

# The GOLD ORE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT BODY OF THE BAGUIO COLLEGES

FROM UNFORGOTTEN MEMORIES

Andres Cosalan  
page 25

THE GREATNESS OF THE FEW

Arsenia F. Delizo  
page 23

WELCOME . . . . . Ernesto G. Picart *inside cover*

THIS COULD BE YOU . . . . . Ricardo A. Paraan 18

“FRESHED” FRESHIES . . . . . Nieves P. Peralta 21

ON MY BROTHER AND HIS DEATH . . . . . Jose S. Florendo 22

WALK IN LONELINESS (Poem) . . . . . Romeo S. Florendo 24

ODE TO A SAMPAGUITA (Poem) . . . . . Fe L. Cid 24

FISHING FOLLIES (Poem) . . . . . Felicidad Williamson 24

MOONLIGHT PROMISE (Short short story) . . . . . Avelina Novelero 27

FEATURES

THIS QUARTER'S DIARY . . . . . 4

CO-EDS . . . . . 16

AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW . . . . . 19

MAKE MINE VERSES . . . . . 24

LETTERS . . . . . 28

# The "GOLD ONE"

Official Organ of the Student Body of  
The Baguio Colleges

Ricardo A. Paraan  
*Editor-in-Chief*

Jose S. Florendo  
*Associate Editor*

Guaiberto Q. Lambino  
*Managing Editor*

## CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Nieves Peralta  
Federico Cabato

Carlos Fallarme

Orlando Rimando  
Bantas Suanding

## DEPARTMENTS

Romco S. Florendo  
*Literary*

Andres A. Cosalan  
*News*

Bienvenida Rosal  
*Exchange*

Victorina A. Paraan  
*Society*

Bobby San Pedro  
*Sports*

Felicidad A. Williamson  
*Humor*

Alberto Blancas  
*Artist*

Ernesto G. Picart  
*Advertising*

Amando Masangcay  
*Photography*

# WELCOME

by e. g. picart

B—aguio Colleges welcomes you . . . new lads and lassies,  
A—rdent with hopes and wishes . . . that  
G—od bless you all for at last you've answered Her call.  
U—ntil the end pray stay  
I—n her open heart, your home . . . tomorrow . . . today  
O—n this day you come from yonder.

C—all her nothing but mother . . . for  
O—h you know that she will teach you. Guide you.  
L—ong before you came, she anticipated your coming—  
L—ooking beyond . . . as if for a lost child.  
E—nter her open, out-stretched arms . . . feeling  
G—ood and great . . . and why not, for at last you came  
E—ver to stay and hold aloft her beam.  
S—o again . . . Welcome, you . . . new lads and lassies.

## A Good Sign

The charges that have been made that some colleges and universities are diploma mills are not entirely without foundation. It is unfortunate that some such private schools forget their role as educational institutions by accepting more students than their facilities can absorb. This leads to the formation of classes too big even for the most learned or talented instructor to handle. The result is inflation even in education. This is a responsibility they cannot escape. They declare that matters cannot be helped in view of the money-making tendencies and proclivities of members of Boards of Trustees. This is a poor excuse. In fact, it is no excuse at all.

Having small classes is an essential condition for efficiency in instruction. Even a genius cannot be expected to succeed with a class of 100 or more students. With the opposite, a class of 45 or less, the students are forced to study whether they like it or not. At least they are asked to recite once a week or oftener. In some colleges where the classes overflow into the corridors one is lucky if called upon three times in the quarter. Small classes, in the final analysis, give the students the distinct advantage of personalized and individualized instruction.

Our Administration has persisted in its policy of keeping classes small, notwithstanding the advice of Private Education officials that lecture subjects like the social sciences need not be divided into small classes. For a college which has just started, and which needs more enrolment to bolster it up, this is a good sign. The best sign that educational values will not be sacrificed for financial profits, no matter what.

## Our Faculty

From long experience, only a veteran educator can say that two important elements make up a university. So to speak, a teaching staff which knows how to teach and a student body which is open-minded and ready to be taught. The University of Manila's M. V. de los Santos on the occasion of his convocation speech says so. And adding: "These two elements are here"—in our Baguio Colleges.

On the whole, our faculty members and instructors can really teach. Dean Teodosio Buenaventura, Mr. Angel G. Baking, Atty. Ramon P. Mitra, Mr. Fernando Bautista, Dr. Horacio Monzon, etc., are not very big names. Side by side with the well-paid name educators, professors, and instructors of private universities in Manila, our faculty does not look impressive. But, from actual instructional efficiency, our lineup can compare favorably with the cream of all the universities and colleges of the country.

Comparatively speaking, we are only a small but growing college. This being the case, student-faculty relations are close and cordial unlike those in well-populated Manila universities. Every faculty member calls us literally by our first names.

Sometimes even, he comes down from his mentor's perch and fraternizes with us—like father to son, a mother to a daughter, or as man to man. We welcome this relationship. As a matter of fact, we appreciate it.

But there are limits. On our part, we should be careful to always respect the faculty as our superiors in education,

*(Continued on page 2 )*

## A Good Sign

The charges that have been made that some colleges and universities are diploma mills are not entirely without foundation. It is unfortunate that some such private schools forget their role as educational institutions by accepting more students than their facilities can absorb. This leads to the formation of classes too big even for the most learned or talented instructor to handle. The result is inflation even in education. This is a responsibility they cannot escape. They declare that matters cannot be helped in view of the money-making tendencies and proclivities of members of Boards of Trustees. This is a poor excuse. In fact, it is no excuse at all.

Having small classes is an essential condition for efficiency in instruction. Even a genius cannot be expected to succeed with a class of 100 or more students. With the opposite, a class of 45 or less, the students are forced to study whether they like it or not. At least they are asked to recite once a week or oftener. In some colleges where the classes overflow into the corridors one is lucky if called upon three times in the quarter. Small classes, in the final analysis, give the students the distinct advantage of personalized and individualized instruction.

Our Administration has persisted in its policy of keeping classes small, notwithstanding the advice of Private Education officials that lecture subjects like the social sciences need not be divided into small classes. For a college which has just started, and which needs more enrolment to bolster it up, this is a good sign. The best sign that educational values will not be sacrificed for financial profits, no matter what.

## Our Faculty

From long experience, only a veteran educator can say that two important elements make up a university. So to speak, a teaching staff which knows how to teach and a student body which is open-minded and ready to be taught. The University of Manila's M. V. de los Santos on the occasion of his convocation speech says so. And adding: "These two elements are here"—in our Baguio Colleges.

On the whole, our faculty members and instructors can really teach. Dean Teodosio Buenaventura, Mr. Angel G. Baking, Atty. Ramon P. Mitra, Mr. Fernando Bautista, Dr. Horacio Monzon, etc., are not very big names. Side by side with the well-paid name educators, professors, and instructors of private universities in Manila, our faculty does not look impressive. But, from actual instructional efficiency, our lineup can compare favorably with the cream of all the universities and colleges of the country.

Comparatively speaking, we are only a small but growing college. This being the case, student-faculty relations are close and cordial unlike those in well-populated Manila universities. Every faculty member calls us literally by our first names.

Sometimes even, he comes down from his mentor's perch and fraternizes with us—like father to son, a mother to a daughter, or as man to man. We welcome this relationship. As a matter of fact, we appreciate it.

But there are limits. On our part, we should be careful to always respect the faculty as our superiors in education,

*(Continued on page 2 )*

# Along The Political Front

By Andres A. Cosalan

**A** government of whatever form calls for leadership. The organization of our student government has brought forth the issue of the hour: student leadership! From the various sections of our student population have risen politically inclined individuals desirous of assuming the leadership of their colleagues. This is indeed a healthy sign that we are not short of that intellectual class to whom we may rightly refer that Rizalian phrase, "The fair hopes of the fatherland."

We were not the least annoyed to see our ambitious candidates conduct their campaigns after the pattern of actual politicians. On the contrary, we were very appreciative of their fighting spirit and aggressiveness which they have manifested. We contend that no training ground for leadership could be more stimulating and effective.

We decry the fact, however, that a negligible minority of our colleagues have displayed an apparent lack of sportsmanship during the last campaigns and election. Not that we expect politics to be a perfectly wholesome affair for it indeed entails the interplay of human virtues and weaknesses. But such circumstances, however influencing, cannot justify toleration of such weaknesses. And true, our candidates undoubtedly had noble ends in view, one of which, is that of rendering their services to the student populace. But truer it is that some of them tried to resort to what our registrar has aptly termed as "subversive methods". Ethically speaking, such "subversive" means of achieving a good end is definitely condemnable.

In the exercise of our prerogatives along the lines of student politics, we

should not overlook the objective ends towards which we are supposed to direct our learning. In this particular extra-curricular activity of the school, character building is unquestionably one of its purposes. It is imperative that we value above all the training in character subjectively implied in this activity. To do otherwise would be to defeat the ultimate end that we all aspire to achieve in learning.

We feel it, therefore, as a militant-governed body to call the attention of those concerned. Sadly, we have to refer most especially to our intellectuals of political pretensions. We wish to remind them that such words as "academic freedom" has an inclusive meaning and has its own limitations. We honestly believe that it is simply in the overuse of that word "freedom" where the inconsistency lies.

And those who have failed in their quest for victory in the elections must take it gallantly. It is indeed hard to swallow defeat and it needs the courage and strength of a man to do so. But paradoxically, it is in its sport acceptance wherein lies the true test of one's finest qualities.

---

## Our Faculty

(Continued from page 1)

experience and learning. And being our seniors, they should teach and advise us and correct our wrongs only. They should refrain from meddling with affairs personal to the students. Thus will the *status quo* of teacher and student relationship remain as it is—cordial and close but at the same time educational.

# The Place of A College Organ In Our College Life

*By Andres A. Cosalan*

History records the vitally important role that the press plays in the lives of all civilized people. Freedom of the press has always been one of the four fundamental freedoms cherished in every democratic country. That any democratic organization functions in accordance with this principle is now an undisputed fact. Similarly, our student government patterned after these organizations must function with this freedom exercised for the benefit and welfare of the student body as a whole.

We are college students and as such, we face for the first time a broader horizon of the cultural field. At no other stage in our life have we been given a better chance to develop our intellectual capacities. Our college organ offers us that means by which we may avail ourselves of this rare opportunity.

Through our college organ, our literary endeavors, ideas and contentions will appear in print. Virtually, we make ourselves an active member of a civilization

that lives on literary symbiosis.

Through its humble pages, we can revere the memories of our great men. The democratic way of our country will undoubtedly find expression in the writings we shall produce. And in so doing, we shall have contributed our share in the moulding of our nation's destiny.

Through it we wish to bring ourselves closer to each other; hoping thereby to foster the spirit of brotherhood amongst us. It will be a means to promote understanding and cooperation, their essence of which must guide us in our dealings with one another. Though how slow and painstaking the process may be, undoubtedly, it will help to obliterate the inter-Filipino prejudice which tends to undermine our national unity.

In the light of these and many other transcending aims, we can see for ourselves the place of our college organ in our college life.



**I**N A GREAT DEMOCRACY such as ours the outstanding need of the hour is greater information and greater tolerance. Sincere efforts at enlightenment and education by the press are more important than self-appointed leadership.—*Roy W. Howard.*

# This QUARTER'S DIARY:

## A C T I V I T I E S

### Bull Session

Spark-pugged by our ad-libbing Ed-in-Chief, the great and near-great of the Baguio Colleges' writing talent met in an after-class caucus which turned out to be a "bull session". Denuded thus of the formality and uncomfortable stiff-necked poses of more formal parliamentary procedure, the main business of the day was done in record time and in order.

A Board of Management to concern itself chiefly with the business end of the publication of the "Gold Ore" was elected  *viva voce*  from among the staff members:

Jose S. Florendo—*Chairman*  
Nieves Peralta—*Sec.-Treasurer*  
Amando Masangcay—*Business Mgr.*  
Romeo S. Florendo—*Member*  
Orlando Rimando—*Member*

Also, a definite editorial policy was arrived at. (*Readers are enjoined to ferret it out for themselves—Ed.*)

Acting with the appointive power vested him, the Ed then filled up the existing vacancies in the staff by appointing:

Victorina A. Paraan—*Society Editor*  
Andres Cosalan—*News Editor*  
Bobby San Pedro—*Sports*  
Carlos M. Fallarme—*Contributing*  
*Editor*  
Felicidad Williamson—*Humor Section*  
Ernesto Picart—*Advertising Manager*  
Bienvenida Rosal—*Exchange*  
Amando Masangcay—*Photographer*

All business done, the staff members broke up after exactly 40 minutes of business talk. They proceeded to

Pres. Salvosa's sprawling bungalow as per his appointment with them.

**FRESH COKE, PRES. TALK**—Poorer by a few pesos (they sardined themselves into a cab) they were met by the President, youngish-looking in baby-blue pajamas for all his 35 years. Outside, it was cold and raining. Inside, the atmosphere was warm. While N. Peralta, F. Williamson, B. Rosal sipped their coke, the President, R. Paraan and the rest of his "Gold Ore" gang talked talk and pored over "Gold Ore" stuff in-between drinks of some exhilarating light wine.

While cigarette smoke hung in the air, so was comfortable informality. The President, himself an active student leader in his UP days, was a good sport by coming down to the crowd and talked to them on college papers, publications etc... "Give what your readers want. Even if you hate the stuff but you're sure they'll like it, dish it out to them. After all, it's their money which keeps the paper going. That's the secret of a good editorial policy"...

All rolled into one, the night turned out to be a literary soiree, fireside chat and 'stomach progress' buffet style with an obliging Mrs. Salvosa and the high school's Tagalog editor Valentin Mavasinan doing the serving.

When the crowd broke up, altho' they were to be poorer again by a few more pesos (they still had to sardine themselves into another cab) they were richer by so many lessons learned from the President and his publishing experiences.

*Moral:*—Franklin Roosevelt did not have a monopoly of fireside chats.

# Elections

OFF AND on, elections come and go. With the beginning of this quarter came the end of the term of office of the incumbent Student Council. Where a hole is, we need something to plug it with. A question—to answer. And an outgoing Student Council—to fill up. That's all there is to it.

**POLITICAL PARTIES.** It was surprising that 5 political parties of 20 aspirants each (1 for president; 1 for vice-president; 18 for representative) entered the race out of a school population of no more than 300 students. That just goes to show what a high-aspiring, ambitious group of students we have. And simple mathematics will reveal how many of the 300 were voters and how many were to be voted upon.

The parties, presidential and vice-presidential candidates:

1. Democratic Youth Party: Short, curly-haired orator, Pangasinan born Gaalberto Q. Lambino, vice-president of the S.C., first term; Amando Mangesang, his province-mate.

2. Liberal Youth Party: The "Midland Courier's" News Editor, two-termer S. C. Prexy Benjamin Rillera; also curly-haired Aureljo de Peralta.

3. Nationalista Party; Be-spectacled, God-fearing Alexander Brillantes, out-going vice-president and the Municipal Court's Clerk Federico Cabato.

4. Student's Party. Baguiotes and Baguio City High School alumni Jose S. Florendo and tously-haired Bobby San Pedro.

5. An un-baptized party led by the College of Law's lanky, silver-tongued Marcos Estacio, plus running-mate Carlos Bareng, debater.

**CAMPAIGNS.** Characteristic of every pre-election set-up, the race got under way with G. Q. Lambino starting the fireworks one week after

the quarter began. His sympathizers launched a house-to-house persuasion tour that got results. No other opposing party followed suit.

They were much too busy with other things than just making promises that, pessimistically, would not come into fulfillment anyway. Except for whispering campaigns and mud-slinging of some sort which followers of the less enthusiastic parties indulged in, that was no check against the very active DYP machine. But of course, as a vote-getting measure, every aspirant metamorphosed into a smiling, sociable, likeable chap overnight. A smile here and a handshake there would get votes. So each one thought. It was so easy to smile or pat somebody's back. That was all there was to it. Until...

**ELECTION DAY.** Momentum gained, things looked like a national election in minjature. Voting was by secret ballot although it was not so secret. A student-voter had to run the gauntlet of the DYP's scores of staunch followers through all the colleges' three flights of stairs. To name a few, P. Tangalin, C. de la Rosa, V. Aquino, R. Mitra, Jr., O. Rimando, M. Zaragoza, E. Picart, etc. All the other party's vote-getting efforts combined into one, could not meet the DYP's halfway. Without his personal attention, Rillera's LYP looked quite dead beside the DYP's. He had been absent from classes for a week. Only a handful of his LYP faithfuls worked: A. de Peralta, P. Cariño, R. Manuel, Jr., Ignacio Navarro. Brillantes' NP looked as dead. C. Fallarme, H. Cruz, B. Rosal, A. Estilore were heart and soul for the NP; but to no avail. Florendo's SP was deader. Three 11th hour supporters couldn't pit their wares against the DYP onslaught. M. Picart's smiles nor D. Pelacan and C. Tiglao's could not get votes. And M. Estacio and C. Bareng left their fate to the four winds...These were all there were to it.



RESULTS. True, he who sows, reaps. For all his DYP's efforts, Lambino unsaddled two-termer Rillera by a flimsy lead of two votes. A. de Peralta easily romped away with the job of "second fiddler" to the prexy as vice-president. The new representatives of the S. C. are:

- B. Rosal—*Secretary*
- V. Aquino—*Treasurer*
- C. de la Rosa—*Sub-treasurer*
- E. Picart—*Business Manager*
- L. Cabato—*Auditor*
- O. Rimado—*PRO*
- A. Blancas—*Sgt. -at-arms*
- P. Carino—*Sgt. -at-arms*

## REPRESENTATIVES

- R. A. Paraan
- V. Paraan
- M. Arnotit
- R. S. Florendo
- A. A. Cosalan
- R. Mitra, Jr.
- V. Lagasea
- L. Mitra
- C. Fallarme
- A. Callao

They are all that compose it.

**PROTEST.** Goaded by his followers and bothered by a technicality, outgoing prexy Rillera went near to filing a protest: re the invalidating of votes. Being a good loser, too, as he is a good winner, he let the idea fizzle out. After all, the new prexy is fit for the job... may be... (It is expected that the new S. C. can sponsor something more than just a string of dances like last year).

**CONSOLATION.** May be so. For, after the induction ceremonies of the student cabinet, Pres. Salvosa paid him (Lambino) a glowing tribute:

Pres. to Lambino—"Although often times you come to the office embittered against this world... you have the makings of a great man. Your victory is a victory over

yourself. You are great... you are greater in the sense... etc., etc..."

And to the vanquished aspirants for student leadership, to add something sweet and sugary to the bitter pill they had to swallow, the President was not unthoughtful; he said to:

Brillantes—"You look so serious and snobbish. Smile once in a while. It will get you votes."

Estacio—"I hope you will still be the assistant manager of the PRRA (Baguio Branch) next quarter... and include the teachers, too, when you speak about PRRA help..."

Rillera—"Despite your handicaps, you have helped the college and the students a lot during your two terms. As a token of gratitude, I hereby grant you a scholarship this quarter."

Florendo—"Look at the girls. How many sweethearts do you have—only one? Next election time, if you do not have five, better stick to writing."

To all concerned, that's all there was to it. Or is it? And now, tomorrow...

## Back Yard Cleaning

Hardly had the smoke of the Student Council elections dissipated than the Women's Club, Baguio Colleges Chapter, decided to clean its own backyard. That was the natural thing to do: uproot the weeds; replace the worn-out fences and put in better and newer ones. Result: election of officers for the next two quarters.

**ELECTION PRELIMINARIES.** Lengthy delineation on many phases of things women should know, should and should not do by Mrs. Leonora P. San Agustin, the likeable Dean of Women. The primaries immediately followed suit. No campaign speeches, no mudslinging. It was utterly devoid of the fire and

flurry of the Student Council elections. After all, women were...just women.

"YES—MEN" VOTERS. Pert, sprightly Nena Paraan, Normal department student, romped away with the presidential position unopposed and unchallenged without as much as a stir from the majority of the voters, the first year liberal arts co-eds who remained impuisant throughout the election. Reason: perhaps they had insufficient grounding in parliamentary forms and procedure. Or were they simply a crowd of "yes-men"? Buxom Leonila M. Oteyza put up a stiff opposition in the Vice-Presyship, but Esther Suzara, another Normal department student, brought home the bacon. Adding still another bead to her already sagging string of secretaryships, Bienvenida Rosal had easy sailing. Other officers elected were: Lourdes Mitra, treasurer; Erma Nevada, business manager; Jean Lagasca, press relations officer.

Can the back yard be kept clean and weedless...?

## Convocation Cabarroguis

Baguio people lend willing ears to new songs. Congressman Leon Cabarroguis (L., N. Viz.) sung the song of denunciation at the Rotary Club's Saturday meeting. He sung another song—the song of exposition at the Baguio Colleges convocation hall. To the B. C. students, it was an entirely new song—a rendition of a democratic air by a politician.

For the B. C. crowd to witness two convocation speakers in two week's time, it was enlightening. While M. V. de los Santos' prophetic and professorial words were still ringing in the air, Congressman Cabarroguis clinched the fortnight's verbal assault with an extemporaneous speech a la politician. For English 3 (Public Speaking and Debate) students, it was quite a lesson.

For would-be politicians, more than that.

The audience found Cabarroguis surveying the origin and growth of democracy to an academic-minded class of young people instead of to one with political leanings—now that election time is just around the corner. Such was the case. He further lectured on the import of Greek democracy and its subsequent invasion of Philippine shores. This was not new to the audience. This was all part and parcel of the things they learn from their books. But the way it was delivered, and from one, whether politician or not, who never stepped into a college room, at that, it was of a class all its own. This was something to listen to no matter if the rain outside once in a while threatened to drown out the voice of the congressman.

HIS DREAM. From democracy, Cabarroguis drifted to the defects of the Administration. Then he came down to brass tacks and exposed himself. He had something up his sleeves. He had his own dream for the Filipinos and the Philippines—an educational program for the masses, a vague summary of defense for the country. This was not a politician talking anymore. This was a man talking sense....

## Convocation de los Santos

Things augur well for the new assembly hall over at 52nd Street (the old Rosebowl). Already convocations follow one another. This time the guest speaker was Pres. M. V. de los Santos of the University of Manila, who spoke before what is probably the largest crowd that ever belonged to the Baguio Colleges exclusively.

Speaking in a manner which he called "a friendly chat", Pres. de los Santos got both an attentive and appreciative ear—something few convocation speakers

get anywhere. Pres. Salvosa, who earlier in the afternoon had been giving away citations to student leaders magnanimously and scholarships sparingly (so far to only one—Ben Rillera, defeated candidate for a 3rd term, for past services as Student Prexy) introduced, magnanimously again, the speaker to the students. (Pres. Salvosa) also got a good hand.

**THE BUILD-UP.** In the way of a start Pres. de los Santos congratulated all the faculty members and students for having the pioneer spirit in the building up of an institution that "is bound to be great, the Baguio Colleges".

**"GOOD SEED—FERTILE SOIL".** Then he continued along the same morale-building vein. "This is no idle flattery. The event (citation of student leaders) I witnessed this afternoon, the reports I have been receiving clearly indicate that there is here a good seed planted in a fertile soil, and there are no reasons why you and I cannot hope to see in the near future a great Baguio Colleges, and probably a great university of Baguio."

**CRITICS AND COMPARISONS:** "It is human to doubt the beginnings of a very small institution. There are always and there will always be critics..." But "what great institution did not come from small beginnings? The greatest universities of the world today, Harvard, Yale, Bristol, University of London, Oxford, did not begin with hundreds of students...with scores of faculty members. From these standards...Baguio Colleges have had more sufficient beginnings...almost 200 students, a dozen faculty members, good-sized rooms in concrete buildings."

**WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?** "...there are only 2 important elements to make a university; a teacher who knows how to teach and a student

who is open-minded and ready to be taught...those two elements are here.. The mind of the teacher put in contact with the mind of the student eager to learn, ready to be developed, aspiring and hard-working.

"A university has been defined as the association of minds...ready to receive from each other the stimulating..."

Gathering momentum, he gave away sound advice which to the public-school product might just as well have been put side by side with the decalogues of both Mabini and Quezon. "Take full advantage of all opportunities you have ...develop your mind, your heart, your spirit...The educated man must be well-rounded...share with them (the faculty) the responsibilities. You cannot be educated unless you yourself exert your very best efforts...Get educated in the full sense...absorb as much as you can of the accumulated learning of the ages...pioneer new fields...otherwise deterioration will ensue."

Then he indulged in some wishful thinking—"...if ever I have to start again, I would like an institution not so big, not so small either, whereby I could meet every student and faculty member."—after having said "You have more opportunities here that you cannot find in a larger institution...opportunity to cultivate association among yourselves...your teachers. That contact so essential in any educational institution."

Commenting on the oath of office taken earlier in the afternoon by the new student council, he delighted over the fact that the performance of duties and responsibilities has been stressed rather than the officer of power and authority.

**"IN A DEMOCRACY LIKE OURS** ...we all aspire to lead and to command, few take the role of a follower. The result is chaos. We elect our leaders. After...we refuse to follow them and if we follow them, we follow them

so blindly. That philosophy is wrong... If we want to rule and command, we must learn to rule ourselves and receive and follow orders. We need discriminating followership more than leadership... don't follow blindly... follow wisely. You never go wrong doing that."

## Dance Acquaintance

TO MAKE GOOD a precedent established last year that the semester's social activities be opened by an Acquaintance Dance, one was therefore held.

New faces mixed with those of the old. They danced and got acquainted. The Misses J. Molina, C. Ramos, I. Cariño, L. Mitra, C. de la Rosa, A. Flores, A. Fuentes, A. Lagasca, D. Garcia, A. Ramos, B. Gascon, E. Marfori, P. Caguioa, R. Gonzales, etc., brushed elbows (and hair-do's) with the 'old, old' coeds: V. Paraan, N. Peralta, M. Picart, F. Williamson, E. Suzara, R. Rivera, A. Rivera, V. Aquino, F. Tolentino, V. Lagasca, C. Espina, G. Caceda, etc.

As if to hold the 'old' stag line, the Sophomores and oldsters came around, too. B. San Pedro, L. Cabato, J. Fernandez, A. de Peralta, G. Lambino, B. Rivera, A. Brillantes, R. Paraan, the Arnobit's, Espejo's, Florendo's, etc., could not be beaten to the dancing. And to defend the 'new' line—the male freshmen came in bunches—R. Mitra, Jr., R. Manuel, Jr., O. Rimando, I. Navarro, W. Afenir, P. Tangalin, A. San Pedro, J. Gonzales, and a host of others.

The samba, rumba, tango and slow drag came from a box-like contraption moderns call a radio-phonograph. Last year's was supplied by a stringed ensemble. Chow was better, too. Is it that this year is less sociable than before? Better so that there is retrogression in socials—not in Academics. College is where one gets an Education, isn't it?

## For Newer Blood

July 30, 1947 was just another day in the Baguio Colleges. Soft-spoken, Pre-Law student Andres Cosalan wore the same casual smile of every-day life. A competitive examination for vacancies in the "Gold Ore" staff was to be held in the afternoon. He would try his hand at the test. After all, joining the competition was one pardonable excuse to miss the serious tone of Dr. Monzon's Ethics class.

The test was over at 6:00 in the afternoon; twelve students had participated in the brain-racking requirements of editorial writing, news coverage, criticism, and commentary procedures. The "Gold Ore" test was really a hard nut to crack. Andres Cosalan emerged from Room 213, looking tired and weary. He wasn't sure he had hurdled the exam. He had doubts. Everyone had doubts. The results were published a week later: Bantas Suanding, Felicidad Williamson, Orlando Rimando, Bienvenida Rosal, Andres Cosalan—(see pages 2 and 3) all hurdled the tests. To Andres—it meant less time for studying to be devoted to College newspaper work. He was more than glad to be in the staff of the "Gold Ore" as all the others were. When we saw him again, he was wearing the same, unchanged unpretentious smile.

## Reciprocation

The rays of the setting sun had not yet disappeared behind the clouds when modest, quiet, unassuming librarian Miss Agustina Aquino went home that day, August 13. She was happy and she admitted it. Two volumes of "Rules of Court" and some thirty issues of the Philippine—American magazine were sent to the Colorado State University as a token of appreciation and gratefulness. It was not much, but the little that it was, meant a great deal to the students of the Baguio Colleges.

Earlier in May, 1947, an odd as-

sortment of some 400 books was received, generously sent by students of the Colorado State University. This was in part due to the efforts of Lyd Arguilla, well-known Filipino writer now in the United States, in behalf of the Baguio Colleges.

## Recognition

Prior to its recognition, the Baguio Colleges has been made pertinent to pessimistic remarks that "it is an unrecognized institution." No sooner had our college opened than everyone began inquiring about its status. The President squarely faced the incoming inquiries being aired by many doubting students. On one of those convocations held last year, the President elucidated that "any college for that matter must be in operation for at least a year before it expects recognition."

That one year has elapsed. If the President then, had left any doubts as to the status of this college, such doubts were totally dispelled last July 4, 1947 when government recognition was granted to the Baguio Colleges. The question as to whether the Baguio Colleges is recognized or not is now a dead issue. Government recognition has already been granted for the following courses:

First Year of the General Liberal Arts Course

First Year of the Law Course

First Year of the General Secondary Course

The Baguio Colleges is further authorized to open and conduct other courses namely:

2nd, 3rd, 4th years of the General Secondary Course

Two year Collegiate Commercial Course (leading to the title of Associate in Business Administration)

Second Year of the General Liberal Arts Course (leading to the title

of Associate in Arts)  
1st and 2nd year Engineering  
1st and 2nd year Education  
1st year Pharmacy

We more than expect recognition of these already authorized courses in the near future. We are sure of it. We can rightly say that as day follows night.

## Sunny Weather

The weather was cold and chilly when Baguio Colleges Registrar Fernando Bautista opened up registration on July 1, 1947. Everyone complained of the unusually strong July winds; old sweaters were timely in vogue again—they helped warm the body. As usual, the first day of registration was slow. Old students were hiding their time, putting off their registration to the 11th hour. While new enrollees self-consciously and quite uncomfortably trickled in and out of the Registrar's Office, self-appointed skeptics maliciously prophesied that this was the start of the B.C. tobogganning down the hill.

By the end of the day, registrants numbered less than those of the same period last year. This was no indication of a dim and dismal quarter, however. It was like all registration days. The first few days students just come around and watch and observe and see old friends. Then all of a sudden, they all crowd in and enroll on the last day.

On July 5, Saturday, enrolment picked up, soared to 250 for the collegiate level and 169 for the High School. The Administration had no more cause for alarm. The skeptics were becoming red-faced. The trickle of students old and new swelled. And the Registrar's Office got crowded.

By July 15, total students registered for the collegiate level numbered 292, 206 for the high school: an increase of 81 per cent and 600 per cent, respectively—a sure sign that the "each one

bring one" campaign gave results. Normal and Education Departments led all the rest in enrollment. And the weather was fair now—would be sunny from now on.

## The Glorious Fourth

Anything that smacks of the Baguio Colleges is news. To prove to all and sundry that the B.C. can do a part of that 'anything' without much ado, the college participation in the 1947 July 4th celebrations was news. The college won the first prize pennant for the best organized group.

Although the day fell on its quarterly vacations, the B. C. could not be caught napping. On D-2, the College of Law's Alexander Brilliantes was given the hard task of planning and coordinating the B.C. "assault". On D-1, the whole works looked discouraging. However, help was not wanting. Through Mrs. San Agustin's initiative, Anastacio Caliao, Mariano Tolentino, Alberto Blancas, Ben Rillera, Gualberto Lambino, and a score of others willingly joined hands to put into ship-shape condition the representative float of SUCCESS.

SUCCESS. D—Day found SUCCESS aptly personified by shapely Alegria Ramos, floating down Session Road, stares from the left of her, wonders from the right of her. Flanking SUCCESS on both sides were 2 healthy children from the elementary department, one representing the young Republic and the other young Baguio Colleges. A be-degreed lady in the person of Guadalupe Caedac, smiling her be-deture. Four other jeeps overflowing with faculty members and students followed the float. That won the prize and gave birth to the news.

"Just for the heck of it. . ."

To say that the victory dance of the Democratic Youth Party was a success is to state a rank overstatement. To say that everybody enjoyed the evening is to further gild the lily of that overstatement. True, a few enjoyed it—they are the exceptions to the rule. Generally speaking, however, the whole thing flopped and magnificently at that.

Liberal arts co-od Romualdo Manuel, Jr., dressed to kill and ready to "cut the rug" said dolefully; "I didn't know a dance could be so dry and dull. The whole is dead, insipid." Asked why he came, another Pedro Carino, retorted, "I thought it would be a swell affair—with swell music and a lot of our dames to dance with. But no... Now I know I came just for the heck of it."

A student leader of the capacity and ability of Gualberto Q. Lambino, incumbent president of the Student Council, the very life and blood of the powerful Democratic Youth Party, does big things in a slam-bang way. Correct planning, solid organization and good management lacked the right touch to make it a big affair done in a slam-bang way. So, even good leadership without as good a following is doomed to failure.

Yes, the VD of the DYP was a pre-election promise fulfilled but which ran short of our expectations. That's a little mistake to learn a big lesson from. If at all, better no dances, parties; private or personal blow-outs that are incorrectly planned, loosely organized and weakly managed. Else, students eager for a decent poke at some fun and merriment will come not for the joy but "just for the heck of it. . ."



## Two Letters

The President  
Baguio Colleges  
Baguio City  
Dear Sir:

I have the honor to submit for your consideration the following request, to take effect on the first day of the second quarter.

Firstly, I would like to be relieved of my administrative position as Registrar of the College. I prefer to teach either on the part-time or full time basis as you may desire.

Secondly, while you are looking for or training somebody to take my place, I request to be free in the afternoon so I can handle a subject or two.

The foregoing request is made because my eyes cannot withstand too much paper work, which I do not personally enjoy. Since it is your policy to make our employees do the work in which they fit, I am looking forward to your favorable consideration of this matter.

Very respectfully yours,  
Fernando Bautista

---

To: The Registrar

The allegation in your letter of August 20 that staff members ought to be assigned to tasks they personally enjoy and are best fitted for is a correct statement of our policy. I find your reasons in support of your request to be relieved of your duties as Registrar, effective the second quarter, hard to dispute and it is with profound regret that I am compelled to approve it.

The first year in the life of any organization is the hardest and the most trying. Despite the fact that I know now you do not personally enjoy paper work, which I admit is a drudgery, you

have discharged your duties faithfully and efficiently. Your love for the classroom and for the students has been time and again manifested and I know I shall be committing a serious mistake if I do not accede to your request.

Before doing so, it is my plan to take up in my next trip to Manila, a bonus or a salary adjustment in your case as a reward for efficient and faithful service.

For the fourteen months that I have known you and observed your work, you have displayed the interest of an owner, a quality that is rarely shown by executives working purely on a salary basis. From my own participation, I want you to know that it is my intention that the fidelity and industry you have shown shall not go unrewarded.

I do not believe in merely handing out a letter of commendation to an associate who has proved himself entitled to such a letter. I know I can frame a letter of commendation but I realize I cannot eat it. You can be sure that I am going to do something more than commend you for services rendered.

Benjamin Salvosa

(The letters speak for themselves)

---

## Exuberant Statistics

This is how the figures look to operate our Baguio Colleges. During the first three quarters of last year, college fixed assets had a net book value of P57,741.83; current assets P25,423.88; deferred charges P791.00 or total assets of P83,956.71. During that whole year skeptics and fence-sitters watched with glee in their eyes. A college like this cannot live for long. No college ever thrived in Baguio yet. Will it with only 150 odd students?

For this 1947-1948 school year, the total appropriation of the Baguio Colleges is P111,000.00. As expected, after a year, we got recognized as a college. A spacious concrete building has been leased for 2 years. Enrollment has nearly trebled. And what can the skeptics say now?

## Writers Talented?

WRITER WRITES. Leon O. Ty, hard-hitting feature writer of the Free Press, wrote President Salvosa:

"Dear Ben:

I have just received your letter of the 8th. It is quite enlightening. Am not surprised why you have taken exception to my story on Baguio. Next time I do a piece on Baguio, I'll see you first. Honest. Good luck and may your dream of making the Pines City a university town come true.

Sincerely,  
Leon

P. S. Anytime you need my assistant in the matter of publicity, just drop me a note.

L.O.T."

WRITER WRITTEN. From what we have been able to gather, our college prexy proved he was a good sport when he dictated that "letter of th 8th." It is too long to quote and what really interests us is his reply to L.O.T.'s note:

"Dear Leon:

If something breaks up in the Baguio Colleges that is news and not advertising. I shall take you up on your offer of assistance.

We have a crop of talented writers in the college. I am urging them to contribute articles to the Free Press. How about giving them a lecture on magazine feature writing, human interest, etc.?

Our weekly convocations take place every Saturday at 4 p.m. Can you find time to be a guest of the college for a few days?

My best to everyone,"

WRITER TO TALK. Mr. Ty is warmly welcome in the B.C. As a writer talking, he will add spice to the congressmen, educators, businessmen who have been convocation speakers.

---

# S P O R T S

---

## For Basketball. The Strongest Ever

**I**T ALL started one late afternoon last August when two young men unobtrusively approached pretty Pat Nievera and enrolled in the Vocational Department, thus setting off the spark that started a conflagration of speculation among die-hard athletic fans. Their names: Fernando Young and Remy Estabillo. Question: Are these two eligible for the basketball team?

Last week the question was settled.

The Registrar put down the ruling: Duly enrolled students of the Vocational Department are part and parcel of the student body. Corollary: They are eligible to participate in college athletics. Result: Now it can be told. Baguio Colleges has a team to be proud of ... the strongest ever in its history. To quote skipper Asiong Callao, "Baguio Colleges now has (potentially) the strongest team in the city."

It seems that the Registrar has some hard facts to back up the statement of Mr. Callao. For one thing, the current list includes luminaries from the



three teams that, last year and this summer, competed for the B.A.A.F. (Baguio Amateur Athletic Association) championships, i.e. the Apaches, the UYAO (United Youth Athletic Organization), and the crack Baguio City High School Team of 1946-47.

From the Apaches, '46 and '47 B.A.A.F. champions, come their cool-headed R. Paraan; F. Young, probably Baguio's best known all-around athlete; fast guarding Bobby San Pedro; and Remy Estabillo, skipper of City High '40-'41 team, the team that wowed them all in Cagayan and Ilocos Norte.

The UYAO's (runner-up in the B.A.A.F. games '47) contributed their captain, towering Asiong Callao; deceptive and fast-trotting "Bogs" Blancas; fancy ball-handling Romy Florendo; and Peping Puzon, last summer's junior stand-out.

## STARS

City High's loss Baguio Colleges' gain. Last year everybody knew that City High's basketball line-up was due for a nose-dive. Its first team, except one was graduating en masse. Subsequently the Muller brothers entered Mapua Tech and Lorico Espejo enrolled at B.C., leaving behind one brother to join another brother, Gualberto, who in his own right is also a hoop star. The Muller-Espejo brother combination, with our Manoling Montilla to more than fill up the odd gap, made hoop history this year by romping through all North Luzon teams, thereby winning the right to represent this region in the national secondary championships in Manila. They walloped La Union North Provincial High (Baenotan), 108-12, and tripped, tided and handcuffed La Union South Provincial High (Agoo), 79-8.

Except for Q. Jacob (B.A.A.F. junior circuit) who has already done so, the general consensus of opinion about the newcomers is that they will have to show their wares first.

The line-up: R. Paraan, B. San Pedro, G. Espejo, L. Espejo, M. Montilla, A. Blancas, A. Callao, B. Carino, J. Gonzales, E. Reyes, C. Villareai, J. Puzon, F. Young, R. Estabillo, Q. Jacob, O. Rimando, D. Ferrer, R. Florendo, A. San Pedro and J. Lambinico.

## The \$64 Question

**T**HE BULLETIN boards called it special session but to all and sundry, it was just another one of "those election rallies."

The idea was to publicize the candidates, give them a definite time to convince and persuade the "august body" and get known. (5 minutes for a candidate and 3 for the satellite who introduces him).

What must have been the biggest surprise of the afternoon to the president was the fact that he was introduced but never warned. Socratic Hermy Cruz (Editor: Jolly Times, Camp John Hay) popped him the all-important question: How about athletics?

Never at a loss, the President allowed himself a gulp and a clearing of the throat. The answer: Blame the weather! Further elocution revealed: (1) outdoor activities... may not take place until after the rainy days are over; (2) A physical director will shortly be engaged; (3) To prepare for the good weather in the second and third quarters and the summer session, the line-up of college athletes is now under way.

Quipped a bystander: "Line-up? Rogues' Gallery, you mean!"

## We Can Do A Lot

Boarding the lion in his den is not only hard to do these days—it's well nigh impossible. But last week, after days of fruitless search, three, not only one but three, of those elusive muscle-men of the girls' volleyball team got

# C O E D S

in B.S.H.E. Hopes are young with Miss Lozarraga when ambition is high.

It couldn't be you talking again to Bebe Urbano. Don't tell us you're catching up for lost time. Simple and sweet, soft-spoken and very striking (if you ask us), she possesses a reservoir of smiles and grins that never seem to be exhausted. She is with the Normal Department . . . sometimes, we regret we were born too soon . . .

Miss Christina Peredo is the proud and lucky possessor of that "school-girl complexion". Tireless and always prim, she looks as peck as the first rustle of spring. A graduate of the Baguio City High School, she is just the type for a heart-ache...and more . . .

Miss Florita Rous hails from that northwestern province of Ilocos Sur. Also an alumna of the Ilocos Sur High School. She preferred studying in Baguio to Manila because "Life is more pleasant here-not too much dust", she says (do you agree with her?) Her

eyes seem to fathom the inexplicable? of love . . . She's another lady to lead many a staggering hoof and heel to the door of knowledge . . . We wish we were young again (sigh . . . sigh) . . .

When exams keep you high-strung, and the mind refuses to think, a smile from Connie would ease your difficulties. Miss Consuelo P. de Vera is from Arin-gay, La Union. She takes teaching as a sideline but her heart is set on Engineering. We just wonder how she can cram proportion and calculus . . . and still think of someone dear. She prefers fresh flowers to cards but likes candies too . . .

Here's one for a clincher. She stands tall and stately. What the Luna Junior College of Tayug lost, we gained in the person of Remedios C. de Dios. She is quiet in her own way and is way ahead in her ambition to be a teacher. Takes to books like a duck takes to water... She skates a little, sings a little, dances a little, but smiles much. That's the cood for you.



## Bataan Boomerang

**O**UR SIGNAL company had been working for some time side by side with an American signal unit. These Americans were inveterate jokers and never missed a chance to put one over us. It got so that their overhearing, superior-race attitude got our goats, especially so because they were mostly rear echelon men and got more rations than we did. But there came a day when these things stopped altogether.

It was a particularly bad day when our crew of trouble-shooters was sent out to recover telephone wires. The work took a long time and in the afternoon we limped backed along the road to camp, tired, bedraggled, and disconsolate. We were about to pass a telephone post when our attention was arrested by raucous laughter. Looking up we saw, perched atop the pole, two of the more objectionable jokesters laughing down at us. "Say, Joc," one said, "What are you fighting for anyway?"

"Your American way of life!" I shouted.

# This Could Be You!

by r. a. p.

**H**AVE YOU met the following characters yet? It's time you did because, you see, they are some of the more personable personalities there are in the campus—and it just won't do for you not to know them. You would be far more richer and wiser for their friendship. But if you are one of them yourself, then here is a thought for you: It takes all kinds to people the earth but there are some types we can always do without.

Mr. Phantom Voter lives up to his name. He is never seen. He specializes in writing derogatory things on the blackboards and on the walls. He insults candidates who do not belong to his party. He writes these candidates anonymous letters telling them they are not fit for the Student Council because they got a 4 in Chemistry. Furthermore, his own candidate wears better slack-suits. He never comes out in the open. He does his insidious work when everybody has gone home and in the secrecy of the comfort rooms, his natural habitat. Mr. Phantom Voter is quite a fellow really, worthy of our emulation, and just the man whose acquaintance we ought to cultivate.

Mr. Unsuccessful Candidate refuses to abide by the electorate's will. He thinks he's just as good, or better than the Representatives-elect we have now. Before the elections, his adjective for voters like us was "intelligent". Now he calls us "stupid". So you can readily see that he is not fickle. But this is not his only virtue. He is also a man of determination. Witness his vow never to cooperate with the party now in the saddle. Lastly, he firmly and sincerely believes that spreading dissension and dissatisfaction among the students is

just the sporting thing to do.

Do you think yourself pretty? Do you exude glamor? And do you wear your hair the way Lauren Bacall or Veronica Lake wear theirs? Do you stay home during dances because you don't want to mix with the ordinary, run-of-the-mill, khaki-clad male student? Do you look down upon a girl simply because she has worn the same party dress twice already, and hold your nose up in the air while traversing the corridors on the wrong side? And do you believe that because you breeze in to school in a brand new Packard or Cadillac this entitles you to be insolent and disrespectful to your professors? If you do all these things then you're in a class all by yourself. You are one of those enviable creatures invariably called Slick-chicks, Glamor Girls or Sub-Debs but whose real names are Miss Snub-on-a-High-Perch.

But for sheer sportsmanship Mr. Smug takes the cake. Remember Mr. Smug? He's the guy you elected to office. He is also the fellow who wins the debates, the oratorical contests, the editorial exams, and the best-dancer prizes. Mr. Smug is indeed the best example of a very good winner. He laughs at and derides the losers and never misses a chance to rub it in. You'll easily know him from the self-centered smile he wears in the hallways and in the condescending manner he has of talking to other students. He possesses a radiant personality. His affected intellectual air has grown up on him and conceit permeates his whole being. He's great. Ask him why and he'll say it's public opinion. Yes, sir, Mr. Smug; The Great Sport, beats them all!

# FEATURES

## COEDS

COEDS—that's what makes a college alive and pulsating...

No one can avoid looking at that young lady over there, pensively browsing over her assets and liabilities...but what an asset she is! Radiant and beamingly" ocompish figure (Charing to more intimate ones, of course) was formerly of the Sta. Theresa's College; Manila. Miss Rosario Gonzales (strictly speaking) goes in for excitement and animals (men excepted tho' . . . tsk . . . tsk . . .) We can dream . . . can't we? Too personal.

"If eyes were only made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being" . . . that's Edna de los Santos to anybody. Just proper for a Hollywood role . . . just proper. Good at singing, better at painting, best at the piano and excellent at dancing. Taking up Foreign Service, she is majoring in English. Came from the Sta. Scholastica College, Manila. Just looking at her . . . we can only hope and say . . . this is the time that try men's souls . . ."

Our first day in college was dry. Second day proved even worse-arid. Third day we met Irene Carino . . . with the dulcet eyes, svelte figure, and a basketball of dreams. (The days are bright and gay again.) Very reserved in tongue and thought, but gracious and gay when the need arises. Hopes to be a school mom someday. We are at a loss to tell you . . . if only . . . if . . .

You haven't seen anything yet. Something entirely different. And when we say different, it's different. That's Mildred Picart in any language. Very amusing, good-naturedly complaisant, the embodiment of "Bobby Sox" finesse



and smartness. Graduate of the Holy Family College, she's now taking up Foreign Service. Looks like Foreign Service is a good course, doesn't it? To us; it is very inviting indeed! What "it"?

Miss Lourdes Mitra really can cut a figure all her own. Proof: she has been elected representative to the student council. And a new-comer at that. Tall and brilliant, she wears a very expressive face fittingly framed by a high pompadour. That's for personality, eh Luly? Another product of the Sta. Theresa's College, Manila, she goes in for the nobler profession—medicine . . . how many hearts can you cure, Luly?

Undoubtedly, this day has carried you too far. Presently, you are smiling again, smiling at someone . . . oh, oh, she is returning your smile. You smile again (these smiles have to stop somewhere!) Why, it's Sally—rosy cheeks, dancing eyes, and doll-like face. An alumna of the Baguio City High School. Very amiable. She is now enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts.

"I like Baguio Colleges—that's why I'm here" . That's Carmen de la Rosa's quotation. Mameng (of course you met her at the Acquaintance Party) hopes to be a Portia someday; adores dancing and loves novels. A sub-Secretary of the student council, she is a balm for the weary mind (we know or don't we . . . ?)

We are indeed fortunate for having with us Miss Fortunata Lozarraga. (the F.E.U. is at the other end of the rope). Demure, sedate and simple, charming in a beautiful way, accentuated by serenity. Her Spanish complexion betrays her Spanish ancestry. She is majoring

# AS IF YOU DIDN'T Know

*By The Gold Ore Speculator*



**T**HAT in the maiden issue of the "Gold Ore" we prophesied that the College has a 'clearly upward trend'. From the very looks of our College now, it seems as though our prognostication has come to a rather sudden near-fulfillment. With more gusto, we reiterate what we said and verily at that. And soon perhaps, everybody will be saying a "university..." oh well, that's one step ahead again, isn't it?

...that U.M's Pres. M. V. de los Santos believes that the Baguio Colleges can look forward to a bright tomorrow; that, in fact, if he had to start all over again, he would have a college that would be "not too much, not too small either...just enough students" and be sure to know the first name of every faculty member. Sounds like our College is just that, don't you think so?

...that our President is the tallest Filipino college president in the whole Philippines. And we don't mean he's tall for spinning yarns and cracking jokes... And that he is president of the highest institution of learning in the land. True. We are some 5,000 feet above sea level.

...that our one and only Angel G. Baking is back with the faculty again after that much-felt absence of two quarters. He now handles physics. We hope that many more students will experience the

"Baking touch" as only Angel G. Baking can give.

...that from its once shady and bawdy reputation, the "Rosebowl", newly-acquired extension of the Baguio Colleges, has now assumed the role of a gathering place of Baguio intellectuals. With our weekly convocations and the Baguio Prcss Club's agenda of activities, the "Rosebowl" will be very busy for the coming months...

...that there is so much more gripe and kicking tongues on the "high fee" charged and the "tardiness" of the "Gold Ore" publication, than on the articles and literary contributions rucfully trickling in from the same crowd of inveterate kickers. Why don't we just buckle down to hard, good effort and less talk? That way we'll have an up-to-date monthly publication as sure as the sun rises in the East...

...that after all that pre-election hurly-burly, the student council can really buckle down to earnest and dogged work. The words have been spoken. Now we want action. We hope that that was the calm before the storm. There's a lot of hard work and things to be attended to requiring immediate action, you know...or don't you?

...that a lot of students, college students at that, do not seem to be able to read and understand the words "silence" and "no smoking" in the library. Silence has been undoubtedly "silenced"; no smoking has practically been "smoked" out. And sometimes too we believe it has turned into a "love-rary". We can name names although it includes some of the "Gold Ore" staff. But it's more a job of the Student Council, don't

## As If You...

you think so?

...that during class intervals traffic is virtually at a stand-still. The corridors are filled with a hodge-podge of coming and outgoing students, "slick-chicks" and the like. Everyone sticks to the "to each his own" doctrine. For us, our law-making body should step in and lay down our much-needed school rules and regulations. That's only our opinion, though.

...that there is some 1200 square feet

of floor space presently lying idle which can be utilized as a basketball court or something. We mean the roof garden atop the "Rosebowl"—spacious enough, if you ask us, with room for on-lookers, too. The sides could be screened with chicken wire meshing...Again, this is only a suggestion....

...that once upon a time we had a ping-pong table and a piano. Now that we have enough space for even two tables and two pianos, nobody seems to initiate, shall we say, their "reincarnation"...we were just thinking if...

But then...as if you didn't know.



## V For Victory?

OUR DIVISION had retreated from Pangasinan, thru Tarlac, Pampanga, to Bataan. All along the way we had passed countless numbers of civilians, who, notwithstanding the fact that we were retreating from the Japanese, always gave us the sign of the first two fingers spread apart to form the letter V. On such occasions we always gave them back the same sign, accepting, as a matter of fact, that they meant Victory.

Pretty soon they began cutting down on the rations. Then they cut down on the meals. One afternoon we were eating by the banks of a river 3 kilometers east of the municipality of Pilar. The fare consisted of boiled beans, rice and salmon. "Now, I know what those civilians wanted to tell us everytime they gave us that V—sign," said Jose, one of my companions.

"What?" I said, puzzled.

"Two meals!"

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

*The GOLD ORE welcomes your contributions for our forthcoming issues. Send us that poem inspired by the girl—(or boy) friend, that anecdote seen from life, that long-dreamed of story at last put on paper. Deadline: 13 September.*

*This is your paper. We only trim it up for you.*

**THE STAFF**

# “FRESHED” FRESHIES

by N. Peralta

“Hm-m-m, whom shall I initiate?” was in every sophie’s mind that breezy July 26th afternoon. “Bless my heart and God forbid, what shall I look like after this affair?” moaned every freshie in her heart...hesitatingly she entered the hall...for Heaven’s sake she had to; so that she can become a member of the Women’s Club...A mingled feeling of glee and elation filled the sophies’ hearts...“Wow! but it would be fun to give her a facial”. (The ingredients? simply lard...you know, for frying Bacon and eggs...mixed with indigo)...A sophie felt restless and eager...she walked about the hall with searching eyes...certainly to prospect for a freshie...

A “cae-cac” here and a “cae-cae” there, two freshies were both enjoying the dance. BUT...“go ahead freshie,” murmured another sophie, “go ahead and have a good time yet...but just wait and see...” Tick..tuck..tick..tuck..went Mr. Big Ben...“ it’s four!” cried someone from a corner...an hour more to go...yet kindly canned music *a la* “cac-cac” still provided a most inviting samba ...tick...tuck...tick...tuck ... “ohhhhh, it’s time!” sighed someone...

Then a matronly voice was heard... yes, it was the Dean of Women speaking ...“you have to go through this initiation girls, else you can not be a member.

Besides, itis traditional...abide with the tradition”...“thaaaat’s right”... victoriously shouted a few...those were the sophies...TIME UP!!!!...“blindfold them!”. The ready, willing and able sophies did as per instruction... NEXT?...“gather yourselves in the middle of the hall,”...a stentorian voice was heard...“blindfolded girls, kneel... crouch...crawl”...naughty sophies led them under tables...to the corners... under benches...around the hall...poor freshies...they had to obey and like it ...“like falling rain to a flower”...“get up!”...remove the blindfolds...“look at yourselves in the mirror”...“wow! how ugly I look...these inconsiderate sophies.” I overheard someone from behind. “It is too much to bear”...“attention, girls, this is only the first part...we’ll blindfold you again”...MUUUSIC... “cae-cae”.....“take a partner and dance”....

...there’s a mischievous sophie again making a crown for unlucky freshie... oh!...oh!...freshie looks rather “beautiful” with it...(or is she funny?)... what is it?...a made-to-order hat?...she looks slick and primmed-up, though!... ALL RIGHT, STOP!!..poor exhausted freshie needs something to strengthen herself...she’s all in and fatigued...don’t you worry. “litle one”...you will have your time, too.....

## SIGN OF THE TIMES

Enlisted men at a Presidential Guards Mess Hall were startled to read a sign which read:

“PUT your remains here.”



# LITERARY

## In This-Our Life

(Second in a series of what a typical B. C. student sees and feels of life. This time, it is death—the end of life. Or is it?)

### *On My Brother and His Death*

**M**Y BROTHER died on a wet and cold Tuesday a little after noon. He died quietly, peacefully. He died knowing that he was loved, would be missed—*is being missed*.

He was a lover of life. He loved beauty, too. He liked music, played on the piano, tickled the uke and sang songs. He painted a little and for a hobby, took to photography.

He was not without humor, too. He cracked honest-to-goodness jokes at the right time. And he laughed at his fellows' jokes as a repartee. This way, he made a lot of friends—easily. And they stuck to him, hard.

Despite being all these, he was only a little man, as common as the usual product graduated by any high school. Not like the great and big men who leave this world with paeans of praise and volumes of eulogies after them. Because he died young, he died a little man. This in memoriam, from both a brother and a friend, is the only token of his departure.

In the long, lingering illness that he hopelessly fought for his life, and lost, he suffered much and complained little. And in the listless, bed-ridden days that

he fought, courage-armed, and spurred by a desire to live, a desire stronger than Death itself (so I thought and hoped, at least), I knew he would live. For, is not only the man who refuses and has no desire to live who dies? And he loved life. He wanted to live; he refused to die. Still, inevitably, die he did.

There by his side while he breathed his last labored gasps of mortality, I looked out the window pane misty with the cold. My eyes grew misty, too—with the suppressed but on—rushing gush of grief. For there on the outside, Life proudly, even mockingly, looked me straight in the eye: the green of the grass, the trees; the rain, life-giving rain pitter-pattering on the pavement and the high school kids so full of life and laughter in their warm and chatty droves going to school....

And there my brother lay dying....

I wondered: while someone suffers and moans with pain, dying, another someone laughs and is gay; and, while some love, others only hate.

This must be the Phenomenon of Things—the question and the answer, the laughter and the sorrow, the prayer and the curse. Is not that Death, after



all, is a condition of Life?

And there my brother lay dead. No more to *ad lib* those jokes, no more to sing those songs, no more to paint those sketches. While outside, the grass grew greener yet, the rain still pittered and pattered more strongly and the high

school kids grew more chatty in thicker droves. Someone among them will have to crack that joke, hum that tune and do the brushwork....

Oh, but well....

*"For men may come and men may go."*

by j. s. f.

## The Greatness of the Few

by Arsenia F. Delizo

HOW true the saying is—  
"The truly great man is always simple and good"....

How many of our people today, especially among our present-day students, belong to this class? 'Tis only the few who have the courage and strength of character to go against the many-who take pride in smartness. These are the men who, from bitten experiences and costly mistakes, have finally developed a "way of life". In their youth they had to fight and fight hard, against the obstacles of poverty and discouragement.

A speaker comes and says he has nothing to say about himself except that of his humble beginning. Yet in his very words and in the calm poise and quiet dignity of his bearing, the intelligent listener can discern the very spot



of his greatness. His is not a personality that needs to be broadcast but it is one that just shows itself and eventually, wins the admiration of both the idealist and realist. Such a quiet influence plays an important role in the molding of a better citizenry. Such are the very specimens of truly great men.

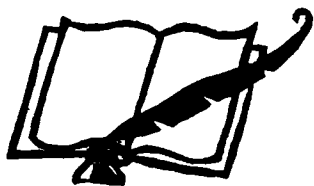
The simple and good men, though devoid of peacock's feathers and a lordly turkey's gait, is a gentleman—more than that—he is the "Great Man." He may not be renowned but in his own sphere of influence, he is a known man, a man with peace of mind.

They fought with strong will, begotten of God and with that firm determination that spells success. Mastering self, they emerged with more optimism, less vanity, and greater ambition—real "Exhibit A's" of true greatness.



After all's said and done the Gold Ore is still your paper. Contribute to it. Send in your articles, short-stories, poems, and essays. We promise not to publish them unless they meet the Staff's standards.

# . . . Make Mine



## Walk in Loneliness

*by romeo s. florendo*

Yesterday,  
we were together  
in merriment,  
in laughter.  
The sun, the moon, the stars  
all envied us  
in our happiness...

Today,  
we are apart  
in sorrow,  
in anguish.  
The sun, the moon, the stars  
all look down  
on my solitude...

Tomorrow,  
we shall hold  
an endless stream  
of hopes and more hopes,  
'till we are one again  
I shall walk  
in loneliness...

## Fishing Follies

*by f. a. williamson*

Some fish by the sea  
Some fish by the river  
You bet w'ot they fish,  
Fishes althogether.

But some one says,  
I too can fish  
Where? you would ask.  
By the Burnham Park.

Another ventured too,  
I fish not in water.  
Where? we were curious.  
Right here by the stairs.

## V E R S E S

## Ode To a Sampaguita

*(On being given as a remembrance)*

*by Fe L. Cid*

You came to me  
as a token of a pleasant memory.  
You brought a message  
from a loving friend  
so near but yet so far away.

For a while I shunned you.  
For why shouldn't I,  
when all the world had gone to smash  
with nothing much to do  
'cept to sit and brood  
O'er life's unpleasant mood?

True, you had no life (when you came)  
But now I know,

that life could be lasting  
if it were made sublime  
and lived with a meaning!

that one could be alive, though dead,  
if, departing leave behind him  
patterns for noble existence!

I'd like to make amends.  
To me, you are a poem.  
Then you must have a song,  
I shall keep your vibrant tune  
and let your melody linger on.

---

And what do you get there?  
We asked. A gloat, a stare—  
And (he added) legs all together.

A Short story:

# From UNFORGOTTEN Memories

RELUCTANTLY, he glanced once more at the handsome pair. They were now speaking in low amorous tones in the far end of the room. With futile effort he stared at the book before him. But the printed page didn't make sense to his wandering mind. More and more he became conscious of a disturbing ache in his heart, of a sentimental feeling pervading the air around him. He knew he didn't envy the pair but the picture the two made brought back to him memories deep and unforgotten. He turned towards the window and gazed at the city lights. From the lower story came the sad strains of a song. Memories sweet and long remembered now came lingering into his thoughts. "Yes Lyd," a sigh escaped his lips. "I will always remember."

There was that cold December evening when I sauntered by your dormitory. You were there at the porch waiting for my approach. How often I came to visit you on those Saturday nights. That evening I came because I missed you again. There had been a moon and we watched it journey across the sky. Silently we stood there at the porch thinking and understanding. Thinking had always been a part of our love. We felt as we always did the feeling of belongingness between us. And we just stood there wondering at the silvery world around us, at the quiet beauty of the moon, at the stillness of the cold chilly air.

I wanted to tell you about school;



about the stars that shimmered above our heads. But you were so silent and lovely in the moonlight and something within me went soft and sentimental. I guessed you were feeling cold then and I felt a sudden impulse—urging and almost begging me to cuddle you close into my arms. But you stopped me and you said, "It's improper yet Tony. We are so young and people will surely misunderstand." It gave me pain not to do the thing I wanted most.

Since then I hated this whole suspicious world. It is a world with a thwarted concept of love—a world of unkind suspicions and cruel gossips. Man is prone to look upon love only in terms of animal passion and its physical aspects. How tragic it is that others have such a cheap and unpleasant regard for love! Could we but have a world attuned to that divine essence of love! Could others but understand love in the way we cherish and comprehend it! Could they but think of it in its most beautiful aspects and manifestations! Then perhaps we'll never be misunderstood in our love as long as we kept it clean and unsoiled.

For us our love was the most beautiful thing we had ever known.

There was that last evening we spent together—remember? Even now that you're miles and miles away, I live in the obsession of those bygone moments. My life seems to re-enter into those unforgettable memories, Lyd. Without them life would be so empty and devoid of the hope and inner happiness that springs from their remembrance. They seem to be the reason of my being.

It is so incomprehensible—the way love triumphs over the soul, Lyd. It seems to be a part of everything, a part of one's living memories. It has become a part of me, a part of the boy I am and of the man I want to be. And it comes, haunting and obsessing, whenever I think of the gleam in your dreamy eyes, the smile in your rosebud lips. Even in the image of the flower you put on your hair—love seems to be also there.

"You're leaving tomorrow," you reminded me that evening. "Yes, I know," I simply replied. We hated to go further because the pain was already there. The months, the years we'll never be able to see each other again came parading through our thoughts. That was one thing we had always been afraid of and that evening it came to pass. That painful goodbye came to pass. And everything seemed to have been left with you. Only the pain came with me—deep and unconquerable.

Yes, our love was great, greater than anything else in this world. Nothing ever mattered except the burning of that love in us. Yet why, Lyd? Why all these years of painful waiting and suspense? We asked these questions often to ourselves and we found the answer in our hearts. And if only I haven't loved you too much; if only the under-

standingness of your heart haven't been so perfectly complete, then maybe I would be with you now. But you see my dearest—you made me dream and crave for bigger things in this world. Your love made me so brave and lent courage to my being. Now I want to conquer the world and I thirst for success more than I ever did before. All because I want you to find happiness and security in my success—in the future success of this man you love. Your words keep burning within me, urging me to go on and on. "Study hard," you had urged that evening. "Try your best and be good always, darling." That was the first time you ever called me darling, I will never forget that.

It must have been painful for you to realize that I was leaving you. For after a while I could see tears gathering in your eyes. I wanted to say something to console you. "Please don't," I simply stammered. And I tried to say something more, something that will relieve the pain of the moment. But the words wouldn't come out, it was too deep inside my chest. In-between tears you kept on repeating those words you often wrote in your letters. "You'll always remember that I'll be waiting for you through all the long years. You'll come back to me some sunny day—won't you?"

He was still standing before the window gazing pensively into the city now aflame with lights. "I'll always remember, Lyd," he sighed once more. He looked far into the darkening horizon as if to seek her face. But only a star began to twinkle there—above the darkness of the neighboring hills. Just then the bell rang and he picked up his books. He started for home not caring anymore to glance back at the pair in the corner.





A short short story:

# MOONLIGHT P R O M I S E

By *Avelina N. Noveler*

“THERE’S A moon, Fely. Let’s walk,” I broke in as she gazed at the yellow moon.

“No, thank you,” she smiled.

“You must be crazy. You can’t wait for the man in the moon,” I said jokingly to her and scampered along.

Fely was only eighteen when she began to love the beauty of the moon. Every moonlight night she would stay alone by her window, staring pensively at the moon, oblivious to anything. In her simplicity, Fely was not bad to look at. Any young man would have liked to bring her away from the moon, but there was something inspirational in the moon that she did not long for any company, be it friendly or what not. She was faithful to the moon....

Every passerby would stop and talk with her but she never would give them delight; every serenader would sing to her but she simply ignored their plaintive songs.

“What kind of a woman are you? What kind of a heart do you have?” I asked her one night.

“I simply love the moon and can’t

see any reason to part from it,” she answered back casually.

“I will see about that,” I retorted.

No wonder Fely was the center of talk among her male contemporaries who desired to be in her company. What makes her so much in love with that solemn-faced moon?—everybody asked and wondered. No one seemed to know. Almost a year passed and Fely still could not break away from the moon. She had no friends anymore except the moon. When the moon did not shine, Fely, too, did not shine....

It was September when the Japanese began releasing Filipino prisoners of war from Capas and Fely also began singing “Moon of Desire, Bring Back My Darling”. Everyone who heard her sing the melody commented, “Your man in the moon can never come to you.”

In one of those nights, church bells were heard chiming their old melody, ding-dong, come along.

“I promised to wait. Now we have realized our dreams this moonlight night,” Fely beamed on her friends. She was radiant in her happiness—made more radiant by the silvery moonlight streaks streaming across her face....



the students abreast of the times?  
Anonymous

#### NO ADS

Examining the back cover of the paper, I noticed an advertisement—two columns. I am sure a school paper should not put an advertisement section.

Anonymous Again

#### ANYTHING BUT. . .

I attended one of the meetings of the Board of Management of the "Gold Ore". From what I gathered the members of the staff are trying to arrive at some definite pattern for the paper. Naturally, it is difficult to arrive at such a thing.

A paper, to be progressive and different from other college publications, must acquire a soul of its own. It must not imitate what other colleges have set. It must conform with the practical needs of the school and of the times. In short, it can be anything but a regimented and limited agent of free thought.

Carlos M. Faliarme

#### THE PRESIDENT WRITES

I have no intentions of muzzling student opinion. Get your facts straight and do not waste students' money on poison and vituperation.

To be criticized is one of the pains of being a leader. Student leaders and Gold Ore staff members, if able to dish it out, must be able to take it.

Benjamin Salvosa

#### TOO MUCH?

Don't you think the P3.00 per quarter that is charged per student is a little too much to start with?

Telesforo N. Boquiren

#### MORE NEWS

Can't we put more news items to keep

#### A NEOPHYTE SPEAKS

I am a neophyte in this college and the first thing that caught my fancy was your summer issue of the "Gold Ore". As one of the students who pay for its existence, I want to have a say on its set-up.

In the first place a college organ must be a college organ and nothing more. It must not be utilized as a *prospectus*. As a college mouthpiece it has to live up to a certain degree of standard.

However, I believe your editorials were par excellent.

Orlando Rimando

#### FOR A LESSER FEE

I believe that the fee should be lessened by this time in as much as there is enough enrolment to finance the cause. In view of the fact that the P3.00 was levied upon us, the old students, only as a start because the enrolment then was very limited, I request that you consider the plight of the students under the heavy pressure of the said amount.

A Pre-Law Student

#### IMPROVES WITH EVERY ISSUE?

Every college has its own standards and ideals. The "Gold Ore" has its own standards and ideals too. A fact it is that it improves with every issue. It has interested me very much to see the "Gold Ore" spring up to a solid and reliable organ, more forceful, more commanding, and more inspiring...

F. W.

## WIDER SPACE

Our college organ should be made so as to have more pages and wider space. I believe that presently the financial status of our paper is such that it allows improvement of same. Our paper when improved thus will give space

for more articles which I am sure the student body is eager to furnish. Thus, chances are given to more students desirous of having their literary works published. In this way we can expect greater benefits from the paper.

A. C.



Did you like this issue? We'd prefer you didn't. That way, you'll likely write us a letter. But if you did, write us just the same, c/o The Editor. We could do with a little flattery ourselves.

● **Developing  
Printing**

● **Reproduction  
Enlarging**

# GALANG STUDIO D'ART

*The Home of Quality Portraits*

Session Road, B A G U I O . Philippines

● **Coloring  
Framing**

● **Films  
Local Views**

**HIGHLAND HOTEL**

(Facing Burnham Park)  
Harrison Road

**& FAIRMOUNT HOTEL**

Session Road  
Baguio

*Owned and Managed by:*

**Baguio General Trading Co.**

Brokers, Stocks & Bond & Gen. Merchants  
School Supplies, Music, Radios, Pianos & Home Furnishings  
100% Filipino Enterprise

Session Road

Baguio City

# PAQUITA'S

*Maker of Fine Sweaters*

\* Quality Men's & Ladies' Wear \*  
\* Gifts \* Toiletries \* House  
Ornaments \*

MARCELINO V. GAERLAN



27-E Lopez Bldg.      Session Rd.

# Dr. Horacio Monzon

PHYSICIAN—SURGEON

Diseases of Women & Children  
Surgical Diseases



**Atos City Poly-Clinic**

Session Road

Above White Cross Pharmacy

## “STAD CAFE”

Restaurant, Excellent Cuisine, Excellent Food,  
Service A-LA-CARTE.

It's where the cream of the town congregate.

Day And Nite Service.....

*Train your voice by European method.....*

*Results Guaranteed*

Dr. Horacio Monzon—Tenor....at the....

## BAGUIO MUSIC STUDIO

Abellera Bldg.

Session Road

Baguio City, Philippines

**ABELLERA'S**

**BOTICA**

**CABRERA**

Home of quality drugs and cosmetics.

At reasonable prices.

Day and nite service.

DR. ERNESTO ABELLERA—*Physician—Surgeon*