

CAROLINIAN

Official publication of the University of San Carlos



Silent Night! Holy Night!

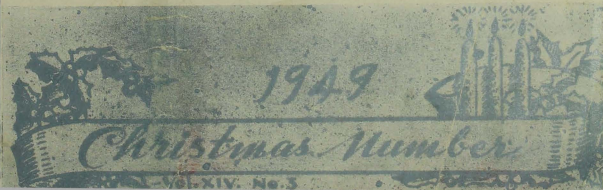
All is calm, all is bright,

Round you Virgin mother and child!

Holy Infant so tender and mild,

Sleep in heavenly peace.

Choir of the University of San Carlos





"..... At first he did not fully understand.

"Before him on the riverbank was a acre of deserted earth, sun-scorched, gullied by the rains, encircled by a tramped-down pieces of kaolin. At one end stood the remnants of a mud-brick chapel, the roof blown off, one wall collapsed, the others crumbling. Alongside lay a mass of caved-in rubble which might have been once a house. Tall feathery weeds were sprouting there. A single meager shell remained, amidst the ruins, leaning disconsolately.

"For three minutes Francis stood in a kind of stupor, then ever slowly through the fog of his benumbed brain the awful truth came... this was his mission!....

"After years of dreary loneliness, near-starvation, and utter privation in China ten thousand miles away from his native Scotland, Fr. Francis Chisholm had a flourishing, if TINY, settlement.

"And then the rains came. And with it the flood. Figuratively, the rains and floods of China, are direct descendants of the Great Deluge.

"..... The skies, dull as tallow, were open sluices from which a steady deluge fell. The drops were large... it seemed everlasting... great frozen slab of snow... rivulets of rain... channeling, undercutting... The mission was a quagmire of slush... fissured... cratered...

"And still the rain continued. The mission roofs broke down at last... water came in cataclysms from the caves... The soil of the mission garden swept down the hill... on which floated upturned arbutus plants and oleander shrubs. For one painful day the lyechees and catalpas stood upright on their naked roots... then slowly toppled. The young white mulberries followed next, then the lovely row of flowering plum, these on the day that the lower wall was washed away.

"The service was over and Fr. Francis came down the aisle. Reverend Mother and Sister Clotilde were still in prayer upon the damp boards. He passed them in silence; then suddenly stopped short. He stepped back to them and said: 'I am going to close the church now.'

"This interference was unlike him but he had an extraordinary inner conviction that neither of them should be allowed to remain.

"He locked the doors and disappeared into the night. Then the sound broke

upon them. A low rumble, swelling to a roll of subterranean thunder. As Sister Clotilde screamed, Francis swung around to see the slender structure of his church in motion. Glistening, wetly luminous it swayed gracefully in the fading light; then, like a reluctant woman, yielded. His heart stood still in horror. With a rending crash, the undermined foundations broke. One side caved in, the roof's spire snapped, the rest was a blinding vision of torn timbers and shattered glass. Then his lovely church, lay dissolved into nothing at his feet.

"He stood rooted for an instant, in a daze of shock and pain, then ran towards the wreckage. But the altar lay smashed to rubble, the tabernacle crushed to splinters beneath a beam. He could not even save the sacred species. And his vestments, the precious relic, these were in shreds. Standing there, bareheaded in the teeming rain, he has conscious amidst the frightened babble which now surrounded him, of Sister Clotilde's lamentation.

"And tomorrow the reverend canon provincial administrator will be here to visit us! Why... why... why has this come on us?" She was wringing her hands. "Dear God! What worse could you have done to us?"

"Francis muttered, desperately sustaining his own faith rather than hers:—Ten minutes sooner... we should every one of us have been killed.

"Next morning Father Francis heavily surveyed the havoc. Standing beside him was Fu, who, like most gardeners, was not a cheerful man. 'The great Sham-Foo who arrives form across the seas will think much ill of us. Ah! If only he had seen my bloom of lilies last spring!'

"'Let us be of good heart, Fu. The damage is not irreparable'.

"'My plantings are lost.' Fu gloomed. We shall have to begin all over again.' "That is life... to begin again when all is lost!"

The preceding episode is from the best-seller of A. J. Cronin "The Keys of the Kingdom". It is literature, but it serves as a succinct example of the subtle relation of literature and life. (Caroliniana)

Who, the typhoon of November first, wrecked upon us is life. A: everybody knows, it left in its wake, like Fr. Chisholm's flood, calamity and destruction. Out of everything, nothing is wholly dead. For us it saved the trouble of constructing a demolishing squad to remove the roof for a third story on the Science Building, which we were going to have anyway! The all that was lost was the roof but it's been (pajing Fr. Chisholm) that is life... to begin when all is lost!

1. Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you.

But when the Science building shed its roof,

The wind was passing through.

2. Weather foul or weather fair,

Stern November or May sedate,

Whatever the weather

The upperclass men

Will always err late.

3. "No Smoking in the Classrooms!"

Let no students flout it.

For when the Rector makes a rule

There are no butts about it.

4. Across Pelaez' narrow lane,

Automobile, jeepney, jeep.

If you love your precious hide,

Look before you leap.

REPORT ON THE DEEP BLACK ROBES WE USED TO KNOW

Somewhere in this issue will be an article on FR. EDWARD J. EDWARDS. Those who knew Fr. Edwards will remember that he was succeeded by another young, extremely likeable and able American, REV. FR. SMITH. Fr. Smith is now the Dean of discipline of Liceo Aleman in Santiago, Chile in South America. This school will be receiving its university charter soon. In many ways it is similar to our San Carlos. For one thing, it is an old school. Another thing, it is the number one private school of Chile and next high ranking government officials of the country are alumni of the Liceo. Recently when the Chilean government made new buildings a requirement, the alumni, all of them prominent Chileans, responded with an aggregate sum of \$2,000,000.

Of mellow memory, REV. FR. ARTHUR D'INGMAN, our former rector, is currently the chairman of the exclusive Holy Ghost College in Manila. He is also Professor of Philosophy in the College.

We state a fact; REV. FR. CHARLES GRIES is now professor in the Sacred Heart Seminary in Tanauan, Leyte. He is putting out a big little paper, the Stella Maris (Star of the Sea, a title of Our Lady). But this is stating merely the bare facts. Friends of Fr. Gries, and they are innumerable, and acquaintances (like us, they may be few, but are fervent) know that he is Cebu's loss and Leyte's gain.

(Continued on page 19)

This Side of the Articulate

If not already upon us, Christmas is just around the corner. Once again the good cheer radiates around, the open hand and the open heart prevail making life worth living after all and as always after 'tbe season is over when the open hand becomes the tight fist and open heart closes its doors leaving us to the cold winds without, one begins to wonder why for goodness sake cannot the spirit of Christmas spread over the rest of the eleven months. Why indeed.

Perhaps one can glean an answer to why indeed in "Christ and Christmas" by a writer who knows whereof he speaks. Truly indeed the need for Christ is dire. Meet it, then perhaps Christmas will be a year-round celebration.

On the other hand, Emilio Aller heaves a sigh of relief with his "Humanity and the Christmas Spirit". The sigh: "Thank goodness that the peace of Christmas is still here with us." For man-of-good-will Aller the second part of the angels' paeon on the first Christmas eve is made manifest.... and peace on earth to men of good will."

This issue's most valuable acquisition is Mr. Cornelio Faigao's CANTO VOICE which has a vast audience in this part of the land. Formerly a front page feature of the lamented "Pioneer Press", this popular time is indeed something for the CAROLINIAN to crow over and for the Canto Voice fans to be happy about.

There are many facets to peace. The violin-playing Mariano Flordeliz in his thought-provoking "This Year's Christmas" poses the saucy final question, "Which is your peace?" Readers will find this article highly entertaining and a spring-board for a hundred and one digressions into the answer of what is peace. It was jesting Pilate who once asked what is Truth and would not stay for an answer. Pilate will find it no jest and he will have to stay for many answers when Mr. Flordeliz' many readers will speak up their answers to What is peace?

Mr. Flordeliz enjoys a solid literary background. He was onetime associate editor of the U.P. "Collegian" and literary editor of the "Philippinensian." The U.P. Literary Guild which still exists is

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THE CAROLINIAN

OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

Published
in
Cebu City
Philippines

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OUR COVER



Featured on our cover this issue is the USC Choir composed of high school students recruited from the USC Training Department. Handpicked and trained by Rev. Constanse Floresca, SVD, head of the USC Training Department, the young singers put up admirably with the rudiments of music learning from note-reading to vocal control. After six months of music lessons under the baton of Fr. Floresca, the amateur choir graduated into full-fledged and regular chanters at the high masses at Sto. Rosario Church, that go on the air Sundays.

Take It Or Leave It

By narciso I. aliño, jr.



Christmas is back, the season of good cheer and of goodwill. Ironically enough, there is little "peace on earth" and few "men of good will". The sleeping giant that was China is rubbing his eyes but his waking days ahead are bloody. The cold war in Europe rolls along merrily with no signs of abating. International intrigue has never been so great as it is today; there is plot and counter-plot, charge and counter-charge. The possibility of another global conflict, which will make the last war seem like a Sunday picnic, is not so remote. And this boils down to the unhappy and unflattering realization that man's greatest enemy is still man himself!

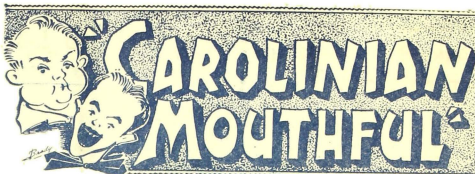
With the world divided into armed camps by the two conflicting ideologies—democracy on one hand and communism on the other—the time for a showdown looms ever briefer in the horizon of the future. Yesterday, it was democracy with communism as its side-kick against Mussolini and Hitler's fascism. As God would have it, justice and democracy triumphed with the unholy twain sitting on a heap of debris. Today, the scene changes; the two former allies who were brought together by a common enemy are now at the opposite sides of the fence, waiting for a chance to jump at each other's neck. Where once each had a kind word for the other now they have only rude, belligerent grunts.

Where democracy is fast losing many of its adherents, communism wins and gains ground. Hungry and crippled Europe and bloody and

starving Asia, an aftermath of the last debacle, have turned into a good hunting grounds for communism. Like drowning rats floundering for something to hold to, desperate peoples are turning to communism for a change, any change. Sweet promises for a brighter and more secure future, for a chance to live as decent people given by communist detractors are almost irresistible to

people who have become gullible preys because of utter misery and inhuman sufferings.

Such is the tragic scene today. All this arises from man's inhumanity to man; he seeks and covets more of everything for himself alone. What the christian doctrine invokes: "Live and let live", man has revised to: "Let me live and to hell with you".



REV. STEPHEN SZMUTKO, SVD, (To a student angling for a better view of his neighbor's paper during an exam): Don't lean too far out, Joe, your head might fall off.

PABLO GARCIA, Law '51: Nowadays, suffrage is not a privilege but an ordeal.

MRS. LILIA TABOTABO, (Girls Hi Principal addressing Fr. Rector on his birthday.): May you live as long as you want.

REV. LUIS E. SCHONFELD, SVD (In an after-dinner speech before the faculty on Father Rector's birthday): Our republic has got to become better. To achieve this, our youth must be good youth and we are to bear the brunt of the job.

ALFONSO DALOPE, Law '51 (During a heated class discussion): We may be personal friends but we can be bitter enemies in principles.

A PRE-MED STUDENT (Overheard in the corridor): We are living in a government of laws and in-laws.

REV. FR. RECTOR ALBERT VAN GANSEWINKEL, SVD (In a response speech during Fr. Rector and Faculty Day banquet): If everyone has to have his way, the result is chaos.

TED MADAMBA (Newspaperman-student recounting an unusual incident happened recently in the University lobby): It was unbelievable!

TIME MAGAZINE (In Nov. 24 issue, referring to fourth year law student and class President Dioscoro Nacia who died in Carcar on election day): In Carcar, Cebu Province, a law student and his brother were shot to death by a policeman when they refused to show the cop how they had marked their ballots. Sighed a friend of the dead student: "He knew his law too well."


 Editorial

 ★ Christmas (Revised Version)

The number of those whom Christmas can stir into an extra-especial, festive mood has dwindled. More and more people have stopped believing in the essential mirth and miracle of Christmas seasons like adolescents discovering that Santa Claus was merely papa in pajamas. The disillusionment stems from our great penchant for new models combined with our cleverness to devise them.

People now never bother to find out the significance of Christmas and more often than not, are too fascinated with the wrappings to remember about the substance. Whenever the question: What Christmas means? is popped up to a young bright boy, he invariably comes up with a package all wrapped up in cellophane and red ribbons with a tag that describes the contents: brittle.

A lot of people now think and talk of Christmas in terms of the kind of excitement had, the number of shindigs thrown, the gallons and the kick of the whiskey consumed. Thanks to modern man's dread for boredom, the new versions on the significance of Christmas had cropped *in* tailored to suit his temper, taste and temptation.

Christmas in the form and meaning handed down from our forefathers is, he has decided, too old-fashioned and stands a lot of overhauling. The Christmas of midnight mass, holy communion, family reunion and gift-giving (with no strings attached) has been catalogued next to the Model T Ford (which was a marvel to grandpop because it ran).

The modern celebrant demands a new, eye-stunning model. The fenders must be different; the coat of paint of screaming color; the horn must whistle like a regular wolf; no headlights but searchlights and it must fool people on

which end is the radiator. The cult of the new and classy gives form to a brandnew, thoroughly revised and warped concept of Christmas which has nothing in common at all with the original outside of the name.

In jaded societies where the sprees hit the high point on Christmas eve, December 25th seems to be everybody's birthday but Christ's. These varied, high-voltage celebrations are crowding the Babe of Bethlehem out of the Christmas picture. In their tin-plated circles, religious thoughts on Christmas are as out-of-place and as anachronistic as an apple pie in a medieval painting.

On top of this, the up-to-date, forward looking, 20th century celebrant develops gastric ulcer fussing over what his Christmas should be like but never over what Christmas really is or what he should be in the season. Christmas now does not go back to the stable and the big star but merely revolves within a sphere circumscribed by the first person pronoun. Indeed, it is the wrongest time to be selfish in.

Altho December atmosphere still tingles with effervescent "Merry Christmas" greetings, one could note the strong stress on the "Merry". Some have only use of Christmas when it provides them a good time. All told, Christmas for this tribe is nothing more than a good excuse for celebrating.

The result? Our up-to-date yuletide celebrant enters the holy season with about as much reverence as that of a wobbly American sailblundering into a Buddhist temple. He tosses overboard the essence of Christmas, with it, its true and enduring joys and wonders and in the process, modern society finds its head on the rocks.

Part and Parcel

by luis a. esmero



Discepolo Nazario is second from left

A tribute to a classmate and pal whose violent death was a shock to the Carolinians, the *Time Magazine* and to all good people.

We took that one-kilometer trek from the widow's house to the cemetery to visit the grave of a classmate whose life was violently snuffed out by three carbine slugs during the last elections. His widow was with us—in mourning dress that accentuated the pallor of her face which told of countless moments of soul-searing grief. She wore a brave smile for each and everyone of us and one can not even trace a burden of tears behind that smile and that quiet calm voice.

We arrived at the cemetery and at its portals we were assailed by the smell of decaying flesh that were exposed and washed away from their mounds by the recent flood which traversed the site. We identified that which were wet and dried again like coarse cement, ash-gray, and if it were not for some repelling force we could not have suppressed poking a curious finger to discover how easily those anonymous structures could crumble like tiny dried grains of sand built up by busy ants. We lighted candles and the widow casually requested us to say the "Our Father". After we had said the prayer, we stood quietly with bowed heads under the noonday sun. The widow knelt slowly and with a suddenness that ripped our hearts open—cried aloud and called her husband's name—the cement walls generously streaked with tears because she had pressed her white delicate face so close that one side of it was red and raw and her eyes looked as if live coals were dipped into watery holes.

My friends broke down and cried and beside me a classmate started blowing his nose vigorously. I did not look, I merely gritted my teeth, clenched my fists, bowed closer to the ground and stared. I did not wish to cry. At my foot was a coil of black now fast becoming brownish hair but its strands were still long and unbroken which somehow strangely reminded me of rosy beads. Beside it a white fat worm kept wriggling under the blaze of the sun in its blind search for moist places.

He has been with us four, five years. He had a modest income from the bank where he worked as a clerk and his father who was in the States used to supplement the amount with substantial pensions now and then.

His mother died a long, long time ago. That was probably why his father did not wish to return to the Philippines anymore but lately he promised to return and die here when his son graduates the law course. But he was really never alone—even now beneath a white painted tablet of stone, we intend to keep him company and alive with our thoughts.

He was graduating law, and throughout these years, we never saw him wear leather shoes—always rubber and not because he was head of our class basketball team. Neither do we believe he couldn't afford it. We knew how good a provider he was for his family of three small daughters and how lavish he was with gifts to his wife. He also had the most complete set of expensive law books and he was seldom absent from class. He was not very bright but whatever difficulties he encountered, he made it up with his diligence and devotion to law. That was why he knew and understood law and probably died for it. Because he always had a pleasant attitude towards life which he radiated to his friends and showered upon his classmates, he was elected president of the graduating class.

He, in the course of many years of intimacy, confided to us his failures and misgivings, his hopes and buoyant moods, his *someday* which he sought to earn, his love and zest for life. He in turn became the treasure chest of our hidden and finer emotions: for frustrations, our interpretation of life. He shared a burden from us—the times we poured our grief to him because we had swallowed this kind of grief with bitterness and with pride and shielded them from others who we know will fail to understand.

He is gone. We will always miss him because part and parcel of each of us who knew him had also gone beneath that slab of stone where he now lies.

This Year's Christmas

By M. S. FLOREDELIZ
Law IV

*The great lesson of Christmas
we should learn is that power
should humble
the possessor*

To many of us, the Nativity has become a mere chronological device with which to reckon historical events. It has become arbitrary like the prime meridian as we designate the years with the suffix A.D. or B.C., and except for the abundant material goods of life we reap from it, Christmas has been stripped of a lot of its meaning. To real Christians, however, the glory of the Incarnation is the center of gravity of all human events. Aside from the fact of its reality and imperative importance as a chronological device (which is not accurate, anyway, Christ having been born four or five years before the year One, A.D.) the first Christmas was the beginning of the New Law and the New Order that gave rise to present civilized society. It precipitated the great socio-political revolution from which we inherited the elements of democracy, freedom and justice.

Since then, and until recently, where men could not love each other as commanded by Him, they could at least be fair, tolerant and charitable. The Church He founded by virtue of His being Son of God has remained the lone surviving stalwart of decency and order, the only real force for peace and happiness. Where the local and international scene assume a more chaotic condition, she has remained serene but militant along her chosen path.

This does not mean that she is aloof. We have seen from a number of contemporary events that where democracy gets a blackeye, the Church comes to the fore instead of folding hands. This is so because democracy is the great corollary of Christianity. Thus in Europe, facism

found the Church a hard nut to crack. Communism is being fought by Her almost single-handed, where governments have succumbed or compromised.

In this generation, however, the Church which Christ founded is faced with painful embarrassments. The nations never gave Her a hand in peace-making which is Her forte. We have, as a result, earned a state of "hot war" which is more symptomatic of conflagration than prospective of peace. World public opinion and statesmanship is for cooperation but the stronger and deeper trend is towards war because the minds of peoples and races have not been disarmed psychologically while the arsenals are being filled. The atom, fissionable and criminal and without any use to peaceful society, is being placed at the disposal of a humanity whose moral sense is still as that of a child; we have thus at our command a purely-destructive force of nature that does not tally with our collective sense of judgment. Where are we headed to? How far removed are we from the path blessed for us by our Saviour?

We derive abundant joy not only from the huge import of the event but also from the fact that we are still free to celebrate Christmas. The other half of the world has no more Christmas. From the geographic longitude of His birth down to the broad periphery of the Pacific, the Season is not to be seen or sun. They have strange gods before them there—Mater, Mary and countless Pilates washing their hands of the additional blood that is to flow. Strange, new Herods stalk the streets, driving Christ from the hearts of men. Once more, God the

Son is looking for the throne that is His alone. He does not get it; instead He is sent back to the stable or nailed again on the cross. There the people are longing for the angel who lifted Peter from his cell or him who moved the stone of the Sepulchre. There are too many stones to be moved, too many little Peters to be lifted.

In our own country things have changed a lot. In many homes and mansions the usual peace is not there. Conscience, the *situs* of the soul or the "microphone of God" refuses to work. Elementary forms of justice and fairplay and other such requisites of peace are blackouted by group interests and the ego. There may be peace too, but of the blacker, worldly type. The colored lights are there to symbolize not the merriment but the multiple feelings of a bewildered society.

But, as a true soldier of Christ said, "We are not afraid." Our fear is that Christmas may become a farce in the years to come. We are afraid that Christ, somewhat lost in the international horizon, may be lost in the superstructure of society. We are afraid we are inadvertently tying a string to the Iron Curtain by softening the ground on which we stand through fratricidal conflicts. It takes but one ambitious man, through another, Morph to Rome, and the curtain falls. Then there will be many more strings as we become marionettes in a great puppet show. This possibility becomes more real as we fear the far.

Humanity thus far removed from its moorings must look back 1950 years to relocate the Guide and strengthen ties with Him. It has become necessary now that we give the Incarnation the historical importance it justly deserves. Around it should gravitate all human events, all human actions and exertions of the free will. The different units of society cannot possibly glorify the Saviour and at the same time come to blows or breed ill-will. We cannot light one candle for God and another for Satan. How we wish that the rulers of the world today would see the Big Star and move along with the Three Kings instead of turning about-face. How we wish that they stop making false stars to mislead others or quit thinking that a star shines above them to guide the people to their palaces. God's star led to a manger, not to a hotel suite or a palace.

The great lesson of Christmas which our generation should learn is that power should humble the possessor. Not by greed or force should we wield or require power. It has to be admitted that Christ towers above all historical figures in point of power over men. No one else's influence ever continued two thousand years after his death except that of the

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Edward J. Edwards--

Man to Remember

Josefina N. Lim

Many Carolinians will remember him. Through all the years of his absence he might have been out of the mind, but never quite forgotten. For he was such a versatile personality that his influence reached every activity in the life of the pre-war Colegio de San Carlos. As professor, moderator of the "Carolinian" athletic coach and director, prefect of boarders, spiritual adviser and religious missionary he won scores of fast friends but today, as a successful novelist whose books are not only read but are also filmed on the movies, his influence will reach millions and win friends for the cause for which he writes.

Fr. Edwards was born in Brooklyn, New York, where, in the manner of city boys, he joined a gang for whom there was some adventure around every corner, in every vacant lot, and on the sidewalks of that great and fascinating city, New York.

Playing hokey culminated at the close of a certain momentous day when a gentle-voiced Sister, his teacher in the parish school, called him to her desk and handed him his theme-notebook saying, "I would like to speak to your mother tomorrow. There is a note for her in your theme-notebook."

This might have caused alarm but it was quickly allayed by the simple matter of removing the notorious page from the theme-notebook. However, the note was written at the bottom of his last composition, or what was supposed to have been a composition. It informed his mother that if she did not appear with Edward Joseph at school the next morning, Edward would not be admitted to class! In the face of this Edward faced the music and the consequences.

He has been facing them ever since. The next day in school with his Mother was commencement day for the boy. For one thing, he began to go straight home from school and what was more of significance, he began to really write his compositions until now his latest book has been adapted for the movies even before the manuscripts were published.

In 1917 (he was then thirteen years of age) he entered St. Mary's Mission House at Techny, Illinois. The topography of Techny is flat. The town is not incorporated, it belongs to and is part of the township of Northbrook, Schermer-ville, near Evanston and Chicago. Here, even as its topography, he underwent a flat, dreary, long, long line of compositions and examinations before "...they

would consider me fit for the work of the missions".

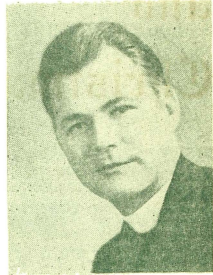
Together with him in St. Mary's at Techny were Fr. Stoll, Fr. LeSage, and our own great and good friend, Fr. Lawrence Bunzel. To them he was Stuby (his original family name is Stubenrauch; changed to Edwards upon ordination in 1930), tall and lean and having a finger in many extracurricular pies. He was a good actor, an interested athlete, a reader of books and writer of compositions (but of course!). All these traits have been manifest to us, as everybody knows. But above all he was a warm friend and companion as normal and active as any American boy. Together with Fr. Stoll, Fr. LeSage, and Fr. Bunzel, he sang with the seminary's choir. On Thursday and Saturdays he helped with the boys in the big dairy farm belonging to St. Mary's. He also harvested hay, wheat, and grain with the boys on the fields also belonging to St. Mary's.

The seminarians spent their vacations in Lake Beulah, Wisconsin, 75 miles from Techny in the state of 7000 lakes. Here they used to hunt rabbits, woodchucks, skunks, and raccoons. Here among the swamp pines and oaks which blazed into a glory of color during fall they would go sailing in a dummeit, a kind of sailboat similar to the ones found in the East Indies.

He said his first Mass in Techny and was thereupon assigned to his first mission in the fall of the same year of his ordination, 1930. For three years he stayed in Immaculate Conception Seminary, Vigan, Ilocos Sur. He taught English composition, Homiletics and Algebra, and as a sideline, organized a Catholic Club among the boys of the local public high school. There were some six hundred boys in this Club and the care of them was an absorbing task.

Our own Fr. Constante Floresca was one of his pupils in Vigan. The seminarians, headed and organized by Fr. Edwards, became the best basketball team of northern Luzon. Fr. Floresca also credits to him a firm foundation in English.

The mission field in Abra was about a four hours run into the interior. For Fr. Edwards it was a relief and a pleasure to be able to get up into the mountains and be one with the priests and Brothers



REV. EDWARD J. EDWARDS, SVD
A versatile, unforgettable personality

laboring there. His summer vacations were always spent that way and the highlights of those wonderful weeks and months were incorporated in his first novel, "Thy People, My People", a remarkable book in that, in spite of its tragic ending it will lift your spirit up and let it go soaring with exhalation.

His last vacation was spent in the small town of Subic, north of Bataan. It is a small fishing village located on the shores of beautiful Subic Bay. He was alone there, taking charge of things for the missionary who had become seriously sick and he speedily learned to know the Filipinos and to love their simple life. The locale furnished the background for his second book, "These Two Hands". This book would have been adapted for the movies had not Fr. Edwards refused to change the protagonist from the Catholic missionary that it portrays to a Protestant minister.

In 1933, a cablegram from Rome sent him packing off to Peking on short notice. There had been no chance to obtain the needed clothing and the ardent young missionary shivered from Shanghai to Peking in very tropical garments. He helped organize the University of Peking from where our Fr. Baumgartner and Fr. Norton last came. His duties began the next morning and were rather varied: director of athletics, professor of rhetoric

(Continued on page 22)

Christ and Christmas

By **LUIS EUGENIO**



Never was man in more urgent need of knowing Christ, His teaching and His works than now. In this knowledge lies life everlasting. "Who art Thou?"—To a society utterly estranged from God which has banished all supernatural principles, St. John the Baptist may well repeat, "In the midst of you has stood ones whom you do not know." (John i, 26).

CHRIST!—From the very moment when the promise went forth that a woman would crush the serpent's head, all the prophecies pointed to Him, High-Priest and Key-stone of the universe; in the sunlike centrality of His Incarnation all events—past, present, and to come—were to converge. Kings, patriarchs, and prophets longed to see His day; but not to Moses or Isaiahs or Micheas or David or Solomon was it given to behold the blessed vision of God, made manifest in the flesh.

Christ is the center of human history. No sooner was He born than He already penetrated the heart of history in such a manner as to become its life and foundation. The intellectual aristocrats in Athens, the sensual revelers in imperial Rome, the ponderous doctors of the Sunbedim, and all the worldly glories that saw His birth are buried in the depths of oblivion. But Christ survives all events, and He still actuates the individual and nations. His Incarnation is still the great poem of time and eternity; the midnight glory that rested upon Jesus, Mary and Joseph has not faded; the angels' song still enchants the world.

"In the sun-like centrality of Christ's Incarnation all events—past, present and to come—were to converge."

Christ is more than the prophets; He is the one who inspires them. He is the Divine Word that comes to point out to men the paths of peace. "To give to His people knowledge of salvation through forgiveness of their sins; to shine on those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace" (Luko i, 77, 79).

Patriarchs, prophets, and even the very same John the Baptist, His forerunner, are not worthy to loose the strap of His sandals. Sages, philosophers, presidents, kings, and emperors are all but pale figures, withered blades that vanish into nothingness. Christ remains for ever and ever. "We have heard from the Law that the Christ abides forever" (John xii, 34). His name fills all history; His empire extends to all the confines of the universe. He is eternally actual; He is the contemporary of ideas and sentiments. Yes! Christ is ever present, there is neither past nor future with Him.

"Christus heri, et hodie; ipse et in secula—Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday and today, yes, and forever" (Hebrews xiii, 8).

Christ bequeathed to the world a doctrine which is theological: that teaches us truths which stand in relation to God; and that is philosophical: that teaches us truths which are related to men, to ethical and social perfection. His concepts are superhuman; He wants to possess the soul of humanity; He wishes to constitute Himself as the adequate object of the intellect and as the goal of the aspirations of the human heart.

What no human genius could achieve, Christ did accomplish. He did establish and still exercises the intellectual and moral hegemony over the universe. "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi, 15).

Christ is the light, the way, and the truth; He is the life. He is the wellspring of all truth. His teaching is admirable. It solves all questions which are of interest to man: the beginning and the end of his nature; the present and future of his life. It reveals to us His heavenly Father and His providence which governs the world. It makes manifest to us the beauties of the soul, the mysteries of God, the usefulness of life, the necessity of sacrifice and prayer.

Christ's moral teaching is sublime. He presents to man as an ideal the very perfection of God. The Sermon of the Mount is the most sublime doctrine humanity has ever heard, or as Papini puts it, "the sole

(Continued on page 22)

EARLY CHRISTMAS

By C. F. RODIL

I was intent on landing a job at a big local bank a year ago this month. A day before I digested a book from the USIS on how to influence the boss and grab a job. I dressed up in a becoming cotton dress with a tailored collar to look decidedly businesslike. When I came in, from a distance I already bowed to the Manager and smiled sweetly. I made sure I didn't look like a displeased cat who shows the teeth after the mouse got away. That was one of the tips in the book I was reading.

Break the ice with a sweet smile.
"Good morning. Mr. Jigg." I smiled again. This time I was getting conscious of my smile. The book said the smile must not be overdone, or it might be interpreted by the boss as weakness. I shifted my weight on my right foot and then on my left until I didn't know whether to keep on standing or to faint and be brought back home by an ambulance. "*Steady your voice, and your body and look straight into the eyes of your prospective boss*"—came back the author's words. I was surprised I should ever get nervous at all. It was all so easy that morning when I saw myself in the mirror in my room. Tall, confident, capable-looking . . . My sister even kidded me saying the boss wouldn't bother giving me a try-out, anyway.

"Sit down," the Manager told me curtly. He fumbled through a pile of papers, signed some of them and then rang a small bell on his table. The messenger boy came and cleared his table of the papers. After this, he looked up.

"You are Miss Cielo?" he asked without twitching a muscle in his face.

"Yes, I am," I answered.

The messenger boy came back with some of the papers in his hand. "I could not deliver them all, sir."

"Why?" the Manager asked. Very rudely. "You have been in this job for a long time and until now you are still silly." His eyes darted from the messenger boy to the papers. He grabbed the papers and waved an impatient gesture for the messenger to depart. This is not going to be easy with me, I was thinking. This Manager is like one of the characters in a certain novel I read. Businessmen who have lost the human quality in them and who treat all the workers like so many mechanical spare parts.

"Miss Cielo, what do you know about stenography?" the Manager asked with the anger still evident in his voice.

I was caught unawares by the question. The night previous, I wrote down all the possible questions the boss would ask me and also wrote down the answers in a very polished English. I repeated them over and over until I was assured I would be able to answer all questions spontaneously. flawlessly. I knew for example he would ask me about my age, my attainment, my qualifications, my references, my experience and health. But I was not prepared for this first question he shot at me.

I hesitated and thought hard. If it was the origin of stenography, the year it was first started and the man who invented it, then I thought it must be a silly question. On the other hand if his question meant whether I could take-down a fast dictation or not, I also thought the question was more than silly. It was an insult as it presupposed that I did not know anything about stenography and that I was pretending to know. I looked straight into the Manager's eyes.

"That is a very general question, Mr. Jigg," I protested, surprised at my sudden audacity.

"What do you mean?" with a vicious look in his eyes.

"Well," I said toying with the handle of my bag, "because I happened not to know the history of the art of stenography. But I can assure you that I can take dictation at the rate of 90 words a minute."

"That is just what I want to know. Your first statement was unnecessary and uncalled for." He straightened in his chair and looked at me triumphantly with a sarcastic smile on one corner of his mouth.

"Have you worked before somewhere?"

"No," I said.
"How did you know you could take a dictation of 90 words a minute?" And there was low mocking chuckle at the end of his voice.

"I was timed by my stenographer teacher," I said indignantly. "And if you want to know more, I am going to tell you that I was the best in our class and that, — that—" "*Always sound courteous and polite. Courtesy is*

never out of place—" came back the words of the author of the book I was reading. "Oh, — Mr. Jigg, I am sorry," I said weakly.

Outside the wind was cold and biting. I walked on and on along the sidewalks of Magallanes Street, peeping now and then at the show windows "*When you apply, you must be prepared for the greatest disappointment in your life*—" again came back the last words of the author. This is it now, I thought. But really I don't care, I said to myself. Anyway I still have a decent roof to come home to and can still have three square meals a day, I consoled myself. But that was sourgraping. I walked on and on. Almost without direction. In one show-window I saw a pair of white American shoes. That's just the shoes I'd like to have, I thought. Matches perfectly with my white bag. Smart bow on its top, long chic heels . . . I looked at it again. Twenty five pesos, this price tag said. Twenty five pesos, I repeated it to myself. I looked at it again. Smart bow on its top, long chic heels . . . It's simply "Class," I thought.

I retraced my steps—back to the bank "You left something Miss Cielo?" the Manager asked.

"No, I just came back to tell you that an experienced stenographer first started without experience. And that she gathered experience because she was given the chance."

The Manager smiled at me knowingly. It must have been the first occasion that made him smile in many years. For the smile was awkward and didn't match his firm chin. The cold objective look in his eyes was gone. He looked at me. Like I were a small child that amused him. When I went out, I looked back at his table, and saw him still smiling. Looking very much pleased.

Outside the air was nice and warm. I walked briskly. It's wonderful to be alive, I thought. I passed the show-window again where the white shoes were displayed. I went inside the store.

"Do you have enough stock of those white shoes there to last until the end of the month?" I asked the salesgirl.

A prospective secretary tackles a hard-to-please boss on the incentive of a pair of shoes in a shop-window.

Untied Kites

By Fitz Arreza Geraldo

There must be One that knows, an all-powerful One, who is behind all inexplicable wonders around us, on whose finger-tip the whole world revolves.

For is it possible that the immobile mountains and the speechless rocks by the river's marge brought themselves into being? And the meadows, where hoofed beasts pasture and graze did make themselves, too all-sufficient to themselves to take Life's moving attributes? And the boundless seas? The countless stars? Everthing?

Be you my own example: Did you come into this earth of your own will? From where were you in the beginning? And those that came before you and they that came before them and before them. Do you believe you would evolve from one particle to a mortal being? Ask your heart? Who has linked you from span to span?

Cold is the heart that once was warm for you: Now it can feel no more quickening flame, no more stirring passion. Whatever yearning that stirs the brandied breast is concealed. It has found a kind partner in its miserable state. (And sadness is not all that the eyes must see.)

Yet there were moments when I could steal my heart against you. And pain seemed most real and true and hard — most hard to survive agony.

Time is a great and most wise consoler. Slowly it closed the wounds of Love's dark anguish and taught me how to measure your disdain with unaffected callousness. And you have forever lost the power to move these eyes that had once trembled in the sight of love.

And you Atheist, importune me no more. Your vile mouth has become a frothing fountain of blasphemies which are more than I can bear now.

Remember, there are still such beliefs that I endure sweetly. And truths of old that ever shall persist in me, despite your attempts to blur my vision with your mind's filth and mud.

The angels sing about us. God is near. His hand still steers the way-ward sinner to Heaven which is more real than your existence. I need not tell you again and again the wonders that Mother Nature shows:

How the sun rises, how the firmament is clad with stars and moons, how the flower blooms and grows, how seas rock in the fury of the tempests, and how the rivers are sent to surging anger in the rising rains. And how the light of beauty is lent to this world. The trees, the grasses, the animals and fowls on wing. And life's origin.

Really there must be a One that knows!

By V. N. LIM.

CHRISTMAS CREAKINGS

Dear Alex,

Greetings! The spirit of the season pervades in me and here I am clacking this off my machine. It is Christmas and it is the time when a fellow expects the least bricks thrown his direction. The only missiles that are let fly at him are probably firecrackers. Now the records that have been in mothballs are dug up. The airplanes are once more sparked by the pleasant, warming melodies of Irving Berlin's immortal "White Christmas", "Silent Night, Holy Night", "Adeste Fideles", and those other wonderful Christmas carols. Although the atmosphere is cold and chilly the people aren't generally cold and chilly to you. There is a sporadic feeling of good will, a commonly-shared joviality, an unusually cheerful disposition — everyone's happy and busy and you've got some dough in your pocket that won't stick!

Alex, I am particularly glad to welcome this season because I am in need of enlightenment and something to divert my mind. You see, my finals were one horrible mess and now I am almost afraid to see my card. After all those months of blood, sweat, and eyestrain I am still The Sad Man, The Poor Soul! Sounds pretty glum, huh. But let's scan the gripes and concentrate on this thing called the Christmas Spirit. Like other good things it doesn't happen often. It comes once a year, stays briefly, and in that brief stay it does wonders. Yeh, wonders. For example, my Old Man, when I trouble him for a stable loan, he good-naturedly closes his trap when he starts to protest or groan and just sticks his hand into his pocket. Everybody seems to have a free hand during Christmas.

Yeh, Christmas. The happiest, most welcome, busiest season of the year! You have to go shopping with your sister and carry a ton of groceries. You have to give something to somebody — or something to somebodies. Chances are you don't get anything except maybe a useless small pad of bond paper from cousin Lou, a cheap toothbrush from aunt, or some such things which you have to receive with a smile and hearty thank-yous (but inside you're screaming Oh Heck!). The season when a street urchin uses your frame for a landing field of a 4-inch firecracker, and you simply smile sweetly at him instead of going after him full tilt with a thorny club to your pa's. And — a relief — the season when you don't have to crack the books or wake up early so you won't be late for school. At this time, you wonder if it will be o.k. for you to slum a king-size Jumbo firecracker at your Chemistry prof. Yeh, Alex my lad, this is Christmas. You think of that Girl You'd Flunk A Semester-For (and did!) in terms of \$ and cents. You'd like to impress her with — 1 A box of prize chocolates? A mammoth Christmas card To Someone Special? A girldle (hah!)?! This you do after giving her the best semester of your college life, how does that strike you.

This is the time when you can safely forget about the theory of ionization, conics, parabolas, vertices, dangling modifiers, enthymemes and syllogisms, conjugaciones, and so forth. This is the time when you can go to the "Club" and play pool all you like, when you can go to sleep with a bottle of 46% proof 1926 vintage in one hand and a bottle of bromo seltzer in the other hand. This is Christmas, Alex my boy!

Then, after this clambake of Christmas carols, song dedications, ear-splitting fireworks, loads of groceries, next year's calendars, slum Christmas trees, tinsel, small colored bulbs, Christmas cards, post-its, hangovers, and mellow feelings — we go back to our dear old dusty classrooms and once more take up the work of trying desperately not to sleep through the prof's lecture. And this time, Alex, there will be no more gay escapades to the poolroom or to that parked, waiting jeep downstairs for a joyride with the batch.

Your pal and sidekick,

Herbie

Postscript

by r. n. coloyan

Without, the wind was sending the stray leaves in the direction of the hills. Within, the charge of quarters was typing—The quick brown fox—over and over, in order to dispel the tediousness of a twenty-four hour duty.

Incantations of negro spirituals from the Transportation Corps, the blinking lighthouse of the harbor-craft people, the beacon from the airfield, the petite mardis gras on top of the rock, Christmas carols in the Dependents' area and a host of others all joined in on the glee as if to defy the night that was always determined to subdue the laughter of the foreigners beneath.

But there was no reason to chide one. Mario, the only MCO left in the first three graders' barracks stayed to write a letter to his sister.

Dear Sis, so he began. I was fascinated the other day with an old copy of "Yank". It really blasted "Mail Call" during which everybody nervously stands at attention every seventeen hundred hours in the afternoon. You see, I applied for overseas duty and the base post office handled your letter like my footlocker which is missing until now.

Am already two months old in this tiny stretch of coral but I have some fun once in a while. The tall and lanky boys from the other side of the valley visit our camp most of the time. They banter, in a friendly way, calling us — flips — and we retaliate by dubbing them post-war babes.

On my first day, I was terribly disappointed because I was hell-bent on slapping somebody's face and letting them bow to me, too. To my surprise, the oldtimers were doling out things to the womenfolk who do errands for us as if they were some PX millionnaires.

Factly, I had one. Since the first day she reported, I hated her so much. She always came in with the same particular chant which was so hard on the ears and her wooden sandals went cluck-clucking all over the place. She was very attentive, to the delight of my comrades whose jokes were growing all the more irksome, as polishing my shoes and tidying our room before every Saturday inspection. Certainly, I did not deserve nor like the attention that was placing me in an uncomfortable situation.

Yesterday, she brought some pieces of native handicrafts, a shrine and a certain god, after which she asked whether I would give her a nice kimono dress. The coldbloodedness of the scheme got me heated up that I forgot to take hold of myself. I must have called her a schemer and so many names for she was scurrying down the stairs.

The next moment I was staring at a picture which I found in her neckerchief bundle. For an hour I was standing on this table; laughing like a crazy man; looking at a person who so closely resembled me. Hah! I had slit eyes, I swear I could have used it to shave by. Turning to the back, I gathered that he was her brother, a member of the 100th "Purple Heart" Battalion which was practically wiped out in the Italian campaign.

I have the opportunity to sail back home but shall have to postpone this. I shall have then bought the whole Post Exchange tomorrow before going to the village. Gosh, this incident almost floored me — shall never forget for all the Christmases and other seasons to come. Your Brod, Mario.

Humanity and the Christmas Spirit

By EMILIO B. ALLER

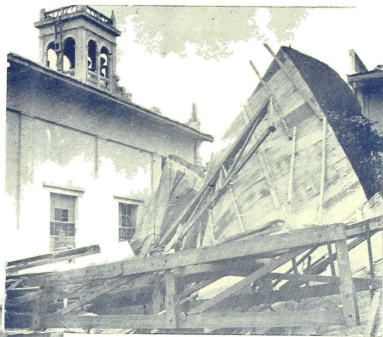
When the Prince of Peace was born in a humble manger in Bethlehem, glad tidings for a heathen humanity was clarified bright and clear. The message of that great event which was sang by the angels on that cold but blissful night was "Peace on Earth Towards Men of Good Will." The shepherds with their sheep and the Three Kings in meek adoration heard and felt the message finding its way into their souls into their hearts. The world was seemingly at a standstill awed by the dramatic miracle of all miracles to redeem Humanity as manifested in the birth of the Saviour of Mankind. And the spirit of that very first Christmas has ever since pervaded the lives of men.

Each December, that kindly and generous spirit has comforted and enlivened the human heart throughout the ages. Both Christian and heathen have recognized it and the good that it brings to one and all. It has become an indispensable tradition in itself among humans, this Christmas spirit; and December has long, ever since, become our Christmas Season.

Yes, Christmas exudes peace and goodwill. But where is that peace on earth and goodwill towards men at present? History has also taught us that there have been always wars throughout the centuries both before and after the first Christmas. Some of these imbroglios have been fought even during the Christmas Season. Man has been so war-like in some of the moments of his life he did not stop at anything in giving vent to his periodic surge of inherent barbarism. But that is so, not because man is naturally so crude and as hopelessly incapable of better deeds than that but because, as long as rights are trampled upon, seeds of dissension, distrust and hate are sown. Humanity usually reaps the whirlwinds and the tempests of disastrous wars. And these horrors avail Humanity nothing but tragedy. Yet Christmas with its spirit comes in December, thus affording us comfort and succor for the ails that usually beset poor Humanity. That is something to congratulate ourselves for and to thank God for that the situation of Humanity is not so bleak and hopeless after all.

And, in spite of the disappointments and the heartbreaks this Christmas, our hearts will join and sing and be happy. In all Humanity there might be places where this Christmas Season might not be manifested in the same way we are manifesting it here, but it is enough that the people in those places are still capable of feeling the spirit of Christmas deep in their hearts, if

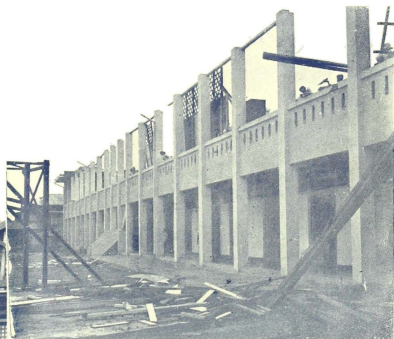
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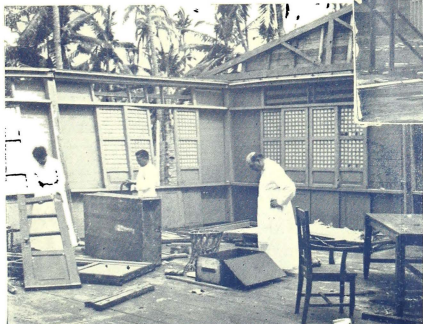
The roof of the Science Building flown across Pelaez Street and over the Boys High



The USC Science Bldg. unroofed by a 100 miles-per-hour wind



Even the classroom walls went up with the roof



SVD Fathers inspecting the ruined summer house in Talisay.



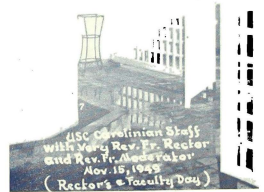
Faculty members of the Girls' High with Fr. Rector and the recently appointed Director, Rev. Edward Norton, SVD.



Commerce students



The people who make the CAROLINIAN: Josefina Lim, managing ed., Mr. C. Faiguo, adviser, Rev. L. E. Schonfeld, SVD, moderator, N. G. Rama, Ed-in-Chief, Lourdes Kabalican, features. Behind: J. Vestil N. Aliño, Jr., C. Achondoa, S. Cermeño, E. Aller, C. Gonzaga.



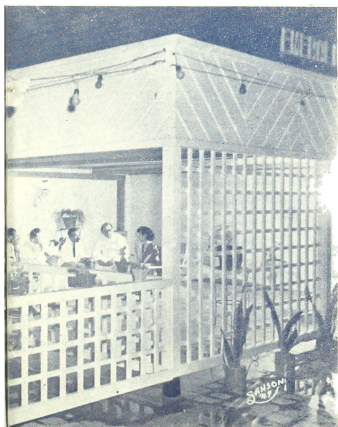
The CAROLINIAN editorial staff building.



celebrating at Copacabana.



Father Rector in a response speech at the banquet given by the Faculty on his birthday.



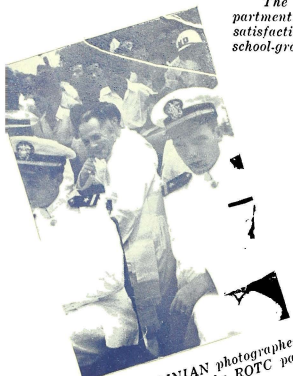
with Father Rector inside the USC Em-



Faculty Club President Vicente Meda-
llo opens the after-dinner speeches on Fa-
ther Rector's birthday.



The normalites of the Vocational department under Mr. Jesus Roa beam with satisfaction over their bumper crop of school-grown cabbages.



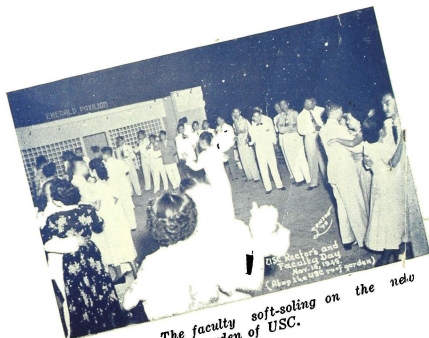
The CAROLINIAN photographer spies Father Rector during the ROTC parade in honor of the US navymen.



Sooo, you think you can get away without uniforms, huh?



No rest at Miramar Rest House after the storm.



The faculty soft-sofing on the new roof garden of USC.

LOOSE LEAF

Darkling I Listen...

Our reprint in this issue is from Ralph Hodgson (1871—...), an English poet whose works include "The Last Blackbird and Other Lines" (1917). Perhaps it is just as well that we have selected again traditional verse to balance the free verse that has mostly appeared in these pages. Shall we say that the charm of measured lines is lost to our poets, or are they as usual following the point of least resistance?

◦ "This is the priesthood of art — not to bestow upon the universe a new aspect, but upon the beholder a new enthusiasm. At our doors every morning the creation is anew. The day is a drama, the night is an unfolding mystery, within whose shadowy arcana impetuous life shall contend with death. A world laughs and bleeds for us all the time, but our response in this meteoric theatre we suffer to be dragged with business and decorum. We are born: sleeping, and few of us ever awake... But we could open our eyes to joy also. The poet cries "Awake!" and sings the song of the morning. He that hath eyes let him see!"

— Max Eastman

We have not been able to contact Carlos C. Rusina so he could tell us more about him. And that reminds us. Next time you submit contributions to this page, will you please include your college, your obsessions, et cetera. And before we forget, we have been reminded that there has been very little response to Mr. Faigao's invitation to form a Poets Club. What, no poets in this 'county'?

◦ "Communication is possibly the basic reason for art. Great artists communicate widely and completely while lesser artists huddle to themselves. Poetry is concerned with the communication of feeling, with the telling of experiences for which there is no single word. It does something more than telling. It thrusts a piece of human experience into your hands with the admonition: "Here, feel this! Taste it, smell it, think it!"

—Marie Gilchrist

The Mystery

By Ralph Hodgson

He came and took me by the hand
Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare
The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
And His own face to see.

To A Star

By Carlos C. Rusina

Now that you're gone,
Lost in anonymous dust,
Free to fly across fields and streets,
Awake under a new sun —
Now that time has ceased,
And life no longer holds its spell,
For you, blindly I reach —

The Song Poetry Sang

By Leon R. Genson

I am not the singer, not the song
nor the string. My throat is not silver
for music where I should belong
and I have no genius
for sweet notes, for limpid notes
of which I have less use.

The singer pours delicate
emotions, the song leaps exquisite
and sighs at the least sight of me
for whom the string will quiver
tantly and throb breathlessly
as if forever and ever.

I am neither song nor singer, nor string
I don't throb nor tremble nor ring.
But I only am: O, the One and Only
to whom the singer sings when lonely
For the song to lift lovesongs to
and for the string to strum to.

Santa Claus

By Rosario T. Morales

His face framed in a white beard
lit aflame with the glow of cheer
Like bubbles out of a cup of wine
This apostle of bias comes
But once at the end of the year
To set the pace of the thrill
Of gift-giving rather than grabbing

Gather Your Lost Lad While You May

by rgr

Eyes
that do not muse but marvel
at the least hint of me
astounded now this minute

Mist
dims my mortal vision,
divine I cannot what
worships you keep behind.

Wonder
aloud today, before some elac
candid idolatrous gaze breaks
the spell, rends the curtain

Let go
the red flame, the liquid
music declare, clean-cut
and clear before it's late
before sunset and regret.

THIS SIDE OF THE ARTICULATE

(Continued from page 3)

his brainchild. But the high point of his literary career was the inclusion of his poem in Jose Garcia Villa's exclusive honor roll for the year 1939.

"Early Christmas" by our missed and missing friend Carmen Rodil will delight readers with its gentle and delicate humor. This little story is a triumph of style and technique, its humor as wistful and tender as the breezes of Christmas morning.

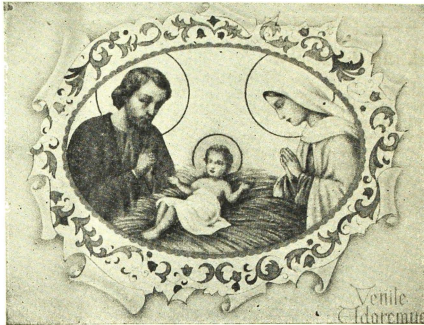
Luis V. Esmero, author of "Part & Parcel", is a familiar name to Carolinian readers. He was a pre-war associate editor of the "Carolinian" and now a fourth year law student. In "Part & Parcel", he recounts a trip to Carcar, to pay his respects to a dead classmate and pal, Dioscoro Nacua whose life was ended by three bullets from a cop's carbine. News-paperman Esmero is connected with a local daily.

"Man to Remember" by someone you remember is another of those on persons of notable merit in the Carolinian world. Your will want to read this article again sometime next year when you will have seen the movie of a powerful and moving story written by the Man to Remember.

A joyous Christmas and blessed New Year, fellow Carolinians!

—N. L. Lim

Reading to Remember



Birth of a Saviour

St. Luke, Chapter II

IT HAPPENED THAT a decree went out at this time from the emperor Augustus, enjoining that the whole world should be registered; this register was the one first made during the time when Cyrenius was governor of Syria. All must go and give in their names, each in his own city; and Joseph, being of David's clan and family, came up from the town of Nazareth, in Galilee, to David's city in Judaea the city called Bethlehem, to give in his name there. With him was his espoused wife Mary, who was then in her pregnancy; and it was while they were still there that the time came for her delivery. She brought forth a son, her first-born, whom she wrapped in his swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

In the same country there were shepherds awake in the fields, keeping night-watches over their flocks. And all at once an angel of the Lord came and stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone about them. Do not be afraid; behold, the news I bring you is good news of the great rejoicing for the whole people. This day, in the city of David, a Saviour has been born for you, so other than the Lord Christ. This is the sign by which you are to know him; you will find a child still in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. Then, on a sudden, a multitude of the heaven army appeared to them at the angel's side, giving praise to God, and saying, Glory to God in high heaven, and peace on earth to men that are God's friends.

When the angels had left them and gone back into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, Come, let us make our way to Bethlehem, and see for ourselves this happening which God has made known to us. And so they went with all haste, and found Mary and Joseph there, with the child lying in the manger. On seeing him they discovered the truth of what have been told them about this child. All those who heard it were full of amazement at the story which the shepherds told them; but Mary treasured up all these sayings, and reflected on them in her heart. And the shepherd went home giving praise and glory to God, at seeing and hearing that all was as he had been told them.



San Carlos University mourns the death of Josefina Caballes, a freshman of the College of Education who died of leukemia last December 8, at the Velez Clinic. She was born in Cebu City and finished her high school in Camotes High School.

We request all Carolinians to pray for the eternal repose of her soul.

SPREAD THE CHEER

By JESUS V. ROSAL, Law III

From time immemorial people in Christian countries have been merry during the Christmas season. Christmas is the day which sets you tingling with anticipation. It is the day that arouses within you all that is generous and kindly. It is Christ's day, and the only spirit in which it can be celebrated is the spirit of Him whose birthday we remember.

There are some who look upon Christmas as a social obligation or use it as a matter of business policy. These persons have not rightly understood the spirit of Christmas and to them it has become a burden.

To bring happiness to others is part of the spirit of Christmas. There will be many children this year who will have little or nothing to make them happy on Christmas Day. People in more fortunate circumstances will bring joy to their own lives as well as comfort and pleasure to others, if they will plan to do some deed of goodwill for some family where the pinch of poverty will make plans for Christmas cheer impossible.

There are undoubtedly some families in your own neighborhood, or of your ac-

CAROLINIANA...

(Continued from page 2)

MONSIEUR ENRIQUE EDERLE SVD, our pre-war rector, is still perfect Apostolic of Mindoro. He is well remembered for the great things he did for San Carlos. In recognition of his works and capabilities, the Holy See made him its representative in Mindoro.

As Director of Mindoro Junior College, a school under the direction of the Society of the Divine Word, REV. FR. BERNARD ROOS is doing excellently.

REV. EUGENE L. STOLL, SVD formerly English instructor at USC and moderator of "The Carolinian" before the war was appointed recently director of Aklan College in Kalibo, Capiz. Fr. Stoll was onetime director of St. Paul's College, SVD institution at Tacloban, Leyte and later director of Christ the King Hi at Quezon City.

Another, pre-war "Carolinian" moderator, REV. ALFONSO G. LESAGE is now in Tagbilaran, in charge of "Holy Name College". Earlier, he pioneered in the establishment of "The Tubigon Catholic High" which is now a flourishing school.

—JLm

Hattendectomy



Just then the doctor walked in and asked, "Has anyone seen my hat around here?" The patient faints.

Age Before Sobriety

It was Tewberries' 104th birthday and the reporters were interviewing him, "What would you say is the main reason for your longevity?"

"The reason I have lived so long," Tewberries said briskly "is that I never took a drop of liquor in my whole life."

Just then there was a terrible crash from the next room.

"What's that?" asked the reporters.

"Oh, that's my father," Tewberries answered. "He always makes a lot of noise when he gets drunk."

Bravery R. I. P.

Two guys were at the bar discussing the prize fights on the television screen. "I could fight better than that pug. I was a fighter once and traded punches with the best of them. Why in one fight I even lasted two rounds."

"That's nothing," said the other guy. "My brother punched Joe Louis right in the nose."

"No kidding! Gosh I'd like to shake hands with the guy like that!"

"Yeah, he was pretty brave," said the second guy. "But we ain't gonna die him un' just to shake hands with you."



quaintance, which need to feel the kind and loving touch of the Christmas spirit. To bring them this blessing which will mean so much to relieve heartaches and discouragement, need not call for large expenditure or elaborate gifts. It is the thought and the act, rather than the abundance of giving, that will win appreciation and typify the Christmas ideal.

During the next few weeks our shops and stores will be brilliant with the array of Christmas offerings. Crowds of gay shoppers will be rushing here and there selecting their gifts, making their purchases for the members of their families, for those close to their hearts and for their friends. It will be a pleasant, cheery scene. But in the rush and hurry, each of us may well stop to think of those less favored, and set aside some small portion of the Christmas money to some

other home where no plans for holiday festivity will be possible, where our generosity and thoughtfulness will do much to hearten those who feel that the world has been too harsh with them.

Expensive gifts and lavishness do not express the true Christmas spirit. The modest remembrances bringing with them the love and thoughtfulness that are a part of our Christmas faith, are the ones which are more likely to cheer the lonely and discouraged hearts for whom Christmas may seem a mockery unless you or some other good fellow, make it otherwise.

Plan then, this Christmas. That extra gift... that additional effort to spread Christmas cheer, which will make your own Christmas happier and more enjoyable because you have put into practice the lessons of goodwill.

USC in

SVD PROVINCIAL SUPERIOR ON OFFICIAL TOUR

Very Rev. Father Herman Kondring, SVD Provincial Superior is presently on an official tour of SVD institutions. The Father Superior came to USC weeks ago to survey the damage wrought by the recent typhoon. After his return to Manila, he left again for this official tour of SVD institutions in Tacloban, Leyte and Kalibo, Capiz. From the last, he will be back at USC in a few days in the course of his routine annual inspection of SVD institutions under his supervision.

CAROLINIANS TO K OF C CONVENTION

Father Philipp Van Engelen, in his capacity as Chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, Cebu Council, and Mr. Vicente Medalle left for Manila to attend the national convention of the Knights of Columbus. They left on November 29 by plane to be present at the first gathering of its kind for the Knights of Columbus in the Philippines, it being a convention with representatives of the K of C councils in the whole country.

In passing, we are glad to announce that there are a good number of Carolinians who are bona fide members of the Knights of Columbus.

FATHER HOERDEMANN ON WAY TO EUROPE

An unexpected turn of events added to an extension of Father Hoerdemann's educational tour. Information has it that Father Hoerdemann is flying from America to London. But London will not give as much joy to him as when he resumes his trip and be in Germany to see his most beloved aged mother. He will be back in Manila, January 6, according to the SVD Father Provincial.

FATHER RECTOR BACK FROM KALIBO

The Father Rector arrived recently from Kalibo, Capiz where he was invited to attend the inauguration of the new building of Aklan College which is one of the latest institutions taken over by the SVD. Aklan College was placed under the wing of the SVD only last year.



Cireno Cultural Español at Capitol Hotel Pavilion. In the picture: Mr. J. Abad, E. Dorotheo, vice-president; N. Rama, president, Rev. L. E. Schonfeld, SVD, adviser, C. Rodil, Secretary, B. Albuero, treasurer, A. Dalope, PRO, Rev. Fr. Rector, guest of honor.

MASS HELD FOR THE SOUL OF DIOSCORO NACUA

At six in the morning of November 30 a requiem mass was held for the soul of Mr. Dioscoro Nacua who died during the last elections. He was a senior student in the College of Law and was President of his class organization. A mass was said and attended by the bereaved law students and faculty members of USC. Mrs. Dioscoro Nacua, in deep mourning, was also present to receive the condolences of friends and acquaintances to a bereaved family. A breakfast tendered by the USC Lex Circle was served after the mass. The late Dioscoro Nacua is survived by his wife and two children.

TWO FATHERS JOIN USC FACULTY

Reverend Father Schoenig arrived lately to join the faculty in the USC. A biologist, Father Schoenig was Dean of the Immaculate Conception College at Vigan, Ilocos Sur where he taught sciences.

Father Oster also of the SVD Fathers in Peking is expected to arrive sometime before Christmas. He is a physicist and was with Father Baumgartner at Peking University, China.

NEW SWIMMING POOL AT MIRAMAR FINISHED

The new standard-size swimming pool at Miramar, Talisay, is now open to Carolinians. It is provided with a row of dressing rooms constructed at its sidewalls. It has two diving boards, one for the convenience of beginners and the other, fairly high, for would-be experts at diving.

A bath house for girls is also having its finishing touches. It is equipped with special fixtures modern in every way. Constructed of all-cement it is located near the smaller swimming pool which is now exclusively for girls's use.

UNIVERSITY DRUG STORE OPENS SHOP

The San Carlos University Drug Store located at corner P. del Rosario and Pelaez Streets opened shop two weeks ago. Quite a sizable capital is set aside by the administration for its maintenance. It is open from 7:30 in the morning to 8:30 in the evening. It is provided with the up-to-date facilities of a modern drug store.

Already a going business concern, its services are not confined to the student populace but to the public in general. Management of the store is handled by the

The News



MISS LUCIA R. LIMCHIU
Cebu's First Lady Engineer

Pharmacy Department. The students of Pharmacy will undergo their apprenticeship in this store.

FORMER CAROLINIANS HURDLE BOARD

Four ex-carolinians hurdled the last government board exams for Civil Engineering held in Manila. The successful examinees were Alfredo Asuncion who placed third with a rating of 85.09 per cent, Lucia R. Limchiu, Carmelo R. Limchiu, and Antonio Mansueto who placed tenth.

The new engineers finished all their math subjects in this university. To Engineer Lucia Limchiu goes the credit of being the first lady engineer of Cebu. Alfredo Asuncion and Antonio Mansueto after leaving San Carlos topped their classes in MIT and CIT respectively. Carmelo Limchiu, older brother of Lucia, is a pre-war carolinian whose studies were interrupted by military service.

It was learned from Engineering Dean Jose Rodriguez that the lowest rating obtained by the Carolinian examinees in the math board exams was 85 per cent, with N. Ruiz getting 92 per cent, the highest grade obtained in this subject.

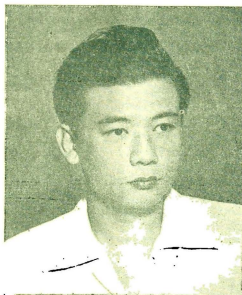
FR. HOERDEMANN SENDS MICROSCOPES

It was learned from authoritative sources that Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD, who is on official tour abroad is send-

ing several modern microscopes and a brand new movie projector for use of the students of the university. They have already been shipped and now on its way here. Its arrival would rehabilitate in a great way the damage wrought on the laboratory equipments and apparatus of our Science Building by the typhoon that unexpectedly struck Cebu City last month.

THIRD STORY FOR SCIENCE BLDG.

Construction for the rehabilitation of the Science Building of the University of San Carlos is in full swing. Because its second floor walls and partitions, galvanized roofings, and joists were ripped apart by the freak typhoon that hit Cebu City a month ago, the administration has decided to add an all-concrete floor and a roof garden



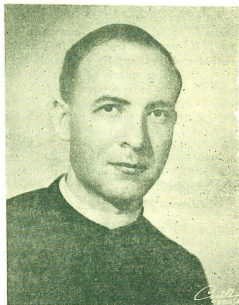
ENGINEER CARMELO R. LIMCHIU
Among the successful examinees

over the remaining concrete portion of the building. In this way, the Fathers said, both the problems for more rooms for the university's increasing population of students and the danger from any future typhoon that may hit Cebu, are solved.

According to plans, the roof garden of the Science Building will connect with that of the Administration's. Its special features will be disclosed later.

CAROLINIANS TO PARTICIPATE IN K OF C ORATORICAL TILT

The annual oratorical tilt sponsored by the Knights of Columbus will be held Saturday night, December 10, 1949, at the

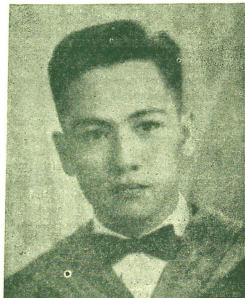


REV. ENRIQUE SCHOENIG, SVD
Latest addition to USC Faculty

Cebu Institute of Technology Social Halls. Fernando de los Santos will represent San Carlos University for the Collegiate Division of contestants and Leo Ortiz of the USC Boys Hi to compete for the Secondary Division.

San Carlos has high hopes of winning this year's honors. Last year, Vicente Uy, representing San Carlos run away with

(Continued on page 22)



ENGINEER ALFREDO ASUNCION
He placed third

CHRIST AND CHRISTMAS...

(Continued from page 9)

ray of light that is left to us amidst our rottenness... studded with diamonds and sapphires". This divine doctrine of His teaches us our duties to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves.

Christ's social doctrine surpasses all marvels. He preaches fraternity in a world of hatred and tyranny; He commands charity; to overthrow enthroned despotism He ordains obedience to superiors. He fashions humanity out of enemy nations. He uplifts the standard of the poor, sanctifies labour, rehabilitates woman and crowns her with the triple diadem of virgin, spouse, and mother. He teaches to love our enemies. He expounds such truths as to cause the admiration of the multitudes. He is the teacher *par excellence*.

This doctrine lives on and on. And so after centuries that have overthrown all systems, all philosophies, humanity still keeps in its intellect Christ-Truth, and in its heart, Christ-Sanctity.

This Christ is the same little Babe Whom we contemplate during this Christmas season wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Over hill and dale from the silvery altitudes of heaven a song rolls down from that white choir and floods the swelling sides of the world with the resonance of angelic trumpets, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo — Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will". Over the wide earth and the wide waters millions are answering the music that pours like flame from the bosom of God, proclaiming that Christ lives and reigns — a cry of love and gratitude that streams back upon the throne of God because to us this day is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS...

(Continued from page 7)

Saviour. And yet in His whole life He never raised His voice nor lifted a hand against His enemies. Is shrewdness and free, after all, a sign of weakness? Is it not a sign of consciousness of one's mortality and meanness?

As we celebrate Christmas this year, some little fears prick our fondest thoughts. We sing the hymns louder as peace in the heart and home disharmonize with the peace in the streets. For peace is of many kinds. There is that of Batavia where our youth are huddled close to each other in one great peace. There is the peace of children at play. There is the peace of the murderer after the kill. There is the peace of the monk and the religious. There is the peace after a clean victory or honest labor. There is the peace of the scientist after some great discovery.

Which is your peace?

EDWARDS J. EDWARDS...

(Continued from page 8)

ic, director of the University Press, and editor, circulation manager, proof reader and contributor to the magazine "Fu Jen".

After two years in the Celestial Kingdom he was recalled to the Philippines for the opening of the Colegio de San Carlos (now the University of San Carlos) in the city of Cebu.

For five eventful busy years he was prefect of boarders, molderator of the college magazine, director of athletics and coach of the basketball team, director of dramatics, professor of religion, college English, discussion and debate. He also played the organ for church services. Once a week he would spend a missionary's day at the leprosarium in Consolation and the experiences and friendships he formed there furnished the nucleus for his third novel, "White Fire", a novel describing the Filipino people and Philippine scenes so accurately and sympathetically that one senses this foreign writer indeed is among us as a friend.

Fr. Schonfeld relates: "He was a first class gentleman. He had an aptitude for handling boys. He compiled our college songs and cheers. On his departure some boys were crying. All went to the ship voluntarily, he was well liked by all."

In 1940 after ten years of missionary work his health gave out and he was packed home to the U. S. THE CAROLINIAN devoted a whole page on leaving-taking, an expression of their regret on their loss.

Fr. Edwards writes of his homecoming: "When the Golden Gate howe into view I really knew what the poet felt when he said:

*"Breathes there the man so dead
Who never to himself has said
When returning from some foreign strand
This is my own my native land?"*

"One really learns to appreciate things by losing them, and distance does not only lend enchantment to the view, it also gives one perspective.

"I stepped ashore and went directly to a drug store and got a big, a very big malted milk! It was a long cherished desire and after ten years of abstinence I had almost forgotten how a malted milk tasted. I need not tell you that this was pluperfect.

"My first week at home in New York I traveled for uptown, alone, to visit the halls of my Alma Mater, the sidewalks of

USC IN THE NEWS...

(Continued from page 21)

first award.

FATHER RECTOR AND FACULTY DAY HELD

A banquet and dance was held at the University roof garden by the faculty club in honor of Rev. Father Rector on his feast day November 15. The affair was high-lighted by fine speeches expressing felicitations for the Rev. Father Rector. The deans, professors, and instructors from the different departments of USC pledged their whole-hearted support to the Father Rector's new policies.

On this special occasion announcement was made by USC Legal Adviser Fulvio Pelaez that the group insurance policy benefit for the members of the faculty will take effect on January of 1950.

the Bronx. Things had changed a great deal, but some of the old landmarks were still there. I went into the parish church and sat down in a pew. There was still the same dark shiny wood of the pulpit and pews, the same altar rail where I had received my first communion, the large stained glass windows mellowing the hard light of day. My gaze sought out and found one particular window that always used to arouse my boyish wonder at Sunday afternoon vespers. It was of the Blessed Trinity, and the Heavenly Father, a patriarchally bearded figure was seated on a prismatic rainbow sort of seat.

"It was strangely satisfying to be back in these old familiar surroundings and produced in me a definite feeling of home-coming."

In New York, Fr. Edwards' health still went on the down-grade so that he was again ordered to a milder climate by the doctors. He stayed in Tucson, Arizona, and there wrote his fourth novel, "This Night Called Day".

He is still in Tucson, having stayed, however, for a while in Hollywood, California, during the filming of his fifth novel, "The Chosen".



ROTC Briefs

USC PARTICIPATES IN HEROES DAY RADIO PROGRAM

The ROTC department of USC participated in the radio program jointly sponsored by the III military area and East Visayan Zone (PC) on the occasion of the National Heroes Day.

USC's contribution was a vocal solo by a well-known radio star and Carolinian, Nora Florendo and a recitation entitled Voice From the Grave by Jesus G. Rama. Other features were speeches by Vice-Mayor Arsenio Villanueva and Major V. Velasco, solo by Mrs. V. Flores and renditions of the PC Band.

ROTC HONORS DESTROYER DIVISION 32

The ROTC units in Cebu City, gave a joint parade and review last month in honor of Capt. Lynn G. Quiggle, commander of 32nd Destroyer Division, U. S. Navy, and his staff, at the Cebu Normal Parade Grounds, who were here in road-wit tour mission throughout the Philippines.

The famed 2nd Army Band under Major Carino assisted the parade and review. High government officials together with the local brass of the Army and Philippine Constabulary were present to witness the affair. Cadet sponsors from the different universities and colleges were also present.

PGF RANKING OFFICER INSPECTS USC ROTC UNIT

Major Lino Ancheta of the Inspector General Service, Camp Murphy, recently completed the annual inspection of the military funeral.

ROTC Unit of this university. Other local units were also inspected by him. Col. E. Abay headed the team.

In an interview with the Commandant, Major Lino Ancheta revealed that all advanced cadets should be trained to cope any administrative problems that might be given by their superior officers in the future should they be called to active service. He further emphasized that these cadets should be given extra hours to work as adjutant in the Office of the Commandant to gain experience.

TWO GRADUATES COMPLETE PROBATIONARY TRAINING

Lts. Jesus Ceniza and Jose Villarosa, two of the several ROTC graduates of the class '49, recently completed their six-months probationary training at Camp Floridablanca, Pampanga. They will be integrated into the Reserve Force of the Army of the Philippines as soon as they receive their official serial numbers from the Adjutant General Office, HNDP, Manila.

Both are now continuing their respective courses in this institution.

CDT. SGT. CRESENCIO LASTIMADO KILLED IN RIFLE ACCIDENT

Cdt. Sgt. Cresencio Lastimado, a first year commerce student, died last month at Tangil, Dumanjug, in rifle accident, while going home after a hunting trip.

Internment took place at the cemetery of Guadalupe. The USC cadet corps, headed by Capt. Antonio N. Concepcion and Lt. Florencio Romero, gave the deceased a military funeral.

CADETS TO HOLD MILITARY BALL

The Cadet Corps will hold their annual military ball before the Christmas vacation at the Club Filipino, Lahug. Programs and presentation of the sponsors to the cadet corps will be the order of the evening.

High military and civil officials and faculty members of this university will be invited to the affair.

TARGET PRACTICE TO BEGIN SOON

With the aim of making every cadet a good marksman, the Department of Military Science and Tactics, will start this week target practice at the former target range located at the USC Parade Grounds. This will be the first time that the USC cadets will utilize this range ever since the war. With the DMST's plans and schedule, every cadet is allotted 100 22-caliber ammunition for all firing positions.

FORTY NINERS TO HOLD REUNION

In a meeting held at the USC Coop, the members of the Forty Niners who graduated last Summer at Camp Floridablanca, Pampanga, decided to hold a reunion party at Capitol Hotel before Christmas.

Sponsors and ROTC top brass of this institution will be invited to the affair.

HUMANITY AND THE

(Continued from page 12)

only they would try to. For the over-all conditions obtaining today in this hectic world of ours seem to be in direct contrast to the song we sing in our hearts. It is because man is by nature such an imperfect mortal creature, he is sometimes subjected to his misleading whims and caprices, his personal bias and prejudices. Throughout the ages, he celebrates Christmas, and in-between his Christmas Seasons, he forgets or suppresses within his own heart and mind the nobility of the holy message of peace and goodwill he ought not to forget even for a moment only if he so seriously desires to live in a world practically and really fit to live in. He knows that God loves him so much, he being created after his own image. God gives man the freedom to choose between right and wrong and to carve out for himself his own destiny. If man chooses to forget, or deliberately douses out with the cold, fetid waters of indifference, hatred and prejudice for his fellowmen this remarkable spark of the spirit of Christmas peace which the Prince of Peace has always tried to bring to us every Christmas and every moment after Christmas, then, it is probable that we will only have to write "finis" to Humanity and its civilization in the few years ahead of us.

For ourselves, we shall have to pray and thank God that we still can enjoy in the security of our homes a holy Christmas in the spirit of our Lord.



The Commandant lectures the corps

Nacimiento

de Jesús

POR LUCAS EVANGELISTA

Por aquellos días se promulgó un edicto de César Augusto, que mandaba empadronar a todo el mundo. Este primer empadronamiento fue hecho por Cirino, gobernador de la Siria; todos iban a empadronarse, cada cual a su ciudad. José, pues, como era de la casa y familia de David, subió desde Nazaret, ciudad de Galilea, a la ciudad de David, llamada Belén, en Judea, para empadronarse con María, la cual estaba en cinta. Y sucedió que, estando allí, le llegó la hora de su alumbramiento y dió a luz a su hijo primogénito, y envolvióle en pañales y recostóle en un pesebre, porque no había lugar para ellos en la posada.

Estaban velando en aquellos contornos unos pastores, haciendo centinela de noche sobre su grey, cuando un ángel del Señor apareció junto a ellos, y cercólos con su resplandor una luz divina, lo cual los llenó de sumo temor. Dijoles entonces el ángel: No temáis, pues vengo a daros una nueva de grandísimo gozo para todo el pueblo: Y es que os ha nacido en la ciudad de David el Salvador, que es el Cristo, el Señor. Sirvaos de señal que hallaréis al niño envuelto en pañales y reclinado en un pesebre. En este instante se dejó ver con el ángel un ejército numeroso de la milicia celestial, alabando a Dios y diciendo: *Gloria a Dios en más alto de los cielos, y paz en la tierra a los hombres de buena voluntad.*

Luego que los ángeles se apartaron de ellos al cielo, los pastores se decían unos a otros: Vamos hasta Belén, y veamos este suceso que ha ocurrido, y que el Señor nos ha manifestado. Vinieron, pues, a toda prisa, y hallaron a María y a José y al niño, reclinado en el pesebre. Y viéndole, se certificaron de cuanto se les había dicho de este niño. Todos los que supieron el suceso, se maravillaron igualmente de lo que los pastores les habían contado. María, empero, conservaba todas estas palabras ponderándolas en su corazón. En fin, los pastores se volvieron, no cesando de alabar y glorificar a Dios por todas las cosas que habían oído y visto, según se les había anunciado.

Sección Castellana

Editorial

NAVIDAD

Estamos en la víspera de rememorar la realización de la esperanza de los siglos. El espíritu que hasta ese entonces estuvo sumido en las sombras aguardando anhelante el cumplimiento de la profecía magnífica, despertó a las claridades maravillosas del hecho cierto. El gran misterio se develaba en la noche de Belén y el Salvador del mundo, el Cristo prometido, puntuaba la inicial de su vida con el mísero establo que compartían las bestias, más generosas en dar lo que los hombres le negaban en su seguedad.

Nosotros que a través de los siglos vamos todos los años celebrando el advenimiento del Mesías, no incurramos en igual torpeza. Preparemos desde ya nuestros corazones con la oración constante y nuestros espíritus con la mortificación de manera que en ellos vuelvan a nacer y encuentre abrigo el sublime Niño para que esta Navidad nos apriete aún más en el afecto y el cariño y para que así seamos más dignos al llamado de la gracia.

Ha llegado el día glorioso, pronto "nos ha de nacer el Señor". Que los aleluyas y los hosannas, los cantos y los villancicos, sean el producto de nuestras ansiedades volcadas en un incesante florecer de fe y de vida santificada. Sea también un anticipo de paz, esa paz hogareña que ha de ser trasunto de paz entre pueblos y que la hemos perdido por satisfacer ambiciones, por mantener egoísmos y por alejarnos de los dulces mandatos de Jesús.

PIE ALADO, CRUZ Y
LIBRO ALUMBRADO

Pascua de Navidad

Por CONCEPCION F. RODIL

Por RAFAEL V. GUANZON

Encima del portal del edificio mayor de la Universidad de San Carlos se halla un escudo de armas, y en contraste al del Estado, donde hay un león agarrando una espada—símbolo de autoridad y poderío—en éste tres figuras: un pie con dos alas, una cruz clavada en una colina, y un libro alumbrado con una antorcha. Estas tres figuras no se hallan en el escudo por mera casualidad sino a propósito, porque simbolizan los fines e ideales a los cuales suso-dicho centro docente está consagra-do. Pues, qué quieren decir?

El primero, el pie alado, que es del dios Mercurio, simboliza salud física. Pues mi alma mater, al igual que la Atenas de la antigüedad, cree en la máxima *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Aquí en esta institución se se cultivan las facultades espirituales y mentales sin que se abandone lo que los antiguos filósofos paganos consideraban como el "hogar" de las antedichas facultades: la salud física, el bienestar del cuerpo.

La cruz, radiante de luz y levanta-da majestuosamente sobre la colina, habla de la importancia de cultivar el carácter, de que el espíritu debe predominar sobre la carne, que el hombre no debe dar rienda suelta a sus impulsos malsanos. Porque la cruz es el Cristianismo, y el Cristianismo simboliza todo lo noble, lo sublime, lo divino. Antes que se levantara la cruz no había más que la colina, y la colina sin la cruz significa el predominio en el mundo de lo animal en el hombre. Por eso la Universidad de San Carlos se ha tomado la tarea de desarraigar todo lo mundano, todo lo que sea de animal en el hombre, y fomenta todo lo que es elevado y sublime en él. En pocas palabras, esta institución educativa no da tan sólo títulos académicos sino una perfecta disciplina mental escolástica, y siendo así, moldea el carácter del alumno en la forma del Cristianismo.

"Gloria a Dios en las alturas y paz a los hombres de buena voluntad"—

Cuando la temperatura es baja y soplan los vientos fríos; cuando contemplamos por las calles una animación inusitada, viendo en los semblantes de los transeúntes retratada la alegría y jovialidad, caminando con ligereza, entrando y saliendo de las tiendas, comprando aguinaldes y juguetes; cuando enrojean las hojas de las *poensettias*, cuando todo cuanto nos rodea parece estar saturado de alegría y felicidad, no necesitamos pensar mucho para adivinar que la Navidad está cerca. Toda esa efervescencia del movimiento nervioso no es más que el principio de esa celebración que es la más hermosa y alegre del año. Todos sin excepción, pobres y ricos, grandes y pequeños, todos sienten alegría al acercarse esa fecha que nos trae a la memoria el nacimiento de nuestro Dios hecho hombre; de ese Dios-Niño que fué adorado y agasajado por los pastores de Belen con dones sencillos y rústicos, pero llenos de amor: ese divino Niño, el Mesías anunciado y esperado, hecho manifiesto por la estrella a los reyes del Oriente, que juntos acudieron, buscándole sin descanso hasta encontrarle entre las humildes pajas. Allí le adoraron ofreciéndole los ricos dones del oro, emblema, de la caridad; del incienso, símbolo de la oración;

y de la mirra, de la mortificación.

Esa gran fecha es la fecha más simpática de la Cristiandad y la Navidad es la más alegre de los asuntos del año para todos. En ese día la fiesta tiene un sello especial; el del fervor, ese sentimiento piadoso que nos lleva a sentirnos en el momento de la Santa Misa de media noche, hora bendita en que se cumplió hace 1949 años la promesa de nuestra redención, como aquellos *pastorcitos* que se acercaron al Niño Jesús llenos de humildad y confusión, pero con su corazón rebosando de amor y cariño.

Al acercarse, pues, esta fecha memorable que año tras año se viene celebrando y que seguirá celebrándose hasta el fin de los tiempos; preparémonos con alegría, con júbilo. Busquemos regalos para los niños, para amigos y bienhechores, sin olvidarnos de los pobres y necesitados. Preparémonos para agasajar a Jesús en esa fiesta bendita de Navidad acercándonos a la Sagrada Mesa con un alma pura y un corazón repleto de amor.

Después, juntos, familia y amigos, celebremos la fiesta con pavos, turrones, vinos y champagne, ese vino de las grandes celebraciones, y al terminar el día esperemos gozosos que Dios nos permita celebrar las próximas Navidades gozando de la paz mundial.

Y en la parte baja de este escudo escolar está el libro con la antorcha que hace visible el contenido de sus páginas. Mediante este libro alumbrado, esta Universidad dice en su lenguaje interpretativo que ella es arcaño de la sabiduría de los siglos, no solamente de las artes liberales sino también de las profesiones que preparan al individuo a ganarse de-

centemente el pan de cada día.

Tal es el escudo de armas de esta universidad católica del sur del archipiélago magallánico, el escudo del taller de escuela donde tanto los jóvenes como los de edad ya, se hacen hombres y mujeres debidamente formados tanto en lo físico y mental como también en lo moral y espiritual.

Cristo El Reformador

Tres son los elementos de toda civilización verdadera: el individuo, la familia, la sociedad. Sólo Cristo ha determinado la naturaleza, relaciones y fin de estos elementos. Cristo fué un reformador social; el verdadero agente de la civilización del mundo. El mundo antiguo no conoció lo que era la sociedad ni tuvo concepto claro y exacto de lo que es patria, nación, personalidad jurídica. El Estado era la única personalidad que absorbía todos los organismos de la sociedad. Reinaba la tiranía que se sentaba en el trono.

Cristo fué el primero que enseñó que el verdadero valor de un hombre no debía fijarse con arreglo a sus bienes o a su categoría social, sino únicamente con arreglo a lo que era en sí mismo, en su espíritu, en su corazón y que existían ciertos derechos absolutos e imprescriptibles. Fué Cristo quien enseñó la fraternidad universal, diciéndonos que teníamos un Padre común; los hombres antes no lo sabían; los sabios lo ignoraban. Para el cristiano no hay fronteras, ni razas, ni regiones, ni latitudes.

Del mismo modo El reveló la igualdad y libertad humana. A los ojos de Jesús, todos los hombres sin distinción de razas participan de la misma naturaleza; participan del mismo tronco, que es Adán; tienen un mismo Padre, que es Dios; un mismo Redentor, que es Cristo; han sido creados para gozar de un mismo fin, que es la bienaventuranza. De la igualdad de medios prescrita por Cristo para alcanzar aquél; de esa comunidad de fin y medios nace en los hombres identidad de deberes y de derechos que el Evangelio formula y la Iglesia defiende. Para Jesús no hay excepción de personas.

El origen de nuestra libertad es la verdad. "Si permanecéis fieles a mi palabra, seréis realmente discípulos míos, conoceréis la verdad y la verdad os hará libres" (Juan, viii, 30, 31.) "Donde está el espíritu de Dios ahí está la libertad" (II Cor., 3, 18).

Cristo proclamó la libertad, la igualdad, la fraternidad, brotadas a los ecos de su voz; el código de las legislaciones, ese triple lema de regeneración de que tanto ha abusado la

escuela revolucionaria.

Estas doctrinas ejercieron una poderosa influencia en el mundo social. Fueron un golpe de muerte para la esclavitud y para la tiranía. Todas estas doctrinas transformaron las ideas y las costumbres, fueron el sepulcro de los abusos y tiranías, constituyeron sobre sólidas bases la familia y la sociedad y restauraron las grandes instituciones sociales.

El cristianismo derriba al cesarismo, señala el verdadero rol del Es-

tado, divide los dos poderes de la sociedad, diviniza la obediencia y todo lo restaura al soplo del Evangelio civilizador. El Evangelio es la cultura, es la civilización porque restaura, fija la naturaleza y el objeto de los tres elementos que la constituyen: el individuo, la familia, la sociedad. Cristo ha dado dogmas a la Teología, axiomas a la Filosofía, principios a la Ética y en Política y Sociología el Evangelio ha renovado las almas.

Con motivo de las Pascuas de Navidad aclamemos la benignidad del Salvador que nos ha aportado esos infinitos beneficios de que gozamos hoy y cantemos con el alma plébrica de santa unión: "Gloria a Dios en lo más alto de los cielos."

— LUIS EUGENIO

Rehabilitación Moral

Por JUAN SINGSON

Por dondequiera que se vaya estos días no se habla más que de la rehabilitación de los edificios, de las fábricas, de los barcos, de la vida económica del país y de otras cosas materiales arrasadas por la última guerra. Mas de la rehabilitación de los que es más importante que todos los edificios y fábricas del mundo y que se destruyó sobremanera, como efecto de la segunda guerra mundial, pocos se afanan.

¿Acaso se han olvidado ya los hombres de los preceptos morales enseñados por Aquel que murió clavado en la cruz por el bien de la humanidad?

Raro es el día en que la prensa no traiga noticias de robos al por mayor, de asesinatos, de incendios, de adulterios, de separaciones de conyugales, de engaños en sus múltiples formas, de nuevos inventos para la matanza del hombre, de sobornos, de suicidios y de miles de asuntos que hablan bien claro del bajo nivel

moral de nuestros días, inmoralidad que viene a ser una maldición para el género humano.

Téngase presente la lluvia de fuego y piedra que cayera sobre los castigados pueblos de Sódoma y Gomorra como queda consignado en las páginas de la Biblia. Que los "feligreses" de Baal y Satanás derivan la lección que les diera la Roma imperial, "el ama del mundo", "la ciudad de las siete colinas" que cayó de la cumbre de su grandeza material en cuanto la engolfaba el vicio y la licencia, cuando la indecencia y el libertinaje reinaban supremos en ella.

Si Sócrates, que dijo que es la moralidad más que la inteligencia la que le diferencia al hombre de la bestia, pudiera ver el mundo de hoy con su moralidad por las suelos, se apresuraría a retirarse a su tumba, lejos de la podredumbre moral.

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