

**T**HERE must have been one day, one sunset, my friend, when you stood alone and unmoving on a rock by the sea as waves leaped now and then splashed at your feet and frequent, roaring breezes swept past you, pressing your clothes tight against your body, wildly disheveling your hair and beating hard on your face so that you had to half-close your eyes.

You gazed at the horizon and sought to see farther... farther still... farther beyond. The horizon was empty and bare, but there was beauty and majesty in its golden mellow tint which came from the farewell rays of a dying sun. Then you were set to thinking and imagining, and what you imagined, you saw beyond the horizon — so vivid, so real, so life-like.

There was one day, one sunset, my friend, when I stood alone and unmoving on a rock by the sea, and I gazed at the horizon and beyond, and I saw visions.

A Baby Boy is born in a manger. Up in the sky, a star shines brightly, and in a pasture, flights of angels appear before a bewildered group of shepherds, who, even in their humble station, are chosen to offer the first adoration to the Holy Child.

In a distant place, three wise men begin their journey, the end of which they do not know but which they seek to reach by the guiding light of a lone star.

Rejoice, O sinful world! Sing praises to the Lord for today your

Savior is born, He Who will suffer and die on the cross, Who will shed His sacred blood so that it shall wash away the stains in your souls, so that you shall be worthy to share with Him the eternal happiness of heaven. He is born to die on the cross, so that in His death you shall find life — everlasting life.

The streets are bare — but for the Russian sentries walking within their posts to keep a whole nation cowed. Snow covers everything — leafless trees, bullet-ridden houses, shell-torn buildings and half-destroyed stone walls.

At this time, years ago, bells would have been pealing loud and long; people would have been out on the streets, wearing sweet smiles as they wished each other a merry Christmas; children would have been out playing, molding snowmen, throwing snowballs, skating on ice.

Now there is but gloom, bareness, silence.

The people are locking themselves in, saying silent prayers, and with tear-dimmed eyes, remembering in some hidden corners of the mind the past — full of life, joy and thanksgiving — a far, far cry from today when half their loved ones have been murdered or sent to slave camps, when all the things that made life worth living (freedom most of all) have been denied.

People of Hungary, today, this Christmas, you are silenced and oppressed. But this cannot be forever. Wait, pray and hope, for one day we shall free you from

your bondage, wipe the tears away from your eyes, and give you back the smiles on your lips.

A small, gray-haired woman of 80 clasps her trembling, shriveled hands together, closes her eyes tightly, bends her head and mumbles a prayer.

A moment later, she looks up and watches her children and grandchildren seated for dinner. On the lace of each of her grandchildren she sees a picture of some bygone days long unremembered, a past when these doctors, lawyers and engineers now before her were but little boys and girls. She sees a little child loudly crying in the early dawn, a little boy coming home with bruises from a fight, a small lad dressing up for his first communion, a little girl receiving her diploma, a young lass excited about her first dance, a young boy brooding over the departure of his first love, a hundred other pictures.

As she sees these, she keeps on saying ritually "God, grant me more Christmases with my children and grandchildren!"

Christmas is being celebrated in a mansion, and there is much laughter and dancing and an excess of food and drinks so that even the dogs are given meat and wine. The pandemonium makes one realize that Christmas is merely used as an excuse for a boisterous merry-making.

In a *barong-barong* within shouting distance from the mansion, a thin, emaciated, tubercular man lies on a badly-torn mat spread over an unswept floor where long-collected dust and mud have hardened. Beside him kneels his little son, a starved, dirty and horrible picture of the dregs of humanity.

The noise in the mansion is very audible in the *barong-barong* — each sound — a wave of mockery to the suffering father and child.

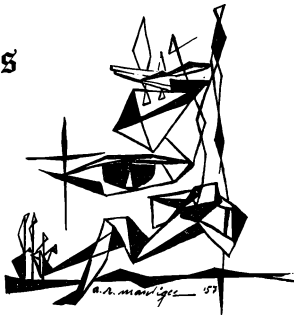
The occupants of the mansion have long known the plight of their neighbor. But they do not feel even the dint of pity. They have nothing to do with an ailing beggar, from whom they could expect nothing more than a word of thanks. It is more profitable to feed a dog, they believe.

As the noise continues to beat the eardrums of the man and the child, the former can only solilo-

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## Christmas Visions

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## CHRISTMAS VISIONS

(Continued from page 8)

quize: "Oh, God, how can man ever learn that he does not live by bread alone?"

There were a hundred other scenes I saw beyond the horizon, my friend, but I chose to convey to you only those Yuletide scenes in keeping with the season. It is my fervent hope that as you revel in your joys, you will give a little thought to those who are not so lucky as you are. Do something no matter how small — to help them. A silent prayer, a word of cheer, a piece of cloth, a plate of food, or anything... is enough to bring the spirit of Christmas to them.

## "THE WARRIORS"

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hands, in and out of the bucket area. A terrific cutter, a man assigned to bound him needs an asbestos suit to stop this "Colabato Kid". He is the co-captain of the team. 5. The "Golden Boy" who makes a dribble, a fake, then a switched cord in a second is Bobby Reynes. Bobby has a very unique style of playing; his ability to shoot last and under the very noses of his guards has earned him a place in the first five. An able leader and a peerless cutter, he has proven to others that height is not all might. He takes the rebound against taller opponents. These big five compose the invincibles of Coach Aquino.

One might remember that these five (plus Eddie Galdo who gave only a ten-second interception with fire, power and speed) were the bringers of the championship trophy last year. Still with us this year are: 1. Max Pizarra, the jump and sneak shot artist who helped many a Carolinian victory. He tops the team's shooting practice in average.

2. Diony Jakosalem another six-footer. His "hookies" are slow but sure. 3. Manolo Bas, a distributor, dependable guard, and hustler and a fighter, pound for pound. He is always steady in his clutches.

Sporting the green and gold jersey with the old reliables this year are: 1. A former Ateneo (Cagaan) skipper, Esmer "Spitfire" Abejo, with the speed of Genato, the hustle of Motoomul and the fighting spirit of the late Chole Gaston. His timely interceptions will long be remembered. 2. Ernesto "Kamikaze" Michael whose one hand long

## ANYTHING

# You Say...

The Editor  
Carolinian

Sir:

I was surprised to note that in the past issues of the Carolinian, the National Language section which formerly had been a permanent page no longer appeared. It is lamentable to note that while a foreign language such as Spanish has a page in every issue, our National Language is not given due importance.

Well, Mr. Editor, I am not a spokesman of the Teachers' College but I earnestly believe that it does not profit a Filipino to know everything about Cervantes if he is ignorant of Balagtas.

With the wave of Nationalism sweeping our country today, I think such omission is awfully unfortunate.

I humbly request, therefore, that the National Language be given back its due page in our university organ.

Very sincerely,

MANUEL VALENZUELA  
College of Law

## BY THE WAY...

(Continued from page 28)

shuffling of his men we reserve judgment. And mind, this is not only coming from me.

We were expecting a rather dismal showing of the team this year but contrary to expectations, every time USC plays we sit glued to our seats for the whole 40 minutes affair. That is a tribute to the fine spirit, tenacity and love for the game the Carolinians show.

The USC position in basketball is not felt only in Cebu. Most of the FEU boys I met consider USC a serious threat to their crown; also the UE Reds. For one thing, we have attained a position of constancy,—constant record of victories, crowns and producing the biggest names in local basketball. For every great athlete in this select field, a humble story teller always finds his way back to USC.

Christmas and rest come for some, worry and dodging bill collectors for the others and for particular people a day off from politics. But now as always, Christmas has been associated with some charitable organization who spends the biggest sum of money to get big named persons appear before them. Some group even sets up a goal say P15,000 for a drive and spends P25,000 trying to get P15,000. But that's far from our topic... Merry Christmas to you and best of the New Year to come. Keep your wine old and spirit young... cheers... §

ions and backboard recoveries can only be equalled, not surpassed. 3. Record-breaker Julian Macoy. This former high school skipper established a postwar record in basketball history by garnering 101 points in a play of 28 minutes in one game. Change of pace, perfect timing, unorthodox shots, and foul baiting tactics accounted for this record. 4. Cesar Frias, the kid from Iloilo who refused to be tamed. A steady sentinel, he is our quintet's answer to MIT's Carlos (Baseball pass) Mandilag. 5. Jose Mejia, an

excellent distributor, former captain of the Engineering team. 6. Cesar Mandili; a promising kid who in the long run will surely give us something to remember him by. 7. Dondon Modequillo, whose set shots are spendily accurate, and whose sneaks are more than timely. 8. And the "pinch hitter" Ben Reyes, an off and on warrior; a liability when off, and an asset when on. (Refer to the by-line — Ed.)

This bunch of hard-fighting, God-fearing dribblers compose our formidable quintet. §