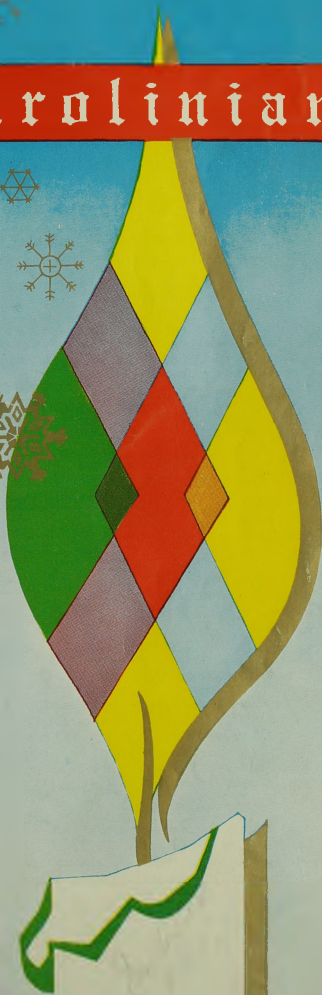


K. 21 11-2  
1960

The **Carolinian**



**I**n Him was Life,  
and that Life was  
the Light of men.

John 1, 4

Christmas, 1960

... B.

Q.'s ...



● This *CAROLINIANA* is really wonderful . . . . game, accommodating. She has had “dates” with various campus newspapermen, with different literary styles—Maning, the British Accent; Rudy, the barrister-turned-salesman; Junne, the short story writer and poet; and all of them turned out satisfactorily. Now, it’s yours truly, **Boltzarov Quinoinski**.

But a “date” with *CAROLINIANA* isn’t the holiday that we imagined it would be.

We have to spend countless nights with involuntary insomnia—losing a few pounds of flesh until we become animated toothpicks with the profile of a praying mantis while going over those bulky manuscripts.

We have to meet with calmness the challenge of scarcity of materials.

We have to tackle frantically the everhaunting deadlines, rewriting, retyping and lay-outing.

We have to engage in an exasperating chase after some of our *listo compañeros* in the staff who, getting accustomed to thinking that the editor is joking, become delinquent.

We also have to lose many friends and acquire many enemies because we are bound by the principle that the truth must be dispensed with impartially, no matter who gets hurt.

That’s doing the *CAROLINIANA*. Anybody cares to step into our shoes?

*In this issue, the front cover, done by AC in a unique style, portrays a lighted candle. The back cover shows the Three Kings, traveling towards the little town of Bethlehem, guided by the light of a bright and steadfast star. They bring with them gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh for the newborn Messiah.*

Junne Cañazares weaves a tale of the reunion of two lovers in his *Renewal in Christmas*. The story, which is allegorical, relates how Man renewed his avowals with Faith through the intercession of Bliss.

*Eduardo Ponce’s Some Rain Must Fall echoes the gnawing reproaches of what might have been which could be anybody’s. Here a spurned lover, Eduardo makes it clear that time can never efface*

*his memory of his dear Yolanda and that he will continue to love her “because true love can suffer truly.”*

The **Season of the Big** list down all the flying honors USC reaped this year. Of special importance is the capture of San Carlos of the presidential posts of the two most powerful student organizations in this empire province, the **CEG** and the **SCAC**.

*The Opinions Column* received quite favorable response from the students this time. Their opinions on the topic *what is your ideal man or woman* are interesting, despite the fact that most of them carry that same shopworn and undescriptive clichés as “kind,” “understanding,” and “devout Catholic.”

*On the whole, this active participation of the students is a good sign. They are beginning to wake up from their lethargy and cultivate their latent talents on the pages of the “C.” We hope this new enthusiasm will not melt like tallow before the fire.*

**Mga Punto Sa Paniid** is absent from the **Sinugboanon** section. The author has been assigned some place else where the opportunities to make points of observation are more abundant.

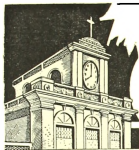
Linda Talaid who wrote *Veils of Rain Clouds* the last time made readers raise quizzical eyebrows and ask: Is that one form of a **Malandumong Kaagi sa Kinabuhì**? By the way, where is Isabel Barreto, the one who wrote *Shafts of Light*? Many were fascinated by her style. Nelly McFarland was so much “engrossed” in her personality column that she submitted her piece at the eleventh hour—and **untypewritten**. FLF, where are your repulsive **creations**?

**Of Loneliness and Loveliness** depicts the intricacies of life in pictures and in words. The text is written by Junne, the poet, and the pictures are by BC Cabanatan, the lensman.

*F. Macasil writes in a humorous vein about the landing of the American forces in his native town in Samar. His “My Townsfolk and the GI’s” is a hilarious collection of post liberation anecdotes.*

You may now proceed to the other pages.

Merry Christmas and successful hunting!



The  
**CAROLINIAN**

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

Vol. XXIV Christmas, 1960 No. 3

*Editorial*

WHEN, close upon the heels of one another, two well known critics of the administration came to the University for speaking engagements, not a few voices of apprehension were raised. The fact might be interpreted as a leaning on the part of the University towards the opposition, it was feared, and in a paternalistic government such as ours, where virtually all bounty emanates from, or is enjoyed with the sanction of, the powers-that-be, identification with the opposition can be dangerous.

The fears and apprehensions that we note above lead to several interesting observations, but we here intend to touch only upon that which, to our mind, appears most noteworthy: and it is that many people seem to have lost sight of the fact that a true university is a free market of ideas, and as such, must allow the free discussion of political issues.

Discussion is essential to the making of a sound decision. The pros and the cons must be known before a wise judgment can be arrived at. This is especially true to things involving the national destiny, which must be handled with extreme caution.

Yet, if the largest influential concentration of intelligent

and, it is still hoped, principled, men and women — the universities — shirk their complex duty of discussion and judgment and militant action, the determination of the national destiny is left, to a large extent, to the bakya crowds who fall easy preys to demagogues and cheats, who

**The University As A  
Free Market Of Political Ideas**

vote for Congressman So-and-So, because he seems to be very likeable — always generous with his smiles and money — without regard to the fact that Congressman So-and-So attends sessions only once in a blue moon and has inexplicably amassed great fortunes during his tenure.

It is criminal to entrust so delicate and dear a thing as the national destiny — the future of our children and of our children's children to irresponsible hands. Yet this is what is happening every time university men and women default in their sacred trust.

It is high time that we realized and do something about this.

—M. S. G.

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1.

IT WAS the afternoon of a fine December 24th day when Bliss dropped in the house to alienate me from Edgar Allan Poe whom I was reading at leisure. He persuaded me to fly with him into a sociable which he described as a Christmas party, but I guessed saw a mere jam session.

"You know very well that I don't have any training in dancing," I said, holding my hands up.

"But you will manage. Man!" My friend imitated the gesture of impatience of a child. "Grrrrr, you're hard to get with. Man, listen: there's also a *barrio fiesta* down there. Think of anything local-color in the way of entertainments, and there you have it." He proceeded beguiling me by singing an old country band song, and saying *bogging! bogging!* in between the lyrics; he next worked on his tongue and tried to sound like a gay banjo; and, lastly, he pantomimed eating the leg of a roasted pig. This exercise made him flushed and he perspired a little. While he was still at it I seemed to hear Edgar Allan Poe say: "How very commonly we hear it remarked, that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words. I do not believe that any thought, properly so-called, is out of the reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced, there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of deliberateness or of method." I certainly did not mean any harm to my friend; we were fond of acting comiques to each other whenever we met privately. Only at that very instant I was a bit pensive.

However, my friend had at last my pity, my consent, and indeed I was ready to get dressed, but politeness told me to wait for the interesting finale of his show: Climbing the Greasy Pole.

2.

It was nobody's fault but my own that I was not social enough to enjoy the warmth of the party; I only sat in one inconspicuous corner of the parlour and talked casually with my neighbors. I was

somewhat pleased, though, to observe that although the room seemed too small for us, everybody, when the four-man combo played, had always a space to kick in, quaking the body and making Come-here signs by the hands, as if they were the red wings of some fried chickens in the aparador far across the floor. Terpsichore descended upon me, and a voice similar to that of Sandra Dee's was whispering "Dance! Dance!" to me; but I tightly closed my eyes at the idea, because when it comes to this kind of antic, for sure even the mummies of

headdresses sprang up and down before me. The sound of big hollow logs being rhythmically knocked, and the noise of sticks came to my ears. "Shake, baby, shake!" one shouted, clapping his hands, and many followed him. I was angry, especially because I had become the witch-doctor, and it was my duty to maintain order. I rattled my wand with the skull and vulture claws on it and said, "Whazzi! Whazzi! Whazzi!"

"Wah—. What are you saying?" the doll asked me in her very small, very high-pitched, accent.

# A R e n e w a l

Egypt would be amazed at the stiffness of my legs. The muse did not abandon me yet, so I practiced my feet below the table, enthusiastically stamping them. The exquisite doll beside me quickly kept her jeweled Arabian sandals away from peril, and nudged her companion and pointed at me. But I saw her finger, and they sat straight and behaved more aristocratically than before.

One thing which pays for standing at any jollity whether on his own accord or merely to oblige a friend is, that one is bound to witness a lot of surprises. I had the occasion to learn this lesson when, tired of the monotony of hand-pulling and whirling, I was about to consign myself to the laps of sleep, something happened which altered the movement of the dancers. The combo played a weird piece, the influence of which was perhaps too strong over the dancers, because now often enough they leap almost to the ceiling as if they were stepping on some thumb-tacks. I did not remain long on this unpoetical appreciation; my imagination was flung wide open, and the opposite wall faded and was substituted by the awe-inspiring form of Mt. Kilimanjaro. Now ostrich feathered

"Whazzi! Zhariwari-wari-wah! Whazzi!" I said.

"Maybe he is already starved," the doll consulted her companion, and the two dolls in their glass cases giggled, covering their pink mouths with their heavily braced hands.

I called to mind the foreign dishes I read of somewhere, ah'd, humm'd, and recited, "Mousse de foie gras au porto. Paupiettes de Veau à la Grecque. Suppa de pesce. Artichauds à la Barigoule. Aubergines Farcies Italiennes."

For the first time the doll gave a friendly, slightly humble mine and shook her turbaned head, apologizing, "Sorry, I don't speak Italian."

After the moody African interlude, my friend walked across the floor towards me, as one might approach a tribal chieftain to ask his prognostication. "The table is being prepared," he broke the much delayed news.

3.

After I had partaken of the desert, I withdrew to the balcony,

sensing that to engage myself in conversation with any of the beaux and belles would require much daring since no one who could introduce me was around. There was a tinsel-and-ribboned Christmas tree there, softly lighted by a series of tiny fruits of nameless species. The cold mountain wind blew upon the tinkling silver bells of the tree and Santa Claus beneath it, and me. I rubbed my palms against each other and leaned on the rail.

An expanse of darkness, lanterns of various sizes, shapes and

ture, but in pursuit of a meaning of life. But the music created by the seasons was not festive; it was sad, it was the history of a longing, crying loneliness, of an absence that somehow I was at times every keenly sensitive to. Yet delightful, because of the fact, that what was absent was not thoroughly vanished. And when every thing settled, I had truly arrived! She was glancing at me in the sweetest dainty way. O that immortal smile! It was the same adorable countenance that challenged whatever eloquence I had of many a night and day before.

I took a deep breath, sighed and received the hands she gave to me. "To forgive is easy for you; but perhaps to accept is different. I was so afraid that you would say 'And now that I have forgiven you, I am through with you.'"

"Never shall I use such language." She squeezed back to communicate her sincerity.

"I am always the guilty one! And yet you are all tenderness to me! I know that I shall die if I have to count the times that I forgot you. Oh the paradise of having you back to me."

"I shall be yours as long as you want me. You may walk away from me now and then, but I shall ever come at your call. It is written that I shall save you from other arms—from deceivers—and make you happy."

Inside a gay tune was played again, and the dance was started all over. Now new awareness inhabited my mind, and new significances were attached to things by me. For one, I took it that all these rejoicings were held in celebration of my regained love. And who was to say I was wrong?

#### 4.

To discard her for seemingly prettier girls would perhaps be not more sinful, more ruinous than to doubt her, to deny altogether her handsome, handsome goodness. Only the greatest of fools would say that she is good for nothing in the presence of bewitching temptresses that walk in numbers on the earth. Yes, the greatest of

# In Christmas

colors, outlines of houses, looming mountains, and an enveloping wide, wide sky of brilliant luminaries, were before and above me. Bamboo guns blasted at each other somewhere. From the radio in the house nigh came the faint echo of a melody about a little town of Bethlehem. People were walking along the road silently. What a moment! How much grandeur that hour contained about nine hundred-sixty and thousand years ago! My inquisitive soul was hushed up in a sacrifice of remembrance.

For a brief while I was so far from my usual self as not to discover that a soul had joined me in the place. But when I returned from my mental excursion into the past, and was about to light a cigarette, I saw her. Then back I went, swept away by the seasons, seasons seizing me not by turns, but simultaneously as though they were a host of moods, scenes and events—and around and around. I was eddied in and out of the hourglass. Yet in all this no dizziness affected me. Rather, it was with thrill and delight that I journeyed. Now I rode on a big, big Ferris Wheel, then on some magic carpet, not in sheer expedition or adven-

Her blouse was plain green. Her right hand was changing the position of a star in the Christmas tree, the left hung naturally touching one of the big roses embroidered on her skirt. My eyes dropped further down at her smooth legs, then at her green high-heeled shoes.

"Faith!" I uttered her name in a voice full of nostalgia.

We advanced towards each other and when we met, I could not even pick up her hands. I melted be-

fore her divine loveliness, and the occasion. I measured her up again, and sought for words which were too slow in coming.

"I don't know if you can still forgive and accept me," I whispered.

"Why not, if you need me," she kindly replied, "as you always should."

fools I had been once; but that would never happen again. For now as I held her so tight in my arms, not even the stars with their strange sheen and flickerings could be made an unimpeachable emblem of my joy present and future if I shall be honorable to her. For now the bloom of life was bestowed upon me again, when before

(Continued on page 9)

• by Junne Cañzares •

**I**T IS December again, Yolanda. I shall always remember and cherish December because it was December that brought you to me.

Memories have kept coming back like haunting refrains from some magic lyre, too painful to be treasured, yet too sweet to be altogether cast aside. In my moments of solitude, I often fall victim to day-dreaming and find myself living the past once more,

danced my heart away with you in a wildly applauded number that earned our delegation an award. In a most bewildering fashion, I suddenly found you very dear to me.

There were songs we sang, I distinctly recall, which wrapped me up in the rare magic of the occasion. I felt the tender touch of "Carmelita", a nostalgia for some "Summer Love" and pledged "My Heart

## Into each life . . . Some

picking up the stray strands of what was once a beautiful reality.

### 1.

It was a stormy midnight when we left for the City of the Pines to fulfill a rendezvous with three hundred or so strangers on the issue of student leadership. No, I do not claim to be a student leader, Yolanda. Honestly, I can not consider myself one. But the rest of our group thought I was and I had to go if only to give them satisfaction. I was apathetic to the whole thing and I could but care less for whatever it had in store for me. It was like going through a dull chapter of a book which had to be gone through. Life was for me one monotonous passing of moments after another, wherein every hour was an eternity of loneliness. Even as I hoped for romantic Baguio to effect a change in me, I was cynical about the materialization of my dreams to solid realities. Too many frustrations had made me indifferent; the world was a shadow for me.

### 2.

You were a vision of loveliness on the night of our first social. I remember you as a misplaced goddess, sitting on a roughly-made wooden bench against a backdrop of the darkness of the night with only the glow from the barbecue bonfire giving illumination to the surroundings, hardly encompassing the circled group. Somehow, I found it impossible to take my eyes away from you. You exuded a magnetism which I found difficult to repel. It was strange that you and I should come from the same institution, yet hardly knew each other.

You never realized, Yolanda, that that night you



Belongs To Only You". But you never knew, Yolanda. How could you? Even now, I don't think you are aware that I am still singing these songs for you.

### 3.

The sight-seeing tour was one event that I looked forward to with much expectation. I had decided to let you know how I felt about you. I was determined

it was a free day. To my utter surprise, the friend that you promised to be turned out to be a hostile stranger to me. You made me understand I could not tread even on your doorsteps. The world seemed to crumble; I had lost the life that I found only recently. I wanted to hate you just so the wound in my heart would not give me so much pain. But I found it impossible. I walked home lonely and unwanted, lamenting over the fact that I never had a hand in my

# Rain Must Fall

by EDUARDO PONCE

not to let my feelings remain unspoken, not to leave my intentions unfulfilled.

The chance came when we made a stop atop a hill that provided a view of the reputed gold mines. You were visibly flattered by my attentions. But the beauty of Mother Nature's breast laid bare mocked me when you just laughed... a laughter that thrust a thousand needles into my insides. For it hid a million meanings designed to define emphatically the gap between you and me. I wanted to refuse to believe that our situation could be different from that of the sand and the sea. But everytime your laughter rang in my ear, it seemed you were as far as the moon could be. We proceeded to other destinations and I had to content myself without a categorical reply.

You told me, Yolanda, when I talked to you again on the eve of our departure for home, that you just wanted to be by my friend, and I, yours; you could feel no more than that. And you would rather that I did not spoil our friendship. You liked me, you said, as a friend that is, and you did not want to put me in a false proposition.

Never realizing how much of a fool I was, I filled myself with hope that someday maybe, at the proper time and place, I could convince you of the sincerity of my intentions.

### 4.

So, back in school one day, I waited for you to come down from your classes to inquire if I may have the privilege of your audience the following day, for

creation.

You later explained (I don't know what made you do it) that you were not feeling well that day. You were sorry, so you said, and asked for my understanding. You claimed to be a nervous wreck, a troublemaker who says and does things without weighing them first, without thinking them over. I wanted to believe it, as I wanted to believe you could learn to love me someday. But there are times when by the way you acknowledge my greetings, you make me feel I have no right even to claim mere acquaintance with you, and I couldn't help wondering if that nervous-wreck affair of yours is nothing but a convenient subterfuge to provide you immunity from those whom you want to, and do, hurt.

### 5.

Yet, in spite of all, I will always hold you dear, Yolanda. I shall be a friend to you as you have asked me to be. It couldn't be otherwise anyway; a friend is all I'm good for, so it seems. I can neither hate you. It's just impossible. I'm sure living will be a torture for me: Your nearness will be as that of the wind among the trees, but I shall claim proximity to you only as a tree does to the blue. My only consolation is that true love is one that can suffer truly.

I have tried forgetting you, Yolanda, but without success. You are a chapter that is part and parcel of the unfinished book of my life. Time can never have dominion over my memory of you anymore. You, my dear, and those blissful December days, shall always remain treasured in my heart, even as I suffer dwelling in the memory of you.



1

Flowers, flowers, flowers,  
Pink, white, blue, yellow, red.  
Behold, madams, misters:  
How they play, how they spread.

2

You put them on your hair,  
Or wear them on your breasts;  
Weave some to garlands fair,  
For champions, heroes, guests,

And you, and YOU, and ME.  
Let us have days of cheers,  
Let us have hours of glee;  
Picnics with the flowers.

3

Some thrive in water, some, air;  
Some, homes. Some grow on lands.  
Some are wild, some need care  
Of tender, loving hands.

4

Flowers, flowers, flowers,  
For all ages, all places.  
Flowers, come all the years  
To huts and palaces.

Why are flowers fragrant?  
Mild and adorable?  
O why are they enchant -  
ing? Spruce? So kissable?

They establish nations  
Along the lakes, on hillsides;  
They breathe with devotions  
In trees, for happy brides.

Dawn's fingers open them:  
Splendid in the sunlight:  
Night's zephyrs fan them:  
Gentle in the moonlight.

5

Now it is time to fly  
To waterfalls and woods;  
Meadows and mountains high —  
To floral neighborhoods.

6

O why am I always  
Seeing some gold clover?  
Why is my love always  
Likened to a flower?

My love is a primrose,  
Friendly with the river;  
A trailing Arbutus,  
In the wind a dancer.

by BALTAZAR SEPE

Mine's love is a Witch-hazel,  
Tacturn, mysterious;  
Also an Immortelle  
That yields not to sorrows.

An adelpha's my love,  
Scarlet as a meaning;  
Lilac coy as the dove,  
Yet regnant as a king.

"Wait. That charming lady  
In the third floor above  
Is tearing a lily."  
No, it is not my love.

7

Now my mind is full of  
Cadena de amor;  
Now my heart is full of  
Secreto de amor.

Write on a canna petal,  
Darling, your note to me.  
Meadows and mountains high —  
I'll send my pledge immortal  
Through the Dama de Noche.

In that small earthen vase  
Blooms a bougainvillea.  
It is for your staircase  
Near the gumamela.

I want the two shall flame  
Faithfully, side by side:  
A picture in the frame,  
I dream for us with pride.



## The Tree

How lovely this tree was  
last Christmas.  
All in multi-colors beautiful . . .  
with tinsel and stars of silver  
and golden paper . . . glistening  
with tiny lights . . .

But time has killed my  
beautiful tree and I am sad;  
But December has come  
again and a new tree I have—  
This time, more lovely than ever.  
I shall not let time kill it again.

by MANUEL SATORRE, JR.

## Resignation

what if i couldn't see you again—  
what if i couldn't be sitting  
across a table from you again—  
what if we share no more jokes  
nor make plans together again—  
as long as i know  
that you miss me  
and that the days we shared  
are now a precious part of you  
as they are of me—  
beloved, i shall not grieve.

by AGUSTIN P. MENDOZA  
philosophy III

## April on the Hills of Summer

i watch my april on the hills of summer—  
pentameters of clouds  
sowing showers on the field of noon  
to lose them in regions i know not where.  
but showers are never lost,  
they are reborn into flowers  
to cheer the children, the lovers and may  
as the gold-vermillion mist  
of sunset that dies into the evening  
is reborn in the arms of dawn.

by RENE ESTELLA AMPER

# A PAGE OF HARVEST

## Vignettes

1. jasmims-everlasting  
have finally sprouted  
in the garden of time,  
in my long vigil,  
patient fingers have written  
so many poems on the sand.

i never thought the time  
would come for me to  
write (on soft petals)  
i was searching for  
flowers that would bloom  
in the night.  
there were none. They all  
bloom only in the sun.

but now, jasmims-everlasting  
have finally sprouted in the  
garden of time. my hands  
shall no longer touch the  
petals of other flowers.  
from now on, they shall  
reach for only you.

2. i really love jasmims-everlasting.  
each night i feel like idling  
my whiles away, i pluck them from  
the bush nearby and tenderly caress  
them in the hollow of my hand.  
i always lose my loneliness in  
the violent tenderness of  
their sweet and virgin whiteness.

i sometimes wonder how far sweeter  
they could be if they could live  
and love back as much as i love  
them . . . if they could contain my  
love forever . . .

but then, when i think of the  
possible antithesis, i feel  
they're better off the way they  
are. i can always love them  
with all the intensity my  
heart can muster without  
their reproaching. "let's just  
be friends, we can never feel  
more than that to you . . ."

by CARMEN QUIJANO

by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

The

C  
R  
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M  
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L

It was near dawn, but inside a nipa hut two people were still awake, an old father and his son.  
"Now let me see HOW MUCH you got," the son said.  
"You do not sleep and wait for me again," the old man said. He paced towards the wall to bang his gone by guitar. Now he liked to lie on the bamboo bed; but never before had he wanted so much to talk to his son.

"Sleep? No, unless we finish this," the son said. The old man's heart throbbed fast. Had his son also known what he felt would happen that night? When he slipped the notch of the guitar on the nail, his hands were trembling.  
"What is it?" he said.

"You know well." He patted his forehead, closing his eyes tightly. "Do you think I can stand this going on?  
This carolling business of yours!"

"Oh, that?" He smiled.

"Tay, Tay." His voice was heavy now.  
"Give us some little respect, Please, don't put us down."

"Have I done something bad, Lito? Have I?"

"It's not for me to say it's bad or good. Tay, my friends are laughing at my back. They laugh at me because of you."

"You come to that again . . ."

"Don't you ever know what you are doing? Your voice is funny, you are old! you cannot sing now! And your guitar, it's off-key! And old Christmas songs: Don't you realize that when you sing, people just don't listen to you? And if they care, they just drop some five-centava pieces in your palm and say, 'That will do, manong'. You make us laughing-stocks!"

"I understand you, my son. But there is something beyond all this, all this that you speak of."

"Tay, we shall survive. I'm grown up. I have a job. You don't have to spend all your nights at all singing to people for their loose coins, just because it's Christmas and everybody is supposed to be soft-hearted."

"Lito, do not say that!" He was shocked. There was anger in his voice, but he calmed himself, before he could say something hurting. One Christmas long ago, Lito, when he was that small, got very sick and was about to die. He spoke to the Lord and promised that if He would make his beloved son live, he would sing praises to Him in all the Decembers of his life. He had already told this to Lito, but he called it fanatic.

"What else can I say, Itay?" he almost shouted.

"It's all right, my son, if you teach me more what to do. I'm already much advanced in age, and perhaps, I'm no longer using my reason well."

"I don't mean that, Itay. Okay, okay. We still have the morrow for this. We're both tired and impatient. Let's rest now."

"Good day, my son. Be good." The old man went inside his little room and crawled into the bamboo bed. He lay restfully and watched the stars twinkle through the open window.

In the morning, when the stars had gone out, the son found his old man dead.

**A RENEWAL IN . . .***(Continued from page 3)*

hoped to taste once more the purity of laughter.

"How many times had I lost myself, and you found me?" I said. I gathered her hair in a handful, and pressed her head to my breast. I gently stroked her arm. She was lithe, ardent and aromatic. "Now I can brave the cruellest of winds and rains. I can command and be obeyed. For you are here."

"Yes . . . And it is only your notice that I demand of you," she said.

Cupping her face in the palms of my hands, I beheld her and her fairness made my soul her tributary for enraptured praises. I slowly brought my lips to hers. A shaft of moonlight hit the rail of the balcony and was directed into the artificial pond below; it bounced in several reflections that rang the leaves of the surrounding ferns, as though they were some lyres of ancient Rome.

The music in the sala ceased; there was a shuffle of footsteps; then, the leave-taking. Silence next. We leaned on the balcony, and looked out, carefully viewing the portion of the world and humanity presented to us. Afterwards, we reconstructed our dreams, reformed our plans, restored our objects, all for the best. I said my resolutions and promises, to which she listened with great understanding. She smiled at me, and I asked myself how the deuce did I live the days when I missed such blessing.

A shadow was cast on the balcony; we turned around, and saw my forever laughing friend. "Everybody has gone to hear the Mass. When shall we go?" he said.

"Right now!" we readily answered.

And we gladly walked towards the house of prayer, the three of us—Faith and Man, and Bliss.

**CHAOS on Earth and HATRED to Men . . .**

ONCE AGAIN Christmas comes and the bland December breeze shall be filled with Christmas carols with this oft-repeated phrase: "Peace on earth to men of goodwill."

In these times when the whole humankind is being threatened with possible annihilation from a nuclear war, we cannot help thinking that the message which the angels sang to herald the birth of Christ may sound painfully strange and absurd, hercastic and ironic.

What hopes have this generation and the future generation for peace on earth? What could have the heavenly voices meant by men of goodwill? Has the message of the angels after all come to naught?

Christmas comes, yet on the international scene the peoples of the world watch with stifled breaths as the brilliant scientists and great minds work feverishly to perfect the deadliest weapons which would butcher millions and millions of precious human lives at the press of a button.

Meanwhile on the national and local scenes we witness our so-called "leaders" cutting each other's throat in their mad scramble for fame and power. Our government officials, "the servants of the people", are recklessly looting the treasury of the nation, unmindful of the widespread poverty, disease and misery among the masses.

This Christmas the voices of the angels of the Lord shall become faint and their message shall become unintelligible. We can no longer appreciate the beauty, neither can we unravel the mystery of those lines, for as we look into our hearts, we cannot find the Holy Babe there. Nowhere can we find the Blessed Virgin Mary and the simple carpenter adoring the Holy Child wrapped in swaddling clothes. And nowhere can we see the humble shepherds paying their homage to the Savior. We do not have an inch of space for the Holy Family in our hearts for They are "untouchables." This Christmas we will also think it absurd to bend our knees to the King of Kings, for His crown is but a wreath of thorns. We, who someday shall scan the infinite spaces and the heavens and exclaim, "There is no God!" will also find it very embarrassing to take lessons in humility from a group of unlettered fishermen.

We, in all our conceit and fake "wisdom" shall continue to be confused unless we cease behaving like heathens and infidels. Our only hope for salvation and peace on earth is to live and behave like Christians. And our only hope for goodwill is to be humble before the greatness and infiniteness of God.

Then and only then can we decipher the meaning and fulfill the message which the angels sang, "Peace on earth to men of goodwill."

**by CHRIS G. GABRILLO**

# My Ideal Man

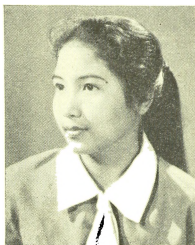


**PERLA TRINIDAD**  
Secretarial

My ideal man will be one who has the capacity of segregating right from wrong. He must be 5 inches taller than I. He must be diligent in his studies, loving in his acts and sincere in his praises. He must be a devoted Catholic and have a military poise.

**PERLA TRINIDAD**  
Secretarial

When BVQ shot to me the question: *What is your ideal man?* I could not help but laugh. I can imagine how precocious would I be, a fifteen-year-old girl giving out her opinion on such a controversial topic as an ideal man. But the "friendly persuasion" employed by him got the better of me. I had no choice but to give him my idea, no matter how limited it may be. My ideal man must be tolerable in appearance, kind, understanding, have a steady job, be a devout Catholic. Most of all, he



**JOSEFINA DE DIOS**  
Secretarial

must be one who loves me not because of what I have as a woman, but because of what I am.

**JOSEFINA DE DIOS**  
Secretarial

A man who knows how to do household chores is my ideal man. I am not implying, however, that when we get married, I will make him my servant. No, not that. I just want to be prepared. A family cannot be expected to have maids all the time. Supposing I'd be indisposed, with no maid to do the cooking, what would happen? We would starved.

**ALFIA L. BENITEZ**  
Pre-Med

A man who knows how to tackle the intricacies of life without any reproaches for his failures is my ideal man. He must also be one who is industrious and



**PROTACIA TADTLI**  
Commerce

resourceful. He must be a good provider, friendly and approachable by his friends and family. It is not necessary that he be tall, dark and handsome. It is enough that he is acceptable by the critical eyes of the public. I mean, I should not be ashamed to go around with him. But most of all, he must have a stable job and unquestionably be a devout Catholic.

**PROTACIA TADTLI**  
Commerce

A man who is sincere, faithful and true to his words is my ideal man. He must have a job of his own to earn a decent living for our family. He must be a good Catholic. The fear of God will undoubtedly deter him from committing acts that are contrary to the accepted norms of conduct of our Catholic community. But above all, he must be one who knows how to adjust himself to the situation of the times... be it good or bad.

**LYDIA C. YBANEZ**  
Secretarial



**SHIRELEY TANG**  
Commerce II

I am not the materialistic type, but at least he must have a job of his own to support a family. He must have good public relations. He must be thoughtful, kind, understanding. It is not necessary that he be a Chinese, for true love knows no bounds. It is enough that he has the same blood that runs through my veins. He must not be a hypocrite.

**SHIRELEY TANG**  
Commerce

My ideal man must be one who knows how to dress simply, but properly. He must be sincere in his words, in thoughts and in deed. He must not be too possessive, especially since a woman like me wants a lot of friends. He must not be a show-off, but rather humble and res-



**SERENA PEÑALOSA**  
Secretarial

pectful so that he will command respect from his fellowmen. It is not necessary that he be rich or poor. It is enough that he has talents and industry to earn a living. Of course, he must be a practical Catholic. For isn't it true that faith can move mountains?

**SERENA PEÑALOSA**  
Secretarial

(Continued on page 25)

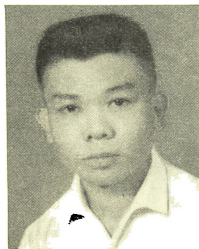
# My Ideal Woman



**JAMES LAUREL ALLEGO**  
Liberal Arts

One who prays kneeling in the front pew... not listening to baritone voices of the male choir... nor gazing at the handsome priest on pulpit or when he turns around at the altar to bless the people, but rather fixes her misty eyes on the Sacred Host; she is my ideal woman. Her modesty must be beyond the ordinary. She must be one who never gnashes her teeth or wags her tongue in anger, but rather must she be the type that crosses her arms in dignified admission to human frailties, not the one who makes flimsy excuses coated with profanities. She must be one who smiles amidst hardships in life. She must be apologetic, too. She must have been reared in a simple nipa hut where the thoughts of ill-gotten wealth and stately mansions are quite remote.

**JAMES LAUREL ALLEGO**  
Liberal Arts



**BONNIE N. CAMELLO**  
Liberal Arts

As men want the best of wine and songs, so they do of women. My ideal woman should at least be presentable. She need not be pretty... but mind you, should be cute! She should not be the keep-off type but should be accommodating to everybody. She need not have the much-sought-after B-bank. I don't care much about dough anyway. To hook a

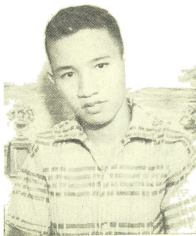
financially well-heeled woman is plain and simple cold-blooded opportunism.

**BONNIE N. CAMELLO**  
Liberal Arts

"My ideal girl? Well, to me, beauty in a girl isn't everything. I'd prefer an average looking gal who carries herself with poise and dignity, possesses a good percentage of common sense, resourcefulness and a pound or two of kindness and understanding. She must know how to cook. To top it all, she must be a devout Catholic. I believe, faith is still the unshakable foundation of a happy home.

**ERDY LITONJUA**  
Commerce

My ideal woman must be a perfect combination of Beauty and Brains. She



**DOMINGO Q. CHAVES, JR.**  
Commerce

must be schooled in a well-known Catholic school. She must be one who has been brought up and molded into a woman of irreproachable character. She must be one who shuns gossips, nightclubbing. She must be sweet, soft-spoken, shy but friendly. She must be one not spoiled by her success.

**DOMINGO Q. CHAVES, JR.**  
Commerce

My ideal woman must be a normal and an ordinary "*kayumanggi*" beauty. She must be a devoted Catholic, first of all because religious training will enhance her moral virtues. She must not be one who is always found at parties, jam-sessions and other social gatherings, but rather one who stays at home. She must be simple not only in her way of dressing, but also in acting and talking. She must be obedient, honest and understanding.

**MARIANO M. LERIN**  
Commerce



**MARIANO M. LERIN**  
Commerce

If a woman says that it is very hard to find a "real" man nowadays, perhaps I am even more justified in saying that a "genuine" woman nowadays is a little harder, if not the hardest, to find considering that she is as pliant as the bamboo tree. My ideal woman? Well, (just in case heaven and earth will meet) she must be natural in looks, not artificial. She must not be self-advertising. She should not be too much of an eye catcher. She must have *deadly* eyes to give the kicks and set my heart in bongo beats. Her hair must not be too short. She must know how to dress properly and be a good conversationalist.

**RAMON SAN AGUSTIN**  
Law



**RAMON SAN AGUSTIN**  
Law

by BALT V. QUINAIN

#### DO WE HAVE ROTTEN PROFESSORS?

A CAMPUS celebrity has been throwing childish broadsides against San Carlos U and its professors for the plain and flimsy reason that he got failing grades in his classes during the first semester.

Offhand, we are not yet prepared to conclude that the student in question failed in his classes because our professors are as rotten as the squashes at the Carbon market. We still have the firm belief that San Carlos does not have the temerity to hire mediocre mentors to educate so called fair hopes of the fatherland. Otherwise it will be producing demagogues instead of upright men.

However, if the said student has the courage to come out in the open and present facts and evidences

#### WHAT, DELINQUENT PROFESSORS?

*WE have been under the impression that San Carlos has the most disciplined professors in the matter of punctuality. But we are afraid that that impression might take a beating. We have been receiving "tips" that there are professors in this sanctum-sanctorum who start their classes*

#### WHY THE DELAY AT THE CASHIER'S OFFICE

THE COMMON complaint of some students during the enrolment period is the delay at the Cashier's office. They said that they were stranded in that office for a considerable length of time, waiting for their receipts to be punched by the receipting machine.

Inquiries revealed that the Cashier's office has only one such machine. And it is indeed an unpleasant sight to see Miss Ybañez sweating it out alone fighting the receipts flying thick and fast to her table to be officially punched. It is quite apparent that the young lady can

#### THE "C" AND THE UGLY TONGUES

*Ugly tongues are continually wagging that the Carolinian is a monopoly of the staff members. The articles appearing therein are mostly written by them.*

*For the information of the uninformed, we would like to make it clear here that the Carolinian is of the students, by the students, for the students of Uncle Charles. It is never for the staff.*

*If it appears that the articles are mostly written by the members of the staff, it is not because they have that principle of what are we in power for but rather it is because nobody outside of the staff cares to join the staff or write for the "C".*

*As a matter of fact, the staff has been time and again calling the attention of the students to chip in their shares of the "C" by sending in*

## Let's TALK IT OVER

that he failed because our professors don't know their onions, then why should he not do it now? This is a democratic country where one should not hesitate to denounce freely the follies of persons like professors.

We assure the guy that if he has the dossiers to substantiate his charges we will back him up to the hilt for the ouster of the professors concerned. They have no business staying in USC. They should be fired.

We are constrained, however, in the light of the reluctance of the guy to come out openly for his cause, to give weight at the moment to the information given us that the student flunked because he knows nothing in his classes except the four infamous words: I don't know, Sir. Teehee!

**very late and dismiss the same very early.**

*The school administration should look into this. This will throw a bad reflection on the integrity of USC. Students will be prone to have a low regard of mentors of this kind. We suggest that a check-up should be made. How about it, Father Oehler?*

hardly cope with the situation without the necessity of delay. She should be helped.

We don't think that the USC administration will not give attention to this. We refuse to believe that it will be reluctant to provide another machine of the same kind. If it could provide facilities to other departments, there is no reason why it cannot do the same to the Cashier's office, which, we venture to say, is the most important of all the offices because it handles money. So, we are passing the buck to Tatay Hoordemann, How about it, Tatay Ernesto?

*their sensible articles, essays, short stories, poems, etcetera. So far, the response has not been encouraging. It seems the plea for aid fell on deaf ears. Can the staff be blamed if it takes the burden and fills up the space to beat the deadline in order to have the Carolinian come out on time? Can it be blamed for not waiting for an aid which may never come at all? And here come the ugly tongues wagging about nothing.*

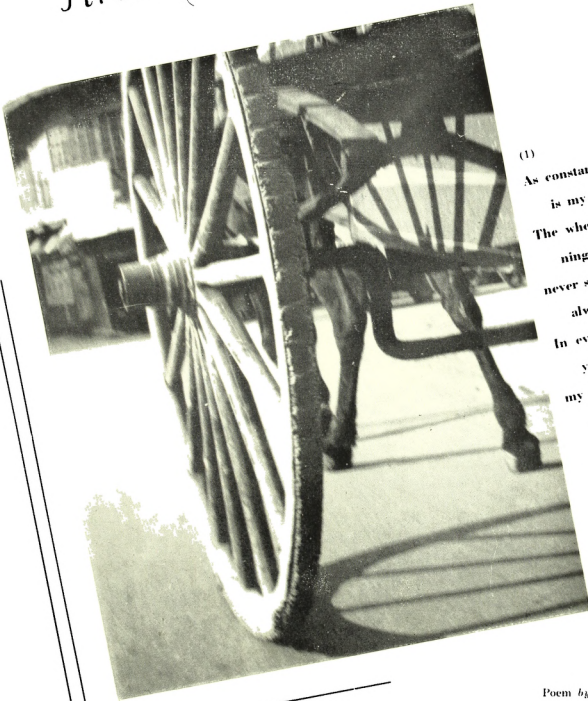
Despite, however, the glaring indifference manifested by some students, we still hazard the guess that they criticize because they don't know how to write or are just too lazy to write to correct the so called anomaly of monopoly.

To criticize an anomaly is not enough. The critics should do something other than talking. Why don't they write and remedy the alleged anomaly?

(Continued on page 24)

PICTORIALS

OF Loneliness ~ ~ ~  
AND Loveliness ~ ~ ~



(1)  
As constant as the wheel of Time  
is my thought of you.  
The wheel of Time goes on spinning  
through the lives of men,  
never stopping, always the Mother,  
always the Angel of Death.  
In every minute of the day  
you are the sole inhabitant of  
my mind, giving me delight,  
giving me tears.

Poem by JUNNE CASIZARES  
Photography by B. C. CABANATAN

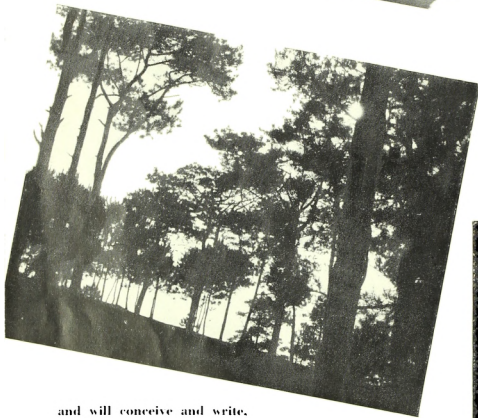
(2)

I am a cloud that whitens  
in the Sun of faithfulness.  
I sail the sky, looking for you,  
picking up souvenirs of you  
on the way and kissing them  
and holding them sacred.  
From the sky I sometimes disap-  
pear, but I always came back.  
It is you who are always present,  
but seldom come to view.



(3)

I give you the multiplicity  
of the leaves of trees to show  
the number of the poems  
I have conceived and written.



and will conceive and write,  
for you.

In their shadows, in their fresh-  
ness, in their coolness,

ballet-dance relax  
all the fairies of the heartland.

(4)

Now when I see you, breathing is  
briefly suspended, and my soul  
becomes April, so blessed,  
so abundant of loveliness.

There is that in every beautiful  
that makes the beholder  
either a dreamer of air-castles,  
or the dream itself;  
either a piece of remembrance,  
or a gay remembrancer.







(5)

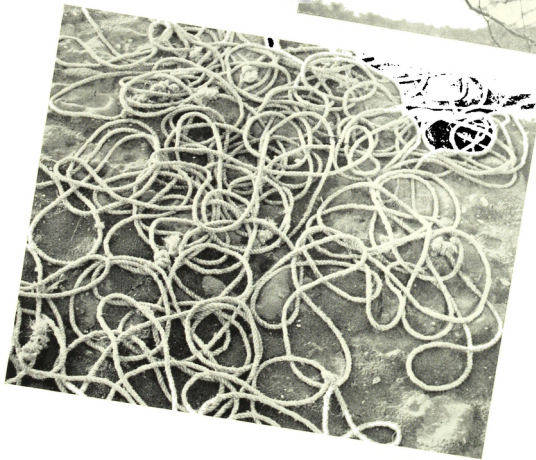
Suddenly nearness is transformed  
into flowers,  
or you move away from me and  
put these flowers between us.  
Suddenly anxiety wraps me, binds  
me — I wish it kills me,  
as you move on away, and the  
flowers themselves are hazed.  
Helplessly I cry, requesting  
you to wait for a while.

(6)

Here is my emptiness, these  
branches without even a leaf  
to touch the passing wind,  
without even a wounded bird  
to soothe the hurt  
with wounded songs.



Here I am, filled with  
poignant poetry, forlorn,  
welcoming in advance  
your return.



(7)

Why is life so shifting that our  
laughter now, no matter  
how sweet it is, is not an assurance  
that at the next moment  
we shan't cry? Why must be there  
tears always, even  
in loves as true, as poemful,  
as tender as mine? Why?  
Life is an enchantment enchanting  
me; a puzzle puzzling me.

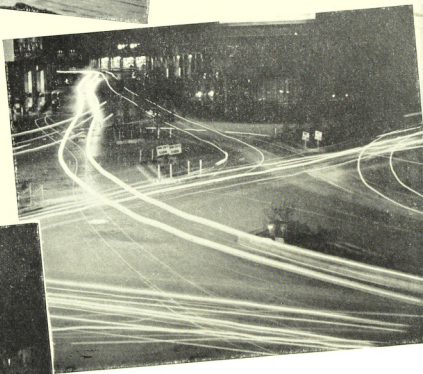


(8)

But silence is a great  
comforter once you have  
befriended it.  
It conducts you  
to things profound,  
ethereal, reflective.  
I run into the river  
at sunset to share a  
gentle experience of death  
with the sun,  
an eternal lover.  
I toss a rose into the river;  
the river smiles,  
carrying it to you.

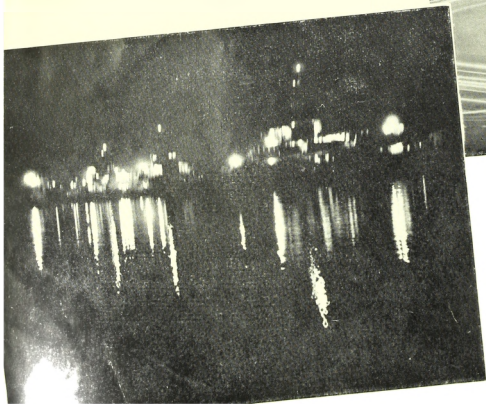
(9)

In the highways and by-ways,  
roads and cross-roads of my  
mind,  
longings, desires, and schemes,  
travel like lights,  
capricious, earnest,  
flexible, inflexible.  
They overlap with each other;  
centralize; tangle; untangle.  
One frees itself completely.  
One is involved again.  
One gets lost.



(10)

Yet I am never tired of my reason-  
ing; I never despair.  
To me this existence is never  
worthless even if I have  
to walk on thorns,  
even if I have to cry more.  
For even in my darkest nights  
there are always you, hopes,  
meanings, like jewels reaching  
for me through the still water.





Illustrated by:  
JOE P. MARBUGAT

**I**F THE name *Pinoy*, a semantic tag which Americans pin on a Filipino who enters the United States, rings a sort of unpleasantness in our ears, we need not be disturbed by it, because our townfolk have paid off old scores with these whites. Indeed, the word *Pinoy* is not pleasant to hear. There is *batut pinoy*, a nutritive duck's egg, all right, but we don't want to be associated with ducks, which are for swallowing everything. We might be misunderstood to be doing the same. Our folk, in happy retaliation, call the American serviceman *Mika* (from *Americano*). They coined the name when the GIs landed in our east Visayan province in the early days of the Liberation.

When these *Mikas* set foot on our soil, the natives knew nothing about them, so that when they sighted a huge ship anchored a distance from the shore they were stirred and grew apprehensive. They thought those on board the ship were another batch of Japs. The rumor spread. All the people grew apprehensive. Convinced and united to fight the foreigners off, my townfolk sharpened bolos and bamboo spears. With bolos in their hands or slung from their waists, they boarded bancas and rowed to the ship. What they found were not the brutal Nipponns but big hunks of Americans. Brandishing and cutting the air with the sharp bolos, the natives challenged them to fight but the GIs just laughed

at them and at their primitive fighting implements. Americans high up on deck and others peering through portholes just hurled down pieces of cleaning rags soaked in grease and crude oil, hitting some men below. The Americans gestured to show that they and the natives were friends. A native in one of the boats understood, talked to his co-freedom fighters and accepted the offer of friendship. They quickly calmed down. They even exchanged their bolos with GI rations and much-needed clothing. They sailed back to their homes *sans* the bolos and spears.

A few weeks later the Americans set up stations at strategic points, there were no clashes, for the Japs had been annihilated weeks before when a swarm of

Mustangs dropped bombs on Japanese installations and ships. The Americans made friends with the natives and spoke the dialect a little.

Now, too, our folk could speak English, but limited to begging for things only. Everyone was handy with: "Joe, give me candy," "Joe, chocolate." A teen-age girl once begged: "Joe, shoot me," meaning she wanted her picture taken. (Everybody then called the Americans Joe.)

You know what the Liberation days were like. Business was booming. A bootblack could rake in fifty pesos a day; a barber could make twice the amount. Those with the Mickey Mouse money exchanged it for US dollars; souvenirs like sea shells and native handicraft work were worth twenty pesos and up. Even those who started from scratch made a fortune during those days. Articles could be bought from the GIs for a song, or had for the asking, if one knew the right thing to say.

The natives who had not gone to school started learning to speak

## My Townsfolk and the GI's

by FRANCISCO MACASIL

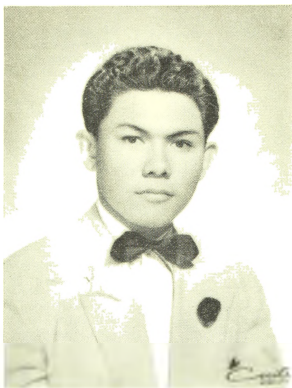
English because it was a *sine qua non*. The most useful men in our town were those who could speak the king's language. Speaking English became a craze.

There was an ambitious but inarticulate young man from a town in the north. He had slippers made of abaca fibers and he approached a fatigue-clad burly GI cleaning his shoes inside his tent. "Joe," he called, "will you exchange my *chinelos*," raising the pair of slippers in his right hand, "with your *makinils* that sounds *tak-ta-dak-tak*?" He was after the typewriter on the husky GI's table.

The American forces not only gave us back freedom but also re-introduced the American way of

(Continued on page 18)

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OSCAR ABELLA

Oscar Nacua Abella is a name that might very well be the synonym of self-confidence. This was the impression he made on us right from the very first question we fired at him. His answers came in squarely with nary a trace of false humility. Talking about his life, loves and ideals without hesitation and without bothering to put on false fronts and pretenses, Oscar presented a picture of a modest campus figure after our own hearts.

Perhaps a born politician, Oscar has always been in the middle of campus politics. The fire of leadership ever burns in his heart. He has always been leading his class from the intermediate grades, through high school and presently in college. Leadership has its entailing price though: he has to mix a lot of extra-curricular activities with his books. Wonderfully enough, he has always been acquitting himself creditably in both.

Oscar loves books. Steinbeck and Hemingway rank high on his list. He likes Loring and Gardner, too, but not much; a few of their works is as far as he will go. Possessed of a critical literary eye, he has noted the stereotyped pattern of Loring's and Gardner's works. "Read one of them," he says, "and you've read them all". He likes books that probe deep into the human mind and heart.

A battle of wits never fails to fascinate Oscar. As a matter of fact he finds himself not infrequently involved in them. He has won several laurels as orator and debater. His love for polemics was the prime mover that drove him into the arms of the law profession.

Mature beyond his years, he understands and has a lively awareness of the state and welfare of his country. While he is a rabid admirer of the late Don Claro Mayo Recto, he would not close his eyes to the errors in some of the radical views of the "eternal oppositionists". Oscar idealizes President-elect John F. Kennedy and bears a strong dislike for some of our political moguls. He looks at Philippine life beyond the ordinary sphere of a mere student.

Oscar is a self-made man — and that is because he wanted to make himself. To achieve his goal of individual independence, he had to undergo hardships and sacrifices. He has worked at a number of jobs ranging all the way from miner to teller. But all his sacrifices paid off. He is now enjoying the bliss of freedom — he is free from the shackles and domination of anybody but himself.

Knowing Oscar's life and experiences is like reading a Pulitzer prize winner. For his is a life that is lived not by ordinary men. Obviously, Oscar realizes this. He confided to us that his great obsession was to write a book based on his unique experiences which he would give as a gift to whoever might be his better half.

Oscar has a long way to go yet to the success and glory he dreams to reach. But however long that might be, we are sure, it's just a matter of time.

— N. McFarland

MY TOWNSFOLK . . .

life, which struck deep roots in our folk's way of thinking, mode of dressing and social customs. For instance, anyone who wants to get off a jeepney or bus says, "Huli!" This is the murdered version of "Hold it."

There was a lot of friendly Americans. An ex-serviceman now in California sent his friend gifts just recently. Their friendship developed when the father of his Filipino pal saved the ex-serviceman and his companions when their barge was sunk by an early morning storm off the island of Homonhon. In the letter, the GI recalled how the father had saved them six hours after their boat went down. He once more expressed his gratitude for the hospitality shown him and his companions by the Filipino family. The American enclosed a photograph of his family one of his youngest son and a teen-age daughter.

What we villagers remember most vividly was an incident involving a GI. Whenever his story is told hearers bend and choke with laughter. When this was narrated in a *tuba* session by *Momoy Boroka*, the village master storyteller, a boy laughed and laughed so much that he dropped to the floor, breathless. The other listeners had to revive him by artificial respiration.

It was a GI who had a close friend, our neighbor. I knew him well because he was popular among us villagers. He was Joe Drinkwater, a native of Texas.

On Saturdays he would go to our neighbor's house. Sometimes he would sleep there and eat with the Filipino family. One weekend he went to the house. Three notorious boys in the neighborhood wanted to find an answer to their curiosity. They wanted to know whether the tongue of Americans, like the Filipinos', feels the sharp sting of the local-grown pepper. With the pepper pulverized in a stone mortar, they set out for the house where the American was staying.

Through small holes in the wall, they peered into the room. They found the household asleep, including Jose who was lying on a bench by the open window. They picked him as their victim because his mouth was open in sleep. Slowly the ringleader tiptoed up the ladder, slipped through the half-closed door and with the powdered pepper in his hand he bent forward to reach the open mouth of

(Continued from page 17)

Joe Drinkwater while his feet remained at the threshold, in readiness to get out fast. The trio got away quickly and they all clambered up a slender coconut tree with the swiftness of scared lizards. They stayed at a point where they could see the GI through the open window.

Our house, only a few paces from our neighbor's, was a little taller and from the window I could see the GI open and close his mouth, rise to his feet and spew forth the biting pepper. Writhing with pain, he jumped up and down so many times that the corner post of the house sank two inches deeper into the earth. The household was awakened. Joe, thinking that one of them must have pulled the joke on him, looked for the head of the family, Pekto. His face red, teeth gnashing and his fist clenched, he unbuttoned his shirt, gestured with his fists, ready to pounce upon Pekto's face. Pekto backed away and unsheathed a bolo near him, its blade shining. Without a word the GI leaped through the window to the ground and ran for his life from the pursuing Pekto armed with a very long bolo. The boys clinging to the tree roared with laughter. The GI, following a grassy trail, vanished among the tall grasses from the sight of Pekto.

The following morning, Pekto, together with sixteen neighbors and my uncle, jacked up the corner of the house. Nothing more happened that day.

The next day two GIs brought news to the village that Joe Drinkwater was the object of a hunt for not showing up in the camp the previous day. The news traveled fast and it reached Pekto. He grew apprehensive. But he was confident that he had not done any harm. Barefoot and wearing a *buri* hat he tracked down the path which the GI had taken. He leaped over a coconut trunk thrown across the path, but stopped to verify a sound like that of splashing water. He got near an abandoned, mossy well and he saw a man's head. Joe Drinkwater was struggling up in the water, weak and cold.

The three boys who were around at the time joined Pekto in fishing out Joe Drinkwater, panting for breath, his tongue sticking out.

Back in the States, Joe must have told his fellow Americans about us, the village folk.



YOLANDA VILLON

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"When you sit with a nice girl for two hours you think it's only a minute. But when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it's two hours. That's relativity." — Albert Einstein.

That is how one feels when he talks with Yolanda A. Villon, for this young lady is truly, intrinsically lovable. Bedimpled, charming, amiable and radiant best describe her. She is gracious in nature and in her gentle will.

Born in Lucban, Quezon, this debutante is the eldest in the family of seven. Her younger sister and brothers look up to her as a sister anyone would love to have. A consistent scholar since grade school, Yolly is her parents' pride and joy. She first studied in Marikina, Rizal, transferred later to Ligao, Albay and then to Lucban, Quezon. She was in the third grade when they moved to Cebu. Being a stranger to this place, she had to hop from one school to another until finally she came to this University and made it her Alma Mater. She graduated from the intermediate and secondary courses, valedictorian.

Now in the last year of her pre-medicine course, she still tops her class. This future doctor hopes to finish her course at the University of the Philippines and has made the University of Santo Tomas her second choice.

When not with her books, she attends to her various extra-curricular activities. Deeply religious and virtuous, she has been a Sodality Prefect in high school and in college, secretary of the Legion of Mary, member of the Student Catholic Action Planning Board and at present Instructress to the aspirants of the Sodality. A prolific writer, she was the Tagalog editor of the Junior Carolinian. Gifted with a pleasing voice and the ability to speak fluent and flawless English, Yolly is also a declaimer, orator and actress, and former president of the Dramatics' Club. She is also a Kappa Lambda Sigma Sorority member. At home, she keeps a treasury of gold medals.

In spite of this litany of achievements, Yolly has remained what she is—naive, unaffected, despite beauty and brains.

She loves good books, especially books of poetry, music, and true friends. Bishop Fulton Sheen is her favorite author. Can she cook? She loves to and is trying to learn although she admits she gets burned once in a while.

What does the future hold for Yolly? Only the Creator Himself knows the answer but perhaps we can guess by quoting this: "Speaking of the future, Yolly dreams of a quiet and simple wedding. It takes a man with sterling qualities to let her give up her career and be a devoted house wife to her husband and mother of their children."

Such is Yolanda Villon, the most youthful yet wonderful friend a man can have, the perfect example of Filipina simplicity that is priceless these days, the personality you admire at a glance.

by E. Talaid



USC in Brief...

# THE SEASON



Vice-President Maccapagal shaking hands with admirers.

(Photo Credit: P. T. '51)

The last trimester of the year 1960 ushered in a lot of BIGS—big people, big events, herculean undertakings, etc. — all for dear old Charlie.

Even as two bigs in the United States, Sen. John F. Kennedy and Vice President Richard Nixon fought tooth and nail for the US Presidency, USC's Council prexy **State U. Abao, Jr.** catapulted himself to the topmost position of the Student Councils Association of Cebu. Backed by the council presidents of CSJ, USP, CNS and CCC, Pres. Abao sailed on smooth waters to the SCAC Presidency.

The USC Supreme Student Council of which Mr. Abao is president, meanwhile, adopted something big: A Students' Day Act declaring a particular day of the school year as a day for exclusive student festivities. If teachers, who are paid to teach, take a day off every year (Recor-Faculty Day) to relax from classroom activity, why don't the students who bear the brunt of paying them, and still do the hard work of studying?—it was argued. At the time of this writing, President Abao and his assistants were blue-printing plans for a two-day affair scheduled for Dec. 17 and 18.

Another big which nearly outbiggered the SSC's Students' Day was the selection by a new big organization in the campus, the USC Press Club, of twelve outstanding sons of the SSC Congress. Selected in the order of their prominence were: **Rep. Filemon L. Fernandez** (CYP, Law), **Rep. Pompey Labarja** (CYP, Law), **Rep. Oscar Abella** (CYP, Law), **Rep. Panfilo Iyog** (Ind., Law), **Rep. Carmen Bandoa** (PC, Educ), **Rep. Belano Tesson** (CYP, Law), **Rep. Teodoro Alcañiz** (CYP, Eng'g), **Rep. Romeo Maraya** (CYP, Eng'g), **Rep. Erdulfo Litonjao** (CYP, Com), **Rep. Domingo Sejalgo** (CYP, Com), **Rep. Roberto Banilo** (CYP,

Com), and **Rep. Jose Barrameda** (PC, Educ). The President plans to award certificates of merit to these outstanding representatives at the end of the year.

The BSE Seniors' annual big came on Sept. 18 when the future *maestros* and *maestras* sponsored their fourteenth declamation contest. The following romped off with the first, second and third

prizes respectively: **Miss Norma Ricafort** who dared prophesy "You Will Come Back!"; **Miss Nelly McFarland** who told an anecdote on "Botany and I"; and **Mr. Leandro Quintana** who dwelt on "The Tell-Tale Heart".

Causing a lot of quizzical eyebrow-raising, was the USC SCA which held a two-day symposium on Love. We overheard this interesting bit of tete-a-tete: What's the SCA really for? It's a hunting ground... For what? We wondered. And more so when the SCA was robbed of fifty pesos cash intended for the flood victims. It was believed to be an inside job.

Cicero and Demosthenes clashed on the abolition of capital punishment last October 2nd through their respective debating clubs in the College of Liberal Arts. Because of the performance of some of the panel members, Cicero and Demosthenes must have turned over in their graves. But on the whole, the debate was more than a good start.

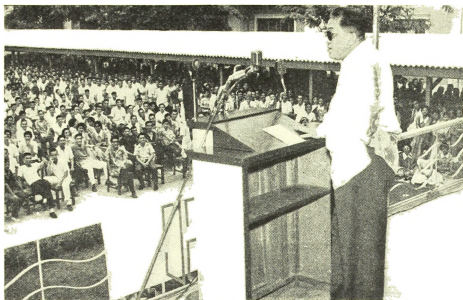
The USC administration risked incurring present Nacionalista administration when it gave the go-signal to two convocations featuring two avowedly anti-administration men, **Vice President Diosdado "Gift of God" Maccapagal**, the "foremost oppositionist" in the Philippines today and Manila's **Meyer Arsenic "Arsenic" Leson**, one of the most controversial and colorful figures of contemporary time. Both put to task the Garcia administration for its failure to live up to the trust reposed in it by the people and decried the moral disintegration and putrefaction in our government. But



The President with two of the twelve outstanding sons taking a "break" at Cormen Beach.

(Photo Credit: B. C. Cabanatan)

# OF THE BIG



Mayor Arsenio Lacson and a portion of the crowd he wooed.

(Photo Credit: P. T. U.)

while the "Gift of God" as Fr. Rector fondly called the Vice President, drew applause by back-slapping and rable-rousing, "Arsenic" held his audience captive by his masterful use of the king's language, ranging all the from lofty rhetoric to downright sarcasm. While he spoke of the same thing that has almost become daily food for thought for the Filipino people — governmental graft and corruption — he spoke of it in a most spellbinding manner, patent only to him, fiery and punctuated by vitriol and ridicule. Both speakers climaxed their speeches with separate appeals to the youth to take more active interest in the government — by joining the "crusades" undertaken by the speakers. The two convocations were sponsored by the Portia Club and the Sigma Sigma and Delta Eta fraternities of the College of Law.

The PE classes, too, had their share of the season's big. Desiring to impart knowledge about folklore and customs of other peoples to others, they held a folk dance festival last October 2, at the ground-floor of the Archb. Reyes building featuring the following numbers: Benguet, Binisuan, Bakya, Kalaniti, Kandungan, Kwatza, Boholana, Dutch Couple, La Jota Cagayana, Lancers de Negros, Highland Fling Sapa'ya, Tapew and 'Thinking.

Kudos for the artistic undertaking went to Misses Lettie Bamban, Nazlie Page, Erlinda Togonon, Corazon Sarmien and Leticia Astrillero.

In the world of sports, pugilist Anselmo Briones, a USC Commerce student and 1957 National featherweight champion of the Jaycees-sponsored Diamond Gloves boxing tournament, went step by step to the stars. First, he knocked out Roy Chiong of Tagbilaran, Bohol to annex the East Visayan title, in one minute and fifteen seconds of the first round, bettering Flash Elorde's knock-

out of Harold Gomes in their return bout by five seconds. He then retook West Visayan champion Aquilino Nepal to sleep with a solid right to the jaw in one minute and twenty-eight seconds of the first round to win the regional championship crown for the entire Visayas.

Three bigs have joined the USC faculty.

Mr. Patrick McGinnis of Zanesville, Ohio, has joined the English faculty as a Fulbright lecturer. He teaches English as a second language. Mr. McGinnis is a graduate of Brown University with a Master's degree in linguistics. He has

taught English in US, China and Thailand.

Fr. James Sherry, too, a *summa cum laude* graduate from UST in the Master course, has joined the English faculty. Fr. Sherry, of Irish descent, hails from Brighton, Massachusetts. He was ordained in Techy, Illinois and was teaching at Christ the King Seminary in Manila for the past six years. English is his major subject.

Dr. Concepcion Rodil arrived November 3 from the Catholic University of America where she took her Doctorate degree. Her subject of major study was guidance while her two minor studies were psychology and social work. On her return to the Philippines, she visited seven countries of Europe to study cultural and educational trends. Dr. Rodil teaches guidance in the Graduate School and in the College of Education.

Incidentally, the Guidance Department of the Graduate School is offering this semester four guidance subjects, viz., Principles of Guidance, Techniques of Counseling, Clinical Psychology and Personality and Character, under Dr. Rodil, Fr. King, Mrs. Espiritu and Fr. Goertz, respectively.

The USC Supreme Student Council sponsored its first annual literary contest for December 10th. Cash prizes and medals were at stake. At the time of this writing, the Committee on Journalism was yet drafting the notices, however.

To encourage scholarship, the Student Council plans to honor students with certificates of awards. President Abao has slated the giving of the awards for the Students' Day.

Carolinite Editor Manuel S. Go captured the Presidency of the Cebu College Editors Guild. Immediately upon his election, Mr. Go declared the CCEG independence from the CEG of the Philippines.

USC ROTC Corps Commander Rogue Cervantes, meanwhile, secured for himself the Supreme Commandership of the Supreme Sword Fraternity, an organized brotherhood of ROTC officers from the different schools in Cebu City.



The P.E. Dance Festival

(Photo Credit: P. T. U.)

**USC WARRIORS TROUNCED  
UV LANCERS, 87-74:**

The USC Green and Gold Warriors resurrected its vaunted caliber as they halted the UV Lancers winning streak by unhorsing the latter, 87-74 to necessitate a pennant showdown for the 1960 CCAA cage crown.

The rough and tumble affair before the largest crowd this season was marred by a fists winging incident between sparkplug Eduardo Cabahug of the Lancers and Ace forward Maximo Pizarras of the Warriors after a wild scramble for the ball at the early stage of the second half. Both went to the showers for the misdemeanor.

Determined to come out the victor in this either-you-or-I encounter, both teams started with their first stringers. After tip-off it was evident that Coach Dodong Aquino had cooked up a new variation. Cañizares carried the ball down to the front court and called the play with a weave and screen offensive pattern. Pizarras drew the first blood with a quartercourt jumpshot. Baz, countered with a long heave to level the score 2-all. The Warriors precision play kept them on the initiative as the Lancers matched them shot for shot with a blistering fastbreak counter-attack. Aquino sued for time to align his defense and after three minutes of play, the Warriors built up a 7-point lead with skipper Reyes booming with his tricky manipulation from under. Galdo, the hottest warrior that night drove and layed up, Pizarras jumped and Palmares layed up from the sides again stretching the lead 25-12. The Lancers recovered their bearings however as Eddie and Boy Cabahug combined magnificently to tie the score 32-all, 35-all and 37 all. Macey grabbed the driver's seat for the Warriors with a last second twist shot, 39-37.

Second half hostilities commenced with Eddie Cabahug stalemating the score once again with a trapeze shot. Boy Cabahug jumped, Rojas waylaid his guard to score successfully with a driving lay-up shot 45-39. Galdo and Cañizares broke the rally with a jumpshot at the shaded area and an undergoal boom 45-43. E. Cabahug jumped from the sides, Reyes feinted and layed up and Galdo charitied twice to level the score 47-all.

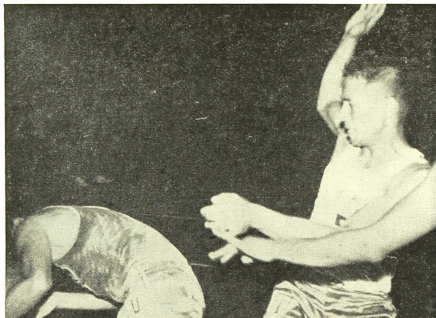
Tempers flared up at this stage of the game as Baz missed a jumpshot. Pizarras recovered the ball and sandwiched, he tried to free himself with a pivot and then drove into Cabahug's swinging arms. Pizarras was hurt, cocked his fist, Cabahug retaliated and there was the whistle ending a brilliant performance of the duo that evening.

With the disqualification, the Lancers were not on their ownself again. Guillermo Baz, the Chile veteran, bullied himself around with all sorts of tricks.

# ON THIS SIDE

*of Sportsdom*

**Karat? Judo? Nope, none of the sort. It's plain basketball**  
—Guillermo Bas version. Bas of UV is "famous" internationally for his spitting antics (Chile), and pinches of the "thing" below the belt.



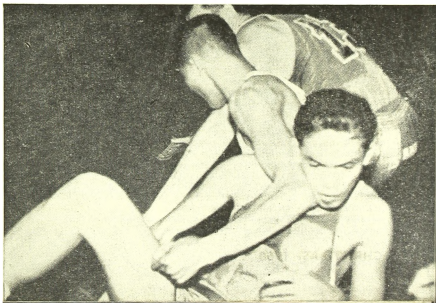
Galdo and Palmares caught fire and stormed the hoops of the beleaguered Lancers with much consistency. Rojas and Boy Cabahug countered with catered shots and USC led 68-58 three minutes before guntime. The rampaging Galdo played brilliantly with numerous interceptions to his credit which ended with a field goal. There was no stopping from thereon as Galdo, Reyes and Palmares kept on scoring at will to finish the game 87-74.

**IN THE MINOR  
LEAGUES OF THE CCAA:**

The USC jersey-clad shinbusters and the UV Greenshirts deadlocked at one game apiece and a game tied in a two team three out of five series for the CCAA senior football tourney. UV came

out true to form in the role as favorites in the initial game, as they swamped their rivals 4-0. With star player Nilo Alazas in the starting line-up USC shaded UV 1-0 in the thrilling encounter. The first half ended in a scoreless deadlock, thanks to the superb goal tending of Jose Sotelo, Jr. At least four breath-taking saves were made in the first half as Solito of the Green Booters outran his guards for dangerous attempts. Inside right Aloysius Tolok turned in the only marker of the day as he surprised the handful of spectators with his powerful 15 yard blast at the 35th minute of the second period. Anito Trinidad, an Asian gamer switched to the defense to finish the day with a magnificent display of all around performance. At the third game of the

**CCAA's Player of the Year and winner of the current year's "Sportsmanship Award" living up to his honors. In sportsmanlike fashion, he caresses USC's Macey (in foreground).**





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The USC-UV tussle for the current year's CCAA basketball crown regaled the spectators with a special kind of basketball which includes karate, judo, wrestling, etc.

The photographer of this mag, P. T. Uy, caught several interesting shots of UV's cagers banging away on the hapless USC spheroid artists.

## by JOVEN A. ECARMA

series, both teams tried to score but their respected defenses were impenetrable. Corner kicks and penalty kicks ended up for nothing as the ball went out of bounds. After regulation play at 0-11, a problem cropped up as to whether an extension should be made or half points be awarded to both teams. As agreed earlier the dual tourney is a three wins out of five games series so that the last two games shall be played first before the tie can be resolved by a replay.

In Baseball, the USC nine bowed to the strong Maritima Seafarers 11-2. Experience triumphed over youth as the old foggies shone brightly that day by driving seven runs at the first inning. At the second outing the USC swatters

stroke events. George Chiong turned in the only third place in 400 meter freestyle.

### INTRAMURAL SPORTSCOPE

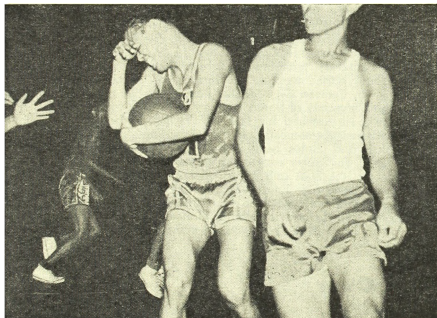
In Basketball: Engineering A Green-shirts emerged as the new champion when they clobbered the yellow-shirted Finance quintet 78-48.

Vengeance was their battlecry as the "A's" outshot, outthusted and completely outclassed their erstwhile conquerors from start to finish. The "powerplant" cagers displayed their wares as real champions except for a minor rhubarb stirred by an erring player visibly irked by the referee's decision at the end of the game. Labitan, Yap and Tan provided the scoring punch for the victors

out" as more often than not they were met by pleading eyes and loud protests from the other side. No doubt it was the best attended league of the intramurals as the fans (mostly boys) watched wide-eyed as skirts danced up and down and blouses were torn loose when shapely bodies wriggled to meet the ball. It was such a spectacle that it became a lure to sweat-soaked PE students. So don't miss the second semester games, folks!

In Table Tennis (Pingpong): Slim and handsome Emilio Villahermosa tucked in the men's singles crown as he decisively trounced Bugarin of the Engr. Department. Emma Seno's soft but sure returns paid dividends as she crowned herself women's singles champion.

In Chess: Recently crowned Patria Champion Oscar Abuzo, a senior student of the "institute of law" and reigning PRISAA secondary champion Benjamin Macapaz were heralded as co-champions as they stalemated with 4½ points apiece after 6 rounds of play. "Run silent, run deep" Seigfredo Nadela came in as runner-up when he stunned campus chess enthusiasts with a swift but calculated win over Benjamin Macapaz.



Visiting teams beware! USC's Palmaros in extreme agony after UV's Violengo (No. 13) dipped his fingers into his eyes.

### USC-UV RETURN CLASSIC:

The Warriors blew up a 15-point margin midway in the first half, then held on a 4-point lead until the last five minutes of play and succumbed to the Lancers fastbreak attack in the home stretch, 69-65, before the eyes of 5,000 howling fans in the winner-take-all championship classic.

Except for the revenge victory and the appearance of a young and talented benchmarker, piloting the Lancers, the much awaited battle of giants had the same trend as the first encounter. USC kept on the initiative, spurred to a comfortable lead, then their scoring potency sputtered, never to recover their bearings again. There was no change in UV's blistering fastbreak attack except for the omnipresence of spark plug Eddie Cabahug who made a yeoman job in both offense and defense and the "masterful substitution" of Coach Jose "Dodong" Gullas to keep the scoring punch on his team on the go throughout.

These were the highlights: Both teams had their best combination on the floor. As usual Canizares, the tallest cager in the league, beat the Lancer center at the opening jump ball. The well-oiled machine of Coach Dodong Aquino drew the first blood as Julian Macoy scored

(Continued on page 25)

drove in 4 runs in seven innings as they outhit the Cluka nine 4-3. The CNS schoolboys came in as their next victim when the Golden Sox increased their hitting output 7-3 and insured for themselves a berth in the final round of championship play.

In the Cebu Swimming Open, the USC team captured 1 first place, 2 second places and 1 third place as they churned the Miramar pool to give the USC Golden Sharks a fine performance. Ricardo Ecarda won the 100 meter freestyle event, A. Garces and Ben Martinez trailed the winners coming in second in the 100 meter butterfly and back-

as they punctured the hoops from all angles, in spite of the pressing man for man defense put up by the jersey-clad charges of Coach Manolo Baz.

In Volleyball: The Secretarial belles were proclaimed crown wearers this year when they swept all opposition in the only skinned league of the intramural season. The games became a battle of stinging shrills as the ball either slipped from butterfingersed hands or as the protagonists waited starry-eyed for the ball to come down after a "way-up high" service, and miss the baseline by inches. Altogether the referees had mixed emotions whether to call it "in or

# The Catholic Action FRONT

by P. ISAAC

**T**HE SEMESTRAL vacation (usually the coup de grace?) for the various school organizations that are already moribund at this time of the year) has gone by and the second semester is upon us. The dying enthusiasm and interest of the members of most of the clubs, organizations, and associations have taken their toll. Gone is the burning eagerness, gone is the zeal that characterized the earlier days, as a matter of fact, gone are most of the clubs, organizations, etc. themselves.

To the chagrin of our president, Mr. Vergara, the Student Catholic Action seemed to be proving no exception to the general rule. Alarmed, he acted quickly. Calling for the reorganization and revamp of the unit and cell leaders (some of whom have been characterized by—shall we say—slight indifference to SCA functions) and calling for co-operation of all SCA's, he managed to stir up—more or less—the leaders (and even some officers) from the sluggish apathy that had befallen them.

Barely one week after classes had started, the SCA's attended a *Missa Recitata*. That same day, a seminar opened the training of SCA leaders. Among the items on the agenda of the SCA for the rest of the year are the following:

- 1) a benefit show, "The Song of Sister Maria" and (we hope) "High-Time";
- 2) Bingo on the coming Students' Day
- 3) plans for the annual retreat
- 4) several cultural events, among them the projected "Drama through the Ages" (the pet project of Sister Nelly McFarland); a literary-musical program, chairedmanned by Brother Pete Montero, and a symposium; chairman: Sister Lorna Rodriguez.

- 5) the traditional Christmas caroling
- 6) plans for a souvenir SCA magazine.

Among other things, the second semester found the SCA with a new Spiritual Director. Many other duties had prompted Fr. Hoepfener to relinquish this post. His successor is Fr. James Skerry. In the first week of classes, this writer with some moral support from Brother Pete Montero and our president interviewed Fr. Skerry. Well, it wasn't exactly that way. Actually Brother Pete and Brother Nick did most of the interviewing and I supplied the moral support and took down notes. Our new Spiritual Director came to the SCA Room looking, for all the world, like a silver-haired teen-ager and speaking in a New England accent with just the hint of an Irish brogue. Fr. Skerry was born in Boston, Massachusetts (the elected U.S. president's birthplace) on June 16, 1928, the second in a family of four brothers and one sister. All boys in the family studied in the seminary, but at present only Fr. Skerry is a priest. However, his younger brother recently took his vows. Fr. Skerry was ordained at St. Mary's, Techny in 1955. Originally assigned to Indonesia, but unable to get a visa to that country, Fr. Skerry was reassigned to the Philippines as a missionary. However he stayed on in Christ the King Seminary, teaching English and History, as well as doing parish work in the Immaculate Conception parish in Quezon City. At the same time, he studied in the University of Santo Tomas "on and off for three years". He finished his M.A. in English in that University just last semester. In San Carlos he is teaching English and Ethics besides being the SCA spiritual adviser. Fr. Skerry expressed interest in the religious aspect of the SCA and asked questions about the religious life of Carolinian students. Being new in this school, and his being the first in the SCA, Fr. Skerry said he had to definite plans yet and that he wanted to observe "how you do things around here."

## Let's Talk It Over

(Continued from page 12)

### THE CCAA IS DETERIORATING

The current cage series of the Cebu Collegiate Athletic Association have been turned into a boxing bout where players figure in fist fights and into a "cock-pit" in a "cockpit" where betting is rampant.

If the CCAA were organized as a valid excuse to make tough guys instead of disciplined basketball players or gamblers out of upright citizens, then it is advisable that it be dissolved.

It seems unethical for school authorities to tolerate the breaking of bones among players of contesting teams or gambling among the kibitzers. It is a blow to the CCAA which is composed of educated men to produce social problems through basketball games.

### CHRISTMAS: BE CHRISTIAN THIS TIME

*Christmas is here again. And caroling which is one of the indispensable fads of the season will dominate once again the Yuletide air.*

*We are hoping that this season will not be made a good excuse for a smalltime racket. We anticipate our wish that carolers be a little bit Christian this time. They should not scrounge for charity both in kind or in cash at the most unholo hours of the night.*

*We think it would be too much for the tag-balay to be squeezed of their cash and be deprived at the same time of their sleep. If that's not plain robbery, what is it?*

# MY IDEAL MAN

(Continued from page 10)

The stay-at-home and carefree type is not my ideal man. What then is my man? Well, he is one who is responsible and quite intelligent to understand me. He must be the Adonis type with a crew cut. He must be a good cage player and exemplary student. He must know how to dress properly. He must have a well-modulated voice and be a good dancer to boot. And lastly, he must be a devoted Catholic.

**ROSA C. GARCIA**  
BSME I

It has been well said that to have an ideal come to reality is a remote possibility because it is beyond the reach of man. But I believe that despite that, one can still wish for an ideal, like say, a man. Well, my ideal man must be handsome, learned, wealthy, well-behaved, understanding, humble and above all a practical Catholic. I give much emphasis on religion because it leads to virtue and to doing things acceptable to God, government and society.

**SEGUNDA A. MEDILLO**  
BSEED-HE II

My ideal man must have the courage and genius of Dr. Jose Rizal. He must have the honesty of Abraham Lincoln. He must have the wit of Bishop Fulton Sheen and the zeal of Frank Sinatra. He need not necessarily look like Rock Hudson or Romeo Vasquez but at least, he must be neat, gentle in his ways and sports a thoughtful, understanding and free of any vice. But most of all, he must be a very good Catholic.

**DOLORES NACUA**  
Pre-Nursing

My ideal man must be religious both at home and outside. He must be educated and intelligent in order that he can hold his head high and nobody throws his weight against him. He must be a disciplinarian to establish peace and order in the home. And lastly, he must be a good provider. A family cannot live on love alone.

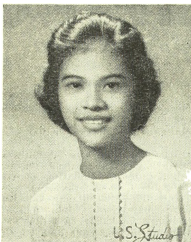
**ERLINDA R. CLAPANO**

A chivalric and gentle guy is my ideal. He need not be an Adonis type, but at least he must have the physique to withstand the fury of a typhoon. He must be sincere in his ways, friendly, considerate and forgiving as to faults. He must be a little bit taller than I am so that I can wear high-heeled shoes. And to top them all, he must be a good Catholic who frequents the communion rails.

**AIDA PERAFOL**

I am not putting standards to the man I will marry, but to a certain extent I wish I will meet one who has the qualities of an ideal man. He need not be handsome. It is enough that he is presentable. He need not be necessarily rich, but he must have a stable job to support a family. He must be brilliant in his field. He must be a devout Catholic and have a strong love for family and home. He must be resourceful and knows the dignity of labor. He must have a sense of humor and understanding for all possible angles of life.

**MILAGROS E. CAMILLO**  
Commerce II



**FLORELIS TUMALIWAN**  
Liberal Arts

Frankly, I am too young to give my opinion about my ideal man. Nevertheless, I believe there is nothing wrong for a young girl like me to be curious about the "what" of my ideal man. In the first place, I am a woman who cannot escape from the clutches of ideals. Really, if my reason will give way to my emotion, my ideal man must be one who likes and loves me without reservation. His likes and dislikes must be in conformity with my own. He must be educated, intelligent and responsible.

**FLORELIS TUMALIWAN**  
Liberal Arts

My ideal man? Well, he must be soft-spoken, sincere, kind and broad-minded. It is not necessary that he be a TDH type, for physical features will wither away by the sincere test of time. What is important is that he be tender in his manners, soft in his voice and most of all cheerful and can make our company lively.

**CARIDAD BELLO**  
Education

## On This Side . . .

(Continued from page 23)

from under after a weave and screen play.

U.V. fitted the same role as they trailed on a Macey-Reynes-Palmaraes onslaught on the Lancers hoops 19-11, after 10 minutes of scintillating basketball. Benchmarker Gullas sued for time but it didn't do them any good as the Warriors boomed with 4 baskets in a row 27-11 after. After a second time out the Lancers nibbled the lead 30-17 as Eddie Cabahug and Ponce returned fire. Skipper Reyes with 2 personal fouls was recalled to the bench and a "bearing" on the machine lost, the Warriors slumped in its production. The Cabahug scoring twins completed numerous fast break plays but still the Warriors hang on the lead 36-32, at half time.

The fabulous U.V. trail was the over all picture in the second half as the Lancers matched the Warriors on scattered baskets, until the last five minutes of play when the Cabahug duo triple-slammed to level the score 50-40. The fans were on their feet as the either-you-or-I battle went into its climax. Galdo, on a lay-up shot and Macey on a quarter jump fought back after another stalemate, 52-40. The score reversed three after U.V. snatched the lead 55-54; 56-55; 57-56 at the 4-minute mark. Macey stalemated the count for the last time 59-40 on a charity conversion. Baz, a court demon, scored successfully on lay-up shots and it turned out to be the hardest blow on the hapless Warriors and time ran out to close the game 69-65.

The dream game of the season turned out to be a lively classic as in a detective show where the "eye" (Lancers) keeps on trailing the culprit (Warriors), collar him and beat him to the draw at the end.

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### SWORN STATEMENT

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(Sgd.) MANUEL S. GO

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me this ninth day of November, 1969 at Cebu City the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-187898 issued at Cebu City on Jan. 26, 1969.

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# WIKANG PILIPINO



**AB**I ng bisperas ng Pasko. Ang himpapawid ay napapanalutihan ng mga tugtugin at awitin. Hindi mabilang ang dami ng mga taong nagpipina sa mga lansangan. Ang masayang siyagan ng mga bata, ang walang himpapawid na putok ng rebentador, at ang mga lalakhang maririnig sa mga upukan ay larawan ng kasayahang ng gaging ito. Ang mga bagay na ito, subali't, ay hindi alintana ni Crisendo. Mimabuti pa niyang palipasin ang gaging ito sa kanyang silid sa piling ni Lina at ng kanyang mga alaala.

Sa pagkakuop'y matagal na pinagmasdan ni Crisendo ang larawang nakabitin sa ulunan ng kanyang silid. Sa kanyang mga mata'y namamalabis ang mga patak ng luhanang tila bago hindi niya maapula. Ang nakalalarawan ay isang babang may likas na kagandahan. Maamo ang kanyang mga mata. Sa kanyang mga lab'y nakaguhit ang isang ngiting nagpapahiwatig ng kabaitan. Ito si Lina, ang tangiang kaawayin ni Crisendo sa kanyang silid.

Si Lina ay isa nang pag-aari ng lupimaps. Isang liwanag na biglang sinakmal ng diinam at pamanaw upang din muling sumikat pa, liban sa gunita. Iyan ang dahilan kung bakit laging nais ni Crisendong papanumbalikin sa gunita ang nagdaang kahapon, naroroon si Lina at ang kanyang pagmamahal. Ang mga sandali sa piling ni Lina ay pinakamaligaya sa buhay ni Crisendo. Si Lina ay isang babang uliran sa kabaitan at pagkamuawanin. Para sa kanya ay siya ang pinakadakilang babae sa balat ng lupa. Parang kanya ang daigdig sa piling ni Lina. Nag-uumpaw sa kanyang dibdib ang kaligayahan. Wala na siyang mahihiling pa. Hindi niya inakalang sandaling liyap lamang ang nilasap niya, hanggang sa bawin ng Maykapal ang buhay ni Lina at naiwan siyang ulira sa daigdig.

\* \* \*

Malagin na kabi ang bisperas ng Pasko para kay Crisendo. Hindi magawaglit sa kanyang isipan na sa gaging ito, dalawampo at lima nang taong ang nakalilipas, nagsimula ang pagkalugami ng kanyang mga pangarap. Walang hindi masaya noon ngaging yaon sa kanilang tahanan, tanda pa niya. Walang patid ang pagpapagtugtog ng mga tugtugin at awitin. Sa masalagang mukha ng mga panauhing nagdiriwang doon ay walang nag-akalang isang malungkot na tagpo ang nakatakdang magapan. Ipinagdiriwang noon ang unang antiseriaryo ng pag-iisang-dibdib nina Crisendo at Lina.

Nang sumahimpapawid ang himig ng awiting *Antiseriaryo* Song ay pumaginta sa bulwagan ng mga panauhing Lina upang sumayaw. Sa kanila napabalang ang tingin ng mga panauhing ita sa mga mata nila ay mababasa ang lubos na paghanga. Baga na bagay siya. Walang maipintasa sa kanilang pakikisama sa to. Uliwang mag-asawa, ang

bukang-bibig ng kanilang mga kabihangan.

—Maligaya ka ba, Lina?, ang masu-yong tanong ni Crisendo.  
—Maligayang-maligaya, mahal ko, at ikaw?

—Hindi maipahihiwatig ng salita ang kaligayahan ko, Lina. Ang masasabi ko'y kung hindi ka dumating sa akings buhay ay hindi ko matiyak kung anong kapalaran ang kassaadakan ko. Kung lumigaya man akoy hindi magiging kasing-ligaya ng buhay sa piling mo.

—Ganyan din ang nadarama ko, Cris. Mula ngayon ay ang *Anniversary Song* ang magiging awit ng ating pagmamahal, pagay ka ba?

—Aba, oo, Lina, paborito ko ang awiting iyan, lalo na't nagpapagunita sa malufuwhating araw nang tayoy' ikasal. Katulad ng isinasaad ng awit na iyan ay mabutiin ang langit nang tayoy' humarap sa dambana, liban na lamang sa ilang talang kumitilap sa iyong mga mata. Hindi ba?

—Cris, hindi nagbabago ang katamian ng iyong diila.

ng isang paketing rebentador sa loob ng kanilang bakuran. Naghari ang nakatutulong na mga putok. Pagkatapos ng putokan ay nagalita si Lina, subali't ang himig ng kanyang salita'y ikinalaba ng dibdib ni Crisendo.

—T-tayo na sa taas, Cris, biglang sukamit ang dibdib mo, e.....  
—Bakit Lina, natulig ka marahil sa putokan, ano?

—H...hindi, talagang masakit ang... dibdib... Biglang napayakap ng buong bigkis si Lina sa asawa at sa ilang kispap-mata'y nawalan ng malay-tao. Dagling sinakmal ng pagkasindak ang buong katauhan ni Crisendo. Binuhat siya sa kanyang mga bisig ang luyap-paya na katawan ni Lina. Nararamanan niyang hirap na hirap sa paghinga ang minamahal na kabiyak.—Diyos ko, huwag mo pong itulot na may mangyari sa kanya—ang dalangin inulit-ulit niya. Nang ilapag niya sa kama si Lina ay lalo pang nagimbal ang kanyang katauhan. May sarawang dugong dumagdag kay dibdib ni Lina. May sugat si Lina! Hindi niya mauwanan ang nangyari.—Diyos ko, huwag mo pong itulot....

Patakbohang tiungo niya ang bulwagan upang magpatatay ng manggagamot. Nang mabatiid ng mga panauhing ang nangyari ay nahawing bigla ang kasayahang sa kanilang mga mukha at itinig kay Crisendo ang mga matatag hipos ng pagkasindak. Halos lahat ay sumunod kay Crisendo patungo sa silid na kinahihigangan ni Lina. Tumambad sa kanilang paninindig ang walang kulay na mukha ni Lina at ang kanyang dugong dibdib.—Huwag mo pong itulot na mapahamak siya—ang pahiwatig ng kanilang mga mata.

## Salamisim..

—Hinding-hindi magbabago, sapagka't mahal kita.

—At kung hindi mo na ako mahal, nagbabago na ba?

—Hindi mangyayari iyon, sumpa man. —Husto na ang mga sumpa. Mamumpa ka o hindi ay mahal ka sa akin at mamahalin kailan pa man.

—Wala akong alinlangan, Lina—Pipistilin sana ni Crisendo ang baba ng kabiyak, ngumit naudit siya nang masalagang sa kanila nakatingin ang mga panauhing.

—Tayo muna sandali sa hardin at lumanghap ng sarawang hangin—ang yaya ni Lina.

—Kayo po ang masusunod iyong kamahalan—ang pabirong tugon ni Crisendo.

Pagkatapos matugtog ang *Anniversary Song* ay humingi sila ng paumanhin at nagtungo sa hardin. Mayyongmig ang dampulay ng sarawang hangin sa mabubaklak na hardin ng kanilang tahanan. Magkatawag ang kamay silang nagpapay sa loob ng bakuran. Sa init ng kaniyang mga kamay ay nadama nilang silila'y walang kasing-ligaya.

—Oh, magagands at mabutiin ang langit, Cris!

—Tulad noong tayoy' ikasal, Lina. Tila ipinagdiriwang ng kalangitan ang araw ng ating kasal, mahal ko.

Mag-salita pa sana si Lina, datapwa't isang batang lalaki ang naghagis

ilang saglit pa ay dumating ang manggagamot. Pinuluhan niya si Lina. Sa kanya napabalang ang tingin ng lahat. Nang iling niya ang kanyang ulo ay tila isang matulis na sibat ang tumimmo sa puso ni Crisendo.—Hindi totoo ito, hindi... Hindi siya malapuanwal sa katotohanan. At... wala ang libo'to isang kapaitan at hapdi ng katobanang bumungad sa kanyang mga mata ay nawalan siya ng uliran.

Walang pagpapantawag ang napanumbalik sa dating kaisipan si Crisendo. Nang magkamlay siya ay wala na si Lina. Tatlong araw at tatlong gabing (binuro) at pinagpapayan ang katawan ni Lina at pagkatapos ay inililing sa kabila ng kaalaman ni Crisendo. Anong saklap na paghihiwalay!

Hindi naglaon ang natitid ni Crisendo na isang punto ang kumitil sa buhay ni Lina. Walang nakauling sa putok dahil sa putokan ng mga rebentador. Kung sino ang pumalagang kay Lina ay wala pang panghihinlalanan. Walang natalamang kaaway sina Lina at Crisendo.

Isinumpa ni Crisendong ipaghiganti ang nasawang kanya. Makagalang hinanakit at puot ang naghari sa kanyang dibdib.—Bakit kami ginantoto... Wala kamiing kaaway... Bakit? Oh, Lina beti pang ako ang napatay nila. Kawawa ka mahal ko. Makagaganti rin tayo. Isinumpa ko.

Isang buwan ang lumipas, samantalang nagbabasa siya sa kanyang silid.—Mr. Santos, may liham po para sa inyo—ang narirang niyong wika ng kanyang tugang si Bito.

Sandaling natirigan siya sa nilalaman ng liham.

*Crisendo: Si nasabi ko nang hindi kayo magkasama ng matagal.*  
Walang lagda ang liham, ngunit' parang kumulpas sa kanyang balintatao ang may sulat nitong. Biglang sumilabko ang kanyang puot. Alam na niya kung sino ang may sulat, karama ng kanyang puot ni Lina.—Papatayin ko siya. Roberto, papatayin kita, ngayon ding araw na ito. Ang humadlang sa akin ay papatayin ko rin.

Hang sandali pa sa tahanan ni Roberto.—Teban, nariryan ba si Roberto?

Nahihiga po marahil, Mr. Santos. Pasok po kayo.

—Nais kong makausap siya tungkol sa isang mahalagang bagay.

—Magaling pa po ay tumuloy kayo sa laas. Tila may karamdaman po si Mang Roberto. Dalawang araw na pong hindi lumalabas sa kanyang silid, e...

Si Roberto ang may kabagawan ng lahat nang Ho—ang matibay na pawala ni Crisendo. Si Roberto, ang kanyang batang kapatid. Mula sa kanilang kamumusan ay nagmahalan sila. Subalit, ang pagmamahaling ito'y unti-unting lumamig nang sila'y matuonong umbig. Bakit? Isang babae ang kanilang nanusuan—si Lina. Naging masugid na magkagaw sila sa kanyang puso. Kapwa sila nang kay Lina, ngunit' isang ang kanyang puso at ito'y ibinigay niya kay Crisendo.

Tanda pa ni Crisendo ang mga katagang biniitwan ni Roberto nagtatapos ng kasal nila ni Lina.—Hindi mo ba ako babaitin, Berting—ang tanong niya sa kapatid.

pagkahabag niya sa kapatid. Si Roberto ay kapatid niya. Isang duغو ang nananalaytay sa kanilang mga ugat. Ang kapatid ay kapatid. Marahang hinugos niya ang balaraw na nakatarak sa likod ng kapatid at ito'y itinasas.—Kapatid ko, ang balaraw ring ito ng ipapatay ko sa pumatay sa iyo.

Dali-dali niyang nilisan ang silid ni Roberto. Hindi niya narda si Teban. Walang sino mang naitaw sa buong bahay maliban sa bangkay ni Roberto. Nang sapitin niya ang kanyang tabanang ay dalawang salubang na puot ang muling naghari sa kanyang puso. Puot kay Roberto na pumatay kay Lina at puot sa pumatay kay Roberto na kanyang kapatid. Dinuot niya sa kung ang liham na natanggap niya nang umangaw yon. ...hindi kayo magkasama ng matagal—Itong-ito ang mga pagbabanta ni Roberto nang ikasal sila ni Lina. Ngunit' hindi sulat ni Roberto ang liham na ito.—Tanda niya ang sulat ng kapatid at tiyak niyang hindi siya ang sumulat nitong.

Di-kawala.—Mr. Crisendo Santos sa ugalan ng batas ay dinarapik namin kayo sa salang pagpatay sa inyong kapatid na si Roberto Santos.—Nang ibinigay niya ang kanyang paningin sa pinतो ay tulong matipunong pulis ang kanyang nakita.

—Nagkakamali kayo mga inyo. Umalis kayo rito. Huwag niyo akong pakatutaran, ipaghiganti ko ang aking kaapihan. Ipaghiganti ko si Lina at ang aking kapatid. Wala akong kasalanan. Wala...!

—Sa harap po ng hukom kayo magpaliwanag, Mr. Santos.—Humakbang ito at pinusasan si Crisendo.

—Kaning ang duguang balaraw na ito—ang usisig ng isa sa mga pulis habang binubunot ang balaraw na nakatarak sa mesa.

—Iyan ang ipinangpatay kay Roberto, at iyan ang gagamitin ko sa paghigang-

rinhawahan.

Ilang araw pa lamang siyang nakalalabas sa bilangguan nang makatagap siya ng isang liham galing kay Victor, ang matandang kapatid ni Lina, na siyong Bito. Ang liham ay tumatagap talang siya'y nasa bilangguan. Halos hindi siya makapaniwal sa nilalaman ng liham. ...Diyos ko, bakit siya ang nagpapalit ng liham sa tahanan ng ganooon.—Ang may hinarakit na buulong sa sarili.

...hindi na ako magtatagal, Crisendo. Simula ng aking pagkakatagap ito upang ipabatid sa iyo ang akong dahilan ng lahat mong kasiglahan. Oo, ako, ako, akong kumitil sa buhay ni Lina. Hindi ko siya lumay na kapatid. Ampon lamang ako ng kanyang mga mulang. Dahilan sa nasa kong ako lamang ang magmana ng kayamanan ng kanyang mga magulang ay inalis ko siya saaking lalaga. Nagtagumpay ako, subalit sa dakong huliy' natalastas kong hindi lamang kayamanan ang makapagpapaligaya sa tao. Ang sino mang magpap-inot ay laging nagisisi sa bangang huliy'.

—Ako ang nagpapatay kay Roberto, sapagka't nalaman niyong ako ang pumatay kay Lina. Simulan kita at pinamit ko ang pagbabanta ni Roberto na narinig ko, nang kayo'y ikasal ni Lina. ...hindi kayo magkasama ng matagal.—Tinangka mong patayin siya, ngunit' patay na nang inyong dalnan, at tulad ng aking binalak, ikaw ang napatang-nagpap-pumatay sa iyo'ng kapatid.

—Ang lahat nang nitong nangyari dahil sa aking kasalanan ay akong kung batako, batako ko ay hindi ko inakalang mag-sisisi ako, ngunit' ako'y nagkamali. Napakabit ng aking nagawa upang ihingi ng kapatawaran, gayon pa may ibinubunot ang liham sa iyo, Crisendo. Baka sakaling ang kapatawaring iga-gawad mo'y makapagpapagap sa parusang ipapatay sa akin ng Diyos. Patawad, Crisendo.

Malayang dumaloy ang saritawng luha sa mga mata ni Crisendo. Wala na siyang puot ni bahagyang pagkamuhi. Ang hadpi na lamang ng malaging na katotohanang nabuksan sa kanyang kaapihan ang naghari sa kanyang puso.—Ang Diyos na Maykapal ay nakapagpapatawad... Ako ay isa kanyang mga kinapal... Oo, Victor, pinatawad kita. Pagpalain ka nawa ng Diyos—ang taimitin na dalangin nasambit ng kanyang mga labi.

Pinahid ni Crisendo ang mga luhang dumaloy sa kanyang mga mata. Naisubub niya ang sarili sa pagpunita sa nararangka mga araw at hindi niya nalamang magpapalit na pang-mag-magawa, hangang sa tumuloak ang mga manok.—Pasko nga pala ngayon—ang nawika sa sarili.—Mag-sisiba ako alang-pagpapalit sa iyo, kay Roberto at kay kuya Victor.

Ilang sagit pa'y tumayo siya at humakbang patungo sa bintana. Itinungah niyang ito ang mababa sa matung-tuin pang-paligant at nadama niya sa kanyang puso ang kapangyarihan at kaluwalhatian ng Diyos. Nang mga sandaling yaon ay nagpigi niyang ang paghigang-ting Itinimik niya sa kanyang puso ay humantong sa pagpapatawad at ang pagmamahali niya kay Lina ay lalo pang nag-alab. Oo nga't mabubuhay siya, mabubuhay siya, mabubuhay siya at magkabalag daigdig, ngunit' lagi niyang bubuhayin ang kanilang pagmamahaling sa daigdig ng mga alala.

Nag-iingat ang mga magulang ng akong tunog ng mga kampa nang siya'y manaoq upang sumanguni sa Diyos sa kanyang mahal na dambana.

## Kuwento ni TEODORA A. BAY

—Hindi ako bumabati sa isang kawaway, Kuya. Malamang na hindi kayo magkasama ng matagal—ako may pagbabatang sagot ni Roberto.

Hindi kayo magkasama ng matagal—ang mga katagang ito'y hindi pinansin ni Crisendo noong mga sandaling yaon. Inakala niyang yaon ay isa lamang sa mga pagbabanta ni Roberto na kalimtay'y nasasambit nitong kung sinusumpung ng galit o pagkamuhi. Datapwa't nagkaroon ng kahulugan ang mga katagang ito. Dinuot ang hindi ito ang kanyang pagbabanta. Matibay ang paniniwala niya.—Isa siyang tapmalasan. Isang halimaw na dapat durugin ng aking mga kamay. Roberto, hindi ko akalainang ako kaya pala ang pagpatay sa iyo. Hindi mo ako masisisi. Ikaw ang nagbunso sa akin upang gawin ko ito. Papatayin kita kahit ako mabilinggong, makaganti lamang ako.

Kumatok siya sa pinto. Walang tumugon.—Natutulog marahil. Marahang binuksan niya ang pinto at humakbang patungo sa loob, dati-dati' napapatid siya. Isang malagim na katotohanang ang bumungad sa kanyang paningin. Nakahadusay sa sahig si Roberto at isang balaraw ang nakatarak sa kanyang likod. Hindi niya ang dugo ng dimadalyo sa kanyang likod, Hindi natupad ang paghiganti ni Crisendo, ngunit' sino kayo ang pumatay sa kanya? ...sumamig ng usisig ang pag-aapoy na puot niya sa kapatid. Nais niyang humalakha sapagka't wala na ang pumamalaking kay Lina, ngunit' naghari ang

ti.—Malalaman kung sino ang salarin, Mr. Santos. Sa hukuman kayo magpaliwanag.

Nahatulang mabilanggo habang buhay si Crisendo, sa salang pagpatay sa kanyang kapatid, isang kasalanan hindi siya ang gumanao bagama't kanyang pinatangganan. Siya lamang ang nalalaman ni Teban na pumasko sa silid ni Roberto at sa kanyang kamay natagpuan ang ipinatay na balaraw. Ang mga hindi niyang ito hindi niya nangangang-umapan pagwalang-sala ang sarili. Halos hindi niya mabata ang kaapihang dinanas niya sa harap ng batas. Isinumpa niya sa sariling maghiganti sa rin siya nang sandaling makalabas siya sa bilangguan.

Dahilan sa mabuting ugaling ipinakit niya sa bilangguan ay pinalaya siya pagkatapos ng dalawang taon. Taglay na rin niya ang nasang maghiganti, subalit' wala na ang nagninginas na puot sa kanyang puso. Pinilit niyang buhayin itong muli, ngunit' soydang hindi na pumasko sa kanyang puso ang damdaming dati-rati'y naghari sa kanyang katauhan. Tila wala na si lakas upang mapuot pa. Ang dating puot niya ay naitawag ng tunog ng agos ng panahon at di na muling uukitlika pa sa kanyang isipan. Puti nang lahat ang kanyang bukok at kumipit na niya ang tunog ng mga katawatan. Kung munsan ay naisip niyang tanging kamatayan lamang ang makapagdulot sa kanya na tunay na ka-



SEÑOR MIGUEL FLORES  
Editor

## El Salvador Prometido

**S**I VIERAS morir, en campos de batalla, millares de hombres, esto no sería porque el hombre se hace de carne y hueso o solo, sino también porque recibió el castigo original a causa del pecado de nuestros primeros padres. Por esta maldición, la muerte es una "conditio sine qua non" de la naturaleza humana. Por eso, no nos extrañan la muerte de todos los descendientes de Adán e Eva, las enfermedades de diferentes clases que afligen el cuerpo humano, los infortunios de la vida, las guerras entre naciones, la dificultad de buscar el pan cotidiano, el alimento primordial para la conservación de la existencia del ser racional en este mundo, la discordia entre familias y las demas calamidades que habían existido y continuarían existiendo mientras que viva el hombre.

Así como a estos males debe haber un gran remedio, así también tiene que existir uno que sepa remediar nuestra suerte. Es sería el único consuelo en tiempos de prueba, nuestra esperanza en tiempos de desesperación y uno que sepa guiarnos desde el umbral de la caída hasta el camino de la salvación. Porque todos nosotros sabemos que desde la caída de nuestros primeros padres, Dios les castigó, echándolos fuera del paraíso. Se hicieron esclavos del poder infernal, pero, él no les había dejados abandonados a su desgraciada suerte. Por un acto de su propia misericordia, determinó redimir al hombre del daño eterno. Luego, el tronco muerto del primer pecador fue vivificado por la sabiduría divina y por su compasión hacia el ser mas escogido entre los seres de la creación.

¿Que dicha inefable! Que beneficio tan grande, que con su bondad compasiva, nos hizo amable al Creador! No es verdad, que no necesita al hombre para que sea feliz El? Pero, por qué sin disminución de su bienaventuranza, quiso resuscitar de la muerte eterna? Porque nos ama mucho Nuestro Redentor. Este amor se manifestó en el hecho de que el hombre, después de haber caído, hubiera sido destinado, para siempre, al caldero de Pedro Boteiro o sea al fuego preparado, desde tiempo eterno, más allá del otro mundo.

Paz y gozo deberían estar en el corazón del hombre! Porque, por medio de la unión hypostática entre el ser divino con el humano, la inmensidad del amor divino hacia el ser que participa de su esencia divina se hace manifiesta. Alegres cantemos el cantico de amor porque hemos recibido el don infinito—la Encarnación del Hijo de Dios. Este Verbo Encarnado vino en el mundo para hacernos felices, pacíficos, amantes del reino de Dios; para librarnos de la mancha del pecado original; para hacernos libres dela desdicha causada por nuestra ingratitude.

De hecho y de derecho, el redentor que nos tenía prometido Dios, vino en este terreno efimero. Ha nacido de la virgen, escogida de entre las mujeres puras, santas, y virtuosas. Que Dios Padre el Espíritu Santo la escogiesen como madre de la Segunda Persona de la Santísima Trinidad, es un privilegio singular para un ser bajo y parecido a un gozoso y hecho del polvo de la tierra. La venida, pues, del salvador de la raza pervertida, es, según el sentido cristiano de la palabra, la pascua, grande es este día, glorioso es este tiempo para el mundo cristiano y se recordaría, sin cesar, la reconciliación entre la naturaleza divina y la humana.

Que debemos hacer, pues, durante la conmemoración de su venida? Prepárenos su hábitos, la pascua, grande es este día, glorioso es este tiempo para el mundo cristiano y se recordaría, sin cesar, la reconciliación entre la naturaleza divina y la humana.

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Alegremonos porque ha nacido el Principe de la Paz!

## La Navidad

La justicia divina,  
Hermanado con amor  
Nos salvó de la caída  
Nos alivió del dolor.

Divina justicia es,  
Enviar a este mundo,  
De entre miles seres  
El mismo ser divino.

Luego, ha nacido El  
Por su amor hacia nos.  
Para hacer facil  
La entrada en los cielos.

Con el fin de mostrarnos  
La dignidad humana,  
Se hizo hombre Jesus  
De la Virgen Maria.

Que beneficio grandel!  
Que misterio grandioso!  
Que El Creador Incarnado  
Fue: una dicha inefable.

Para, que hizo el hombre,  
Recibido este don?  
Pronto quebrante la ley  
Sin pensar de su acción.

Si el amor con amor se paga,  
Por que el amor celeste  
Se paga con vida mala  
Por el ingrato hombre?

Porque el pecador peca  
Sin pensar de la ofensa.  
Aun Le amo mucho  
A pesar de su caída.

Por el  
Señor MIGUEL FLORES  
A.B. IV

Por que el ser racional  
No comprende al Señor,  
Siendo Jesus como tal,  
Y no obra él con timor?

Porque él es muy debil.  
Segun la Biblia,  
La vida es difícil.  
Peca él cada día.

La miseria humana es,  
Un señal de castigo.  
Del infado divino  
Y de maldición nuestra.

Despues de la tempestad,  
Viene la paz el orden.  
Gracias ya se conceden,  
De su infinito bondad.

Todo esto manifiesta,  
Cuanto Jesus nos ama  
Libros nos hace obrar  
Para probar a quien ellija.

Para reconocer bien,  
Nuestra gratitud  
Hogamos un Boleo  
En el alma nuestra vil.

Limpiemos nuestras almas,  
Y les llagas ya curadas;  
Causadas por nuestra maldad;  
Se recibiese la potestad.

Ha nacido EL NINO  
JESUS AMOR DIVINO;  
Nuestra fe, nuestra vida,  
Que dicha, quegracia!

## Editoryal:



# Maato Kaha ang Pasko?

Ang kabugnaw ug katigmi sa bulan sa Disyembre maoy usa sa buhing timailhan sa Pasko—ang dakung pangilin nga pagasaulogon sa tibuk kristohanong lumulopyo. Ang tanan kono maglipay ug magmaya ning maong panahon. Ang tanan kono magsukliay sa maayong kabubut-on. Ang mga pagdumot ug kasina, ang gibungsod nga mga dautang hunahuna, ihiklin ug ilubong sa kalimot kay lagi Pasko—Adlaw sa pagkatawo sa atong Manunubos.

Matud pa sa mga katigulangan, ang pagsaulog kono sa Pasko isikad sa labing matarung ug malinis ug nga dili inalisngawan sa mga kabubut-ong nag-aso sa mga panagbingkil-bingkil, bahad, panimalus ug uban pang mga ngil-ad nga laraw. Kay ang maong higayon gihimo agig pagdumdum o pagbanhaw sa pagkatawo sa atong Manunubos nga hubo kaayo niadtong gabiing mamingaw didto sa pasungan sa mga baka, ang pagsaulog kono niini hubiton gayud sa diwa nga labing balaanon ug langitnon. Sa laing pagkasulti, ang pagsaulog sa Pasko kinuha ug inambit gayud sa mga langitnong diwa ug katuyoan.

Apan ning atong panahon karon nga kanunayng gihulga sa mga kasamok gumikan sa panagsukliay sa mga mainitong pulong sa mga dagkung lider, ning atong panahon nga nagalumba sa pagpamuhat ug mga hinagiban alang sa kapukanan kanatong tanan, mahimo kahang balaanon, malinis ug tinood ang atong pagsaulog sa Pasko?

Dinhi sa atong nasud nga nagalamoy sa kanunay ang kalisud ug kapit-os sa panginabuhi, sa mga palitonon nga hilabihang kama-hal, sa kahugaw sa atong pamunoan gumikan sa pagwaldes-waldas sa salapi sa nanagdala sa atong kagamhanan kay nahubog sa ilang bugtong katuyoan sa pagpakadto, maato kaha ang lunsayng diwa sa Pasko?

Ang tubag sa maong pangutana anaa da kanimo, kaniya ug kaneko.

Rene M. Rances

## Sa Pagkatawo Sa Manunubos

ni: ELMO B. SITOY

**M**AAYA ang kalibutan, ang katawan, ang kinaiyahan.

Ang tanan manag-awit hinubit ang kabus apan balaanong pagkatawo sa atong Manunubos. Nanagsayaw ang tanang kasing-kasing, dinuyogan sa alimyon sa mga bulak, luming taghoy sa hangin, hawot nga honi sa kalanggaman. Sa kalimot gilubong ang panagbingkilay, mipatigbabaw ang kalinaw, gihugpong ang tanang pagbati — lunsay nga pagbati aron ihalad sa Diyosnong Bata sa Belen.





the

