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Christmas Issue
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by
Manuel S. Go

The Christmas story, told and retold by countless generations, has retained much of the poetic wonder that it had of old, and acquired — in traditions and in customs — much more besides. And today, in spite of the advent of Luniks and Explorers that probe into the secrets of space, in spite of great inventions that none dared even dream of before, — in spite of all — the Christian peoples of the world still feel, with mingled awe and joy in their hearts, the miracle of Christmas. Christ in the manger is not incompatible with Man on a space ship.

It is without fear of having chosen a hackneyed theme that we make this issue a Christmas offering.

The front cover, done in Amor's usual style, depicts the Three Kings, traveling towards Bethlehem, guided by the light of a bright and steadfast star. They bring gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh for the new-born Messiah. The back cover shows, in "semi-abstractation," the Holy Family.

For our literary feature, we come up with another excerpt from Mrs. Manuel's thesis for her MA in English degree. Here she talks of the bachelor in Philippine plays.

Junne and Paco oblige us with "Night" and "Day." "Night" is told with the gentle, yet engaging, touch which alone can convey the tenderness of a dawning love. "Day" drags on with the oppressed air of a man who suddenly finds himself feeling empty within. Both stories have a flaw that stands out like a sore finger: the time of happening, — Christmas — inserted for no other purpose than to produce something that can pass for a Christmas piece, hangs rather loosely, and annoys the reader; the stories can actually happen at any other time and not lose their value. But they are doubtless well written on the whole.

D. M. Maglalang. — We saw him last at the pier, waving at us as his boat moved away. There were no maudlin words of parting between us, — for these we hold unmanly — but we were sure that minus one from our group was going to make a great difference and take out some of the ring and vibrancy in the laughter of us who are left.

We were aware of all his faults, but we saw and appreciated his virtues also. This was possible, because he showed himself to us without fronts and shields, hypocrisy being a hateful base to him. We learned to hold him dear, and when he left, we lost a friend.

But the University perhaps lost more, for it lost all of this:

A versatile and intelligent teacher (MA in English, *summa cum laude*), devoutly dedicated to his profession. He taught English, Latin, Philosophy, and Religion, and

"Three Voices of Man," which won first prize in the poetry division of the literary contest sponsored by the second year general students last semester, was written on the assumption that there are only three good subjects for poetry: war, love, and religion. Without debating the merits over demerits of this assumption, we publish the poems for their value as individual pieces. "War" — a graphic masterpiece — especially caught our admiration for its success in creating an atmosphere of utter desolation and pain in very few words.

"A Neighborly Approach to Grave Community Problems" and "Self-Expression Through Music" are first and second prize winners, respectively, in the essay division of the literary contest sponsored by the Liberal Arts (Gen. Course) students. In the opinion of the board of judges, the pieces show a "very mature outlook."

Balt V. Quinain launches in this issue a new column under the monicker "Let's Talk It Over." Of special importance is his defense of the College of Law (Vested interests?). It will, in subsequent issues, run together with "Entirely Personal," whose author, Essel, has been given a vacation.

Alfredo B. Amores, the new science editor starts his career with a very ambitious project: a summary of the "conquest" of space.

Our sportswriters are, out of devotion to duty, running their section despite the debacle of our top-dog—or what was thought to be one—basketball team. But their writings are decidedly uninspired. Perhaps, when better times come and we shall again hold the scepter of supremacy in basketball and other sports, they will have reason to write with more vigor and vim.

"The Seeing Out" relates a sad chapter in Carolinian life.

acquitted himself quite creditably in them.

An excellent writer. He has written a novel (*Of Graves and Crosses*) and several short stories, poems, and critical reviews. Since, finding no hand to guide him, he was left largely alone to grope his way, his writing can still stand improvement; but it will be long before we will again read lines from a Carolinian pen that can equal the emotional power, intellectual depth, and verbal mastery found in the work of Maglalang.

A good student adviser. Being young himself (he was nineteen when he started teaching three and a half years ago), he understood the pulse and the heartbeat of youth and ever lent his sympathy to them. It was no wonder that his students eagerly welcomed him in all their undertakings.

Such was D. M. Maglalang, now no longer with us.

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The CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students
of the University of San Carlos
Cebu City, Philippines

Editorial

A Hope

"He was in the world, and the world was made through Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

These words were written centuries ago, but they are just as true in our time. For today, only 34.7% of the world's population are Christians, and only 51.3% of the Christian population are Catholics.

But the situation is actually more distressing than can be divined from bare statistics. For out of those who are counted as Catholics, how many really know and profess the faith as they should? Not a great number, we are afraid.

Let us take the case of the Philippines, 83% of the population of which are supposed to be Catholics.

Over 80% of the Filipino people live in the rural areas, and the majority of the rural people with families of six or over to support earn no more than between P2.40 and P14.00 a month. The city slum-dwellers have their own problems. One must eat before he can philosophize or "theologize." One must "seek first sustenance and shelter, and the kingdom of God will be added unto him" — this is the prevailing sentiment, though it is the reverse of what Christ had taught. The alternatives for a suffering man are religious faith and skepticism, or at best, indifference. Human nature, alas, tends to the second.

But even supposing that a man, by the innate goodness of his nature and God's grace, wished to turn to religious faith for succor in his times of distress, illiteracy may prevent him from doing so. Of the Filipino people, 32.13% are illiterate, and very many of those classified as literate can hardly read and write. One cannot love what he does not know. One who is illiterate or even barely literate cannot, under the conditions obtaining in the Philippines, be expected to know the truths of the Catholic faith; consequently, he can hardly be expected to love it.

Of course, there are many other reasons that may prevent a real profession of the Catholic faith, — among these the natural stubbornness of people who, having the necessary condition to see the light, refuse to see it — but the principal causes in the case of the Filipino people are the ones we mention above.

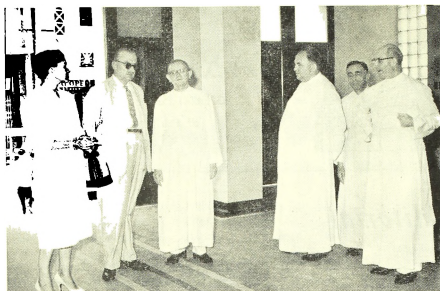
"And the light shines in the darkness; and the darkness grasped it not."

If the Filipino people have failed to grasp the light, it is not their fault. They did not ask to be born Filipinos, in a bankrupt country. We are almost sure that God, in His infinite mercy, looks upon them with kindness.

Besides, all is not lost yet. There are little things that the more fortunate Filipinos can do, little things that will eventually gather to a greatness. They can, for instance, with all the resources at their command, wage a crusade against graft and corruption in the government. For graft and corruption are the principal causes of the economic ills in our country today, economic ills which, per se and by the illiteracy that they engender, shut off to many the light of faith.

Someday, — and we hope we'll live to see that day — Christmas will have more meaning and wonder to the majority of our people, because they have become better Christians.

M. S. G.



The Father Rector (third from left) as shown with visitors in USC a few days before his departure.

OCT. 17 — As early as 8 o'clock in the morning, the terminal building of Lahug Airport was jam-packed with people — USC's S.V.D. Fathers, faculty members, fraternity and organization members, Student Council officers and representatives, "Carolinian" staffers, representations from the city's civic and charitable organizations, old friends and colleagues, working students, and boy scouts. Quite a number was there. For to them the day was as memorable, or shall we say, eventful

clicked as Father Rector hastened from place to place to pose with the waiting well-wishers.

We heard the engines start and saw the propellers begin to revolve. At last the most unwelcome time—that of parting—came. There was a suppressed silence within us. Father Rector struggled to get out of the crowd which pressed towards him more than ever. If he could only stay a few more minutes, someone sighed. We followed him with our eyes as he moved slowly away.

hours and was not at all feeling well but in fifteen minutes or so managed to put a little something, into my stomach scrambled for a piece of paper and a pencil and was off, totally unprepared for the interview except for a few facts about him which I had gathered from sources close to him and from an article I had read a few days back.

Reaching his office at exactly four, I was dilly-dallying outside. I have had some experience in interviewing people; but I knew this time I didn't have to worry about short tempers... or anything of that sort but somehow I could not collect myself; neither could I control that miserable, animal something which pounded and seemed to leap in me. There's really nothing to be afraid of, boy! I assured myself. Get inside and talk, I thought; but as I was about to do so, Father Rector came out. There at once I was confronted with a radiant personality, the generosity of whom was reflected in his mild, gentle face, and the kindness in his eyes. I could not move, and an unexpected, overwhelming force blocked my power of speech. It was too late when I realized he had walked away. I followed him but a couple of lady faculty members approached to tell him how sorry they were for his departure and to thank him for so many acts of charity he had done to them. He patted them on the shoulder consolingly saying they should not feel that way at all for he would be back in Cebu some other day and to forget what he had done for them. In so

The SEEING OUT

• by Nelson Larosa

as that day when their old friend, Very Rev. Herman Kondring, S.V.D. first came to assume the rectorship of this university. As memorable, but not as joyful "Charlie's" old friend was scheduled to leave for his new assignment that day.

A profound sadness settled in our hearts and drops of tears misted our eyes. In forty-five minutes we would see no more of the man who had been so endlessly good, generous and kind to us. Of the man who had been for four long years our guide and constant source of inspiration. Our anxiety and great desire to shake hands with him, to tell him how sorry we were for his parting, and to wish him "Bon Voyage" created a gentle rumpus on the scene. But the unforgettable friend, already exhausted out jovial in answer for the warmth of the "farewell party", valiantly underwent the "ordeal". Cameras

At the ramp of the plane, he turned and waved at us. We waved back. We couldn't control the already uncontrollable. Tears rolled down our cheeks. As the plane turned in a wide curve and began to glide along the runway, we caught a last glimpse of the man we had learned to cherish and to love.

TEN MINUTES after the take-off, we were back at the office of the "C" wondering where the plane would be by that time. I settled on a chair and tried to recollect the five-minutes, heart-to-heart interview I had had with Father Rector late the other afternoon.

I was still hot with fever when I jumped off my bed as I happened to glance at the wall clock. It was thirty minutes past three and it made me remember that Father Rector was to leave the day after, that it was my last chance of meeting him for an interview. I had tossed in bed for almost twenty-four

short a lapse of time, a sterling quality of Father Rector was revealed. His iron will with which he could face one of the bitter things of life with a smile and optimism—parting from friends and associates who were like a big, closely-knit family to him.

Shortly after five he came back. There were others — students and all — waiting for him but I was lucky enough to be ushered in second. Positive that I could only have a little more than five minutes I introduced myself without much fanfare and buckled down to business.

"Do you have any parting message for the faculty and student body, Father?" I blurted out, confident he had some.

"Oh yes, yes!" I saw his lips twist into a warm, broad smile and his eyes gleamed as he paced the floor of his

(Continued on page 20)

Farewell Message



The Very Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring, S.V.D.

Cebu City, October 16, 1959

Having stayed for more than four years at the University of San Carlos it was quite natural to become attached to the place and even more so to the people with whom I was in daily contact. It was for the sake of the students that I was sent to Cebu, and to their interests I dedicated my time and energy. I am now leaving on orders of higher superiors. It is again the students, their problems, and their future that stand before my eyes at this moment.

The great number of students at a university as San Carlos is makes it impossible for a

Rector to come into personal contact with all of them. It is equally impossible to wish now all of them a final goodbye. I must then make use of the pages of the "Carolinian" to extend to all students my sincerest and heartiest farewell. May God bless you always. You are young and have youthful aspirations and high idealism. I pray that you may succeed in your plans and overcome difficulties and hardships by exerting all your energies and by trusting in God and in our heavenly Mother.

Remain true Carolinians. Without my giving an exact definition you know what this contains: faith in God, respect and love for parents and superiors, fraternal charity for all, serious study, and a noble and cheerful disposition. Be always like that.

I am leaving for another place but shall remain within our beloved Philippines. I also shall be privileged to continue working in a Catholic institution for our youth and our country.

Au revoir!

Yours devotedly in Christ,

(Sgd.) Herman Kondring, S.V.D.

(An excerpt from a thesis, reprinted here on permission by the Graduate School.)

THE bachelor often finds himself involved with a woman—or women—in this stage of his life. He is attracted to the opposite sex, and, in turn, attracts them. Many of his problems, mental, moral, social, financial, etc., are therefore concerned with women. How he meets his problems affords a fascinating and sometimes intimate glimpse into the bachelor life of the nation. Since he, as a young man who has experienced or is experiencing the affairs of the heart, prominently figures in many of the adventures and misadventures in this study, he is presented first; a small minority—comprising only four representatives who are not thus involved—will be treated last.

The independent, working bachelors who are the chief protagonists and antagonists for a woman's hand are found in six plays—"Help Wanted," "A Ranger Takes a Wife," "The Hidden Symbol," "Christian Goes By with the Goats," "Juan and the Magic Fruit," and "Mir-i-nisa."

The young man in "Help Wanted" is named Mario. He is responsible, honest, and serious. The friendship between him and his pal Luis is pleasant to behold—they are true friends indeed. They advise each other, joke with each other from the inside out. With regard to matrimony, Mario is a cautious hand. He has no desire to rush headlong into marriage in spite of a rich uncle who constantly reminds him to take a wife. No, this young man has nothing against women. But he is a serious one and desires to avoid any regrets. So he has dutifully complied with his uncle's requests in everything save matrimony.

You know me — I've been honest with him (uncle), haven't I? I've followed his wishes to the letter. But as for getting married—that's out. I haven't got met the girl I'm going to marry. When that time comes—well, I'll know it. But I think that's going to be a mighty long time, my friend. I don't want to be married. I've seen strings yet. 69 *Domingo Nolasco, "A Ranger Takes a Wife," Short Plays of the Philippines*, p. 68.

Then a pretty woman comes to answer an advertisement for a maid. Mario's stern resistance to the beginning all too soon melts before the woman's logic—she is a college graduate—or is it her heart? Alas for Mario! He finds himself a willing captive to this woman's charms, and the play ends with him as good as wedded. His weighty opinions about the women vanish into thin air. Probably the enjoyment in the plot, innocent as it is, is just what he needs to give him a push. Is he really different from the rest?

The hero in the next play, "A Ranger Takes a Wife," does not entertain any objections against the fair sex. In fact he already has a sweetheart, Rosalia. But he has something against future father-in-laws. Valera is a hardworking and busy man, whose work is recognized and appreciated by his director. The years in the service have stripped him

of his impulsiveness and impatience. He is now a prudent man who knows what he wants and aims to get it, be it in business or love. In spite of the strong disapproval of his sweetheart's father, Valera is determined to marry the girl. Remember, he's going to be my father-in-law whether he likes it or not. (Ibid., p. 84) He does not give an elopement a second thought. He is too honorable for that; instead he intends to bide his time and "leave things as they are." When his friends, to help him, impersonate the bureau director before the girl's father and he is found out, Valera gracefully accepts the blame. As a reward, all's well that ends well.

The other young man in the same play is amusing Castillo, the funny impersonator of the director. New to the work, he shows it in his impetuosity and impatience. When he impersonates his employer, he is so convincing that he makes

The BACHELOR

the old man appreciate his friend, Ranger Valera. And when the game is up, he sets upon himself all the blame and clears his friend. Such a resourceful and convincing young man deserves a reward and he gets it. The director makes his appointment permanent.

The bachelor in "The Hidden Symbol" is a manager of an hacienda. He is another hard-working young man like Ranger Valera. Like the ranger he too dares to love a girl of a social class higher than his. Since his ideal is the daughter of his employer, Don Emilio, he keeps silent about his love. To his employer he is courteous and fiercely loyal. When Don Emilio is made a victim to a frame-up, Maximo secretly gathers proofs to pin the guilt on the real culprits, Don Felipe and his son, Luis. This speaks well of his intelligence and astute judgment of character. He is also sharp and alert, for he immediately suspects the motive of Luis, when he visits Don Emilio's daughter at an unholy hour. Nor is he wanting in bravery and resourcefulness. In one instance he scares the two scoundrels by pretending to point a gun in his coat pocket. In another he braves the lion's den to accuse them of their crime. Stirred to indignation by injustice, he consents his master against passive resistance. He explains:

No, Don Emilio! I'm sorry to have to differ with you, but—why don't we fight while there is a chance? The people are being misled by an irresponsible labor leader. Let me open their eyes, show them. Carlos P. Rosales, "The Hidden Symbol," *Philippine Prose and Poetry*, p. 159.

Maximo does not get his wish but patiently he collects evidence enough to put the two villains behind bars.

Luis, lawyer and labor leader, is Maximo's rival. A chip off the old block, he is an unscrupulous man who would court a woman for a dubious motive. Perhaps he cannot be blamed en-

tirely, for his father has made him what he is, well instructed in the art of hypocrisy and deceit. He is the typical labor racketeer who convinces ignorant laborers to cry out for impossible demands, at the same time mulcting them of their hard-earned wages at the least excuse. Luis plants a letter in Don Emilio's house to strengthen the evidence against the helpless old man. Notwithstanding, he shows that there is a streak of good in him when he says, "I am beginning to feel the pangs of remorse." (Ibid., p. 170) Still his last words reveal an unrelenting and vengeful heart: "I'll get you! I'll get you!" (Ibid., page 184)

The shy lover is represented by Mario, the farmer's son in "Cristina Goes By with the Goats." Mario is a good son to his father and a steady worker. Of a practical turn of mind, no fancies plague him about love and life. Slow

and deliberate, still he always gets what he wants. He reminds his old man:

You could me because I am not lively, but I have always done the things I said I would do. I went away to San Carlos, there where there are so many big Spanish houses and a great park. I was to ask the priest to help me find work and he did, and I stayed there three years— all exactly as I said I would do. And now I am back. I said that I was going to save enough money to build a new house for us, and see, here is the house. Rachel Mack, "Cristina Goes By with the Goats," *Short Plays of the Philippines*, op. cit., p. 48.

Mario has his pride, a stubborn one. He asks no quarter from the world and gives none. Because the girl he loves has refused him once, he does not intend to ask her again, even if he still loves her. "Once is enough," he says. (Ibid., p. 49) His doting father, whose whole world is his son, is driven to near desperation when Mario remains indifferent to the news of the girl's engagement to another man—or to her obvious display of preference for Mario. No wonder his father sighs, "You are like a clod of earth; there is no understanding in you. (Ibid., p. 50) But Mario apparently is wise. In the end he gets his girl. Shamefacedly, the once proud Cristina confesses her love and Mario carries on from there. Shy and slow, Mario is very wise after all—he knows how to read a woman's heart.

Juan, the hero in the folk tale, "Juan and the Magic Fruit," is the country bumpkin who wins a princess! For a charcoal burner, who is supposed to be ignorant, he is surprisingly eloquent. He says to the princess, "You look just as I have always seen you in my dreams and in the sunrise and the rainbow. (Jean Edades and Charlotte Chorpensing, "Juan and the Magic Fruit,"

Short Plays of the Philippines, p. 152) His parents are proud as they relate Juan's many feats.

There's nothing that boy can't do. The lites he used to make! They hummed in the wind like cicadas. He built better fish-traps than anyone else. No one can cut down a bamboo tree as Juan is he can. (*Ibid.*, p. 153)

It seems that Juan is fond of playing a good joke too as his parents testify. When the guards are ordered to seize Juan, the young man runs and hides among the crowd. Quickly, he disguises himself as an old magician, and then approaches the ruler. His resourcefulness does not desert him as he thinks of a way to win, over the king and queen. With the aid of a magic fruit, he makes horns appear and disappear on the ruler's heads. And he wins the princess.

Tasmi and Achmed are the two ri-

trof of himself when he is jilted by a woman. Thrown into the depths of despair, at first he weeps and then he "flies into a rage." (Benjamin Wong, "The Best Way to Die," *Short Plays of the Philippines*, p. 98) blaming the whole world. Different persons successively offer a number of suggestions in the manner of dying—a fast, a *harakiri*, a gun and sleeping tablets. As he considers these methods, a Chinese fortunately comes upon the scene and this man convinces him to forget the past and to fight "to show the world that you really are." (*Ibid.*, p. 103) Exit Mr. Fool.

The minor protagonists and antagonists who are bachelors entangled in the affairs of the heart are met in "Wanted: A Chaperon," "Perhaps," "Basketball Fight," "Daughter of Destiny," "Remember the Fourth," and "Daughters for Sale."

in Philippine Plays

vals in "Mir-i-nisa." Achmed is bold and gay; Tasmi is reserved. Both are eloquent and brave. They have been good friends since childhood but now a woman has unleashed the fury in their hearts. Insults and wicked words fly thick and fast between them. And soon they come to blows. Indeed it is hard to choose between these two—one a fisherman, and the other, a pearl diver. But a test reveals the conflict. The two dive into the murky depths of the Pacific in search of a pearl dropped by Datu Ulka, the girl's father. The following passage reveals Tasmi's bravery.

Twice, I fought the sharks. Once, the devilfish, the mighty octopus. I killed them all with my dagger—I save my life, but I lost you forever, Mir-i-nise! (*Gerónimo D. Sicam and Jesus Casiano, "Mir-i-nisa," Short Plays of the Philippines*, p. 149)

When Tasmi thinks he loses the girl because he has not the pearl, he accepts his fate gallantly and bids goodbye. Achmed arrives with the pearl and is quickly exposed by the datu as a liar. Datu Ulka dropped not a pearl, but a lump of salt into the ocean! His words ring true—"While one of you is clever, the other is honest." (*Ibid.*, p. 149)

Tasmi is an honorable man and he wins our admiration? But we should not be hard on Achmed, who is down in the dust in defeat. "The Best Way to Die" is his own undoing, but in his moment of agony he is still the gracious one:

Forgive me, O Beautiful Mir-i-nisa. But I loved you so much that I placed you above everything else, even above honor itself. I am lost...

There is one bachelor whose employment is not mentioned because it is not important—Mr. Fool in "The Best Way to Die." He is also the lone bachelor who is a dejected and rejected lover. He is a man who completely loses con-

trof of himself when he is jilted by a woman. Thrown into the depths of despair, at first he weeps and then he "flies into a rage." (Benjamin Wong, "The Best Way to Die," *Short Plays of the Philippines*, p. 98) blaming the whole world. Different persons successively offer a number of suggestions in the manner of dying—a fast, a *harakiri*, a gun and sleeping tablets. As he considers these methods, a Chinese fortunately comes upon the scene and this man convinces him to forget the past and to fight "to show the world that you really are." (*Ibid.*, p. 103) Exit Mr. Fool.

The young man is. Roberting in "Wanted: A Chaperon." He is neat and well-dressed and he has his work. The flippancy and carelessness and indifference of modern youth have not touched him. For his father still has a great respect, mixed perhaps with some fear, for Don Francisco makes it his business to know children's doings. While Roberting is a fine fellow, he has a dominant weakness—his extravagance. So he asks his father for his old allowance even when he has to stammer for it. His expenses include extravagant gifts to his girl friend and taxi fares. He is the typical young man of the city

who would rob their children of their independence and self-respect.

Nandi is the proud young man in "Perhaps" who refuses his sweetheart, his friendship if he cannot have her love. "Let me go, whenever you please alone think of me not as the man who loved you deeply and passionately but rather as the man who, on being refused love, still refused friendship," he says to her. (Wilfrido Maria Guerrero, "Perhaps," *13 Plays*, p. 197) This characteristic of his is gathered from his face—"His mouth is firm and determined." (*Ibid.*, p. 186.)

Nandi goes to a bar to drink when his engagement is broken. He is slightly the worse for it but, nevertheless, still in command of himself. When his girl realizes she cannot dominate him, she comes back to him.

Nandi's pride calls back to mind the pride of Mario, the farmer's son in "Cristina Goes By with the Goats." Both men are stubborn and strong-willed, too proud to plead for their love. Yet, oddly enough their sweethearts come back to them. Perhaps the women find themselves admiring such a character, one whom they could look up to with respect, not one to be scorned or dominated.

"Basketball Fight" Pepito is a fool, though he is not so called. He is about to be married to a girl who is just as scatter-brained as he is. "Sugar" and "Handsome," their names for each other, reveal their childish mentality. Pepito makes an effort to be accommodating to his sweetheart in trivial things—discarding his favorite color for his sweetheart's and promising to heat mass at six instead of the usual nine o'clock. But an unfortunate discussion of a basketball game reveals what he really is—and the girl. They take sides and shout at each other. Feelings are

by E. V. MANUEL

who still depends on his parents for many of his needs.

Fred, "date" of Roberting's sister, is a caricature of a dumbbell. This fact is stressed right at the start when he is presented as "so dumb and so dumb-looking nobody would believe it." Wilfrido Maria Guerrero, "Wanted: A Chaperon," *13 Plays*, op. cit. p. 104) Together with his pugnacious and arrogant mother, this funny looking bachelor supplies the slapstick in this farce. There is something pathetic about him as he plays the puppet to his mother—frowning when she frowns and screaming when she screams; when he fails to follow his mother, he is either pinched or sent sprawling across the stage by this offensive parent in the exaggeration of the weakness and stupidity of this character, the dramatist sounds out a warning to domineering parents

ruffled, gifts are returned, and to all appearances the wedding is cancelled.

The next three plays, "Daughter of Destiny," "Remember the Fourth," and "Daughters for Sale," present the bachelors at the turn of the century. The first two portray the ideal gentleman—noble, courteous, sincere, courageous; the last presents a few male character from the lower class of society.

There are two brothers in "A Daughter of Destiny" who are in love with the same girl. Both are well-bred: They are courteous, respectful, honest, sincere; both are new to love.

Manuel is the elder. The heroine says: Manuel, you always do act like a hero. You always remind me of the knights of old, riding on their fiery steeds to rescue maidens in distress.

(Continued on page 21)

DEAR LITA: It is December again, and, perhaps, the road to Carmela is now arrayed with flowers which you, taking advantage of my ignorance of floral names, called White Stars of Bethlehem. So attractive, they were the first to delight me for I thought I had ill luck when the conductor said, I'm sorry; the machine won't work anymore. What else could a stranger bear in his mind under such circumstances. According to some of the passengers, we were yet two kilometers from the town and no other bus was traveling that hour of the night, young though it was.

We all got off one by one and stayed on the roadsides for a while like a group of noisy picnickers. I was the only one who was quiet, and as you later told me, I stood there smoking in the moonlight as merrily as a gangster in a movie. Then, every one started to go on the journey to the town on foot. I could not act at once; I looked around wanting to find some one who would be friendly enough to say, What about you or Come along. I saw you. You smiled at me, and smiling, I slowly approached you.

"Waiting for the airplane?" you said. "Ha? No," I said. "The airplane is here already, but I'll get into it as soon as your taxi arrives."

"You're a gentleman?"
"So, take me for a keepsake."
"I'm going now." You blushed and picked up your basket.

"May I carry it?" I tried to take the basket from your hand.
"Thank you. Don't. I..." You held it firmly, but when I touched your hand you let it go.

We walked on in silence, until it became embarrassing and I had to croon *White Christmas*. In the middle of the refrain, I forgot the wording of the song.

"I was being fresh, wasn't I?" I said stupidly.

You did not say anything. Apparently, you wanted me to be definite.

"When I told you to take me for a keepsake," I added.

"It was all right." There was forgiveness in your voice; in fact, it seemed that you had passed it over before I thought it was improper of me to say it. "Please, go on singing."

"I have lost the lyric. By the way, do you live in the town proper?"

"Just so. Near the church."
"A friend of mine requested me to have my Christmas Eve there. I hope it won't take me long to locate him."

"What's your friend's name?"

"Eddie Fabros."
"He is our neighbor. When we get there, I'll point their house to you." You were very kind.

"Thank you in advance."
"Let me have that basket. Perhaps, you're tired of it now?"

"No. Leave this to me. Anyway, this is not heavy. And I won't be at ease walking with a lady carrying a big basket, while my hands are dangling conspicuously empty."

The road was a big uphill now, but instead of inching along you ran ahead of me and stood where the moon hung so low that your shoulder would have pushed it up if you jumped.

"Why did you do that?" I said illustrating the motion of a breeze blowing towards you with my left hand.

"You think I'm childish, don't you?" you said, somewhat worried.

I shook my head. "You, if you were that, when I asked you, would have made a face at me and simply said: By gosh, to have some fun, No, You're not childish. You're a child yourself."

"If one can both remain a child and grow to age, has he not the heart of things which is life?"


"I don't know. I don't believe in the magic circle of timelessness of human beings."

"Oh, don't be so dull, old man."
I paused beside you and took a deep breath of the healthy country air. Then I looked around and was suddenly struck with fascination.

"There is Carmela," you said raising your hand. "And the sea. And those are the lighted bancas of the fishermen."

"I like you. You don't embroider it," I said. "Beauty like this should be left entirely naked to the mind, minus the adjectives and high coloring."

"Godness, you sound sublime."
"And what a night! I won't forget this till the day I die."



It takes an honest heart
to know that love is dispassionate
free from affectation, and
tender as the ...

N I G H T

illustrated by
A. R. MANLIGAS

"I pity you."

"Your reason? How sad it is to see one affording consolation to another when it is neither needed nor expected."

"Listen. You appear to have never seen any starry night at all. For your information, almost all the nights are like this."

"Is that so?"

"Some people have a silly conception of the night; they take it only as a period for sleeping. They don't consider it at all, or gaze at the evening sky. They are them as are perpetually missing half the lives."

"Goodness, you sound sublime!"

"You defeat me with my own weapon."

"Okay, let's not be serious any more."

"It's funny. We pretend to be wise people."

"We really are."

"Hush. Some one might hear us elevating ourselves."

"Who? Our companions are far away already. They march like soldiers. Say, why do you talk to me like this, so intimately? And why do you walk with me in the first place? Are you not afraid of, of me?"

"It's your inquiring that frightens me. Well, perhaps, it's because you looked helplessly lonely and g... harmless. And still perhaps, it's because I'm not a misanthrope."

"Do you have a garden?"

"A small one. Why?"

"These flowers along the road. Maybe, you grow a lot of them. What are they?" I stooped to pluck one. I smelled it and gave it to you.

"Oh, we don't plant them. They just come during December. Aren't they lovely?"

"They have starform. And they are pure white! What do you call them?" They had awakened in me an interest in flowers. In all kinds of flowers.

"You're very particular in names. They are... White Stars of Bethlehem."

"You're kidding."

"Not in the least. They are White Stars of Bethlehem; that's why they only come with Christmas."

"White Stars of Bethlehem. It would be a nice title for a song or a poem. Maybe, you spend your Christmas Eve here too lively, otherwise my friend wouldn't be forcibly inducing me to come."

"How do you keep your Christmas Eve in your place?"

"We paint the town red! We go to night spots and dance and drink!"

"Just like that, eh?"

"What do you mean just like that. Do I have to mention the details of the excitement?"

"Tell me if I'm right... You also gossip on sundry topics."

"Of course."

"Laugh aloud, to your heart's content. And sometimes, you steal naughty kisses from your dance-partner." You halted.

"Yes. Er, yes." I would never admit that to any girl but you. I did not understand why it was hard to tell you a lie. You held to my shoulder for sup-

port, slipped off your shoe and poured out the pebble in it. You put it on and we continued walking.

"Then, you return home singing wildly, beseeching whatever god there is to guide the taxi-driver who is chasing the devil."

"As you say."

"And in the morning, you wake up very late with a hang-over, with a tiredness of body and spirit. You call up what had passed, and utter, It was a Night. Night spelled with capital N."

"Yes."

"You still have time to go back, and I think your friend won't hold you if you want to. You'll be disappointed. We don't observe Christmas that way. Any one can do those things any day of the year. Christmas should not be made an excuse for, for tomfooleries."

"TOOOOmFOOOOleries. If you had only tempered the tone of your voice, I'd say you are angry. Why don't you tell me how you commemorate Christmas here, instead of cooling me off."

"I don't discourage you." You were sincere. "If Christmas ever means anything to you, then keep it up. You'll soon see for yourself how we keep it up."

"How do you know all those things? The kiss-stealing, the drive-home, and all that."

by JUNNE CANIZARES

"I have a cousin in the city. He used to write us about these doings. Mama says he's dissipated, and we've to pray for him, especially this Christmas."

"May I ask you a personal question?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a sweetheart?"

"Oh, we are now in the town!"

"You don't answer me."

I was saying *You don't answer me* for the second time, when the carollers played aloud their musical string-instruments and sang beneath the lantern-lighted window of a house beside the road. I could not guess whether or not it was because I was cut short that you laughed, but just the same I was pleased with it; it was a good laughter, clean and polite. We edged through children gayly playing on the streets, and since there were many groups of carollers resounding at the same instant from one house to another, I felt that it was the animated music that made us move. We passed the little restaurant where people were crowding around a group of dancers recounting the story of the Magi. Then we paced across the square where some lads and lassies were conversing.

"This is our home," you said unthoughtfully the gate.

"Oh," I said. The power of speech had gone out of me. I took a quick glimpse of the house. It was of regular size, painted ivory and beautiful. You reached for the basket and I handed it to you. You were still holding the White Star of Bethlehem I gave you.

"Thank you very much. Come in for a while and have some coffee." You became very formal that I doubted if we ever had familiarity talked to each other a while ago.

"How soon we arrive. Thanks."

"Is it you, Lita? Lita," a woman called from inside the house.

"Yes, ma," you replied. "Come on in."

"Not now. I think I've to go to my friend's house first."

"O! me!" You bit your lip and laughed. I laughed, too. "There, that house is your friend's."

"I see, I see."

"Are you sure you aren't coming in for a while?"

"I'll just come back. I'm, I'm Ric."

I looked at your adorable face closely.

"I'm Lita." You shyly smiled.

I watched you go towards the door leaving the gate invitingly open. You were so divine. Before you got inside the door you turned to smile at me. One could have easily knocked me down with a feather.

I did not know how long I tarried by the gate looking at the flowers in your

wide garden, but you did come out to catch me there. You had changed your clothes; you wore a well-pressed immaculately white dress this time.

"You are still here," you said. You were more glad than surprised.

"Yes," I said, breathless. "I like your flowers very much."

"I'm going to water the orchids."

"Do you water them at night?"

"No. I was not here this afternoon, and Ma forgot to water them. That's why I'm... Orchids must be well taken care of; they're delicate."

"I see. Well, I must be going now."

I keep on remembering that wonderful night through the months, till somehow it stops to be a mere memory. That night has become a part of the other nights.

It is Christmas again, and I shall come back to Carmela; I will put Eddie in a position wherein he cannot do anything but invite me again. I shall ride by night again. I wish the bus should get stalled at the same place and I would find you among the passengers, so that once more we'd walk together to the town. But there are new things that I have to say to you. For instance, I know now that the flowers along the road are ordinary wild flowers and that they are not called White Stars of Bethlehem. But just to both of us, they shall forever be called by that name.

And then, Lita, I must tell you why you are beyond forgetting.

(The Beginning)

FOR MIGUEL, it was a strange and different morning, and instinctively, he felt as if the whole world had been changed during the night and he was hollow from within. He was not drunk and his eyes were all right—he was sure of that, but the street and the dark electric wires and the apartment houses with grey galvanized iron roofs were altogether alien and meaningless to him now and he had an impulse to go away some place where he could recognize and name everything again.

He was in the room lying on the sprung bed, barechested,

for the heat of the morning sun was oppressive and it was likely going to be a hot day. He was looking at the weird green vines climbing wormily on the wrought-iron window grill and the fragments of blue sky. There was a lingering weariness in his heart, but he could not say why.

The door of the room opened and Myrna, his wife, came in. He looked at her and he saw her frown and he was confused because the face was also a strange and different thing and yet he knew it was Myrna. He stared at it till his wife trembled slightly and yelled:

"Now what is the matter with you? Aren't you coming?" Her lips were red with lipstick and he looked at them, all of a sudden remembering blood. And Myrna said, "By God, Miguel! Don't look at me like that! Are you coming with me?"

"Where?" he asked. Why was Miguel so different now?

"Where?" Myrna retorted, "To the church."

"Why?"

"It's Christmas! That's why! Is there anything wrong with your stomach?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Because you talk like a dope or something," said Myrna. "Why, you're making me nervous..."

"Come on, don't be angry," he said, "I'm just not myself today, you know."

No, Myrna did not know that—How could she? How could any one tell and share that lugubrious struggle of a man to find himself in the deepening shadows of awareness and to discover his affinity with this strange and different morning and with the world that seemed to have been changed during the night?

"Well, all right. Now, are you coming?" his wife asked.

"No, I don't think I will. You just go ahead," he answered, without looking at her.

"All right," Myrna said, stepped out of the room and closed the door and went away.

He moved to the other window that looked down the street and rested his elbows on the sill. He saw a scurvy dog looking for food in the garbage receptacle and he watched it. He felt sorry for the dog, for it stood for all animals in their determined efforts for survival in spite of misery and pain.

He went back to the bed and lay down, but he heard the faint sound of knocking from the main door of the house. He



*The world seemed to have
not...for red*

by

FRANK A. ROBLES

Illustrated by
A. R. MANLIGAS

got up and went to see who it was. He saw it was an old, ragged beggar, bent by age and poverty.

"Merry Christmas, Sir," the beggar said and stretched out his gnarled grimy hand.

He looked at the face of the beggar and was staggered by the brutality painted on it. Something in him shuddered. Without saying anything he gave twenty centavos to the beggar, and the old man walked away. He almost put his hand on the beggar's frail shoulder, and it was a good thing that the old man left on time.

Back in the room, he lay again on the bed and thought of himself. He was a welder in a machine shop. He had to melt steel and get burned each day for the sake of rice and fish, only to die like all the others... For how long he had to be a welder, he would not know, and just the thought of it tired him endlessly.

Afterwards he remembered the beggar. Why must a man be so brutalized? he asked. What's the difference between the beggar and the dog that was looking for food in the garbage receptacle? He could not find an answer and grew more tired.

Soon before lunch, Myrna was back and came into the room. He was still there lying on the bed. His wife smiled for she seemed to have realized that still her heart loved her husband. Once she kissed his lips and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I didn't mean to quarrel with you this morning," she said smilingly, looking into his eyes.

"Forget it," he said wearily. "Aren't we going to eat yet?" He asked, but he was not really hungry.

"Yes," Myrna said, "I'll just change my dress. We'll have a nice chow today. Was there anybody here while I was gone?" A beggar came. I gave him twenty centavos."

Myrna started to undress in the room. He was not looking at her. He was sullen now and rather tired for that.

"I bought some apples at the supermarket, red ones," Dolores said.

"How many?"

"Five. Would you like to eat them now?"

"No. Not now," he said, "This afternoon."

After lunch, they returned into the room. He had not eaten well and his wife was a little bit disappointed and suspicious, but she did not tell him. Together they lay on the

"Dewey Boulevard and ice cream," he said, "We're not children anymore."

Myrna became resentful. "I don't know what's the matter with you. Since this morning you've acted like that."

"Like what?"

"Like you're sore or something!"

"Look, Myrna," he said, "I'm not sore. I'm just tired, that's all. Don't you understand?"

"No," Myrna blurted out, "Who the hell can understand what you're doing. This morning I thought you'd come with me to the church and you didn't. I prepared a special dish this noon and you make me think I'm a school girl who doesn't know anything about the kitchen. I think it's because of that woman..."

Myrna stood up and went out of the room. Then she came back with a bulging paper bag. "Here are the apples I bought this morning."

"No, thanks," he said, "I'll just eat later," he rolled over to one side. He was tired and wanted to sleep. When he lifted his head and glanced at his wife the bulging paper bag was already gone. "Where are the apples?" he asked.

"I threw them away," Myrna answered, her voice hurt and hard.

"What did you do that for?" he asked. "I merely said I'll eat them later..."

Myrna was silent for a while, then broke into a verbal torrent, the voice mounting up in crescendo and her face furious.

He rose from the bed and went to the adjacent bathroom where he washed his face, and when he got back in the room Myrna was starting to cry, still ranting out everything her tongue could manage, but he did not bother to stop her, and without saying anything he put on his clothes and his shoes.

Miguel started to leave. He heard Myrna angrily shouting from behind: "Where are you going?" When he was about to put his hand on the door knob, he felt a violent pull on his arm and it was his wife with tearful eyes and her voice trembling and broken at the top: "You have no right to do this. Where are you going? You'll meet her some-

changed the night before, and he was walking away, hungry apples, but for white inner peace.

bed without saying anything to each other. Myrna was combing her dark hair, her body raised on the pile of pillows.

"Why don't we take a stroll this evening, Miguel?" Myrna suggested.

"Where?"

"Well, on Dewey Boulevard," she said, "We'll eat ice cream while we walk."

"That's silly," he said.

"What's silly?"

The Apple-ritual

by PACIFICO YAP

After the meal they share an apple,
the old grandfather and a little child.
The hour for sleep must wait
Until their ritual is through.

She picks up the fruit, as rosy as her face,
and gives it to him.
His knife removes the peeling in bright ribbons
and divides it into two.

With love he gives her a piece.

He counts 1-2-3.
And they eat happily.

The Wounded

by CORNELIS MALO

A BOY AT THE WINDOW:
his mind wanders somewhere
in a cruel world
that oppresses the soul.

A MOTHER WITH A FARAWAY LOOK:
so bitterly is her heart wounded
by the news that her only son
was killed.

The world is now but a smoky plain
where one by one the wanderers fall,
their blood sucked out by a specter
that is war.

We who stay at home
have no time for pity
for our eyes are always looking out
the window.
"Shall the specter
reach us?"

In this our world, people become smaller
haunted by the untamed specter,
as if life and war were but one.

A boy, a mother
stay at home: both victims of war.

Memory

by AGUSTIN P. MENDOZA

The early Christmas morning Mass was ended
But I remained inside the church on my knees
Remembering one Christmas
When mother and I heard Mass together.

How she used to explain things to me.
How she used to teach me . . .

With misty eyes, I tried to prolong
The poignant recollection of that Christmas long ago
When I was too happy, excited, starry-eyed,
Having all the candies and balloons that Mother gave.

New groups of people came in,
So I decided to leave.

I went out sad, but brave with hope,
As if I heard the voice of mother full of love.

Two Verses for Christmas

by ALFREDO AMORES

I. CHRISTMAS TREE

Oh! that I were a Christmas tree
And you the tinsels and cotton snows
Upon my green boughs.

II. THANKS FOR DECEMBER

Mother thanks you very much
Dear, dear December
For giving me to her.

Obsession

by DOMINADOR ALMIRANTE

A stranger am I
A hermit in a metropolis
With a desire gnawing me,
Which shall stay a desire
Until I unravel life: a labyrinth,
a mystery,
a dance.

Spring Comes

by PAL JOEY

Lately Love was dead in my heart.
The memory of withered flower
brought drought into my world.
I was all alone then,
sighing sighs of grief then,
bewailing my fate when
you came.
Rains come again now.
Flowers bloom afresh now.
All's green anew now.
Spring is nigh.

Three Voices of Man

by Junne Cañizares

1. WAR

*The horror of war is manifested
Sharply by a shattered coconut tree;
By the hush of ruined cathedrals: the
Sacred lodgings of things recollected.
The actual scene of men's bodies blasted
Isn't as frightful as that seen when free
Is the heart from anger and hate. Yes, we
Are appalled by what we had created.
And the sight of a legless man knifes us;
The sound of a wrecked organ is hurting,
Especially if heard when someone's gone.
In the backyard is the junk of a bus
Abandoned, moldy, rusty, decaying,
While again the blood-red light is on.*

3. RELIGION

*My Father like the Son: the Holy Ghost:
Is God. And my Church is universal.
There is a strong assurance that He shall
Crown me, if on my hour I stand out unlost.
Thus, I ask Him in sunshine and in frost
To be at my way. There are Biblical
Proofs, He will. But: I, mortal/immortal,
Must not deny Him whatever the cost.
On account of this, it's written, I shall be
Persecuted. Amen. Is to die in
His name not to live gladly forever?
I believe that He Who Is looks to me,
For I keep the Faith that leaves no margin.
Me, my antagonists shall not conquer.*

2. LOVE

*The moon can never be as shy as she
When it hides its face behind a thin cloud.
But she's as pretty as the moon could be
When it takes away its white nylon shroud.
My lonely heart beats with the galaxy,
Holding dear these beauties my eyes have seen.
O how sweet to call her, not you, but thee
That word so fitting could never have been.
But diction and syntax can only help
A poet in his dying for matter.
They cannot paint nor show the real self,
Or the spiritual loveliness of her.
I do find some cool moonshines on her lanes,
And her fairness on the moon in silence.*

Christmas Cards *by Junne Cañizares*

1. Reflection

*It was beginning when I wrote this.
I mean the Christmas program.
My seatmate looked what I was doing
And I hurriedly put the paper in my pocket
But the words remained in my head:*

*This Christmas I cannot be a giver
For nothing have I to be charitable for.*

*If one likes to do good to me
And let me choose between this and that,
I'll tell him I always find it hard
To ask for the thing I love to have.*

*Only the Lord knows
My need and thirst and hunger
And how long and how much
I wait and pray ...*

*If they are not fruits of selfish thoughts
Or objects of vanity
Sooner or later, they shall be granted to me.*

*To acknowledge the existence of God is one thing
To believe in His infinite mercy is another.*

*(Mark 11:23. Amen, I say to you that whoever
sayer say to this mountain, Be thou removed
and be cast into the sea, and shall not stagger
in his heart, but believe that whatsoever he saith
shall be done; it shall be done unto him.)*

*Although I do acknowledge and believe...
I am not sure I am not lacking
Because there are many parts of my essence
To go together in these mental acts.*

*So, it will be perfectly all right
If the Lord will merely make me stronger
To discipline myself.*

2. Canzone

*The pasture is greener than what is usual
And roses are white and red in the heart.*

*Perhaps, in other lands it is falling snow
And sleigh-bells ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
Such is not the case here in the Philippines,
Because while their sun is getting soft,
Ours is always shining bright.*

*But the difference does not count
When the talk turns to Christmas,
Because the gospel is:
This season is for the souls,
Spiritually alike in all men in all places.*

*Now it is good to light candles in the night
And read the Bible, a chapter or two.*

*That shall be profitable to the brain,
The accomplice when we commit our sins.*

*Christmas gives us the singular opportunity
To simultaneously be ourselves
Mutually erase wrongs, misdeeds, offenses,
And ugly signatures in the minds, till
We are clean enough
To see blessing in the air.*

*Our songs are holy, inartificial again,
And roses are white and red in the heart.*

*The music's are divine the wordings homelike,
They tell as well as praise...
And the belts zoning the globe
Are annulled
By the poetry of Jesus.*

The carols haunt us like a perfume.

A NEIGHBORLY APPROACH TO GRAVE COMMUNITY PROBLEMS

by **ROLANDO ESPIRITU**

DURING the sixteenth century, begging and destitution were regarded as criminal in England. A vagrant caught begging was whipped and for further offenses could be put to death. In the early days of the Industrial Revolution, destitution was thought of as a necessary evil, second only to overpopulation. Almshouses were then built where the young and the old were herded together, as well as the tubercular and the insane. Poverty was then regarded as a disgrace so that no attempt was made to study its causes. Not until the second half of the nineteenth century did the scholars gain better knowledge; philanthropists and social workers became interested, and public opinion developed in behalf of a more systematic and human treatment for the poor.

Today, society is blind to the way the gaunt-faced destitute wander in the filthy nooks of our neighborhoods. We are faced with the problems of juvenile delinquency, the care of the aged dependents, the mentally diseased and feeble-minded persons, and finally, the worst of them all and the most ignored - commercialized prostitution.

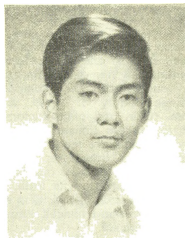
Poverty has always been regarded as the concern only of those who desire to be charitable rather than a community responsibility. To the vagrant paupers, broken families requiring help, the abused, the neglected, the delinquent and other handicapped children abandoned by their parents, and the women in the dark, we owe the duty of providing an environment where they can be taught to be self-sufficient members of the community, where facilities and useful occupa-

tions develop a healthy outlook on life.

Our dependence on philanthropic societies to ease the destitute of their daily afflictions is indeed unfair. Every citizen of the community must cooperate in a systematic approach to the problem. Irrespective of religious belief or disbelief, all should help in working out plans -- educational, recreational or cultural. The concerted effort must not limit itself to rescuing those who have already fallen into pauperism but must include in its scope the wage-earners to give them many advantages which could not otherwise be enjoyed by them within their individual means. Vigorous efforts are needed today in the neighborhood organizations to make service available, to offer integrated patterns of services to meet the varying needs of the neighborhoods, to coordinate services to prevent overlapping and overlooking, to provide opportunities at the neighborhood and district levels for people to form groups to change social goals and create new ones. In carrying out these functions the keynote must be the participation of the people in a neighborhood in this community undertaking. A committee of social agency representatives may put up a project for the prevention of juvenile delinquency. Community clubs within the neighborhood may be formed to promote community projects in the form of recreational programs. It may be a group of citizens pledged to solve some specific community problems. A group, for instance, may be formed to take charge of cultural activities while another group may take care of the moral aspect of the undertaking. The latter may launch a drive

against the maintenance of bawdy houses and arouse public opinion against the perpetrators of this indecent practice.

Often, we see hundreds of ragged children living animal-like, sleeping on dirty sidewalks; minors lingering at bars and getting involved in drunken brawls. The picture is clear that delinquent parents and broken homes produce delinquent children. This unfortunate portion of society appeals to our conscience, our sense of duty.



THE AUTHOR

The lack of recreation facilities has been frequently thought of as one of the major causes of the increase of juvenile delinquency. "No decent place to go" is heard many times. Through community cooperation and organizations, this will cease to be a big problem. There will be a study of available sites for recreational centers, playgrounds for children, and suitable places for community group meetings. The following are suggested recreational activities:

1. Hobby groups
2. Music appreciation
3. Athletics and Sports
4. Dancing
5. Radio workshop
6. Outing activities, such as camping and field trips
7. Games
8. Dramatics
9. Community service groups
10. Clubs to foster close relationship among members of the community

(Continued on page 14)

FROM THE standpoint of artistic insight, the art of music is the most creative, most direct, and most expressive.

The poet pours out his feelings through beautiful verses; the sculptor, through the use of his chisel and hammer, creates his ideal form or figure; the painter, with brush and canvas, uses color to interpret



The Author

Self-Expression through Music

his sense of beauty; the dancer uses rhythm of music and dance-steps in presenting his theme, but the musician, particularly the composer, combines beauty of verse, form, rhythm, color, and other factors in order to express himself.

By musician, we mean the composer, or the interpreter, or the listener, as long as their aim is music — its beauty and its truth.

How does each one of them succeed in expressing himself through the art of music?

The Composer. What, after all, do we listen for when we listen to a composer? Is it the rhythm, the melody, the form, or the tone-color that he infuses into his musical composition?

Yes, all these. Moreover, we also apprehend the creative musician himself. His work is an embodiment of the lushest and deepest expression of himself as a man, of his experiences as a fellow being. His personality may be streaked with frailties, (no one is perfect!) but whatever is line in his music comes also from whatever is line in himself as a man.

by PETE MONTERO

Every artist's work is, of course, an expression of himself, but none so direct as the creative musician's.

The Interpreter. The middleman in music is the interpreter. No doubt, so many of us, if not all, at one time or another, interpret music either by the use of our voice or by some musical instruments. Unfortunately, however, when we try to interpret, our general tendency is to imitate — we fail to use our own musical intelligence. By imitation, a person never really interprets, unless perhaps some emotional or physical

excitation accompanies the act of interpreting.

We are trying to drive home the point that an interpreter should use mind and heart in order to succeed in transferring his thoughts, moods, and emotions to other people.

In performing a piece of music, the interpreter does not stick immovably to the notes and modulations set down by the composer. There is also a creative interpretation in which a piece is expressed according to the way the interpreter understands it, and according to the emotional appeal of the music to him. With these things in mind, the interpreter expresses himself successfully.

The Listener. We all belong to this great group, but, characterizing various types of listeners will probably help us understand better how we can express ourselves by listening to music.

The first class of listeners, that to which our younger generation belongs, consists of the "foot-listeners", who hear music with their feet. To them, a few unorganized tones sounded rhythmically, mean music;

that is, if the rhythm is enough to stir their feet to execute dance steps. It is only too obvious how these foot-listeners may be likened to the Indian war-dancers.

In time, the foot-listeners advance to become "heart-listeners" who respond emotionally and physically to music. When the heart-listeners hear music, the mood and emotion suggested by the music is aroused in them.

The third group consists of "head-listeners" the most advanced of them all. Head-listeners create a

A Neighborly Approach . . .

(Continued from page 13)

The State can help these children very much. Unfortunately, it has failed to enact legislation to safeguard the rights of these children to a good home, to proper care, to education, and to respect.

When we meet a beggar and we hand out a few centavos, we feel we have done enough. But that is the least that we can do. In the United States a new system of cooperation is widely practiced. If a neighbor discovers that the family near door is in need, he goes to one of the agencies of the community and reports the situation. The agency sends a visitor to study the family situation. If the father is out of work, the visitor will procure another position for him. Or it may be that some of the members of the family are sick. Not only will the visitor attempt to provide immediate relief in the form of fuel, groceries, and medical assistance, but he will also seek to remove the cause of the unfortunate condition. The visitor in this system is the most important character because he is the very person who sees the actual situation of the indigent family. Hence, there is great stress on neighborly intercourse. The visitors are on guard to prevent them from sinking into unbearable misery. This system has three advantages. First, the poor family develops an intimate relationship with the visitor. Second, it has a good moral effect on the poor, bringing them into contact with higher standards. And finally, it shows the rich the actual conditions under which the poor live. ‡

situation when listening to music. They consider the composer's theme and the interpreter's mood.

However, the real music-lover whether he is the composer, the interpreter, or the listener, combines all three. Music is not for the intellect alone; it appeals equally to the feet, to the heart, to the head, which means physically, emotionally, and intellectually.

Finally, Music as an art is both creative and interpretative. The thoughts, moods, and emotions of an artist are conveyed to his fellow-men, like literature, in true and beautiful terms. In endeavoring to be true, the composer, the interpreter, and the listener give their own honest selves — their deepest thoughts and tenderest feelings that ennoble our humanity and uphold the ideals of the sublime art of Music. ‡

PICTORIAL SECTION



SUNDAY...



Photographer: R. C. CARASAVAS
Title: JESUS CASIBARIS

A Mass opens up a Sunday,
and since in the Consecration,
when the priest transforms the
bread and the wine into
the Body and the Blood, the Lord
becomes physically present,
we can say in triumph that at
that sacred moment He is
here in person to give us this
day. A while after, we leave the
house of worship with a
certain profound feeling that
comes when one has done an act
of goodness.

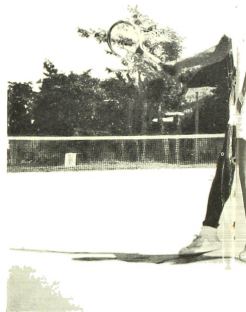


SUNDAY...



The shops downtown are closed again, shutting up in the mind the picture of machines working, customers bargaining, and the congeries of things for sale. Industry is replaced by passivity, and the struggle for subsistence is set aside in favor of an inward desire for peace, for every little thing which offers us comfort, contentment, and above all, fortune.

Occasionally, during Sunday we flock to beach resorts and swim in the sea, or merely walk along the windy shore, now and then casting small stones into the water. Or stand where the beached bancas are and watch girls in bathing suits rush into the water. Cheerfully, we peer into the future and indulge in the dream of living long under the same state of fun and pleasantry.

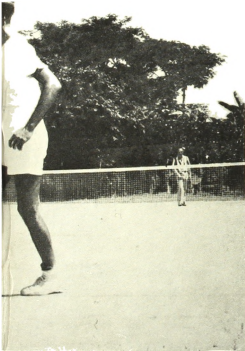


In a courtyard the office-people producing sounds like that of a bartender. On the long bench on one side, for their turns or who have had a comment on a mastery stroke sent the tennis ball across

With the introduction of portable radiophones, a few strike on something new, such as listening to recordings of classical and contemporary music in privacy where the smell of the ocean is invigorating and the world is a limitless space. And they let the imagination follow up the trail of beauty into the enchanted universe of music and the poetic piazzas of songs intoned by accomplished artists.



A large number of us visit the theaters. There, just by sitting still, we journey through the years, witness a story, and see a land of make-believe unfurled before our eyes. Inspired, we take the place of one of the starring characters, and act his or her role with finesse and elegant simplicity. In the end, of course, we forget the soundrel, idolize the hero, and admire the heroine.



are potentates with network bats, of bottles being uncorked by an adroit side sit those who are waiting their bouts, sipping soft drinks and te of a colleague that nevertheless the street.



At the plaza we seek friends and those we wish to be acquainted with.
We talk about the jam sessions, the parties, the picnics we had lately attended, and the dancers we like to learn or have no taste for.
We eat much ice-cream and buy balloons, and nobody will ever tell us to behave according to our age. We meet happy lovers, as well as lonely fellows putting out their loneliness.



Inside the fence of a public
playground, children are
yelling, shrieking and crying
for joy. They play seesaw;
ride the merry-go-round;
rock the swings; climb the bars,
and glide on the slides with life and

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The night disposes
of its initial dimness.

spirit. They cut jokes, and laugh
freely. Then, it is time to
go home. Their fathers and
mothers call them and away they
go, shouting good-bye to each
other.

Let's Talk It Over

● **THE CASE OF THE LAW STUDENTS:**

The college of law students have been christened with provocative names, affixed with equally repulsive adjectives by a segment of the not-too-understanding intellectuals in this *sanctum-sanctorum*. It is alleged that they are throwing their weight around in the classroom, in the library and in the lobby with blatant impunity.

To say that law students are by nature noisy people, might be a fatal admission. But you see, the profession of law being their business. They have to argue and debate on this or that intricate provision of law with the end in view of getting the right interpretation on its intent and meaning. True, they create a public disturbance in consequence thereof. But that is incidental. Honestly, they cannot effectively practise their profession with their mouths shut because argumentation and debate is its prime requisite. But despite the fact that they are being misunderstood as regards this particular character trait, they will manage to smile.

● **SUBVERSIVE LOYALTY:**

Gnawing subtly at the core of our democratic way of life is that kind of destructive loyalty spurred by fear and not by love. Have you noticed the following cases? An employee cannot complain of the unfair labor practices of his boss without fear of unceremonious dismissal; a son cannot call the attention of his father's "adult delinquency" without fear of the leather belt; a student cannot stand up and question his professor's inconsistencies without fear of failing marks; a member of a political party cannot denounce the deleterious effects of his party's policies without fear of expulsion. This is dangerous because a situation where one's line of thinking or reasoning is limited to a simple "yes" or "no" is a fertile ground for the inroads of communism, which advocates thought control or regimentation. Unreasonable intolerance must be eliminated right now if we want to remain free.

● **LET'S HAVE A BREAK WITH GUNS AND STEEL BLADES:**

Almost every day, we are fed with newspaper accounts of shootings or killings here and there. Why can't we learn to settle our differences with ice cream or to fight them out with bare fists? Imagine the predicament being "herded" into the prison cell like cattle — loss of the dignity and honor you once possessed and the personal sufferings day in and day out inside — what with little food, hungry mosquitoes and rigid prison regulations. With ice cream, after a snack, the

● by BALT V. QUINAIN

possibility is not remote that what was once a burning hate may turn into fervent love. Or if the protagonists want to make it more dramatic, a fist fight is advisable. With bare knuckles, after the boxing bout, all that is needed is chill the bumps with ice cubes and shake hands. As a matter of suggestion, you can have another round the next day. In that way, there will be no killings, no funerals and no "widows." I don't think "fisticuffing" the whole day would kill a man as long as they face each other at the start and stop when one shakes his head for a break. It's those without nerves that are so lead with guns or steel blades.

● **OUR PARENTS ARE DELINQUENT TOO:**

Every now and then, we read in our metropolitan and local papers moving accounts of scandalous and deplorable acts perpetrated by youths such as vandalism, hooliganism, gangsterism and other misdeeds happening all over the country.

How to cope with juvenile delinquency is admittedly one of the most serious problems confronting the home, the church and the state. It is common knowledge that it is far easier to prevent a mistake than to correct it.

An objective approach in analyzing the sad predicament of today's youth does not permit the home to be excluded since it is one of the most important factors to be considered when trying to understand much of the deplorable conduct of the young. Some parents do not realize, for instance, how good imitators children can be and that whatever misbehaviour they unconsciously commit at home invariably influences the minds of their brood.

An important factor in the solution of the problem is for the parents to provide the young generation with a decent background in the home with all the requirements in good precepts that it implies. At least that's one way to help minimize if not eradicate this growing social cancer, which threatens their children's immature hearts and innocent minds. In short, they must set up an example worthy of emulation.

But unfortunately, the way parents "behave" nowadays is often not very edifying to their young. (With a great waste of saliva). They preach for others to follow this or that age-old virtue and do just the opposite. Unless adult delinquency is eliminated among parents, one can never expect juvenile delinquency to vanish. For the roots are the life-blood of the tree. †

by DOMINADOR A. ALMIRANTE

Are We Bare Gift-Givers?

As the December wind blows with penetrating coldness, we are once again ushered into a world of joy and hilarity: Christmas. Now the spirit of the Yuletide season pervades the atmosphere. The air is filled with heavenly music of the carolers' choruses. One's life is at its brightest, gayest. Everybody is genial and kind-hearted. At no other season of the year is one's heart so light.

With the spirit of Christmas goes the joy of giving. One finds pleasure in the thought of having entered into the feelings of others. Without that, there is no giving; without that giving, there is no gift. For as one writer puts it: "A gift without a giver is bare."

In this age of materialism, let us examine ourselves, whether or not we are bare gift-givers. Do we give with a warm heart and with a genial face? Or do we give with the attitude of being annoyed and with a frowning look? Do we give without expecting anything in return? Do we give because we feel it our duty to give regardless of the station of life of the recipient?

God chose that Jesus Christ should enter the world through a lowly stable. He could have chosen a palace with all the grandeur, affluence and abundance. He was wrapped in swaddling clothes when he could have been garbed in costly garments. All this demonstrates the great love of God for the poor.

Today we celebrate Christmas with pomp and splendor. We spend lavishly for a sumptuous Christmas dinner. And whom do we welcome? Our rich 'compadres', our wealthy businessmen-friends, the powerful big shots in the government, and the politicians. Do we remember the poor? If they ever came to beg, we dismiss them by giving the left-overs and drive them away like some vexatious pests.

The birth of Jesus Christ in the Manger has taught us that Christianity is not just something to be outwardly displayed to the world. It means more than that: It must be something felt deep down inside one's heart.

Another Christmas is here. One of the searching questions is: Are we bare gift-givers? If we are, we are celebrating Christmas all our own way, not as Christ wanted it to be. ‡

SEEING OUT . . .

(Continued from page 2)

office thoughtfully. "There are two things I would like them to bear in mind." He took a deep breath, then continued. "First, and this applies to all, I would like them to strive hard at all times in order to continue to live by the Christian principles and ideals for which this university stands and to try to emulate the blessed life of Christ in every way possible by warding off temptation and receiving the sacraments. As for the students, I would like them to delve deeper into the vast ocean of knowledge through books and experiences they may encounter in this university and to complement their teachers' efforts to impart whatever knowledge they have. And lastly, for the faculty, I would like them to give full support and earnest cooperation to any undertaking the incoming Father Rector is going to carry out as part of his program, an attitude which they have so

laboriously and commendably shown to me." Obviously, to Father Herman Kondring what he asked us for was not wanting in the course of his rectorship of this university.

At this juncture, we would like to mention some of the many important achievements of the good Father, if only as a passing tribute.

Although "very satisfied with the progress USC had made" at the time of his assumption of office, nevertheless, he set himself to the gigantic task of "building a new boys' high school with ample grounds for sports and for the accommodation of boarders, extending the graduate school, and finally, opening a college of medicine."

Even if this last project is not yet realized, we can well see that the new building is anything but complete. In the meantime, we can only wait and see.

Judging from this angle, we assert here, with pride and confidence and without fear of contradiction, that the

(Continued on page 10)



ERRATUM

When Brother Jess Alcorado was unanimously voted president, he vigorously demurred at the offer of the coveted presidential seat: "I am not worthy of it. . . ." He also disclaimed being a Chemical Engineering scholar as slanted in last issue's "Corner". To do him "justice" I apologize for the campaign leaflets' mistake. I took the information from them.

SETBACK

The Radio-Dramatics cell was all set for "The Rosary Hour" presentation. But what made the whole thing a could-have-been, was a notice from the studios on the day before the presentation, that it would have to be postponed until after the elections. It was a real "wet-blanket" treatment, the frustrated members felt, but, anyway our kudos for your cooperation, boys; we still intend to call on you when the time comes.

ACTION

The most outstanding activity of the SCA was the sponsoring of the bingo games last September 6. The profits will be given to the missions. With gratitude, the SCA doffs its hat to Mr. Juan Aquino, Jr. and the Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity members for their selflessness which helped make the affair a thundering success.

The SCA also sponsored a drive for the poor; the response was overwhelming.

Mostly through Fr. Pedro and Fr. Schoening's efforts, the SCA's were convinced that the Blue Army had a good cause; thus a series of membership campaigns typical for the spirit of Catholic Action was triggered and the SCA, together with the Legion of Mary and the Sodality, was able to add more men to the Blue Army in its drive for world peace. The drive is still going on.

The induction of the members last August was quite impressive with the Special Chinese Cell added to the SCA and with the presence of Fr. Rector and Fr. Pedro. The Cultural-Educational unit was adjudged the best unit.

PLANS

At this writing, the SCA is planning to go into a yearling if Brother Pete Montero will be available. The Cultural-Educational unit may sponsor a symposium, and Brother Jess Alcorado may see to the approval of P70 from the SSC, of which he is the vice-president. The money will be used for SCA expenses. ‡

THE BACHELOR IN THE PHILIPPINE PLAYS

(Continued from page 5)

riking their lives and all. *Vital A. Tan, "A Daughter of Destiny," Philippine Prose and Poetry, op. cit., page 203.*

When the lottery gives him the chance to speak to the girl first, he asks Mang Berong boyishly to teach him the art of wooing. Awkwardly he practices on the mind. Then a misinterpretation makes Manuel think that the girl he loves has accepted him. The engagement is announced. But Fate is cruel. The God of War intervenes and spills his life-blood on the battlefield. He dies a hero and ironically fulfills the truth in the girl's words.

Rodi is the younger brother who is just as shy as Manuel. For does he not ask Mang Berong about love, too? A man of honor, he keeps his part of the bargain when his brother wins the lottery. At first he raises objections: "And how about Lourdes. Doesn't she have a say in this matter? Is she to be regarded as a prize to be disposed of by the toss of a coin?" (*Ibid.*, p. 215.) Nevertheless he goes way to his father's wish.

When his brother wins the girl, Rodi almost breaks down, but he hides his anguish. He congratulates his brother and wishes Lourdes "all the happiness in the world." (*Ibid.*, p. 223.) During the Revolution he visits the family tactfully as he is now a soldier like his brother. *The guardia civiles* catch him and make him a prisoner, although his arms are bound he insults and threatens the corporal who makes a pass at Lourdes. As a result he is knocked unconscious. Fortunately Filipino insurgents arrive to rescue him and the rest.

In another historical play the bachelor is an army officer of the Revolution—Captain Sixto Arqueles. He is a type in his bravery and straightforwardness and courtesy. He is individual in his simple directness and pride. Captain Arqueles does not mince words in stating his intentions. "A soldier must be direct and straightforward in expression. In the first place, then, I pray, I ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage," the man announces. (Mariano Berbano, "Remember the Fourth," *Philippine Prose and Poetry*, p. 246.) He is very much a soldier indeed. When he is refused by the father, he accepts the decision then and there. Not once does he plead for himself. He answers, "Sir, I respect your wishes. We could never be a happy family your blessing." (*Ibid.*, p. 247.) Captain Sixto Arqueles goes to battle and bravely meets his death like Manuel in the preceding play, without marrying the girl he loves.

The bachelors play a minor part in "Daughters for Sale." There is Don Juan, a prosperous landowner who finds himself a suitor before he knows it. His credulity is the cause: He swallows hook, line, and sinker, the tale that one of Don Pelayo's daughters is sec-

retely in love with him. Surprised and flattered, he lays siege to the woman's heart in spite of her cold reception. But Don Juan will not accept "no" for an answer now that he has started. His patience wears out the lady's resistance and he gets her finally. Oh, yes, he is very proper and formal about it. He first informs his father of his honorable intentions in the traditional style.

Then there is Aurelio, the proud and ambitious young man and the lover of the youngest daughter. The rumor of the father's desire for rich husbands travels fast and reaches his ears. Stung to the quick, his indignation and contempt for this mercenary scheme rouse his determination to make good and prove his real worth. He gets a good paying job—and the girl too.

The last is Miguel, lover of the third daughter. Like Aurelio, this man is ready for a lover's quarrel. He angrily demands an explanation of his sweetheart's newspaper advertisement for a husband. Master of the situation he then coolly declares that he is leaving for his work in a distant place only and only when the girl goes with him.

There are three plays that have principal male characters not involved with women. "The Living Dead Man" introduces Pakito and Coloma, the chief protagonist and antagonist respectively; "Coward from Bataan" presents Cesar, prominent in a play dominated by women; and the third, "Sabina" reveals Antero as the chief antagonist.

Quick wit and a glib tongue save the day for Pakito when meets the famous bandit chieftain, Coloma. Pakito is out searching for his employer, a captive of the same bandit. In the same forest he runs into a panting constable pursued by Coloma. Eagerly Pakito convinces the hunted to lie down and pretend to be dead. When the bandit appears on the scene, Pakito slyly informs him that has just killed the lieutenant. By flattery and superstition he gains the bandit's confidence and entertains him with stories of his (Pakito's) "feats" in the past. So simple is his Coloma eating out of his hand. His cleverness, resourcefulness, and courage stand him in good stead. He saves the constable and later his master.

Coloma is well described by Pakito who dares to tell the bandit that the latter is "very brave and powerful, but being a savage, he is very ignorant, credulous, and superstitious." (Trinidad Rojo, "The Living Dead Man," *Short Plays of the Philippines*, p. 137.) This bandit would have captured the constable save for his weakness—vanity. The constable's uniform, which he carries, delays him in crossing the river. His reason? "I want to wear a uniform myself so I'll look like a king among my people." (*Ibid.*, p. 138)

"Coward from Bataan" portrays the growth of character, Cesar. Cesar is

the lazy good-for-nothing who fritters away his time in drinking and gambling, seldom coming home before midnight. When he learns that his father died a coward in the plains of Bataan, shame, a great shame, tortures him. But his own mother sadly tell him he is coward too. For does he not shirk his obligations to himself and to his family? And to his motherhood even as she is writhing under the iron heel of the conqueror? Bitterly the truth sinks in and Cesar makes a decision. He joins the *guerrillas*. The Japanese capture him and, with his glorious death, Cesar redeems his father.

The tragedy "Sabina" presents Antero, the typical young man of the barrio who makes himself the self-appointed guardian of his only sister's morals. He is a promise of the stoic and stolid and conservative farmer that he will be. He plays the foil to his high strung, passionate sister, Sabina, who constantly defies barrio conventions and morality.

For one thing, Antero is more respectful to his elder's than Sabina. When the resentful Sabina disobeys her elder's wishes to open a window, Antero warns her, "Don't you touch the windows! It's bad! Grandma will!" (*Gravino Montano, "Sabina," 3 One-Act Plays*, p. 12.) And when Sabina again tries to light the lamp, Antero jumps to restrain her. He is checked only by his uncle, "Let me alone!" he shouts, "she makes my blood boil!" (*Ibid.*, page 15.)

He resents openly his sister's affair with Mr. Price. She informs him that she loves the American. Helplessly, he reminds her, "It's only three months since you've known him." (*Ibid.*, p. 22) He says further, "I don't care what your wild heart tells you! What I care about is your own good self, do you hear me?" (*Ibid.*, p. 23.)

Antero has nothing personal against the forerunner. But he is wise enough to realize too well Mr. Price and his kind. He warns Sabina that the American will leave her. So when the girl reassures him that Mr. Price will marry her, he retorts "Get married to him then, if you can! But if you don't, I'll show both of you where to enjoy your pleasures."

It is night of Mr. Price's return and Antero locks the gate. When the American calls out to Sabina and the girl responds, Antero forgets himself. "Blinded by his smoldering resentment, he slaps his sister fiercely and stalks away."

Sabina wakes up to the ugly truth when Mr. Price tells her he is married. Realizing her mistake she cries out pitifully to Antero to forgive her. But Antero pushes her away. He is a picture of sear— "My God, don't come home! Don't talk to me! Don't dare tell any of us anything!" (*Ibid.*, p. 40) Sabina's suicide closes the play. Antero, who really loves his sister, is too overcome to answer the curious questions. His wrath is all spent. g

What Do You Think

***** Conducted by NEI *****

AMIDST a world of political crises, economic problems, and racing armaments, the month of December opens the door which lets in the rush of Christmas festivity.

Christmas is a rich page read and turned; it spills its riches across the years through the bleak December days, and brightens the sunless season with tidings of "peace on earth to men of good will."

Some men obscure its spiritual beauty by making the whole season a "shopping orgy", and trying to enjoy it the way the advertisements promise they should. When a person gives a friend a gift and the friend fails to reciprocate, what happens psychologically? The true worth of Christmas is being exploited by our commercial impulses. Men are sunk in their own petty material affairs. Do we call the whole system a holiday or an allergy or both? When we think of Christmas as only as a matter of outward activity, however grand, we are "preparing the Inn and



Romeo Lavin

neglecting the Manger. We are decking the Inn and crowding it so full of festivity and merriment that there will be no room for the real meaning to be born", and we destroy its spirit by our selfish desires of gift-possession.

Christmas is something symbolic and historic reminding us of our human frailties. It belongs to the domain of the spirit. Being of the spirit, it emanates from within ourselves and partakes of the Divine. It liberates itself from the confines of matter.

What do you think of Him then who was born in a despised area? What do you think of Him coming into the world and being born in a stable instead of in a cozy bed in a palace? Why did He leave the imperishable majesty and glory of heaven?

These are big and proper questions for each one of us to weigh. It matters little what the world thinks important. For the proud Inn which seemed so important that night has vanished, while the Manger has remained and stood sturdy for centuries the fair test of time. And applying this to ourselves, the Inn which symbolizes the body crumbles to pieces, while the Manger which represents the soul survives and lives forever. The meaning of the Nativity of Christ

(Note: When the second issue of the "C" came out of the press, this staff member had a hard time finding a topic fit for this column for the Christmas number. Christmas, so they say, has been the subject of similar columns in other school publications year in and year out. Partly believing them, I would have changed the topic had it not occurred to me, that Christmas, no matter how trite a subject it is, is still the best for the best season of the year. Its broadness and beauty as a subject can never be described in a thousand and one secular terms or in countless issues of school publications. However, the contributors were given freedom as to the particular aspect of Christmas they would like to write about. So here we come up with another dossier of opinions about the happiest time of the year!)

is as simple as the Peace, Love, and Goodwill that He brings and as complicated as the Animosity, Hatred, and Greed that men harbor. His coming into the world marks the inauguration of a new era, and the "fountainhead of man's hope."

If all men would only be guided by the true meaning of Christmas, selfishness, avarice, and pride would die a natural death.

"War, with all its horrors, its brutality, its devilishness, would be an utter impossibility. Peace on earth would become a glorious reality."

ROMEO LAVIN, *Liberal Arts*



C. Olarte

CHRISTMAS is a season which can mean nostalgia to the stoic, a reason for rejoicing to the depressed, and surcease to a poor man's destitution. It is the strongest bond that makes the world feel as one—without the use of force. It is that time when we re-create in our minds the coming of a "Man" who was to suffer for man — Jesus Christ. And I believe that it is most appropriate then that we give due tribute to Christ. Centuries back, the symbol of Christ's coming, a crib with a child in it, was a *sine qua non*; now, it is a contingency. Every Christmas, I am inclined to be-

lieve that we are getting more and more un-Christian in our mode of celebrating it. Each time, I am bewildered by the merry-making, I gape flabbergasted at such effronteries as we, Christians, indulge in and gloat over with bacchanalian satisfaction. We are consumedly obsessed by the craving to make merry.

And if, perhaps, we were asked by a well-meaning stranger why we are rejoicing, we'd suddenly feel like the centipede who forgot how to walk because he could not tell which foot to move first. Today's popular concept of the cause for such maudlin joys seems to be an opulent, reindeer-drawn sledding, gift-showing, bearded old man from the poles—Santa Claus.

If I must use a "Clan" member's way of putting it, I think today's beat generation is getting more "ring-a-ding", which is a word for anything puzzling, hard to find but somehow amusing. Maybe the way it celebrates Christmas is its escape from its terribly sick condition. But what a pusillanimous and sacreligious escape!

CONCEPCION OLARTE, *Education*



Tommy Metela

AS CHRISTMAS hangs around the corner, pervading thoughts of the exemplary virtues of our Lord, Jesus Christ, come to my mind—the virtues of sim-

k About Christmas?

SON LAROSA *****

plivity, humility, refinement, kindness, forgiveness, love and thoughtfulness. These were the virtues which made him great. Our Lord was never arrogant, God the Son as He was, and was born in a manger with the animals. He never wore the hypocrite's mask. Generosity was his mark—He helped those who needed His help. The passion for revenge never found room in His Heart—to those who threw stone at Him, He threw bread in return. Christ did everything for our sake because He loves us—He saved us from death as a consequence of sin by His crucifixion.

But how many of us follow the Divine example set by our Saviour? Many of us, I'm sure, have completely deviated from the virtues He has set and are busy to pave our way to hell. But with the advent of His coming, only a few days from now, we may look forward again to the pleasure of seeing most of us start to wake up from the lethargy of our glaring defects and change for the better.

TOMMY MATELA, *Commerce*

WE HAVE great reason to be in deep gratitude to political and religious leaders centuries before us, for their advocacy of the commemoration of the Nativity of Jesus of Nazareth with a special feastday. For Christmas is one time of the year when we awaken to the truth that no prize is more rewarding and valuable for the struggles against temptations while we're on earth than heaven itself, as Christ said in one of the eight Beatitudes "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This was not only an empty promise. God translated his words into action when He gave his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to us. Christ is the greatest gift from Heaven.



E. Talled

He dwelt with us, as man, as God, because He loves us infinitely. Nothing is nobler than to spend Christmas in the spirit of love of Jesus and His mother.

Let's flock to Him once more and ask His forgiveness for the sins we have committed and offer Him our love because only by so doing shall we come to realize the true meaning of Christmas.

ERLINDA TALAID, *Liberal Arts*

CHRISTMAS is Christ's birthday. To my mind, it is a sacred occasion for it is the coming of our own Redeemer who had to give Himself up for our sins. And I believe it should be religiously, spiritually observed. By that I mean we should celebrate Christmas in accordance with its meaning of peace, love, and goodwill. Unfortunately, as it is now, Christmas has become a red-letter day for fanfare and extravagance; for ostentation, and even debauchery. Actually, I don't think we make ourselves happy during Christmastime; I doubt if we know at heart what the coming of Christ really means—until today, we don't. Rather we go deliriously wild, so wild that policemen have to stand vigil at the clock. To be merry, we do not have to be extravagant nor undisciplined. It would be better if we were to think this over seriously.

AGAPITO MANLANGIT, *Commerce*



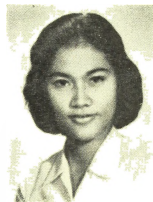
A. Manlangit

"PEACE on earth to men of good will!" —to all of us, this phrase, no matter how short it is, expresses the real meaning and spirit of Christmas. But it is a sad thing to note that this no longer holds true in this world these days. For we live in an era of crass materialism, and mankind is becoming more materialistic each day. Man grabs with greedy shrewdness—money, other worldly possessions, anything he can lay his hands on—while the grabbing is still good. However, the decent man should not despair about materialistic man's distorted sense of morality which brings him down to the level of the brutes.

The very coming of the Son of God

paints a blue ray of hope on man's horizon. It offers him the best chances to reform and to devote his life to the service of God. This is made possible through the spirit of Christmas. This spirit burns everywhere and finds its way into the hearts of men already softened by the coming of Christ. It fosters Christian charity where charity is due, in places where it is unheard of. The spirit of Christmas is too great for the power of man—invincible, unquenchable. Let any man try to deny it or even stamp it out from the consciousness of other men and he'll wind up in utter defeat. This only proves, once and for all, the existence and the power of an Almighty Being, without a beginning and without an end.

JANET GO, *Secretarial Dept.*



Janet Go

IN MY CASE, I will talk about a particular aspect of the way Christmas is celebrated in the Philippines.

This age-old custom always plays a great part in the Christmas celebration every year. It is made popular through the activities of people, particularly in the towns and barrios.

A very beautiful custom, caroling has also been a constant source of honest income for poor families. As long as the little something—money or anything—is received in good faith, everything goes fine with it. However, there are those who think that the money given to them is what really matters. If only a small amount is given in exchange for the little trouble they have in singing, they grumble under their breaths. What's more, they call the owner of the house names, vandalize his things, cart them away if chance allows.

It is my hope that this abuse of the custom of caroling among some of us, gets corrected this coming Christmas.

GLORIA PRESNO, *Education*

STUDENTS go home to their families during the Christmas season. Christmas is a time of togetherness: the joy in a parent's eyes at the sight of his children, and vice-versa.

Yes, I will go home also. But father is dead. I do not know how I shall feel on my first Christmas without him.

FED ANTO, *Liberal Arts*

● by ALFREDO B. AMORES ●

SCIENCE, circa 1938 ushered man into the Atomic Age.

SCIENCE, circa 1957 brought man, nay, rocketed man into a whole new fascinating age — the Space Age. Ironically, it was the Russians who initiated man into the new age when on October 4, 1957 she launched the world's first artificial satellite into orbit — Sputnik I. After that came more space vehicles. The US pencil-shaped Explorer I orbited and bolstered the free world's morale. Other space probes such as Project Farside, Project Argus, Luniks and US moon-probes joined the special circus. The findings of all these space investigations have proved fascinating and have radically changed some of our time-honored concept of the universe. Vanguard I for example proved that the earth is actually slightly pear-shaped and Lunik III suggested that the moon may be egg-shaped after all.

ALL this is made possible only because of our advanced science of rocketry which developed around Newton's innocent observation that action equals reaction. Rockets themselves are not new. In recorded history the Chinese were the first to use rockets. Theirs then were very much similar to our local version of ICBM's — the "kweits" which is of course used for more peaceful and festive purposes.

ROCKETS of design and purposes as present-day ones were considered before as fantasies and were extensively used only in science-fiction adventures. It was only after Germany rained England with her "vengeance weapon number two", commonly called the V-2 rocket that the world fully realized the awesome military possibilities of rockets. It will be noted that Germany developed rocketry to such a degree and refinement that our present liquid-fuel rockets are of essentially the same construction as the V-2.

AFTER the defeat of Germany, the US captured about 100 V-2 rockets and nearly the same number of German rocket scientists under the leadership of Dr. Werner Von Braun when they overran the V-2 assembly plant in the Hartz Mountains. The Russians captured a similar number of German rockets and rocketmen.*

HOWEVER, the US did not use them in the manner that Russia did. She used them for upper atmosphere research and ramjets research, a field in which the German rocketmen practically knew nothing. In so doing the US lost five precious years in the field they know best and immediately set up a long-range missile program. Sputnik I crowned the success of this program.

SEVERAL reasons have been advanced by many qualified sections of the United States. Among these is the military reason.

THE UNITED STATES at that time did not feel pressed for a rocket crash program be-

cause of her impressive triple-ring of overseas military bases and her equally powerful Strategic Air Command. The Russians, however, devoid of an equally impressive bomber force had to rely on a successful missile program. But at any rate, what may be the reason behind America's course of action, it was probably her mistake number one in the impromptu space race.

The US satellite program was not begun until 1950 in connection with her participation in the International Geo-physical Year (IGY). The three US armed services, the Army, the Navy and the Air Force submitted their respective proposals for the satellite program.

The Airforce Project Atlas was turned down because it could not promise a delivery date. The Army's Project Orbiter and a proposal to place a minimum satellite in orbit without instrumentation as soon as possible in order to gain international prestige over the Russians was likewise turned down.* It will be noted that as early as 1948 there were proposals to put a satellite in orbit. However, lacking in military value, it was ignored.

The NAVY's Project Vanguard was readily accepted. It was a sophisticated plan to place a satellite in orbit complete with instrumentation and data-gathering devices.

THIS was probably her mistake number two. As it turned out the Vanguard project was plagued by a series of "successful failures" so that the Army and the Airforce were finally given the nod to join the space race. The Army promptly placed successfully into orbit Explorer I 118 days after Sputnik I. Later the Airforce launched successfully a giant 4-ton Atlas satellite as part of its Project Score on December 18, 1958. The Vanguard project was not given up, however and the Navy was able to launch successfully three of her ten Vanguard satellites.

HOW do things stand in this space race? Joseph Myler, writing for United Press International had this to say:

"xxxxx There is no doubt that our satellites and probes have pried more secrets of closed-in space than Russians have. America has put 12 satellites into orbit to their three. It has launched three space probes

*It became a common joke after successive Vanguard failures that the Russian German rocket scientists are better than the US German rocket scientists.

and so have they. Two American probes got only a quarter of the way to the moon. One went into orbit around the sun.

"BUT in all categories the Russians were the first with the most. They launched the first satellite and the first sun rocket. They were the first to hit the moon and the first to launch a rocket into an earth-moon orbit."

TO the US credit might be added Project Farside, less publicized though equally spectacular. It shot the first earth matter outside the earth's gravitational field. There was also the Able-Baker project which produced the first animals to taste of space and come back alive (the Russian space dog Laika was not recovered). The fact that the US satellites are smaller than those of the Russian (except the 4-ton giant Atlas satellite) is actually a triumph in miniaturization. Vanguard I for example, weighs only about 21 pounds though fully instrumented.

RUSSIA's Sputniks and Luniks have virtually shocked America out of complacency and into implementing a crash space program designed to overtake and surpass the Russian space lead. National Aeronautics and Space Administration head T. K. Glenn predicts that in three to five years from now the US may have rockets twice as powerful as Lunik III and in six to seven years clustered giant rockets capable of hurling tons of matter to interplanetary space.

THAT these two super-powers will finally catch up with each other in the space race is just a question of time. It is therefore best to view these new marvels neither as Russian nor American achievements but, as someone pointed out, as achievements of mankind. For indeed, the military threat of these

SATELLITES, loaded with nuclear bombs can be placed into orbit. At a given command from an earth base these deadly satellites can finish the war — and mankind in less than an hour. A military base on the moon or even earth-based war rockets like the ICBM's are just as devastating.

HOWEVER, even this very dark and foreboding cloud of their destructive threats has its silver linings. The utter destructive capacity of these war devices makes war futile and obsolete. With these devices, nothing can be gained by war — only for self-destruction. In an all-out war with atomic and space age war machines a power can only be defeated, if not totally annihilated — together with the rest of mankind.

THE peacetime uses of these vehicles are as marvelous as they are varied.

AMERICAN space instruments for example discovered a deadly radiation belt around the earth thus helping find a safe course for future space travellers. Russia's Lunik III gave us our first photograph of the hidden side of the moon.

ROCKETS can send mails halfway around the globe faster than the postman can deliver it to your house from the post-office a block or two away. A stationary or orbiting satellite can serve as television relay stations making global television possible.

SPACE vehicles can also serve as observatories. Lunik III and the earlier satellites have proved to be novel astronomical tools. Russia has already announced plans to send a space vehicle to observe our neighboring planets.

A more earth-bound use of these space observatories would be for a more accurate weather forecasting

that aging and cancer might be caused by some cosmic radiation which constantly bombards the earth. If this can be proven, a way might be found to shield the earth from this deadly radiation.

SPACE satellites too can prove or disprove Arhennius panspermia theory. Nobel prize winner Svante Arhennius contends that space is teeming with microorganisms and life spores. Some of them will no doubt perish in space but will continue to live in suspended state of animation for months, for centuries or aeons until they settle upon a planet which happens to come their way. If planetary conditions are ideal, life evolution begins. The panspermia theory can also explain the mysterious appearance of plagues from centuries to centuries. If his theory is proven a way might be found to protect the earth from further invasion of harmful bacteria. This will then lead the way towards the elimination of all bacteria-caused diseases.

THEN, too, there is the fascinating possibility of interplanetary travel. To this end both the US and Russia are preparing space vehicles and spacemen for man's first taste of space.

JUST when these things can be fully realized one cannot definitely say. But we can judge our progress by noting that barely two years after the first earth satellite orbited, we made a rendezvous with the moon. Even before this issue will be out, major breakthroughs might be achieved which will greatly accelerate our progress in this space adventure.

INDEED, Man has at last come to a great crossroad. With his

The Greatest Show From Earth

(THE SPACE EXPLORATIONS)

space vehicles is poised over the entire mankind as mankind too is the beneficiary of their peacetime uses.

THE military possibilities of these space vehicles are as horrible as their peaceful uses are a tremendous boon to mankind.

and a better understanding of weather mechanisms and finally weather control (How would you like snow in Cebu?).

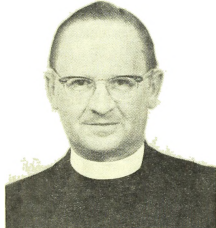
SCIENTISTS are also sending lower animal forms to space to discover the effects of cosmic radiation on them. There is a theory

well-expanded science of atoms, rockets and space he can build himself a heaven-on-earth or blast his earth to hell. Every rocket blasting off to space, every beep-beep of a space satellite transmits not only its scientific message to earth but also a more important message as well — love one another or die.

Pull over you the memory of what once was.
The memory of what once was is cold.
Pull over you the cover of what has been
and feel its tingling gold.

Rev. Fr. Herman Kondring, S.V.D., rector of this university for the past five years, has left us. We remember Fr. Kondring primarily for his being one of us. For one thing he is a Filipino citizen. We remember him too, for his fatherly and compassionate dealing with the students and faculty members of the university, his excellent public relations with the Cebuano community, and the steady rise in the standard of the university. Fr. Kondring has been assigned rector of the Diocesan Major Seminary in Vigan, Ilocos Sur.

Mr. Demetrio Maglalang, too, has left us. The "little genius", a professor in the College of Liberal Arts, poet and erstwhile contributor to the *Carolinian*, fiery and fearless writer, has gone away in search for greener pastures. We fondly hope he finds them.



Rev. Fr. Edward Datig, S.V.D.

To take the place of Fr. Herman Kondring as rector of this university Fr. Harold Rigney, S.V.D., one-time rector of the University of Peking, is expected to arrive soon. In the meantime, the headship of the university has been entrusted to Fr. Edward Datig, S.V.D., the new vice rector.

Fr. Datig was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on January 14, 1912. He was educated in the SVD schools in the United States and went to Vienna to study theology. Later, he went to the Gregorian University, a Jesuit-administered school in Rome where he obtained an S.T.B. (Bachelor of Sacred Theology) degree. He was ordained in August 1939, whereupon he began his active service for the SVD, which has recently brought him to this university.

A holder of an M.A. degree in teacher education from the University of Chicago, Fr. Datig assumes his position in the university with a wide experience

in the field of education, having founded and headed the famed Mt. Mary Teachers' College in the young Republic of Ghana in West Africa. His last assignment was the setting up of an SVD program for overseas personnel at Georgetown University and the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. with special emphasis on the behavioral and social sciences.

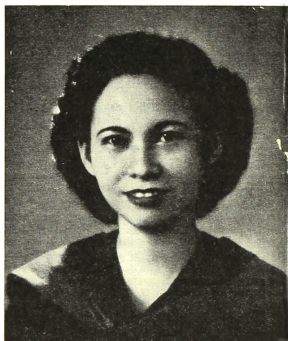
An English seminar, to which teachers of English in private schools in the city and province of Cebu were invited, was held at the audio-visual center of this university from Oct. 28 to October 31 inclusive. The seminar dealt with the teaching of English as a second language.

Two more faculty members of this university arrived recently from their studies abroad. Professor Alejandro Tantoco, a West German Government scholar and Mr. Gervasio Riconalla. Professor Tantoco specialized in engineering techniques at various electrical plants in Germany, like the Prussian Electrical Company in Kassel, Hessen, the Bavarian Power Company, and the Pump Storage Power Station Waldeck 125 M.W., while Mr. Riconalla obtained a master's degree in chemistry from the University of St. Louis, U.S.A. He was recently the guest speaker of the Cebu Chemical Society where he dealt with the up-to-date orbital concept of atomic structure and also took note of the disparity in student and technological problems here which results in differences in areas of emphasis in chemical education.

The USC Art Association under Carolinian artist Amorsolo Manligas went on its first monthly outdoor sketching party to Bantayan sa Hari, Look, sa Mandaw. Equipped with drawing boards, water color sets, drawing and charcoal pencils and several kinds of drawing paper, the members enjoyed themselves painting the surrounding landscape.

The University, in observance of the parish priest week, held a symposium on September 16 presided over by the vicar general Msgr. Esteban Manflicillo, D.P. The first discussion group led by Jess Estanision featured Mr. Pete Montano who spoke on "Our Parish Priest" and Mr. Filomeno L. Fernandez who took as his subject, "Our Duty to Support our Parish Priests." Miss Sonia Tancoco of the second discussion group led by Amos Velez, discoursed on the "Participation of Lay People in the Work of the Parish."

The Portia Club, an exclusive organization of women law students of the University, held its annual induction of officers early last September. Judge Elena Ruiz Cosin was the guest speaker and Rev. Joseph Watslawik, the Portia Club adviser, was the induction officer.



Miss Luz S. Catan

Miss Luz S. Catan, Acting Dean of the College of Pharmacy, has been appointed permanent Dean of the department. Miss Catan took her bachelor's degree in this university and her Master's at Manila Central University.

Mr. Vicente Pilepil, A.B. graduate of this university, planned for the United States last September where he will major in history and minor in some other sciences at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Maria Gutierrez, a member of the USC faculty, conducted the four-day seminar. Mrs. Gutierrez has just returned from the United States where she took up the study of English as a second language at the University of California, Los Angeles. After completing her course at the UCLA, she attended a seminar in linguistics at Ann Arbor, Michigan. She also made a study tour of the United States.



Mrs. Maria Gutierrez

S GOLD

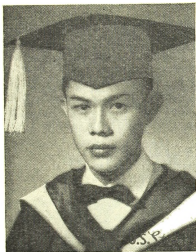
Mr. Magalang's literary contest, thought to be a dismal flop, rallied at the last moment after the original deadline with a total of sixty-six entries. Proclaimed winners at a literary-musical program on Sept. 27 were:

SHORT STORY DIVISION: 1st prize, no award; 2nd prize, Vanica Za, Pasiono for "Love in the Ocean"; 3rd prize, Orinda Alduente for "These Prison Walls".

POETRY DIVISION: 1st prize, Junne Canizares for "The Three Voices of Man"; 2nd prize, Orinda Alduente for "Augustan Reveries"; 3rd prize, Elsa Quejada for "Sonnet No. 2".

ESSAY DIVISION: 1st prize, Rolando Espiritu for "A Neighboring Approach to Community Problems"; 2nd prize, Pete Montero for "Self-Expression Through Music"; 3rd prize, Israel Q. Doronio for "On Whom the Blame Falls".

The Board of Judges was composed of Professors Esperanza V. Mensel, chairwoman, Avelina Gil and Leonor Borromeo, members.



Jesus Estanislao

USC bet Jesus Estanislao cupped first place in the Knights of Rizal-sponsored oratorical contest held last Oct. 20 at the university audio-visual center. The Board of Judges was composed of Sept. Ricardo Trinidad of CSAT, chairman, and Dra. Fortunata Rodit of USC, Supervisors Damaso Morales, Angel Labrador, Buenaventura Canoy of the Bureau of Private Schools, members. Mr. Estanislao was one of the three representatives of Cebu in the regional contest held at the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion auditorium on Oct. 26 where he placed second to Mr. Alfonso Clete of Silliman University.

The Thirteenth Annual Declamation Contest under the auspices of the Teachers' College, was held Sept. 27 at the USC Social Hall. Proclaimed winners were: Emilio Saxon, first place; Remedios Almirante, second place; and Antonietta Santos, third place. Their "The Soul of the Violin", "The Bad Boy", and "Don't Say Diet", respectively. The Board of Judges was composed of Mr. Robert Yesh, Mrs. Concepcion M. Badauet, and Mrs. Avelina Gil.

The West German Ambassador to the Philippines, Baron Friederich von Furstenberg and his wife paid a visit to San Carlos late last September. They were pleased to observe the progress the institution has made.

The Shell Company of the Philippines recently donated to the Mechanical and Electrical Engineering Department a gasoline dispensing pump. This machine features the following parts: a semi-rotary type pump unit, a meter assembly, an air separator assembly and a computer assembly. The machine will greatly benefit the students in their laboratory work.

The Alpha Kappa Alpha fraternity of the College of Commerce feted last September 20 its sweetheart, Miss Rose Marie Aguas. The affair took place at the residence of Mr. Roberto Chong Osmeña. The Builders' Fraternity of the Dept. of Architecture and Civil Engineering held their annual induction and pinning ceremony at the La Suerte Terrace.

A USC chapter of the WEVISAC has been formally organized with the following officers: Benny Agravante, president; Juan G. Lopez, vice president; Patricia Mayol, secretary; Cecile Espinosa, treasurer; Guillermo Clemente, auditor; Ben Fabroz, Rey Quisido, pros; Zosimo Julom, Eddy Meryce, sgts.-at-arms. The WEVISAC is an association of the students coming from the provinces of Negros Occidental, Capiz, Iloilo, Antique, Aklan and Romblon.

The fourth and the fifth of a series of fortnightly lectures sponsored by the university featured Fr. Francis Oster who spoke on the basic principles of television and Fr. Eugene Verstraeten who gave a talk on "Linguistics and Filipino Languages".

Tournament Results:

CHESS: 1st place, Ernesto Dorola (Secretarial); 2nd place, Alberto Laborte (Law); 3rd place, Oscar Abuzo (Law).

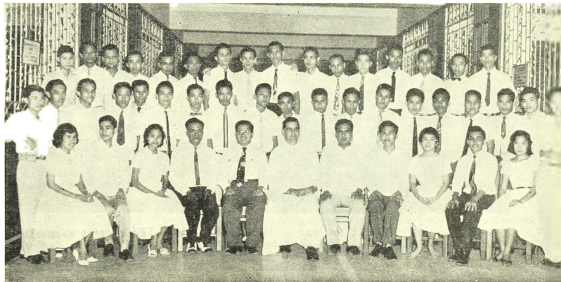
TABLE TENNIS: Men—1st place, Arturo Fernandez (Lib. Arts); 2nd place, A. Villamor, Jr. (Law); Women—1st place, Fureza Trazo (Commerce); 2nd place, C. de la Cruz (Lib. Arts);

VOLLEYBALL: Men—1st place, Engineering; 2nd place, Law; Women—1st place, Education; 2nd place, Secretarial and Commerce.

The USC varsity football team played a one-to-one tie versus the U.S. Troubadours last mid-September at the Boys' High School playgrounds. Peter Brajerdel of the Troubadours dislocated his right leg in the game.

The USC Legal Aid Bureau held another convocation at the air-conditioned audio-visual center late last September. Guest speakers were barristers Vicente G. Balbuena and Erasmo Diolo who related their adventures and misadventures while taking the bar.

Elected officers of the newly-formed USC Registrar's Office Employees' Association were: President, Sixto Li. Abao, Jr.; Vice President, Juan G. Lopez; Secretary, Marcellino Li. Apario, Jr.; Treasurer, Concepcion Pecenas; Auditor, Raulito Cordero; PRO, Romeo Lavina; Liaison Officers, Roberto Baniel, Jr.; and Sesilina Belacura; Adviser, Mr. Jose V. Arles; Moderator, Rev. Fr. Edgar V. Oehler, S.V.D.



SECRETARY-GENERAL'S OFFICE PERSONNEL

*College of Commerce
Intramural Cage
Champs*

The College of Commerce, after three consecutive years of frustration, finally was crowned champion of 1959 USC Intramural Basketball when the "Accountants" toppled the College of Law "Barristers", the defending champions, 58-54.

Both teams were bearing a 5-wins-1-loss card when they entered the court for the showdown. The first three minutes of play saw the teams scoreless. Shaking off his guard, "Barrister" Veloso broke the scoreless spell with a running jumpshot. Mediano and Salazar drove to give the Lawyers a 6 to nil lead. Skipper Bobby Rosales caught fire and layed-up twice for the Accountants. Moran followed with an undergoal blast. Elizondo jumped to give the Comerciantes their first lead. The score see-sawed several times but the Accountants held on to lead the first half, 27-21.

Mediano continued the second half with his favorite jumpshot. Veloso, taking advantage of the Accountant's slackened defense, penetrated the keyhole twice to even the score, 27-27. Trinidad retaliated with a

(Continued on page 30)

ON THIS SIDE OF

★ ★ ★ ★
The USC Football Team

THE USC Green Soccers this year is a rejuvenated team; composed mostly of young faces eager to prove their capabilities for the honor of the university. The loss of the services of Asian Gamers Anito Trinidad and Julio Umadhay hasn't dampened the fighting spirit of the squad. Old reliables are still in the line-up. Nilo Alazas of William Lines fame, the team skipper, has still the speed and hustle that wowed many Formosan fans in Taipei. Veterans Orlando Yu, Carlos Saa, Pepito Fajutrao and Rolando Rubi are playing finer and sharper.

The USC Eleven would have been badly crippled had Coach Geronimo Lianto not been able to find these sure-fire replacements. Jose Mari Abad, hot on the golf course but still hotter on the football turf as left-out of the Green Soccers. It can still be remembered that Jose Mari outstroke Philippine amateur champions Luis (Golem) Silverio and Francisco (Boy) Reyes and captured the championship trophy during the last Southern Open Tournament at the Club Filipino Golf links. Fleetfooted Jose Alazas is a man to watch for this coming football season. Agile and slippery, he best suited his position as center-forward of the team. Green Soccers' goalie is a tall well-proportioned, clean-cut man, Jose Sotelo. Other fine materials of the team are Ernesto Codina, Miguel Caballes, Camilo Go, Ignacio Rosello, Aloysius Sahadoen and a lot of new upcoming faces.

The Cebu Football League hostilities witness not a few USC footballers, who are permitted by the University to play in the CEL; they shine in the teams they played with. Ten USC Green booters played with Casino Español. Imon Chemicals, CEL first round champion, counts three USC contingents in their line-up: Alazas brothers (Nilo & Jose) and Camilo Go.

In their tie-breaking game for the CEL first round pennant, Imon Chemicals, led by Jose Alazas' two sizzling goals made shambles of

(Continued on page 30)



USC FOOTBALL TEAM (*13 Regulars)

Kneeling, left to right: Edgar Azcona, Rolando Rubi*, Aloysius Tolok*, Ernesto Codina*, Cristobal Javier, Miguel Caballes*, Jose Martinez, Jose Mari Abad*.
Standing: George Barcenilla (C-Sportswriter), Carlos Saa*, Aloysius Sahadoen, Jose Alazas*, Daylindo Ajir (Mascot of the Team), Rev. Fr. Robert Moepfener, SVD (Team Moderator), Nilo Alazas*, (captain), Orlando Yu*, Bernardus de Silva, Marcellino Paras, Geronimo Lianto (Coach).
Not in the picture: Jose Sotelo*, Pepito Fajutrao*, Ignacio Rosello*, Romeo Pañares, Camilo Go*, Hubertus Wageloba.

Sportsdom

by RUDY JUSTINIANI
&
GEORGE BARCENILLA



Bleak Year for Defending Champs

NEW FACES sport the college cage diadems this year. The former champions have got out of the way, although hopeful that at the turn of the year the crown which they had worn and fought so much for and lost will be theirs again.

The NCAA followers sat up stunned upon seeing the San Beda Red Lions, starless and no pre-tourney favorite, gobble seven straight wins, repulsed, and then go on to dethrone the powerpacked Ateneo Blue Eagles; proving San Beda's "Coach of the Year" Rius' theory that precision — and not power — basketball wins games.

UE Red Warriors, UAAP's defending champions and strong contenders for the crown, missed the plum by a slight margin, losing the tiara to the Santo Tomas Goldies, fruitless campaigner for the last three years, in a battle that emerged as one of the classics of the nation's number one sport.

San Carlos U Golden Warriors, top heavy with individual stars couldn't lit them into the right groove of a cohesive combination. Playing at its best, it's a bettor's dream; on their off-days, a bum's choice for 1-2-3 favorite to lose. For a top-rated college team in the country that got keelhauled by the so-so CIT Wildcats, in a game that was dreamed to be the Warriors', it can offer no excuse except attribute the ill-luck to an ill-timed schedule. The UV Green Lancers, last year's CCAA runner-up, eventually grabbed from USC the crown thru a heartbreaking score, 69-68.

The CCAA circuit which in the south commands all the glamour comparable to Manila's NCAA and UAAP is as unpredictable as the Los Angeles Bums winning this year's World Series pennant. For the prognosticators of sports, the prophets and wise-seers, it was a bum prediction. Their crystal ball gazing had gone awry; they were fooled by the signs of strength which there.

Indeed, this year hasn't been exactly fruitful to the defending champions of NCAA, UAAP and CCAA; all teams got out their dug-out minus the halo they wore last year and wistfully looking back to what we call "the good ole' days".

The Inter-Collegiate defending champion, UE, has started a wobbly campaign for the retention of the crown. Seeded but faced with tough opposition, UE has a slim chance of retaining the Inter-Collegiate pennant. Another cage dethroned before 1959 winds up!

Why the dearth of victories on the part of defending champions? Why, in spite of the presence of practically the same line-up of players of last year, did the champs fail to spirit away the crown for themselves? The reasons are varied, the excuses many, and blaming one another has always been a part of each defeat. Maybe the law of averages has simply caught up with them and there was a frown on Mother Nature's face every time champions took the court. Over-confidence might have played a great deal in the losing of favorite teams and "prima donna" airs of stars might have swelled the heads of hoop's top practitioners. Or maybe as the overworked idiom goes, "every dog has its day"; and maybe this year is the underdog's field day. And don't get me wrong. I'm having a ball myself, quite clear; loving to see the day when the Golden Warriors will be out there in the thick of the fight, though scathed yet riding high. §

Baseball Row

It's no longer quiet on the baseball front after the 1959-1960 Cebu Baseball League, local version of Manila's bigtime MBL, opened last September 20 at the Abellana Ballpark. Shunning colorful *palabas* and fanfares — all that's reserved only for basketball, the number one sport of the land — the CBL folks started the business at once after the players' oath-taking ceremony.

USC Green & Gold Sox, CBL runner-up to Noel Motors last year, crossing bats with Caltex Opon Terminals, smacked the ball flying, signalling the opening hostilities. Caltex Terminals, to celebrate their debut in CBL's society of swatters, fought spiritedly to pull the rags from under the seeded Golden Soxers. The Carolinians, after the seven innings game which turned out to be a free-scoring affair, topped the Caltex "Oilers", 13-11. Victory number one for the Golden Soxer!

The next to tackle the Carolinians were the Cebu Normal School "Maestros". Their game on October 4 was under protest by USC. The teams agreed to a replay around the middle of December.

The third assignment for the Gold Soxers was against the Cebu School of Arts & Trades who forfeited the game. Golden Soxers' second victory! §



USC BASEBALL VARSITY 1959-'60
1958-'59 CBL Runner-up

Front row, left to right: Raulino Labrador, Camilo Tapales, Rogelio Damaleria, Angelino Gale (Playing Coach), Rev. Fr. L. Banzel (Athletic Moderator), Hdefonso Mongia (Captain), Erasmo Caballero, Terrible Baring, Robin Tumalak.
Back row, left to right: Redolfo Justiniani (C-Sportswriter), Roberto Inatagalla, Humberto Millado, Gerilo Abanden, Ceto Batucan, Tibarcio Cadangog, Crispia Daytura, Alfredo C. Sosa, Ramon Cabrera, Alberto Villarain.

★ *Reports* ★

JUST AS we had expected, our interview with the commandant (published in the last issue), drew some sharp retorts, from the cadet officers. From the gripes they aired, it seemed that somebody was trying to pass the buck to them. (We were also informed that some of them were getting not-too-wholesome ideas about the writer besides. It was just a good thing Sgt. Papellero made things clear.)

There is no intention here to take sides in whatever differences of opinion the commandant and his cadet officers may have, nor to locoment a rift between them. But, personally, we believe that the persuasive discipline policy of the commandant, noble as it is, is impractical, at least as far as the USC ROTC corps is concerned.

Persuasive discipline depends greatly for its effectivity on the willingness of each and every cadet to submit himself to military rules and regulations without being ordered to. Yet it is a fact that hardly one percent, if any at all, of our ROTC cadets relish the idea of military training. Unlike the PMA cadets, our ROTC boys are in the ROTC not because of love for soldiery, but because of love for camps. They do not intend to become soldiers. Precisely, they are in school pursuing some other line of study.

The first battalion under Cdt. Lt. Col. Broñola went on an excursion to Quarry, Danao last September 27. Objective: to develop esprit de corps.

"To bolster the morale of the various ROTC units and to inject more fun into ROTC life", the area

G-3 scheduled the first annual company close order drill competition for last October 3rd in the morning at Camp Lapulapu, Lahug. USC's representation consisted of a model company of model cadets picked from all over the entire corps under the command of Cdt. Lt. Col. Guido P. Escobar.

USC romped away with the first prize in platoon drill (the participating platoon was handled by Cdt. Capt. Romeo Mantua), but we copied only second place in company drill. Sgt. Papellero told us though that the public was for giving San Carlos the first place. We did not find this hard to believe because Guido really wowed the public and the inspectors as well with the apparent ease with which he tackled the company drill problems in the last tactical inspection.

Then a surprise inspection by Lt. Col. Villareal of the Philippine Army Headquarters yielded this not-too-surprising fact: the USC armory is the best and the cleanest in the whole third military area!

If these are any indications, the USC ROTC corps may yet redeem its lost prestige come the annual tactical inspection sometime in February or March.

Meanwhile, let's keep our fingers crossed.

The Commandant, Capt. Jose M. Aquino wishes to convey his thanks and congratulations to all those whose unselfish cooperation and devotion to duty made the October 3rd feat possible. "With the showing the boys made, I guess I won't be talking through my hat if I predict a successful comeback by our corps to the limelight," he declared.

But as I said, let's keep our fingers crossed! §

★ **COLLEGE OF COMMERCE . . .**

(Continued from page 28)

beauty from the right lane. Moran charitred on Barrister Creer's intraction after Elizondo flipped on Reyes feed to hand Accounting a four-point bubble, 37-33. But Veloso, Mediano and Salazar countered with their quartercourt sallies to regain the upperhand, 41-37. Barrister Alarre free-threw on Relampagos hold. College of Law roared to end the third quarter with a four points lead, 45-41.

The "Lawyers" maintained their fast break at the start of the fourth quarter to up their precarious lead. But timely interceptions by Reyes and Rosales proved the strategy futile. College of Law managed to score only 9 points against Accountants' 17 points during the last quarter. The Accountants, after gaining the upper hand, stalled the leather until guntime.

Highest point-maker for the Accountants was Bob Rosales with 21, followed by College of Law's Fred Veloso with 15. Stand-outs of the Accountants: Roberto Rosales, Jose Elizondo, Chito Trinidad and Cesar Moran. College of Law: Fred Veloso, Raul Mediano, Valentin Salazar and Alfonso Alarre. §

★ **SEEING OUT . . .**

(Continued from page 20)

Diocean Seminary (Major Seminary) of Vigan, (Ilocos Sur), in general, and the faculty and student body in particular, will profit much from his rectorship there.

But what strikes us as most impressive is his benevolent charity. A fellow staff member of the "C" told me of an incident he witnessed which affords us a general view of the character that is Fr. Kondring.

One day, a man in tattered clothes, ashen from undernourishment, pushed in the door of the Rector's office and was immediately ushered to his presence.

"Father," he began, his voice trembling with emotion. "I need some help."

Fr. Kondring, touched by the imploring words and the pitiable sight, obligingly dipped his hand in his pocket and brought out some twenty pesos. "At least, this will solve your problem temporarily."

Then with other sympathetic words he led him to the door, but not without assuring the man of a permanent job in the university.

One example for many of that unfeeling kindness of Fr. Kondring. We who have been its beneficiaries for so many years will never forget him. By all standards, he has shown himself a kind, honest, and great man, true to his vows to God. §

★ **THE USC FOOTBALL . . .**

(Continued from page 28)

Shell's highly-lavored Gasmen, 3-1. Shell with two Asian Game performers, Genen Marifio and Elinio Estrada and veteran Tony Merino on their side could not stop the educated boots of young Alcazas with the fine defensive performance of full-back Camilo Go.

I believe that with rich materials as these, expert coaching and excellent regular training may make the USC Green Soccers one of the hottest teams in the country. So it's up to Coach Genonimo Llanio and Team Moderator Rev. Fr. Robert Hoeppeper, SVD to infuse more punch and spirit into the team for the glory of sports and the university. §

El Rodo. Padre Herman Kondring, S.U.D.

Rector del Seminario Mayor de Vigan

EN ESTE año escolar, ha sufrido nuestra Universidad una variante, en lo que podríamos llamar rutina del periodo administrativo asignado a los directivos y Rectores de la misma, cuyo periodo mínimo de actuación fue siempre de tres años.

Hacia el 25 de julio de este año se recibió en nuestra Universidad una noticia extra-oficial que se consideró como una falsa alarma pero que fué confirmada como cierta y con carácter oficial el día 28 del mismo citado. Nuestro querido Rector Rvdo. Padre Herman Kondring había sido nombrado Rector del Seminario Mayor de Vigan, en la provincia de Ilocos Norte. Con el hondo sentimiento de quien se fue bruscamente separado del padre, del amigo, del consejero, tuvimos que aceptar la voluntad de la divina Providencia, como una prueba a nuestra vida de enseñanza en este Centro Docente, y este acto de conformidad tuvo su recompensa, pues si bien se decía que nuestro amado Rector debía tomar posesión de su nuevo cargo no más tarde del 15 de Agosto, siguió siendo nuestro Rector hasta el fin del primer semestre del presente año escolar.

En la reunión de despedida que la Facultad ofreció al Rvdo. Padre Herman Kondring, expresaron su sentimiento por la inevitable marcha de nuestro Rector encomiando al mismo tiempo la labor del Rvdo. Padre Kondring en los diferentes aspectos de su actuación como Jefe Administrativo de la Universidad de San Carlos. Permisémosle considerarle, aunque a grandes rasgos, como educador.

Era el Rvdo. Herman Kondring Profesor de varias asignaturas y entre ellas de llamada "Filosofía de la Educación" la cual comprende dos cursos de estudio, para los que desean licenciarse en Educación. ("Master in Arts in Education")

Debido a esto tuvimos el privilegio y al mismo tiempo el honor de contarnos en el número de sus discípulos y podemos afirmar que sus clases tenían un interés peculiar. No es el Padre Kondring el profesor común de una clase de filosofía; no; en él pudimos apreciar al elustre Pedagogo llevando de una manera clara y sencilla la intrincada materia filosófica de la educación a la mente de sus discípulos.

Las dudas y discusiones que surgían en la clase sobre los diversos sistemas filosóficos de la Educación en los tiempos del paganismo; en los primeros siglos del Cristianismo y tiempos feudales; y en los tiempos modernos y contemporáneos, tenían bajo su acertada dirección soluciones tan convincentes que no daban lugar a la duda. Y esto es debido a que el P. Kondring no es el "Maestro que trata de confundir y eclipsar al discípulo con el brillo de su sabiduría, no, es el "Maestro" que a imitación de Jesucristo, Maestro por excelencia, con valiente y atraz a la verdad, con su lógica clara y convincente, con la sencillez y oportunidad de sus ejemplos, con su bondadosa sonrisa apreciando el trabajo de sus discípulos, en sus clases se aprende porque existe en ellas gran comprensión de ideas entre el "Maestro" y los discípulos. Esta es a grandes rasgos el Rvdo. Padre Kondring como Educador. Comprendemos pues que la divina Providencia haya inspirado a los Superiores del Verbo Divino su nombramiento como Rector del Seminario de Vigan y estamos seguros que bajo su dirección intelectual, moral y religiosa, dicho Seminario dará óptimos frutos a la Iglesia Católica en Filipinas.

TRIODORA MESSA

La Mujer

EL GÉNESIS nos revela que después de haber creado al hombre Dios exclamó: "No es bueno que el hombre esté solo; le haré una ayuda que sea su compañero", e infundiendo en Adán un sueño misterioso formó Dios a la mujer de una costilla del hombre. Al despertar Adán de su sueño halló junto a él a la mujer y al verla tan bella exclamó: "Esta es carne de mi carne y hueso de mis huesos", es decir es un ser viviente de mi misma naturaleza, y en aquel mismo instante, Dios comunicándose con ellos les nombró reyes de todo lo creado y procreadores de la especie humana. Vemos pues que del hombre creado a su imagen y semejanza el Creador formó a la mujer. ¿De ahí se desprende la superioridad del hombre sobre la mujer en su origen? No, la sujeción de la mujer al hombre tuvo su origen en el pecado original, cuando Dios condenó a nuestros primeros padres los trabajos, a las enfermedades y a la muerte, y al mismo tiempo dijo a Eva, (que culpaba de su caída a la serpiente) "por haber escuchado a la serpiente y seducido al hombre a la desobediencia, quedarás sujeta a la autoridad del hombre y serán mayores tus sufrimientos". Pero Dios no abandonó al hombre en su caída, en su infinita misericordia al Creador, mal dijo a la serpiente y le dijo, "Has venido hoy a la mujer y por ella ha entrado el pecado en la tierra, pero día vendrá en que una mujer quebrantará tu abeza dando el Salvado al mundo."

¡Llegada la plenitud de los tiempos crea Dios la más bella criatura en la persona de "María" y preservada de

loda mancha el Padre la elige para ser la madre de su Hijo divino y la esposa del Espíritu Santo. El Verbo habitó entre nosotros, y en el Nuevo Testamento Jesús santificado en el Sacramento del Matrimonio la unión del hombre y de la mujer en vínculo indisoluble que solo la muerte puede romper, pues como dice San Pablo quedan hechos "una sola carne".

La mujer queda dignificada en el Nuevo Testamento como única esposa, compañera del hombre y madre de sus hijos, y aquí es donde empieza la influencia de la mujer cristiana en la vida social, porque la familia es la base de la sociedad. El hombre sigue siendo el cerebro de esa sociedad pero la mujer el corazón. Físicamente el hombre es más fuerte; en los problemas de la vida resuelve el hombre con decisión, la mujer con su intuición, con sus refinados sentimientos, en una palabra con su amor; y si alguna vez se han de enfrentar grandes crisis en la vida común del hombre y de la mujer ésta es la más fuerte ¿Porqué? Porque la mujer es todo sentimiento, más que al sacrificio, y el sacrificio es el crisol que purifica y fortalece.

La mujer no vive para sí misma vive para el bien de la raza, ella se entrega gustosa al sacrificio porque no mira los medios sino el fin, el futuro más que el presente y se complace pensando que de su sumisión al sacrificio puedan brotar grandes beneficios para los que ama. La mujer tiene tan vivo interés por todo lo existente, que parece como si el Creador la hubiese nombrado guarda-

dora de la vida; y según nos dice el Rvdo. Fulton Sheen, "En sus brazos recibe el primer aliento la vida y sus brazos entrega la vida su postrer suspiro."

La Historia nos demuestra cuan grande fue la influencia de la mujer en los grandes hombres, y podríamos afirmar sin temor a equivocarnos—nosque en nuestro difunto Presidente Ramón Magasaysay, su esposa fue sin duda la fuerza callada que impulsó al éxito y al bien durante su vida, porque la mujer mueve al hombre hacia ella, y más tarde le sostiene y anima en sus grandes empresas, por medio de su admiración, de su confianza y de su amor. Pero la mujer no debe olvidar que toda la consideración y exaltación con que se la respeta y venera en nuestros días la debe a María Santísima, la mujer por excelencia, que al decir de Donoso Cortés, "Es tan pura perfecta y excelsa María, que el Padre la llama hijo, el Hijo la llama madre y el Espíritu Santo la llama esposa."

Nosotros la llamamos también madre, porque para ella nacimos a la vida de la gracia, y la mujer imitando a María debe procurar que en la vida social y política de nuestra amada patria se note la influencia de la mujer católica, achuchando por la fe de Cristo, con su acción con su ejemplo y con su ayuda, lo mismo que María Santísima ayudó a los apóstoles en la propagación del Cristianismo para que en luz de Cristo brillara entre los hombres.

Por TERESITA T. VERGARA

Pagninilay

*Isang gabing sakdal panglaw
nagluksa ang paligid,
Madilim ang papawirin
kalikasa'y naiditip,
Umaambo ng bahagya
ang amika'y humihikip
Sa pisngi ng kalangita'y
walang talang maririkit,
Lagastas ng batisan
ang nauulnig
At ang kalawakan ang tangi kong
nakanig;
Sa ulilang budhi'y
nagtanong kung bakit
Sa buhay ng tao'y
marumi ang hapis,
Ang ligayang natatamo'y
dagling-dagling pumapanaw
Naluhoy sa kamandang
ng dusa at lumbay.
Ganito nga kaya
ang buhay sa lupa,
Lagi kayang sasaditim
buhay ng daiita,
Di na kaya calivin
ng alak ng tuwa
Buhay na nalugmok
sa pail ng pagkadusta?*

*Ito ang buhay ko, o gabing
madilim, . . .
Buhay na naunsyami, sa dusa'y
nalibing,
Buhay na nagsumikap ligaya ay
kamtin
Nguni't ang natamo'y kapaitan at
hilahil.*

Tala ni D. M. A.

Kalatas ng Fatima

Sa taong 1960 ay may isang mahalagang pangyayaring magaganap sa kasaysayan ng kristiyanismo. Sa taong iyan ay nakatakdang ibunyag sa buong daigdig ang nitalaman ng ikatlong kalatas na ibinigay ng Mahal na Birhen Maria key Sister Lucy noong nagpakita siya sa nayon ng Fatima noong taong 1917. Kung ano ang nilalaman ng kalatas na iyon ay walang nakabatid maliban kay Sister Lucy. Isinaad niya na kung mabuksan na ang kalatas ay "may ilang nagagalak at marami ang malulungkot". Sa kuru-kuro ng mga paring nagkaroon ng pagkukataong makipag-usap kay Sister Lucy, ay maaaring may kinalaman sa ikatlong digmaang pandaigdig o sa katapusan ng mundo ang nasabing kalatas. Sinabi raw ni Sister Lucy na kung hindi magbabalik sa panampalatsayang kristiyano ang bansang Rusya, sa lalong madaling panahon, ay tiyak na magkakaroon ng digmaan at maraming bansa ang papanaw sa balat ng lupa.

Walang sino man sa atin ang may nais na magkaroon ng digmaan o ano mang salot o sakuna, kaya kailangang tuparin natin ang mga tagubilin ni Sister Lucy. Song-ayon sa kanya ay ipinamamhik ng Mahal na Birhen sa lahat nang kristiyano na ipanalangin araw-araw ang pagbabalik-loob ng bansang Rusya. Sa madaling salita ay nokasalalay sa atin ang kapayapaan ng daigdig. Magkikilos tayong hanggang maaga pa upang hindi natin lasapin ang hapdi ng pagseisi sa bandang huli.

TEODORO AMPARO BAY

Naglahong Dambana

ni MANUEL S. SATORRE, JR.

NAWAWALA na ang dating ningning ng mga mata ni Esperanza sa kagugunita niya sa kanyang makasaysayang kahapon. Batid niyang tuluyang nang naglaho si Roberto, mula nang siya'y inivan nito. Sa pagkakaupo'y malayang dumadaloy ang mga patak ng luhang bunga ng matinding pighati. Ang mga paningin ay laging nakatitig sa pintuangagalaw-galaw dahil sa hihip ng hanging amihan. Ang kahapon ay parang isang pangarap lamang. Sa tindi ng pangungulila'y nagbabalik sa gunita ang masasayang suyuang paraiso ng kanyang puso.

"Hello honey, marami ba ang gawain mo sa opisina ngayon?" ang kalimita'y naitanong niya kung dumarating si Bert mula sa tanggapaning pinaglilingkuran niya.

"Hindi naman gaano dear" sagot ni Bert na sinasabayan ng mapagmahal niyang mga halik. Masayang-masaya sila noon.

Bawa't galaw ng pintuan, ay siya rin namang galaw ng gunita ni Esper. Sa pintuang iyon siya inakay ng kanyang mahal noong sila'y nag-isang dibdib. Nagsumpaan sila sa dambana ng Diyos at sa harap ng mata ng tao na magmahalan habang buhay, subali't sa namamagitan ng isang pagkakamali lamang ay gumuho ang kanilang daigdig,

sampu ng kanilang mga pangarap. Isang pagkakamaling hindi gaano malubha, sapagka't ito'y isang pagkukunwari lamang na di niinyo marahil maiintindihan.

Lubos na lubos ang pagtiwala ni Esper sa kanyang asawa. Nguni't bakit niya ito inusisa at pinilit na patugaing mayroon siyang "kulasasi" gayong wala namang batid niya? O, ang babae nga naman!

May kabinaan ang damdamin ni Bert, kaya hindi niya pagipilan ang sarili na pagbuhatan ng kamay ang asawa. Lumisan siyang nanunumpang hindi magbabalik sa piling ni Esper hanggang hindi ito nagbabago ng ugali.

Patuloy sa paggalaw ang pintuan, patuloy ang pagdaloy ng luha ni Esper. Unti-unti nang lumulubog ang araw sa kanluran. Ilang sandali na lamang at lalatat na ang kadiliman, kadilimang hinhiyanti-hintay niya sa pagbabakasakaling kasama nito ang kanyang naglahong dambana, ang dambana ng kanyang kaligayahan. Masidhi ang kapaitan ng pagseising binabata ng kanyang puso, sukulan na ang kanyang kapanglawan. Malupit ang tadhana, malupit . . . Sa kabila ng lahat ay batid niyang walang dapat sisihin liban sa sarili. Ang nalalapas ay wala na, ngani't ang gunita nito'y laging ipagduruho ng kanyang puso.

Christmas comes but
once a year.
And that, they say
is plenty.
But we'd still wish you
Christmas Cheer,
If it comes ten times
of twenty!



Merry Christmas to You!

The Editorial Staff

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O LITTLE TOWN of Bethlehem,

How still we see thee lie!

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth

The everlasting Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,

And, gathered all above,

While mortals sleep, the angels keep

Their watch of wondering love.

O shining stars, together

Proclaim the holy birth!

And joyous sing to God the King,

And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,

The wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts

The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,

But in this world of sin,

Where meek souls will receive Him still

The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!

Descend to us, we pray;

Cast out our sin, and enter in,

Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels

The great glad tidings tell;

Oh come to us, abide with us,

Our Lord Emmanuel!

by Phillips Brooks