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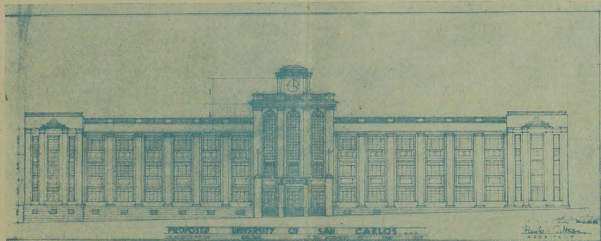
The



CAROLINIAN



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE STUDENT BODY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS



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February, 1949
Anniversary Number



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EDITORIAL

A Duty

THE three hundred and fifty-third anniversary of this venerable institution of San Carlos marks a turning point in her history. The attainment to the status of a university, is another jewel added to her crown. In a world dominated by change, both in ideas and ideologies, this great event is significant for the Visayas.

The University of San Carlos is anchored not on the whims and fancies of man but upon the Rock of Ages. The three and a half centuries of her existence in these Southern Islands are a proof of the untiring efforts of the administrators of this institution. Her long line of educational builders, religious men, full of vision, are moved by the Spirit of Christ to perpetuate in the world the Light that the Way may be clear for all men. These builders seek no earthly reward. Their work is their only reward here below.

As we look back, therefore, in retrospection let us drink deep in our souls the principles which moved the venerable Fathers who gave us this institution. As students in this university ours is not so much a right bestowed, as a privilege granted by tradition. As possessors of that privilege we have a corresponding duty to perform. And that is to live according to our religious education.

Learning without God is like a desert waste. Let us, therefore, build our studies around God. And when we step out of the portals of our Alma Mater to pursue our chosen professions we will be sure that we go out into the world properly equipped for the moral storms of life.

FATHER BERNARD

By TIMOTEO R. QUIMPO, JR.
College of Law

WITH this issue of the Carolinian celebrating the anniversary of our beloved institution, we Carolinians recall the hazy memories of the past in order to better visualize the greatness of our Alma Mater, and of the people, who gave her greatness.

Among these is a priest who has gone before us but whose memory still lingers in our midst. His spirit and dreams were those of a man, whose character remained unblemished, even in the darkest period of our history, until he faced his Creator. His was the spirit of a patriot and a servant of God.

When I first saw Father Bernard Bonk, S.V.D., sitting on his chair in his office, in the pre-war San Carlos building, he immediately inspired me with awe and respect. He gave the impression of a man who could do and accomplish what he desired to do. I tried to avoid men who command respect.

Sometimes I came in contact with him and other "Carollinian" Fathers in Camp 7, where they were often invited to parties by my father. It was there that I was able to get a glimpse of Fr. Bonk in his jovial mood. When he relaxed I felt more at ease. His manliness, his jokes, and love for things which only nature could provide made me love him more and more upon acquaintance. Father Bonk came to Cebu with seventeen years of experience in finance in the United States. He built up the commerce department of San Carlos and was its efficient dean. Then like a flash of lightning war came to our midst. A challenge to our way of living was hurled on our shores. Like other colleges, San Carlos responded with great fervor. The ROTC unit of which I was a member was held in readiness. We were ordered to sleep in the old San Carlos building, pending orders from higher headquarters. Over night our Alma Mater was turned into a barracks. Father Bonk cooperated closely with the army personnel, for he was an American citizen, though born in Germany. I had plenty of opportunity to see the man under the strain of the situation. Again he showed his courage and prudence. Let me cite an example. He ordered all the valuables of the college to be put in one room in the basement when the war broke out. This move saved many things for the college since the Japanese later respected that room and gave Father Hoerdenann entrance to it from time to time in order to take things out.

When the Japanese took over Cebu City Father Bonk would not surrender. He stayed in Miramar in Talisay for some time until the enemy caught up with him. During his stay in Talisay I had the opportunity

to visit him and the other Fathers there. Father Bonk helped me when I needed shoes and clothing. I had the priests' khaki uniform remodeled to fit myself. It still had his chaplain's insignia on it and this became my lucky shirt during encounters, for I wore it then.

There were times when I stayed at the villa Miramar all day with the Fathers. I enjoyed the company of Father Bonk to such an extent that I used to call him my "old man". I then saw behind this priestly appearance a real patriot. He followed with interest every movement of my boys in the Talisay-Minglanilla sector. He even gave medicine, food, news, and other valuable information to me. The boys did not fight in the town of Talisay in order not to cause reprisal from the enemy and thereby lose our source of information.

One time the good Father gave me a letter to Colonel Fenton. I found out later that he had offered his services to the forces in the mountains as chaplain. I tried to dissuade him because I knew that his age would not permit him the freedom of the hills, and because he might be misunderstood by many an over-zealous patriot. I pointed to him that I needed him where he was because of the invaluable advice he gave me. Being young I knew that I might commit some grave mistakes which only the help of a man like him could prevent. He promised to give me his advice when it came to civilian matters. For this alone I could thank him, not mentioning the other things he had done to help me.

When I was sent on mission to Mindanao, I left the Company under the command of Lieut. Antonio Cañedo, now Mayor of Minglanilla. He also knew the services the Fathers were rendering.

When my mission was completed, I was again ordered to take command of the same sector. I once again resumed my visits to the villa. Fr. Bonk asked me about the places that I had visited and their conditions. I told him of the peace and quiet that dominated Bohol, and the scarcity of food in Mindanao.

When the Japanese made their seven-pronged attack on Tabunan, they wrote one of the bloodiest chapters of the history of the war in Cebu. They killed right and left so that neither cow nor womanhood became safe. The number of the enemy could not be estimated but I knew that they were plenty and more than we could hold.

I wrote to my father to go to Bohol where at least there was safety and to take Father Bonk along with him. I knew that the latter could have an easy time if he would only claim German citizenship.

but that was against his principles. My father together with a friend, helped Father Bonk across the strait to Bagacay, Bohol. The people there built him a sort of a bungalow made of bamboo. It rivaled even the mighty and popular villa "Miramar", because it overlooked the sea. From its veranda one could see the enumerable islands that abound north of Bohol.

When I visited Father Bonk I took my dinner with him. I risked the anger of the local garrison to be with the "old man". I will never forget that dinner. It was simple, but the man who gave it made it great. He talked about San Carlos and the different "Carolinians" that he met. He talked with pride of those who are in the service and the flag that he would make with golden stars in it for those who fell in the night. He talked about the university status; his dreams to make San Carlos great; of his simple parish; the fees that they give him for services as arraoage, baptism, which were in kinds. He even mentioned the simple fisherman who gave us the octopus which we cooked for dinner.

After the dinner he took me to see the "old man", as he named "Dad" Cleland of the Opon drydock, who was living nearby. One could sense the undercurrent of friendship that drew these two together. It was a tie that was not mortal. I know that I could never forget them as I tagged along on their way to the broken pier. To me as I gazed at them, I felt like an interloper. I felt the repugnance of breaking into their conversation as they sat talking about the latest news. They momentarily seemed to me like the persons in a novel that I once read of the old men of India. These two venerable heads enjoying the simple way of life offered to them by a simple but grateful people by the sea.

When I was sent on further missions, I used to pass their place. It was then that I tried to persuade Father Bonk to leave Bagacay and move to the shelter of a small island further to the north. He was loathe to leave Bagacay and his friends. He said that he wanted to serve the simple people. He wanted to repay them for the goodness that they have shown to him.

It was in my subsequent visits that I learned that these two men were constantly receiving letters from Australia. Father Bonk told me that they had received an invitation to go aboard the submarine to Australia. I tried to convince him to go but he said that they were too old. They had resign-

(Continued on page 6)

Fragments From Life

I THE HABIT OF PRAYER

By F. A. SAVELLON

Law '52

SOME years ago when I was working in San Juan de Dios Hospital in Manila, I noticed that the Sisters of Charity assigned there, while about their work, indulged in prayer. In the linen room while they were sewing various and sundry things they were reciting the Rosary. How can one pray and do his daily work at the same time? I was wondering. There must be a time for everything. At that time I was a believer in doing things one at a time because I thought it was humanly impossible to concentrate on many things at the same time. That was some years ago.

But time has a benign way of exposing the possibilities latent in man. The inner life has a way of awakening into the joy of understanding. And when one understands one sees the ordinariness of another way of life. I now realize that praying can be a habit of mind.

The Sisters of Charity are given to a life of devotion. Regularity in praying is part of their daily routine. Life with them is a constant sanctification. For them there is no day and no place of devotion: everyday is a time of devotion; every place, a point of worship. Whatever they do is a prayer.

Like the Sisters we too can make our work a prayer. The habit of frequently lifting our heart to God, during the Angelus, or when the church bell rings for the dead, is a commendable one. It will help us make greater progress in the spiritual life.

II THE LOWLY TANGKONG

You know the "tangkong," or "kangkong," as the Tagalogs call it. It is the poor man's vegetable. I love it. It is a green leafy vegetable—the vegetable of life, for green is the predominant color of the earth. It is the color of chlorophyll, that substance in the leaves of plants that captures the energy from sunlight and makes use of it in the ma-

nufacture of our food. You know that plants are the main source of human and animal food. Indirectly, therefore, the chlorophyll is the maintainer of human life.

Of course, you know that tangkong is a rich food, full of nutritious elements. But have you seen that tangkong in its natural habitat? There it is not the lowly vegetable that most of us think it is. Its flowers lift their lovely heads to the sun, glistening in pale purple and made soft and velvet by the caressing hands of the dew of night.

Millions who have eaten tangkong, do not know that it is the bearer of lovely flowers.

III THE TEACHER

I do not know if you will agree with me, but I believe a teacher has more contentment in life than other professionals. Imagine the beauty of imparting knowledge to young and eager minds; of helping to shape young life; of recreating the world into a place of better people. Such a life is a fulfillment of human aspiration.

On the other hand look at a businessman. I know one. From morning till evening he is tied at his desk, writing down figures, and figuring ways and means of increasing profit. He sleeps not into rest but into dreams of the market and schemes of making more money. No wonder he is what a doctor calls a type that spends his health in gaining wealth only to spend his wealth in regarding health. What a life! Yes, he has money, plenty of it. He is the builder of empires as they frequently say. But he is always on his toes—ever in tension of competition and of trends in commodities and markets. He does not know what it is to completely relax. He misses the secret of joy and health, away from nervous tension.

Indeed, the teacher has barely enough

to make "both ends meet." But he goes on with his noble task. His work is noble and is not counted in the measure of money. Occasionally I meet my former teachers of the grades and high school years, I feel old when seeing them look still young and hardy, and still teaching. Teaching must be the better life.

IV THE BOWED BAMBOO

The bamboo is a landmark of Philippine scenery for I have seen it everywhere. Our riversides and lake sides abound in bamboos. Even low mountain ridges are adorned by them. Bamboos are our graceful company.

I have seen the bamboo at its best along the great lake of Lanao. There I discovered that it is an adornment of still life. It makes the scenery alive with elegant motion. And yet at the same time it is the indicator of nature's different moods. A gentle breeze makes the bamboo sing a rhythmic song. In fact there is no ripple on the water that does not seem to impart a quiver to the tips of the bamboo. It sways, bows, gyrates, and does all sorts of motions in obedience to the moods of the wind, but remains forever graceful. I have seen the molave sprawled on the ground badly beaten with its tail down, between the legs, like a defeated dog. But the bamboo remained the object of beauty—the playmate of the earth and the sky. It yields but it does not easily succumb. It is bowed but is seldom broken.

The bamboo is the landmark of the Philippine landscape. But more than that it is also the symbol of the Philippine Christian life. It stands for the Church, graceful and full of vitality. Storms of new ideas and ideologies may blow across the land to bring in new fads of religious thoughts. But the Church will forever remain the repository and the fountain head of the faith of the people.

The Silver Crucifix

By ARISTOTELES BRIONES

EVERYTHING was quiet outside the house, except for the tinklings of insects in their nightly vigil. From my window I could overlook the City of Cebu nestled at my feet. The tiny lights of the fireflies in the trees near me meant as much to me for the moment as the dim lights of the city beyond. Then I began thinking; I asked myself why. And I came to the conclusion shortly that it should not be that way. Cebu is such a historical city that it should always have a meaning for every Cebuano, for her the cross was first planted in the Philippines.

As I pondered over early days in Cebu, a distant church bell began to toll for the dead. I felt a familiar cold touch on my breast. It was another cross, also a Spanish one which meant very much to me and which I carried in memory of my late friend: Tito, and as a reminder to me to pray for his soul.

After a short prayer I tenderly took the silver crucifix in my hands and fingered it lightly. It was of rosary size, if not a little larger. It emitted a dull hazy glimmer against the dim light of the waning moon. There was something strange and mysterious about this crucifix for it had a long history, the recent outcome of which I am about to relate.

The cross itself was hand carved, fashioned by an artist. It clearly expressed the great anguish of the Lord, even though it was a ready darkened with age. Distinctly any observer could make out the crown of thorns, the pain of the forgiving face, the wounds dripping blood.

It was a unique cross and I have never seen its like. It carried me back five years to Tito's deathbed and beyond.

He and I were members of the same guerilla band in Lanao in 1943. We had just had a skirmish with a Jap patrol and Tito was fatally wounded. As he lay in my arms, the blood flowing freely from his breast, he said to me in a voice of anguish, "Roberto, there's nothing you can do for me. I am dying."

"No, no, Tito; you won't die." I assured him to comfort him and perhaps myself. Yet I saw he was sinking fast.

"God knows where he will place me," he went on. "I am truly a great sinner. Then he took from his neck the silver crucifix and looked at it for a moment.

I marvelled that in the heart of Moroland and amidst wanton Japanese brutalities there could be a cross, and such a nice one. Yet, I saw something in it which set my mind thinking. I looked at it; then at Tito. Yes, I saw it before; but where? I looked again, then said to myself, "Lord,

it could not be Tito; no, not Tito."

I was utterly confused as the dying man stroked the body of the nailed figure with his thumb in a preoccupied way, as if I were not there. Then I remembered I had seen that same type of crucifix on the Jap we captured a month before. Incidental to the prisoner was found dead the next morning, having been boled with a bang. And strangely enough the silver cross had disappeared from his neck. It was mysterious enough that a Jap should be wearing such a sacred decoration and it was more mysterious that a moro should have stolen it from him in cold blood.

What is more, Tito raised his eyes and softly said, "A Spanish friar once gave this to my grandfather who was the sacristan of the church in Escalante, Negros. When grandfather died he gave it to me to respect and love. I was only a young boy then."

I was more confused, then. Tito could not be lying to me in his last hour and to his only friend. Was he mad? Could he believe, me to swallow such a story?

Then it dawned on me that there might be a story behind this crucifix. I listened closely for more dying words as the blood kept thickening as it flowed. The inquiring look in my face may have told him of my doubts, and he understood.

"Yes, I killed him," he confessed with great pain. "The beast! I killed him because it was not his but mine—mine. Can't you—?" he suddenly stopped. His face became contorted and it looked as if the moment was his last.

I saw in his eyes, only more bitterly,

the hatred he had always shown whenever he saw a Jap. Tears came from his eyes as he tried to shout, "God! Yes, the ugly—, what a mockery! As if he (the Jap) be loved, yet, in reality, only because it was silver." Then Tito bit his lips to such an extent that little drops of blood trickled from the parched cracks.

Thinking it might do him good, I let him cry the thought out. Then I heard him mumble, "And it returned to me from a dirty Jap." I saw him breathing heavily through nose and mouth, as the blood caked on his soiled shirt.

"Roberto," he called, as he reached for my hand. "It is a nice crucifix. "You are my only friend. Keep it."

I feared he was going to give it to me, and I was loathe to accept it. But the words "my only friend" made me take it.

Then he continued, "It's hard to live when you have no one any more to go home to. Take good care of it and pray for me each night at the 'Las Animas.' Pray for us. I know they are dead. I gave it to her, to Laura, before I left." With these words he passed out in my arms, the crucifix still in his hand which was in mine.

I looked again at the crucifix. A faint light of the moon disclosed its outlines, as I whispered another ejaculation to the merciful Lord on the cross. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Again I tucked the silver treasure under my shirt to feel its cool touch on my breast.

o o o

A Soldier's Summer

By Salome Barba Ubas

These are the eyes that smiled at life most sweet'y,

When the River of Peace ran calm and deep;

Eyes that gleamed with the light of Hope divine,

But now closed in dreamless sweet slumber.

Here is the heart that held a golden dream

Of life, of love, and faith in God;

The heart of a happy lad that sang all day long:

Now sad—and still as broken lyre.

Folded the arms that were made to hold gently

A loved one close in fond embrace;

Quiet are the feet that in childhood ran swiftly

To meet the dawn in an eager race.

Where is the soul of this young gallant boy?

Where has it wandered beyond the skies?

Has it not gone to dwell behind the Clouds

With the Spirit of One Who never dies?

Our Alumnae

J. M. LIM

DOUTH is ever urged to look forward; and is a good advice, for it defeats stagnancy and makes for progress. But sometimes it is good to look back—to them who have gone before us that from their example we may learn and draw hope. They are fulfilling that which they have set out to become and through the printed word we shall meet again our friends of yesterday.

Of the year 1947, from the College of Education, we remember first Clara L. Fernandez. Clara wrote the introduction for the B.S.E. section of the 1947 Annual, was a graduate with honors, and was predicted to be an honor to San Carlos in her field as a successful teacher. Time has proven this prediction to be true, for in Inabanga, Bohol, Clara is disseminating "book-wisdom tempered with instruction for the spirit". Her words she has translated into deeds. Read her stirring introduction in the 1947 Annual and you will know what sound principles the youth of Inabanga are taught. Inabanga Catholic High School is administered by Rev. William Neuhfer, S. V. D.

Another alumna of serious purpose, and unflinching diligence we have fortunately with us. Miss Fortunata Rodil's enviable success as student and educator is admitted without question. You remember the traditional blackboard caricature of the firm serious teacher? She is scrawny, withered, purposely holding up a chastising ruler and wagging an admonishing finger. Yet Fortunata is not scrawny, she is well-built; she is by no means withered, for she is one of our youngest instructors; her firmness does not inspire retaliating caricatures instead it makes her favorably popular with her college students, as the constant radio dedications to her testify.

We mention Carmen P. Najarro for she has efficiently carried on her profession as a teacher (Colegio Inmaculada Concepcion) in spite of diverse responsibilities (hacienda-management and Big Sister to an orphaned family, of which Gene is a sweet younger sister, and a still much younger brother is Mariño, radio announcer; all full-bred Carolinians, as Carmen).

Among the 1947 alumnae we also remember with the greatest admiration

and pride the sole lady B. S. C. graduate of that year. She who has chosen the best state of life, a life of charity and of the spirit. Miss Tecla Reyes is presently a postulant at St. Rita's Convent, Manila.

Miss Corazon Mitra, who graduated with highest honors last April, is pursuing her post-graduate course in Santo Tomas University. Knowing "Jinx" we are certain that she will prove equal to the great honor she earned and will be one of our prominent alumnae of whom we take justifiable pride to recount.

For the year 1948 Miss Jesusa Garces stands clearly outlined. Her position as a social worker in Welfarville and in Manila proves irrefutably that the young women, San Carlos produces are actively progressive, as the modern world necessarily demands them to be. In her college days Miss Garces headed the Catholic Action Unit.

So they come and they go. And we after them. A challenging record to live up to, Girls.

silence is the soul's

*Silence is the soul's
Then the flesh beckons
In the plaintive wail of birth
And silence is the soul's once more.*

*As the flesh grows up
In the limelight of life
And in multi-hued surroundings
Quietude for the soul retreats.*

*Pursuit of whirligigs
Revel in voluptuousness
Ambrosia of the flesh
Are hunger to the soul*

*But life must live in numbered days
And when the time is o'er
Comes the parting of the soul
And silence is the soul's once more.*

r. von barriga

A Memory

By DERF D. AZOGARAZ
(Pre-Med 2nd Year)

The first thing I remember is the window shades in the family living room. They were pulled all the way down and yellow with the sun coming through. I sat and watched them, thinking of myself inside and of the slow, summer wind outside, with a vague sort of wonder as to the relation between us. I was very young and I did not understand the wind. I was beginning to be very drowsy when I heard a voice outside calling my mother. "Come quick", the voice said. "Grandma has fainted."

It was Panyong, Nanay Nanday's son. He was slender and black-haired and looked as if he were afraid of something. My mother dropped her magazine and ran outside and I followed her barefooted. I ran across the grass between houses into the living room where grandma was. I had been in the house many times; it was painted dark green and it was cool and a little dusky inside. Grandma lay on the floor, with a few women neighbors around her. They rubbed her wrists and put cold cloths on her head, but she did not move.

The people seemed to be in a frantic sort of hurry, as if they were fighting something swifter and stronger than they. Grandma lay very still. She was of regular height, white-haired and with the slenderness of old people. Unnoticed, I pushed my way to her. I looked at her face and saw nothing different in it from the face I had known since I could remember things.

I watched her and saw her eyes open, slowly fluttering like dead leaves in the wind. They looked directly at me and were still; I remember that they were pale blue, like old, faded China. After a moment, they fluttered again and were closed. This seems strange, but I was very young and that is the way I remember it.

I was told to leave, but I stayed, and watched the face of the old woman who my grandma, fascinated, wanting her eyes to open again, and wondering why she looked at me. The neighbors were beaten and stood still, whispering as if they were in church. I was surprised that a grown-up would cry. My mother saw me then and told me that I must leave. "Run," she told me. "Tell Nanay Dora that grandma is dead. She died at three. Go on, now."

I walked slowly out the door and down the grey painted steps of the front porch. She died at three. Grandma was dead. I

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to write poetry

To write poetry—

Nothing is as simple nor as pleasant
 If you should choose
 And a rhyme there may be
 Free verse is a crime you'll agree
 You can go on a-riming
 To make it sound you're a-chiming
 Oh, 'tis a cinch to see that name
 Pairs perfectly with flame
 There's beauty in this kind
 If only words that rhyme you could find
 Or you might try meter in your verse
 To give symmetry and precision
 But I warn you
 You should have
 A good calculator
 To catch the right tempo
 For me I'd rather not try
 Mathematics just is not my dish
 Or you may settle on FR-e V-e-RSE.

if YOU do not HaVe

The patience and the blood pressure
 for rhyme and meter odes,
 No system to adhere to—no rule to
 spite you

all you need is an idea to begin with
 you can even start with incoherencies
 and work up to a thought

from there it's easy picking
 you can be brief
 you can make the whole thing stretch
 8 million miles...

and if you're stuck somewhere
 a period or a dash is always friendly,
 it just doesn't matter which way
 poetic license's right behind you
 So come now try your luck
 take a crack at poetry-making.

by ed von barriga
 college of law

FATHER BERNARD...

(Continued from page 2)

ed their fate into the hands of the One who guides the destiny of men. It was not easy serving a small parish—especially one like Bagacay where the priest is needed on the different islands nearby. I knew that this hardship would tire even a younger man, how much more a man of Father Bonk's age. He was a dutiful soldier of God, never fearing anything, the cold rain or the dark, going wherever needed.

It was in services like this that he won the love and gratefulness of a loving people. It was in serving God that he became a hero.

The Japanese then made a mopping up expedition in Bohol. I passed Bagacay again before I left for Camotes. This was about the last time I saw Father Bonk.

The Finer Side

by Lourdes Varela

SOME six years ago, I met a girl. She was no "beauty" as the term is commonly understood. You might call her just plain. Her eyes were extra large. Her face was a bit long. And yet she was charming.

It is only now that I try to ask myself, "Why was she charming?"

In these days when people think that charm is synonymous with good looks, knowing this girl is one way of proving how untrue such an opinion is. For charm is something that also comes from within.

Coming back to that girl... I am fully convinced it was the beautiful soul shining through those large, dark eyes that made her extremely likeable. That soul explained all her refined ways—her consideration for others, her unfailing courtesy, her spirit of sacrifice. It explained, too, her good taste in books, her admiration for what is truly noble and beautiful in poetry, in music, in paintings, and in nature.

One other thing about her—she was less desirous of physical beauty than she was of the spiritual kind. She went about making herself beautiful inwardly and (happy thing!) she was unconsciously making herself beautiful on the outside, too—a sort of quiet beauty that has to be seen more than once before it can be perceived, a beauty that doesn't leave you breathless but one that makes you feel peaceful, a beauty that remains not only in youth but glows on and on down through all the years. And it is that beauty that counts.

And it is the beauty of those whose souls are noble, of those who go through life ever protecting their finer side and show this finer side in their dealings with others in their choice of books, in the love of music, and in deep admiration for nature.

Books... It's strange, and it's a great pity, but it's true, that some people take pride in reading what is sordid or vulgar or what is even downright obscene. They feel a queer sort of distinction reading books other people don't read... "Have I

read 'Forever Amber'? Oh, sure! Not once, not twice, but five times." You can clearly note the ring of pride in the voice. Those people are broad-minded, they say. They see both sides of life—they are like God "knowing good and evil." But sometimes they read so much filth that they finally end by being filthy themselves.

The same thing is true with the movies. They say, "Why be tied down by silly prohibitions? I can see anything I want." And they go ahead and feast their imaginations on distractions which are real distractions.

There is refinement in the undigested admiration and appreciation of the beautiful. It may be music. One mark of the deep mind is its ability to drink in the magic of flowing poetry and immortal music. And deep minds are not rare. They seem rare because some of them insist on being satisfied with the superficial, the shallow. More people could really listen to Palestrina, Beethoven, and Chopin. More people could admire the "Hound of Heaven" or the "Idea of a University," but they care not to. There is the greater pity. They could have real culture and enjoyment at their will but they deliberately turn their minds away.

Some people really care for poetry and music. But others have a strange shyness about it. They think it is a sign of weakness, of sentimentality. It is out of date, old-fashioned, definitely obsolete. "Horror of horrors!" To be seen with a book of poetry in my hands!

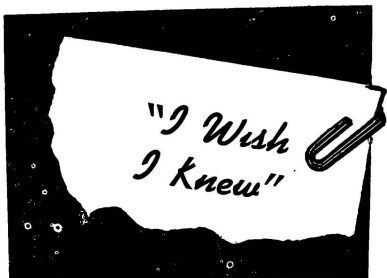
Why can't we be at least sincere? Say, "I like Chopin and Liszt," no matter what everybody else is saying.

Yes, cultured women, refined women are much needed by the world today. And, we college women, have the opportunity to become such. It's all up to us. Will we develop the finer side of our minds and characters?

The world is holding its breath... waiting for our answer.

I can still remember him there standing on that broken-down pier, waving goodbye as the sail of my little boat was being raised. Dusk was just then gather-

ing, something in my throat seemed to stick as I shouted goodbye. Yes, it was goodbye. I will not forget that forlorn figure standing there, watching me leave...



by
Nap F. Aliño
College of Law

The radio announcer probably senses an undercurrent of misinterpretation from the radio audience for he blurts out: "Friends, you don't have to wait... here goes... (music)..."

"Rrrring."
"Hello. Telephone dedication program."
"Guilty."
"Who is guilty? At the end of this line?"
"You don't quite understand me. That's the name of my song."
"Rrrring. HEELLOOOO."
"Hel oo. This sounds like a soft, weak voice from the delicate sex."
"May I know the next dedication song?"
"Can You Guess?"

"I want to know the song, not guess it, please, sir. Or am I wrong to think this is a telephone dedication program when this is a 'Guess The Tune Program'?"

Then comes a ring from the wife of the announcer. Believing that another dedication song is required for, he seriously says, "I wish I Didn't Love You So." The rumor runs that later in the evening she "rained blows" on the poor hubby-announcer.

"Rrrring."
"Hello. Telephone dedication program."
"Yes, 'A Friend of Yours'."
"I beg your pardon."
"A Friend of Yours."
"Is this Fred? No? Then it must be Ed."

"No. You are wrong. This is Tommy Ty."

"But you told me it's a friend of mine. I don't know of any Tommy Ty."
"But I didn't say you are a friend of

(Continued on page 17)

"NOW, for the next half hour you will be listening to our telephone dedication program. Call us up and tell us to whom you want to dedicate the next tune."

"Rrrring."

"Hello. This is the telephonic dedication program."

"What is the next tune, please?"

"Say It Over Again."

"I said, What is the next piece?"

"Say It Over Again."

"Do I not speak clear enough? I said what will be your next piece?"

"SAY... IT... OVER... AGAIN. Isn't that clear enough?"

"I give up."

A moment elapses.

"Rrrring."

"I would like to dedicate the next song to my wife who is at present in the S.I.

Hospital."

"Oh, I hope for her early recovery. Are you not going to dedicate the same song to one of the nurses?"

"Never mind the nurse, Mr. Announcer. My wife may be listening in now."

"Rrrring."

"I would like to dedicate a song to one of my beautiful classmates."

"May I know the song, please?"

"You'll Never Know."

"I beseech you, but I must know."

"Well, that's the song I gave you."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this song is a dedication from an employee of a local department store to one of the telephone operators, a girl friend of his... Friends... "Wait And See."

However, we don't have to wait for there goes the music.

Memories That Linger

JOE L. ARQUISOLA
College of Law

The silent hours of the evening
Recall, days when two hearts knew no other;
Of the time Joy's cup was full
And felicity seemed to last forever;
Of moonlight nights with a strumming guitar,
Of melodies old and new,
Of young minds straying where dear ones are,
With soft breezes blowing in from the tide,
But the bright world darkens,
For destiny decrees that in repose
The dear one rests unforgotten,
Leaving behind a heart bathed in sorrows,
Sleep thou, dear one, in solemn peace,
My prayers do ease my pain.
What time will bring I never fear
For my hope is safe in the Lord.

To The Day

By CALIXTO YONGCO

Dancing o'er the eastern wave,
With smiling beams of blithest rays,
Comes brightest Day in mail of steel,
Into the arena of the Shades.
He girds for battle in his ruby belt
He flashes his sword from North to South
Into 'your garden gates,
A tuneful place pure and sweet,
Where in free creatures woo their mates.
The early blossoms of mild springtime.
Meet the stars of warm king Light.
Encouraging him to put on there
A glorious spectacle in the fight.
Spirit of the Morn, blinding Night's eyes,
Spreading regal red in beauteous swar:
Thy sceptre gleaming in spell of May
Thou bidest thy children to run and fight
To make merry in the broad delight.

A Page of Poetry

The End of the "Mary Ann"

By Avellino T. Estorco

A beautiful stalwart ship
 Firm and stately she sailed
 The seas with bow that clashed
 The waves she plod.

One fateful morn she turned
 Out to the open sea
 Gay Zephyrs filled its sails.
 The masts held fast.

The clouds were snowy white
 As sea gulls rode the crests.
 Sailors dreamt of love mates:
 Passengers, of home.

From somewhere came a gust
 A warning to the crew;
 Then came a drizzling rain.
 A drop in temperature.

Foam came out of the brine:
 Lightning flashed and thunder rolled;
 The ship kept steady on
 Her course of destiny.

Darkness fell: the moon went out:
 Not a star twinkled
 Its whereabouts
 To Mary Ann.

The night was cold and wet:
 Voices grumbled and sobbed;
 Hands worked, though tired,
 To keep the battered ship.

The winds howled.
 The raindrops lashed:
 Frenzy gripped the captain:
 Fear came upon all.

Unknown a reef reposed
 Before the helpless ship;
 Many a ship had crashed
 Upon its minute cells.

if you must love me

r. barriga

if you must love me
 why must you in denial hide
 what makes you fear
 the pride of frankness and oneness
 am i to question till time is spent

if you must love me
 i yearn for more
 not a promise in the least
 but start you now the vindication
 of yesterfaults
 that i may see you love in earnest

if you must love me
 i should hate procrastination
 i would despise restraint
 i ask only abandon within propriety
 that is not much
 too little perhaps

if you must love me
 dissipate the mist you are
 gone must be your wonted farawayness
 but show me the otherwise
 that i may know you mean to love me

if you must love me
 give me not a love
 like dawning dew without its freshness
 or that of honey its sweetness drained
 only love me as i do you

if you must love me
 and you can not
 as i would want
 it is best now to desist
 or sow more bitterness between us:

if you must love me
 you must now
 the moment entertains no compromise
 you must love me
 if you must love me

Onward the ship sailed
 Closer to her doom
 There was a dull crash,
 Down went Mary Ann.

ONE RAINY DAY

By ROSARIO T. MORALES

"DIT, pat, pit, pat," sounded the rain on the roof and window panes. "Rain! Rain! stop!!!" I said, as I could feel the wild beating of my heart choking me with blood. Every drop of rain a deeper pain. But all my efforts could not stop the rain. It continued, "pit, pat."

It brought back memories... memories of Cora & me which I will not forget. Memories that I can live over and over again though they bring a flow in my heart.

Cora & I were neighbors in our hometown. We grew up together, shared the same lunch basket in the grade school, played the same games, loved the same teachers & friends. The smooth tenor of our childhood days was most comforting. But we outlived our happy childish dreams and woke up to the reality of the world and its ways. Cora was the loveliest girl I have set my eyes on... amiable & sociable. I still stood the same boy that I used to be,—shy & reserve.

As years rolled on we moved apart from each other. She went to an exclusive girls college in Manila, while I was a working student in Manila. We saw less of each other then but at times I called on her at her boarding house.

One afternoon I met her on the Escotta. I was not busy that afternoon so I joined her. All of a sudden it began to shower, unexpectedly a heavy rain came.

"Let's take a taxi, Cora", I said.

"No Bert, don't bother let us walk in the rain—I love to walk in the rain," she pouted as answered.

So like a good escort, I made no protests. I recalled the popular expression "never argue with a woman." We walked together in the rain.

I was busy in the city the last two weeks that I was not able to go home to the province. The third week came and I finally

nally decided to visit "home".

Descending the steps of the bus I was surprised to see many people in Cora's house. But I was not bothered at all. Maybe she had a party and I was just plain lucky that I was on time. Yet, my heart missed to beat a minute when I noticed the sad, gloomy look written all over the faces of the people. Why! Was it...? No, it couldn't be... I joined the crowd.

Just then I caught the smile of candles. I rushed to the room and there I saw her—colorless, breathless, lifeless. She was no longer the living form I took home after the rain. I knew the story of it all. Cora caught pneumonia and... I cannot write the anguish of that moment. I was shocked and felt that my own life was being away. Then and only then were my eyes opened to the truth. I loved Cora—loved her with a love so pure, noble, and sincere. I loved her since she was a girl in pigtails. But I had been too late to tell her how much she meant to me. My grief was intolerable. I felt utterly useless in life. All interest, meaning, and purpose in life were gone. I became like the walking dead.

Rain! Rain! why do I have to b'ame the rain? My Cora!!! You're gone with the rain.

THOUGHT AT SUNSET

As I sit at my desk,
I see the shadows fall,
I hear the bamboo's whisper
And the black cricket's call.
Thoughts of home come visiting,
My overcrowded mind,
Tempting me to return home.
For I see the sun set,
And the animals return home
You can't b'ame me
If dreams come visiting
When shadows fall.

—Clarita Garces

Disgusted, I travelled far and wide ever clinging to my hope that I maybe able to forget the greatest disappointment in my life.—to give my heavy heart a relief.

After two years I came back to the province. I've realized that after all, time is indeed a great healer of wounds. I've found a girl I learned to love a replica of my Cora. I've claimed her as my bride a year ago. In her I've seen Cora, will always see Cora—You see, I married Cora's sister.

* * *

the song in your voice

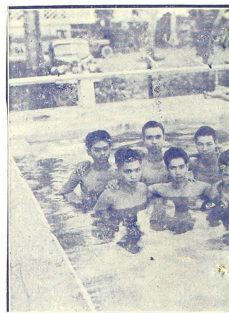
My ears met
The song in your voice
One casual chance
My ears alone did hear
The music of your voice
It sang a tale
And I did not know
For my heart that should
as deaf to the song
And it seemed
That song
Was lost to me
Gone without return

One night
Long after morpheus and I met
It haunted me
The voice
Singing the same tale
It was then my heart woke up
And heard the strain
Oh that it was inane
Now only the realization
The song was for me
I must hasten now
To find the voice
And listen for the song
If 'tis still there

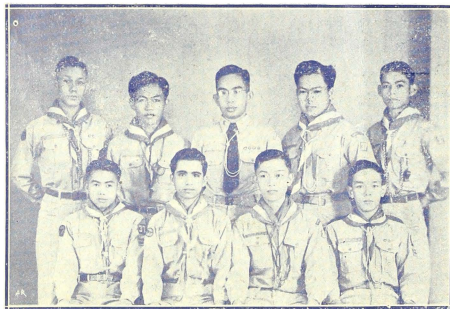
Ed. von Barriaga
...College of Law
Univ. of St. Carlos



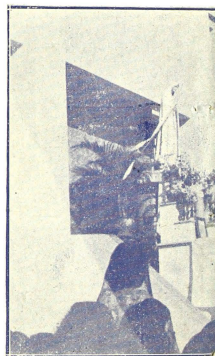
USC Hi Football Team with Directors, Rev. Fr. Hoepfner, Rev. Fr. Szmuto, and Coach Narciso Alino, Jr.



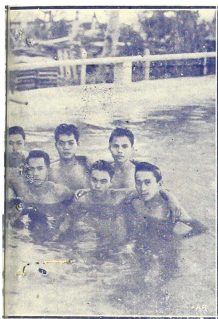
USC Hi Mermen with O.S.



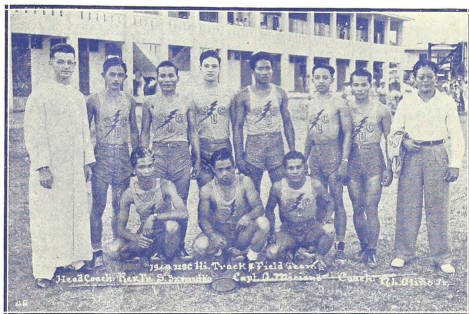
USC Scout Master Felix Cardenas and Assistants



Rev. Fr. Lawrence W. Buns honor of Our



Swimmer and Coach
 Jiming



USC Hi Track & Field Team with Director, Rev. Fr. Szutko
 and Coach Narciso Miño, Jr.



Participating at the Mass said in
 honor of Fatima.



Education Co-eds at Miramar, Talisay with Librarian Jose
 B. Penalosa and Instructor Catalino Doronio.

SPORTS PARADE

By NARCISO L. ALINO, Jr.

USC WARRIORS' MANILA INVASION

The USC Warriors invaded Manila last December for the recent National inter-collegiate championship. This was the third year in a row since the liberation that the warriors qualified for this annual tournament of champions and runners-up.

In this year's championship the Warriors clinched the San Beda Red Lions in the opening rounds, 45-41, but lost to the defending champions, the Mapua Cardinals, 52-37, in the quarter finals. The latter team became the new champions for 1948. When we consider that the much-fancied Santo Tomas Goldies were eliminated in the first round of the series by eleven points, we must say our Warriors didn't do so bad after all. Moreover, the Manila sports writers conceded that the Warriors—Red Lions game was the fastest and best of the first round of eight games. Moreover with Mumar, Bas and Abella, the Carolinians would have done better. Nevertheless, Skipper Inting Cories and the rest of the boys fared quite well, even though Estera and Gonzaga had to play with wrenched knees.

LETRAN KNIGHTS PLAY IN CEBU

Playing a series of exhibition games last Christmas vacation, the strong Letran Knights, one of the best college fives in the NCAA circle, invaded Cebu. The Knights upset the SC Panthers in the first game. They also administered a drubbing to Cebu Tech, but met defeat before San Carlos and Southwestern. Without Adiosa and Tabuena (in the first three games) the Knights were weak. However, they evened up matters with the Warriors in a return match with the help of Tabuena. The Warriors were without Mumar, Cui, Gonzaga and Abella in the return match. Jimmy Bas did tellar work against the Knights by chalking up sixteen points and Ramoneda held Tabuena scoreless in the second half of the game.

CAROLINIANS IN BACOLOD

The Golden Warriors enplaned for Bacod for a series of games on January 15-16. This was the first time the Cebuanos played in the chartered city



of Occidental Negros. In the first game the Bacod-Murcia Sugar Central bowed to the visitors 24-35. In the second encounter the Blue Phantoms of Occidental Negros Institute went up against a stone wall and stopped short 28-35.

The Carolinians impressed the spectators by their graceful and speedy technique.

Dream GAMES Coming

The two best college teams in the country, the La Salle and Santo Tomas quintets, will play the Carolinians in Cebu and Tagbilaran soon.

On January 29 our Golden Warriors will meet Santo Tomas at the BIDSAL meet in Tagbilaran. On February 3, the Carolinians will play La Salle in Cebu.

The next day Santo Tomas and La Salle will give a repetition of their struggle for national supremacy. The local games will take place at the Eladio Villa Auditorium.

FOOTBALL

Fr. Hoepfner's Booters have been busy this session. While winning most of their games against such formidable teams as the William Lincs and the Ho Ho Hing, they lost to the stampering Chinese Collegians (3rd in the last MFL) to the tune of 3-1 during an exhibition game held on a muddy field. However, Fr. Hoepfner's gallop-
ing

Booters are ready to meet the CIT Eleven for the inter-collegiate soccer championship soon. They then have a chance to place in the National inter-collegiate round in Manila. The USC Eleven is also scheduled to play the strong San Carlos, Negros team February 6 in Cebu, during the university day celebration.

SWIMMING MEET IN TALISAY

On January 22 the Cebu Collegiate Athletic Association will hold its annual swimming meet in Talisay. The Carolinian secondary and collegiate teams are expected to give the local teams a good run this year.

The Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation will also hold the annual East Visayan Meet on January 28-29 in Talisay. The strongest competitors to honors will be Silliman U. and U. S. C.

BASANUNG - SWIMMER OF THE YEAR

Carolinian Ambrosio Basanung, Olympic swimmer and Philippine double record holder, was named by the FREE PRESS "Swimmer of the Year". The magazine for Jan. 15 has this to say: "Among the male swimmers, Sambiao Basanung got the nod for top honors. Basanung is without peer in the local field both in the sprints and in the long distance events. The Moro swimmer did not do so well as expected in the last World Olympic in London, but the sports writers did not hold that against him."

The FILIPINO ATHLETE, official publication of the PAAF, according to the official report of Prof. Candido C. Bartolome in the October issue says: "The second event wherein the Philippines was represented was the 1500 meters free style. Basanung was drawn in the third heat. He swam a good race in this heat. Up to the 25th lap he was just a foot or two behind the leading man, Bland of Great Britain. At the end of the 28th lap Stipeatic of Yugoslavia and Bland were even, but Basanung seemed to weaken and dropped to third place."

Basanung is still young. He is only 26 and not yet in the prime of his athletic life. He has still the chances of being a world record holder, if he trains

(Continued on page 20)

INDEPENDENT WATER SYSTEM FOR U. S. C.

Due to the deficiency in the water supply of the city water system, the USC authorities have decided to construct a Carolinian water system.

Two water wells will soon be ready for use, each to be operated by a scientific pumping system. They will be used alternately to insure the best service and most hygienic results. Water, of quality superior to the available water here in the city will be furnished by the system.

Each pump used singly will have a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons per month. The actual consumption of water is only 300,000 gallons.

POT LUCK

The Dramatics Club of the USC is at present sweating it out in their practice of Pot Luck, which is scheduled for show on the University Day.

It includes the newest finds in the San Carlos campus. The old and the new talents are this time given the chance to be together.

SVD SCHOOL DIRECTORS HELD MEETING

The directors of the various institutions under the administration of the SVD Fathers held a conference at Manila on Saturday and Sunday, December 18th and 19th of last year and discussed important problems and their solutions, formulated new plans, and also their execution.

Our Fathers Dingman and Hoerdeman were among those who went to assist the meeting and for that reason they were unable to return for Christmas in San Carlos.

Results of the said conference will be communicated to the 25 different schools at present under the management of the SVD Fathers in the Philippines.

PLANS FOR NEW ADMINISTRATION BLDG. DISCUSSED

Father Ernest Hoerdeman recently emplaned for Manila to discuss the construction of the new administration building with the Superior General of the SVD Fathers, who arrived in Manila.

A complete plan for the said building was prepared by a well-known Manila architect.

Construction has already started

NEWS

last Monday, January 17th, along the P. del Rosario Street and the building is scheduled to be finished and ready for use for the coming school year.

PLANS FOR USC DAY

In a recent meeting of the deans, heads, and full-time faculty members of the University of San Carlos, it was decided to celebrate this year's University Day on the first Saturday and Sunday of February, February 5th and 6th respectively.

Plans for the celebration were worked out in the meeting. On February 3 and 4 will be the basketball games with La Salle and Santo Tomas. On Thursday, February 4th will be the Field Day and also the ROTC Demonstration Day, with a party in the evening.

At 3:00 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, February 5th there will be a grand parade. Floats from the different departments and the Alumni Association will be one of the main attractions.

Booths will be made by the different departments on the university premises and in them will be colorful entertainments, which in their own rights are new creations. Novelty will be the chief aim. The alumni association will also manage its own booth.

On Saturday evening there will be a program to be shown on the stage near the basketball court. It will be in two showings, one will be from six to eight o'clock; the second, from eight to ten o'clock. Atty. Cornelio Faigao will be the master of ceremonies on Saturday night.

On Sunday morning an inter-high school oratorical contest will be held and contestants from the Carolinian high schools will be represented.

On Sunday noon a banquet will be held in the University Hall, for which an unprecedented number of alumni and distinguished guests are expected.

On Sunday evening there will be another program at the same place as on Saturday night. Different dances will be presented from various departments. Atty. Fulvio Pelaez will be the master of ceremonies.

USC ALUMNI JOIN IN UNIVERSITY DAY

In a recent meeting of the San Carlos Alumni Association called by its president, Justice Fortunato Borromeo, at his home, plans for the participation in this year's university celebration were discussed. It was agreed, upon proper coordination with other school entities and authorities, to celebrate the University Day each year on the First Saturday and Sunday of February and on the fourth day of November, to have the religious celebration.

During the meeting a greater participation in the university celebration was stressed and for said purpose three committees were formed. They are for the banquet, the float and the booths in the fair.

ESPIRITU STO. CHURCH CONSTRUCTION NEAR COMPLETION

The Espiritu Sto. Church under the SVD Fathers in Manila is at present getting a P250,000 extension. It is about half completed and when it will have been finished, it will be one of Manila's most beautiful churches, the opinion of some authorities on art appreciation says.

USC ROTC CADETS HONOR LT. COL. JUAN CAUSING AND STAFF

The Cadets presented a parade and review on December 19 of last year in honor of Lt. Col. Juan Causing, Area Commander of the III Military, and his Staff. Among the persons present were the Father Rector of said university, members of the faculty, and the sponsors headed by Miss Rosario Dorotheo. The parade started 4:30 PM at the Cebu Normal Parade Grounds. A salvo of a 105 mm. howitzer punctuated the last note of the retreat. This ceremony was the first of its kind ever held in this city. The success of the affair was duly attributed to the untiring and devoted efforts of the young commandant of this unit, Lt. Antonio Concepcion, and his staff, and also to the capable leadership of the Corps Commander, Cdt. Lt. Col. Eduardo Javelosa.

USC COPS SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP

The Cebu Collegiate Athletic held its annual swimming meet at Talisay

(Continued on page 14)

NEWS...

(Continued from page 13)

on Saturday, January 22nd. The Championship went again to the University of San Carlos when the Carolinian boys with an improved speed made a total number of 29 points. The Cebu Institute of Technology copped the second place with 22 points. No other collegiate teams entered the meet.

The championship was hotly contested with the Carolinian boys supported by Olympic Basanung while the CIT engineers counted on Joe Lopez.

The opening events proved the presence of potential champions. At the start of the hundred meters Ramas and Lopez hit the water at about the same time. They battled it out neck to neck. Lopez touched the rope at 1.08 and Ramas at 1.10. Basanung showed good form in the 400 m. by making it in 5.10. Lopez followed him with 6.02. Su Kui Sing of CIT created a spectacle when he tried to swim it hard out with Basanung in the 200 meter breaststroke, but slowed up at the finish.

In the whole affair, the enthusiasm of the Barriga brothers and L. Garcés is not to be forgotten. They helped pile up the big margin for the USC.

In the secondary division USC had no competition. M. Colinares made the 100 m. in 1.11. L. Abadia took the 400 m. in 5.47. D. Yuson was only a few seconds behind him. In the breaststroke E. Arong, in Yldefonso style, swam the 200 m. in 3.22.4, with M. Navarro a close second.

Since CIT did not enter the relay the USC collegiates competed with the USC secondary and won by only seven seconds.

SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE SVD ARRIVES AT MANILA

The Superior General of the SVD, Very Rev. A. Von Kappenberg, arrived at Manila last Monday, January 10th. He is on his way to Shanghai to visit the SVD refugees and also those refugees from Peking University, and SVD institution.

He will be back within one month here in the Philippines and will temporarily stay for three or four months for a thorough inspection of the local province of the SVD and how to help its progress.

CAROLINIANA

By J.N. LIM

From Rome by way of the United States the Superior General of the SVD Fathers, Rev. Fr. A. Von Kappenberg, came last week to Manila on his way to the Far East on a general visitation of SVD missions. In storied surroundings fraught with memories and nostalgia of the early Christian martyrs, the motherhouse of the SVD, "Colegio del Verbo Divino" from which Father General comes, is situated near the catacombs of St. Calista and in the vicinity of St. Paul's, outside Rome, which makes the spot where the great apostle was martyred.

Right changes make for progress, as everybody knows. The Home Economics Department, with a beautiful new building, well-decorated and complete with modern appurtenances and equipment leads with changes that rouse our enthusiasm. From the attractive and spacious living room echo the lively, toe-tingling steps of dances in rehearsals, piano music pleasant to the ear, and congenial conversations of co-eds pleasant to the soul. The ladies of the erstwhile Ladies Room congregate again in feminine social activity.

But the best innovation about the Home Economics Department will be in effect next semester. In the College of Education the seniors practice teaching, so in Home Economics the seniors practice housekeeping. Two to five prospective graduates at a time, under the tutelage of one instructor, will entertain, and board for one month in the new home provided for them.

Although she was a Samaritan, the woman at the well listened to Christ our Lord who was a Jew. And she gave Him water to drink. He promised her living water in return. USC now has a new water system of its own. For 354 years USC has been a veritable fount of "living water." From USC,

too, wells of the twentieth-century kind, now can spout water at the rate of 1,000,000 gallons per month. It is water good to the taste; no chlorine cloy the tongue. USC drinking water is as wholesome and as good as "living water."

Great events are coming sports' way. The USC basketball team will play against the UST and La Salle teams, the two greatest teams in the country. The games will be held at the Eladio Villa Memorial Stadium on February 3 and 4. USC has, time and again, in basketball and other fields of competitive endeavor, emerged victorious. Ardent Carolinian sports fans stand up and cheer for your Varsity team against these two strong teams.

USC's football team will also play against the San Carlos, Negros football team on the Normal School Grounds on February. Footballers Rafael Lopez, captain; Ramon Zosa, Jr., goal keeper; Eduardo Arellano, center forward and all of them on the team, spy and nimble of foot, have our confidence. These plain statements of facts presage a paean of lusty "rah-rah-rah's" for the best team, who always wins. The \$64-dollar question is: who will be victorious? Come February 3, 4, and and the question will have been answered.

The date was Jan. 26 and the air at the social hall, particularly near monetary domains of our cashier, was peculiarly crowded with on lookers. A stove, a bicycle, a radio and a wall-clock were on display for the coming University Day celebration prizes. Who will be the lucky ones? Mr. Morales is anxious for the stove for his home. Miss F. Rodri wants the bicycle. I like the radio, for the man who has no music in his soul is fit "for stratagems and spoils." Now what will you take? The wall-clock?

CATHOLIC TRADE SCHOOL OF MANILA TO HAVE MORE BUILDINGS

The printing press and the book binding department of the Catholic Trade School of Manila, under the management of the SVD Fathers, which for 27 years have served the Catholic Philippines will soon be

housed in a new modern building to be constructed on the same site on Oroquieta and Tayuman, Manila.

The plan for such construction and transfer has already been finished by Rev. Fr. Edward Buerenkemper, a former classmate of Rev. Father Ernest Hoerdeman.

USC MERMEN WIN EAST VISAYAN SWIMMING MEET

By NARCISO L. ALINO Jr.

Paced by Olympian Sambiao Ambrosio Basanung, Philippine twin record holder and current "swimmer of the year," the powerful USC sub-mariners splashed to an easy and convincing victory over the formidable CIT, strong Silliman U swimming squads yesterday afternoon, January 29, at the Campos pool in Talisay to bring the two-day East Visayan Regional Meet to a successful conclusion. This is USC's second triumph in a row in as many starts.

The Carolinian Asiatic Fleet scored a whooping total of 36 points as against CIT's 15, Silliman U's 12, Holy Name College, Rafael Palma College and the Bohol Provincial Hi, all of Borol, tied for the cellar position with a zero.

Winning all the first places in all the events, with the exception of the 100 m backstroke which went to F. Inbing of SU, the USC dominated the meet.

Philippine champion and record holder Basanung thrilled the crowd with his powerful and smooth and rhythmic swimming and captured, as expected, the 400 m free style and 200 m breaststroke events in the near record

time of 5:08.2 and 2:58.3 respectively. USC's M. Colminares broke the Cebu and East Visayan records in the 100 m freestyle by negotiating the distance in 1 min. and 10 sec. flat. This is only some 9.2 sec. from the Philippine record. F. Inbing of Silliman U back-peddled to victory in the 100 m backstroke with a time of 1:26.8 His was SU's lone first.

The USC fleet also copped the 4 x 88 relay in 4:02 with the CIT splashers second and the Silliman U third.

With first, second and third places in the 400 m freestyle, first place in the 200 m breaststroke, first, third and fourth places in the century, third and fourth in the 100 m backstroke and first in the relay the USC Mermen piled up total of 36 points. CIT technicians got second in the 200 m breaststroke, 100 m freestyle and backstroke, and the relay events to total 15 points. SU with its lone first in the 100 backstroke, thirds in the 200 m breaststroke and relay events and a fourth in the 200 m breaststroke and made 12 points. Point scoring was 5-3-2-1 for the indi-

vidual events and 10-6-4 for the relay.

COMPLETE RESULTS:

400 m Freestyle—1:10

1. S. Basanung—USC
2. M. Colminares—USC
3. D. Yuson — USC

200 m Breaststroke—2:58.3

1. S. Basanung—USC
2. Su Kui Sing—CIT
3. C. Flores—SU
4. I. Flores—SU

100 m Freestyle—1:10

1. M. Colminares—USC
2. J. Lopez—CIT
3. A. Ramas—USC
4. L. Abadia—USC

100 m Backstroke—1:26.8

1. F. Inbing—SU
2. Su Kui Sing—CIT
3. L. Garces—USC
4. S. Barriga—USC

4 x 88 m Relay—4:02

1. USC—A.Ramas, L. Abadia, E. Barriga and M. Colminares)
2. CIT
3. SU

Water Hyacinths

ANGELES TRINIDAD

*One morning, as the sun brightly glittered,
I strolled along near a lone, shallow pond,
While water hyacinths, fresh and blue,
floated on the green water.
I picked up a bloom close to the edge.
It was surrounded by the tall green reeds.
With my two hands I held it tenderly,
As I gazed long and lovingly.
Its thick leaves shown with a sheen,
The bunched flowers reflected the heavens,
Wreths, bouquets, and garlands,
I saw on the water hidden in the reeds,
Made for the Lord of hosts,
Praising Him in secret,
Like the flowers of the desert,
Like the pearls in the sea.*

New Year's Resolutions

By FITZ ARREZA GERALDO

*Yes, New Year's resolutions I have vow'd:
Determination to be sedulous,
Decision to be wise, not credulous;
And this I swore in voice most solemn, loud,
That it might reach the stars, the rabble crowd.
But I have learned that thunder is all sound,
Or noise, yet it may travel far around,
Though it is as empty as it is most proud.
Might I dare now resolve again, the mind
Should not its secret wish reveal but firm
Push to its realization when this year
Itself is past its own allotted term,
I shall be really pleased in full to find
That I have been true vows... wished silent here.*

ONE DOZEN MEN'S ALPHABET

IF THIS were a constitution, this particular part would correspond to the Preamble....The College of Law employing the aid of Divine Providence, in order to establish a basketball team, that will lick and crumple any other team in the University of San Carlos, come out champion and make a record in the history of San Carlos University, promote general sportsmanship, and prove to be the real leaders in the institution, name, after a diligent screening, one dozen men, to constitute the team that shall embody their ideals, whose alphabet will read as follows;

A—This stands for the name of Avila who is an easy-going guy. He plays basketball more seriously than he studies law. As a matter of fact he had been playing basketball ever since his Pre-Law days and was a member of the Pre-Law team that was considered champion in the year 1946-47.

B—Barriga is a new comer to this institution. He made his debut during the inauguration...that was when the Pre-Meds allowed themselves to lose with some margin. Barriga has been playing with the Cosmopolitan Colleges, Manila, and on the Varsity Team at that. He is a forward on the Law team.

C—Stands for the name of Cesar Cabahug. His name is very popular in the circle of Basketers. Sary hails from Mandawe, Cebu, and has been playing basketball long before he learned his ABC. He was the Captain of that famous Visayan Institute team that came out champions not only in Cebu but also in Manila...the team that washed out the Japanese team WASEDA. Cesar is now in the 4th year, and at the same time a teacher in the Southwestern Colleges. He is coaching the famous SWC basketball team presently.

D—Diux Nacia, whose name seems to be foreign, is a native of Carcar. But no foreigners work in the Philippine National Bank, specially in the Cebu Branch... He is another guy who prefers to master the rules in basketball to the Rules of Court. Although he is calm and innocent-looking, yet his opponents mistake him as a hungry tiger. Diux is a member of the Oceana dribblers, a famous team in Carcar. He is the second biggest guard on the Law team, and is very fond of Sponsors.

E—Echavez, who is popularly called BEN by the coeds, is a tall, sharp and accurate forward of the team. He was a member of the Varsity Team of the Silliman University. Ben proved his skill during the inauguration, by piling scores with only one hand... I think he can make more with his two hands.

Ben knows not only basketball but also Guaracha... sometimes he gets mixed up which is which.

F—Stands for Fred Mancao, from Carcar. He is the Athletic Manager of the College of Law, Coach of the basketball team, and a player at the same time. If this team were an army organization, he would be general and private. Basketball is really in Fred's blood. As a matter of fact he was attracted to study in San Carlos because of Father Edward's technique in basketball. In the resistance movement, he never parted with basketball. He organized a team, and made a mediate court in the less hilly side of his camp. He was the coach of the Presidential Guards Team prior to his reversion to inactive status.

J—Jamin Llanos, another guy from Carcar, is a basketball addict. He is

IF...

*If I should chance by you
I would ask you
not to blandish me
with smiles
for I would despair with longing
to your own lovely wiles*

*If I should gaze at you
I would ask you not to look back
for I might spy your eyes
coruscating like twin stars
which make me only crave the more
they should my image bear*

*If I should look you
full in the face
make wry grimaces
that I may not yearn
your charm and beauty
to possess*

*If then I should come near you
make haste to fly
away from me
that I may not feel
my love beat mad'y for release
thrilling to the scent of you*

*If I should any of these do
promise to do as I have asked
that I may not be torn
between expression and muteness
pledge you will
for I fear I might demand
that you shall love me*

ED. VON BARRIGA
college of law
U.S.C.

witty and is a very responsible guard of the Law Team. He played basketball in College ever since his Pre-Law days and was a member of the Pre-Law team that became Champion in the year 1946-47. A wonder guard of the Tubod Team in Carcar, he is a master of all classes of team work...

L—Stands for the name Of Lazo. Willy is the biggest giant on the team and is more harmless than ever. But as a safety rule other players rather adopt the An-ounce-of-prevention maxim. Willy hails from Talisay, Cebu and is a very popular athlete in that locality. He is the anchor man of the team and guards well—with a smile. Willy is a player of the PC Basketball Team Visayan Zone, where he is at present assigned.

M—Max Ylaja, is the cutest of all the players that compose the team. Unlike Willy, he dribbles the ball and sometimes the ball dribbles him. (Is that what is called double dribble?) Because Max is iyoung and small, may I say that he was already playing basketball long before he was born? Max is the handy man of the team, and is sometimes called a perfect specimen of a small-but-terrible being. Maxy, the team's wonder boy (Sebio) is the favorite of the coach...no wonder you seldom see him tired after the game. A member of the Pre-Law team that once became champion, Maxy will always serve as an encouragement to his people.

N—Nunecz is a very silent noisy guy. As a veteran player, he plays with almost all the teams you can find in Cebu City. He is in the Hobby of collecting basketball uniforms, you know. Joe has been playing basketball before he was first in love... that makes him deserve the name veteran... He was another member of that famous Pre-Law team that became champion in 1946-47. In the Law Team he plays center.

O-P-Q not represented
R—Stands for our ever blooming Ruiz, A Convertible forward and a dependable guard, he plays basketball like nobody's business. He was also one of the members of Pre-Law in 1946-47. Ruiz was taught basketry by his father and of course that was making baskets for the market... now, he really plays basketball and shoots accurately with his one hand flips... ala Barksdale. Unlike Lazo, he never smiles until he shoots a ball in the basket.

S—Sosing Rosal, most popularly called by everybody on the team as the Golden Boy of San Jose, for reasons I know not why... is a forward of the team. He was also a member of that Pre-Law Team again that was Champion in 1946-47. Sosing now is a dif-

(Continued on page 17)

Faded Photograph

(Personal Essay)

by Praxedes P. Saligumbo

It's just an ordinary old photograph so much like countless others which one finds in a family collection. The edges are worn out from constant handling by different country visitors. It has lost its original slickness and luster.

"Faithful friends," reads the caption. You look at Norma, seated at the left on the front row. A stout youngster with a contagious grin. Her left hand, usually the author of many naughty acts, is placed lightly on the right hand, on her lap.

"I'm going to be lawyer some day," she declared after one Language period in Grade six. So, when Miss Kamil calls on me to help in a law suit, I won't agree until she pays me five hundred pesos.

Norma had been caught red-handed tying a piece of scratch paper to Aurora's belt and had received a big whack on the hands for her efforts.

Fraile Grata with her deep-set eyes looks mournfully at you. She was a dreamer.

"When I grow up, I'll be a famous author. I'll write novels and some poems on the grandeur of Mangina Canyon; the beauty of the sunset on Kitanglad Mountains; the grace of the cogon grass that in the breeze, and many more things beautiful."

Her eyes would glow with delight, and we the other members of the gang would nod our assent. Our childish faith wouldn't permit us to dream of failure or misfortunes fortune night have in store.

Purita is the little lady in nightgals standing back of Grata's chair. Shy and gentle, her foremost ambition was to be a nurse.

"Come on girls. Let us play house. Edith will be the father. Norma, you be my eldest daughter. Grata will be the sick baby. I'll be the mother and stay home to nurse her.

"But Purita, I want to be the sick baby," Norma and I remonstrate.

Purita smiles knowingly. "All right then. Let's have a party first. We can use pebbles afterwards for medicine."

It was a treat to be the patient at any of Purita's "sick" games. She had always lemon drops for colds and during meal time, the convalescent would be fed with choice "cookie" chicken breasts.

That's me there beside Purita, looking very grave in my new pinafore and

half-moon bob.

"I'll be a teacher to your children." "I wouldn't let my child go to your old school," says Purita teasingly.

"What method would you use to stop your pupils from eating peanuts and candies or from using a rubber band to shoot paper pellets at the teacher," inquires Norma.

"I'll find a way," I argue weakly. Very often had I been a culprit at such tricks mentioned.

"Hmmm" says Norma smiling the same old grin that looks at you now from the photograph.

Norma's a full pledged lawyer now and has smiled her way to the heart of a prominent Batangueño doctor.

Grata, dear girl! Two years ago, she was laid to rest on the rolling and hill-side she loved so much, after having suffered from Japanese atrocities.

Purita's a loving mother to two small girls, while here I am, still working for a B.S.E. degree.

I gaze lovingly at the photographs, marred by the years. Ah, happy childhood to have passed away so quickly.

I lay it once more in its box. Find reminiscence of my career by gone; days vanishes away and I awoke once more to a grim world of reality.

"I WISH I KNEW..."

(Continued from page 7)

mine."

"Okay... (laughs)... take it away, maestro... "A Friend of Yours."

• • •

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the 'Guessing The Tune Program'. Listen to the tune carefully, give us the name of the song you think is the name of the tune played and receive the prize tomorrow. Ready friends... here goes... (tune).

"Rrring."

"Hello."

"Can I guess...?"

"Sorry, Ma'am. You don't get it right. The name of the tune is 'I Wish I Could Tell You'."

"Well, why don't you tel me?"

"Why Don't You Tell Me' is not the name of the song. It's 'I Wish I Could Tell You'."

"Don't you seem to realize that I was asking you at the start whether I could give you my guess?"

• • •

"Rrring. I wish I know... the next song to be played by you."

"Friends, now we give you I WISH I KNEW..."

ONE DOZEN...

(Continued from page 16)

ferent Sosing than vesteryears. He plays basketball with all his fancy shootings to take care of themselves.

T-U-A-V- X-Y-Z. These letters stand for my unknown identity. The alphabet is through and thus is the end of the description of the dozen men who compose the queer team. I saw queer, because they are all Captains of the team, because they never said thank you to the Sponsor who used to give them Sunkists during the game, and because they would not strive to become champions if the Secretary, Atty. Pelaez, did not promise them a big BLOW OUT.

Night and Day

The night

Has a thousand twinkling eyes,

With a crescent moon grinning

Impishly;

Until the dawn

Shoots forth a thousand flaming darts

Then the stars

Close their eyes.

While the moon

For another day has come.

Hides its grin

Thoughts

By the gentle patter of rain

Upon the thin roof of the house,

I like to feel the lazy train

Of thoughts it can arouse.

Thoughts unbalmed with scented flowers

Sprayed with colors from the rainbow,

Thoughts unchained by fleeting hours

That render spirits low.

They come like pearly drops that slide

Down leaves of trees to tease and play

Upon the mind, thus thoughts abide

To while the time away.

And when the rain has ceased its scheme

Of magic on the mind, once more

Thoughts fade like fragrant of a dream

Conjured the night before.

By ESTRELLA R. TEVES

NAPOLEON G. RAMA

Editor

Sección Española

Parecidos

- En que se parece un hombre a un cigarro?
 —En que los dos se convierten en cenizas.
 * * *
- En qué se parece un gramófono a una modista?
 —En que los dos gastan agujas.
 * * *
- En qué se parece un bobo a un repollo?
 —En que ambos tienen cabezas pero no tienen juicios.
 * * *
- En qué se parece una artista del Hollywood a los ojos de gato?
 —En que los dos se lucen por la noche.
 * * *
- En qué se parece un gorrón a una liebre?
 —En que saltan donde menos se esperan.
 * * *
- En qué se parece un reloj a un niño?
 —En que a eso de hora de comer tocan al alarma.
 * * *
- En qué se parece un hombre gordo al mundo?
 —En que los dos son más hinchados alrededor de "su ecuador."
 * * *
- En qué se parecen las narices de los americanos las chimeneas de los barcos?
 —En que las usan para hablar.
 * * *
- En qué se parece una tienda de comestibles a la Palestina?
 —En que en los dos hay judías.
 * * *
- En qué se parece una cobra a una "socialite"?
 —En que a las dos les gusta mucho bailar la guaracha.
 * * *
- En qué se parece un borracho a un cojo?
 —En que no andan en línea recta.

(Pasa a la página 19)

EDITORIAL

Un Paso Mas Hacia La Inmortalidad

De singularísima consecuencia es la celebración del Día de la Universidad el 5 de febrero. En esta fecha de gala conmemoramos por primera vez la elevación de nuestro insigne y antiguo colegio al augusto estado de una universidad. Celebramos un triunfo—un ramo de laurel más por encima de los muchos que ya tenemos, otro paso más adelante hacia nuestros fines predilectos y la inmortalidad.

Durante estos días faustos el primer impulso de los sancarlinos especialmente de los ex-alumnos es invariablemente volver los ojos atrás, suspirar por aquellos "gloriosos y simpáticos días de ayer." Algunos indagan demasiado en el pasado esplendoroso de nuestra Alma Mater hasta perderse en sus hechiceras reminiscencias. Los oradores vienen con magníficos pasajes — todos en tiempo pasado—sobre la gloria y maravilla que era el San Carlos de ayer; los del alma se poeta prerrumpen en aleyunas por la valiosa contribución que hace esta institución por sus ilustres hijos. Las voces cargadas de emoción, los corazones hinchados de legítimo orgullo, recuerdan y recuentan nuestra historia sin par la gloria de ayer, el renombre y la fama que han colmado este ilustrísimo cenitro docente.

Si bien se puede perdonar el volver la mirada hacia atrás y permitirnos la exquisita y bien merecida satisfacción de poder jactarnos de un pasado dorado, sin embargo este espíritu de albricias nunca ha de distraernos de la importancia del día de hoy ni hacer que descuidemos las exigencias de lo venidero. Es una política poco provechosa el preocuparse del pasado y el olvidar el porvenir. Los que vivimos hasta este día para presenciar este postrer triunfo de nuestra Alma Mater hemos heredado una doble responsabilidad de nuestros antepasados, que consiste no solamente en aumentar y extender el renombre de esta institución sino también en conservar el prestigio que ella ya tiene ganado.

Los que han venido antes que nosotros levantaron esta grandeza y esta gloria ciertamente no solo para darnos el mezquino motivo de lisonjearnos de su pasada gloria, sino también para que los venimos más tarde aprendamos de su celo y lealtad y sepamos continuar marchando hacia adelante, sin retocer un paso para llevar a feliz término la obra que con mucho sacrificio y determinación habían empezado.

"Carolinian" En La Vida Intelectual Del USC

Por RAFAEL V. GUANZON

Hace poco un gran escritor filipino contemporaneo dijo que el "Philippines Free Press" es la conciencia del pueblo filipino. A base de lo que hace el distinguido semanario, tambien puede decirse que el "Carolinian," órgano oficial de nuestro cuerpo estudiantil de la universidad católica de San Carlos, es la conciencia de los alumnos de dicha universidad, ademas de ser su entrenador en el manejo de la pluma—labor meritoria que desgraciadamente muchos de los que se precian de ser alumnos de San Carlos aun desconocen.

Los alumnos de la universidad de San Carlos a quienes todavia les falta la experiencia esperada de los sacerdotes de la prensa, pueden obtenerla del constante escribir en las columnas del "Carolinian." Asi podrán ellos poner en práctica el consejo del inmortal Blasco Ibanez a los escritores novatos que quieren dejar de serlo: escribir, escribir, escribir y escribir. En otras palabras, el "Carolinian" es un gran incubador donde los noviciados en el manejo de la pluma pueden incubarse hacia la perfección en dicha arte.

Los alumnos del susodicho centro

docente que tienen que vocar sus opiniones acerca de algunas actividades extra-curriculares o aquellos que quieren exteriorizar tanto sus elogios como su crítica sobre lo que ocurre en la universidad, lo pueden hacer mediante las páginas de su órgano estudiantil que es su portavoz.

Pero no menos valioso es el papel creador del "Carolinian." Los lectores, sea de habla hispana, sea de habla Miltioniana, sea estudiante, sea no estudiante, pueden pasar horas gratas, perdiéndose en el mundo de la fantasía con leer los cuentos procedentes de las plumas de los alumnos.

Este periodico estudiantil no se limita a manifestar la opinión de los estudiantes ó a entrenar escritores; tambien informa. Aquellos de San Carlos que no están al corriente de lo que ocurre en su derredor, no tienen que hacer mas que echar una ojeada a las columnas noticieras del "Carolinian." En síntesis, eso es el periodico estudiantil el "Carolinian—la conciencia de los alumnos de la universidad de San Carlos y su entrenador en el arte de escribir.

MI ALMA MATER

Por Amparo R. Magalang

I

San Carlos, Alma Mater querida
tu
Que guardas en tu regazo los ensueños
de mi vida
Dios te colma de exitos hoy como
en años pasados
Bendita tu que realizas tus dorados
sueños.

II

Eres como la aurora de la madrugada
del oriente
Esplendoroso y exquisito saludo del cielo
bien mereces
Porque por conquistar, y sufrir
abrumador obstaculo
Nadie, nadie para mi es tan caro que tu
San Carlos.

* * *

PARECIDOS...

(Continuación de la pagina 18)

- En qué se parece un borro a un mudo.
- En que los dos saben leer pero no saben pronunciar.
* * *
- En qué se parece una mujer a un "sub-machinegun"?
- En su modo de charlar.
* * *
- En qué se parece un "tio vivo" a un escritor difuso?
- En que los dos andan en rodicos.
* * *
- En qué se parece una dinamita a la realidad?
- En que hacen volar castillos.
* * *
- En qué se parece un calvo a una bola de billar?
- En que son muy limpios.
* * *
- Desconfía de tu amigo que nunca te contradice; ése llegara a ser tu peor enemigo.
* * *

MISCELANEA

- No ve mas alla de sus narices quien se toma a si mismo como unidad de medida de todos los hombres.
* * *
- Ramoncito cae enfermo y el medico le receta el aceite de castor. Qué malo está! dijo, rechazandolo.
"Mira", le dijo su padre, "ya veras como lo voy a probar"
"No, no, papa," exclamo el niño, no lo pruebes; bebelo todo."
* * *
- Condenar la ley para defenderse a si mismo es el ultimo grado de la soberbia.—Idres.
* * *
- El—"Gordapia, hoy por ser tu santo, te he comprado un par de botellas de champagne."
Ella "Pero cuantas veces quieres que te diga que yo no debo vino?"
El "Lo se, Gordapia, pero lo voy a deber a tu salud."
* * *
- Haz las observaciones de tal manera que satisfagas mas a la caridad que a tu juicio propio.
* * *
- El Pintor:
Con un golpe de pintura soy capaz de transformar una cara que rie en otra que llora.
El niño:
Que gracia! Mi madre puede hacer lo mismo con un golpe de escoba.
* * *

SPORT PARADE...

(Continued from page 12)
hard enough and if the PAAF helps him.

* * *

FATHER BUNZEL NAMED CEBU
SPORTS COMMISSIONER

The PAAF named USC athletic director and assistant rector, Rev. Fr. Lawrence Bunzel, as sports commissioner

for Cebu and Bohol. Father Bunzel is one of the two Catholic Fathers who were appointed as provincial sports commissioners. The other is the Iloilo commissioner, Fr. Gloria, O. S. A.

Father Bunzel is currently the president of the Cebu Collegiate Athletic Association. He now has power to register and disqualify players, to grant permission for games and tournaments.

USC COPS CHAMPIONSHIP

The following is a tabulated report of the result of the CCAA championship swimming tilt:

TRIALS				
Collegiate Division				
100 meters free style (1st hit)				
1st.	A. Ramas	USC	1 min.	11.7 seconds
2nd.	E. Barriga	USC	1 "	13.5 "
3rd.	V. Lao	CIT	1 "	15 "
4th.	S. Manuel	CIT	- "	- "
100 meters free style (2nd hit)				
1st.	J. Lopez	CIT	1 min.	10.2 seconds
2nd.	L. Garcés	USC	1 "	13 "
3rd.	S. Barriga	-	- "	- "
4th.	M. Jaca	CIT	- "	- "
FINALS				
Collegiate Division				
100 meters free style				
1st.	J. Lopez	CIT	1 min.	08.5 seconds
2nd.	A. Ramas	USC	1 "	10.6 "
3rd.	L. Garcés	USC	-	-
4th.	E. Barriga	USC	-	-
200 meters breaststroke				
1st.	S. Basanung	USC	2 min.	57.6 seconds
2nd.	Su Kwi Sing	CIT	3 "	09.5 "
3rd.	Barriga	USC	3 "	24 "
4th.	L. Manago	CIT	-	-
100 meters backstroke				
1st.	N. Manago	CIT	2 min.	02.1 seconds
2nd.	B. Jayme	CIT	-	-
	S. Basanung	USC		(disqualified)
	Su Kwi Sing	CIT		(disqualified)
400 meters free style				
1st.	S. Basanung	USC	5 min.	10.8 seconds
2nd.	J. Lopez	CIT	6 "	02.2 "
3rd.	J. Zosa	CIT	6 "	16.2 "
4th.	L. Garcés	USC	6 "	17 "
350 meters relay free style				
1st.	Ramas Barriga Garcés Basanung	USC	4 min.	12 seconds
Secondary Division				
100 meters free style				
1st.	M. Colminares	USC	1 min.	11 seconds
2nd.	B. Oria	USC	1 "	24 "
200 meters breaststroke				
1st.	L. Abadia	USC	5 min.	47.5 seconds
2nd.	N. Yuson	USC	5 "	50 "
350 meters relay free style				
1st.	Oria Abadia Colminares Yuson	USC	4 min.	19.6 seconds

MEMORY...

(Continued from page 5)

heard the words in my mind, but they meant nothing. She had been alive and now she was dead. It was a fact and I accepted it without emotion. I felt neither sadness nor a lack of it. I had no way of knowing how I would feel in the future. I was a child and I knew neither future nor past, but the moment as I lived it, in the way of all children.

Now, years later, I am looking at a photograph of myself as a small child held in the arms of a tall, gaunt old woman. The woman is grandma. I look at the snapshot and I think of the cool, dark room and the faded China eyes as they looked at me. I try to find some sort of connection between the small squinting child in the picture and myself as I have become. I try to think of the moment I was living when the camera clicked. I look hard at the photo, telling myself it holds a moment of my life, a moment of eternity.

But it is no good. I hold only a piece of black and white paper, smooth and cold in my hand. It seems to me now that my life began, that I really began to know and feel things in that moment in grandma's arms. And I know now the name people give to the thing I felt then, and why I had to do something to forget. I can think of that day and remember it with a strange, luminous clarity. I know now that day was the first time in my life—I was lonely.

INDIGNANT

"I simply gotta divorce this woman," the disconsolate man explained to the court. "She insisted upon keeping a pet goat in our bedroom. The smell got so terrible I just couldn't stand it any longer."

The judge shook his head. "That sounds bad," he admitted, "but couldn't you open a window?"

"What?" cried the man. "And let all my pigeons out?"

"OBLIVION"

*The past is dead, my love,
The wound by time is healed;
Forgotten are my tears,
Revenge I long have sealed.*

*Then come and let's pretend
We never met before;
Don't weep for all the wrongs;
Remember them no more.*

*Let's dance to that old tune
That thrilled us years ago;
I'll whisper twice to you,
My dear, I love you so.*

By Leoncio P. Abaquez

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