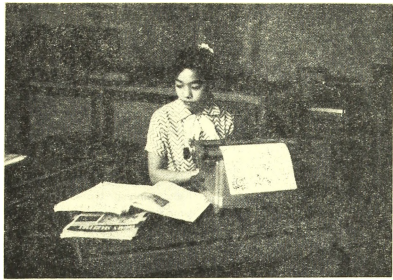


# ramblings in lower case



by Lourdes v. Jaramilla

like an indian serenade that rises softly to awakening the deep slumber of a memory to remembrance, the arrival of the new year into this world, old yet ever new, steals silently to surprise us with the consciousness that the year we've been so used to calling "now" is gone. we rub our eyes but we see the calendar bears the unquestionable concreteness of a tangible date that was never there before. where has yesterday fled? today is just the same day before. but once is a forgotten time. each day is a part of eternity... as much a milestone in the infinite timelessness as creation itself... one day... today... 24 precious hours more to live... alive among the world of the living... one more chance to plan my destiny... another opportunity to breathe again under the wide arch of God's blue sky... who can ask for more when so many have less than that?

in everyone of us lies a veil of no-man's land, the illusion that obscures the real we. there is in each of us a dual we. one is our impersonal calm, that day-to-day exterior we seem to meet each day as though it was nothing but simply another day to get over with. another is the soul behind the face... the living heart stripped of that thin veneer of civilized nonchalance. this is we in our sober moments, our creative spirit, our responsive side. and no man ever really penetrates the soul of a kindred spirit unless one loves — the platonic love of empathy that rises above all selfishness of ego, to enter the secret world of a fellow being. but this is so alien in our times where we see nothing beyond our noses...

in all of us there is the hidden mystery of true personality and if we could only "reach" the soul, we can read in it the same elemental human aspirations that have remained ever changeless from history's beginning... there is a little of a poet in each of us; only its romance is never appreciated because it lies too deep in us that so very few succeed in ever really giving it concrete expression. all of us have an affinity with the world's poets in the sense that we have had the same ideas and feelings, only that they say them better and clearer!

students sit before a teacher day in and day out, semester after semester, but that is no guarantee they know each other pretty well by now. every mentor knows the secret blankness of his students' faces... knowing them so much and so little! what's in a name anyway? what lies beneath the surface and the show, the human

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## Youth Social Action:

The Answer To Age-Old Distrust

(Continued from page 43)

to be. Is this what we call prudence? Or is prudence a mere armchair that easily degenerates into weakness and lethargy? Our youth does not seek to fight for emancipation. They want to do something more positive than that. They look up to you, not for your distrust and cynicism, but for guidance, for wisdom and, above all, for inspiration. Young communists are trained through hard work and study, to become leaders in the movement. Are we to believe that it is impossible to find young Catholics with equal capabilities and with equal spirit of dedication? State universities prepare their students for career life. When shall our Catholic schools prepare their students for lifetime opportunities THROUGH their chosen careers?

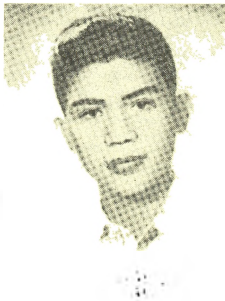
## USC NEWS

(Continued from page 26)

### LUGAY HEADS ARCHDIOCESAN CENTRAL COUNCIL

Mr. Rafael Lugay, Jr., president of the USC SCA and concurrently vice-president of the Archdiocesan Central Council recently assumed the presidential post vacated by the incumbent president who resigned. Mr. Lugay proceeded to reorganize the said council and patch up several loopholes left by the outgoing administrator.

Meanwhile, Miss Betty B. Antonio took over the presidency of the USC SCA unit. (Cont'd on page 47)



Mr. RAFAEL LUGAY  
President, Cebu Archdiocesan  
Central Council

<b>CIVIL ENGINEERING</b>	
FIRST YEAR	
Lim, Antonio .....	1.683
SECOND YEAR	
Salgado, Ligaya .....	1.445
Briiones, Demcrito .....	1.81
<b>ARCHITECTURE</b>	
FIRST YEAR	
Oppus, Oscar .....	1.600
Ouano, Cecilia .....	1.89



Mr. Vicente Bendenillo, Jr.  
Chem. Eng.

<b>CHEMICAL ENGINEERING</b>	
FIRST YEAR	
Plaza, Rolando .....	1.701
Amores, Alfredo .....	1.747
SECOND YEAR	
Serrato, Jesus .....	1.38
Espina, Raul .....	1.675
Cabatingan, Danilo .....	1.695
THIRD YEAR	
Bendenillo, Vicente .....	1.675
Mayol, Lydia .....	1.75
FOURTH YEAR	
Castro, Calisto .....	1.715
Limbaga, Iluminado .....	1.780
<b>ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING</b>	
Alvor, Virgilio .....	1.311
Odul, Edmundo .....	1.733

<b>MECHANICAL ENGINEERING</b>	
FIRST YEAR	
Jomasad, Agerico .....	1.577
Lim, Manuel .....	1.746
Quejada, Rodolfo .....	1.795
SECOND YEAR	
Malicay, Norberto .....	1.313
Coderia, Isidro .....	1.53
Tapao, Mateo .....	1.63
THIRD YEAR	
Lipardo, Gerardo .....	1.38
Corazo, Eugenio .....	1.55
Mar, Ildefonso .....	1.904
FOURTH YEAR	
Intong, Cayetano .....	1.457
Jorgio, Emmanuel .....	1.607
Floreto, Ray .....	1.723

(Continued on page 44)

## ramblings in lower case

(Cont'd from page 35)

personalities behind the glamour? ... viva san carlos! ... champion in basketball... one more trophy, an inanimate artistry of bronze that hints remotely of the spirit that won an intercollegiate championship under the liegeship of a man who had faith in his co-players. another pennant which is enough cause for chest expansion could turn the head of an athlete less enriched with the security of such human accidents as the **beaux yeux**, background and talent of **danilo deen**, captain of the san carlos winning varsity team... the 21-guns salute may never boom for a student cadet even if he's a lieutenant colonel in the ascendancy of rank but the man behind the insignia rates a round or two of snappy hand salutes to this winning soldier, **felipe "pepe" labucay**, corps commander of the san carlos rotc corps... nothing we say or do is ever really lost for we are all involved in humanity and become more or less the persons we were meant to be by every human contact no matter how briefly, distantly or disinterestedly... how little we know the people who cross our paths daily, how easily forgotten the fleeting chance acquaintances who slide in and out of our lives... how but for the curious workings of chance we would have completely missed the challenge of a whole new personality... have we a right to like or dislike a complete stranger we hardly know from adam at the first instance of knowing nothing more than his name and that he is alive and going to share our private little world for a brief time? ... to a new student from heaven-only-knows-what obscure school in a still more obscure province, his first days in the crowded university are his loneliest and any casual word from a classmate is nothing short of a beatitude. why should you then wonder why the moments of recognition at chance collisions in the labyrinths of san carlos, the friendly smile from across the room, the quick sympathy—"are you sad?" in blue moods are so terribly important to a bewildered and lost newcomer? these are the scattered unobtrusive pollens of felicity that will take lasting roots in the wayside soil where they have fallen.

such is the personality dynamism translated by **oscar abella**, president of the liberal arts supreme council... what does anyone of us know of the persons who sit behind or in front of us in our different classes? she sat beside me all through english 7 but she was so quiet we never dreamed even remotely that we had been rubbing elbows with a golden-voiced singer—**lourdes navidad** who thrilled us with her spanish lyrics in the pre-law oratorical tilt... or the big surprise of **asuncion caseños** who ran away with the gold medal in declamation... we have a classmate not much different from everybody else except by the pure possession of his own name. we knew nothing about him except that he speaks very beautiful english and that he never omits that "thank you" when he asks for ink or paper. he has a very shy smile and the curious mannerism of lapsing into silence at odd moments. we will like him for what he is simply because he is nobody else but himself. later we learned he had studied abroad for some years to thaw his mind from the shock of seeing his father killed before his eyes by the japanese. the horror had blasted his young mind and his family had fallen all over themselves to grant his every wish in compensation. an only son and an heir to a fortune he is studying music—devoting his whole life to beauty because he had seen so much ugliness while so young... and yet we would have preferred not to know this part of his life just yet because it somehow, whether one admits it or not, tips the scales of our interest favorably to his side, coloring our first impression of him with an undeserved romantic angle which he has no hand in now that he is merely a student. after all, we are always glad to accept people for themselves alone. that is why it is so disappointing when we meet a new friend who gives us his vital statistics, accomplishments, ambitions as well as family background at the first introduction when all we are interested in is the person as he is. with this kind of set-up it is very hard to evaluate him for what we find in him—to form an initial judgment subject to revision as the person begins to reveal himself as he really is—pure and unadulterated. we can't help the

(Continued on page 44)

## ramblings in lower case (Continued from page 42)

uncharitable idea that students who rush information that his father owns a hospital in the south or that her mother is a cousin thrice removed of a senator or that he had been president of this and that are dogged by a persistent inferiority complex and unconsciously base their importance on past successes or worse—on his family's prestige which he had nothing to do with in the first place.

sooner or later we can draw a more or less accurate sketch of a person's character in small dribbles—fragments of a conversation, unexpected bursts of confidence, mannerisms, attitudes and opinions in those unguarded moments when we are free to be ourselves—mere strangers of diverse backgrounds who meet in a classroom with nothing in common but the same purpose of earning three units in a subject. a classroom is a battlefield where we all stand along—sink or die—strictly on our merits. here where we're simply just one of the crowd, we can rise from anonymity, out of the ranks by sheer guts.

hand in gloves with every student's desire to get ahead is also his innate longing to be accepted by the right people... or anybody! there is great loneliness prevailing... none of the flippancy of intellectual pride or pseudo-college jargon disguised as smart slang or in witty parlance "highbrow-ism", the standard equipment of every college of these days, can refute that. actually it takes so very little to win a friend and yet none of us bothers to take the initiative to scale the defensive barriers set up by a lonely classmate who is only too willing to strip it down if only you'd let him! does anyone know the trying position of being accepted and yet not quite... of being part of it and yet outside it... to stay on the fringes of a crowd suffering the crushing disappointment of being unloved and unwanted? we'll never know how nice a person is unless we give him a chance. people are wonderful, if you only know them! **darie turigaga's** tilting "hi" is enough encouragement for us to keep going the rest of the day, in much the same vein that **eddie tojong** lifts our spirit with a gay wave... or **marina cayan** and **cecilia paz's** infectious good humor... or **ben alanto's** everlasting bag of jokes... the never failing smile of **paz montallona** and **lindy malimas**... the politeness of **loita echivarre**... the out-of-this-world adjectives of lively **peggy webb velarde**... and **nana butalid's** concern for her friends is so sweet... there is no substitute for thoughtfulness! a bit of interest in someone else other than ourselves goes a very long way. a book we share... a movie we both like... a pen we borrow... all are potential touchstones for the beginning of an enduring relationship—that "eternal breathless dead and undying moment" of mind meeting the mind, heart meeting heart, and personality meeting personality. out of a communion of spirit is born that fresh new discovery that although we've known each other for ages, we're just beginning to know each other... **jose "lito" basa**, at first glance a true study of a child of our times—easygoing and bored... but we know another "lito" looking for a star... **ramon "monette" san agustin jr.**, another typical cowboy... but we know he always gives the best he has (himself) to the cause of the pre-law organization, the SCA... and "anything i can do" to **The Grail**, the liberal arts student paper... **cesar villa's** portrait of a young man looking for his identity, delirium-care, footlose and fancy-free, drifting from day to day for the heck of it... admits a deeper need for a philosophy of life—telling us "i am not so much looking for happiness as seeking for what it is"... isn't this the same fundamental pursuit of every man upon this earth where confusion and bewilderment follow like shadows upon his footsteps? much of our unhappiness stems from our fruitless chasing for happiness instead of the search for what happiness is. the dual approach to the same quest spells the difference between heaven or earth or a private hell. happiness means to each one where he has found it. for it is always a personalized fulfillment, a reality we find, whether it be a rosebud, the laughter of a child, the

(Continued on page 43)

## USC's HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 42)

### COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

#### FIRST YEAR

Villalaz, Perla .....	1.24
Kuizon, Leticia .....	1.39
Conol, Lilia .....	1.40
Yu, Rosita .....	1.46

#### SECOND YEAR

Mascariñas, Fe .....	1.22
Marbella, Josephine .....	1.41
Patalinghug, Carmen .....	1.53

#### THIRD YEAR

Garcia, Lourdes .....	1.32
Lebunfacil, Clara .....	1.38
Almodad, Virginia .....	1.76

#### FOURTH YEAR

Chew, Remedios .....	1.39
Gador, Shirley .....	1.67
Lu, Engracia .....	1.70

### COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

#### FIRST YEAR

Quirol, Estrella .....	1.09
Gorduz, Juanita .....	1.32
Revita, Aurelia .....	1.81

#### SECOND YEAR

Yap, Rosario .....	1.34
Ongtawco, Julieta .....	1.65
Alinurung, Celerina .....	1.78

#### THIRD YEAR

Dakay, Concepcion .....	1.21
Daludo, Ma. Salvacion .....	1.33
Varquez, Eden .....	1.60



(Miss) Rosario Taladua  
BSE IV

#### FOURTH YEAR

Taladua, Rosario .....	1.23
Dator, Estrella .....	1.32
Alcares, Teresita .....	1.33

## MADAME EGLENTINE...

(Continued from page 29)

worldly trappings and pet animals gave the cloistered women frivolous ideas. The bishops raised eyebrows at these incursions into the convents, but no ban could be enforced since the nunneries needed the money badly.

Madame Eglentyne and her nuns did not exactly close their eyes or turn deaf ears to the influence of their worldly boarders. Thus, our prioress diverted a part of the congregation's money to entertainment at New Year or Christmas, to games, and contests which must have included dancing.

For the womanly vanities of clothing and jewelry Madame Eglentyne had a soft spot in her heart, for

*Ful semely hir wimple  
pinched veas;  
and  
Ful fetis was hir cloke,  
as I was war.*

Of course, these lines could only mean she was a fastidious lady who insisted on being meticulously prim. But then,

*Of smal coral aboute  
hir arm she bar  
A paire of bedes,  
gawded al with grene;  
And there — on heng a  
broche of gold ful shene.*

These definitely run counter to monastic rules. A nun was not supposed to wear jewelled brooches nor reveal her broad forehead.

Contrary to the bishop's injunction on pet animals, Madame Eglentyne lavished maternal care on her small dog which

*... she fedde  
With roasted flesh, or milk  
and venaed — breed,  
But sore weep she if  
oon of hem were deed,  
Or if men smoot it with  
a yerde smerte.*

If small dogs could move her tender heart, what was to keep her from showering as much tenderness on a snow-white rabbit or a twittering little bird (or birds) in a cage in some shady nook of the nunnery bowser?

Madame Eglentyne's presence at this pilgrimage shows very little discretion on her part, considering the vehement objections of the Church to wanderings of nuns, except in very exceptional cases. A papal bull had made it quite clear that pilgrimages for nuns did not

## ramblings in lower case (Cont'd from page 44)

stars in her eyes or the offbeat tempo of a rhythm. whatever it is, if it answers a restless need of finding yourself, you've found it and you'll never really lose it for its possession is an eternal answer.

‡

there is an old old gem of wisdom in the age-old saying that "you must take people for what you find them and not for what other people say" that makes up our little song of life. this is one rung up to help us grow in understanding even with the sceptre of our fallible human nature hanging like a sword over us, pulsating clay.

## The Warriors' Following (Cont'd from page 36)

Agapito Rogado, the old reliable of the team is an artist in his own way. His body twists when making sneak-in shots, much like a calypto dancer. Often, he bumps into someone's back, with the result that he does a one-point bottom landing. In one game he did this stance so many times that the groans of the sympathetic audience could be heard for miles. Balodoy Borromeo, the magic ball-hawking skeleton, teamed up with Rogado is something to see with his outside shooting, the happiest shooter of the team.

The strange behavior of the men around the court in shorts can only be understood by the few followers who sit and watch them cavort dally and gaily.

Carolinian rooters are few with the result that what they lack in number they make up for in noise. The school's population just doesn't cater to the idea of being seen whopping it up. Some students do not just give a hoot about moral support.

But let us, if for one moment, talk about a man. Let us pick him who turned the tables on a highly-touted team. Dodong is a genial man with a hearty relish for lusty cracks. Some of his more colorful "shorts" has put him in not-so-good standing with his fellow tutors. He has that easy touch of comradeship that makes his boys give back all he has taught. The boys now present to their mentor... the 1956 Loving Cup! The laughter now is on our side, our coach has shown to the public his worth, the prediction of our honored sports hacks have gone to the mud, but then, the writers' consolation is: "When good predictions are made, they do not come from sportswriters or, for that matter, a weatherman."

### SPECIAL TREAT . . .

Three members of the 1946 National Champion Warriors who have gone into mentorship have each bagged a championship prize. First is our Juan "Dodong" Aquino who took the CCAA crown; next is Jimmy Bas of the CIT Wildcats who tamed UV to grab the zone VII Championship and last but by no means least is Lauro "The Lord" Mumar, coach of the FEATI Hi-Flyers, CALM champions in Manila.

fall under the category of exceptional cases.

One is inclined to believe that the prioress must have used some amount from the convent coffers to cover the expenses of the pilgrimage, an amount which could have filled more pressing needs. She was

really more human than the average reader would think. Nevertheless, the host of the Tabard Inn, not being wise to her share of imperfections, regarded her with much more consideration than the other pilgrims.

(To be continued)