

STORY

the most concrete portrayal of genuine sacrifice by the Student Actionists was their hollow-blocking-making activity. Sacrificing their classes, they buckled down and sweated hard in molding and shaping thousands of the much-needed hollow blocks. Each of these blocks, carrying the imprints of bruised young hands, gives shape to the Patria that you see today.

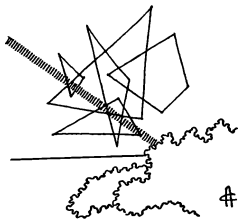
In this connection mention should be made of the Patria Committee, a special body composed of the top leaders of the Cebu SCA. Acting as the core of all student activities relating to the Patria, this committee served as the policy-making body of the organization and directed every deal which the body transacted in behalf of the project. It was the intelligence circle, the rudder, of the organization. Chaired by Mr. Bartolome de Castro, the Patria Committee had Francis Zosa, Johnny Mercado, Fe Mendoza, Felix Matuguina, Anastacio Fabiana, Jr., Lindy Morrell, and Jesus Solon as members.

Patria and the Community

It is hard to recount the innumerable benefits which the Patria has in store for the individual and for the community as a whole. Far from being merely a recreation center, it aspires to attain something big, something valuable for the community. To be sure, the Patria is an institution which radiates with ambitious plans for the man in the street. Although its ultimate aim is his spiritual uplift, it doesn't spare any effort towards the attainment of his material welfare, believing that "a certain modicum of material comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue."

These words of Mons. Julio Rosales strike the keynote to the real nature of the Patria as an institution:

"The Patria serves our people by providing recreational facilities, leadership training, intellectual and cultural development, social work and labor union services, Catholic publications, cooperatives for the poor, credit unions, and offices for Catholic organization." †



The Second Rainbow

Let me but explain
in adjectives and tears . . .
The feeling is a hurt
thing that chokes
and brings a sob
among the ruins of dreams,
and hopes and laughter.

Let me but behold the
color of red clouds
Because when the clouds
are red no more —

I shall look in the sand
for fragments of glass
and build me another rainbow.

VIOLETA P. DEJORAS