

THE *Elementary* *Mag*  
*Staff*  
**GOLDENORE**

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF THE BAGUIO COLLEGES

VOL. II

NOVEMBER, 1948

No. 3

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# The Gold Ore

Published monthly by the Student Body of the Baguio Colleges

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NOVEMBER, 1948

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## EDITORIALS

### The UNO

**Y**OU are a college student. What do you know about the United Nations Organization? Or, do you care to know anything about it? How much of you is a part of that organization? Do you know that one thing you can do is know

something about it? Do you ever pray, for world peace?

Don't laugh at that word *pray*. That is the least you can do. Do you? Matter decays. The spirit does not.

- *Guest editorial from a woman, wife of a soldier, mother of two.*

### How Can We Avoid Another War

**W**E HAVE seen the misery and destruction wrought by the last war. No one who has gone through war wants another. How can one be avoided? As a woman, I can say that the best way is to be ready to prevent another.

War is not so much economic destruction as it is the destruction of everything that is dear. In war there is no winner in the final analysis.

If we could have the strongest navy, the strongest air force, and the strongest army, each ready at a moment's notice to fight aggressors, then we shall have nothing to fear for our readiness to meet invaders would make them worry and afraid to strike. But, more than these material preparedness should be the cultivation and education of the minds and hearts

of men for peace. While it is idealistic, it is not bad to think that when all men desire peace and work for it the day will come when we will live in peace.

The perils we are facing are ones we have never known and whatever the government does or fails to do, involves the personal security of everyone. It is shocking to know what is happening all over the world — civil conflicts, brother against brother, strikes, black-markets, and communist uprisings.

If men could only be made to see that these useless fighting and strikes in different parts of the world can be stopped and that all men should unite in the face of the new threat to world peace; if outstanding leaders of all countries would reconcile their differences, then the world would not be as jittery as it is at present.

—Julita B. Ganzon

☐ *Mankind has one last hope of freeing itself from the shackles of an impending World War III, and that is to keep the UN intact*

# Genesis Of The UNO

By R. V. MITRA

**T**HE concept of one world dates back long before the era when such great men as Caesar, Plato, Marx, etc. began the advocacy of a universe with one creed, one aspiration, one ideology. It may be that their idea of a single world was selfish and revolutionary but, just the same, the thought that had inspired them are, more or less, similar to that of those who blue-printed the UNO.

This dream of moulding the world into one has mellowed through the ages until it took form and the League of Nations came into being. Because this body was founded after a destructive war, it carried the blessings of many a mother, that that body may succeed so that their loved ones, their sons particularly, will not anymore be taken away from them. But like all the fruits borne by inexperience, the league had its weaknesses. Among the most glaring were: It did not have the support of the great powers of the world, the United States was not a member, and many other great powers, such as Germany and Japan, withdrew after some years. Others berated its powers and influence as

a factor in the preservation of peace. Negotiations bogged down as the small and weak nations were harrassed and imposed upon by the powerful and the strong. It did not have the power to enforce its laws; in short, it did not have a world police force to implement its high objectives. Result: it collapsed and became the breeding ground for World War II.

The war that followed which was World War II was even more destructive and this was one of the reasons that prompted the creation of a world organization. Hence, the UNO.

Whether this high concept of social justice and world brotherhood will succeed or fail as an instrument of peace, is a prediction hard to forecast. We only know that the aims and principles of this body are lofty and is indicative of man's efforts to prevent the occurrence of future wars.

The genesis of the UNO can be traced back as early as August 14, 1941 when President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, in representation of their respective governments, jointly signed a document embodying a series of provisions

that was to be the rock upon which the friendship of these two nations were to be founded. This document, known as the Atlantic Charter, carried a declaration of both nations of their policy against aggressors. This, too, served as a warning to Germany and Japan who were then engaged in overrunning the little nations and were organizing the Axis.

Five months after this charter was signed, twenty-six nations, big and small, then at war with the Axis, gathered at Washington D.C. to sign an agreement binding themselves together in a common effort to blast the axis powers and eventually win the war. There are, however, two conflicting versions of the document signed by these nations. Former Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota, in his article on the UNO, said that no mention of a united nations organization was made during the conference and even in the document. While Francis T. Miller wrote in his book, "History of World War II", that the pledge bore the title: "Declaration of the United Nations Organization". But whichever version is right, it is not of moment now, for this conference created a precedent which was to be followed by a series of conferences, culminating in the formal organization of the UNO in June, 1945. The following will serve to outline the progressive steps that led to its creation:

1. On October 19-30, 1943, the Foreign Ministers of England and the United States met at Moscow to establish firmly their relationship with Soviet Russia which was, according to Miller, "essential to their own national interest and in the interest of all peace-loving nations to continue close collaboration in the solution of world problems."

2. President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met China's Chiang Kai Shek at the Cairo Conference which was held on November 22-26, 1943. Taken up in the meeting was the crucial situation in Asia and the laying down of definite plans with regards to the final invasion of Japan.

3. The first meeting of President Roosevelt, Generalissimo Stalin and Prime Mi-

nister Churchill was on November 26 to December 2, 1943 at Teheran, Persia (Iran). In this conference the "Big Three" jointly signed a pact of cooperation. This is considered significant because it was then when the United States and Soviet Russia were brought closer to each other with the meeting of their respective chief executives.

4. The momentous decision for the creation of the UNO was announced after the Dumbarton Oaks conference on October 9, 1944 when the "Big Four", including China, "decided to create an international security organ" which is now known as the UNO.

5. The last of the "Big Three" conferences before the death of President Roosevelt was at Yalta, held February 11, 1945. Here was planned the death strokes to be dealt on the tottering Axis. Here, Russia claims, was where Roosevelt promised Stalin many things which the United States has miserably failed to fulfill.

6. The Potsdam Conference ended on August 2, 1945 and the result of that "epoch-making conference" was broadcast all over the world. The meeting dealt principally with peace and created a council consisting of the Foreign Ministers of the "Big Five" to "continue the necessary preparatory work for the peace settlements, with the belligerent countries of the fallen Axis."

In San Francisco on June 25, 1945, after eight weeks of continuous deliberations, the UNO Charter was signed by fifty peace-loving nations of the world. Thus the UNO was born.

Like all human creations, the organization was not entirely devoid of weaknesses - even after the thinkers who helped in its creation had taken care to avoid the defects of the League of Nations. There is, for example, the veto power in the Security Council which the Russians had, for more than a score of times, abused and has made the UN powerless. It was not entirely free from bickerings and mutual distrust and suspicion among the big powers and other small member-nations. This became particularly obvious in the

first session of the Assembly held in London in 1945 when, in the election of its president, east-west dissension began to take form. But those things, said one diplomat from a member-nation, are a part of brotherhood. It cannot be avoided even among real brothers.

The evolution and metamorphosis of the UN are now events of the past. It is now three years old and upon its success or failure lies the security and destiny of our children, and our children's children. It

is admittedly the only remedy that can save the world from the annihilating effect of an atomic war.

At this writing, the solidity of the UN is being tested by the Berlin crisis. But there is no cause for alarm - similar things have happened before - it will always be that way. As a wit once said: "If it takes twenty years to negotiate peace between the U.S. and Russia, it will mean twenty years without war".



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# The "Wolf"

*By Kitt*

**T**HE "wolf" is typified by the lowly creature who manifests his attitude towards a woman by a barrage of suggestive whistles, indecent invitations, and nasty remarks. Decent young women are subjected to embarrassing situations by this reprehensible character who makes it a hobby to scrutinize the physical make-up of the feminine structure.

The "wolf" hangs around street corners, moviehouses, college campuses, and places where girls are likely to congregate. Posturing himself strategically in spots where he at most can peacefully give them the real once over, he usually does not discriminate but picks up any unwary lass who saunters along. The poor targets of his rolling optics will feel literally undressed and denuded, judging from the lustful gleam of sensual satisfaction discernible in his sinful eyes. He is the perfect picture of the vigilant scientist who examines a specimen up to its minutest details.

He is always present in social affairs—his presence solicited or otherwise. For formal invitations he does not care because gate-crashing is one of his perfected feats. He knows pretty well that these occasions offer the best hunting ground for victims. When he prepares to invade one (stag of course), he yelps at the thought of a glorious feast.

Young, innocent, and unsuspecting girls fall easy prey to his dexterous manipulations—pawing them around until they get wise to his tricks. However, he readily becomes quite popular with them because of his congenial technique of approach which he claims is his trade's secret.

The "wolf" can be found anywhere and anytime. He may be the romantic Romeo whispering sweet nothings to Esmeralda right now, or he may be in the soul of that bemustached Don Juan flashing a patented "Ipana" smile across the aisle. So lady, do not be betrayed by overconfidence, believing that you will find it easy to recognize a "wolf." In fact, everyone of the male species may be a potential "wolf" who will howl and growl and leap for a prey once given the opportunity. (Who? Me? Yip! Yip!) As for your pack, that will be a different story.

F. I. CLAPP

# TRIM

**L**ISTEN girls, you'll agree with me when I say, it's rather foolish to keep your skin fresh and dewy, your nails pink and shining, your hearts slicked and shimmering, and then to top them all off with crumpled blouse or jacket. Or worse yet, to climb into clothes that are screaming for a general overhauling. (By all means, wear your brother's borrowed denims for gardening, but don't throw away the chance of playing and dressing for the feminine role. That's where your real enchantment lies.)

Wear the appropriate clothes for each occasion. For that smooth, snappy—yet, very neat effect, stick to the plain and simple cuts. If the "new look" does things for your figure, wear it by all means; but laces and ribbons are definitely taboo for some gals. You've got to pick clothes that'll play up your personality. Frilly things are alright for the gals on the short side, but if you're inclined to be tall, straight lines with a touch of the mannish will do more for you. And if you want to save on clothes and still look like a fashion queen, take a tip from me and concentrate on skirts and blouses. They're easier to launder for one thing, and if you're smart you'll pick colors that you can switch so you'll look like you have a new ensemble on, everytime. They'll look good anywhere and

they'll stand a lot of punishments too. The good old sweater and skirt combination still takes first place in the right-for-any-occasion wear. Girls, when you wear a plaid skirt or a flowered one, don't put on a blouse that'll scream at the colors in your skirt. Fancy skirt, plain top and vice versa. It's all very well to look like a color chart but be sure you're a pleasing color chart. Boy's shoes with a ballerina skirt are out, but definitely, and socks in high-heeled shoes are barbaric. If you want a top knot that's tops don't make with the intricate twirls and swirls. It has a confusing effect on the boys and besides it's not polite. It blocks the view from behind in the classroom when you have a "leaning tower of pisa" hairdo. Ten to one, the boy behind you will be more interested in contemplating where all the subterranean passages in your coiffure lead to and whether you're really bald or not, than to what the teacher is saying. We really don't want to be instrumental in anybody's failure to learn.

A hairdo that's free from complicated twists and turns is less liable to fall apart than one that looks like a contraption to hold dead rats and "belegno" sausages. A pleasing hairdo isn't a luxury these days, so choose yours carefully and wisely. All it takes is a simple bit of maneuvering and presto you'll be a bait for the whistles of the guys.

The author is probably the trimmest of all the skirts in the BC campus. So, just in case you are thinking of telling us "who" are qualified to give advices on "Keeping Trim", don't. We've given her a "once-over" already—she's okay!

Professor: Define phobia.

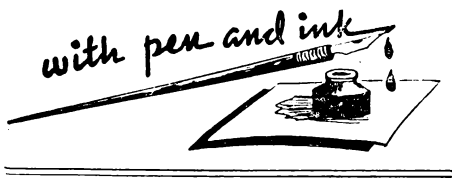
Student: A phobia is a morbid fear precipitated by the presence of some harmless object.

Professor: What is goitero phobia?

Student: Fear of having goiter.

Professor: What is Claustro-phobia?

Student: Any student who is afraid of Mr. Claustro has Claustro-phobia.



Dear Patty,

As you wont, I wouldn't be bothered now had you denounced me, and all of me. I am used to and don't mind your insults. But your last letter was accommodating. You did not agree with me in my views; however, "I have always admired the way you presented them," so went your letter. And probably, as an afterthought, you came to consider the poems I sent, decided "they were good" then suggested "only a poet could have written such a kind of criticism on poetry. Yes, you are a poet, only a little confused."

Either you or I am confused. You are. Because, having found something which met your rare admiration, you pointed out that there were things in my letters which you have always appreciated, contrary to what you have always told me. At this moment, perhaps you have arrived at a conclusion that all my letters were excellent in form, grammar, and all.

I, too, am confused. I doubt whether you have a keen mental discernment, or your letter was just another of your sweet adulations the purpose of which was to destroy me by arousing my vanity. I like flatteries, but I am not deceived. At best, I have taken yours as sanguinary humors.

Nevertheless, I give you the benefit of the doubt. I take your letter as well meant. Thank you. But this is exactly what bothers me.

Let us guard ourselves against transient opinions. Criticize his work piece by piece but spare the man. In my case, not only have you placed me in a state of greatness—writing good letters and poems—but you have also honored me with the attribute—a poet. (If this is only a flattery, there is nothing to it.) But suppose my coming letters and poems fail to hurdle your standard.....and as the worth of a thing is measured by the value others give to it, so is a man's worth measured according to

how much his work is valued.

Greatness, I agree, as an attribute, precedes even that condition which favors one to assert his greatness (what is as is always). But this attribute is too high for man to comprehend, too big for him to hold—something in his sanity, he can not assume. The quality, therefore, as is the state of greatness in which a man finds himself placed by virtue of his accomplishment, is conferred by man to man—a ceremony of convenience within our scope of limited comprehension—premised on the judicious conclusion that such an accomplishment can only mean a manifestation of the attribute.

But no one can be a better authority on one's self other than the individual himself. While judgment is based on one's work, no one else can view a man wholly. A man can fool the most intent observer. On the other hand, not one man alone can think and do. Others' works can overshadow what the first favored one has honestly done. Furthermore, one may harness his whole ability; unfortunately, his deeds, at times, fall short of the expectations of those who have built for him a citadel of exaggerated honor frameworked by previous accomplishments. Hence, variance in commendations. One is high today and low tomorrow.

Let not man assume, but let no man bestow. Leave man incapable to own, but spare him from the allusion that his personal efforts made him great. Let him struggle to attain and not to endeavor to remain in that quality of greatness as conferred. Spare him from the vanity which demands of a man to be greater than what he, as he thinks he did, has made of himself. Leave the verdict to posterity; the tribute from history.

just me,  
R. E. M.

P.S.—All right. As you said, "do not salute me with a 'darling'." Your letters never contain anything to mean it. Yours are opinions said in letters," next mail you'll receive one from a 'lover'."

Don't you think the mail is too slow?  
Same

# FIRST QUARTER, 1948—1949

## ROLL OF HONOR

### ACCOUNTING I

Romeo S. Florendo.....1.0

### ENGLISH 3

Hermenegildo Cruz.....1.0

Florentina Joven.....1.0

### ECONOMICS I

Gregoria Diaz.....1.0

### PRACTICE TEACHING

Genoveva Clasara.....1.0

Gorgonia Mayo.....1.0

### SPANISH I

Fe Albano.....1.0

Caridad Castañeda.....1.0

Rosina Cruz.....1.0

Pacita Gaceta.....1.0

Victor Mayo.....1.0

Josefa Sino Cruz.....1.0

### WOODSHOP

Samuel Bernal.....1.0

### PHILOSOPHY 2

Florence Clapp.....1.1

Fe Rillera.....1.1

Remedios Blancas.....1.1

Adelina Estillore.....1.1

### POLITICAL SCIENCE II

Rico P. Labiaga.....1.2

### ACCOUNTING III

Laureano Madayag.....1.5

### CHEMISTRY I

Apolonia Diaz.....1.5

Elizabeth Saxton.....1.5

### ENGLISH I

Amado Jularbal.....1.5

Salvador La Madrid.....1.5

Rico P. Labiaga.....1.5

Severo Madrid.....1.5

Honorio Paquia.....1.5

Placida Andrada.....1.5

Remedios Aquino.....1.5

Elisa Estabillo.....1.5

Rose Monroe.....1.5

### ENGLISH II

Florence Clapp .....1.5

### MATH I

Benjamin Espejo.....1.5

Vitaliano Ubaldo.....1.5

### METHODS I

Avelina Abuan.....1.5

Filomena Andrada.....1.5

Lolita Dolormente.....1.5

Natividad Flores.....1.5

Gregoria Franco.....1.5

Emiliana Lloren.....1.5

Quirina Mamaril.....1.5

Gorgonia Mayo.....1.5

Paz Mayo.....1.5

### NATIONAL LANGUAGE I

Florina Abubo.....1.5

Marina Gonzales.....1.5

Lily Pimentel.....1.5

Rebecca Rivera.....1.5

Caridad Sadorra.....1.5

Narcisa Tolentino.....1.5

### OBSERVATION & PARTICIPATION

Estela Aricheta.....1.5

### PSYCHOLOGY 2

Esmena Cacayuran .....1.5

Paz Mayo.....1.5

Pio Pablo.....1.5

### PSYCHOLOGY 3

Emiliana Lloren.....1.5

Paz Mayo.....1.5

### ZOOLOGY I

Caridad Castañeda.....1.5

Federico Pangilinan.....1.5

Raymundo Soriano.....1.5

### MANAGEMENT I

Pancracio B. Ladion.....1.5

Protacio H. Tangalin.....1.5



☐ *Real beauty is not beauty of the face nor of the body, nor of form. She is beautiful who is—*

# Beautiful Of Soul

By C. I. Ecnerolf

**E**VERY girl longs to be beautiful. There is in woman a nature, as deep as humanity, that compels her to strive for good looks. There is no more forlorn sorrow for a young girl than for her to be convinced that she is hopelessly ugly. Oh, the bitter tears that have been shed over freckles or a rough and pimply skin—and what energy has been expended in painting and powdering and waving and curling herself into beauty.

A desire to be beautiful is not unwomanly. A woman who is not beautiful cannot properly fill her place. But, mark you, true beauty is not of the face, but of the soul. There is a beauty so deep and lasting that it will shine out of the most homely face and make it comely.

A desire to be comely and good to look at is not to be utterly condemned. Beauty of face and form are not given to everyone but a girl need not feel that her life is blighted if she lacks these things. The proper care of her person and dress will make an otherwise homely girl good-looking. What is more disgusting than a slovenly, untidy woman? Her hair disheveled, her face and neck in need of soap and water, her dress in need of repair, her shoes run down, she presents a picture that repels. Though she might have a kind heart

and many other desirable qualities, yet, her unkempt appearance hides them from view. But she who always keeps herself tastefully and tidily dressed and her person clean and neat is attractive and pleasing. Her personal care only increases the charm of her personality. It is to be regretted if any girl lacks a feeling of concern and shame should she be caught in careless and untidy dress. She should take pleasure in keeping herself presentable and attractive, not only when she goes out or receives guests, but for the pleasure of the folks as well. But when a girl paints and powders till she looks like an advertisement for cosmetics, she shows a foolish heart, which is not beautiful.

Don't be careless of the good looks that nature has given to you; take care in dressing yourself and attending to personal neatness, that you may ever appear at your best; untidiness and carelessness hide the beauty of kind deeds—but greatness of soul and nobility of heart hide homeliness of face. You can not see the one for the other. Take time to make yourself presentable, but do not use the time before your glass that should be given to service and duty. Let your chief charm be of heart and spirit, not of face and form.



## DR. MONZON TO PRESIDENT SALVOSA

After two quarters in this university (F.E.U.) and observing other institutions I can say sincerely that the way you run your school is something to congratulate you wholeheartedly. In many places, I've found the spirit of selfishness, materialism and indifference. In this university (FEU) I found a smooth running and similar administration to your own.

I may go up to Baguio to rest or to possibly teach some summer subjects if you need me or if I am welcome – but that will be in March or April.

Here everybody calls me now – “the tough BC professor.”

Best wishes for success to the BC of which I feel proud and happy to consider myself still a member.

# The Search

By R. E. M.



I often see a light afar  
But when I strain to see,  
My eyes are filled with tears  
And darkness comes.  
At times my thoughts Olympus reach,  
And eye to eye the gods I meet;  
But every time my thoughts are there,  
I find HIM not.

No eye is sharp enough to see;  
No mind is keen enough to know;  
No heart is pure enough to feel  
HIS Whole.

( HE is the WHOLE—the breadth and height, )  
( And length and time unbound; )  
( A shape in shapeless form, )  
( A dawnless, nightless day. )

I only hold that much of HIM HE gives;  
I only see that part of HIM HE shows;  
But I can't keep the self-same part ...  
IT flows.

( HE moves in never ending flow, )  
( But always I partake of HIM; )  
( Though ne'er a moment's time )  
( A part's the same. )

I find HIM not. But looking inwardly,  
I see him there... then everywhere.  
I find in me a part of HIM...  
And HIM.  
I'm HIM when HE's in me.  
HE is now that I am.  
HE's not when I will cease to be  
But now, WE're ONE.

By M. T. Ramdrat, Jr.

“WE ARE now here, sir. This was the school site. You were the one who planted this mango tree we are approaching. Those tall *kapok* trees you see in a row were once the posts of the fence. And there behind, near the bamboo clump, was where your cottage stood.”

Mr. Lavilla and his guide, Elena, stopped under the mango tree and stood side by side in silence as if under the spell of a powerful hypnotist. Each of them was thinking of bygone days. Mr. Lavilla had

## The RETURN

once been a teacher here and this young woman in her early seventeen, round and full as a melon, was one of his pupils.

The place was deserted. Except for the *kapok* trees that lined its borders, the bamboo clump, and the mango tree, nothing else could link it with the sight that it was once when school children came everyday and filled this particular place with life. The site had become a wilderness; a fitting habitat for snakes.

The afternoon sun, casting ghost-like shadows, was dipping behind the neighboring hill which lay virgin and verdant against the sky. The *kalaw* birds, perched on a nearby *dubat* tree which had always been standing there in the same serenity, began to chide each other. By this time, ten years ago, the children working in the garden or playing in the plaza in front of the building, scampered home shouting, leaving their teacher to the mountain loneliness; to the seeming pain of feeling conscious that he was alone and part of a dead world.

He was then only a young high school graduate assigned to teach in this remote God-forsaken barrio. At the time he never wanted the job but there seemed no other

thing for him to do. All through the schoolyear he fondly cherished one ambition: to go to the city and study in a college. He was too young to exile himself and dedicate his life to the serious task of educating and moulding children. All through the schoolyear he kept thinking with envy for his more fortunate high school classmates who were taking things easy in college.

The school stood there ten years ago. He still had a vivid mental picture of it. The floor which the children kept shiny by constant scrubbing with banana leaves was bamboo. The walls were neatly fastened nipa shingles, and the roof was cogon. There was a small porch facing the east. The boys had gathered plenty of orchids in the forest and hung them there. Twenty-five desks of hewn wood were donated by the parents of the children. Against the wall was the blackboard, whitish and scarred through long use and travel from one school to another. Above

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☐ *Coming back after wandering  
is always beautiful ...*

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it was the perception strip, and still over the perception strip hung a picture of Andres Bonifacio and Jose Rizal. The rest of the walls around were covered with other teaching devices such as pictures of children playing in the sunshine, a little girl feeding her kitten, a boy brushing his teeth, a child drinking a glass of fresh milk, and so forth. At the rear of the room was another table, with legs of slightly uneven length, where clay and wooden toys were displayed.

Around the school building were violeta hedges. There were paths lined with cut-charitas leading to the garden, to the toilets, to his cottage, and to the gate. In front of the porch was a small diamond where the children lined up every Monday morning to sing the national hymn while the flag was being raised.

The garden was in full bloom even during the dry season because the children quenched the thirst of the plants with

water from a creek about fifteen meters away from and running parallel to the fence. They carried the water in short bamboo tubes tied together in pairs and which they slung across their shoulders. The garden alone, not to mention the whole school site, showed the industry of the children and the teacher.

Near the gate outside the fence still stood the tree which, in the months of October and November when its small round fruits were ripe, the children climbed during recess. They used the sticky juice of these fruits for pasting paper cut-outs on cardboard. The tree had not grown much taller than it was years ago, but its limbs were surely stronger with maturity. Its main trunk and lower branches were covered with moss and small vines. Twigs and dry leaves, crisp and brown or otherwise decaying, were scattered on the ground underneath, undisturbed by no sign of a human being having been there.

Mercury, the horse of Mr. Lavilla, at noon sheltered himself under this tree ten years ago. He was a faithful animal with an understanding almost human. Unlike other male horses, he never strayed far from his usual grazing grounds. During late afternoons when the children had gone to their respective homes, Mercury was the only living creature that kept Mr. Lavilla company. With a breaking heart he had to sell this horse when he left the place at the end of the schoolyear.

Mr. Lavilla glanced at the girl standing beside him. She too was in deep thoughts. Perhaps she was thinking of him years ago when she was yet a child. She was best loved by this teacher because she was the neatest and brightest in the class. He had scolded her only once during the whole schoolyear. It was while he was practicing her with other children in a folk dance for the Christmas program. She did not want her partner, a boy with whom the other children kidded her, to hold her hand. After she was scolded she consented and she danced gracefully even with the tears in her eyes.

He had fifty-six children most of whose names escaped his memory. However, he could recall the faces of almost every one

of them. There was the little girl who brought him flowers everyday. She had big dark eyes and curly hair. There was Feliciano, whom he assigned to sit very near the table where he could be reached with a stick without the teacher having to stand. This boy, Feliciano, was the most talkative and the naughtiest in class but he was smart in Arithmetic. Mr. Lavilla even remembered the small boy who sat near the door, alone, because nobody wanted to sit with him. He smel'ed like a pig, his classmates said.

Mr. Lavilla wondered if he could still sing the songs he had taught these children long ago. He hummed a few tunes but after a while he had to stop because a lump settled in his throat. The girl, hearing him hum the old familiar songs, bowed her head to hide her tears.

Finally, tired of the distant journey across the sky, the sun disappeared behind the neighboring hill. Birds were flying eagerly homeward to their nests somewhere. Really, there is no place like home. When one tires of wandering, he finds his footsteps tracing the paths into the folds and warm comforts of the home he loves.

Mr. Lavilla had returned from his wanderings. Here was the best place in the whole world for him. He had to travel far and stay long away from here in order to realize it. Only after he had experienced the struggle and strife in the world outside did he come to admire the peace and beauty of this old home. Since he had left it he stayed most in the city. Sometimes he had a job and plenty of money and he went to school; sometimes he was a vagabond roaming the city streets from door to door in search for work, hungry and without a single coin in his pocket. He had experienced the unfriendliness and indifference of people in the city in times of adversity. What a contrast they were to the simple rural folks.

At last he broke the silence. "Elena," and his voice was tender and scarcely above a whisper, "I wish to stay here now and forever. I think I can yet convince the government to reopen this school and assign me to teach here again. And . . . I was just wondering if . . . if you will want to marry a man twice your age."



IT'S unfair. Last quarter was bad enough with five girls for every boy but its worse now with the newly enrolled skirts, (What happened to all the pants anyway?). We have cause to wail. There was an overdose of brainy ones last quarter (no curves, too) with a sprinkling of glamour here and there, and as though there wasn't enough competition. more dames have invaded our territory. Women in front of me, women behind me, women beside me, they're all around me. Fat ones, stout ones, short ones, tall ones, (I'm through with all women, they're fickle untrue, they'll make you then break you, then laugh when they're through)... say! who dat? yum-yum what a plum. Uh-uh, sorry boys, faculty member, but that doesn't put a ban on long low whistles. And what a name too, Rebecca Rio, (roll those r's). There goes another one. Did I say something about short ones, tall ones? She's art of petite, hum? Prudy Tolentino they call her, cute all over. Nope, she's not tied to any one and from what I hear she can offer competition to that Flordelisa gal, you know, the one who sang "Amapolala" at the last convocation sponsored by the Normalites. Shy, sweet Asela Sanchez sang "In old Madrid." Nice soothing voice she has. There was a quartet with two people in it singing "Beautiful Dreamer," and ah

yes, a one woman play with Maming Espina as the woman. Somebody who sounded like Mrs. C. Afable was her echo but we're not supposed to know that.

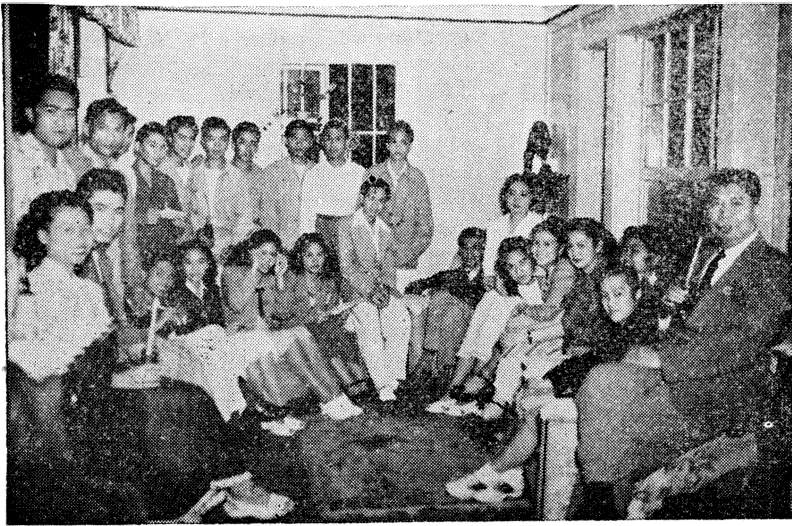
The Engineers are getting to be very snooty these days. The only staff member who was at their shindig was Romeo Florendo. It seems the ladies were outnumbered this time. Salud Ramos was there and so was Violeta Aquino, Pia Ordon, Elena Wenceslao, Frisca and Mercedes Macanas, Rebecca Estepa, Remegia Quevide. Anyway, there were ten of them against fifteen wrecks from BC Tech among whom were our basketball stars, Lor and Ben Espejo, Lite Madayag, Eleuterio Arnobit, Mateo Laranang, Vic Mendoza Jr., (another Caruso we might say) and Jose Arabe. That must have been some party.

I have it from reliable sources, that a certain frail Miss by the name of Mariana Aspires can warble. She's new around here and if we're good to her she might consent to sing for as one of these days. It must be interesting to have Maria Casuga in class with you. They say she shrinks when she's called upon to recite and the boys are looking at her. You like that don't you boys, to pin a lady down with your flirty eyes? Somebody called her "somewhat fat," but I think "pleasingly plump" would be better. Ay, ay, ay Dolores, Caballero's the rest of the name. She transferred from Pacifican Colleges, San Fabian, Pangasinan. Very *Filipina* and oh gosh, another one? Yeah, shy too. Well, maybe you like them better than we eh, guys?

Signing off now— any of you fellas who want to meet the new girls, just look me up. I wonder who'll be our first Miss Baguio Colleges—Edna de los Santos, Cristie Peredo, Baby Monroe or Fely Bartolome?

**Wanted:** Christmas poems, stories, essays, articles, etc., etc., for the special Christmas issue. Submit them for consideration on or before December 3, 1948.

THE STAFF




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● Student leaders at the President's house; We thought there was something more to it than just the cookies and coca cola—the Florendo-Mitra brawl notwithstanding.

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***I**N THIS TOWN of Baguio, with a population of only because such a small fraction of students that people think the news items that appear in both weeklies. "Something in the country will think that our paper is an organ of the state both papers one day to their news reporters who, incidentally with so many people?" they asked further. There sure are papers. Evidence of this are the pictures on this page. Now editors who love nothing but the words **FIRST OF ITS** seedbed of leadership—our school—anything can happen or anything happen. Just browse over these pictures*




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● Baguio Colleges "skirt" scouts with Mrs. A. Quezon: The parade must go on — maybe. Mrs. Leonora P. San Agustin has absolutely no objections.

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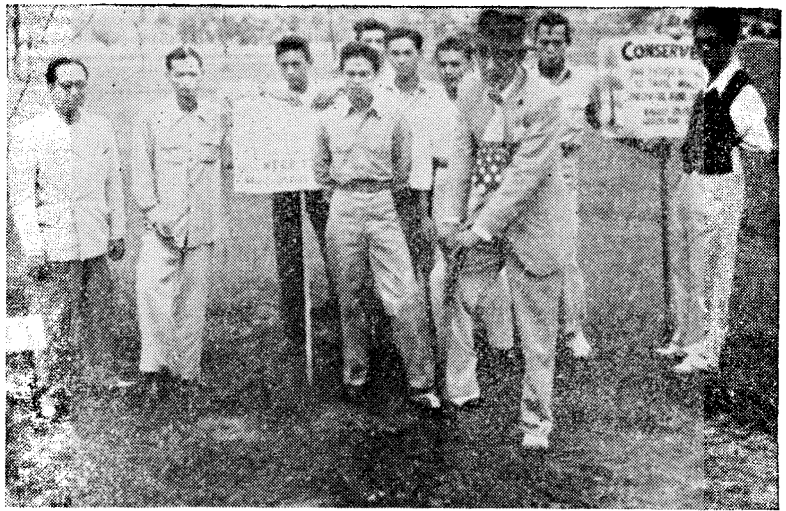
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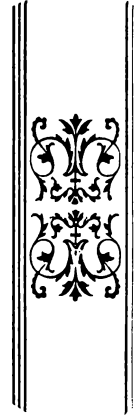
● The President planting a tree on Arbor Day: Will the tree grow into a towering majesty as fast as the Baguio Colleges is growing into a, shall we say, University?

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ghly 29,000, the two leading periodicals are complaining Baguio Colleges can assume a monopoly of the front page must be done but quick before our readers throughout the tent body of the Baguio Colleges", said the editors of ), are also students. "Can it be that nothing happens And Plenty! But in this our college, everything hap- tell us, are these not tempting enough to the eyes of the **KIND, EXTRAORDINARY & NEWS?** For, in this ", if you want it the other way, the students can make s and place additions to the captions yourselves.



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● Highlights of the student elections: Don't make that handshake deceive you, pal He's no more sincere (in wishing you defeat) than you are. The smile is just superficial.

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# sports

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## Cage Results—A resume...

**T**HE newly-formed Baguio Colleges Senior Basketball team visiting Atok Mines humbled the Atok dribblers, 46-38. This game started the BC hoopsters on the long windy road to Experience.

At this point, the City High boys were dominating the local secondary cage world and apparently were in need of "better" competition. Facing the scrappy BC team, the public school boys were taught a few good lessons by the convincing score of 54-21, for the BC team.

The game with the highly-touted Camp John Hay team proved to be a shooting duel as both teams practically burned the hoop. Coach A. Villacampa's sharpshooters could not be outdone and they won the game, 96 to 80. Postscript: This game proved later that constant correct practice keeps any team in playing condition.

Facing the fast-stepping altitudinous 141 AACCS (all-American team from Clark Field), the BC green and white cagers turned back the visitors after trailing the Army team throughout the first half. Turning the heat in the second half, the local collegians beat the Army team, 48-43, much to the satisfaction of a large portion of the College population witnessing the fracas.

Continuing their winning streak, the BC dribblers overwhelmed the Philippine Constabulary team, 40 to 26 before the usual turnout of basketball fans at the P.M.A. court.

Playing the role of an unhostful host, the Baguio Colleges humbled the visiting Great Plebian Colleges team, 80 to 39 and practically ran away with everything except the backboards. Earlier, the Great Plebian Colleges volleyball team humiliat-

ed the BC volleyball team 21-6, 21-9. It was a great day for both teams.

Pres. Salvosa's boys were now being sought. The hardfighting Stotsemburg Area Command champions, 520th SBD suffered a sudden setback at the hands of the BC boys, 64-51. The SAC team was saved from a lopsided score at the end of the third quarter because it rained. A last-ditch rally after the rain failed to shorten the lead the BC boys built.

Recoiling from their defeat in their first encounter with the BC team, a reinforced 141 AACCS team came back strong to subdue the BC team, 63-52 after a hard-fought game. Note: So far this is the only loss suffered by the BC boys.

Avenging their defeat performance at the hands of the 141 AACCS dribblers, Skipper G. Espejo led his team to victory by trouncing the 18th Fighter Sqdn team, 71-63.

Latest game was with the 38th Recon (Clark Field champions) who defeated the 141 AACCS for the league playoff. Taking III quarters, 6-4, 26-24, 47-38, and 55-48, The BC team made a name for itself.

All in all, the BC basketball team is a team to reckon with in the coming Baguio Basketball League.

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The following are members of the different teams of the Baguio Colleges:

Basketball (Seniors)	Volleyball (Seniors)
1. G. Espejo	1. A. Tamayao
2. L. Espejo	2. F. Siojo
3. B. Espejo	3. F. Flores
4. J. Muller	4. A. Tuvera
5. P. Moron	5. B. Fajardo
6. R. Bautista	6. G. Espejo
7. A. Madayag	7. L. Espejo
8. Q. Jacob	8. B. Espejo
9. F. Concho	9. F. Ojascastro
10. V. Crisologo	10. P. Ladion
	11. F. Guerrero
	12. D. Melecio

Baseball (Seniors)	Football (Seniors)
1. A. Lamen	1. B. Fajardo
2. M. Caoili, Jr.	2. D. Melecio
3. G. Espejo	3. U. Ubaldo
4. L. Espejo	4. H. Gaerlan



5. J. Bilet
6. C. Pulanco
7. D. Blando
8. L. Orpilla
9. M. Capalao
10. A. Masancay
11. M. Tanguilig
12. E. Carino
13. F. Guerrero
14. P. Ladion
15. G. Gomez
16. V. Crisologo

5. J. Soriano
6. E. Kamora
7. V. Gaerlan
8. D. Rojo
9. G. Maelling
10. G. Ramirez
11. B. Fabros
12. G. Versoza
13. J. Arabe
14. R. Cancio
15. J. Muller

#### Track and Field

1. A. Lamén
2. J. Bilet
3. D. Rojo
4. M. Caoili, Jr.
5. F. Orteza
6. D. Melccio
7. A. Villareal
8. L. Tenerife

#### Boxing

1. L. Orpilla
2. J. Gonzales
3. B. Ojascastro
4. B. Espejo
5. G. Espejo
6. M. Hipol
7. P. Naguit
8. A. Cacho
9. D. Calip



## Chansonette

*By M. T. Ramdrat, Jr.*

When my dreams meet the lovelight in your eyes,  
That draws to earth all loveliness above,  
My soul is thrilled exulting to the skies  
Such beauteous dreams entwined in perfect love.

When my dreams linger in your twilight hair,  
That freely falls abundant down your hips,  
I cannot think of other sights more fair,  
Or tempting to the touch of fingertips.

I don't know why sweet perfume scents the air  
I don't know why I feel in Paradise;  
When my dreams linger in your twilight hair;  
When my dreams meet the lovelight in your eyes.

☐ *T. F. Siojo is rooting for co-education. What he has to say, he assures us, are based on facts, and not just his opinion.*

## *What of Co-education?*

**C**O-EDUCATION, as defined by Webster, "is the joint education of both sexes in the same institution." Have you ever given a second thought to the value and significance of this method of educational instruction?

Consider the advantages of this system of education:

1. It promotes harmony and cooperation between the sexes.
2. It trains them to live in a real society where nobody is segregated.
3. It prepares the youth for a world where modern ideas predominate.

How does co-education promote a better understanding between the sexes? I must say that persons in constant association will naturally know more of the oddities and eccentric qualities of one another. They acquaint themselves with each other's characteristics and peculiarities—thus learn the rudiments of successful social inter-relation.

Under the system of co-education where there is joint participation in collective activities, intimacy and the feeling of equality is fostered. Furthermore, the individual learns the fundamentals of his future social life. He finds himself face to face and confronted with the veritable problems in the actual manner as they present themselves in life's undertakings, and thereby learns to tackle them through continuous trial and practice.

On the other hand, people who have studied practically all their lives in non-co-educational institutions, usually find disappointment as they step out into this world of reality. They realize they have literally lived in a world of their creation, fashioned out of their theories and mere hypothesis.

In this "atomic" age where the tendency of everything is fast, it would only be

proper that we dispense with some of our conservative principles that would lead us into nowhere but into a state of stagnancy if not retrogression. The cultural advancement of a nation is but a stepping stone towards its ultimate material progress. To achieve this end let us be more tolerant—let us not hesitate to acknowledge what merits co-education has to offer which will benefit society.

Why is it that some schools do not encounter undesirable results accruing from this system? Is it because the people who compose them are different and widely distinct from the components of non-co-educational institutions? Certainly not! People are to be considered as equal and on the same footing potentially, until environment and training take over to shape and develop the heredity of each individual. At this juncture, personal differences arise, and this is where co-education comes in. The individual is guided to the proper norm of social behavior and infused with its principles of realism, the disposition to think and act in the light of things as they are.

Only people who are still strongly imbued with the tenets of conservatism reminiscent of the Spanish regime, will oppose the modernization of our educational institutions. They constitute the principal and foremost hindrance which greatly retard the advancement of a nation aspiring for progress!

Drawing my conclusion from the foregoing discussion, I will say that co-education assumes an undeniably active participation in the speedy development of a nation. So let us look forward to a better and brighter future—let us urge and advocate for more co-educational schools in our country!

—I hope you won't mind the intrusion. I am the college census enumerator. Will you please oblige by answering a few questions? What is your name?

—My name? My name is Lea Dec.

—By the way you answered my question I can tell that you are taking the Normal course. Is that right?

—Yes, Mr. Enumerator.

—How many subjects do you have this quarter?

—I have four subjects equivalent to twelve units.

—Did you pay your tuition in full?

—That is the trouble that worries me, Mr. Enumerator. You see, when this quarter began, my father sent me the complete amount for my tuition and other school fees. Thinking that the end of the quarter was three months away yet, I paid only half of my tuition and spent the rest of the money for a "new look". I intended to pay the balance by saving my weekly allowance during these three months. One month has passed and I have not saved a single centavo yet.

—Miss Lea Dec, how many "new look" dresses do you have?

—Why, Mr. Enumerator, do you have to know all these things?

—Yes, my dear, because the administration is considering the idea of putting up a fashion shop for college girls.

—Well, I have only one "new look" to my name, but in the house where I board are four other ladies who have almost the same bust and waist with mine. The length of a "new look" can vary so long as it is lower than the knees. You know how it is with boardmates.

—Anybody troubling you in this college?

—What do you mean? I can not understand you.

—I mean is there any Romeo trying to explain to you a certain uneasy feeling he has for you? Such a beautiful girl like you must have lots of them.



By Rico P. Labiaga

—I see. You mean to ask if there are boys courting me? Oh . . . lots of them but none can have me. Someone is waiting for me in my home town in the lowlands and I must be true to him. He sends me letters regularly.

—One more question, Miss Lea Dec. Do you go unchaperoned to clubs or parties?

—Nobody yet ever asked me a date.

—There is a dance at Ponoc Club tomorrow night. Will you call it a date with me?

—I'd be glad . . . but I must be chaperoned by this girl beside me. She is one of my boardmates.

\* \* \*

—Good afternoon. I hate to disturb people busy with meditation but my job as the college census enumerator forces me to do so. What is your name, please?

—G. N. Tolman.

—Age?

—Twenty-five excluding the war years.

—Status?

—I just don't know whether I am single, married, or widower. You know, I married during the war and after liberation, a G.I. liberated me from my wife. What might be my status now, Mr. Enumerator?

—Single, with experience. In what college do you belong?

—Engineering.

—How many subjects do you have this quarter, Mr. G. N. Tolman?

—Only two—one is a laboratory subject.

—Why don't you take the full load? Are you a working student?

—My father supports me but I take only two subjects so that I will have extra money and time for hanging around.

—Have you paid your tuition in full?

—Yes, but I did not tell that to my father so that every month he will send me the installment money for four subjects. I told him I am taking.

—You have a library card in your poc-

ket. How many books have you already borrowed?

—Not one. I choose not to bother the librarian.

—How many girl-friends do you have in this college?

—In this college...none. I prefer the waitresses in town for obvious reasons.

—Got some money, Mr. G. N. Tolman? Let us have coffee while we go on with

this business.

—None, but come along to my girl-friend.

\* \*

—I am the college census enumerator. Will you please answer a few questions?

—I am a student of the College of Law. Will you first show me your credentials?

—Oh . . . oh . . . I forgot them at home. Please excuse me.



☐ *The author misses the cultured fool*

# CAMPUS WITTICISMS

*Compiled by A. F. Delizo*

**I**F it is true that there is more wit in a fool than in a man of culture, then there are more fools in Baguio Colleges than is actually believed. Take the group that works on our school organ as an example. If a wit belongs to a fool, then the Gold Ore Staff is a conglomeration of fools.

**T**HE first fool presents himself as an artist. When the Ed, in a worried tone, asked who knows how to type, Perry came out forthwith with his "Thou shalt seek and thou shalt find." When asked what he meant, he just said through his glasses, "that is the biblical way."

**W**HEN an eager learner asked a staff member how to *write*, he got this advice: First, paragraph; second, a sentence; third, a word. If the word sticks, then you have written right. An advice worth trying if you want your name in print.

**T**HE college student with an instinct for breaking rules has also the wit for coining reasons. Asked why he insisted on taking the left (when the regulation

binds him to take the right) he remarked; "If I were guided by my mind I should take the right. The fact is I walk guided by my heart and I will always have my heart at my left." If you are this one, let us remind you that the heart is at the center.

**H**ERE is one on motivation. One student teacher commented on the effectiveness of women's slightly raising their eyebrows to motivate. When told that some women can't do this, their eyebrows having been already raised, he retorted "In fact most women have their eyebrows not only raised but erased." Is he generalizing by induction or by type study?

**E**VEN names stimulate a fool's thinking. Take the BISI Club. Such a name sounds fit and musical to the members. To these fools, however, who glory in having their coinage license, it hurtlingly means "Best In the Science of Insulting." If this is not insult, all right, what is it?



**F**OR the Baguio Colleges and its students, things are moving so fast that your reporter has a hard time catching up. Then, let's not waste our time by mincing words. . . .

Remember the Arbor Day -- a la Baguio Colleges? We do, too. That was when practically all the female members of the College population turned out resplendent in their new jusi-off-the-tailor green and white uniforms. They presented an enviously enviable sight with accent on the BC male members who had to content themselves with standing by and watch and gape -- all for the want of an R. O. T. C. unit or the likes of it . . . .

Apparently, that started it -- the male members are literally being left behind. With the Women's Club successfully lobbying for a (women's) bugle and drum corps and securing it, there must be something wrong with the coods, or somewhere along the line. If you ask me, I couldn't tell you either . . . .

Speaking of improvements and progress, a stride has been made towards that direction. In the library, for instance -- silence is now a respected word although sporadic outbursts of talkiloquence occasionally are heard. The future looks good with the way things are being handled. And then, let's be silent on "Silence" for who doesn't want to be "golden?"

We cannot satisfy everybody all the time. The judges in the Seal Contest are not satisfied either. So we believe it takes all kinds of people to make this world of ours. But we think there were some entries that were just right for the Seal. Anyway, whatever the judges decide on --we'll abide by their decision and let's hope there will be no more dilty-dallying in the

procurement of colors (and seals) once a definite choice has been selected. Hats off--the flag is passing by . . . .

This quarter is, in all fantasy and reality, an Athletic quarter. No doubt. With the unprecedentedly heavy schedule our basketball, softball, volleyball teams had and have, the BC is being built into a powerhouse of athletic energy without sacrificing the mental development of its students. Purpose: all work and no play makes Juan a dull boy . . . .

Facts and figures prove without any element of suspicion that basketball--the original Naismith game--is the No. 1 sport in the Baguio Colleges as is also second to none in most progressive colleges and universities in the Philippines, but do you know your facts and figures? Cast your worries aside for here they are: Of 10 games with topflight local and visiting civilian and Army teams, the Baguio Colleges Senior Team won 9 games and lost 1. Averaging 60 points a game (the opponents averaged 46 a game), proves we have something any team has to reckon with. We haven't hit the top yet but let us keep trying . . . .

True it is, we once had (for a time) a monopoly on the best basketeers this side of heaven nurtured and developed. How truer it is that we still have the best team (one man's opinion, of course) in teamwork and aggressiveness although it is now public knowledge that some of our dribblers are not ours.

One of the best advertisements any school can have without too much expense is a good basketball team. To have a basketball team, there must be good basketball players with good basketball uniforms. Let's not be too tight on the uniforms.

What is money's worth where goodwill counts most. . . .

The Baguio Colleges has fought a couple of champions (basketball) in their own areas. We have a feeling we, too, are champions ourselves. The Great Plebian Colleges (women's) volleyball team, reportedly the Island's best, handed our hastily-formed volleyball team a thorough shellacking. Moral: Let's concentrate on basketball while we also concentrate on all the other "balls" . . . .

So much for athletics and athletes. Now for gripes.

Some people in the College are flippant and cynical regarding most of the values of life. Reliably, we have been informed of gripes against the student council fee of

(a miserable) ₱1.00 from every student. The Student Council appropriated some money for a Barn Dance to satisfy (they believed) the students' thirst for a leg-shaker (rib-tickler) party, but was disapproved because of some students' objections. Apparently, these objectors do not know how to dance or lack the so-called gregarious instinct present in every normal human being. A college is not only an institution of learning but also an institution where memories are built. What kind of memories these gripesters want to have, we do not know. This I know—they are not fit to be in college or if they are, no college is fit for them....

Enough said. We are sleepy. Ho-hum. Good--night.



## Looking Forward

At times I think the world is such a place  
Where friendship, love, and harmony abide;  
Yet in that very house I find no trace  
Of faith in Him, the spirit that can guide.

*Can it be true that they who live therein,  
Have reached the stage when men can say they think  
Not with their brains but with their flesh and skin,  
And that they live alone on food and drink?*

In yonder hut I see a picture new  
Of people blessed, tho ignorant, with bliss;  
How well their simple ways present to view  
Their love for God and man they never miss.

The first, I fear, breeds pride and discontent;  
The latter be my home when old and bent.

—Arsenia F. Delizo

☐ *Among the common people,  
are interesting personalities  
worth knowing...*

# A Lesson In Living

*A short story  
By Aurea A. Lopez*

THE RAIN became stronger when I had reached the small snug cottage of Juan Bartolome, better known to his intimate friends as Johnny. I pushed the door open and stepped in after my first knock. Johnny was before a typewriter table busy with some typing job. By the way, he is a competent steno-typist and he types for anybody at a rate. He is some sort of a clerk at large. I smiled at him apologetically — what with my dripping raincoat and mud-splattered overshoes — and managed to greet him with a “hello.” Obviously puzzled of my intrusion, he returned my greeting and pointed me to a chair. I took off my raincoat and sat down.

“I’m afraid I’m bothering you,” I apologized. “Perhaps you do not know me.”

“I know you. You are Mrs. ...”

“Lopez,” I finished for him.

“But I still don’t see what brings you in,” he sounded impatient.

“Oh, just a friendly visit. You know...”

“I don’t think so.” Johnny cut in almost to himself.

“Why don’t you think so? Couldn’t we be friends? You could at least answer a few questions.” I pulled my chair closer to him.

“Holy cow!” he interjected in mock alarm. He covered the portable typewriter and lighted a cigarette. He offered me the pack and lighter which I politely refused. Leaning back on his chair he asked with a light of suspicion in his eyes. “Are you a cop? What might have I done against the law?”

“Cut off the silly notion, Johnny, please. Just be a good boy scout by answering a few questions—very easy questions. It is a matter of a grade of 5 or 1 for me. See?”

“I cannot understand you.”

“Here, Johnny. I am gathering materials for a feature article required of me in English 16 I am taking at Baguio Colleges. You will help me, will you? This

is an interview, Johnny. I am going to write about you. Got any glamour picture of yourself? I also intend to have this article published in a national paper. It is the limelight for you.”

“An interview? Holy cow! I am afraid you are forcing me to eject you, Mrs. Lopez. Friendly visit, my foot! Please go now. The rain has let up.” He showed me the door and said goodday.

“Not so fast, Johnny.” I persisted, “I will write this article well. You will like it. Where is your guitar?” I knew he had one because I once heard him sing and accompany himself on a certain occasion. By the way, Johnny is a splendid tenor and a proficient guitarist. He had won in several singing contests conducted locally and in at least one Radio Amateur Hour Contest in Manila, so I was informed by a friend long before the visit.

I won. A proud look shone on Johnny’s face as he pointed to the guitar hung up against the wall.

“You love to sing, Johnny?”

“Yeah, just for a hobby.”

“You could make it pay, too, as a radio singer, orchestra soloist, and so forth,” I made the hint to him.

“Just now I do not think of singing for money. Perhaps, someday.”

“Got a family, Johnny?” I did not really have to ask the question judging from the feminine touches in the arrangement of the living room. The question just came to my mind for want of something to say to carry on the conversation which was now becoming friendly and intimate.

“Yeah,” Johnny, turning toward the kitchen door answered. “I have my wife

and two kids. A boy and a girl. I got hitched up in 1944. You know how it was during the war."

"And now what is your racket?"

"Whaddya mean by racket? Why you..." I thought I saw him make the motion of standing up.

"I mean what do you do for a living? I do not mean the *surplus* as you might think I am referring to. You do not have to get excited."

"I see. I am in the rice business, if that is what you want to know."

"I thought so. A rice blackmarketeer." I kidded.

"No, I am not. It is not my fault if rice sells good these days." Johnny wanted it emphasized in me.

At this juncture, a woman in cotton print housedress, bearing a coffee tray, emerged from the kitchen door. She was in her early twenties, so I guessed from her girlish looks.

"Coffee, Mrs. Lopez. This is Jane, my wife. She is from Binalonan. We both are. Cute girl, isn't she? And oh, how she boils my coffee. Try it, Mrs. Lopez."

I began helping myself to the strong fragrant coffee. I had to use more cream than usual. In the meantime the two children projected their presence into the tiny living room. The smaller one beguiled herself with a rag doll, and the bigger one, Junior, made evident a sample of his musical wares by singing "You Are My Sunshine" (I think I heard him substitute some nasty word for "sunshine"), and "Ang Bakya Mo, Neneng." After the singing I applauded vigorously, in fact, honestly. Johnny, the senior, beamed with paternal pride and pleasure. The boy could really sing.

"You are a steno-typist, Johnny," I said after a gap of a short silence. "Why don't you get an employment in that capacity?"

"Nix," he demured with an emphatic shake of his well-groomed head. He poured some more coffee into my half-finished cup. At the same time he continued, "I don't want any boss but myself. May be you feel the same way yourself, sometimes. I understand you are a principal in an elementary school somewhere around."

I made no answer. My eyes caught sight of a pair of crutches against the table. "You have always been this way, Johnny?" I inquired, my eyes still on the crutches, not knowing just how to put the question in a less hurtful way. "When did you start using them?"

"Always. That is, when I really had to move about. I was born this way. But I am okay. I do not remember having felt bitter about it."

"I heard that you can skate in spite of your physical handicap."

"I even drive a car," Johnny surprised me more.

"That is wonderful, Johnny. I can do neither."

"More coffee?"

"Enough. Thank you."

I was veritably filled with respect and admiration for him. Johnny is truly a man. To me he is no cripple. I have met and known big muscle-bound hulks of mankind who should have been crippled instead of Johnny. As I prepared to leave I thought of one more question to ask of him, but of which I did not bother anymore. I knew the answer the moment I entered his cottage door. Of course, Johnny is happy if anybody is.

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With the frightful weapons now available to man for his destruction, we must continue to act with patience and forbearance, making it clear to all that we intend to live and let live.

—DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER  
President, Columbia University



a blondish mustache he had patented soon after the patent bill was passed by Congress, leads the "important deliberations." His listeners comprise the college's distinct group of "bigotillos" who strut around the corridors with an air of superiority and their upper lip thrust one foot forward to show that they have something not even President Salvosa can have — a mustache. Because the question they were then resolving was rather important, they have their heads buried together in a huddle, hence, I recognized only the following: 6' 2" RAYMUNDO CANCIO sporting a mustache which he claims to be original and the trimmest of its kind; DOROTEO MILENCIO, JR. who says that his is much better-looking than Clark Gable's; CONSTANCE ECHAVEZ who has a similar if not superior mustache than Leo Carillo's; and BEN DE LEON with a beautifully cultivated growth which, said LEO ESQUEJO, JR., is a fake! And there, standing conspicuously among them all is VICTORIO MENDOZA, JR. But, you will probably ask, what is he hanging around there for when he is only seventeen and has positively no mustache visible to the naked eye? Well, as ruled by the MUSTACHE, CO. LTD. directorate, of which JOE FLORENDO is the acting chairman, VIC can be a member "EX OFFICIO" inasmuch as he has proven, by means of a high powered magnifying glass, the beginnings of a brisky growth above his upper lip.

**G**OING up the steps via the back door of the library, we came across a group of *guaracheras* and *guaracheros* who gather

themselves in some isolated nook of the school every 4:00-4:30 p.m. to discuss the latest steps. It is easy to identify them by simply looking at their shoe heels and watching their gait. Their shoe heels are worn out and their hips wiggle when they walk. These are indications that they have succumbed to the contaminations of the *guaracha* plague. Acting Prexy of the group is TEDDY "playboy" LARAYA, admittedly one of our best if not the best *guarachero* around this here campus. Second in command is pretty and beauteous ROSIT RIVERA, who lays claim to an ability of contorting her body rhythmically in the best *guaracha* way. The others: ROSIE MONROE, PAULINE ALFONTE, EDNA DE LOS SANTOS, SALLY RAMOS, PURING MORON, BABE MONROE, and FLODELIZA COLUMBRES. The *guaracheros*? You probably know them by now. But if you still don't, they are: ENTENG CRISOLOGO, BERT FLORESCA, ROMY FLORENDO, "jiggs" OCLARIT, BEN ESPEJO, LITO MADAYAG, LOURDING ARNOBIT, et al.

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Dear RAMI,

Howzabout commending AUGUSTITO VILLAREAL for honesty at this time when not very many people are contented? He found and returned to me a wallet containing 11 pesos and 29 centavos!....

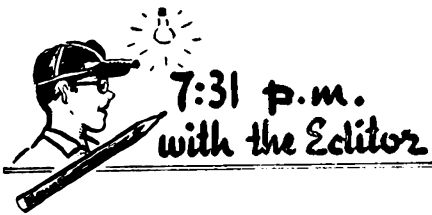
GUILLERMO RAMIREZ

Respectfully endorsed to President Benjamin Salvosa.

RAMI



<p>Mrs. Roque: What is a dual personality?          Student: A man who has two wives.          Mrs. Roque: How about a man who has no wife?          Student: He is a single personality. He is single, <i>gayam!</i></p>
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**W**HY 7:31 pm? Here comes Ric Lab and Joe F and Florence and Arsing. Rami is here and is that you Inteng? Bantas & Hermi are you around? Where's Rommy? Working too hard again? For 7:31 p.m. is the only time we have the time to talk things over—manuscripts and plans... When do we go to press? When? That question is the ₱128 question (\$64x2)... because most of us are working students.

We start with a letter from Miss Ramos (Salud-health to us): "The Sept. 'green' issue ... was a decided and definite improvement over the 1-page 'Manila Chronicle' tie-up of August, 1948. Both issues, though, were not worth the ₱3.00 we paid for. Could we expect a better GO in the foreseeable future by coming out on regular, specific dates—not just acting on the spur of the moment to bring forth an issue? Some pictures to grace the pages would do well to make the GO titillating."

Salud, kidding aside, we've been thinking of almost the same things . . . so, from now on the deadline for all manuscripts to be in the hands of the editorial staff will be the 15th of each month except the December issue. Manuscripts for the X'mas issue should be submitted not later than the 3rd of December . . . this will give time for editing, re-typing, laying out, and waiting for the GOLD ORE to come off the press . . . how's that?

Ninety-nine per cent of the credit for the 'new look' of the Ore goes to Perry Mánson (we almost said Mason) who did all the illustrations . . . see the name plate? That's an assayer's mallet... Perry says we 'assay' all manuscripts coming in and put

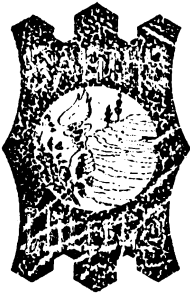
them in readable (sic) form, (did I quote you right Perry?) that's the reason for the paper and the bottle of ink . . . Look at the cut for Society . . . is the co-ed snooty? and how the co-od looks! By the way, Perry is available (not, a la Laurel) at 6:30 every evening in the library.

In case you don't know, the College Seal which we are publishing for the first time was drawn by Gat of the Manila Chronicle. This department will welcome any comments on the seal by the student body.

Anent accuracy of reporting, Miss Grogoria Franco of the Normal Department writes us: "I would like to invite your attention to the article on page 7. . . 'New Look.'" It was not the Women's Club that decided the adoption of the college uniform for girls. First, the uniform was approved to be worn by the Normal Organization . . . second, the same uniform was adopted by the P. E. students; and third, having known of the plan of the two groups, the Women's Club in its meeting on Sept. 4th decided on adopting the uniform—a sport-collared white blouse and a six-piece skirt without a cravat . . . Yours for a better GOLD ORE." Thanks for putting us straight on the matter.

Many students would like to see a better Gold Ore. We are for one, too, who is not? But, how can a good issue be put out with the dearth of manuscripts coming in? Before you say, "Can't we put out a better Gold Ore?" how about trying to help put out one by sending in an essay, a poem, or a story? We need manuscripts and manuscripts and manuscripts . . . excellent ones, good ones, and what have you? Remember the deadline: 15th for regular issues and the 3rd of December for the X'mas issue. . . .

Oh, yes, we almost forgot it. Noticed our error in the editorials in our September issue? The titles were missed, Poor proofreading. The long one by R. V. M. should have been titled "Lust for Power" and the short one by the Ed was originally titled "The College Organ."



# Our College Seal

**T**HE RICE terraces, sometimes called the eighth wonder of the world, are a symbol of the genius of our race. They show the industry, patience and skill of an early migration of Filipinos to these highlands in which Baguio Colleges is situated.

**≡** THE leaves of the pine tree, an evergreen, aside from also showing the location of the college, denotes youth and its fresh and courageous outlook.

**≡** THE torch, the classical symbol of learning, means that while Baguio Colleges is dedicated to the cultivation of a distinct Filipino culture, this institution tries to profit from the wisdom of the ages, from the teachings of other countries.

**≡** THE shield implies that education, one of man's precious birthrights, is a shield from inadequacy, intolerance and slavery of the mind.