

**T**HE PHILIPPINE Islands are filled with multifarious legends and myths ranging from the most humorous to the most tragic.

Like many other islands in the Philippines, CAMIGUIN ISLAND, the home of the much-feared and dreadful Hibok-hibok volcano is replete with legends, folklores and myths which are fast becoming the favorite bedtime stories among the children.

named Alimyon. Through the entire length and breadth of the wonderful island the princess was known for her beauty. Her lips were compared to the sunset glow of a western sky. Her eyes were the blue of the ocean. Her hair, the cascading form of a waterfall, her figure rivaled that of de Milo's Venus. The notions of her father's kingdom had a great respect for her gentility and beauty. Her physical prowess was

## Graduate SCHOOL

birds above to sing for her "melodious madrigals". On moonlight nights, she could be seen dipping her snow-white legs in the icy coolness of the water and playing with the foams which swelled above the bubbling waters.

# THE LEGEND AT MT. TEMPOONG

One which currently became popular among the islanders is the legend at Mount Tempoong. Tempoong is the highest of all the mountain ranges in the island and is almost equidistant from all parts of Camiguin. It has been said that this mountain peak was an active volcano thousands of years ago. That explains, according to hunters who had gone as far as the peak, the presence of a lake, which once was the crater of the furious old volcano.

Those hunters who had gone to the cap of Mount Tempoong attested that the lake was a reservoir of multi-colored fishes of different shapes and sizes and a mysterious big white whale. The hunters considered it a mystery because of the belief that lakes, especially mountain lakes, are not places for real whales. They said real, because of the belief that the whale in the lake was not really a whale, but one which was beyond human comprehension.

The legend explains further how the mysterious white whale came to its legendary existence in the lake.

In the days of yore, there lived on the summit of Mt. Tempoong, a king who had a beautiful daughter

also one factor which helped her won the trust and confidence of the inhabitants. Alimyon excelled in swimming and hunting. She was a fast and fine swimmer so that a kick of her feet would throw her meters away from the start. Not one in the kingdom ever dared raise a finger in challenge. In hunting, she was also an example of a consummate hunter. She could shoot a running deer pointblank hundred meters away. This, according to the natives, was due to the unusual habit of the princess of shooting an

Lawin, a hale, husky and good-looking lad, dwelt with his parents in one of the coves of the island now known as Benoni. They were of Boholano descent and were among the early settlers who choose Benoni as the site of their new abode. Near the place where they resided was a lake, which was also believed to be a crater of another dreadful volcano hundred of years ago. The lake teemed with such different fishes that it became the favorite of the natives. Fishing became their principal means of occupation.

Lawin took to fishing when the moon was full. He found it to be so enjoyable that he wouldn't fail a night during full moons.

It was in one of these fishing trips, that all his attempts were fruitless, even to the extent of round-

by

SIXTO LI. ABAO, Jr.

orange suspended between two standing poles. In early dusk, the princess could be seen flexing the bow, then, unleashing the arrow, cutting the orange half-way. The princess uses to shoot as many as 100 oranges before going home to eat her breakfast.

The favorite haunt of the princess during moonlight nights was the seashore. She loved to stroll along the beautiful sands, especially when there were many chirping

ing the bay and casting his net here and there. Everytime he pulled his net, it was empty. Gathering all his fishing equipment, Lawin prodded homeward. He would have gone home already had he not been caught by a song drifting from somewhere. The melody of the song was one which could swing his heart as it would in a hammock. He stopped — waited to discover the source of the voice. He blinked

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## The Legend at Mt. Tempoong

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and rubbed his ears, to be sure that it was not all a dream. It wasn't, he decided. There was the song, the beautiful song, in a whisper. He placed his equipment silently and directed his steps stealthily to the place where the song came from. He combed the whole shores and brushed the bushes so that in his curiosity, he tripped from the rock, where he was standing and fell down. For a time he was unconscious but the scream of a woman jolted him to a start. He tried to rise but his gaze was arrested by the sight of a beautiful girl walking towards him. The girl had an angelic face with tender lips. She was wearing a silken gown which revealed full womanhood and accentuated her beauty. Weak and almost stupefied, Lawin managed to ask:

Who are you? Why are you alone? What are you doing here at this time of the night?

The girl was stunned — and suddenly afraid. Before she knew what she was doing, she was already running frantically, away. But unfortunately, her silken gown caught a branch and she stumbled face down with a heavy thud.

Lawin, mustering up all his strength, rose and picked her up in his arms. Holding her gently, Lawin told her that she had nothing to be afraid of. She grunted and moaned with excruciating pain. After a few minutes, the woman came to from the shock. Lawin's friendliness and smiling countenance softened her heart, and trust and confidence took the place of fear. She sincerely thanked Lawin and told him her name. She was Almyon, the daughter of King Tempoong. It was her favorite pastime to take a stroll along the lake and to take in fresh air — a diversion from guards and flunkies and balding counsellors.

After knowing the princess' name, Lawin, with bowed head, introduced his name to the beautiful princess. Lawin told her who and what he was. A friendship began that night. Many nights later blossomed, like the first, into brighter dawns. The seed of friendship blossomed forth into the flower of love. There were the loolish little words — the language of

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● the days of a coach are filled with all the imaginable doings of boys eager to simmer in the limelight, and the job of whistling these palookas into fighting trim is one work which gives the coach nightmarish hallucinations. take a peek at san carlos these days and all you see are dodong aquino and his congregation romping around the court with a spheroid.

● exactly today, nobody knows who the captain is. seems everybody pitches in his two cents worth of sweat. the coach has a hard time telling these fine bunch of cabbers that only one is to lead the game, for the most part, everybody seems to be taking orders from anyone. about the only guy who knows his place and stays in it is the "grease monkey." you know, the guy who shines the ball, pitches the towels and scrubs the floor.

● rene, you ought to see our boys handle that ball. like nobody's business. one thing is sure, though, they wouldn't handle it that way if they weren't nobodies because, after all, they have no business being in the court. watch them go round the diamond and you get a case of acute indigestion. see, rene? whether our boys are fledgeling smackeros or finely polished silver dollars we have to have a team. and the name usc warriors (green and gold) will be with them win or loss, upped or downed.

● yesterday, we had a baseball team. wonder what happened to it. some people just plain forgot what they were doing. and the baseball team

## SHOOT AND SHOUT

with Ross

rightly ought to be shelved into the mires of forgetfulness, considering their victories lost.

● our hoopster will always be on the map. droopy or dying. it is one continuing passion of our school to maintain a bunch of half-sized shooters or gangling overgrown giants with no shooting eyes to speak off.

● spring training is a wonderful thing. that is, if you were with a basketball team like ours. you get up in the morning, feed yourself a couple of shots with the ball (not a highball, pal) light for home to be back in the afternoon to do more shooting. training is harder but more exciting than just tiresome. ask our boys (they ought to practice more) and they tell you they do it to keep in trim. trimming would be more appropriate word for it. cut and polish, sharpen and shine a rough stone.

● that extension of the ccaa players life into six years, with or without degrees, is something good. gives our playing friends a sporting chance to finish a two-year course in six years. some of our boys have more d's to speak off than an angry mother-in-law could ever think of. right smart idea. wonder who ever initiated it. ought to shake hands, pal.

● most of our local coaches have seen the way the buchan bakers played. the locals' court strategy was something effective or would have been effective if the bakers were cut down to our size. our local mainstays would have had a chinaman's chance bagging the victory because their defense (buchan's) is something to think about. about time our coaches realize that basketball is a growing game. we can't afford to stay behind the antiquated rules and strategy of the game.

● two old reliables are back. martin echivarre and vic donaldo. the boys wish in just at the right time to supplement the needed punch we utterly lacked last year. greetings from an old admirer.

## Anything You Say

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Sir:

Why did you ever scrap the "campusrats?" It was such a nice column — newsy, colorful, light, and just wonderful for "the little women." We were so much in the habit of reading it that you can fairly imagine what a let-down it brought us when it came out only during the first issue of the Carolinian last year.

I've heard that the column was discontinued because only a special group kept being mentioned and that it contained nothing but gossip. Well, these are not such serious reasons because they can be helped! With respect to the first, all the columnist has to do is look for other faces, write the human side of campus activities. As for the next objection, I don't see how innocuous gossip, if this is the right word, can ever hurt anybody. I mean, small talk about somebody having something new or unusual would not sound so gossipy. Things like these are allowed even in big magazines. But we certainly hope you will revive the "Campusrats" minus the objectionable features, that is.

I guess everybody sort of knows what's wrong with the Carolinian. It lacks the real, honest-to-goodness feminine touch!

TITA CUI

## What Do You Think

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are prone to believe the ideas suggested in the context because they have no time to investigate.

These novels are proper only for researchers and graduate school students who want to compile the works of Rizal and make a comparison of the different phases of his literary masterpieces. It is proper for them because they, unlike our young high school students, are already equipped with high understanding.

### LORETA CACHO College of Education

I am for the compulsory reading of Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*.

That the bill would violate the principle of academic freedom and natural right of parents to send their children to schools of their choice is absurd because the prohibition of the two novels for public reading is, by itself, a violation of academic freedom.

The proposal of some Senators to make some alterations of the said books or publish footnotes in the unexpurgated versions of the two books is thoughtless if we are to admit and say that Rizal is our national hero and that he was truthful in writing them because they were taken and based upon actual facts that happened during the critical period of the Spanish rule in the Philippines. As Senator Laurel said: "Expurgating the *Noli* and the *Fili* would be disfiguring Rizal."

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lovers. And the promise, too — oh, so sweet indeed is the tongue of love. Or so they thought.

But the king got wind of the whole affair and became mad as a tornado. He cursed Lawin for the encroachment the lad made on his royal household.

In his fit of anger he unleashed all the fury of his pagan birth. The sky darkened and rain fell in torrents, drowning all the inhabitants of the island, except Lawin who was transformed into a big white whale and was cast into the lake at the summit of the mountain. This was made as his watery jail to punish him for his unsolicited intrusion. Alimyon was turned into mountain ranges bordering Mt. Tempoong, gazing night and day at the sky but never on the lake where Lawin was transformed into a whale.

To this day, passengers aboard ship passing around Camiguin Island could see the outline of the buxom Alimyon in the silhouettes of the mountain ranges. This has been said to be the sleeping beauty of the Camiguin mountains.

Lawin who was turned into a white whale in a lake nearby, can be seen by hunters every full moon, appearing on the surface of the lake, hugging and kissing the shadow of Alimyon cast on the lake by the light of the full eastern moon.

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## THE PATRIA STORY

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shrink from the challenge. They chose, as their critics branded them, to be fanatical. But not hopeless. Inspired by the enlivening influence of their Adviser, the Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, SVD, of USC, and fired by the youthful spirit to dare and do big things, they resolved to push through their project at all cost.

### The Initial Action

With the idea conceived, the organization started making arrangements. His Grace Archbishop Julio R. Rosales of Cebu was consulted for his approval of the project. With the approval secured a formal resolution was adopted for the construction of the Patria as the organization's 1955-1956 Archdiocesan project. This resolution was unanimously approved by the SCA Executive Board on February, 1954 in a meeting held at the University of the Visayas with then Rev. Fr. Epifanio Surban, who represented the Archbishop, attending.

The next move concerned the site of the building. The building had to be located in the very heart of the city and, because of its purpose, had to be accessible to transportation facilities. After several deliberations, the spacious lot of 6,800 square meters in front of the Cebu Cathedral Church was chosen as the project site. Through the good Offices of the Archbishop, the lot, owned by the Archdiocese of Cebu, was finally obtained on lease. Then, as the land was occupied by squatters, efforts were made to relocate them. In doing this, the SCA encountered difficulties as some of the settlers refused to vacate the place. Only after considerable effort notably on the part of Mr. Anastacio Fabiña, one of the SCA executive officers, were these people successfully ejected from the area.

### The Fund Campaign

Even as the site was yet undecided, the Student Actionists, from the lowest members to the highest officers, started girding themselves for a head-and-heel effort to raise the enormous sum called for by the project. This hectic campaign was waged through such means as person-to-person approaches, holding of musical concerts, benefit shows and games, appeals to wealthy citizens, and appeals to various social and religious or-

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