

FOR A
BETTER
Philippines

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Jose Rizal College JOURNAL

Official Organ of the J. R. C. Student Body and Member of the College Editors
Guild of the Philippines.

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1947

NO. 6



FEATURES BETWEEN COVERS

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Let's Have
A
Student Council
Organized

Always Be
A
Full Blooded
RIZALIAN

I

After having been absent for more than five years on account of the war, I feel good and pleasant to be working again in my old office. Though a minor employee in one of the government bureaus, nevertheless, I have attached some importance to my position, for sentimental reasons at least, because it was the first job I had which gave me a feeling of independence and responsibility. Being 19 at the time, I felt it my duty to be on my own and it was a source of great happiness to me not to depend on my parents for support any more.

My immediate chiefs and most of my co-employees are still working in the office, holding the same positions they had before the war. There are many new faces—new employees who were taken in while I was away. But a few of my intimate friends are missing—as casualties of the war.

NOTE: *This is a narrative in three installments of the author's experience shortly before and during the hell that was Bataan. Generoso S. Andoy is a reserve officer P.A., having served in the army during the past war. He is now a Junior in the College of Commerce of this School.*



As I Turn Back the Pages

By G. S. O.

I remember quite well that I was one of the first in our office who was mustered into the military service. It was in August, 1941 when, answering the call of duty to my country, my services with the bureau were abruptly terminated.

My recollections of those days are not at all very pleasant. The dark clouds of war threatening our peaceful shores were unknown to us, ignorant as we were of the worsening international situation. Naturally, I hate to leave an easy and soft civilian life. Also, my passionate desire was to continue my studies and finish my course.

One can imagine then how heavy my heart was when I left the city for the mobilization center. I never did

like the Army way of life. I had a taste of it during my ROTC days in college and more than a mouthful in camp during the summer cadre training. The bleak prospect of staying in camp for an indefinite period of time as a "real" soldier depressed my spirits and made my outlook on life dark and gloomy.

I was inducted into the USAFFE with the grade of corporal on the first day of September. The ceremony was so brief and unimpressive that the significance of the occasion, as will be shown later, was entirely forgotten and lost to most of us. The Combat Company to which I belonged and the other com-

panies of the Headquarters Battalion, 51st Infantry Regiment, in a mass formation, were inducted by an American lieutenant at the same time. It was a fine morning at Camp Wilhelm (Lucena), and in the background, towering over the landscape, imposing Mt. Banahaw, its crown bare of fleecy clouds, was silhouetted against a clear blue sky.

The full complement of the 51st Infantry was not mobilized at once. Only the "key men" were first called to active duty. These were all non-coms supposed to be the best in the Reserve force and after their intensive military training, they would in turn teach the bulk of the

reservists who were to be mobilized later on.

Apparently, however, a scientific and orderly method of drafting the right "key men" and in the giving of chevrons have not been carefully evolved in the mobilization blueprints at Army headquarters. This oversight led to serious difficulties and caused confusion which made the Army ludicrous and tragically comic. For instance, the First Sergeant in our company (apparently designated First Sergeant because his surname began with letter "A") had to affix his thumb mark opposite his name in the payroll each time he got his pay and was completely unqualified to run the company. On the other hand, there were many RO-

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THE WAY I LOOK AT IT

Perhaps no other national issue has given rise to so much controversy. No other question has awakened our people to so much action. No; not even the Independence issue. This happens because the problem at issue is a two bladed one. It is one that has its pros and its cons. But after a careful analysis I have come to the conclusion that its pros outweigh its cons.

If we were to reject Parity we would have no right to expect any kind of help from the Americans, which at this stage of our history, is of the most vital importance. At the same time American capital would be very reluctant to enter this field, where it is most needed. I say, where it is most needed, because we could hardly expect to place our industries back to normal with the little capital that we have left of our own. We could not exploit our natural resources for the lack of capital again. We could hardly expect to undertake almost anything without finding ourselves confronted, face to face, by that insurmountable barrier;—the lack of capital in adequate quantities.

Let us take up now the social side of it. Parity if approved would bring a great flow of American capital into the country. Great business concerns would as a natural consequence be established here and thus thousands of unemployed would get profitable jobs. The American capitalist, furthermore unlike the Filipino capitalist, is very liberal with his pocket-book. We don't need to prove this statement because all of us are aware that the best paid people are generally those working in American business firms. In contrast to this look at the Filipino laborers under Filipino landlords in our haciendas. They are, 90% of them, up to their necks in debt to the landlord who for this rea-

son treats them more like beasts of burden than humans. It is a very sad reality, indeed, that the Americans, who are complete strangers and who have the ERRONEOUS idea that they are superior are giving Filipino laborers a better deal than their own brothers in blood have and probably will. Thus the flow of American capital coupled with the establishment of American firms here will result in the upliftment of many of those in the lower brackets to the middle class. Approximately 75% of the Filipinos are salaried employees; for them Parity will mean more capital, more capital greater prosperity and greater prosperity, higher salaries. Out of this mass will grow a strong middle class and the result will be a strong United Nation... A nation where social stratification is very markedly unequal will be a nation always in turmoil because in such a nation discontent is inevitable.

The greatest enemies of Parity are the few capitalists and those erroneously misled by their emotional arguments on the sacrifice of our national patrimony etc., etc. In the dialect of the streets we call that, "Bunk". In the Forty Eight years of their stay here as conquerors there is nothing the Americans have done that we can use. Those who are shouting themselves hoarse against Parity have not presented any solid argument except emotional ones. They shout "we are ready to suffer all sacrifices that the rejection of Parity would bring." Yes it is easy to shout these things when the time comes it is not they who suffer because they

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

Generosa R. Soriano

During the days of enemy occupation when exterior forces to control man's passions slackened and when the adversity of our circumstances were such as to try even the upright, we found many among our people tainted by corruption. We could be somewhat indulgent and even to a certain extent tolerant then. It is often said that necessity knows no law. Our judgments then had to be tempered to make allowances for the evils attendant to the conquest of a nation.

But came liberation. Our government was reestablished. It was faced by tremendous national problems. In the solution of these problems was needed the full uprightness and vitality of our people, especially those in whom

are rich, but the masses under them. If things get too hot they pack up their things and go for a joy ride around the world leaving the masses in poverty to suffer the untold hardships "they were willing to undergo."

We should bear in mind the numberless benefits heaped upon us by the Americans in the past. We should not forget that the past war was our war as well as America's. We were fighting for our own homes and families and not for America as many claim. On that score we owe America as much gratitude as she does us. Thus we cannot expect any aid from America on the count of gratitude; if we expect to get any we've got to make it worth while for her and at the same time we should show her our gratitude, by granting her citizens here Parity Rights.

we reposed our confidence and upon whom the great task of leading the country from its prostration has been entrusted.

Unfortunately the government itself had to tackle the problem of corruption within. Notwithstanding repressive measures to safeguard the interest of the people, the venomous tentacles of dishonesty clutched many a victim to the detriment of poor Juan whom the government is duty bound to protect.

We read of scandals in the NDC, in the PRRA, and elsewhere. In glaring letters, the spiriting away of thousands of treasury notes earmarked for burning was brought to our national consciousness; and such corruption from quarters of what should be an airtight temple of uprightness which we call the audit bureau.

Are we to dismiss such irregularities again in this our time by regarding them as inescapable products of a post-war world? Surely if we continue taking such an attitude toward evils, brushing them off ever so apathetically, we might just as well resign ourselves to doom. While no country can boast of heavenly uprightness, we can at least reduce dishonesty to the minimum even under adverse circumstances.

We are but students. But we can not afford to be like three little monkeys that see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil. We simply can not and must never be different.

We can have our voice heard. It achieves.

By uniting in indignant protest against the abuses done us, perhaps, our leaders will heed our warning. We are a potent force. We can repudiate and influence others to repudiate those who commit and who allow their subordinates to commit misdeeds. Yes, at the POLLS.

God's patience is infinite. Men like small kettles, boil quickly with wrath at the least wrong. Not so, God. If God were wrathful, the world would have been a heap of ruins long ago.—Sandhra Sundra Singh

NEWS ROUND UP

Edited by M. S. Ronas.

ROTC To Hold Valentine Ball

The JRC Military Tactics Dept. announced today that St. Valentines Day will be celebrated on Feb. 16, 1947 under the auspices of the ROTC officers and cadets through the able advisiorship of Lt. R. Esecuta, P. A.

This year, Mr. Dan Cupid will be the ROTC unit to shoot an arrow into the Commerce Hall and Basketball Court from 5 to 11 p.m. The officers and cadets appointed to take charge are as follows: Pres., Cdt. Maj. R. A. Calvo; Vice-Pres., Cdt. Pvt. M.S. Ronas; Sec-Treas., Cdt. Capt. A. de la Rosa; Committee on Invitation, Cdt. Capt. J. Layug and Cdt. Pvt. J. Datwin; Committee on Refreshment, Cdt. Lt. I. Carreon and Cdt. Pvt. J. Elizaga; Committee on Publicity, Cdt. Lt. M. Perfecto and V. Garcia (Editor in Chief); Committee on Decoration, Cdt. Lt. E. Ajero, Cdt. N. Barerras and Cdt. Pvt. J. Lucea.

As usual the tempting music will be furnished by the band.
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PROF. J. Orosa Where Art Thou

Sometime after the 3rd Quarter started, students enrolled in Management-2 greatly missed their Prof. for almost a week... Much to their surprise Prof. Orosa got married last Jan. 4/47... Since then the Prof. failed to meet his class due to the much coveted Honeymoon at the Manila Hotel... Students were not amazed to see their Prof. reduce in weight after missing him so much... Congratulations Mr. Orosa may your tribe increase!!

Commandant Takes Over

Due to the recent appointment of Capt. F. Olivares to the P.A. HQTS., a new commandant was appointed to the JRC ROTC unit, the new Commandant is Capt. Bayron.

The ROTC unit of the JRC was completely revamped since the new Commandant took over. The companies were reshuffled as well as the officers. Inspections are had during drill-days while demerits are given to delinquent cadets... Strict compliance to the new order was at once enforced...

It was observed during the first meeting between the corp and the new Commandant that, the commandant's "introductory address" disappointed many a cadet... It was so discouraging that the cadets were dismayed...

Well, the corp is sure missing their old Commandant, Capt. Olivares.

Now It Can Be Told

For more than two Quarters, the students could not distinguish who among them were still "negotiable"... Romeo's of the JRC campus were so rampant then, while our "Misses Moffets" who were oftentimes flattered were not aware of the fact that most of the Romeos were "responsible men" already...

Due to the recent exemptions granted by the ROTC Commandant to married cadets, many Romeos filed for such and were given the privilege... Now it can be told who's who among the cadets! Better reveal your real identity otherwise, three hours military training every Sunday...

College Inn Draws Race Track Fans

In a night the College Inn was converted into a midjet race track by President Jose D. Warren of the Manila Jockey Club... Profs. and students alike shared the enjoyable "Magic Photo Finish" introduced by the Jockey president by betting a "buck" on the supposed six race horses mystically printed on a small card and reproduced later by means of water announcing the winning horse... It pays a big dividend that the Profs. and students were induced to try their own luck... Mr. Enrique hit the jackpot three while Prof. Tupas went home with a pocketful of headaches for he was very much victimized, M. Perfecto lost a sum that he was contemplating on how to get back from his friends... Prof. M.M. de los Reyes won the last race... It was a very clean game with no hooks attached.

JRC Students Enter Essay Contest

Many students from the JRC both from the Collegiate and the High School sent their entries to the Essay Contest, sponsored by the Boulevard Theatre during the screening of the film "Where Are Your Children?"

For the Collegiate they have "The Influence of the Picture on the Moral Uplift of Youth," for the subject and a cash prize of P450 while for the High School

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College Materials Arrive

According to the college administration, the second shipment of the much awaited materials for the College of Commerce is now at the Pier awaiting its being unloaded... Thousands of important Accounting books and Practice sets comprise the shipment... As soon as the materials can be procured from the office each and everyone will have a chance to possess the valuable materials at reasonable prices...

The materials arrived from the States through our illustrious Dean Vicente Fabella, who is at present very busy abroad looking for necessary materials for the rehabilitation of the JRC...

Enrolment High

By heaps and bounds students from the four corners of Manila poured in the compound of the JRC this 3rd Quarter. It was learned from the Registrar that this Quarter is the biggest enrollment since the reopening of its gate of learning. No doubt, most of the classrooms were filled to capacity that some of the students had resorted to standing... In Accounting II class alone, there are more or less two hundred students enrolled that it had to be divided into three classes.

New and former countenances could be seen as one lurked non-chalantly around the campus... faces simplifying determination to reap knowledge from the schools' fertile soil of learning... The faculty and student body warmly welcomes their brother and sister Rizalians...

The NATIONAL STUDENT CONFERENCE

*By Professors Are
Responsible For My
Achievements
—Medalla*



By Simeon C. Medalla
Class 1947

I may say that I would not have passed the recent Customs Brokers Examination if I didn't pursue my studies in the Jose Rizal College. Because, then, I would have not had that opportunity of meeting the learned and considerate professors who look all the while for the welfare of their students. Above all, I am very thankful to Prof. Trinidad Torres whose diligence and assiduity in teaching us Commerce & Trade 14 (Import & Export) enabled his students to clearly and rapidly understand the intricate problems of the subject. His untiring efforts and careful attention in coaching me in all the phases of the subject largely contributed to my success. I wish also to express my gratitude to Professors Emmanuel T. Pelaez and Jose Y. Orosa who, in some way or another have helped me in my achievement.

*Miss Illuminada Nicandro Represents
JRC in Confab.*

*The Roll of the Youth in our Republic
Discussed—Administration Criticized—
Parity Rejected — Opposes Amnesty
Grant.*

The National Student Conference was held in the City of Baguio on December 26-31, 1946, under the joint auspices of the YMCA and YWCA for the purpose of discussing the role of youth in our Republic. One hundred twelve colleges and universities of Manila attended which contributed much to the success of the conference. The advisory board was composed of highly accomplished intellectuals; President Clemente Uson as chairman, Mrs. Flora Ylagan as co-chairman, Mrs. Filomena A. Barcelona, Dr. Emilio M. Javier, Mrs. Josefa Jara Martinez as members and Mr. Alvaro Martinez was the conference executive.

On the evening of the 26th, the city mayor of Baguio, Jose Ma. Carino, welcomed us with a very poetic speech. President Uson presented the general theme "The Role of Youth in Our Republic" that enlightened and oriented our minds on the whole phase of the conference. The speakers aside from the Advisory Board were Mr. Gil Puyat, Dr. Paterno Santos, Mrs. Asuncion Perez, Vice Mayor Virginia Oteyza de Guina, and Dr. Antonio Isidro.

It is in this conference that the Filipino youth has proven itself to be growing res-

ponsible citizens and able leaders in the future. Contradicting many of our countrymen's opinions that youth are irresponsible, so pleasure-loving, easy going, dormant, in the Baguio confab they have shown their awareness of the fundamental problems that confronts our country today. Problems were discussed zealously, considering every angle and resolution on national and international issues which were adopted by the delegates. The heated debates on parity, on national educational policies, on the relations between labor and industry and on the one-world concept have proven that youth are aware of the forces that effect the greatness of a nation as well as those factors that stabilize international relations.

An outright rejection of the administration-backed parity amendments and the granting of amnesty to collaborators were advocated. The administration was further criticized for its slowness in laying-out proper measures for the amelioration of conditions in Central Luzon. The nationalization of retail trade, the liberalization of divorce law, the right of laborers to strike against the government, the slashing of army budget in favor of education, the erection of

JRC. Students Pass Customs Brokers' Exams

From the Customs Broker's Exams, given last Nov. 14, 1946 in Manila two JRC students garnered their laurels among the hundreds of competitors. The new and lucky students are Simeon Medalla and Benito Tamayo....

Although the exams were given midway to Commerce and Trade 14 (Importers & Exporters Documentary Technique) under Prof. Torres, which was then being taken by S. Medalla, still he groped his way to Victory. Benito Tamayo at least had some experience. Most of the competitors were Custom Brokers' examiners....

As a result it once more proved the caliber of the JRC students.... The college administration extends their heartfelt congratulations to S. Medalla and B. Tamayo.

more schools, and the expropriation of lots for playgrounds as a means for fighting juvenile delinquency and the mechanization of agriculture in Mindanao were the other resolutions passed. For achieving and maintaining world peace, the formation of a world government was favored rather than the formation of a superstate.

Here, the youth of the land has spoken, ready to endorse thereof and oppose thereto on any important issue affecting the prestige of our nation. Yes... youth may be drowned by influential prophecies and sugar-coated speeches of our national leaders, but time will come when with an accusing finger they will condemn these saboteurs of our national welfare.

You should not only be religious and love religion: You should make religion attractive, useful, and agreeable to everyone around.—St. Francis of Sales

POISON--ALITIES

THIS AND THAT... M. F. C.

Christmas is over and we are back to school again. Turning back to the Christmas merriment of 1946 the Freshmen had a Barn Dance with various party games. The Sophomores as well as the Seniors observed their's with a dance too, where Miss Josefina (Senior) and partner danced the boogie-woogie. She really did it well. While the Juniors; they had a program consisting of apple eating contest, harmonica selection, vocal solos, and exchange of gifts.

Well, what do you know about the exchange of gifts? A boy received a face powder and the other received a veil. This is the problem of the exchange of gifts, receiving an article not appropriate for the person concerned.

Valentines Day is coming, and if you will linger around the school building you'll know what every student is planning to observe this occasion. No doubt of course they are preparing for a Valentines party.

It looks simple, but it isn't.

"I'll be graduating in April", says a senior, "and the thought makes me sad and happy at the same time. The approaching examination days give me such night mares that I am afraid I might not reach that memorable day."

The Junior B had a picture taken last December. Mr. Amado Rimando, the biology teacher, thinks that Celestino Sarmiento looks like a gentleman from Holywood; Valentina Aguado busy conversing with Juana Hernandez, makes one wonder

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DO YOU KNOW THE SOPHOMORES?

By Lourdes S. Rivera

"Seeing is believing", yes, but as to what concerns us sophies, hearing is really believing it. If you have ever heard the loud reverberating voice of Conrado Oca you will no doubt agree that it is fit for military command. He reminds us of Mayon in eruption. You should have seen him throw the class into an uproar one sunny day.

"Her curly hair is a bad sign," say the old folks. So men do be careful lest you be swept off your feet into wonderland by the looks of attractive Belen Gorospe who goes around, shall we say, striking them dumb!

Arguing like a lawyer yet preferring to become a nun is something unusual that's getting the better of our curiosity. Yet Anicia Gabriel must surely have some good reasons for it. Keep it up Ani-

cia we won't ask any embarrassing questions.

Smiles; a mile between two s's. Yes sir, it goes a long way to drive worries away. Have you noticed how sweetly Edgardo Reyes s...mile...s? Well, if you ask me, you'll be sorry if you don't see him before you go.

Do you believe in diligence? Well I didn't until I noticed how Leonor Cruz doesn't start anything that she does not intend to finish. We have to hand it to her for being such a steady worker.

One Hundred and One Jokes;— that's Concepcion Levya. I guess she's got as many jokes in her head as she has hairs. Have you counted your hairs Concepcion? Now don't try to pull off one hair for every joke you give or you'll have to

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Wake Up And Write

Kosita Rivera

Perhaps not all of us students have contributed even a single article to our school newspaper, the "Journal". Why? Simply because you have not the least intention to write anything. You are just waiting idly for the day to come when you will come suddenly to the discovery that you can write. Most of us ambitious writers are inclined to write fabulous and fantastic stories, but if instead, just because we are but greenhorns in the art of paper-writing, at the impulse of the moment or during our leisure hours we devote our precious time in writing local news, club activities etc. we have discovered later that we would develop our talent and capacity to write. No one can become a writer overnight and that's certain. The day-to-day necessity of writing builds up our talent, insight, background and confidence in our work; hence also at the same time our instinctive self-flavored style. Your feelings can be expressed articulately then. If you want to be a successful writer, you have only to remember that the fundamentals or essentials in that line of work are: acute observations, dramatic instinct and creative imagination. If you are a possessor of all these qualifications, you cannot avoid being successful in your literary endeavors.

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for an affair but is always present during the occasion and with a girl, too. He is always the first one to get his refreshments by the "hook and by the crook" method. Well, there you are.

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## BULL'S EYE

By C & CO., INC.

Gosh! Here we are again, off for a New Year with all kinds of new things, new resolutions, yes, practically all new. And speaking of resolutions, we have but one and that at that, old too: that of a firmer determination of MINDING OTHERS' BUSINESS.

Business! The Editorial Staff got one last Dec. 15 with the Mayflower Studio—a picture taking. Its a bad business. Some Staff Members who were supposed to come at 3 o'clock came at 4 o'clock and some who promised to come failed to show up. It isn't quite surprising

that some one suggested calling it off for another day. Anyway, Mr. Editor-in-Chief, we can't blame them. They are Newspaper men and women and not Military men who can be at the right spot and at the right time. (But I wonder why the Editor-in-Chief and some of the Staff can managed to be on time).

Our Biologists are craving for a scientific name for a new specie of Homo Sapiens. They are asking for suggestions from everybody for the right name. The specie is described as: A two legged vertebrata, who is always reluctant to pay his contribution

## Homophones Get together

Lourdes S. Rivera

"The 'Sophomore Light Bringers' of the Jose Rizal College held a successful party recently. They headed the list for being the first or earliest birds among all class organizations to give a class reunion. Through the close cooperation extended by every member as well as the advisers and officers, the party resulted in a real success.

Here and there you could see faces brilliantly smiling; others with their shy countenance, while still others walking at great ease and pride around the ball room turned it all into turmoil and gaiety. It was not at all exclusively attended by Sophomores for most of them brought along their friends who of course added greatly to the merriest produced.

Featuring the affair were the ball room games participated-in by contestants from each section. Prize donors were the teachers, and our Registrar, Mr. Halli, awarded the prizes to the winning pairs.

## This and That . . .

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what interesting topics were passing between them. Mr. Manuel Rubio, national language teacher, is very jolly with his toothy smile.

### Notes on Human Behavior

Behavior in the school building, especially in the classroom, is worthy of consideration. Very often, when somebody is called to recite in front of the class audible unnecessary remarks are made here and there. These unpleasantness must be dispensed with because it is not only unfair and impolite to the one reciting but to the class as a whole.

Be polite, attentive and courteous to others. Refinement in human behavior is a badge of culture in a man welcomed and appreciated in every society.

## We Won't Mention Names Freshies X'mas Barn Dance

Lourdes S. Rivera

that there's a tall and debonair lad who started the year just right . . . you see, he got married a 'first day of the year with a certain pharmacist . . .

that among commerce students there's one who can pass to be an expert electrician . . . he fixed the fuses once when one of the wires short-circuited the other night . . .

there is a former professor in accounting who gathers the other faculty members and shows them how the "magic-photo finish" game is done . . .

there's one among us who keeps on muttering to himself, "To Each His Own—so own your own" . . . I just really wonder if he really has his own . . .

there's a former Arellano student who turns "very red", the moment he smells liquor . . .

that one of the students remarked in class once, "These sawati partitions reminds me of the Cagon Grove", Or is it Congo Grove . . .

somebody belonging to the editorial staff had a bad break with one of the high-school girls one afternoon . . .

a student known by almost all "wolves" and "wolverines" has joined the editorial staff with the rank of city editor . . . his article "To A Lost One" has been unanimously adjudged the best article of the year . . .

that the Happy Valley Country Club down España extension has been the rendezvous of a (tall, dark, and skip the rest) guy every weekend . . . with one of his very close friends . . .

that it's about time a certain professor came back and teach after his very long honeymoon . . . the students who have taken courses under him have missed his absence . . .

that those who used to appear in the JRC Journal masthead are no longer there. Maybe for several reasons, but we don't blame them . . .

that someone who introduced the phrase: "No money, no honey, no tepok" will find himself in very hot water one of these days . . .

## ENTRIES — t. e. s.

Well, here we are once more doing entries for the Journal. Picture us seated on our high stools faithfully at work on the book. Writing down entries is the order of the day. Save for the scratch of our quill pens, the silence is unbroken. It has been a lifelong job, this laborious task of doing the entries. Somehow a bookkeeper's life is wrapped up in the book he has helped fill. Time, the test for all things mundane, has made it a part of him. People have been known to keep a journal as a faithful reminder of milestones in their life. Why not you and I? Let's you and I help fill our page of the Journal. We know you have something in-

teresting to tell us. The best time to say it is now. And your best medium of expression is the school organ.

On hand to see that we are on the job is M. P. Monicus—(lord overseen of hacks like me.) He makes us tow the line or else—No wonder we have developed a hump. Doesn't that remind you of the hunchback of Notre Dame? But don't let a little physical deformity discourage you. We have taken no less than a course in physical culture to remedy the situation. See for yourself our acquisition of poise. Heads high up in the clouds we can be nothing else but stiff necks. Rigor mortis seems to have done a good job. When

December 20 was the day set aside for the Freshies' X'mas Barn Dance. The party was held at the Jose Rizal College Commerce Hall from 1:00 p. m. to 7:00 p. m. It was a beautiful afternoon: for the Freshies didn't receive any baptismal rain. Their party was regarded as one of the most successful parties of the year.

A funny scare crow was the center of attraction at the center of the ballroom. The program included different games such as Breaking the Pot and Shoe Tying Race; but the most exciting of all was the Shortest Way to Jerusalem. The resulting animation surpassed the pessimistic expectations of all who thought the Freshies just a bunch of kids. Well, if you ask me I'll say they are small but terrible. Oh! how I wish everybody could have been present to share in the fun. Their advisers and officers proved to be capable leaders. The big letter C (Cooperation) lies deep, in the hearts of the Freshies.

Awarding of prizes ended the colorful Barn Dance. As the sun began slowly receding, everybody began to enroute back home, physically tired, but immensely happy. Those who preferred to stay at home have good cause to regret the fun they missed!

do we get back to earth? There is nothing better than good solid terra firma.

The New Year held many faces our way. We are glad to have them among us. To them we say Welcome. The new personalities will make the campus a livelier place. They should be made to feel at home. Ye old students show them how. We would like to hear from the newcomers too.

"How about it fellow-classmates?"

# Girls In Waiting

by *Albina L. Enriquez*

It seemed somewhat hopeless, thought the despairing Aida as she surveyed with the keenest scrutiny the crowded large room of the employment agency. Aida, who works her way through college was one of those civilian employees released from an army depot due to a reduction in personnel. For weeks she had been going daily to the agency, and now her money had dwindled to a few pesos. Valentine's day is at the corner, waiting. What will she have for that day? How shall she spend it. The playing of her imagination, building air castles — nothing more than that could she do. There were almost half a hundred applicants. What chances had she against them? Not even a grain, with people endowed with fine education and possessed with a variety of experience. But she did have something they did not have—a firm resolve and determination.

An atmosphere of gloom pervaded the agency. Some of the girls sat reading magazines, several were apply-

ing the contents of compact to their faces. It is a wonder sometimes why girls, presumed to be jobless and penniless could yet afford to Max Factor their faces. Yet, everyone must admit sometimes that the face and not the head gets the job. That, maybe is the reason. Others were chatting together in a discouraged subdued way. Aida was at a typewriter. She always spent the tedious hours of waiting by practicing and improving her speed. She had even written a little article in the hope of being able to sell it somewhere.

Everyone was waiting, and to each one the minutes were like perpetuity. Finally, Miss David, the charming woman who heads the agency, with a paramount display of authority distinct to people holding key positions, entered. There was a silence, deep and heavy. The tension of everyone's anxieties grew with the seconds. Who this woman was, some did not know but all knew that she was a vision of sunshine. All looked up and waited for her



to speak. To the woman standing, the room was likened to a sea of eager upturned faces. Seconds went on and the anxiety of their faces developed into impatience.

"Today", began Miss David, "the Junior Red Cross is having a tag day. There is an opportunity for each one of you. The compensation is one-fourth of the takings. Who will volunteer?" Contrary to the expectation of all, the job did not call for a considerable amount of qualifications, but to Aida, any sort of physical or mental requirement was no barrier. The forty applicants looked at each other, reluctant. It might deprive them of the chance of getting any vacancy that might appear during the day. Besides that, they would be exposed

to considerable danger—going out in the rain and the chilly wind beating against you.

But Aida said eagerly "I will be glad to tag, Miss David." The intermittent beating of the strong wind against the houses and the trees and the heavy drumming of the rain on the roofs would not weaken nor dampen her spirit. The storm of the world was not enough to stop her. Only a few others followed her example. Poorly clad, these few girls went out to brave the rain. However, brave as they were, they all gave up when the steadily increasing force of the storm became more and more discouraging, except Aida.

Aida lay in her bed, sick and helpless. The cold had completely debilitated her frail and delicate body. She would be lying there five or seven days, probably weeks, she thought. The despair of hers when she was at the agency is hardly comparable to that now markedly expressed in her pale face. She moved her hand gently beneath her pillow and felt the few pesos she had earned the day before. But they were not enough to get her a doctor. Her worry increased. She was without a job, this time without a job and without health. Oh God!

A visitor in white was led into her room. Who was this man, rather, this doctor? Did anybody in the house call for him? The stranger handed her a letter. It was from Miss David introducing the traveling physician from the Red Cross. To the letter was attached an appointment form.

*It is not Purely brain and education that make for succes but the firm determination to succeed.*



# THE MEETING

*He met her on a December afternoon  
and from that time he lives in that intangible  
world of his own.*



He goes around in a seemingly aimless and distracted condition. His usually gay and carefree air no longer shows on him, but instead, a worried look now mars his face. Yes, there is reason for this radical change. He lives in another world—a world of his own. A world where he and Maria Elena are the principal protagonists.

It all came so unexpectedly one day in December. Freddie, a very likeable fellow was invited, as was usually the case, by some friends to attend a party. Not knowing almost anybody present, he decided to stay at the door and look on as the others enjoyed themselves immensely. Very unexpectedly, indeed, one of his few friends rudely interrupted him. "Why, Freddie you must dance, you can't do this to us. Come on dance with this girl." He looked up and there with his friend pulling her by one hand, he saw with utter amazement an angel, he thought. There was nothing artificial about her. She had such a sweet face and such a look of innocence in her bright large eyes that Freddie felt his blood rise. He did not know what to say and when he asked her for a dance a slight blush that multiplied her beauty many times was noticeable. He had never felt this way. He found himself dancing in a trance with Maria Elena. He scarcely talked because he did not know from

where to start. A short time later he took her again the second time and again he found himself dancing with that inexplicable feeling of mixed delight, respect and rapturous excitement. As the party was wearing off Maria Elena approached him by the door and very kindly offered to introduce him to all her friends. But for Freddie, from that time, there could be no other girl and shyly he asked her, "look here Maria Elena why take that trouble, instead, could I have your next dance?" "Why Not?" She countered vividly with a bright smile.

That night Freddie went home in an extremely hap-

py mood with a smile on his face and a song in his heart. That very night he made up his mind to fight for this girl who had everything a man could desire and more. That night he told himself. "I've got to marry her or someone at least as close as possible like her if I'm not lucky enough." Yes, Maria Elena had transformed him. His outlook on life was suddenly becoming a very serious one. She had accomplished something no one was ever able to,—she had aroused in him all that is noble in man.

The next few days he made it a point to meet her in her school and he would converse with her for almost an hour.

They would talk about the school; about their individual lives and plans. This short talks proved to him the more, that he had not misjudged her. He found her a very sensible and interesting person much more than many modern girls who talk nonsensically on trivialities. Every day he felt his love for her grow stronger and stronger and yet he could not tell her, not even a hint of what his heart was crying out. He could not tell her for fear of hurting her, for fear that she would not understand; she was so young.

But soon Freddie went to work and these meetings could not be continued. He could no longer exchange views with her, he could no longer feel her so near to him at least that hour a day. Suddenly he felt so desolate and helpless. He wanted her, his heart yearned for her, yet he could not have her, he could not even see her. He found himself a victim of this cruel world but what could be done? Hope; That is why he goes on living in a world of his on. A world where he and Maria Elena live for each other. In which he is giving her a fair deal doing everything in his power to make her happy. Yes, we cannot blame him if he goes around in a seemingly aimless and distracted condition. He is living in that intangible world where he and Maria Elena are the principal protagonists.

## PLEADING

(Dedicated to LSR)

*Tis my love I've been offering you,  
You turn aside and never knew;  
What you've done this heart of mine,  
Keeps on pleading so long a time.*

*Yet, my love keeps calling for you,  
For it's honest and true;  
Why still you refuse to take my love,  
When you knew that I love no other girl but you.*

*Oh! my love, where are you my love,  
You desired to be my lost one,  
When my heart greatest call is you,  
For it keeps on calling none other than you.*

EDITORIAL

**CAN YOU BE ONE OF THESE**

*This was election time, and electioneering was at its worst. Personality politics and its ugly sister, mud-slinging, was again the order of the day. The back-patting and fond embracing, the passing around of cigars and beer, the laughter at someone's expense; and the eloquent periods and thunderous but forced ovations,—these were the glory of these times. Promises are made to be forgotten, principles are sold for power. And in the midst of all this, the young man with his high ideals, stands, the very picture of confusion and consternation.*

*For it is indeed most depressing to the young man whose head is filled with the most enthralling concepts of democracy, equality, fraternity, to see his country and his fellowmen divided on the flimsiest of reasons. It bewilders him to see the highest public servants so chosen to better the lot of the people, how in a country dedicated to the good of the people living therein, fired by but one ambition to lord it over all others and thus glorify their own glorious selves, while the country goes to the dogs!*

*The young man begins to wonder whether the past forty years in which we were receiving object lessons on democracy from that pioneer and protagonist of democracy the United States were not forty years of just so much political bickering, and political jockeying into power on the part of our supposed leaders. He begins to see maybe how the destruction of our cities by war, was the last phase of an unplanned political and economic system. So that now that we are straining to rebuild those destroyed cities, we are by resurrecting the old corrupt way of running the country the way for another destruction.*

*The young man is still young. He has not yet known corruption. But he can be corrupted. Therefore, the youth of today has to make a choice: will he try to realize the meaning of democracy by pledging himself to fight against all corruption, or will he again be a partner in that most treasonable of treasons, the selling of his country's good for personal power, and money?*

*The young man can still mould himself along the proper way. He can still learn to trust himself; that as his better self, and learn to love playing clean. He can still eliminate bribery from the vocabulary of his daily existence, and convenience he can throw overboard. The young man can still be a good citizen. So that the often quoted: Youth, the hope of the fatherland, should no longer be a mere platitude and truism. This is the day and the hour for the realization of that truth. Youth is the hope of the fatherland, NOW.*

*But there are so many obstacles in the way. The first is that youth has inherited a corrupt system. Therefore, some way or other, youth must revolt against that old system. And to rebel against a seemingly good system is very hard, indeed. But this making a mountain out of a mole hill. All the young man needs is that same amount of courage which he calls up when he does anything difficult, like pro-*

*Jose Rizal*  
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posing to a girl he really loves, or doing difficult things to prove that love. So all the young man has to do is to fall in love with his country; and this love like all other loves is most intense most undying most courageous when the lover knows all the worth of the loved one. The young man must learn and understand what democracy is, and what is his country's good. Knowledge precedes true love.

The young man is easily swayed; he easily falls in love, unreasoned love. That is why he must be warned against demagogues. The problem of the young man is where to look for guidance. At a time like this where so many come for in the guise of leaders spouting oracular truths, the young man must first of all trust his own sense of values. He is capable of judging where truth lies, and where error lurks. As for the leader who deliberately betrays a young man, let him remember that his is a crime that knows no parallel.

The young man should not be bewildered by this apparently gargantuan task, or be frightened by his difficult mission. He should take courage from the fact that what he is trying to do is but part of that great and continued struggle of making from its very inception to rid itself of its vices. Often these struggles have taken national and even international proportions, and we have the World Wars.

The young man should not be discouraged when he sees his efforts to make this world a better place to live in, it still goes in its own erroneous way. He must not forget that his efforts are but a small part of the world struggle, and if he can die saying to himself that he has not known corruption, then he can rest assured that his mission has been accomplished.

—M. S. Perfecto

## STUDENT SLACKERS

The record in the registrar's office shows that a great number of old students do not enroll on time. They procrastinate for a few days and sometimes for more than a week.

More often than not, a student puts off enrolling to prolong his vacation. He takes his studies as a matter of fact and is not serious enough to consider that loafing and laziness inevitably work against him later on.

This practice is harmful not only to himself but also to the conscientious student as well. When the irresponsible student finally enrolls and attends his classes, he finds himself groping in the dark, as it were, for the previous lessons to his great disadvantage. Or if the professor in his kindness goes over the previous lectures again for the late comer's benefit, the other students who have enrolled on time lose valuable class hours to allow him to catch up with his studies.

There is no gainsaying the fact that this practice is undesirable. It would be advantageous to all concerned if the school authorities promulgate adequate and effective regulations to curbe or reduce to the minimum this obnoxious practice. Such regulations, however, can not be fully effective if the students, forgetting their sense of responsibility, refuse to cooperate in the enforcement of these rules.

—G. S. O.

# Of Woman and Account

By Tirso V. Antiporda

When a man goes out of his way to get married, the so-called intention of getting a boon companion for life is easily relegated into the background as, in the final accounting, he actually gets himself an auditor and a very tenacious one at that.

For all that may be said of the "little woman" being a weak, fragile and innocent thing, to be handled with silk or velvet or kid gloves at all times, it usually turns out that the "sweetest girl" is not half as sweet as she is credited to be, but is, in a "bitter" sense, a slick operator who can give any empire builder a couple of pointers on the debits and credits of high finance.

During the period of courtship and even before you could muster enough courage to say the fateful words, the object of your affection sets loose all her wiles to "assess" her man, by the very simple expedient of telling you that while she does not doubt your sincerity, she nevertheless doubts your financial standing and ability to afford the luxury of a wife. Unless you get your signals confused, and in all probability you don't, you take this as the high sign to go ahead and show off. So, "four-flusher" that you are (and who isn't during his courtship days) you immediately strive to make a good impression and starts by telling her that your assets exceeds your liabilities, and tops this misrepresentation with the confidential information from the "inside track" that your net worth and earning potential will be enhanced when you get married as it has always been

the policy of your employers to give their employees a boost in pay as soon as they (the employees, of course) get married. Through all this, the apple of your eyes gapes and with an understanding "ah". Before you could figure out what everything is all about, the woman who has been playing hard to get all the time, but who really is not so tough after all, finally breaks down and consents to make you the happiest of all mortals.

Being only human and, therefore, most susceptible to any human foible, of which conceit is a glaring one, you go through a prolonged procedure of congratulating yourself, while the fiancee pumps your pocket-book dry and your bank account nil for a bridal veil and a bridal ring and a bridal gown and a bridal bouquet and a bridal hairdo and a bridal terno and a bridal

etcetera. The gloom starts to set in, but you console yourself that she is worth all these bridal "necessities" and more, so you survive the spending orgy by the skin of the teeth and manage to stand and kneel and sweat your way through to the final, binding, regrettable "I do".

You settle down to a saner, married life in the face of the realization that by all accounting standards you are in the "red", and sheepishly tells the intelligent, understanding wife that she will have to scrape and sermp her way at least until next payday. Intelligent — YES! Understanding — HELL NO! Immediately you are taken to task for having spent your bachelor money foolishly, for financing a wedding with all the pomp and splendor which you were never in a position to stake anyway. You are reminded

that two cannot live on love alone and winds up with the admonition that from here on things will be different because she is taking over and she does.

Comes your first married payday. In keeping with the "aras" ritual you turn over the half-month's pay to the new exchequer who acknowledges this discharge of your obligation with the searching "is tns all of it?" You get a measly allowance to take care of your operating or overhead—actually you do not get a cent more than you really need for TX—transportation allowance. You convince yourself that everything is still all right—after all you have a wife—but surely you are beginning to get a little confused and deep down inside you are getting on to the conclusion that you actually have a "nameless grief" on your hands.

Work in the office picks up and you are called upon to render overtime. You tell this to your understanding wife a day or so in advance. Of course, she will understand, and how! As soon as you get home from that overtime, before you could tell her how tired and wrought and overworked and hungry and unhappy you are, the wife/auditor demands that you fork over the overtime pay, and heaven help you if your employer has "jewed" you out of your overtime pay, or if you used this overtime as a front to cover up an innocent meeting with the fraternity boys after office hours.

Speaking of office hours, you have in your wife a very exacting timekeeper who  
(Continued on page 19)

## A SONNET TO YOU (Dedicated to the Name in it)

*Console me, oh, fair lady of my dreams,  
Oh deep sorrows to me you have given,  
Ring to this heart a voice that is tender  
A voice that will lavish all the care.*

*Zenith of my love cast not down,  
Of my downfall do not frown.*

*None other can give the crown, than that love you own.  
Come my love, you desired to be my lost one,  
As my heart greatest call is you.*

*Long thru the night I have been dreaming,  
A love that is noble and true.*

*Please let me put this to an end,  
Resting faithfully within—  
Ever to be yours now and forever then.*

—Gerardo R. Quehee, Jr.



# Rejuvenation

by Josefina Quijano

*She gave her heart to the wanton  
stranger . . . She was left with but a kiss  
and a promise never to be fulfilled.*

It was a cloudy and moonless night in June. The sun had set and a big, brilliant star in the horizon cast its silvery beams around me. The air was cool, and the sea breeze, mixed with the sweet perfume of the Camia and Sampaguita flowers, made the air pure and soothing.

It was on this very spot by the Beach of Manila Bay where I wooed my darling and won her. It was on this

spot where we promised each other our love, our words of fidelity and faithfulness, and it was on this spot where we sealed our solemn vows with a kiss and a rosebud for each to keep as a token of filial love. It was on this spot where joy was thought of immensely and disappointments, griefs and sorrows were unknown and forgotten.

Now I sit here all alone brooding in the deep remorse

over this dim part. My heart is heavy and cold, and my eyes are blurred. Fate was so cruel and time so bitter. Oh! she whom I thought to have possessed a golden heart has upset our dual expectations when I realized that she nourishes in her heart iron sparks after all. She forgot our vows and left me alone to languish in my deepest regrets and disappointments.

My heart though peaceful with what pleasant Nature has provided, still wanders in search of her. But she is a woman after all, who has given her love and affection to the wanton stranger of the land, when on the other hand she was left alone with but a promise and a kiss never to be fulfilled, and me . . . there's a wound in my heart, a wound that is hard to heal. Remember that there is a grief which burns more than tears drown.—END

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# PACIS, BENITEZ ADDRESS CEG

## Meet The Chow Hounds

M. S. Ronas

January 18, 1947 will long live in the hearts of Monico Perfecto's visitors at their residence in Pasay. It will remain an amber for it was full of unforgettable moments shared by each and everyone.

It was Monico's natal day—or, his . . . years in this mundane world and to celebrate the day he gave a luncheon party the following day, Sunday. Unluckily to much ado. . . You could just picture out how a man eats after three solid hours of tedious training. . . the sweat that flowed like wine and the energy exerted under the flaring heat of the sun, the flavory menus that layed before the officers and cadets were unwaveringly consumed to the brim. . . Well, we can't blame them after all. . .

Before lunch was served, the visitors were entertained with a musical intermission with the Perfecto's 'Radio-Phone' plus the "Cold punch" that gave a swelling relief. . . At zero-hour the visitors found themselves seated in the dining room amidst foods ranging from salad to fried chicken. . .

Lt. Escudeta took the lead, while Cdt. Maj. R. Calvo seriously dissected the "boiled fish" with French dressing to the full extent. . . We wonder how the Cdt. Maj. could accommodate the food in his stomach. . . Cdt. Capt. J. Layug "Moidered" the fried chicken while in front of him was Cdt. Jose Elizaga undergoing a "color metamorphosis" due to the "punch" he drank. . . he wasn't blushing or was he? Cdt. N. Barreras and J. Lucea were somewhat shy among the cang but our little friend Cdt. Joe Dalwin surprised us all! Our Editor in Chief was there too. . . helping himself with the salad, he

## Manila Tribune Ed Criticizes Dictation Policy In Some Schools

In the last meeting of the College Editors Guild of the Philippines held at the University of Manila on January 26, Vicente Albano Pacis, prominent journalist and editor of the *Manila Tribune*, told the budding editors that the policy in some schools, either by the advisers or the authorities, to dictate their will on those running the paper was defeating the very purpose of a school organ. He gave the example of one of the College papers in the city that was forced to suppress its publication because there was an article in it that was not to the satisfaction of the school authorities. That, he said, is a very narrow minded attitude on the part of the school authorities. The school authorities and advisers should only act as advisers in case the students ask for it, but they should never act as censors. The rest of the talk dwelt on other matters concerning journalism. The talk was more in the form of an older brother's advice and the young editors no doubt really got some food for thought from the very intelligent treatment of the subject presented by Mr. Pacis.

once in a while would adjust his falling binoculars. . . Cdt. Lt. H. Carreon and yours truly indulged ourselves with the steak and ham. . . Well, I just couldn't breath no more that I took time in loosening my belt. . . I hope nobody noticed me. . . To Lt. Escudeta we all admit from the bottom of our hearts that he is a swell guy for company. . . Then to the kind hospitality of the Perfecto family we give our undeniable gratitude. . .

## JRC Formally Accepted by CEG

Last January 26 the CEG held its regular bi-weekly meeting, with the staff of the "Campus Leader" playing hosts. During the business meeting a motion was presented by the Editor of the National University for the approval of the petition for membership of the J.R.C. staff. As soon as the meeting started the NU Ed stood up and said, "Mr. President, in as much as the members of the JRC have applied for membership to the Guild and in as much as I have seen one of their issues and think that it is worth it, I move that we formally accept them as members." No objections being presented the J.R.C. Journal became a member of the College Editors Guild of the Philippines amidst the applause of all present.

## Alumni Decorated By U.S. Govt.

In a simple ceremony held recently, Miss Trudy Ocampo, Commerce '39 was decorated by the U. S. Government for the help she so unselfishly rendered to the internees in the various concentration camps and to the American soldiers who continued the fight against the Japs from the mountains. Her assistance helped the cause in no small measure and everything was done at tremendous risk to her very life.

The luncheon broke up after 2 o'clock after some refreshing chat among the officers and cadets. . . All's well that ends swell. . . Don't forget Monico, we'll be coming back in 1948 at the same time and date whether you like it or not".

The College Editors Guild, in its last meeting held in the auditorium of the University of Manila on January 26, had for its guest speaker Mr. Vicente Albano Pacis, editor and publisher of the *Manila Tribune* and one of the foremost journalists in the Philippines today. Previous guest speakers of the Guild were Congressman Quintin Paredes, Mayor Valeriano Fugoso, and Secretary Emilio Abello.

In his address, Mr. Pacis bewailed the muzzling of the press and urged the members of the Guild, as future journalists, to make of decency, privacy and statute limitations. He also proposed the creation of a board composed of students and members of the faculty to pass judgment on erring editors of students' publications, so that the latter may be free from the control and discipline of the school administration.

Miss Helen Benitez, previous president of the Guild and one of its present moderators, also gave a short extemporaneous talk. She congratulated the members and recounted briefly her year's stay in the United States.

## Alumni Get Top Positions In RFC

Delfin Buencamino an Alumnus of the College and the former president of the Bank of the Philippine Islands is a member of the board of governors of the recently established RFC. Credit manager of this corporation is Julio Macuja, class 1928, and a former professor of this College. Mr. Macuja was formerly the accountant of the Agricultural Bank.

Both, Messrs. Buencamino and Macuja are at present, members of the board of directors of the Jose Rizal College Alumni Association.

# Sports

## JRC BLUE BOMBERS LICK MAPUA

### Still Unbeaten

In their first public appearance this season, the JRC Senior and Junior basketball teams won their respective engagements against Mapua Institute of Technology in a dual meet held last Friday, January 24 in connection with the latter's College Day.

In the preliminary game, the JRC Eight brigade, led by the de la Rosa brothers and supported by Victoria, still proved to be the 1941 NCAA Champions by beating the engineers to the tune of 34-29. It was a one-sided affair with the champions leading at every end of the first three quarters until the last three minutes to play in the final canto when the Mapuans, fighting hard to catch up tied the score to 24-all at the end of the regulation time. In the extra period, S. de la Rosa and G. Victoria, who proved "too hot to handle" for their guards, punctured the basket from every angle and spelled disaster for the engineers.

In the second tussle, Coach M. Adao's JRC Seniors added Mapua as the fourth victim in their winning streak, beating San Beda, Letran and La Salle in the NCAA "close door" league. The highpoint man for the Rizalians was J. Fernando with 10 points to his credit, while E. Tanquitic starred for the loss making 13 points. The final score was 42-38. Line-up:

## JRC Swimming Team Makes Good Showing

The Jose Rizal College secondary swimming team copied the third place in Group B in the Manila Swimming League for 1946. Coached by Recaredo Calvo, the team, composed of youthful and inexperienced mermen, manifested the true Rizalian spirit by beating seasoned rivals despite the few pre-game practices they had. The members of the team are the following:

- 'Francisco del Mar
- Baltazar Tercias
- Joven Reyes
- Herman Unson
- Alberto Mabutas
- Artemio Asia
- Juanito Domingo
- Leonardo Guerrero
- Antonio Ledesma
- Wilfredo Zabat
- Jose Salumbides

### JUNIOR GAME

|               |             |   |
|---------------|-------------|---|
| Jose Rizal—34 | Mapua—29    |   |
| S. de la Rosa | 11 Alonte   | 4 |
| E. de la Rosa | 10 Zapanta  | 4 |
| Victoria      | 6 Mendel    | 4 |
| Moderato      | 2 Mendiola  | 3 |
| Roxas         | 2 Tinga     | 3 |
| Santiago      | 0 Luber     | 2 |
| Ventosa       | 0 Vitali    | 1 |
| Del Rosario   | 0 Ungson    | 0 |
| Cruz          | 0 Alcasid   | 0 |
|               | 0 Caballero | 0 |

### SENIOR GAME

|               |              |    |
|---------------|--------------|----|
| Jose Rizal—42 | Mapua—38     |    |
| Fernando      | 10 Tanquitic | 13 |
| Calvo         | 8 Agrava     | 12 |
| Cabusao       | 2 Yap        | 5  |
| Callian       | 7 Go         | 3  |
| Avedillo      | 7 Paclé      | 2  |
| Fulgencio     | 7 Tanedo     | 2  |
| Buenaflo      | 1 Domingo    | 1  |

# H. S. JUNIORS FIRST SEMESTER INTRAM CHAMPS

## Second Semester Intrams On

The high school basketball intramural league for the second semester was formally opened on January 18, 1947. The first game was between the Juniors, champion of the first semester, and the Freshmen. This was a heart-breaking game for the greens. They were having easy sailing throughout the first half, leading by 9 points in the first quarter and 5 points at lemon time. In the 3rd quarter, with A Halili leading the rampage, making four successive field goals, the Freshies' lead was narrowed to one point. Another twin-pointer from C. Halili turned the table for the champions and at the end of this period, the Juniors were leading for the first time, by one point. The last canto was a nip and tuck affair. Ramos, the Freshies' adding machine, supported by Osmeña and de la Paz, was fighting like hell to gain their lead, but the champions were steadily widening the margin and came out victorious at the final whistle. The score was 45-36.

The Sophomores met the Seniors in the second game. Fighting with only 5 men, the Seniors, playing topflight basketball, pinned the Sophies to zero at the end of the first quarter by the score of 8 to nil. Coach Cabusao of the Sophs put in his regulars in the second stanza, and the first half ended by the score of 17-15 with only two more points to catch up. The 3rd and 4th quarters were the Sophies'. Hitting the basket at will, Caragan and Gamboa of the blues pressed down the Seniors lead and putting the game in the bag for the Sophs. The final score was 41-35. L. de Rosario was the topnotcher of the Seniors with 19 points, while Cara-

The defending champion of the first round had a good start in the first quarter, limiting the Seniors to 5 points and crediting themselves with 8 points. In the second quarter an even number of goals were garnered by both Seniors and Juniors plus two foul shots made by the Seniors thus cutting the Junior lead at half time one point.

The third stanza found the Seniors grabbing the lead from the Juniors by the score of 9-6 making a total of 18-20 for the Seniors. On the last quarter the Juniors staged a rally that put the game in the bag when A. Halili all by himself scored 8 points and Jacinto and Valenzuela both made 2 points each against the Seniors' one field goal and two foul shots. Final score 20-24 crowning the Juniors Champion of the Intramural League, 1946 Candidates for the Most Valuable player Freshmen's Ramos, Sophomore's Caragan, Juniors Angel Halili and Senior's L. del Rosario. For the most improved player in the league is freshmen's E. Osmeña.

gan, with also 19 points starred for the winner.

### The line-up is as follows:

|                   |                    |    |
|-------------------|--------------------|----|
| <b>Juniors—45</b> | <b>Freshmen—36</b> |    |
| Halili, Jr.       | 9 Ramos            | 22 |
| Cortez            | 4 Hernandez        | 1  |
| Halili            | 14 Salvador        | 0  |
| Macapinlac        | 0 De la Paz        | 8  |
| Jacinto           | 19 Osmeña          | 5  |
| Valenzuela        | 4 Godoy            | 0  |
| Lorico            | 0 Mangahis         | 0  |
| David             | 0 Masculino        | 0  |
| Cruz              | 2 Baltazar         | 0  |
| <b>Sop.—41</b>    | <b>Seniors—35</b>  |    |
| Gatdula           | 4 Escueta          | 4  |
| Gamboa            | 14 Del Rosario     | 19 |
| Coay              | 0 Cabrera          | 2  |
| Caragan           | 19 Pascua          | 5  |
| Venturillo        | 0                  |    |
| Recio             | 2                  |    |
| Marquez           | 2                  |    |
| Domingo           | 0                  |    |

# You Broke My Heart

You broke my heart, but I can nurse  
Its wounds deep though they are,  
I never knew that sorrows dart  
Aimed at my heart, a bitter curse.

I cannot help tears in my eyes,  
But what are tears to you?  
They're just transparent dew,  
That fall at night from skies.

But... I shall still hope and pray,  
For you to reason out  
The wrong you have done... the poison dart  
Might aim of you someday,

—Purita F. Bolos, IV Year

## Bull's Eye . . .

(Continued from page 6)

Think of the right scientific name for it. I have already heard a suggestion but I didn't get it well. I think its "Homo Suc..." yes, something like that.

Well, well, what do you know? In a recent verbal voting, Mr. Federico Tuazon was unanimously acclaimed the "Best Well-Dressed Man of the College", with "Ginong" Manuel Rubio capturing the second. For the "Ranking Visitor of Senior 'B'" there were ties among the candidates. Messrs. Morales Nicodemus, Florencio Ventosa and Tito del Rosario tied for the first place while Messrs. Alfredo Elgarico, Pablo Patag and Crensenio Atayan for the second.

Sh-h-h-h! This is just between us; to be consumed by the students of the High School; so don't let it go beyond the border. Where you at the school before Christmas Vacation? Good if you weren't; 'cause everybody had a swell time.

The Seniors held a Christmas program and there was dancing, and boy! Reformoso (Miss to you) proved that she could Rhumba. (tee-hee) Headed by Josefina Quijano who put over a special number singing the sweet tune, "There's no U", with Ted-

dy Rafols as master of ceremonies.

Many were there including, tall and stately Gloria Cruz, Presentation Goot, Iluminada Lorio—with vivacious Cleofe Margalyo, Puring—"body beautiful" Padilla—mystical Ramona Santiago—wistful Alex Hernandez.

Although it's still the month of Jan, the mighty-upty Seniors are discussing their graduation. They say that they must have the best. No second stuff for them. As one of the girls remarked, "We graduate only once from High School: so it got to be the best." I agree with you, ladies, but you've got to match your plans, with the contents of our pocket-books.

I wonder why Puring "smiles" Bolos is so dreamy-eyed now-a-days. She seems to be going about in a trance.

*The only thing that I know is that I know nothing.*

—Cicero

\* \* \*

*The cruellest lies are often told in silence.*—R. Stevenson

\* \* \*

*Never lend books—no one returns them. The books I have in my library are those people have let me.*—A. France

\* \* \*

*If speaking maketh a ready man and writing maketh an exact man, it takes reading to be a free man.*—Bacon

\* \* \*

*We, women, do talk to much; but even then, we don't tell half we know.*—L. Astor

# Myself

I have to live to myself, and so  
I want to be fit for myself to know  
I want to be able, as days go by  
Always to look myself straight in the eye.  
I don't want to stand with the setting sun  
And hate myself for the things I have done  
I want to go out with my head erect  
I want to reserve all man's respect  
For here in the struggle for fame and self  
I want to be able to like myself—  
I don't want to look at myself and know  
That I am bluster and bluff and empty show—  
I never can hide myself from me  
I see what others may never see  
I never can fool myself and so  
Whatever happens I want to be  
Self-respectful and conscience free—

Has some body set your heart a-flutter? Don't keep us guessing Miss Bolos. Or has Christmas or New Year got something to do with it? Another hypnotized young man is Florencio Ventosa. Some reason, I guess.

Here's a scene from the Physics class. The teacher remarked that most of his students are absent during the last two periods, that if a friend is not absent the other one is. He says that so far so good nobody sleeps in his classroom during Physics. Not long after he placed a period to his sentence; a boy at the back seat was snoring with great gusto. tsksk—Now, sir, you'll have to take back your words or swallow them like applepie, whatever that means to you. And speaking of Physics pro-

blems, Proceso Pineda just loves it. Easy as A-B-C he says. Gosh!

## As I Turn Over . . .

(Continued from page 2)

TC cadets who were given lower ranks. These cadets, because of their background, training and education, were more capable and better trained to handle men than the six-month old trainees. And many of the officers who were only secondary graduates and who got their commissions after having undergone an eleven-month rigorous training in the cadre and ROSS (Reserve Officers Service School), while unquestionably capable as officers, often times they suffered inferiority complex in the presence of these college boys turned soldiers.

To remedy the situation, the "key men" were shifted to ranks they could ably perform. For some unexplained reasons, however, no official recognition in the form of special orders from higher headquarters was given and the men continued to receive the pay corresponding to their original ranks in their mobilization orders even up to the tragic days of the Bataan campaign.

(To be continued)



# Kulang Pambansa

## TIMPALAK BIGKASAN

Noong ika labing apat ng Disyembre ng nakaraang taon, ang Kapisanang Kudya-pi ng Tagalog ay naghandog sa madla ng isang Timpalak Bigkasan.

Nagbigay sigla sa palatuntunan ang mga likes na sawaw na "inabulo" ng mga iba't ibang betang ng Haiskul. Gayon din naman ang tugtugin sa kaurdijyon ni Ginoong Jose Constantino, at sa biyulin na sinaliwan ni Ginoong Eriberto San Luis.

Ang nagwazi sa Timpalak Bigkasan ay ang mga sumusunod:

1. Unang gantimpala
- Bh. Juana Hernaez—III-B
2. Ikalawang gantimpala
- Gg. Pablo Vergara—II-C

3. Unang Banggit  
Gg. Pedro Palilla—IV-B  
Sa sawaw naman, ang "Bailes de Ayer" ang nagtamo ng unang gantimpala.

Ang Lupong Taga halal na bumuo ng Timpalak Bigkasan ay sina:

- Gng. Emilio Antonio ng Liwayway  
Gng. Alejandro Abadilla, manunulat at makata  
Gng. Monitor Enriquez, mandudula at Kahero ng Jose Rizal College

Pagkatapos maipakita ang lahat na bahagi ng palatuntunan, ay nagwakas sa kaunting kainan ng mga panauhin at mga kasapi.

—Rosita Rivera

—o0o—

## ULILANG MAKATA

Tilamsik ng diwa, ang aking tipunin  
Na upang ihabi ng mga tulain,  
Nagkawatak-watak... hinipan ng hangin  
At dagling naparam sa gitna ng ditiin.

Ang ulilang bagting ng kudyaping luma,  
Nang aking kalbitin, napatid na bigla;  
Ang dating tugtugin, sa puso'y nawala,  
At sa halip nito'y ang nukal ay luha.

Ang huling pag-asa'y ang huling panitik,  
Nguni't nang isulat, ayaw nang gumuhit;  
Ang puso kong dati'y kay sarap umabig,  
Ngayo'y isang pusong kay saklap humibik.

Tila di na yata muli pang tatawa  
Ang pusokong dati'y laging maligaya,  
Liban na nga lamang kung magbabalik pa  
Ang dating pagsuyo, paghanga't pagsinta.

—Francisca A. Gamba

## "MABULAKLAK NA LANDASIN"

Daming kabataang ngayo'y nagtatapon  
Ng maraming oras at gintong panahon  
Ninain sa nilang sa bisyo'y magumon  
Kaysa sa tumuklas ng maruning dunong.

Di nila natatong, kung sila'y tumanda  
Saka magsisita sa nagawang sama  
Ang kamulang mata'y papatak ang luha  
Luha ng pagsisita, mulang maging bata

Sa lahat ng dako nitong sanlibutan  
Nagkalat ang bata sa mga lansangan  
Ang mahal na iba sa kanyang tahanan  
Di kayang supitin yon kadahasan.

Mairuring ina'y kung walang magagawa  
Sa kanyang anak na pinakanamutya  
Ang hirap ng loob, ng puso at diwa  
Huhugasun niyong mapait na luha

Kaya't ang samo ko sa mga magulang  
Ang irog ng anak thuwid ng daan  
Ang daang matuwid na natatlangawan  
Ang siyang patahak hanggang sa hangganan.

—Eduardo B. Reyes

—o0o—

## "NITA ALIW KITA"

N—Noo'y dupit hapon nang ating mamalas  
I—Ikaw na bulaklak sa aki'y bumihag  
T—Tatulat mong tanging humahalimuyak  
A—Ang siyang nagdulot ng bago kong hirap.

N—Nang ikaw'y mawala sa aking paningin  
I—Ikaw ay hinanap dini sa panindim  
T—Talastas ng langit ang hirap kong angkin  
A—Ang lahat ng ito'y sa iyo ang dahil.

A—Alin puso kaya ang di mababalaw  
I—I Lalo kung mamalas ang ngiting malambing?  
I—Ikaw man ay pusong patay ang damdamin  
W—Walang di susuko sa gayon luningning.

K—Kahit man at ako ay pakadustain  
I—Ibibigin kita mapahanggang libing  
T—Tanggapin mo sana ang aking pagdaing  
A—At marapatin mong tawagin kang giliw.

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## Letter to Pres. Roxas

(ED'S NOTE—This is a completely personal opinion and the editorial staff and school take no responsibility for it.)

Manila, Philippine Islands  
Jose Rizal College  
January 1, 1947

*His Excellency*

President Manuel A. Roxas  
Republic of the Philippines  
Malacañan Palace

Manila, Philippine Islands

Dear Mr. President:

We have elected you as our president because we firmly believe that you are an honest man who stands only for an honest, efficient, and democratic government and who can bring about its fulfillment. Be assured, Mr. President, that we are still backing you up.

Therefore, we trust that you shall at any cost exert all your best effort to effectuate the free expression of our true national will in the coming national vote accepting or rejecting the proposed amendment to our constitution that will grant to United States citizens, among other rights, "parity rights" to exploit our natural resources, public agricultural lands, and public utilities.

JRC Students . . .  
(Continued from page 4)

they will develop the "Instructive Value" of the film and a cash prize of ₱250 for the first prize.

Many of those who sent

This amendment to our written constitution is literally a matter of life or death to our nation.

Therefore, we would rather lose our cause than let anybody win it by fraud.

Therefore, we respectfully request you to do your very best to devise ways and means that shall foil in advance the sinister scheme of some quarters to misread every vote cast against their side or to prevent the effectuation of the free expression of our true national will.

Therefore, we also respectfully request you to issue a pertinent public proclamation that provides penalty for any violation of the free and untrammelled expression of the people's true will at the polls.

It is imperative that you act as soon as possible to take all the necessary precautions to prevent irregularities at the coming plebiscite.

Yours very respectfully,

(Sgd.) Pacifico S. Gojunco

their entries are hopeful to get a prize. The results of the contest will be announced by the local papers.

## Letter to Alumni

Davao City,  
Jan. 12, 1947

My dear Mr. Enriquez:

I am glad to inform you that the JRCA Association in this province held its meeting last night in one of the City restaurants. Election of new officers and board members, approval of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association were the most important matters treated. Financial report of the association for the year 1946 was also reported and approved by the members present.

Well, with the approval of our Constitution & By-Laws, we have decided to form a corporation for some profitable and tangible enterprise, which you may someday know. Our new officers and board members have great interest and firm decision to push thru our project and we are hopeful that it will be materialized. Someday, we may solicit or invite some of you there to join us, to show to our people that the JRCA Association in Davao is not dormant.

We were very glad to meet each other during the meeting, as new faces were present. We recollected our College Days, remembered our simpatieo and simpatiea professors; our strict professors; our jolly classmates; sors; our jolly classmates; and oh! plenty of unrecorded events from 1922 to 1941. We had so many topics before us, so that we forgot the time, only we knew that

it was getting late because the restaurant management was closing the doors and the cine and other establishments were closed. We wish you were with us so that, at least, you could have contributed some news too. You know, we expected Mr. Mariano Reyes when Pres. Roxas & Party were here last month, as it was widely published that there were around 20 newspapermen, but to our great disappointment, not even his shadow was seen. The last entertainment we had here was when Judge Jose Ma. Paredes was here before the war. When some of our co-members will go to Manila, they will visit our Alma Mater and you will learn from them some activities of our association. I hope that I will have the chance also to visit Manila not before long. I took my vacation in 1943, but unfortunately, when I went to the college, there was no body there. However, I do not lose hope, for I will go there someday. Our promise to give something to our Alumni Club is always in our mind, just be patient only as it is only a matter of time.

Am afraid I am taking much of your time. I will write to you again. Please remember me to our professors—Hilario, Hernandez, Nic. Tomas, Fabella, V. & A. My old chum M. M. de los Reyes and other friends, but reserve always the most for you.

Sincerely yours,  
M. CABARROQUIS

Everybody is ignorant, only in different subjects.

—W. Rogers

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil

We can do more for other men by correcting our own faults than trying to correct theirs.—Fenelon

There are two great realities in the vast universe—the heart of God and the heart of man, and each is ever seeking the other. It is this that makes adventure for God not an experiment, but a certainty.—Charles Brent

There is nothing that makes us love a man so much as praying for him.—Mm. Law

### Woman And . . .

(Continued from page 12)

time-records with log's tenacity. You ork at five o'clock, so e given until six to get , and if for one reason other you cannot punch ome-clock on time you -tter cook up a cock-and-bull story about having met your father-in-law and having stopped long enough to tell him that her daughter is doing a neat job of making a misery of your life.

Patience is one virtue asurs as a general rule posers, but not your wife/accountant, she doesn't. She can hardly wait for the pay increase you bragged about in your courtship days you were promised for getting married, and if business has not been so good or you have not been so hot as to deserve a raise in stipend, the stage is all set for your first marital misunderstanding.

A few days of comparative quiet reign, but this is just the calm before the storm. The following payday you are called upon to turn over your salary and the pay envelope as well—just to be sure the amount in cash tallies with the figure shown on the envelope. Not content with this, at the first opportunity, usually at such an ongodly hour as one o'clock in the morning, your glorified auditor probes through your pocketbook for some hidden, unaccounted for cash, and if you happen to have salted away a little something from your transportation allowance, you have a tempest in a teapot.

Your in-laws come for the weekend—more often than not they come to stay for a long, long time. The wife, being the innkeeper and concurrently the treasurer, immediately takes over as the reception committee and goes on a spending spree to make her folks' stay very pleasant. You are supposed to be a good sport and a darn loveable son-in-law, so you dare not revolt. But if, to even up

the score, you suggest so much as to send your aging mother a little something, or ask a kid brother to come over and resume his studies at your expense, you have stirred a hornet's nest and I don't mean maybe.

In your pre-marital, happier days, you were an inveterate gambler in a small way, and the arduous job of having a persistent pain in the neck regardless, you still have a little of that instinct left. So, at the first opportunity, usually after payday when your TA (transportation allowance) is still intact, you lie over to the nearest mah-jongg joint and there risk the necessity to get the superfluous (HEADACHE).

Luck is with you and you go home a few pesos to the good. To please the nagging, sour-faced wife, you go fifty-fifty with her on your winnings, keeping the balance for a rainy day, only to wake up the following morning to find your pocketbook with the unmistakable effects of a woman's touch. Let us reverse the procedure and say that, as is often the case with all gamblers, you come out on the losing end. You go home tired, depressed and worried, knowing better than to expect the housekeeper to share your losses—wives/auditors simply do not come that generous. You debate with yourself as to the course you should take—you can't go to work on foot—and finally suggest a "vale" which, again, is easier said than done or, better put, is harder than, putting a set of impacted teeth. And if you dare go to another spree after that, you are pouring oil on troubled water.

On the way home, you stumble across a couple of

*Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste death but once.—Shakespeare*

\* \* \*

*Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops in yourself.—Emerson*

### Do You Know . . .

(Continued from page 6)

wear a touppee pretty soon. Be on the look out boys (she might pick on you)... she might make you cry.

If there were an antonym for the name Leonor Cruz, it would surely be Onofre Doria. He's been handing his experiments tomorrow since the school year started. His tomorrows never materialize. That's not bad Onofre, you'll probably never die because you'll always be dying tomorrow, no kidding.

Divina Morente's soft voice will cure an aching heart. Listening to her and listening to a fairy in a dream doesn't make much of a difference, I tell you.

Teachers, better have patience when you call on Paciencia Balyot because you are calling on Patience herself. Don't try getting impatient because she might become Impaciencia Balyot instead.

Laugh and grow fat they say. Therefore Marciano Magdaleno don't laugh so much if you're on a diet or as girls call it if your "re-

doocing", especially around the mid-section.

Adelaide Catudio has a wonderful peculiarity very rare in woman, that of being able to keep her mouth shut. If we only had more women like her maybe men would not be looking so anxiously for a way to the moon.

Gold? Yes he's got a golden voice this Benedicto Empaynado. Haven't you heard him yet? If not, hurry and hear him 'cause, oh, oh, you'll be sorry.

Woman hater; or is he? Francisco Marquez always looks away from girls. Wonder if he is a real woman hater or if he is planning to become a saint some day. Wait! On second thought, ... don't you peep at girls from the tail of your eye? Ah, we've got something there, eh Kiko. Now don't show us that blush, you're alright.

Gallantry isn't dead after all. Ask the girls and they'll all point at Amado Recio. Well he deserves it. Imagine having the patience to draw for them.

the old bachelor crew who live out your way, and very goodheartedly volunteer to pay their fare. You won't take no for an answer and literally "beat them to the draw", pocketing three tickets for subsequent inspection. Taking off, however, before the "encuentro", you get home with the innocent tickets still in your pockets and forget all about them until you are confronted with three pieces of damaging, incontrovertible, *prima facie* evidence of your insincerity. In less time than it takes to sigh: "What a life", your self-appointed auditor has

added one plus two equals your ex-or-current-flame and the latter's fire-extinguisher (chaperon), and has called you a two timing irresponsible homebreaker, a shameless philanderer, a heartless brute, all rolled into one.

In common every day jargon, marriage is still a give-and-take proposition; in strict accounting parlance, it is still a debit and credit affair, although the procedure is much simpler when it is considered that you do not have to contend with anything like net worth, net earnings, etc., as the only entries on your marriage journal are HEAD-ACHES and more HEAD-ACHES.

The above is written in the spirit of good, clean fun and is not intended to discourage anyone from going ahead and making a mess of his existence.

# JOSE RIZAL COLLEGE

## HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

Dec. & Jan., 1946-1947

## COLLEGIATE HONOR

Final—Second Quarter

1946-1947

Students whose averages are 85% or above with no grade lower than 80%.

### FIRST YEAR

|                       |         |
|-----------------------|---------|
| 1. Godoy, Atanasio    | 87 3/5% |
| 2. Calaguas, Virgilio | 87 1/5% |
| 3. Rivera, Imelda     | 86      |
| 4. Cana, Fernando     | 85      |
| Vlaud, Inocencio      | 85      |

### SECOND YEAR

|                        |         |
|------------------------|---------|
| 1. Vergara, Pablo      | 81 2/5% |
| 2. Domingo, Veronidia  | 90 3/5% |
| 3. Morales, Pedro, Jr. | 89 2/5% |
| 4. Rivera, Rosita      | 88 1/5% |
| 5. Cruz, Leonor        | 87 2/5% |
| 6. Marquez, Francisco  | 87      |
| 7. Mendoza, Herminia   | 86 4/5% |
| Gamba, Francisca       | 86 4/5% |
| 8. Reyes, Edgardo      | 86 1/5% |
| 9. Gabriel, Anicia     | 85 4/5% |
| 10. Reformado, Socorro | 85 2/5% |

### THIRD YEAR

|                         |         |
|-------------------------|---------|
| 1. Eugenio, Soledad     | 89 1/5% |
| 2. Paner, Rosendo       | 87 2/5% |
| 3. Hernandez, Alejandra | 87 1/5% |
| 4. Loricio, Lolita      | 86 3/5% |
| 5. Loricio, Ligaya      | 85      |

### FOURTH YEAR

|                     |         |
|---------------------|---------|
| 1. Pineda, Proceso  | 90 1/5% |
| 2. Talusan, Rosario | 90      |
| 3. Rafols, Teodoro  | 88 2/5% |
| 4. Ligunas, Paz     | 86 1/5% |
| 5. Fuster, Carmen   | 86      |
| 6. Bolos, Purita    | 85      |

Students taking 12 units with no grade lower than 2

|                            |          |
|----------------------------|----------|
| 1. Estanislao, Sulpicio M. | 1        |
| 2. Batan, Clemente         | 1.31 1/4 |
| Tupas, Joseph D.           | 1.31 1/4 |
| 3. Haliil, Ramon G.        | 1.43 3/4 |
| Calvo, Recaredo            | 1.43 3/4 |
| 4. Mariano, Filomeno       | 1.5      |
| Castro, Ricardo            | 1.5      |
| 5. Santos, Calixto A.      | 1.56 1/4 |
| Obla, Lope                 | 1.56 1/4 |
| 6. Boydon, Sofronio        | 1.62     |
| Ajero, Edilberto           | 1.62 2/3 |
| 7. Ocampo, Soledad         | 1.68     |
| Medalla, Simeon            | 1.68 3/4 |
| Santiago, Cesar            | 1.68 3/4 |
| 8. Diaz, Jose              | 1.75     |
| Rosales, Antonio           | 1.75     |
| Barba, Armando             | 1.75     |
| 9. Alger, Francisco        | 1.81 1/4 |
| 10. Par, Lucio             | 2        |
| Nieandro, Iluminada        | 2        |

Students taking 9 units with no grade lower than 2

|                      |          |
|----------------------|----------|
| 1. Ortiz, Pedro      | 1        |
| 2. Asensi, Luz       | 1.25     |
| Orosa, Apolinario N. | 1.25     |
| 3. Ondoy, Generoso   | 1.41 2/3 |
| Karunungan, Eliseo   | 1.41 2/3 |
| 4. Antiporda, Tirso  | 1.58 1/3 |
| Alejo, Florentino    | 1.58 1/3 |
| 5. Concepcion, Angel | 1.66 2/3 |

## New Course Being Given To Future Businessmen

In our hasty pursuit of an educational career to fit us into the present organization of economic activities, many acquire a preparation satisfactory enough to meet the general run of business problems, mostly confined to local laws and practice. Such preparation is certainly adequate enough, but it is very limited in scope.

When extensive plans are to be worked out to embody myriads of details needing acquaintance with world wide conditions of distribution of raw materials, finished products, transporta-

tion facilities, and trade barriers, knowledge of specialized aspects of business is indispensable.

The last world war proved that, in peace as well as in war, global undertakings call for men familiar with the intricate processes of international trade, a dynamic institution produced by years of continuous activities dominated always by the best prepared nation. Our plans for the nation's economic improvement, and also those of ambitious individuals who are looking far beyond the horizon for com-

### ROTC To Hold . . .

(Continued from page 4)

Phil. Army Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Capt. L. Carifio. Among the highlights of the ball are the

mercantile conquests, need not undergo the hit and miss method of experimentation. We have organized data on hand.

The policies developed by nations that progressed are now available in form that can be profitably transmitted to generations to come. The instrumentalities used in the perfection of the systems evolved are clearly and logically presented in International Commercial Policies, which is being taught this quarter.

floorshow entitled, "This is the ROTC" featuring the most ravishing, dazzling chorines ever-yet-seen... (songs to be rendered by notorious crooners and the mellifluous chorus this side of heaven could give emerging from the vocal chords of the cadet corp)... christening of the "Corp Sponsors" and all sorts of contests with valuable prizes will climax the superduper affair... Beyond the imagination of any human living this ball will surpass the memories of yesterday, "an affair that everybody has raved and dreamed of," it was claimed by the cadets...