

HIGH SCHOOL ROLL OF HONOR

The Jose Rizal College administration, faculty, and Journal take great pleasure and pride in presenting the following High School students as the most deserving for the months of—

September-October
1946-1947

Students taking 5 or more subjects with no grade lower than 80%.

FIRST YEAR.

1. Calaguas, Virgilio	84-4/5%
2. Unson, Herman	88-4/5%
3. Kaalim, Roque	83-2/5%
4. Caña, Fernando	83-1/5%
5. Godoy, Atanasio	82-4/5%
6. Salvador, Leroy	81-3/5%

SECOND YEAR:

1. Rivera, Rosita	88 %
Vergara, Pablo	88 %
2. Morales, Jr., Pedro	86-4/5%
3. Cruz, Leonor	85-4/5%
4. Marquez, Francisco	84-4/5%
Reyes, Edgardo	84-4/5%
Mendoza, Herminia	84-4/5%
5. Domingo, Veronidia	84-3/5%
6. Cruz, Generoso	84-2/5%
7. Rivera, Lourdes	83-4/5%
8. Reyes, Damaris B.	83-3/5%
9. Gamba, Francisca	82-5/5%
10. Levricza, Rodolfo	82-1/5%
11. Laforteza, Jose	81-1/5%

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JRC Graduates Excel In Field Of Business

By Rodolfo Hizon Guanzon

Established in the summer of 1919, in response to a widespread demand for scientific preparation and training for business careers, the JRC has, since that time been supplying the world of business with EFFICIENT, PRACTICAL, LO Y A L, PROGRESSIVE, and VERSATILE businessmen to tackle the various economic problems.

That the JRC is accomplishing the useful purpose for which it was established, is evidenced by the eloquent testimonials of well-known business executives who have had close contact with our students and graduates even before the war.

Business executives of various big commercial firms in the Philippines have written the JRC to extend their profound appreciation on the magnificent showing of the graduates of the JRC in their

respective organizations.

Mr. Toribio Teodoro, Gen. Mgr. and Prop. of the famous Ang Tibay Shoes wrote in part: "My experience with your graduates is very pleasant. Mr. Vicente Sabalvaro, now Asst. Gen. Mgr. of this firm, has been of the greatest help to me. The training he received in the JRC has enabled him to acquaint himself immediately with the various aspects of the business of this firm and to offer me valuable suggestions on questions of policy and more particularly in connection with the recent expansion of this firm."

Hon. J. M. Elizalde of the Elizalde & Co., Inc. wrote in part: "I have no hesitancy in saying that I find, the JRC graduates in our employ, performing their work very satisfactorily, and up to expectation. No doubt they

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BENEFIT DANCE FOR PRC FUND DRIVE

The Collegiate Student's Club of the Jose Rizal College is giving a dance, November 28, 1946 (Thanksgiving Day) to be held at the Commerce Hall of the same building. There will be also an election of the "MUSE" for the College by popularity votes. The proceeds from this election will be turned over to the Philippine Red Cross Headquarters as voluntary contributions to that humanitarian organization whose services are for the national cause. Candidates are the following: Miss Rosie Maldonado, Miss Jovita Verdote, Miss Avelina de Cas-

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First Issue Enthusiastically Received

After weeks of waiting and asking the first issue of the JRC Journal appeared off the press packed with the news of the day. The first issue was heartily welcomed by the student body as was proven by their glowing enthusiasm to get a copy from the office.

To eliminate any discrepancies in the circulation of the Journal among the students, Mr. Hallil provided every student with a subscription card. The students crowded in the office while the distributor kept on punching the subscription cards with a rusty nail. The hustling and bustling was experienced by the students while others shedding great beads of perspiration reeled for their share and after all those frenzied moments the possession of a Journal twice each and everyone a swelling relief. The students had a great time reading every column in the Journal, so much so, that the Professors had to call their attention to the fact that class was going on in the classrooms.

However, all was not satisfied. (Continued on page 6)

PRELIMINARY EXAMS LOOM CADET SPREE

In cooperation with the Red Cross nation-wide fund drive, our College will unhesitatingly answer its call again, through the auspices of the J. R. C. Cadet Corps.

With the approval of Capt. Olivares, commandant, a Cadet Spree will be held on November 24 to raise the JRC contribution fund for the PRC. The super duper affair will be held at the Commerce Hall opening the highlights with a "Tea Dancant" from 5 to 11 o'clock in the evening. The "Tea Dancant" will climax with the presentation of the Corp Sponsors. The sponsors will be selected from the bevy of glamorous and captivating coeds of our College. The alluring music will be furnished by the famous Philippine Army Band and out any doubt the music will be to the hearts' content of everyone.

In this particular celebration, all cadets will be spic and span in their uniforms. Different committees were appointed by Lt. Esecuta to manage the colorful affair. This affair is expected to be something different, something that will add to the chain of memorables the JRC had in the by-gone days.

Well, we cannot conceive of any reason why any cadet or student can afford to miss the big opportunity that lies ahead to share with their brother and sister Rizalians

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Crucial Days Stated From 13 to 16

As announced by the Registrar our preliminary exams for the 2nd Quarter is scheduled to begin on Nov. 13. It is evident that the most unawaited days for the students are upon them to revolutionize their satiate minds once again. Reviews with the accompaniment of the undecidable recitations have been conducted by some Professors. Some of the students are beginning to cram, we refer to those "free and easy students" while those intelligent students are on their way to "burn their lids" reviewing their lessons.

According to the librarian, the library room needs more chair and tables to accommodate the students pouring in to review their lessons these days. Some of the students have resorted to standing or while 500 fortunate students who have chairs concentrate on what they are studying. Four days of fervent and assiduous trials are to be met by the student body to test what they have learned after half a quarter.

Already, many Professors have prepared their test questions which are to give the students a terrible headache. But statistics prove, the students are in perfect trim to face with a smile the inevitable event. The scholarship news has persuaded most of the students to study harder this Quarter to be

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SCHOLARSHIPS AT STAKE

A very wise and timely decision was taken by the school administration in a recent meeting in the granting of full and half scholarships to deserving students. A glaring bulletin was recently published announcing that full scholarships would be granted to those obtaining first honors among those taking up twelve and nine points respectively, and half scholarships to those obtaining second honors under the same classifications.

With these incentives a great improvement is being noted in the classrooms as students are fighting hard for the coveted honors and reward. More seriousness with respect to studies is discerned all around. This wise measure will do much to boost up the standard of the school to its pre-war status or even surpass it.



LITERARY



Fallen Stars

(Dedicated to the fallen heroes of JRC's ROTC, who fought in Bataan, by Albina L. Enriquez '46)

Fallen stars that shone with full delight,
Upon this land before the storm did break,
Where are you now we long to see your light
The land has need of you, 'tis bare and bleak.
You were the hope, the life of this sweet land,
Upon your light our joys increased untold,
But now the land is cold and dark the strand,
And gloomy forebodings cloud our weak mood.
But all's not lost uncertain though life be,
This land will yet be saved from swift decay;
Your brother stars with cheery rays we see,
In you clear sky where storm has passed away.
Lend them your light that they may shine in joy,
They, only live who best the light enjoy.

Unremembered Soldiers

By Gloria D. Cruz, Senior B

The night was dark and dreary
When the rain started to fall;
The first night that was stormy
That gave fear to one and all.

Amidst the thunder and lightning
Are the poor soldiers lifeless and dying,
Great were these men for their noble deeds
Unknown and unremembered like a wayside weed.

Gone were those days when they were together
Loving each other like sons and fathers,
Gone were those mountains where they used to roam
Hunting and exploring places which are unknown.

Now on the bare cold ground they lay breathless
Praying and whispering words that seem the sweetest,
To the Land of Paradise they will have to sail
In the boat of happiness where peace prevails.

The Beggar

The man was bent and tattered and gray
And worn with griefs of dreary years
But he roams the streets from morn till night
For begging and wandering are vital to his plight.

On his tired shoulders a knapsack is slung
For grains sometimes fares the merciful hands
A walking stick makes soft thuds on the road
His weight does it support and his heavy load.

Calls he at the rich and the poor alike
Oft' come the alms from proletarians
And after the day's toil howe'er hard it may be
Would he clasp his hands and murmur, "Father, I thank Thee."

Thus day by day, resolute, confident, goes on
The struggle to live and be a part of mankind
With God's unwearying love falls night for repose and peace
Then breaks the dawn with its promises of hopes for a day of bliss.

SOLEIDAD T. OCAMPO
Commerce '49

The Lie

By PURITA F. BOLOS

The sun had withdrawn and the evening breeze had started to move gently from the lowland towards the distant hills. The church bell rang. It was six o'clock. All around was gray, quiet and motionless.

Pepe had been by the window. His eyes followed the winding road that led from the house. He was anxiously watching for his father's familiar figure. In another room of the house his mother lay helpless in bed, her head and lids heavy with pain. Once in a while her faint voice came to Pepe, asking if his father was coming. And each time Pepe would gently tell her that she must sleep and not worry because his father would be coming very soon.

Pepe knew only too well the critical condition of his mother. He knew that the crisis would come before dawn. He knew also that the slightest agitation would spell death for her. For the first time he really felt thankful that they lived in such an isolated place. Now it had grown much darker. Pepe tiptoed to the door and looked out, straining his eyes. Still there was no sign of his father. He went down the few steps and sat on the lowest rung. He could not help feeling bitter as he thought of his father, the father who gambled and drank and brought nothing but misery to their little hut. Indeed he was the very cause of the suffering that Pepe's mother was going through. She had worried so much over their debts until she had fallen ill. Now, his father had gone to town to get a doctor. Pepe could not imagine what was keeping him there so long. Maybe the doctor was not home, maybe an accident—he hoped not. So many maybys filled his mind and before he knew it, he was crying.

Pepe stopped crying and started to rise as he saw a light approaching from the field. He could make out three vague figures. He went inside, took a lamp and walked towards the gate. At the gate he stopped. Yes, it was his father, but not alone. There were two other men with him. But they were not
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Democracy In The Philippines Today

Ed.'s Note.—This is a purely personal opinion and the Editor and school administration assume no responsibility for it.

Democracy has been defined as "that government by the people; a form of government in which the supreme power is retained by the people and exercised either directly or indirectly through a system of representation and delegated authority periodically renewed, as in a constitutional representative government, or a republic."

Millions of lives—lives of liberty-loving peoples all over the world—have been lost and sacrificed in the name and cause of democracy. The last global conflict was fought so that democracy would survive. Our heroes of Bataan and Corregidor—they all fought and died for democracy.

We have been lucky in the sense that we, as a nation, have become the seat of democracy in the Far East. That democracy which we now enjoy has been hard won. It is a priceless heritage steeped in the blood of our ancestors a legacy hallowed by the lives of those who, that we may enjoy its blessings, gave up their lives for it.

And our said heroes should not have died in vain, for we are not now come to the realization of the ideals they fought and died for!

We are now a free and in-

dependent nation. Yes, we are free—free from the shackles of foreign domination which have fettered us for centuries. At long last, our flag flies aloft—majestically alone and furling in the breeze which is now ours alone.

This sense of freedom—this escape from bondage, obtained at so great a sacrifice, should have made us overly jealous of its value. But are we? Or rather, are the people whom we have set in power, those whom we have, thru the democratic ballot, elected to act as the guardians of our new found liberty doing anything to uphold that for which our forebears, as aforesaid, have died and slaved for?

Let us look around us. Let us glance at our brief history as a free people. Let us put the administration at the crucible for a while and we will realize that these same people whom we have entrusted with the duty of preserving democracy here are the very ones who are slowly but surely stifling it and paving the way for communism and racialism to gain a firmer foothold in the Philippines.

Let us first examine our local problems. Let us go to our sorest problem—the Huk
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Be The Best Of Whatever You Are

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

We can't be all captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here;
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail
If you can't be sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail
But the best of whatever you are.

—Emma Reaño
Commerce, '49

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE...

By XYZ

Mr. Editor: Do you know:

That J. Fernando was once seen in the College store trying to convince a pretty waitress to pay for his cake because he had lost all his money in a shooting contest?

That Rosy Maldonado is having a hard time keeping the wolves at bay?

That Mrs. Tomas complains that her husband lectures against the Parity Bill even in his sleep?

That the News Editor submits but one news item per issue and thinks that's still too much?

That M. Perfecto comes to all his classes just five minutes before they are over?

That J. Quintos has fallen in love and is now just learning how to hold hands?

That our Registrar has a habit of climbing down the window of his room when he is fast asleep?

That Mr. Flores was once heard accusing Mr. Pelaez of sending a beautiful damsel to prison and we are still wondering the reason for his solituousness?

That Mr. J. Gross uses half a bottle of pomade every day to keep his hair in place?

That Jose Tambunting is in love but has found out that he has to make love first to his Juliet's grandmother in order to be able to cross the threshold of her house?

That a student absent in a class may be present in a movie?

Open Letters To The Editor

Dear Sir: We have indeed two excellent basketball teams but unfortunately there is not going to be an N.C.A.A. tournament, this does not mean that our school cannot participate in some of the many leagues being planned for the near future. We scarcely see any practices and not much is said in regard to sports. Why doesn't Coach Aday say something of his plans for the future of our teams activities if there are any? We sports fans are really anxious to hear something or to use something from that corner. We could have, for example, something like the dream game between Ateneo and San Beda. How about it.

Here is hoping we hear or read something along this line.

Yours for Sports,
A Sports fan JRC

Dear Sir:

It is indeed very regretful to mention, that at present, some students are becoming rather discourteous and thoughtless in their dealings with their superiors and fellow students. This awkward behaviors however, should be instantly checked while still in its early development by strict discipline.

Many students seem to come to school just for pleasure or a sort of a past time which is indeed very lamentable especially for those who send them to school to get a good education at such great sacrifices. This however, they completely ignore. They do not take advantage of the

knowledge the patient teachers try to impress on their young minds.

In the classrooms it is not an uncommon sight to see students coming in and out of their respective rooms during recitation period. This they do without permission from their tutors. Sometimes when a student, especially a girl, rises to answer a question or come to the board, it is very common for the boys to whistle. This whistling business however, which is now in vogue, when used by a person shows that he possesses a low moral character and in addition he is classified as inferior by his classmates. So boys let put a stop to all these ungentlemanly manners and replace them with refined ways. It is now high time for us to have reforms both moral and ordinary.

Remember we are now an independent people standing alone on our own feet, and as true Filipinos we are bound to improve our present generation to a higher level for the good of the succeeding generations. To reform morally is not a difficult task so let us all fully cooperate and make a good name for our school, as well as for our country.

Yours truly,
Rostia Rivera, HS

Preliminary . . .

(Continued from page 1)
one of the honored scholars. It has been predicted that a stiff competition will culminate this Quarter for the scholarships.

Democracy In . . .

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problem.

Time was when our little farmers were no more than veritable slaves. Uneducated, cowed into submission by the long years of economic enslavement, our poor peasant folk never, in the days gone by, ever even thought that they were part of that social institution of men where everyone had the same equal right to the four freedoms.

Now, however, they have awakened from their lethargic thoughts of long ago. But now that a social emancipation is in the making now that they have become conscious of their rights as human beings, what, we ask, has our government done and still is doing to them?

I am no communist. I do not advocate any government other than that which we, in accordance with our constitution, are supposed to have. I only want that government which is just and honest to the common man, one patterned in the tenets that make for democracy. But, if in the name of democracy, people can be butchered and slaughtered like pigs in the pen—if human beings like you and me, whose only fault, if fault it can be called, is their desire for social upliftment—should be hunted and shot for it—then I would have none of that democracy.

We have, in our democratic schools, been taught to fight to fight for our rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and, if need be, die for it. We have been made to believe that our right to it is inherent and inalienable. The Huks, so it seems, are doing nothing but fight for their said right to live, their right to liberty, their right to the pursuit of happiness. So why this mad orgy of killing on the part of our government?

But perhaps we, or our administration, have a better brand of democracy up its sleeve. It has advocated and has been trying to get Congressional approval of the parity bill giving Americans the same privileges as Filipinos in the development of our natural resources. What better proof of democracy can there be than this—when we try to give equal privileges not only to our people but also to peoples of other countries? Yes, this is truly democratic. But in trying to overdo ourselves we have forgotten that for us to survive as a nation, we have a right to self-preservation.

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HIGH SCHOOL ROLL OF HONOR

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THIRD YEAR:

1. Eugenio, Soledad	87-2/5%
2. Lorio, Ligaya	84-4/5%
3. Hernandez, Alejandra	84-3/5%
Lorio, Lolita	84-3/5%
4. Lopez, Angelina	83-4/5%
5. Villaruz, Felina	83-1/5%
6. Paner, Rosendo	82-4/5%

FOURTH YEAR:

1. Pineda, Proceso	86 %
2. Talusan, Rosario	85-4/5%
3. Rafols, Teodoro	85-3/5%
4. Fuster, Carmen	83-4/5%
5. Liguinas, Paz B.	83-1/5%
Lorio, Luminada	83-1/5%
Cruz, Gloria	83-1/5%
6. Pascua, Luminado	82-2/5%
7. Perono, Cleofas	82-1/5%
Margallo, Cleofe	82-1/5%

JRC Graduates . . .

(Continued from page 1)

are well prepared for the work that has been assigned to them."

Mr. M. de Cortabarte, manager of the Central Luzon Milling Co., Inc., commenting on the work of the JRC graduates in his employ has this to say: "I must really confess that I was somewhat skeptical about the practical value of the training in commerce, as being given by colleges, until I had contact, thru this firm, with a number of your graduates. This contact has convinced me that the training they have received in the JRC is theoretically sound and eminently practical."

Hon. Vicente Madrigal the head of the vast Madrigal enterprises wrote: "Your graduates in my employ are doing very satisfactory work, particularly Mr. Francisco Santiago, Comptroller of the company, whose suggestion and cooperative disposition have been very helpful to the management. As a general rule, they are quick in understanding the work assigned to them, which shows their grasp of business fundamentals and departmental relationship."

"In my opinion, the scheme of maintaining your interest in those who have studied in the JRC, is as praiseworthy as the academic preparation they had received."

Mr. A. Hoyle, Vice President of the Manila Gas Corporation, wrote: "I have invariably found your graduates versatile in their grasp of fundamentals of business that enable them to understand at once any problem, and to present clear and logical suggestions."

The President of the Phil. National Bank wrote: "I

Cadets Spree

(Continued from page 1)

the big moment to give a share for the PRC. We cannot deny the fact that the PRC has gone far enough since the liberation to feel proud of the services the organization has rendered especially in relief, nursing, safety and military warfare.

We might as well recall the day when our late Pres. Manuel L. Quezon looked forward to the day when he had wanted an organization separated from the American Red Cross; well, the day has come for the realization of his dream... A campaign has started to raise its financial needs to support its activities as an independent entity and our College is in, so it is our paramount duty to support her... We therefore call on the student body to act as a Rizalian family to give its share so that the PRC may reach its goal. Let us live up to the old tradition of our College—"cooperation for charity."

Tickets for the Cadets Spree are now available at the Department of Military Science and Tactics. "Hurry before it is too late to GIVE!"

know of no one in this institution who came from your college that has not in one form or another given proof of the good training received by him. To mention a few that in a comparatively short time have forged ahead and are now actually occupying very important key positions, we have Delfin Buenamano, Julio Maofia, Hector Palma, Jose Recto, Jose Carmona and Jose V. Abanilla. "The progress made by these men speaks well of the academic preparation and training received by them from the JRC."

SPORTS LEDGER

By Buck

A. (Stonewall) AVEDILLO a former Zamboanga star who is always there when needed. An N.C.A.A. player for two years he will again share his ability with his team. Although not a constant scorer he usually comes behind to pack the wallop that will decide the winning team.

L. (Rubberman) GAVIERES an old timer in this game will have his chance to fight for his new color. He can squeeze himself into a tight defense and surprise a shot from under the basket that will keep the crowd guessing.

JOE CABUSAO Twice N.C. A.A. selection and twice skipper of the Blue & Gold Bantams in the pre-war season is still around to give trouble. Steady, cool and very dependable, the Senior cohorts have got a scoring that is always deadly in any game.

Others that bear watching this year are the following: S. FABIO, B. MACEDA, L. GALLIANGAS, TAYLO, P. GUSTILLO AND THE ONE AND ONLY "BOY" SANTIAGO.

JUNIOR VARSITY...

With A. Adao, our former left-handed basketball star coaching from the bench, our Junior Varsity will easily go places for any dual meet that will take place this year. Leading our Junior cohorts is S. de la Rosa, our former N.C.A.A. Star guard who is still in condition to stop any ambitious forward. Under him are old timers who sacrifice playing in the Junior Division in order to keep up the strength of our Junior Varsity, such as G. Victoria chosen most valuable player in the N.C.A.A. in 1941 and at the same time first team forward in the mythical selection. Another fellow who will try to surpass his former records is F. Cabilan, a dead shot in any angle, any court and any range at that. We have one from

our Manila's finest, A. Buan, with a silent type of floor work and an accurate shot around the foul line we can go places. Here comes our tractor, W. Pambor Modesto, who can put any opponent to rest at the wrong time, and boy! keep the distance! The rest of our players are not new in this game of basketball such as J. usebio, A. Cruz, F. Ventosa, F. Ambrosio, A. Campas, J. Roxas, M. Santos, E. de la Rosa, E. Paraulan, T. del Rosario and E. Santiago are all back for the limelight.

HIGH SCHOOL TEAM FORMED

After a hard tryouts Coach R. Calvo has finally submitted his chosen team to represent our High School. Although the team is limited to twelve players, Coach Calvo chose the best men that are good not only in playing the game but as a future material for our Varsity that will be affected, by graduation. Those who were qualified are the following: Santos de la Rosa, Capt. Augusto del Rosario, Rodrigo Gamboa, Jesus Carangan, Jose Buenafloor, Cayetano Halili Jr., Florencio Ventosa, Jaime Roxas, Ramos, Areilla, and Valle.

The Lie

(Continued from page 2)

doctors. They were in uniform and he saw that his father was trembling, whether with fear or shame, Pepe could not tell. His father spoke first—told Pepe that these men were agents of the law and that he had been caught along with many others at a gambling den.

"Take good care of your mother, son," he managed to say as the two policemen dragged him away. Before Pepe could answer or protest, he was attracted by the sound of his mother's voice calling him.

"Yes," he told his mother in reply to the unspoken question in her eyes. "Father has been here, but... mother, he had to leave at once as he had found a job a good job so worthwhile for a man." Tears stung his eyes when he saw his mother close her eyes. A contented smile hovered about her lips. He knew that she was thinking happily.

"Now we can pay our debts," his mother replied. Tears filled again Pepe's eyes, for he knew that everything was a lie. With a happy face Pepe's mother closed her eyes, closed and forever closed for that was—death.

Benefit Dance For...

(Continued from page 1)

tro, Miss Luisa Pidoy and Miss Luz Asensi.

The following officers of the club are: managing the affair: Maximo R. Mejia, president; Benedicto dela Paz, vice-president; Miss Rosie Maldonado, vice-president; Miss Luminado Niandro, secretary; Miss Socorro Velasco, asst. secretary; Miss Jovita Verdote, treasurer; Miss Avelina de Castro, asst. treasurer; Rufugio Lim, bu-

siness manager; Benjamin Gregorio, auditor; E. Pagnirigan, press relation officer; Felipe Lamdaguan, peace and order officer. Mr. Chester Babst, adviser of the club.

The result of the counting of votes will be disclosed on November 28, 1946 and the winner will be proclaimed Miss Jose Rizal College and concurrently Miss Red Cross of the said institution of learning, for the year 1946.

SCHOOL DAYS ARE HAPPY DAYS...

KEEP A MEMOIR OF THESE DAYS WITH PICTURES TAKEN BY A MASTER PHOTOGRAPHER.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE JOSE RIZAL COLLEGE.

SEE US FOR EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC.

FOR YOUR EVERLASTING PICTURE COME AT THE



"HOME OF MODERN PORTRAITS"

464-466 DASMARIÑAS

MANILA

CADET SAD SACK

By Alejandro de la Rosa
Cadet Captain, JRC

Came along Cadet Sad Sack, his feet carrying him lously like Ichabod Crane going fishing, his pants and shirtsleeves rolled up like a "canto boy", and his over-seas cap slightly placed and very much tilted over his head.

He was indeed very late and the preliminary formation was through. The Cadets were already profusely sweating from marching, and the platoon leader was shouting, "By the right flank, March; By the left flank, March; Platoon, ..."

Cadet Sad sack, not realizing that his time had diminished and his demerits increased, paused to think for a definite strategical approach to his platoon formation without the platoon leader noticing him at all.

The whistle blew; it was Officer's call. Cadet Sad Sack eased at heart, realizing he was in luck. He had always been in "luck", that his name always appeared on the bulletin board on the list of Cadets late at formation and his demerits were weekly on the crescendo. The platoon leader commanded, "FALL OUT", and as soon as he walked off towards the Commandant, Cadet Sad Sack came to life, his feet carrying him faster than he expected toward his disassembled unit. Then he seated himself comfortably with them on the soft green grass under a tree. "As I say", he said to the cadet in front of him, "you're all too very 'mahilig'! Why throughout all this month I have never come on time and I've bet you all my pants and the 'goddamned' Cadet Looney will never notice me coming late," his cigarette smoke forming rings in the air.

Suddenly, "FALL IN!" bursted through the air like lightning throwing Cadet Sad Sack from his seat and making him leap surprisingly high from the ground. Cadet Sad Sack was third in the race toward the formation and, surely enough, his prayers were answered—the platoon leader did not notice the "newcomer".

"FREEZE, Y-O-U", the platoon leader thundered pointing towards Mister Sad Sack and at the same time approaching him, "What the... are you moving around for?" he continued. "But, Attention!" had not been given. "Sir," was the

immediate retort. "Oh-no, smart, wise guy, huh? And, by the way, where did I see you mug before?" and with dagger-sharp eyes, Sad Sack was scrutinized from head to foot. "A stranger it seems to me," the Cadet Looney sarcastically muttered to himself. This time Sad Sack realized he must resign to his fate.

"NAME?" the questioner roared, pulling out from his pocket a sheet of paper—the roll. The name was given, with some hesitation, and the questioner looked at the roll. "Well, Mister, now I see the reason why you were waiting for 'Attention' after the command 'Fall in' 'Sergeant," the leader called the platoon sergeant, "take these down for our good stranger." A long dictation followed: "Answering call in ranks 6 demerits; Moving the head after falling in, 1 demerit; late at formation, 1 demerit; Absent from roll call, one . . ."; And, looking down on the poor misfit, "ROLL THOSE PANTS DOWN", this same leader suddenly blurted, "who do you think you are, Oliver Hardy? Button those pockets, fix that cap, chin in, chest. . ." Cadet Sad Sack, more alive than ever, didn't even know where and how to begin fixing himself but finally he succeeded clumsily. The mental regior had temporarily ended; the platoon leader had left him to continue with the instructions for the group. There was a sign of relief presently, and from the corner of his mouth, Cadet Sad Sack muttered to himself, "My cunning failed me this time, but I'll show that guy I can outwit him again."

At eleven hundred thirty hours, Cadet Sad Sack wished he was already home. His mind was beginning to imagine things and his eyes were seeing roast beef, tenderloin steak and mashed potatoes. His stomach was so empty he felt as if tigers were clawing his small intestines.

Finally the bugle sounded "Recall". Cadet Sad Sack, his perspiration as big as grains of corn rolling down his face and glittering like pearls when the rays of the sun shone upon them on his temples. He had never been conscious of relief until he actually heard the bugle's

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ON BEATING CLASSES

On the whole, beating classes, which is the fondest favorite of many a college student, is both beneficial and disastrous.

Beneficial when you beat a class, for example, to attend a formal convocation in which a prominent citizen or political leader is a guest speaker. In which case, if you—know how, you could learn a lot of things which, technically, one professor could not give you in the space of one lecture hour. But this is not disparaging the professors, to be sure.

On the other hand, beating classes is disastrous the minute you spent your valuable class hours for chatting or drinking. Well had it been said before:

"Lost,
between sunrise
and sunset,
60 golden minutes,
no reward
is offered."

—FOR THEY ARE GONE
FOREVER"

But of course, each individual student has an opinion of his or her own. For us, we believe that in the latter category. We shall elucidate.

Time is for everything. There is time for recreation as much as there is time for study. When one is in the midst of his studies, he studies, he should be there—and there is no reason for getting out of it. Otherwise, he has no business in classes. Again, one who has devoted himself most in his studies is the same one and who will succeed far better than the student who takes time so easy. More often than not, a student who doesn't take his studies seriously finds himself always cramming before examination days and as is the immutable law of common sense, fails most of his subjects. On the other hand, one who devotes his time to his studies finds the examinations none too hard for him.

There is the ruling adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Right. But if this is taken too lightly and not in its proper intentions and perspective, will it be far-fetched to assume that the result is obvious?

Thus, we see in the theory and the thesis of this subject the only valid conclusion: It does not pay to beat our classes. Whatever the reasons are for the practicability of beating classes every now

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ENTRIES

by t. e. s.

Folks, folks whether you want to or not we have been doing some sleuthing around the campus. Going out to meet people, one finds out, is rather a pleasant job. People are such interesting copy.

OF PEOPLE

Swains have a sigh as a pretty maid passes by. There are hurried whispers around. The poor fellows would like to meet the lass. Luz Asensi, in case you do not know, is that cute blend of sweetness and intelligence.

We do not see much of a certain "Blue and White" boy at present. But we have it from someone that this former classmate in Accounting A is entitled to a "despedida de sotero". If intelligence reports are inaccurate, please contact G-2 Headquarters.

Edith Palma is so thin these days, she reminds us of a lady piping within the walls of a tower. Why the wamen, Edith? Ahemm... mmmm...

Solead T. Ocampo who belongs to the intelligentia class of the College is seldom seen without a newspaper. A crossword puzzle addict, she never misses an issue. Puzzles serve as intellectual distraction for tired minds.

In Virginia de Jesus we find the best exponent of Greek art—the upswart hick-do.

Eduvigis P. Santos, a very quiet and conscientious girl, holds a job at a downtown brokerage firm. The job, mind you, is one that is not to be scoffed at.

A sweet girl in whom one's heart warms up is Rosie Maldonado. She resembles an equally sweet girl we know.

Very engrossed in a game of tie-tac-toe during a lull in class were Paz Muñoz and Alicia Leveriza.

In Avelina Castro, our search for the ideal girl of to-day is culminated. Her glowing health as evidenced by her petal-smooth complexion and her winsome smile help make her a Radiant personality. My! isn't she charming.

Enough to make any bathing beauty contestant blush are ROTC Cadet Officer Eugene Unson's neat gams. Why? He took or takes his vitamins regularly.

Anytime, any place, any occasion, we are sure to receive a greeting from Jose "Pitoy" Fernando or else..

Better polish up your "Guten Tag".

One unknowing classmate mistook my pater for an elder brother. What to say? Can do.

There once was a time when Ador Dion "Perished" night in and night out at brother Romy's "Tale of San Pablo". Romy waxes poetic o'er the coco grove beside a picturesque lake. Who wouldn't, especially when the moon gracefully makes its appearance behind the Mt. Banahaw. A touching scene that would melt one's heart, huh? We'd like to hear him sing "Malinao, My Own" in an off-key tune.

OF PROFESSORS

For Prof. Modesto T. Flores, Moderator of the school paper, we have penned the sobriquet Modest Flowers. What flower can answer to that quality except the violet? The name, however, is very inconsistent with his profession. Who ever heard of an aggressive violet? It is an expression that is in total violation of the language of flowers.

Because of his difficulty with his glasses, Prof. Trinidad Torres gives the air of a very preoccupied sage of old. (El es muy culto). His curly hair adds to the effect. He, being Utopian in tendency, we are in accord with his beliefs. We, too, would like to live in a world devoid of strife and greed. After meeting stimulating people like him, one goes away with a new lease on life. The names of both Moderators rhyme, or haven't you noticed?

Prof. Emilia Warren's knack for remembering names is invaluable. People are flattered when their names are remembered. But woe to the student who knows not his lesson. With unerring sureness he is called on to recite. Learning a language other than one's own goes a long way in fostering good-will among nations.

The similarity is so striking one can't help hearing the students exclaim that our national hero, Jose Rizal, is come to life once more in the person of law professor Juan Balonkita. It is not everyday one meets one's double.

FASHION SCOOP

Bedroom slippers has overstepped its bounds. It has invaded the classroom scene. We could hardly be

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JOSE RIZAL COLLEGE JOURNAL STAFF

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EDITORIAL

WE AND THE JOURNAL

The first issue of the J. R. C. Journal came out two weeks ago and the enthusiasm with which it was received by the student body as a whole surpassed our most optimistic anticipations. We could not help feeling moved with pride to see the students flocking in, eagerly yelling for their copies. But the enthusiasm was not limited to securing a copy. In the classrooms Professors, so they themselves complain, had a real hard time calling the students to attention. Reading the Journal seemed the order of the day; no recitation or lecture was more interesting than the paper. Students went so far as to risk reprimands just to digest the contents of that four-page chronicle. Yes, fellow students, we thank you for your obvious, though silent approval; we only wish to say, "Keep it up."

The interest was undoubtedly great—too great for the limited contents of a four-page paper. With the enthusiasm shown, we feel bound to increase the number of pages in the future. But unfortunately we cannot do this without your help. You have shown great interest reading the Journal—do not be content with that. Show us some interest in improving the paper. After all this is your paper. It will be as good as you can make it. We must make our Journal one we shall be able to boast and be proud of.

How about it Pedro or Juan or Maria Clara or whoever you are who is reading this? Let's get on the ball! fellows and make our school proud of us. You surely have some idea or problem which now-a-days inundate the world. You may wish to have some reforms to made or some criticisms to give. Let us have them and by it let us make our College organ a real part of ourselves.

To those who have been generously helping us so far we wish to say "thank you very much"; to the rest we say "let us have your kind cooperation and help us make the J. R. C. Journal not good or better, but best. Our predecessors did a good job of it but unfortunately the war has crushed their progress. We have been chosen to revive that flickering torch and we must not—we cannot fail.

First Issue . . .

(Continued from page 1)

faction as it seemed. A slip of the tongue reached our ears in verbatim, "The Journal is not worth the peso we gave etc.". We dare say the fellow was right or wrong only we wish to say, "judge not the first issue of the paper for only time will prove its worth. . . ." Thus

being the case we oblige the student body to send in their wishes or what really throbs within them, care of the Editorial Staff. We shall appreciate any criticisms because by them we shall be able to improve the Journal to your advantage and pleasure. . . .

Cadet Sad Sack

(Continued from page 5)

notes which to him came from heaven—brought down to earth by his guardian angel.

The Cadet Lieutenant shouted "DISMISSED". Everybody in the ranks faced about and, as if magnetized by a certain force, started running towards the waiting buses. But Cadet Sad Sack, his mind still feasting on Aladin's magic mess table and his feet so weary and tired could no longer run. He dragged his burning feet towards the nearest bus.

Cadet Sad Sack went to school the next day, boasting he would try again putting one over his officer. "I tell you," he said to someone, "If ever I'll be caught late again, it will be the time when I'm no longer breathing—its just a matter of wits, you know".

"O yeah!" the sound cracked as if it had pierced Sad Sack's ribs, "Come here wise guy and get a load of your inseparable "huek"! It's a matter of wits huh? And after the "saponification" you've got yesterday? There's always an end to everything, my boy, even to your so-called wits; And mind you, try your miserable wits over again and you'll find your "BSC" diploma stuck up irretrievably in the mud of demerits at the close of the year.

Cadet Sad Sack was never so disillusioned in all his life and really wished he had never been born to live in this infernal world when, peering at the bulletin board, he saw again in big capital letters his name with additional demerits plus a very unpleasant comment by the Commandant.

On Beating Classes

(Continued from page 5)

and then, I wish to reiterate the implications of the aforementioned quotes, thusly:

between sunrise and sunset, 60 golden minutes, no reward is offered,

—FOR THEY ARE GONE FOREVER!

Democracy In . . .

(Continued from page 3)

A few American capitalists, business tycoons, see in the Philippines a rich field ripe for exploitation. Gen. Burt and his cohorts have begun their "infilthy-ration". More like him, business vultures in their own right, will follow. One cannot but shudder when he thinks of the outcome for dear old Philippines if they should remain unchecked. But what has the government done about it? Nothing but abet it, so far.

It may be argued that the set-up will only be temporary. But we must bear in mind that our resources are not inexhaustible. It will not take long to drain us of it and afterwards what—the deluge?

The man at the helm of our ship of state is a great man. His youth and stamina should sustain him in the fight for freedom for the

Philippines—both politically and economically. But up to now he has been a disappointment to his people.

May he wake up in time, may he arise, not too late, to save us from destruction. May he not mortgage our future and the future of our children and our children's children to our culture-like American visitors. May he not leave them a patrimony of obligations from which they could not rise. May he make our government one established for the benefit of our people and not for a few selfish individuals who think of nothing but their own individual interests. May our people ever be free to enjoy the blessings of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. For then and only then can democracy, which we are supposed to have, thrive in the Philippines.

—S.-J. O.

Entries

(Continued from page 5)

lieve our eyes when we saw one the other day.

IN THE FIELD OF ATHLETICS

A popular and favorite game of the present day is basketball. It is so, perhaps, because of its countless enthusiastic fans. And by fans we do not mean "abamies". No sir. When the fairer sex is seen cheering from the side-lines, well, the boys are inspired as never before.

It has been rumored but not confirmed, that J.R.C. hoopers may play against another school sometime soon at the Rizal Stadium. Take out the college yells and cheers and polish them to perfection. It's a date then, if and when.

Chitong "Alkabok" Garvies plays the role of Superman in the court, not that he wants to but because he can not do otherwise. He covers up distance in less time than it takes a mortal to see.

One can never be sure of people. Jose Cabasao surprised us with his scholastic standing. It only goes to show that basket-ball players can be intellectuals too. "Guinestan" can be seen

during practice sporting a gym bag fashioned out of a discarded basketball complete with talon fastener. That's ingenuity for you.

HIGH NOSES

It is a sad thing the students do not appreciate the unique sense of humor of Mr. Federico Tuason. As it is, he has his hands quite full with two naughty girls in his class in Social Life. How appreciative they are of your sense of humor can only be gauged by their convulsive laughter. Girls, girls don't ever let him catch you sketching. The sketch might make the Art Gallery. If so, fame and recognition is thine.

Mamel Rubio, defender of the Wikang Pambansa wushs his students with his teaching technique. Proof: The students speak with proficiency the language of Baglatas.

The beauteous Filipina with the patience of Job is Miss Gaerlan.

By the way, folks, do you not feel the chilly winds from the North which means that Christmas is just around the corner? Hmm-mm Christmas! Be with you again in the Christmas issue.

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