

member having bestowed a sickly smile on the surgeon, and I do remember regretting my having been persuaded to remain conscious during the bisection. All things have an end, though, and the knife-inclined surgeon must have tired of his pastime, for he finally sewed me up. All I had to do now was to get well. My recovery would have been the simplest thing in the cutting process, except for the ravenous appetite of the patient in the other wing of the hospital across from my room. He would munch pieces after pieces of bread, and eat the most appetizing victuals. How I longed for his digestive organs! Even my dreams were haunted by his seemingly insatiable hunger. His gormandizing whetted my senses to emulate him. I tried bribing, cajoling and threatening my attendants to bring me food, food and again some more food. Alas, all to no avail. With a firm resolve to catch up with my eating, when the surgeon discharged me, I

forgot the matter and turned all my energies toward a speedy recovery.

It is surprising to note that my friends, far and distant relatives, and parents, treated and spoke to me with a certain consideration to the point of being embarrassing. Being commercially inclined, I naturally took advantage of their eager-to-help attitude by little requests ranging from a package of "Luckies" to a woolen suit. What a whale of a difference an operation makes.

Being of a loquacious nature, I look forward to the day when I can once more pursue my stenographic duties, and distress my friends with stories of my indomitable courage, and smiling nonchalance during my major appendix operation, enlarging on the difficulty of locating the unruly appendix, which is a lot of "hokum," but which is the way of all flesh.

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## Fate

*By Salvador J. Mendoza, Comm. '31.*

*He fails, he whines, and fate he blames,  
He succeeds, he exults, the honor he claims.  
But to whom is failure or success due?  
For sure not fate but it is you.*

**M**AN'S conceit and vanity make him declare, with an air of despondency, when he is in the neap-tide of misfortune, or when he fails in an undertaking, "Oh it is fate." Seldom does he rise to that grandeur of pointing to himself, and asserting with an indomitable courage and dignity, "It is I who am a failure." But when he succeeds, and is made to sip the intoxicating cordial of popular homage, and becomes the cynosure of the world, he exults, puffs out, and urged by Dame Vanity declares, "I am the sole person who is responsible for my success." Both are types of conceited men who see only through the blinding cloud of false pride; but at least, the second helps in bringing to light the truth that self is the determining factor in the building of one's destiny.

When you fail, why blame fate? What is fate? At first it is nothing but the immaculate white canvas of a painter called self. What shall be on the canvas will largely depend on the ability of the painter.

In the good olden times, and even at present palmistry was, and is practised. For me it is absurd and illegal except for one redeeming feature; and that is, it does the reading of one's fortune through the palm, and then unconsciously admitting the fact—that in one's hand shall his fate be.

God is just and simple. "He made and loveth all." Unlike human creatures He has no favorites. He endows every man with all the necessary tools and materials for making the most of his life, and for which every one must be thankful. Justice prompts Him just

to place us on the starting line of the race of life, and leave us there for us to do the rest, while He goes to the other end to do the reckoning afterwards. He decrees not, and wants not, that one shall be a Rizal, a Napoleon, or an Edison; nor does He desire that one shall be rich and another shall be poor, or that one shall be wise and the other a fool. He only helps those who help themselves.

It is evident that we are the architects of our fate—that nothing is predestined in the fabric of our life. That there is no such thing as an unlucky or a lucky fellow. The mansion of life shall be as it is built—no more, no less. Therefore do not depend upon luck or destiny, but endeavor and struggle if you desire success, but never quit because you say you are unlucky, and what is the use of going against luck. But I say, "If there is a will there is a way." It is not luck that is against you. It is yourself, and in yourself alone can you find salvation. The trouble is that, sometimes

one sleeps the hibernal sleep of winter hoping that Fate will wake him up in spring replete with life and beauty. But, disillusioned, he finds, when too late, that bound are his feet and handcuffed are his hands, ready to be led to the abyss of doom and oblivion, or to that caravan of innumerable men, whose mission is but to struggle on and on, to the grave!

Despond not, and yield not, but struggle on and on; and if in the course of your struggle you stumble, do not blame any one, or wait for Fate to raise you, for you are the one who will put fate into complete existence. Rise and take more careful steps.

After you have run the race of life, when life's picture on the canvas is complete, you will meet your Starter Who will ask.

"To whom shall the praise or blame for the picture largely be?"

Answer solemnly, "My Lord, to the one before Thee."

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## The Confession

*By Horacio Villavicencio, H.S. '31.*

THE hour was midnight. The moon shed her soft silvery light upon the calm and peaceful waters of the bay. The cool breeze fanned the trees, and broke the silence of the night with each fresh gust. All around was profound silence, as I sat upon a rock near the seashore. I was enjoying the sea breeze, as it pleasantly whizzed past my face. I was watching the waves dash against the shore one by one. I was admiring the brilliant reflection of the moon's rays upon the waters. I was musing, meditating, dreaming . . . .

Suddenly, a continuous faint splash of water disturbed this reverie of mine. The monotonous splash-splash as paddle struck water, had an unnerving and dismal effect. The sound seemed to come nearer, for every second it sounded more and more distinct to my ears. I looked around, scrutinized the horizon from end to end but in vain! I saw nothing! But

that sound still continued to disturb me. I looked again and this time a dark moving object emerged from the horizon and came steadily across the waters towards the shore. As it neared I could make out the faint outlines of a fisherman's boat, tossed by the rippling waves of the sea. A figure, darker than its dark background, sat rowing, rowing steadily and vigorously. With bated breath I waited. At last the boat dashed against—the sands and its prow stuck. A moment later the dark figure alighted and walked slowly towards me. Slowly and rigidly, as if moved by some mechanical device, it walked. I was frightened. This was no living man. It was a ghost! For a moment I felt as if I would faint. My very nerves seemed to fail me. Everything else, even the witchery of this beautiful night, was forgotten. Everything but that tall, rigid figure which now stood before me. At first I