

The

# CAROLINIAN

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE STUDENT BODY OF COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS

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**EDITORIAL****SPIRITUAL REHABILITATION OUR GREATEST CONCERN**

*Our government has embarked on an extensive program of rehabilitation of our farms and industries and has even campaigned for the granting of parity rights to Americans in order to facilitate the immediate and rapid development of our natural resources with the end of promoting the general welfare of our people. Once this program shall have materialized we shall become a progressive country. But then, of what good will material progress be to a country whose people will be corrupt, scrupulous and weak in spirit.*

*Indeed our youth slants as top priority in the rehabilitation of our country. Four years of war have tended to increase the already existing decadence of his character and morals. Dishonesty and pilfering, disrespect and disobedience towards parents and lawful superiors are things taken for granted, nay, conceived as righteous in the guise of the so-called era of modernism. Minor delinquency is not an uncommon daily occurrence. Now we see teenagers in dancing halls, gambling dens and worse places which in days of old were off-limits for youth. We hear them curse and utter immodest words, as part of their daily language. We find them not only indolent but indifferent towards manual labor. In the face of this grim and dismal picture we see the future of our country in a portrait too obvious for words.*

*Although the mention of the word Japanese nowadays spells perfidy, atrocity and contempt yet we must not overlook the fact that they have certain precepts worthy of emulation. Their honesty, frugality and industry are almost proverbial. In the early days of Japanese occupation they introduced a program of spiritual rejuvenation which called for the revival of the refined qualities of the Filipino. The need for it then was so great that even the enemy took interest in fostering such a program. But if its need was great then, it is much greater now especially as regards our youth.*

*The spiritual rehabilitation of our country should be the paramount concern of our people. Hitherto very little has been done towards this end. Repair of churches, schools and libraries should occupy our first attention. We need more schools to house the thousands of children of school age who now roam the streets and the countryside. We need good teachers who should be patterns of goodness and character, because a shining example is the best form of effective teaching. We need a revised school curriculum which should lay greater emphasis on character formation. And above all, we need a concerted effort of the government and the people to encourage religious instruction, if not make it compulsory in all schools of the country, because it is only religion that neutralizes the evil tendencies of man.*

# The New Year and a Resolution

I regard life as a steady ascent, an up-grade climb from the valley of infancy, thru the long stretch of youth, to the mountain crest of senility beyond which is the misty abyss of death. What lies beyond the mist that hangs over death—only religion dares explain. The roads up are manifold, intricately linked, and of varying degrees of quality—from a wide smoothly paved thoroughfare to a narrow rock-strewn by-way bordering the precipice of disaster. Down the valley of youth, all the roads merge into a puzzling labyrinth where each traveler must choose the way he will take. In the early part of the journey, he is briefed on the nature of the roads up. He is given necessary precautions lest unwarily he falls over the precipice. Educational training accomplishes this task. Then he is left alone to himself.

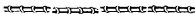
Some hapless journeyman, by some kind of misjudgment or failure to profit from the briefing or by sheer recklessness may pick the way that will lead him to a tortuous path that ultimately leads to disaster. If he, however, realizes his mistake in time and remembers the briefing he had, he may divert his course thru some linking roads towards a better, safer way.

And the roads are marked by milestones, each milestone corresponding to one full year of life. Thus as one approaches a new milestone each year, he is a mile further in his journey, he has gained higher ground—he is a full year richer both in age and experience.

Since I became of age I became aware of some un-

desirable traits I have acquired as I trudged along life's pathway, that there were valuable things I was sadly in need of. Every New Year I make an effort to open the ledger of my life and take stock of my assets and liabilities. It is a simple method of accounting that I try to resort to which I believe enables me to appraise my true worth as a man. This process however is not as easy as it appears to be.

I always start with my liabilities, and this is the most ticklish step because the op-



by

*F. B. Maningo*



timism in me tends to obscure the findings of the honest side of me. With every liability that I find, there always arises some reason, cause, circumstance, or simple alibi, which tries to justify the existence of that liability. Take for instance, smoking. My honest nature says smoking is a liability. It is not only a sheer waste of money but health magazines say it produces adverse effects on the body. Indeed, at first thought, smoking is a liability that should be thrown overboard. Then stealthily, another thought creeps in. Well, I'll give smoking a fair appraisal. The contention that smoking is a waste of money is in a way right if one indulges heavily in it. But if one burns only a few sticks a day, certainly it won't hurt the pocket very much, if at all. And

despite what health magazines say against smoking, doctors should know better. Then, I think smoking is not after all a liability, or if it is, it isn't much. Anyway, I'll smoke only one stick after every meal.

That is an example of what precisely runs in my mind everytime I try to single out my liabilities—conviction giving way to justification. So as I consolidate all my liabilities, only a few, if any, are condemned.

The work on assets is the easier. Modesty flees in despair as I start enumerating the litany of commendable traits and virtues and good deeds that would easily earn for me a seat in the conclave of the saints. It is either downright ignorance of my own self or simply kindness (charity begins at home) that suggests all the fiction about myself. Thus my assets invariably outweigh my liabilities.

Last New Year's eve, as I waited for the church bells to peel the old year away, I found myself engaged in the usual effort at self-examination. As usual, I miserably failed in making an honest appraisal of myself for I just could not tell what had been going on inside me. Staring mockingly at me were long-standing resolutions I had made in the past which tasted fulfillment only during the first few days after they were made. I knew I was not very good at carrying out my resolutions, so I decided to make a resolution which I knew I was capable of fulfilling. The resolution is: To pray that the good Lord might grant me the grace to use His graces well.

SHAKESPEAR wrote centuries ago: "Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous: Virtue is choked with foul ambition, and charity chased hence by rancour's hand." In our own day and country we hear similar cries of alarm. Often attention is drawn to the conduct of the youth which, according to our leaders, has come to disregard the virtues. The youth of the land, in short succession, has shown itself to be the hope and despair of the nation.

When our country was suddenly plunged into war, the young men displayed such service and loyalty to ideals that they gave to the country even in her darkest moments, her finest hour.

They held promise after a baptism of fire and blood that in times of peace they would yet rise to higher stature and accomplish even greater things.

After the crucifixion of the world the re-assertion of the goodness and sanity of man could be expected. Men looked forward to the flourishing once more of the practice of virtue.

But they were disillusioned. With the material destruction there has come a moral degeneration. No less a person than the President of the nation said, in a speech before the U. P. Alumni, that "the virtue of honesty has gone much out of use. Many of our people have come to accept the easy advantage of bribery, of evasion, untruth, graft and even corruption . . . The easy way of life attracts many of us."

One need not be a statesman to discern these failings. We see them everywhere; they have become as common as the rain. And like the ruined buildings of our cities "the ugly outlines are softened in their ugliness by

## The Challenge To Virtue

by J. Mercader

our acceptance of them."

Today the motivation for life is more materialistic and selfish than in pre-war days. In the struggle versus greed, virtue is losing ground. Success in the world means inconsiderateness, smartness and cleverness tinged with unscrupulousness and dishonesty. And if you are "successful" you get all the comfort of life; you are admired even by the so-called high society. For the standard today is the bankroll—the means used in getting it do not matter.

Arduous toil and intrinsic worth count little in the struggle of the world. Fortunate "contacts" and privileged positions gotten by "pulls" are important factors of such success. The affluence and attending influence of the parents are surer guarantees for success than all talents and virtues combined.

In this way virtue is challenged in the minds of the youth. Many of them believe that honesty, purity and charity are impracticable in the light of present conditions; that to rise in the world one must compromise with powers of evil.

"A large part of our younger generation eschews the sterner virtues and looks lightly upon sobriety, chastity, obedience, truth and arduous toil", Pres. Roxas continued in his speech before the U. P. Alumni.

The youth will shape the tomorrow. What kind of society will there be if those who compose it are imbued with a materialistic, unscrupulous philosophy of life? There will be a veritable

chaos, with a struggle for existence worse than that of the animal world.

The morality taught to youth today is often only conventional and without sanction. In it there are no absolute and universal precepts of right and wrong. What was wrong yesterday may be right today; what is immoral in one place may be decent in another. The inexorable "must" of the moral law is absent. This is so because the idea of Christ, as the Divine Lawgiver, is missing in the schools. Of what force are virtue and morality when they are based only on custom and usage? When there is no belief in an All-Seeing, All-Powerful Creator, who has set a definite pattern of life for us and who will punish the evil and reward the good? Without the virtue of religion, all other virtues become mere ideals without force or meaning in life. Immersed in a sea of materialism and corruption and loosened from the moorings of religion, youth comes to believe that to succeed one must be unscrupulous. This is the new norm of morality—the new standard of action.

Disillusionment awaits the youth who come to such a belief. Their success is shallow, superficial and unsatisfying. The quest for happiness will not be solved by the affluence of material wealth. The youth who casts off the virtues darkens the morning of his life and bids farewell to true love and honest laughter. He will have taken a cynical attitude towards life.

Today we stand aghast at  
(Continued on page 20)

*The Author is a San Carlos Alumnus—a fourth year student in the College of Law before the outbreak of the war. He graduated in the ROTC of this College, was commissioned in the Reserve Force, P.A., and was subsequently inducted into the USAFFE. He saw action in Mindanao; surrendered at Malaybalay, Bukidnon. He escaped from the Concentration Camp and joined the Guerrillas where he attained the rank of captain in the infantry. Whether he is the Captain he tells about in this story--That I don't know. --F.D.*

## Capt. P. M. RENES, Inf. P. A.

by Ben Gamador

**T**HE retreat was over. The company was at ease under the command of the First Sergeant.

"Company TENSUN!" Capt. P. M. Renes commanded.

Company A, 81st Infantry stood at attention.

"This is the last formation we'll have, and you know that. Tomorrow all of you will be gone." Capt. Renes' sharp voice could be heard clearly in the still twilight air. He looked at his company up and down, and continued.

"I know many are glad that we are all going home, at the same time. I know there are those who have marked spots at my back. I can even see daggers in your eyes. Go ahead, nobody is stopping you this time." The Captain paused, took his breath, and pursed his lips.

"Tomorrow we will all be civilians, and there will be no more Articles of War to stop you. I suppose that will make you very happy. We've been together for almost two years, fighting together, marching together. And I know many harbor discontent and grudges. I've commanded you for almost two years, made soldiers out of you, and as long as I'm in command, you're going to behave like soldiers, not guerrilleros."

A group of girls passed by from the Officers' Quarters, and their laughter floated distinctly to the company formation.

"Eyes to the front! When you are at attention, stay at attention men!" The soldiers stood rigid, not one batted an eyelash, or moved a muscle. They knew Capt. Renes very well. His strict discipline had broken many a guerrillero.

"A lot of you hated my guts, and I'm sure a lot of you would like to knock the hell out of me. You're just waiting for that chance. Well, I'm not going to disappoint you. I'll tell you where to find me. I'll tell you where I live. My address is 22 San Nicolas, Cebu city. Is that clear to everybody?"

Nobody answered. They knew the Captain was not lying.

"Anybody who'd like to settle a score with me, can see me there. I'll be waiting for you man to man."

They knew the Captain would fight. They knew him for two years. They saw him charge a machine gun nest at Km. 4 Bogo Road, with hand grenades. They saw him crawl under heavy machine gun fire to rescue a wounded soldier of his company, and for that the 8th Army awarded him the Silver Star.

"I have taken care of you for a long time. I've seen to it that whether in the field or in the bivouac, I've always fed your stomachs. We have fought a long way together, from the jungles of Agusan to these plains of Bukidnon.

We lost some of our friends, but that cannot be helped. That's part of warfare. And..." From the corner of his eyes he noticed a slight movement in the rear rank of the third platoon.

"Private Sanchez!" The Captain's voice boomed.

"Sir."

"Stop moving."

"Yes sir, I."

"Shut up!"

"Yes sir." Pvt. Sanchez was about to explain about the infernal mosquito behind his ears. But he knew this Captain. It would be useless.

The Captain continued. "As I was saying, there were some of us who have fallen," he paused, there was heavy silence, "and I don't know what will become of you in civilian life. I wish I could still be with you—to handle you. As soldiers under me, you have fought well. God knows how many chickens, how many pigs you shot and stole from the civilians. I had to extricate many of you from the guardhouse. Some of you have married more than once. I had to sweat it out with the colonel to get you out from an impending court martial." The captain's gaze went to his first sergeant.

First Sergeant Gaspar stood rigid, breast out, eyes to the front, his face blank and guileless.

"H'll of a bunch you are. I know all your kind."

Capt. Renes shifted, and placed his hands on his hips. He looked at every face of

(Continue on next page)

**Capt. Renes . . .**

(Continued from page 4)

his soldiers, from the first platoon down to the third platoon. His gaze stopped at Pvt. Sanchez for a moment, then moved to the end.

"One thing more. I hope you'll get your back pay, if you ever get it, so you can pay all your debts. And don't fall for these lousy politicians. And remember men, collaborators are back in the government; they will make it hot for you. Serves you right. You're just a bunch of guerrilleros who made trouble for them."

The captain took one step closer. "Now, I have said all what there is to say. Is there anybody who wants to say something? I have given you my address, and you know where to look for me. You can satisfy your desires to

"Yes, sir." Pvt. Sanchez saluted stiffly, turned about, and went back to his place, his face grim and red.

There was a gleam of amusement in the eyes of Sgt. Gaspar; a suppressed smile on the faces of the soldiers.

"Excuse me, sir," Sgt. Gaspar said, "I think there is an important matter which the whole company would like you to know. Since the whole company will break up tomorrow, we decided that we would give you something to remember us by."

"Yeah, a bullet in the back, I presume."

"Yes sir," Sgt. Gaspar went on, "I mean, we decided that we would give you the *Samurai* sword we took from the Japanese Major we killed in that attack our company made in Mangima Canyon.

bulky, large size, brown envelope from his back pocket, handed it to the Captain, saluted, then went back.

"At ease." Capt. Renes commanded.

The company relaxed.

Then, "Company TENSION!" The lines snapped to attention.

"Men, I have something here for you," he was showing the brown package. "First Sergeant Gaspar will open the package for all of you after I dismiss the company". He threw the package to Gaspar.

"Well, that's about all. Remember, you belong to Company A, the best in the whole 81st."

"Then he commaded, "DISMISS!" Capt. P. M. Renes, O-38933, Inf., PA, turned about, walked smartly, his short, bulky figure marching stiffly to the Offi-

**IN their guerrilla days, they knew him to be a rough and ready, tough and cranky Captain. It was only on the eve of Demobilization Day that they realized that inside this roughness lay a heart so human so.....**

break my neck. Go ahead, say something before I turn you loose. You're free to say anything. After this, I won't even talk to you."

There was a noticeable movement from the rear rank of the third platoon. Pvt. Sanchez moved his hands.

"What is it Sanchez? A dagger in your hands already?"

Pvt. Sanchez walked straight to the front, saluted the captain.

"Sir, captain, sir, I want to say something, sir."

"Yes?"

"It's about that-that"

"About what?"

"About that ten pesos you borrowed last week, sir."

"Shut up!"

"You said we're free to say anything, sir."

"I said, shut up!"

Will the captain receive the sword as our most sincere token? We lost five men in that action sir, the captain knows that."

"Of course, of course. Men, I am very glad, I want you to know that. I appreciate it very--, where's the sword?"

"You have it, sir."

"Where?"

"You borrowed it from me last month, sir."

The captain stood erect, threw his chest out, his lips thinned, surveyed his company. For a while, he did not say anything, then he shouted.

"Corporal Naydas!"

"Sir." Corp. Naydas broke from the ranks, ran to the front, and saluted.

"Where's that package I gave you?"

"Here sir." Naydas took a

ceers' Quarters.

"Look at that walking conceit, he didn't even say goodbye. I feel like shooting his head off" said Pvt. Sanchez.

"To hell with him," said Corp. Naydas.

The men crowded around Sgt. Gaspar who was opening the package.

There were about one hundred small white envelopes each with a name of every man in the company clearly typewritten.

Sgt. Gaspar opened his, and there was a five-peso bill inside, also there was a small slip of paper with typewritten words:

RENES & SONS, Inc.  
 Agencia de Empeños  
 Pawns and Loans  
 22 San Nicolas, Cebu City  
 (Continued on page 17)

THE ship's whistle sounded. Nelda clenched her dainty lace handkerchief and bit her lips. Her words came dry and strained. "Promise me you'll be back. It's only for a year, isn't it, Dan?"

"There's nothing to be frightened about. I guess I'd better go aboard. That was the fifteen-minute whistle." Quickly Dan shook her warm hand for the last time and then grasped the cold bars of the gangplank.

The "Snug Hitch" slipped slowly away from the Cebu wharf. Dan waved a final farewell and walked into his cabin with a heavy heart. He wondered what the future would bring him. His last year of study in Manila—the Bar Examination—Nelda?

In the absorbing interest of college life, vibrant with action, Dan forgot the time as it slipped by—until one day a messenger accosted him.

"A telegram for you, sir," the lad said.

Dan opened it nervously and read:

YOUR FATHER DIED  
THIS MORNING. HEART  
FAILURE. BUSINESS  
BANKRUPT. GREAT  
DEBTS. FIND A JOB.  
LOVE.

MOTHER

Dan fished into his pocket for a handkerchief. He suddenly realized he must face life alone. He regretted his inability to emplane for home to attend the funeral. In fact he never wanted to see Cebu again, because he felt so humiliated in his poverty. He wired:

MOTHER,  
I'M WORKING MY  
WAY TO UNITED  
STATES AS A MUSICIAN  
ON PASSENGER BOAT  
PRES. ROOSEVELT.  
DON'T WORRY. I'LL  
WRITE SOON.

DAN

# STRANGE INTERMEZZO

by Nene Bantiles

In the city of Manila, the daily newspapers clamored for the end of the unrest in Central Luzon. Business firms and farmers appealed to the government for aid. Detective agencies and the Military Police were put into action. The Huks were on the march and getting formidable, due to their increasing numbers. Dan scanned the newspapers for a job. He could find none. He got an idea. It was not a good one.

Meantime down in Cebu City Nelda was feverishly tossing in her bed. Dr. Sanchez advised her.

"Baguio will do you most good. Fresh air and a change of environment will make you forget."

After two weeks of rest in the Outlook Hotel of Baguio Nelda felt better. She was reading the latest Time magazine anxious to learn what was going on in America when suddenly the electric lights of the hotel were extinguished. There were yells and cries, and hurrying footsteps. "Robbers" was the shouting cry a moment later. Instantly her door flung open and a masked man entered.

"Don't shout or else you'll get a bullet," he threatened in a voice which seemed familiar.

Nelda shivered as she handed over her purse almost willingly.

The fresh morning air from the nearby mountains was a relief for Nelda after the robbery experience. Her mind

could not be quieted all night on account of the voice of the masked man. Was Dan really in America?

A bell boy appeared, "A package for you, Miss," he said as he handed it to her. She found a letter and her purse inside the box.

Nelda:

I'm returning your purse. I have fooled you. I didn't go to the States. On my first robbery I ran into you. I was too stunned to reveal my identity at the time. I'll amend my life, if you will forgive me. I have learned that life is not worthwhile without you. If you still want me, send me a word through my messenger. May the good God have mercy on me! P.ay for me!

Dan

The next day Dan was standing at her door, tall and imposing. Nelda looked up for his usual smile and it was there, saying all things, as she had prayed it would.

She smiled back. "Hello, Dan." Her voice was warm and confident.

"Hello, Nelda!" he answered.

"Where've you been?"

"I've been in the hills, Nelda," he breathed. He was still smiling. "I received your letter; so I came. And do you still care? Of course, you do." It was a statement.

Her voice was matter-of-fact. "Why, Dan, I've never stopped to pray for you.

(Continued on page 8)



## A Short Story

By Clara Fernandez

A little barrio nestled coyly in the dark green bower of the valley. From where Lino stood, brushing thoughtlessly the dust from his pants with a lean brown hand, he could almost feel the shaded valley trembling in anticipation of a beautiful May morning. The face of the man wore an anxious expression as if he had expected to see the valley wreathed in the smiles of pink and white blossoms. The trees were thick and a thin mist wrapped the hills, so that it was hard to discern even the tops of houses. To the south, dividing the confused growth of wild grasses and pestering vines from a brown stretch of harrowed field, was a silver ribbon of water; over and beyond a low rangy hill to the east was the sun, its orange and red hues making exquisite streaks across the silvery gray of the sky.

Lino's heart constricted within him and he breathed a low deep sigh of contentment into the peace of the valley below. He had forgotten that the place could hold so much beauty in itself. Three days ago he was in a grey and grimy world of machines-crawling, panting, and swearing in and out the grumbling engines. But now he was coming back to someone in another world—a world of green growth, chaste breezes, and rustling sounds.

A great peace descended upon him. Gone were the aches of body and the anxieties of mind. Perhaps, the mere feeling that she was near had quieted his spirit. He felt in the breast pocket of his khaki shirt and took out something bright and fancy. It was a gold bracelet with a tiny plate on which was engraved in intricate

workmanship the name "Choling". He held it before him, and as he looked at the tiny bracelet, turning it over and over, memories seemed to leap out from its every glitter.

Her "saucy" brown face

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

### To My Lost One

By  
Leoncio P. Abarquez

Darkness fell when you left me  
Alone on the moonlit shore.  
My hopes and plans then  
drifted  
Away to the isle of yore.

I'll not blame you though often  
I thought that my heart would  
break,

The greatest rocks must crumble  
And love, too, has its wake.

Come! let's bury the past  
And think of it no more,  
While we drive away shadows  
And bring lost hopes ashore.

We can still fulfill  
Our dreams of youthful days,  
By working together in a  
Thousand and one ways.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

kept dancing before Lino's eyes - he remembered the way she carried her smallness, her slightly ironic smile that could turn into vivacious laughter, her quick changes of mood that made dimples more elusive . . . .

Thinking of her thus, he

suddenly wanted to be near her, to feel her presence and glory in her laughter. He started walking again, this time brisk and intent. He was going downhill now, picking his way through bushes and overhanging twines with the air of one who knew the place quite well. To Lino everything looked the same as when he had left it. The same brown-green stalks of corn stood ripening in the fields, the same birds were twittering overhead and out of sight, and by zingo, if it were not the same growth of cassava sprouting courageously beside thorny patches of maguery plants. So, nothing had changed, he chuckled, inwardly to himself. And why should it? Life in God's country goes on endlessly. If there was any change, it was within him. He was leaner now, and browner. Also, he had more stamina and ambition in life.

Some three years ago, driven by the invading enemies, he had sought a refuge among these hills. It was here that he had found a haven and lost his heart in the bargain. But it was a bargain which he not yet found a reason to repent of. In fact, it was the best that he had ever made in all his 24 years of aimless living. Then, life became a succession of hopes and dreams. The pain and weariness of tramping about, eluding or stalking the enemies, and that dull, self-destroying

(Continued on page 17)

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He was returning to the things nearest his heart  
—from suffering, labor and fear; all his hopes and  
dreams now lay before him, just within the reach of  
his hands when . . .

---

AS I enter the college lobby one of the office boys is whistling a gay, though a little off-key, tune. The mood is catching. When I sit down and begin pounding on my typewriter in the library, the keys slide smoothly and feel soft as velvet. I find out it has been newly oiled.

Presently one of the girls slides down to my desk and asks, "Did you notice the moon last night?"

"Ah," I say, "so you've taken to moon-gazing, eh? Are you moon-struck?"

She pricks up and starts. "I'm really serious. Last night I particularly noticed the moon because its rays slanted and entered my room and I noticed there was a huge circle around it like a rainbow. Now, what can you make out of that?"

"Oh, that," I rejoin. "There's nothing peculiar in that. I have noticed that even when I was yet in diapers. And by the way, it happened that I was dead asleep in bed last night even before the moon appeared and lent some of its glitter to your eyes. Well, I do declare there's a new gleam in your eyes and I'll be darned if that isn't something."

"Oh, my gosh!" she says. "How you do get on to make a fool out of me."

"Fools, my dear, are born, not made."

Exasperatedly, she marches off and leaves me chuckling to myself and enjoying it immensely.

Then another girl comes to my desk and frowning, says, "I'm terribly worried."

"Imm, you're in love," I declare.

"No, worse. I've lost somebody's notes."

Which means that you've lost not only the notes but also the owner of the notes, isn't that the trouble?"

"Oh, you're impossible." She makes faces at me and

## A Leaf

### FROM MY DIARY

hurries on to her task.

The bell rings. It's time to go out to lunch. There is a slight drizzle and the road is slippery. A girl crossing the street trots on like a startled fawn when she sees a jeep coming too fast for safety.

At lunch, the soup is steaming hot. It tastes good.

The clock strikes one. Strains of "Stardust" breaks the noon silence. I have dozed off. Now, it is time to work again.

Five o'clock. It's time to hurry home. Other workers are hurrying home, too. The sun is fast sinking behind the

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

by

*Alejandra Fernandez*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

mountains, casting a beautiful glow on the sky like burnished gold. A truant child reluctantly abandons his play and enters a house whence issue urgent calls and pungent smells. The latter remind me that I am as hungry as a beast.

Twilight is come. The Angelus bells are ringing. A few stars begin to flicker in the sky and a mysterious hush which marks the end of another day settles.

It is ten o'clock in the night. Save for a few late strollers the city is asleep. I gaze out into the darkness. The night seems to hold its long arms and beckon me forward. It challenges me and holds me still with a strange,

piquant fascination. The night air is cold.

It is the end of another day and perhaps it is typical of many more days to come. Strange that I should be thinking these thoughts, but I do believe the days are all the same, all neatly arranged even to the exact measurement of time. They make the same old pattern, though they may be colored in various hues according to the mind of the one who looks at them.

Wars and intrigues, famines, floods and the other sordid facts of life, they are part of the whole pattern, the darker patches. While the beauties of nature—the moon, looking like a huge celestial beacon guiding the flotilla of stars, the trees and birds, the wide, open sky, even the sweep of lovely, long lashes—they are the more colorful parts of this pattern called Life.

END

### Strange Intermezzo

(Continued from page 5)

The rays of the sun from over the hilltops darted a merry glance across their faces as they started down the open road toward Burnham Green. She broke the silence, "I'm sure my dad wants you in his law office and he is interested in your studies."

"So am I, now, dear."

END

# College News:-

## STUDENT COUNCIL

A student council was organized in the Boy's High School early in January. Mr. A. Fernandez, the principal, is the adviser. The officers are:

President - Sotero L. Cabahug, Jr., Fourth Year; Vice-President - Miguel P. Mancao, Fourth Year; Secretary-Treasurer - Ray V. Pangilinan, Jr., Fourth Year; Representatives - Vicente Tiu, Third Year; Raul C. Pelaez, Third Year; Placido Villacarlos, Second Year; Novemntes Dumon, Second Year; Jose Santes, First Year; Jose Mata, First Year, Raul Osmeña Alonso, First Year.

The very Rev. Fr. Rector, Arthur Dingman, S.V.D. was elected vice-president of the Cebu Educational Association in a recent convention that brought together all the private and public teachers of the province. The convention was highlighted by a speech of President Manuel Roxas on the Second day of the convention. Graced by the presence of Dean Benitez and host of Manila dignitaries, the 3-days convention was a pronounced success.

Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, Athletic Director and Librarian of the College, further brought the weight of San Carlos on on the civil life of Cebu with his election to the vice-presidency of the Cebu Amateur Athletic Association.

Fr. Ernest Hoerdenmann was the recipient of many good wishes on the occasion of his birthday on Jan 31. Held in his honor was a program staged by the students of the High School of Training Dept.

## FOURTH YEAR VISIT

During the last week of January, the Physics class of the Boy's High School Department made a visit to the Visayan Electric Plant. Led by Mr. J. Armilla, their Physics professor, the students studied the machine shop and the generators of the power plant of Cebu. Engineer Salvador Sala gave a short lecture to the boys about the ins and outs of an electric power house.

## CSC ELEVEN PLAYS WITH S.S. BENVORLICH TEAM

The CSC eleven had its initial football game for the season on February 4th playing with the S.S. Benvorlich crew.

In drizzling and cool weather the invading team proved superior in the field, holding our men to the score of 5-0.

In the second game of February 6th our boys were a bit improved. The CSC eleven, captained by Atty. Pelaez, impressed the bystander by making two goals in the first half, while the S. S. Benvorlich boys had none. In the second half, however, our defense gave way, and the conquering Scotchmen made good with five goals ending the game by the score of 5-2.

## TRAINING DEPARTMENT BOWS TO BOY'S HI

In a series of intramural basketball games between the Boy's Hi and the Training Department, the Seniors of the Boy's Hi and the Seniors of the Training Department played the opening tilt.

The final score was 26-15 in favor of the Boy's Hi Seniors.

The next game will be on

February 19 between the Juniors of both department.

## R. OSMENA ELECTED PRES. OF LEX CIRCLE

In a session replete with heated debates and far-flung oratory the Lex Circle amended its constitution shorting the term of president to one semester and allowing all students of the college of Law to be eligible for the position of president. Formerly, only third and fourth year Law students were eligible for the post. Taking that provision as unjust, unfair and a denial of equality before the law, the first and second year students rallied themselves and success fully moved for the amendment of the constitution.

After the constitution was amended an election was held. Ramon Osmeña, son of Hon. Sergio Osmeña was elected president while Mr. Pedro Luspo was elected vice-president.

Two days after the election Mr. Osmeña tendered a banquet to the faculty and students of the College of Law, at the Osmeña residence.

On the same date the Juniors of the High School Training Department tendered a program in honor of the graduating class of that department. After the program the played parlor games and served refreshments. Among the numbers presented was an exchange of compliments between Messrs. Manuel Borromeo and Francisco Borromeo president of the Juniors and Seniors respectively. The affair was climaxed with a reading of the last will and testament of the Senior Class by Mr. Nick Deen.

## CSC Wins National Inter-Collegiate Basketball Championship

In the first post-war national inter-collegiate cage tourney conducted by the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation, the mighty San Carlos Green and Gold met the pick of Philippine basketballdom and came home with the National Inter-Collegiate trophy.

The NICC cup was a fitting climax to a basketball season that saw the invincible Carolinians annexing every championship in sight. First it was the Sto. Rosario pennant, then the Cebu Amateur Athletic Association title and finally the National Championship.

A Cebu team winning the National Championship is certainly a novelty to Manila fans, but the spectacle of two Cebu teams battling for the title in the finale was something Manila had never seen before.

The Colegio de San Carlos and the Cebu Institute of Technology came to Manila underdogs in the dopest's calculations. Manila's cage experts didn't hold out much hope for what they called "the corn-huskers."

The Carolinians immediately turned the tables in the opener, beating Cosmopolitan Colleges, Champions of the MCAA. That feat alone made Manila fans sit up and take notice for the first of the MCAA champions included two famous names in the galaxy of basketball stars: Cesar Baldeuzza, once most valuable junior player of the NCAA league, and E. Oregas, a veteran on Manila Commercial teams.

Manila's sports scries were stumped for words to

describe the initial performance of Coach Baring's outfit. Sample comment from one Manila paper called the San Carlos brand of play, "bigtime basketball, Visaya style."

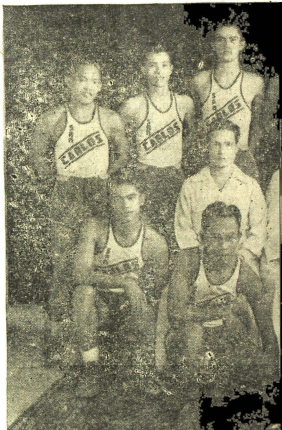
San Carlos had the whole Cosmopolitan number all pegged out before the start of the game. "Stonewall" Fernandez was put on the trail of versatile Cesar Baldeuzza, elusive shooting artist who heaves the leather through the hoop with either hand easily from any angle of the court.

The Baldeuzza-Oregas duo did put up a game fight and even had the score knotted at 39-all early in the third period. Fernandez started putting the pressure on Baldeuzza in the third quarter and from then on, the Cosmopolitan "goose" was cooked. The Abella-Mumar-Cortes-Bas-Fernandez machine rolled up 32 points in the remaining minutes of play.

San Carlos' stock rose to sky-high proportions after the Cosmopolitan contest. The Green-and-Gold next took on the Far Eastern University in the semi-finals and there was no stopping the San Carlos avalanche. It was a San Carlos game all the way from start to finish. The Manila Chronicle described the San Carlos triumph as "featured by beautifully faked plays, perfect screening, fancy shooting and good old-fashioned

speed."

The Carolinians went into the finals of the inter-collegiate championship as good as champions. The Cebu Tech toppled the Mapua Institute of Technology in the other game of the semi-finals and



The CSC  
National Inter-Collegiate

had made it an all-Cebu finals. San Carlos held two previous wins over the C.I.T. Five and there was no reason to suppose the Technicians could upset the Law of Averages. Well, they didn't either and the Colegio de San Carlos Varsity was crowned 1946 Inter-Collegiate Champions of the Philippines.

**TS**

# Esmero Racket Champ of CSC

Yes, San Carlos carried the day and wrote sports history on that memorable date—Dec. 22, 1946. But it would be amiss to sound the closing note on this year's basketball season without a passing mention of the five athletic

table ball-handling and the pivot passes; then spectacular Genaro Fernandez of the deadliest interceptions and speediest running seen since the days of Primitivo Martinez; and then precise, calculating "bomb-sight" Captain Antonio Bas of the long-distance shots and the classy all around defense. These five basketball "greats" makeup the nucleus of the 1946 NICC Champions—each one a star in his own right, none standing out from the rest, none getting the "star" billing in any one performance, everyone pulling together as a team.

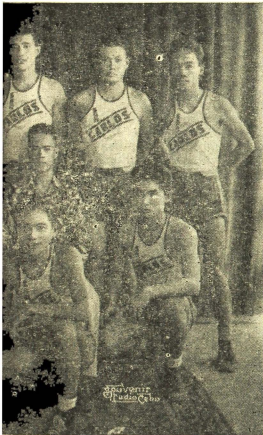
Finally there is the man "behind the team," the builder of champions, unassuming Coach Manuel Baring. And the moving spirit of the team—our Director of Athletics, Fr. Lawrence Burzel. To all of them, San Carlos owes in great measure the championship pennants and trophies that now grace her halls.

Jose Esmero, CSC's best bet in tennis, came home holding high the banners of San Carlos after mowing down all his adversaries in a tennis tournament held recently at Bacolod City.

Last Jan. 18, 1947, complimenting the invitation received from the City of Bacolod, San Carlos sent Joe Esmero to play a series of tennis matches in connection with the fiesta celebration of that city.

First to succumb to Joe's technique was Bob de Pasucac one time interscholastic champion. De Pasucac's plan of cutting Esmero off balance to a score was blasted when he failed to stop the unusual and deadly chop drives of fast-playing Joe Esmero. Esmero gave de Pasucac a licking to a straight set record of 6-4; 6-3.

As was arranged by the  
(Continued on page 14)



## TEAM

the Philippines 1945

giants on the line-up and the men behind the team. There is tall, rangy Lauro Mumar of the measured one-hand flips and the neat backboard recoveries; then diminutive, elusive Marcelino Abella of the tricky dribbles and the fancy overhead throw; then cool Vicente Cortes of the flashy, imi-

## INDIVIDUAL SCORE

### FIRST GAME

San Carlos-71	Cosmopolitan College	--47
M. Abella	--17	E. Oregas--17
Mumar	--15	Baldueza --17
Fernandez	--13	Maniesic --5
Bas	--12	Nuñez --4
Cortes	--12	Pefafe --2
R. Abella	--2	Valenzuela--2
Veloso	--0	Martin --0
	Zaparta	--0
	Reyes	--0

### 2ND GAME

San Carlos--45	Far Eastern University--38
Fernandez--16	Araneta --10
M. Abella--8	Cruz --7
Bas	--9
Burgos	--6
Mumar	--7
Nejal	--4
Cortes	--5
Tabuena	--5
Chiong	--0
Dimalanta--2	M. Araneta--2
Gochingo--2	
Gawat	--0
Tuason	--0

### 3RD GAME (Championship)

San Carlos--49	Cebu Tech--36
Mumar	--21
A. Alcudia--11	
Fernandez	--12
Arana	--7
Bas	--9
Ybunan	--7
Cortes	--3
Fernandez--6	
M. Abella	--2
B. Alcudia--3	
Du	--2
Ebrada	--2
Veloso	--0
Jaen	--0
Solon	--0
Keniza	--0
Guzman	--0

# Ah... You Wonderful Men!

Mother Eve certainly got herself into a lot of "robbing" when she decided to keep house for Father Adam. The going mustn't have been very bad at first, only that she didn't have much chance to write her memoirs about the male of the species then, there being only one glorious specimen foot-loose thereabouts that she knew of. But things have come to a pretty pass since then, so that Mother Eve's progenies can write down their impressions and more often than not, take a gentle poke at the ribs of Adam's sons, too.

With the present-day scientific craze of making everything clear for the sadly darkened human intellect, even going to the extent of classifying the last butterfly, bug and worm to class, genus and family, such treatment to "homo sapiens" himself would certainly go far towards female enlightenment. Piecing together results of wide-eyed observation and just plain rude "stare campaigns" in places where the men are likely to show themselves; gleaning rather very amusing details of male mentality from overheard snatches of conversation marked "DEFINITELY STAG ONLY" the following types are presented as the more interesting or droll ones (the way you look at it) Modern Eves are likely to encounter.

All of you know that process by which a man hoists himself up from a miserable little comma into a high-class bracket by pulling certain golden strings. It is social climbing and undeniably Mr. social Climber falls un-

der it. He is immediately recognized as he is conspicuous in his dress-to-climb outfit. His suit is immaculately spotless and camouflage the nauseated aroma of stale laundry starch, he pours sister's favorite perfume on his glorious self. His nails are meticulously manicured and his "porcupine quills" are slicked down with that greasy, smelly stuff labeled "Solid Brillantine". Ugh!! His next step on the social ladder is to wheedle introductions from established big bluffs (formerly like himself) to spoiled society "dollinks". By a series pocket-book-staggering expenses on movie dates, ice cream treats, jeep rides, picnic and dances complete with a dozen chaperons, Mr. Social Climber is initiated into society by a deluge of photos autographed with love from the luscious ladies. Then.... "Bye-bye, now. It was glorious knowing you." Kaplunk! Down falls Mr. Social Climber!

Next in line comes the lover type. "Ah... my Juliet... your eyes, your lips, your cheeks, your hair - belong to me, my dear." (Sigh!) The Great Lover! Isn't he divine with that intriguing mustache those soulful (ulp!) eyes and that romantic personality. (Land sakes! Did I say romantic? Confidentially, he looks more like a dehydrated mouse.) He has such a lovable personality - he loves the world and the world (especially women) loves him

(he thinks!) His lovemaking... ah, his lovemaking... smooth, suave and er... stale. The weaker sex is helplessly surrendering to his gallantly memorized lines. His charms are so irresistible that alas! We, women simply scratch, kick and bite our way—out from him and I mean—Out!!

Here's to a third novel personality, The Whiner. Oh, no, he is not the notorious, commonplace, howling, whistling, Cassanova. After all, I have absolutely nothing against this timid, harmless, bewildered lamb behind a leering, hungry wolfish front. The whiner, I'm talking about is a hypochondriac, but contrary to that morbid individual, he has a rotund figure, a short neck, round shoulders and even a round head. His face is soft and flabby and he gives a general impression of blandness. He mutters, "oomph" as he sinks down on a comfortable, overstuffed chair and his favorite hobby is eating...the obese chowhound! Anhow, all this unnecessary description weaves a background scenery for the whiner.. He thinks he has malarial T.B. (whatever it is) because he has chills at night. He believes he has insomnia and lulls himself to sleep by counting the balls of fat on his body. He has stomach ulcer, appendicitis, arthritis, and all the other "itises". His whine of woe simply warms the cockles of my understanding heart to a burning rage. The expiring bore!

Ever been transported to an exquisite state of complete bankruptcy by the Optimistic Sponge? He is a gay,

Continued on page 14

by  
J. G.

# WOMEN, WOMEN, WOMEN,

by M. R. D.

"VARIETY is the spice of life," as the saying goes—especially among women. From the cradle to the grave, a woman undergoes a metamorphosis as varied as the classified ads section of a newspaper and more confusing at each stage of development than a jig-saw puzzle. Multiply that one and a half billion times and you get a hazy idea of what masters of psychology are up against.

Before we proceed, let me warn you that these are not the self-assertive opinions of a confirmed misogynist or those of a keen connoisseur of women. Nor is this an attempt to dissect the divinely made feminine mechanism calculated to confound the staid and reputable psychologists. Rather, let it be taken as a light-minded attempt at classification of that magnificent specimen called woman, in the vain hope of establishing a working criterion by which one can sort out our omnipresent supplements.

Roughly speaking, there are four abstract types of women: (a) the intellectual type, (b) the homely type, (c) the despotic type, and (d) the goody-goody type. These however, should not be regarded as comprehensive.

Type A, or the intellectual type, is conventionally pictured as a bespectacled, self-confident, ultra-efficient femme who uses those ten-cent, five-syllable words which she weaves like a spider's web around you so that, before you know it, you are tripped and trapped, feeling like a nameless, blubbery urchin whose ignorance is really astounding. She is the type who is more interested in tracking down such things

as the atom theory and split molecules than a husband. She consorts with Plato, Aristotle, and Homer. You'd think she should be dressed in a long loose white robe with sandals and carrying a lute or whatever it was the girls used to carry back in the days when they used to feed Christians to the lions. This type is really frightening—but definite!

Type B, or the homely type, although no less predatory than her sister C is, in my opinion, the most human of

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

## The Unwanted Guest

*He is everybody's foe,  
Yet the most gentle.  
No one invites him in,  
Still he enters everywhere.  
His voice is softer than the  
breeze;*

*His smile more penetrating;  
He dissolves worries with a  
secret grace*

*And consoles an afflicted race.  
His name is Death;  
He knocks but once  
His decision is final.*

—By Leoncio P. Abarquez

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

the four. She reacts more naturally to a woman's destiny, which is to found a home. She dresses simply but with taste, reads the papers, studies diligently, goes to church regularly and carries her duties cheerfully, and with purpose. There is little or no nonsense in her; absolutely no vulgarity. She has a natural capacity for assimilating what could be of use to her, cultivating her mind and conversational powers.

Type C, or the despotic type, calls for plenty of charms,

will power, good looks, fine features and everything which an ordinary sucker can't get away from. This type treats men roughly and avoids sentimentality. Her voice is charming and soft, but her chin is firm and her jaw almost square. She knows how and when to fight, but she does not know how and when to compromise or give up. She is more determined than Hannibal and likes to direct and instruct those around her. She seeks complete dominance over her man; then works on him until he is hooked and can be reeled in. She's an A-I expert in the art of wrapping people around her little finger. However, her type is a failure with a man who has a bull-neck or a square jutting chin because he's just as stubborn and can anytime give her the "Skip it" signal.

Type D, or the goody-goody, type is a predatory little animal. Propelled by an ego that is disjointed, she fulfills nothing but her own foolish desires. Loud of mouth, dress and manners, she always stands out among the crowd, the target of all talk. And yet, she has such a thick protective coating of brazenness that insults and criticisms hurled at her just bounce off her hide like rain on a tin roof. Back of her little head—she pictures herself as the movie siren she has set out to be a cheap imitation of; copying her way of talking—and tactics. Her main concern is her looks, and her main business is to deceive men with her wiles. She likes to imagine herself as a sweet, clean and decent young thing and often puts on an air of innocence when

(Continued on page 20)

# NIK-NAKS

*Boy:* I could sing on like this forever.

*Girl:* Oh I'm sure you don't mean it. You're bound to improve.

*Soph:* Do you think you can handle the English language?

*Fresh:* I'll tell the world I can.  
*Soph:* Good. Take this Webster Unabridge to the library.

*Student:* (Translating Spanish) Juan, er-got-er-up-er.  
*Teacher:* Don't laugh, boys, to err is human.

*Old Student:* Where do you live?

*New Student:* San Mateo

*Old Student:* Oh, that's one of those towns that don't need a cemetery.

*New Student:* What do you mean?

*Old Student:* The dead walk the streets.

*Maria:* Say, Priscilla, what do you expect to be when you graduate?

*Pre-War Baby:* An old maid,

*Clerk:* This book will do half your work in Mathematics.

*Student:* Give me two of them, please.

## Classroom Occurrences

*Student Poet:* Say yes to me, my love, and I'll be faithful to you unto death.

*Girl Realist:* You're too abstract for me, mister. I simply can't materialize you.

*Jess:* Will you attend graduation exercises, Ting?

*Ting:* Not me! I've got no dough for a diploma. My father is broke, my mother is flat and I am busted.

*Jerk:* (to a dimpled librarian) Hey, Miss, can I borrow a book of a great love?

*Librarian:* (seriously) What's the title, sir?

*Jerk:* I love you, Beautiful!

*Botany Professor:* Question number 1--A tree is standing in the middle of a field. What will you do to make it strong and growing?

*Smart Aleck Student:* (on his answer sheet) I'll guard closely so that it won't be chopped down for your firewood.

Some men are like the stump the old farmer had in his field.--too hard to uproot, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn.

*Hint:* Plant around the stump.

## IN LIBRARY HALL.

*Lena:* Keep your mouth shut.

*Carie:* Why?

*Lena:* Have you not seen that big sign, "Silence"?

*Carie:* Drive slow, please!

*Lena:* Besides that, this is a "Study Hall", not a "Conversation Hall".

*Carie:* Well, I'll just study "Her" silently.

*Pitoy:* Why do you look so sad?

*Esteban:* "Unfortunate!"

*Pitoy:* How come?

*Esteban:* I have heard such a statement... "One word is enough for a wise girl".

*Pitoy:* So what?

*Esteban:* But I encountered one who needs more than one word. Still she is "Wise".

## BEST PLACE

*Young man:* I think this is the best place to live in.

*Old man:* Certainly, nobody ever dies here.

*Young man:* But I saw a funeral, a mile away.

## Sport . . . .

(Continued from page 11)

committee Esmero exchanged drives with Rivera who was considered then as the second ranking tennis star of Bacolod. Outplayed and attacked by Esmero's hard strokes Rivera bowed to a score of 6-2; 6-2.

Displaying his wares for the third time after the committee arranged a return bout-match against Bob de Pasucat, Joe Esmero once more proved his superiority by giving him another overwhelming defeat to the score of 6-3, 6-2.

## Ah... You Wonderful Men

(Continued from page 12)

light-hearted fellow oozing goodnaturedness. You know, all that top-of-the-world feeling, slaps on the back, exuberant bursts of "Hallo-ok-boy - rippin' day, eh. What? Could you lend me your coupe, huh? Yessiree!" At other times it is a couple of glasses of beer, cigarrettes, complimentary tickets and movie treats. Sure, you are so captivated by this radiant character that your exchequer is held captive by him, too.

I'll end up with just one more personality before my poor scalp is at your mercy. That's the Hardened Sinner or he presumes he is. He goes about in a disgustingly dirty suit, his hair is unkempt and pshaw! never mind the preliminary blah! His admirable vocabulary is so vulgar it smells. He makes it a fashionable pastime to get boisterously drunk. He is incapable of love and respect so that he has lost count of the broken hearts behind him--yet, this cad is pitiful--even miserable in his attempt to attract female attention by arousing their "reformatory" instincts.

Now, men, are you convinced that you are irresistibly wonderful?? Sour grapes on my part? But really!!!



WHEN

## We Were Young

by

Leonora D. Seno

Mrs. Reyes smiled at herself in the mirror of her boudoir. Her attire pleased her completely from head to toe. Indeed, she was tall, graceful, and sophisticated; and her clothes enhanced her figure and personality.

"Of course, I'm going to Mr. Barclay's birthday party." She looked askance at her husband as she continued. "Can't a married woman enjoy herself once in a while? Can't a woman be a favorite of her boss without her husband reminding her of it?"

The clock on the mantel struck nine. Bert Reyes eyed it soberly.

"I suppose we must go. Mr. Barclay will be waiting. We promised...."

"You promised without consulting me," the man glared at her from the sofa. He was lean, dark, and stern in his tuxedo.

"This isn't the time to quarrel. Get ready! You forget we are dependent on Mr. Barclay for most of our income. I will go even if it's the last thing I do."

"Do you hear? I'll have no wife of mine enjoy herself at my expense. Not while I'm alive!"

"Take that back!" Lily flung out. She clenched her hands tightly.

"Ay! I won't!"

She sneered.

A knock! The cab.

"We are coming. Just a

minute." Emphasis was on the *we*.

Lily looked at her husband. Strange, she thought, to have married this morose introvert. But she was very young when she made that mistake. Life then was rosy, captivating as a cup of wine, scintillating as the distant stars, and seemingly bright.

## Lament for Youth

By Leonora Seno

*'Twas yesterday, my dreams were gilded;  
Like gossamer they winoed their way,  
Thru Nature's realm of charm and crystal,  
While music softened all the day.*

*'Twas yesterday my pen was quick  
To write the thoughts that came to mind  
Of love, of friendship, victory, zeal;  
Of men and women, kind and unkind,*

*But Time has brought its wintry weather  
That chilled emotions once afire  
I hope in vain for spring to come,  
For echoes from a broken lyre.*

*Where is the night with its youthful glimmer,  
And the moon that frequently shone,  
While the stars faintly whispered  
Thru the breeze that had gently blown?*

*Where is the scent of woodland bowers?  
And where is the song of the nightingale?  
Lost is the thrill of changing seasons  
That come and go as a vinta sail.*

*And I can sense a lonely shadow,  
Its freezing voice, its trembling hands,  
Just as I hear the breakers wailing  
As they dash upon the sands.*

*Now I must enjoy the dreams  
Of age and death that come and go  
Like spectres cold in dreary weather  
That stilled the hand of Edgar Poe.*

What a grim realization she was up against now. Could they live on like this?

Bert was an introvert. As a municipal clerk he earned three times less than his wife who was in the advertising business. He begrudgingly acquiesced in her running of the family although he usually stood firm when there was a question of morality at stake. He argued often with Lily though he respected and even loved her. And he always tried to keep peace in the family. There was no getting out of the birthday party. But he didn't like the informality of it--the few favorites.

"Are you going or not?" she broke the silence suddenly. "I am going."

Bert couldn't very well let her go alone.

When they arrived, Mr. Barclay, a middle-aged portly man, greeted them. He introduced the pair to Ariadne, his niece. The two women measured each other suspiciously.

Lily took on a piquant flower-like face. Coquette, she thought. Ariadne's mind meanwhile had formed. An upstart, was her conclusion. She bestowed a cordial smile while disregarding Lily.

After dinner, Barclay and Lily paired off to dance.

"May I have a dance?" Bert inquired of Ariadne.

He felt Lily's eyes on them. They danced again and again. He did not dance with Lily.

Lily, meanwhile was saving. I don't care. I don't care! But did she really not care?

She saw over her partner's shoulder Bert, the hilarious, handsome, debonaire, and Ariadne a cool, charming debutante.

(Continued on page 17)

# ★ ★ ★ *Scouting in C.S.C.* ★ ★ ★

"From the Troop Log Book"

Since Mr. Cardenas, our beloved Scoutmaster took charge of Troop 37, great and remarkable progress has been made. With him the Boy Scouts are striving hard to be as good if not better than the San Carlos Troop before the war. After about three weeks of instructions and test, 25 of us passed the tenderfoot examinations.

Right after our new Scoutmaster assumed command; we had our first Uniform Inspection. This event will be remembered by all Scouts of Troop 37 for it was splendid and exciting to us as we stood in formation all stiff at attention and ready for our first inspection.

A few weeks later, we had a cooking and fire building test. We cooked sweet potatoes and meat. The fires of the Scouts made a beautiful light. More than that, we were all proud to say that we were able to eat something that we really cooked ourselves.

Not long after this, we held our first patrol program. Each patrol presented various numbers such as magic, singing, declamation, violin and guitar solos.

During the Xmas vacation, we strived to become Second Class Scouts. We had special scout meetings and tracking and signalling tests. All of us enjoyed the tracking tests. It was exciting to go through the thickets of bushes, and go along the creek. We found it quite hard to follow the trails made of sticks, grasses, bushes and stones but nevertheless, we enjoyed the test.

On January first, we went to the residence of Mons. Gabriel Reyes, Archbishop of Cebu, to greet him a Happy New Year. Mons. Reyes was

very glad to see us. He smiled throughout our visit. His talk was inspiring as well as instructive. He stresses the fact that as San Carlos students, we should be the living examples of the community; and that as Boy Scouts, we should be more than mere Carolinians.

Two days after this, we had our First Aid instructions and the next day our test. We are now very happy and pleased for we know how to treat an injured person in case of emergencies. I have great hopes that within a few weeks, most of us in

by Scout de Leon

Troop 37 will be Second, Class Class Scouts.

This year we expect more activities. Our Scoutmaster has scheduled to hold a Board of Review, Court of Honor, Patrol Program, Contest, "Camp - O' Rall", etc.

### Our Part In The CEA Field Day

January 17th was a very successful day for us. In the morning we joined the Cebu Educational Association Inaugural Parade.

In the afternoon was the Field Day. Our troop presented a unique stunt, the first of its kind shown in the city of Cebu. We presented a combination of air and land exhibitions. Two aviators of the Aeronautic School in Lahug (with their Cub plane) and a patrol of Boy Scouts took part. Scouting activities such as camping, signalling and First Aid were shown as part of the show. The rare equipment used, the smoke grenade, the airplane show, the

ambulance and the whole vivid camp scene made everything real and interesting. While the stunts were going on our Assistant Scoutmaster, Mr. V. Frias, made everything clear to the public by telling the sequence of the story over the mike.

Our troop made a good name for San Carlos that day. The crowd that witnessed the whole show was very much impressed for it was beautiful, exciting and enjoyable.

The show that day was made possible through the co-operation of Very Reverend Father Rector, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Florito, Mr. Cardenas, Mr. Aviles, Mr. V. Frias, the aviators who took part, and the following Scouts: Oppus of troop 38 and Miciano, Delgado, De Leon, Cui, Tudtud, Blanco, Goyeneche and Mahibat of Troop 37.

### Our Scoutmaster Speaks at CEA Conference

During the CEA Conferences, our Scoutmaster, Mr. Felix Cardenas, spoke on Scouting before a crowd of teachers, principals and supervisors. He stressed the fact that Scouting plays an important role in character formation and citizenship training for the youth. He also stated that the Philippine youth should be taught the role they are going to play in the reconstruction of a ruined Philippines.

### Board of Review and Court of Honor

A Board of Review, and Court of Honor have been scheduled to take place this month. Tenderfoot Scout will appear before the Troop Committee and will be reviewed. Some Second class scouts will also participate.

After the Board of Review, a Court of Honor will be held.

## When We Were Young

(Continued from page 15)

When they reached home, Mr. and Mrs. Reyes were on edge.

"That's what she was waiting for—to tell him a piece of her mind!

"Who's having an affair now? With that doll-faced niece...."

He stopped her with, "Are you jealous?"

"Jealous? I...." Her heart beat uncomfortably.

"Re lly, it was stamped all over you—the ecstasy you were in...."

She was staring at Bert's dilated face.

"My God, I smell smoke. The house is on fire!" Bert exclaimed, then dashed to the telephone and called frantically for the fire department. In ten minutes the firemen arrived. Bert and Lily tried to secure what things they could lay hands on; but the flames, leaping up luridly, evilly, mockingly into the depth of night, roared on and left them only scarred remains of a broken home.

Lily gazed at the scene of wreckage. It could not be! Oh, this is a horrible dream. She was sobbing hysterically, heart-brokenly, just thinking of the things Bert and she had struggled for, had built and bought now burnt unrecognizable. Home—where was home?

The chief fireman attributed the blaze to combustion due to discarded oily rags on the ground floor.

"Darling," Bert said, "Oo you remember when we were young, we had nothing but only each other? We were in love, nothing mattered, but only each other?...."

Lily stirred in his arms, and smiled at him through her tears. "Yes, dearest, I remember."

—END

## Capt. Renes . . .

(Continued from page 5)

P. M. RENES  
Manager

And on the other side of the paper was scrawled in long hand:

If you are broke or in need of cash, see me at this address. Your back pay as guarantee. No interest.

The five pesos is from the captain to you. Good luck.

"Well, how do you like that." Somebody whistled. Pvt. Sanchez was dancing up and down.

"The captain was always broke, where do you think he got all this money?" Sgt. Gaspar asked somebody.

"He won about six hundred pesos in the poker game last night from Major Navarro." Corporal Naydas, the personal orderly of the captain, informed them.

"We'll I'll be—" Gaspar gasped.

"Ikaw nang mag Company A!" Pvt. Sanchez shouted.

END

## Surprise Visit

(Continued from page 7)

apathy that had slowly deadened his senses, were shed off him like magic. He had found somebody to trust and live for. Soon after the liberation, he had set out for the city in search of a decent job.

The thought that somewhere a woman was waiting for him made his life among the drab monotony of tools, machine, and grease more endurable. It was the same story the world over, a man wanders about, falls in love, struggles for a while, and finally settles down. But he felt that his love had its own distinct quality which made it different from all others. It

was as though music had crept delicately into his being and the melody was sweet.

He went faster now. Soon, he would pass the teniente del barrio's house, then the old mossy well where gossips were exchanged, and further on, the house where Choling lives. An impish thought made him put on his dark sun-glasses and pull the brim of his hat lower down his forehead. He felt a boyish thrill in doing so.

Nong Indong, the old and illiterate teniente del barrio, was at his usual place at the window. Lino quickly suppressed the desire to call out a greeting to the old man. He was afraid that the news that he was here would reach Choling even before he could present himself. He knew that news in this barrio traveled on wings.

As he passed by the front yard of houses, there were in his wake the hostile barking of dogs and undefinable sounds of excited voices. He seemed to have caught some of the excitement himself, and he was beginning to feel uneasy and embarrassed. He purposely chose a narrow and seldom-used path instead of taking that which lead directly to the well. He came then to a clearing, and for a time he stood about undecidedly. He was vaguely conscious of some kind of disturbance, but it sounded far away and he did not give it further thought. For the moment he was more concerned in conjecturing how Choling would look after all these months, whether she would recognize him instantly, and what they would say to each other. In his letters to her he never hinted about this visit. This was going to be the surprise that he had promised her.

Suddenly, just as he was starting to walk again, a car-

(Continued on page 20)

## SECCION CASTELLANA

## Editorial

## Las Prendas Latentes En Nosotros

La diferencia que en ciencias académicas media entre el estudiante vulgar y otro sobresaliente, no consiste a menudo mas que en el hecho de que éste último sabe valerse de los medios naturales que aquél no descubre. A ambos les colmó el Autor de la Naturaleza con los mismos facultades, pero que éstas se hallan desenvueltas en uno, mientras que en el otro están adormecidas.

El genio tampoco posee mas facultades intelectuales o morales que cualquiera de nosotros; sólo que él ha podido cultivarlas y desenvolverlas en un grado superlativo. Aunque no todos somos genios, sin embargo, tenemos ciertas dotes, cierta capacidad especial del mismo género que las de los genios, para llevar a cabo tal o cual fin a que nos proponemos. Si uno es mediocre se debe a que no ha logrado todavía exteriorizar y desarrollar en su plenitud las prendas que Dios concedió a todos los hombres y que se resumen en la expresión "quid divinum".

Para ser un éxito en las escuelas y en la vida no basta trabajar; preciso es también descubrirse a sí mismo primero.

## Convencion de Maestros

La serie de conferencias sobre temas educacionales que ha habido en los tres días que duró la Convencion de Maestros en esta ciudad, ha sido muy beneficiosas para todos—para educadores y para estudiantes.

Estas conferencias deberían celebrarse con mayor frecuencia, porque, al par que ilustran, mantienen vivo el interés del público por la educación de nuestra juventud y abren un paréntesis tonificante a nuestra vida prosaica.

Enero - Febrero 1947

## Cuartillas Al Vuelo

Por I. A. M.

La inmensa muchedumbre que procede de todos los pueblos de la provincia, y aun de las provincias limítrofes, vino a la ciudad para concurrir a la tradicional fiesta del Santo Niño, constituye un indicio consolador de que la fe que hemos heredado de nuestros antepasados no ha muerto aun en la conciencia de las masas. Y mientras un pueblo conserva su fe, Dios no lo abandonará.

La fe mueve montañas; la fe redime.

Apenas ha cerrado sus puertas el carnaval organizado por la Liga de Abogados de Cebu, otro carnaval se enuncia para el próximo mes de Abril patrocinado por la Asociación del Carnaval de esta provincia.

Quizás sin darse cuenta de ello, los promotores del festival pintan un retrato cabal de la vida diaria del pueblo. Porque la vida humana es así: un eterno carnaval.

Cada vez que veo a una compatriota caminar por la calle o montada en un jeep, cruzadas las piernas y con un pitillo *made in U. S.* entre los labios color rojo subido, el pelo artificialmente crespo, vistiendo trajes a la Hollywood con el rostro desfigurado por los afeites que la moda ha lanzado al mercado con precios al alcance de todas las fortunas, sin querer siento una nostalgia indescriptible, por la típica mujer filipina soñada por Rizal: bella, humilde, recatada y piadosa sin mojigaterías.

Será verdad que la figura interesante y simbólica de María Clara ha desaparecido del escenario de nuestro país para no volver ya jamás?

## Rasgos de Ingenio

Por I. A.

El poeta español Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas era muy famoso por sus sátiras y por la agudeza de su ingenio que le permitía salir airoso de los apuros más difíciles.

Se cuenta que en una ocasión cuatro chicas amigas suyas se confabularon para ponerle en apuro formulando a la vez y de sopetón cuatro preguntas diferentes. Acacháronle en una esquina, y cuando el poeta apareció le endilgaron a boca de jarro estas preguntas en verso:

Oye, Quevedo:  
De dónde vienes?  
Adónde vás?  
Que tienes?  
Cómo estás?

Quevedo, sin inmutarse, y rápido como el rayo, contestó también en verso:

Amigas mías:  
Del campo vengo,  
A casa voy,  
Nada tengo,  
Bueno estoy.

Las bromistas se quedaron con un palmo de narices.

Nuestro Rizal también era famoso por su ingenio y por la facilidad y rapidez con que

En las sesiones ordinarias del pasado Período Legislativo del Congreso de Filipinas, el Senador Vicente Sotto presentó un *Bill* que prescribe la enseñanza obligatoria del Castellano en las *high schools* de los centros docentes públicos y privados del país.

Como es natural, *Bill* cuenta defensores e impugnadores dentro y fuera del Congreso. Aunque nosotros no cortamos ni pinchamos en esta asunto, creemos, sin embargo, que si el *Bill* se aprueba, nuestra juventud tendrá a su disposición otra fuente valiosa de cultura; el idioma Español.

## EL ARTE de Decir Bien y Algo mas

J. Baetman: El infierno es el pecado continuado más allá de la tumba.

Mons. Gabriel Reyes: No hay felicidad completa. El encumbramiento tiene sus humillaciones, el matrimonio sus disgustos, la piedad sus arideces, la amistad sus traiciones.

Lope de Vega: Yo para que nací? Para salvarme.

Miguel Cervantes: Letras sin virtud son perlas en el muladar.

San Benito: Si es dulce sufrir para Dios, que es gozarle?

Dicho vulgar: Más sabe el loco en su casa que el cuerdo en la ajena.

Tomas Kempis: No es gran virtud vivir en paz con una persona de trato suave y moderado, pero vivir pacíficamente con una persona que nos contradice es gracia de Dios, y una virtud bien heroica.

Almirante Montojo: (Durante la guerra de la Bahía de

Manila) Mejor honra sin buques que buques sin honra.

J. Rizal: El lenguaje es el pensamiento de los pueblos. Sócrates: Una sola cosa se y es que no se nada.

Fernán Caballero: Yo en todos los libros acostumbro a leer el prefacio, porque a veces suele ser lo mejor de la obra.

Miguel de Unamuno: Salamanca está llena de mí.

Cajal: La fe hace bien en no razonar; es sentimiento y no lógica; es amor que crea, y no análisis que destruye.

Menéndez Pelayo: Mi ideal sobre materia de estilo es no tenerlo.

Apparisi y Guijarro: (duramente atacado por un diputado): No me doy por ofendido, porque cuando viene una ofensa hacia mí, levanta un dedo el corazón y pasa por debajo de él, sin rozarle siquiera.

lograba salir de situaciones comprometedoras.

En cierta ocasión, hallándose entre los invitados a una reunión familiar, algunos sacerdotes que se encontraban en la concurrencia le pidieron una pequeña contribución para costear los gastos de la fiesta de San Roque, que entonces se iba a celebrar. Rizal se negó cortesmente a dar su óbolo.

Los buenos sacerdotes, creyendo que esta conducta de Rizal obedecía a sus ideas antirreligiosas, quisieron ponerle en apuro tirándole de la lengua.

—Pero, doctor,— le preguntaron,— usted no cree en San Roque?

—Sí, padres, creo en el— contestó Rizal.

—Entonces, porque no quiere usted dar algo para la solemnidad de su fiesta?

Porque no quiero contribuir al éxito de un rival. El día que todos los enfermos acudan a San Roque, yo, como médico, muero de hambre.

Como todos saben, Rizal era un médico y San Roque es el patrón del cólera.

Ayala y Echegaray confundieron los sombreros de copa. Don José, al ponerse el que había cogido, vio con sorpresa que le entraba más de la cuenta. Observado esto por Ayala, exclamó este: Ese sombrero es mío, reconocerá Ud. D. José que tengo mas cabeza que Ud. A lo que contestó Echegaray: No; lo que tiene Ud. es mas sombrero.

## Surprise Visit

(Continued from page 7)

bine shot came whistling through the clean soft air directly over his head. He stiffened in attention, curious and alert. Something was happening. Or was this a joke somebody was trying to play on him? Lino made a move to take off his sun-glasses, but a second bullet, whining dangerously under his right elbow, made him start running in search for cover. He found himself crouching awkwardly behind a dead stump of tree not more than three feet high. He could now hear subdued sounds of conspiring voices and the restless movement of men at some distance from his flimsy place of refuge. He dared not move nor make a sound.

Somewhere, a throaty voice shouted in warning to a companion. "He has taken cover. Carefully now, Julian, he is armed."

Lino's thoughts raced about in panic, and he could distinctly hear his own blood gurgling at the base of his throat. He must do something before those crazy bullets are let loose again.

Lino quickly stood, waving his right arm and yelling, "Hey, I..."

Two shots in quick succession cut him short. One caught him right in the abdomen, while the other went clear through his throat. He stood still for a moment with a startled expression on his face, then fell down to earth in a heavy thump.

Six or seven men came cautiously from behind a clump of four bamboos. The one in the lead held his carbine cocked before him; the others were each holding a club or a piece of heavy metal. A few paces from the body they all stopped and the man with the carbine said firmly, "It's useless to resist, Manuel; there

are many of us here."

Not a sound nor movement issued from the fallen body.

A big lumbering man moved forward, placed an ear close to the body, and, in a voice that trembled, addressed the man with carbine, "I think you have killed him, Julian. I told you to shoot at his shoulders or legs, just enough to maim him. Now see what you have done."

Julian, who was a member of the town police force and who was not a little vain because of his reputation as the best shot in four districts, protested hotly, "well, what do you expect from me? This man is wanted in five towns and in the city for having been a notoriously relentless undercover! Besides, he was making a move to resist. To hear you speak, Juanito, one would think that you are in sympathy with this man."

Juanito became silent, while the rest nodded their heads in outward show of approval. Inwardly, however, they had their misgivings. The sight of that body with its neck twisted awry with clots of purplish blood profusely scattered about was not a pleasant one.

Before long the place was crowded with curious busybodies. The name of Manuel, the undercover and spy, was on everybody's lips. Different conjectures were whispered about. The old teniente del barrio arrived, trying to look intelligent and authoritative.

"What do we do now?" he asked helplessly.

"Why doesn't someone turn the body over, so we can get a good view of that scheming, malicious spy who was directly responsible for the slaughtering of three of our men by the Japs?" somebody demanded.

A murmur of assent was heard all around, although the women moved further out from the fringe of the crowd to a safer distance.

As the body was turned over, the hat rolled off and the sunglasses fell from the dead man's face. Everyone stretched his neck to get a distinct view of how an undercover looked in death. Immediately there were sounds of quick dismay and sharp intakes of breath. Some of the men looked questioningly about, and somebody started to say something but was afraid to go on. Silence quivered tremulously in the warm sticky air. It was as though everybody had forgotten to breathe.

Presently the hoarse, shaky voice of the teniente del barrio was heard to stammer, "Are...are you s...sure there has been no mistake, boy?"

END

## Women, Women, Women

(Continued from page 13)

in the midst of gentle folks. Ultimately, as time goes by, she becomes impossible.

As I said at the outset, this is just a rough generalization based on my personal observation. I know that there's going to be a lot of disagreement on the views I have herewith set forth. But I have no axe to grind, and to the unconvinced, I say, "You are right there, sister."

## The Challenge...

(Continued from page 3)

the onrush of crimes committed daily. Yet what we are witnessing is but a shadow of what is to come should virtue altogether vanish in the lives of men. Should we persist in the elimination of God from the minds of youth we shall reap the whirlwind. Shakespeare was never wiser than when he envisaged danger in the vanishing of virtue.

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