

CLEANLINESS
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TO
GODLINESS

JOSE RIZAL COLLEGE JOURNAL

PICK UP
ALL WASTES
DON'T
THROW DOWN

VOL. 1—NO. 4

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE JRC STUDENT BODY

DECEMBER, 1946

CADETS GO ON SPREE **News Roundup** **Alumni Ex-President**

Sponsors Formally Inducted

In what might be termed as one of the grandest affairs held in the city of Manila during the past fortnight, the Jose Rizal College ROTC Unit formally inducted its sponsors to honorary positions in its ranks. The affair was highlighted by a tea d'anzant from 5 to 11 p.m. which surpassed the expectations of the organizers with respect to the resulting animation. Much of the success of the celebration was due to the hearty cooperation of the school administration. Lauriano Carifio's Philippine army band rendered the music for the night. Prominent among the numerous guests present, were Capt. Pablo Fernandez, Adjutant to the ROTC Staff;

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A Sponsor Sounds Call

The Corps of Sponsors, which according to previous records existed in this college was reorganized recently. Its reorganization was prompted by the desire of the JRC ROTC Unit to maintain and elevate the prestige of the Jose Rizal College. It has the end in view of enhancing the morale of the Cadet Corps and also of maintaining the cadets' gentlemanly behaviour with the influence given by the young

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ALUMNI PERSONALITIES

By "C. G. B."

Alumnus Eduarado Cojuangco of the wealthy Cojuangcos of Tarlac is reported to be very busy these days with his lumber outfit—the International Veneer and Hardwood Company, which he acquired from H.C. Heald of Baguio sometime late last year for a reported sum of half-a million pesos. J.R.C. boys are reported very active in the organiza-

Internal Revenue Men From Club

An exclusive and elusive organization was recently formed by the JRC students who are at present connected with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The organization is called, "The Rangers Club", according to them the name has no bearing on anything whatsoever. There are fifteen members and the following are the officers: Clemente C. Batan, president; Gaspar L. Angeles, vice-president; Emilia Berzabal, secretary and Jose G. Infante, treasurer. The main purpose of the Rangers Club is to promote

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Preliminary Exams Over

The crucial days for the student body of the JRC have just passed. After three days of heart beating moments and brain twisting exams the students are now in a more refreshing mood. Unexpectedly, the first day of the exams was rudely interrupted due to light shortage. Candles were at once distributed to all the classrooms but to no avail. Some classrooms, however, managed to continue their exams under the flickering candles while some of the Professors

(Continued on page 2)

Final Exams Drawing Closer

It is just a question of days now. The fate of many a student will be decided on Nov. 17-20. The crucial moment will again be undergone by each and everyone, and the student wonders if the cool breeze of a December zephyr can give relief on those terrible nights. Somehow, anyway the students are confident to pull through in the Finals, otherwise they will have to spend Christmas in a disappointed mood.

Prof. Vellia—Star Agent

Time and again the genial Prof. Vellia has proven that his salesmanship psychology is something inborn in him. Prove it was given when last Nov. 22 he began trying to "soak" the students for the coming party of the Collegiate Students' Club. Prof. Vellia's spontaneous utterances and instinctive propaganda caught the unfortunate students unaware who began buying tickets without even knowing what was happening.

Freshmen's Accounting Club To Reunite Again

In a recent meeting among the officers of the Freshmen's Accounting Club, a reunion was planned to be held on Christmas at the Villasantiego, which is the palatial abode of Prof. Santiago. In the meantime, F. Santiago, Jr., president and M. Ronas, vice president are still canvassing the members'

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Alumni Convocation

Next on the program of the Jose Rizal College Alumni Association will be the convocation to be held in which Presiding Judge Jose Maria Paredes of the Court of Industrial Relations will be the speaker. The date and place shall be announced later. It is the intention of the Directors to hold it in the Commerce Hall so as to permit the student body to benefit by Judge Paredes' talk.

Alumni Ex-President Heads Surplus Commission

High School Student Conference

Under the auspices of the Student Work Committee of the Central Branch, YMCA, The National High School Students' conference for 1946 is slated for December 26-31. This is the first student confab of its kind since the outbreak of the war. Directing the affair are principals of the various High Schools in the city.

All delegates will be housed in the student dormitory of the YMCA located within the YMCA compound.

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Alumna To Give Recital

Miss Norma E. Enriquez, daughter of Mr. Monitor Enriquez the treasurer of the school better known for his College Store fame, will give a piano forte recital at the University of Sto. Tomas Gymn on December 6. Miss Enriquez is an alumna of this school having finished her high school in the year 1938. After her graduation she took piano forte classes in the University of the Philippines where she has recently graduated. All JRC students and alumni are cordially invited.

HS Take Exams

The I.L.S. Semestral Examinations, which heralded the end of the first Semester of the school-year 1946-1947, were given last November 20, 21 and 22. More than a week before the examination, the office announced the schedule of the tests, which gave the students enough time to review. During the examination, strictness was observed by the teachers giving the examinations.

P300,000,000 Involved

The JRC Alumni Ex-President, Manila financier and mining executive, Mr. Placido Mapa was appointed by President Manuel Roxas in an executive order last Nov. 18, as chairman of the newly created Surplus Property Commission. The commission will take charge of the administration and sale of surplus equipment and supplies acquired by the Philippines from the United States Foreign Liquidation Commission. Our illustrious alumnus, Mr. Mapa is the head, with Mr. Gabriel Hernandez and Arsenio Luz as members of the commission.

To coordinate the work with the central commission

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Correction To Irresponsible Report

Inaccuracy and irresponsibility of the parties reporting must have been responsible for twisting the facts about the Bank Employees' Association which has been holding its meetings in the College. These gatherings were not secret. Many outsiders sat in to hear the discussions which were mainly on organization details and the lofty objectives of the association.

Far from planning subver-

(Continued on page 8)

Seniors Hold Debate

With "The trials of our Political Collaborators should or should not be continued" as the issue, the Senior 'B' students held a debate during their History period. Proceso Pineda and Florencio Ventosa spoke for the 'affirmative' side while Pedro Padilla and Artemio Asia defended the 'negative'.

Each speaker gave points stressing the importance of his side. After the debate,

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L I T E R A R Y



To A Lost One

By MONICO PERFECTO

The years have come and passed into eternity. The years shall come and come again, but they shall always fleet by me, and they shall leave unhappy echoes that whisper all the things that might have been, but now shall never gain the substance of reality, since you have gone away. And like the leaves that fall and wither till they crumble into dust, you shall never come back again. And only wind and music faint and sad-voiced memory shall ever sing of all the beauty and the glory that have fled.

They say the dead come back to life again; and I have gone into the deadful silence of the night, and searching speechlessly have hoped that somehow, somewhere, I might find you standing underneath the blazing canopy of stars, tangible, unchanged. But you have never risen from the coldness of the grave; and you have never left the chill enclosure that enwrounds you like a mummy'sroud that keeps you from the world of life and love and laughter that you used to cherish in your heart; for you have gone and never shall come back again.

The mournful spirits pluck the strings of memory's lyre, and in the phantom-pregnant darkness of the night, the wistful dirge of care-free youth rises up to haunt till the tears and laughter come, and leave me with a grief that enfeebles me to the cross of recollection. Ah, those happy days, when the magic and the gold of youthful love encompassed us within a happy world of our making, when youth to us was like a bubbling brook that had no end, when love for us was like a rose that had no thorn, and days and nights were woven with the magic fabric of our dreams.

I used to doubt the wisdom and justice of the God that

cut your mortal life to shreds. I used to wonder why that God should have the right to tear you from the joyous roots of life that you had tried to sink so deep and how He could have chosen you to listen to the symphony of death and darkness and oblivion that shall never end. Why, O God! (I asked) did You not take me in her stead, so that she, not I, would have to bathe, with bitter tears that know no respite, the thorny roses on a grave? O Lord forgive me and the bitterness that wells in me. I realize that life is death and Death is life forever more!

You were summoned to the land beyond, before our youthful dreams could be compounded into reality. You crossed the Great Divide and left me gazing after you, alone and helpless and afraid to go through life alone; you took away with you the essence of divinity with which I came a god into this earth; you left me here a god with feet that overnight had turned to clay; a god who feels a pain that aches but will not kill. An aching heart will never heal—the only balsam that will ease this cruel pain is Death. But why is it that Death must do his reaping far away?

Sleep well, my dear, in the eternal twilight that mourns and hides you from the light of garish day. Slumber peaceful, in the quiet of your solitary tomb that holds the limits of my world within its cooped confines. The darkness that engulfs my soul shall die and wither into nothingness someday. The sear imprinted on my soul shall gloss and fade, when heavy days and dreamless nights shall blend into a glory which never shall be tainted by the shades of dusk.

This life is death, but death is life forever more!!!

Mother

There can be no sweeter word, we feel more safe and more easily uttered in anyone's tongue than mentioning the word mother. What a sweet-sounding word this is to me. If only I can be a poet or a veritable writer to put into words what's within this word mother.

Oh, yes its rather too melodious to utter always the word mother. My mother, somebody's mother, everybody's mother doesn't mean any difference. Yet it's a regret to naught that most of us don't realize what our mother's sacrifices are. Wonder if there could be such senseless individuals who think bad of their own mother. I hope there won't be one of us now in our post-war era to think evil of our own mother. Of course, how unfortunate are those who have lost their own mother, with nobody to take the place of the very tender touch they used to feel. What a wonderful woman my mother is, what a beautiful mother I've got, or how lucky I am to have a kind and industrious mother. All these and a hundred more phrases being heard and exclaimed by most of us while talking about each of our own mothers. Well, I can say by myself I'm lucky to have a beautiful, loving mother, though I don't mean the physical sense of describing her. However, even just the mere thoughts of making her happy, every good little act I'm doing for her, still—I can't repay her.

If only all of us know how to realize the bitter sacrifices she has done for us from childhood to adolescence. Of course a child owes nothing at all to his parents; being a mother, she knows she has lots of responsibilities to fit him for the world. Just think of numerous successful men, with their mother's inexplicable joy to their success. On the contrary how difficult it is to fathom a mother's grief when her son dies or is even sick. It's not easy to watch one's child from a babe to a man then in a sudden lose him. There were some mothers whose griefs never subsided because their son perished in the battlefield. Perhaps, if they could have been side by side with: their

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TO MY MOTHER—IRENE

By ILLUMINADA NICANDRO

I— seems only but yesterday,

*When in the cradle of your breast;
In tears of joy I went to play,
Seeking the glory there to rest.*

*R— calling those moments so sweet,
That life did give to you and me.
Why should I not be glad to meet
You every day, your eyes to see!*

*E— ver your child happy am I,
There is no cause for me to sigh,
Nor shall I know sorrow with you
Whose tenderness so pure and true!*

*N— ever for fame, power and gold
Should I forsake the love you told;
For Mother's love is my real charya
Making my heart ever so warm!*

*E— ver your child am I to be,
Whatever be my destiny;
All these strivings I make
Are because of you, oh you!*

MY MOTHER DEAR!

BITTER MEMORIES

By CARMEN FURTER

*Sitting by my old man's grave
Keeping vigil while he sleeps
Tears streaming down slowly
Murmuring a prayer softly.*

*Here amidst the dead I sat
Thoughts of the past engulfed me
How he used to sing for his little one
Songs filled with love which he had me won.*

*Early riser he always was
Even before the sun had risen
Of to mass he dressed quickly
Followed by the little maiden softly.*

*He was a jolly fellow as one can see
Always singing when alone
Never saw him falter, tears in his eyes
Merriment within him always lies.*

*Life was always filled with sunshine
If near my father was I
Never thinking that in the morrow
Sadness would pierce my heart as an arrow.*

The Moment I First Sighted You

The poem that into my heart flew,

The moment I first sighted you...

Was of a magical moonlight,

No mortal hand dared dream to write.

And the music my soul danced to,

The moment I first sighted you...

Was sweeter than those Beethovens,

Still unplayed by harps of heavens.

No wonder I'm bluer than blue,

Treasuring that first sight of you.

Oh, to hold back that afternoon,

Will turn dark moonless night to noon!

That same poem is still in my heart,

Same music, my soul, dare not part;

Poem and music vowed to be true,

The moment I first sighted you!

Preliminary . . .

(Continued from page 1)

postponed their exams.

Mr. Halli, our kind hearted Registrar went around the classrooms to persuade the students to wait for a further announcement from their Professors about the fate of their exams. Some of

the Professors dismissed their classes earlier.

So far, according to some reports from the authorities concerned, the preliminary exams have been very successful as far as the students are directly concerned.

Cadet Sad Sack

(Continued from page 2)

tesy, stressing his topic principally on the proper wearing of the uniform and the correct hand salute. "The Superintendent had issued a Memo to this effect," he implied, "and anybody among you who will be caught wearing the uniform not in conformity with rules and regulations, or who, while wearing the uniform foregoes the required hand salute to persons entitled to it, will be dealt with accordingly. Any questions?"

Cadet Sad Sack raised his hand. "Sir," he began with a high pitch as soon as he was given the floor, "is it appropriate to salute an Officer coming to your house?" "Of course," said the instructor in all seriousness,

"at any rate, let us adhere to the saying, 'In case of a doubt, salute.'" "How about kissing his hands, Sir?" retorted Sad Sack. "Why you 'damned fool,' answered the instructor, "there is no such thing as kissing the hands for saluting in the Army." "I know it, Sir," said Sad Sack, "but the Officer I'm referring to is my FATHER."

"Sit down. Sad Sack," roared the instructor. "You are a wise guy and for your excellent wisdom I hereby award you three demerits for disturbing the class, one demerit for leaving those swampy shirt-pockets of your unbuttoned and I DON'T WANT TO SEE THOSE UGLY RIBS OF YOURS AGAIN."

Cadet Sad Sack sat down in utmost confusion for his unweary wits and muttered to himself, "I should have kept my trap shut in the first place. But, that's alright, I have driven my point home anyway."

The next day Cadet Sad Sack's name topped them all again, of course, in the order of demerits.

Mother . . .

(Continued from page 2)

sons in battle, they could have wished or sacrificed herself for the life of his beloved son. At times her extreme love to her children makes them think and do otherwise. She simply doesn't want her children to give her a chance just because they might meet accidents, humiliations, heartaches or something—somehow, she's keen and quick for adjustments when her child doesn't feel well or is in a foul mood.

Well, what can we do for our mother's happiness. I suppose we ought to show to her that the sacrifices she had for us were not just mere in vain but something worthwhile for her to be proud of, to be as her dream come true, as a successful men and women. Hope there'll be none of us to think of her as a burden—a thing we want to get rid of when she'll be too old, but a cherish, to whom we owe what we are now. Dear Friends isn't she—"The hand that rocks the cradle, rocks the world?"

Josefina Quijano
IV-A

Bull's Eye . . .

(Continued from page 6)

clared war is still going on with Mr. Tuazon and his Economics students, especially Senior 'D', since the beginning of the school-year. The 'Quemi Company' have changed their tactics from coming late to attending the 'roll call' and then vanishing from the class. But Mr. Tuazon is very sensitive. As a counter-attack he shifted from his "Is the College store thoroughly cleaned?" to "I'll see to it that you're suspended" strategy. I guess there will be a decisive battle. Who knows. Only the 'Commander-in-chief', Mr. Halli, knows.

Now, here comes our 'Chis-moso'. What's the news? Hm—m-m. The name of the Seniors' organization will be changed to "Balas-Tabas". How come?—What? The Seniors' affair had been postponed due to lack of contribution from its members.—I see.—Don't you worry it will be "sa atin dalava lamang"—You, yourself haven't given your contribution!—Why, you, you—
Tsk—tsk—tsk! What a leg! Daddy's long leg? No! It's Tarela's. I'll bet with any—

For Seniors' sake, give me air. There, there, what a relief. Well, Cabrera should have out-pointed Leo del Rosario during their first game. His choice for the Seniors' sponsors was denied the honor and this caused him e—r-r. What? Uninspired. Yes, that's it, uninspired. "Muy bien, gracias." E—e—e have we met before?—Carmen Fuster???—Oh, yes. I'm sorry, I am so forgetful. Yes, you're the girl who was reading an "English and American Writers" and at the same time looking at the game during the Intramural.—Please—! Put that "bakia" down. I don't mean to offend you—I don't mean that one of your eyes was fuscated, at the book and the other at the game. Of course, not! Anyway, there's nothing wrong with it—there's nothing wrong with committing to memory some passages with the tune of the croaking of the ep—e—ep. I mean, loud yells around you, either.

My, my. What a world to live in. Where is Peace! The war was over and an unde-

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News Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

reactions towards the reunion. So far, according to the President, most of the members are in favor of the scheme. Another meeting maybe called by Prof. Santiago, the adviser to discuss fully the plans for the affair sometime before the final exams.

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EDITORIAL

GIVE THEM A FAIR DEAL

The war has been over for more than a year now, yet in all the corners of the world there still exists unrest and bloodshed. We do not have to go very far. Here in this usually peaceful land of ours there has never been more unrest and killing, during a period of international peace, than now. Why, do we ask ourselves is our situation so precarious?

Let us go back a few years before the war. The laborers in big haciendas were kept in abject poverty. They have always been kept by the landlords in debt so that they, the landlords, could dictate their will on them. In short, the laborers were slaves of the landlords and that state of debt and slavery passed down from father to son from generation to generation. Cases of beatings and cruelties were perpetrated by the rich, yet nobody did anything to correct this outrage.

The war broke out suddenly and this laborer, this slave, this martyr of injustice was the first to take up arms in defence of that liberty which he had always been deprived of. He did not yield for more than three years and after the liberation he sought for those rights he had fought for at such great sacrifice. Yes, he asked for a fair deal; he asked for the land that was rightfully his. He asked, he appealed, he remonstrated but to no avail. Dear ears were turned to all his pleadings. Can we blame him now, if blinded by passion at such an outrageous injustice he took up those arms he had used against the foreign invader, to use them against this eternal enemy of his the landlord?

But now that he fights for his rights he is being hunted, massacred, unjustly persecuted like an outlaw. We admit that he has become a little unreasonable but that is the fault of our authorities who permitted all the outrages heaped upon him, and who went as far, sometimes, as to help the rich subdue the poor. There is no remedy for this situation but justice. This sore spot of our nation cannot and it will not be healed by violence. It can only be cured by according justice, by giving to the laborer that land that is rightfully his by heritage and labor. Give it to him because all he asks is for a fair deal.

Timpalak Bigkasan (Karagang ng nasa pah. e)

- 7. Juana Hernandez
8. Della Marcelos
9. Ramon Prospero
10. Pedro Padilla
11. Liberata Pablonia
12. Baltazar Tercias
13. Angelina Ruiz
14. Pedro Bataclan
15. Benjamin de la Paz
Ang lupong pamunam ng Kudyang na siyang punong abala ng paghahandang ito

Alumni (Continued from page 1) in the City Hall, the different army bases in the Islands where surplus properties are located will be provided with similar organizations. An agreement signed by the representatives of the two countries last September 11 affected approximately P300,000,000 worth of U. S. Army and Navy surplus materials in the Philippines.

So far, the Philippine government has received surplus from the entire army base in Cebu; two depots in La Union and about P17,000,000 worth of railroad rolling stock, medical equipment and supplies, vehicles and public works equipment. Other valuable materials are now ready at hand for procurement as was released by the FLC among which are some depots in Batangas and Leyte known as the largest bases of the U. S. here.

Entries (Continued from page 1) have done their bit. They flocked to Mandalayon and distributed cookies and apples among the disabled veterans. Is that not doing something for them?!

One can see the humor of Mr. Medina. He too feels compassion for the unwashed and for the unfortunate victims of this war. We all were victims of the war. Weren't you a victim of the Fort?

News Editor Mariano S. Ronas, an authority on saints, kept ejaculating Holy Cow. We wonder to what order of saints it belongs. We know not where it came but it really must be holy. Holy Cow!

We missed the members of the High School staff. Ditto for Advertising Manager Recaredo Calvo, quite a name into himself unquote.

We found Mr. So a very entertaining host and a good conversationalist. All too soon the afternoon wore away until we remembered we had to be at the school. We left the place so many pounds heavier.

Bull's Eye (Continued from page 7) body that Marlene Dietrich's leg will not fair well with that one—Of course, without that loss on. How about it Thelma! Display your leg just for once. Come on, give me a break to win this time, will you?

ouse me Folks. Here comes our News Editor—Yes—Yes, Mr. Editor, I'll do it immediately. Sorry I have to leave you. He wants me to write about the—Hey, wait—who's the News Editor anyway, am I?

Correction to (Continued from page 1) sive activities such as strikes for their selfish motives the members have organized this association for a better mutual understanding between the employees themselves. The association was organized because of the desire of bank employees to have a means wherein to express their views and ideas among themselves. Their idea is that should there be anything in banks or banking practice that they think could stand some reform for the betterment of all concerned, they would discuss it first among themselves through the association and then they would make the proper approach to the bank executives. The approach would not be in any way belligerent but would be in the spirit of constructive reform. Prominent men of business and finance are scheduled to give the members valuable pointers in their respective lines.

Cadets Go On (Continued from page 1) Capt. Cesar Rodriguez, Signal Corp ROTC Staff; Capt. Eduardo Sulman, Commandant of the N.U. ROTC Units, Director Jose Hernandez; Messrs. N. Tomas, A. Hilario, A. Fabella, C. Halli and M. Enriquez.

Amid similar ceremonies the Cadet Sponsors handed to the officers their swords and then passed under an arch formed by these swords. The Cadet Sponsors led by Honorary Cadet Major Luz Asensi were; Amalia Geroso, Luisa Pidoy, Rosie Maldonado, Generosa Soriano, Ave-lina de Castro, Carmen Fuster, Lourdes Rivera, Monserrat Carreon, Dolores Dorla, etc.

Internal Revenue (Continued from page 1) and foster an everlasting and strong union among Revenue. Friendly relation must always exist in their guiding principle. One of the most signal characteristics of the club lies in the fact that any member's motion could be carried out without the necessary meetings so long as the motion is to everybody's approval. Without any hindrance every plan is always realized by the club members.

In compliance to the Class Organization campaign, the Rangers Club did not hesitate to form their own. The Registrar is glad to see the college uniting through the different organizations formed within and he wishes to congratulate the officers and members of the Club and extend his best wishes to them for great success.

Alumni Personalities (Continued from page 1) lands, Messrs. Mariano Reyes and Gregorio Mala of the Philippine Bank of Communications, Prof. N. Orosa of the Hongkong Shanghai Bank, Mr. Salvador of the Nederlandse Indische Handelsbank, Messrs. Babst, Unson, Baduria and Tenorio of the National City Bank and others. Even Professor Tomas of the Philippine Bank of Commerce is said to be sympathetic to the "Cause". The same is said about alumnus L. Vellila of the Peoples Bank & Trust Company. It appears that only the two government Banks (P.N.B. and A.I.B.) have not yet indicated their stand. Here is hoping the Association success and good luck.

Of the five post-war additions to the J.R.C. faculty, four are alumni—Professors Roodler (Accounting), Pan-linawag (Insurance), Babst (Accounting) and Antiporia (Bookkeeping). Prof. Formil-loza was once a member of the faculty and therefore not a newling to the college. He handles Taxation and Internal Revenue Laws.

Jovino Lorenzo, until recently a member of the Board of Accountancy is now teaching U.P. He is a former student of the Ateneo Faculty and Augustin Cabatman is dean of the College of Commerce of the Bataan Memorial Colleges. Dean Guipit of the N.U. College of Commerce is another J.R.C. man turned educator. We understand that other Colleges and Universities also have J.R.C. men on their teaching staff. Something to be proud of.

Jose D. Manansala of the National Urban Planning Commission is reported to have made a bid at short story writing. "The Tree, the Bay and the Crab" was published in the November 9, issue of the Evening News-Saturday Magazine. The story was quite interesting.

A Sponsor (Continued from page 1) ladies whom they have chosen to compose the said Corps of Sponsors.

The sponsors were presented in a simple but fitting ceremony held at the JRC College last Sunday.

To the young ladies composing the Corps of Sponsors—We hope they will do what is rightfully expected of them in order that the purpose for which it has been revived may be realized. If others can do it, (why can't we) we also can—and, more!