man, think!

— Sunday Lavin, College of Commerce

Wikang

Pangulong Tudling:

LUWALHATI SA DIYOS SA KATAAS-TAASAN

NOON ay isang kaayaya at maginaw na hattinggabi. Kinakandang ang papawirin ng isang malalim na katahimikan.

Yoo'y gaging napaspos ng kaluwathetan, gaging naging dahila sa lahat nang gabi, sapagkat sa gaging yoo'y isinilang sa daigdig ang Manunubos ng sangkatauhan. Ang Diyos na Manunubos ay isinilang sa isang labangan sa loob ng isang kulungan ng mga hayop sa liwasan ng Beala. Hamak na kulungan! Bahit ito ang pinili ng makapangyarihan sa lahat? Sapagkat tinanggihan siya ng Kanyang mga dinatnan. Tulad ng sinasabi sa ebanghelyo ni San Juan (1, 11): "Dumating Siya sa sariling Kanya at hindi Siya tinanggap ng Kanya na rin." Bawa't bahay panuluyan at tahanan kinatukan ng mga magulang ng Manunubos ay nagbigay ng karaniwang tago: "Wala na kaming lugar para sa inyo". Yaon balana ang kasaysayan ng unang pasko.

Ngayon ay pasko na naman, matapos ang isang libo, siyam na raan, at limampung walong taon mula nang maganap ang unang pasko. Napapalamutihan ang papawirin ng malalambing at nakapigil-hinagang awiting pamasko. May matatamis na agiting gumuguhit sa pisngi ng marami, na sinasabayan ng maligayang pagbabata: "Maligayang pasko sa iyo—gayun din naman sa iyo". Ano pa't kung igagal niyo ang inyong paningin sa poligid-ligid ay maraming bagay na matatambad sa inyong mga mata na karaniwang nagaganap sa araw na ito.

Kung sakaling hindi kayo maghiklop o maglilawig ay papaglabayan na lamang niyo ang Inyang gunita sa lahat ng sulok ng ating lungsod, o kayo'y sa buong sangkapatuan o sa sandaig-digan. Saagay sa inyong gunita ang matatunog na baka-kalan ng mga taong naglalasing sa lipagay: "Mga kasama, sumayag kayo, kumain kayo, uminom kayo hanggang makakaya, minsan lamang sa isang taon ang pasko". Sa mga taong ating binaggit ay lipos ng kasibahang lumilipas ang araw na ito. Ang sumagmita niyo'y ang maligaya. Nguni't lahat kayang tao'y maligaya sa araw na ito? Gunitin niyo ang mga dukhang dumaramag sa karalitaan, yaong mga nararatay sa banig at sakbi ni pagit at hapdi ng karandaman, yaong mga pinaglugmak ng masamang kapalaran at humantog sa pagkawayami ng kanilang marorongal na pangarapin, yaong mga pinag-usig sa mga bansang kumunista sapagkat sila'y ananahil na ang kayo'y itinalaga ng Diyos sa sangkatauhan, at sa ganit'y metatatasta niyong ang pasko'y hindi araw ng pagsayaya para sa lahat sa taong nabubuhay sa ibabaw ng daigdig.

Ano ngayon ang tunay na kahulugan ng araw na ito sa sangkatauhan? Ito balona'y araw ng pasasalamat, pasasalamat sa Diyos sa pagkatupad ng Kanyang pangako ng itigat hayo sa apay ng walong hanggang katatayan. Ito'y araw ng pagtanggap sa Manunubos, sapagkat Siya'y katokot sa inyong mga puso. Limutin ang inyong katatayuan, may waken ang lahat nang bagay sa daigdig. Dukha man kayo o mayaman, maligaya o nahahapay ay buong-puso't katuluwang ihandog niyo ang inyong buhay sa maluwathating panaan ng ating tagapaglitag. Mapepalaad ang mga makagagawa nito sapagkat pasasalamat ang pasgapala ng Diyos. Sinasabi sa ebanghelyo ni San Juan (1, 12): "Datapwa't ang lahat nang tumanggap sa Kanya ay binigyan ng kapangyarihan na maging anak ng Diyos". Lalo pang malalabas ang katawaan ng Diyos na Manunubos kung kahit minasay buong lahat niyong magsasambit sa sarili: "Luwalhati sa Diyos sa kataas-taasan at sa lupa'y kapayapaan sa mga taong may mabuting katebohan." †

PILIPINO

TEODORO AMPARO BAY, Patnugot

Balang Araw

ni Patricio J. Dolores

Balang araw na magdaan, ikaw tao'y lumalapit.
Sa duklay ng kamatayang sa palad mo'y nakaguhit.
Balang araw, ikaw tao'y mahinahong hinihigit
Ng tadhanang magdaraya, at panahong sakdal
lupit.

Balang araw na magdaan ay isang dahong napigtas
Sa tangkay ng buhay mo at sa lupa ay nalaglay.
Araw na di-magbabalik yaong araw na lumitpas
Araw yaon na binawi niyong Diyos na mataas.

Balang araw... Balang araw ikaw'y saan
paroroon?
Ano ang kahihinatnan ng buhay mong hawak
ngayon?

Ang katawan mong lupa ay sa lupa rin ibabaon,
At ano pa?... ano pa kaya kung makaraan yaon?

Balang araw, ikaw tao'y sadyang kusang
mamamatay.

At doon ka tatabunan sa hukay na pitong dunsyal,
Sa gusto mo at sa ayaw ikaw tao'y huhukuman
Ng Diyos na Pangmoon ng lupa at kalangitan.

At ano pa balang araw ang dapat kayang hintayin
Kung matapos mahukuman ang masama't ang
magaling?

Katuwaan sa nagtatapat at pighati sa nagtaksil,
Ang buhay na walang hanggan, ang pagsumikayang
kamtin.

Balang araw... ah! Wala nang araw sa dako pa
roon.

Walang bukas at kahapon, walang lakad ang
panahon.

Walang oras ang umaga, ang tanghali't pati hapon.

Walang oras ng pagtulog, walang oras ng
pagbangon.

Kaya tao sino ka many matalino o maalam
Itong payong mabanyagad ay huway mong kaligtaan,
Pagka't tenay na maigsi ang angkin mong buhay
Ang hibla ng hininga mo'y gagabuhok kung
turingan.

Habang ikaw ay may lakas magtipon ka at
magsimpan,

Nang mayroong maisulit kung dumating na ang
araw;

At huwag mong aksayahin ang panahon mo at
buhay

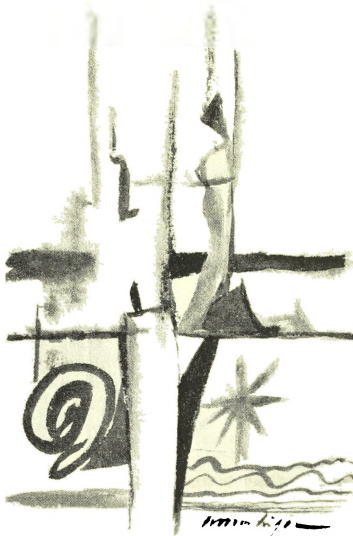
Sa paghanap ng ligaya, miya puri't karengalan.

Pilitin mong matulong sa kayna mo't kasamahin
Pagsikangang makagawa ng mabuti at mainam.

Tuhunan ang nagkahirap, aliwin ang nalumbay,
Tangarwan ang nasa dusa't maysakit ay karwaan.

Kapag ito'y natupad mo, umasa kang magkakamit
Ng koronang malunungning, gantimpalang

makalangit.
At tandaang balang araw ikaw'y kusang nabuhulid
Sa duklay ng kamatayang sa palad mo'y nakaguhit.



Damaskong Tula

ni

PAL RHET MADELO

Sa matuling pagkalagas ng araw at mga buwan
Ang Disyembre ay muli pang sa daigdig ay dumatai;
May hatid na pagbabago sa puso't diwa ng tanan,
At may dulot na ligayang tila walang katapusan.

Ano pa nge at ang lahat, nabihis ng bagong mithi,
Kinandong ng katuwaan at nilisan ng pighati;
Alitan ng baw't isa ay neglahong dagling-dagli,
Pinstawad ang may salang mga pusong nagkamali.

Pati labing dati-reti'y walang ngiting masilaya,
Ngayo'y laging nakatawa't walang bahid-kalungkutan;
Ang damdaming nababakod ng dusa at kalungkutan
Tila ibong nakalaya't nakamit ang kasiyahan.

Lahat halos nang nilikha ay masayang umeawit,
Lahat nang dako'y may lugod, walang lungkot kang masilip.
Kaya pala ay muli pang itong PASKO ay sumapi
Sumilang ang Manunubos, ang hari ng lupa't langit.

SECCION castellana

• AMABLE TUIBEO, Editor •

El porque de la Instrucción Religiosa

La instrucción religiosa es necesaria en la educación del hombre, porque este es un ser compuesto de cuerpo y alma y para que la educación sea íntegra, ha de atender y proveer a la perfección del individuo.

El niño por medio de la instrucción religiosa en los primeros grados de la escuela y desde su niñez adquiere el conocimiento de Dios, y al mismo tiempo que le ama y reverencia, empieza a comprender y a distinguir lo bueno de lo malo así como también su verdadero fin. Es decir que Dios le creó para conocerle, amarle y servirle en esta vida y gozar después en la otra con Dios en el cielo.

La instrucción religiosa en las escuelas enseña a los estudiantes a vivir según la ley de Dios y además como se dice al principio de este pequeño artículo, es necesaria para la perfecta educación del hombre.

Por eso los estudiantes que estudian en los Colegios y Universidades católicas como San Carlos, tienen la gran oportunidad de recibir esa instrucción religiosa paralela a la instrucción científica, artística y filosófica y en esta época de materialismo en que hay tantos que tratan y han tratado de desterrar esa instrucción de las escuelas, es una verdadera suerte recibir esa instrucción que da al hombre desde sus primeros años un perfecto modelo, Jesucristo, al cual pueden imitar los niños en su infancia, como modelo de obediencia y humildad, y los adolescentes, en su vida también de obediencia, humildad y trabajo en el taller de su padre adoptivo, San Jose.

Por medio de la instrucción religiosa reciben el niño, el adolescente y el joven, el principio de la verdadera moral, que les hará vivir una vida íntegra; y uniendo esta enseñanza a cada una de las carreras que preparan al hombre para abrirse en la vida un camino para proveer a las necesidades de la vida, recibirán una educación cívica y moral superior, que dará a nuestra amada Filipinas, ciudadanos, íntegros de moralidad perfecta capaces de hacer que nuestra nación sea una de las mejores naciones del Oriente por ser ya de hecho el faro de nuestra fe que nos prepara para la felicidad en la tierra y para la felicidad eterna en el cielo. †

Breves Poesias Liricas

por Dr. Jose Rizal

ADIOS A LEONOR

Ya llevo, pues, aquel fatal instante,
Triste destino de mi suerte impía:
Llego ya en fin, aquel momento y día
En que me voy a separar de ti.

Adios, Leonor, adios, que me despido,
Mi corazón amante te lo dejo;
Adios, Leonor, que ya de aquí me alejo.
Oh ausencia triste! ay que dolor!

A JOSEFINA

Josefina, Josefina,
Que a estas playas has venido,
Buscando un hogar, un nido,
Como errante golondrina;
Si tu suerte te encamina
A Shanghai, China o Japon,
No te olvides que en estas playas
Late por ti un corazón!

CANTO DE MARIA CLARA

Dulces son las horas en la propia patria,
Donde amigo es cuanto alumbra el sol;
Vida es la brisa que en sus campos vuela,
Grata la muerte y mas tierno el amor!

Ardientes besos en los labios juegan
De una madre en el seno al despertar,
Buscan los brazos a ceñir el cuello,
Y los ojos sonríense al mirar.

Dulce es la muerte por la propia patria,
Donde es amigo cuanto alumbra el sol;
Muerto es la brisa para quien no tiene
Una patria, una madre y un amor!

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SWORN STATEMENT
(Required by Act 2589)

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SIXTO LL. ABAO, JR.
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 1958, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. 1626603, issued at Cebu City, on January 15, 1958.

(SGD.) FULVIO C. FELAEZ
Notary Public
Until December 31st, 1958

(NOTE):—This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax

The Moderator Says

This Christmas issue of the THE CAROLINIAN comes to you with the best wishes of the Staff and myself for a joyous, peaceful, holy Christmas.

May the grace of God, our Saviour, fill your hearts on Christmas Day and abide throughout the year!

Somewhere I have read that five virtues are required to celebrate Christmas correctly and to attain the happiness and peace Christ came into the world to bring to men. The five virtues are these:

GRATITUDE — to God for the gift of His Son, the Babe of Bethlehem —for all men the Way, the Truth, the Life;

DETACHMENT — "from the good things of the world" because the birth of the Saviour reminds us that we have been made not for time but for eternity;

RESIGNATION — to the will of God amid the sorrows and sufferings of life just as the Babe of Bethlehem was resigned to the stable, the flight into Egypt, the obscurity and the poverty of Nazareth; the misery and persecution of His Public Life;

HOPE — that He who came into the world to be our Saviour will grant us the graces we need to save our souls and to attain the bliss of eternal life;

LOVE — because in the crib is Love Incarnate who will love me even unto the death on the Cross and whose life of love demands that I love Him in return.

Take these virtues, put them into practice in your daily life. Then the joy and the happiness and the peace of Christmas Day will abide with you today and every day.

—oOo—

Father John

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