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# The Carolinian

December, 1957



Illustration by J. M. ...

## ● CHRISTMAS

YES, Christmas. What more can we say but **Merry Christmas!** At least, to all. Including us!

People are busy around—shopping. They are buying gifts, they say. For whom? For their friends and their beloved. Meanwhile, their friends and their beloved are also busy—shopping. They are also shopping for gifts, they say. For whom? Also for their friends and their beloved. It seems that everybody is purchasing Christmas presents for everybody and that everybody is giving and receiving too. Applying the law of compensation, no one is receiving from another, not one is giving another. Why? Because only those who **can give** in return are given. One only **buys** a gift for another who is **buying** a gift for the former.

In the meantime, those who ought to receive because they have nothing to give are neglected. A tooth for a tooth; an eye for an eye. A gift for a gift; nothing for nothing. This is animal virtue tamed by Christians.

And because everybody is shopping for gifts for everybody who buys presents for the former, it is the merchants and businessmen who profit. And most of these merchants and businessmen are aliens. So, the cycle turns out to be not a cycle at all. For it ends in the pockets of the aliens.

Why not give direct to those who need your help? Why give **only** to him who can **give** in return? You buy for him; he buys for you. Both of you are ultimately **NOT** giving and receiving; both of you are **GIVING** the merchants and businessmen a day. And most of these merchants and businessmen are non-Filipinos. Not your brothers. Nor your sisters. Where is your mind?

## ● NEW YEAR

What's new in 1958? The number? Only that. But have we not used the numbers 1, 9, 5, and 8 countless times already? So, nothing is new. And because nothing is new, everything is old. What's old in **everything**?

Sins! Sins! Sins! All but sins!

A year lapses; another comes. A new year resolution is aired every time a new year comes. So, nothing has been resolved. For the promise is always this way: **I resolve to lead a new life.** The new year ends; it becomes old. The life led turns out to be **not new**; the same **old life.** Again, a resolution—to lead a new life. Oh, mortals! How sick you are.

## ● NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

In time with the advent of a new year, a new set of government officials, except for those who were reelected, will take over the reins of the government. An estimated 60 to 70% of them. Of course, there is nothing new in good service. But what we want is a **new good service.** Aside from its being **new**, it should be **good.** One is useless without the other.

For those who are back with a new term and who had served well and good in the past, we send these Christmas tidings: Make your good better and your better best!

But there are those who did **nothing** and are back again... to do **nothing again?** To them we give this little advice: If you have nothing to do or if you intend to do nothing at all, please do not do it in the people's office. Get out and get sick! At least, we will be sorry for you.

## ● OUR CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS

First of our Christmas offerings is this 44-page Christmas number. Remember our thin issue last time? Well, we have grown fat this time. Hope no high blood will follow.

Make your own **Sputnik** and travel around the world. See what's going in every place during Christmas. Yet, you need not do that. Merely read Sixto Abao's **Christmas, the World Over.**

We have five short stories this issue: **A Dark Alley, Seven Minutes, Live to See the Dawn, A Boy's Last Christmas, and The Hidden Eternity.** They were written by Lindy Morrell, Junne Cañazares, Rey Yap, Gerardo Lipardo, Jr., and Marietta Alonso, respectively. At least, these five are enough assignments for you this Christmas vacation.

Travel with Manuel Go via his own **Christmas Visions.** And you will reach not the moon but the most forgotten corner of this world.

Has the Yuletide season given you any miracle? Ask Bellie Dolalas' **The Miracle of Christmas.**

Eh, don't forget to scan the inside back cover. The gang's all there.

*Our apology...*

*to all those who have submitted manuscripts and pictures for publication in the "What Do You Think" column. Lack of space compelled us to withhold them for the next issue.*

**THE "C" STAFF**



*by*  
**Addy Sitoy**

Editorial Staff

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The CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students of the University of San Carlos

editorial

WILL HE FIND A ROOM NOW?

On A Bamboo Slate

Caroliniana ..... Inside Front Cover  
 Will He Find a Room Now? ..... 1  
 (Editorial)  
 Christmas, the World Over—  
 by S. Abao, Jr. .... 2-3  
 Report on Poland ..... 4-5  
 Review of Campus Politics—  
 by S. B. Fabroz ..... 6-7  
 Christmas Visions—by M. S. Go ..... 8  
 The Message of Christmas—  
 by E. Diola ..... 9  
 The Hidden Eternity—by A. Alonso ..... 10-11  
 Seven Minutes—by J. Cañizares ..... 12-13  
 Dateline: U.S.A. .... 14  
 Communism, Christmas, The  
 College Student—by U. Peñalosa ..... 14  
 Catholic Action Front ..... 15  
 The Greatness of Rizal ..... 15  
 Live to See the Dawn—by R. Yap ..... 16-17  
 Some Christmas Beliefs ..... 18  
 The Miracle of Christmas—  
 by B. Dotalas ..... 18  
 Pictorial Section ..... 19-22  
 ROTC Briefs ..... 23  
 Poetry ..... 25  
 A Boy's Last Christmas—  
 by G. Lipardo, Jr. .... 26-27  
 We'll Replace the Seal—by W. Geonzon ..... 28  
 Ry the Way ..... 28  
 Sports ..... 29  
 Rambblings in Lower Case ..... 30  
 SSC Goings-On ..... 31  
 This is the Youngsters' Home—  
 by B. Cabanatan ..... 33  
 This Habit of Asking Questions—  
 by A. Raboy ..... 34  
 Antonio Y. de Pio, the Carolinian  
 Congressman ..... 35  
 Reverie—by A. Labucay ..... 36  
 Desire—by M. Sano ..... 36  
 Anything You Say ..... 37  
 A Dark Alley—by L. Morrell ..... 38-39  
 Sección Castellana ..... 40  
 Staff Cartoon ..... Inside Back Cover

Our Cover:

In the middle of Paradise, there was an apple which men were forbidden to eat. He ate it; he did not follow God. And God said: Man, you shall die and the gates of Heaven shall be closed to you until He comes.  
 He would come via Bethlehem, was the prophecy. During His coming, a big bright Star would shine. If thoue. And it gave guide not only to the Three Kings; but also to the shepherds in locating His birthplace.  
 The Star has been shining since that day. People have been seeing it. Yet, they have refused to be guided. Yes, a guide is already there; but men have not taken heed of it.

HE WOULD come to the world on that day; His human mother, tired from the long walk to Bethlehem, humbly asked for a room... a little room... in the inn.

The reply: No more room in the inn.

One house after another, the couple asked for a place to pass the night. The husband was greatly worried over his expectant wife.

The reply: No more room in the house!

Finding no room in any house, the couple had to seek shelter in a stable. Even the sheep baaed; the cows mowed; as if to say: no more room in the stable!

And so He was born inside a stable—in a manger. He wanted to come to the world in a room... a little room... in an inn. But there was no room for Him in any inn. He wanted to come in the midst of men; there was no place for Him in the midst of men. And He was born not in a room but in a manger; not in an inn but in a stable; not in the midst of men but in the midst of irrational animals.

That was during the First Christmas.

People could have been more thoughtful after the First Christmas. But subsequent Christmases showed they were not. As in the First Christmas, He still could not find room.

Now....

He needs not a room in the inn; He needs not a place among men. He already had the manger; He already had the place among irrational animals. What He needs is a place in every man's heart—a place in which He would live—forever!

Wars! Hatred! Vengeance! All sorts of sinfulness! These were the things that tenanted in every man's heart during the Christmases after the First One. These are the things that would give Him no room.

Peace! Love! Virtue! Sinlessness! These are what He is; these are He. And He needs a place in man's heart. Will He find it this Christmas?

Adeline B. Sity



**T**ODAY is Christmas. The Spirit of the Nativity has come again. And to feel the warmth of Christmostide is to wander in imagination down the gloomy avenues of time, along the magnificent halls and buildings spawned by our own material and atomic progress, down past the ruins of wars and military conquests, to the quarrels over canals and butchery of thousands of innocent men and women in Hungary, past the horror dangled by ambitious nations and farther into the old fallen glory of Greece and the crumbling grandeur that was Rome, until we stand before the portal of that stable in Bethlehem where Jesus, the Redeemer of the World, was born.

Almost two thousand years ago, amid the vast confusion of a proud Roman Empire, at a lowly stable in Bethlehem, a Child was born in a cold wintry December night. There, in the stable outside the little hillside city, in the company of angels and silent beasts, the Eternal Word

was born to a Virgin Mother. God Himself became man. God Who could have transformed the thousands of whirling and twinkling stars into his golden mat and pillow preferred to see the light of day over a bundle of straw. There, as His visitors, were the shepherds and royal teachers of Persia.

In the wooden crib, the cradle of God, Mary bent in adoration of the Infant Child who was dressed in swaddling clothes. At her side was St. Joseph, humble as he always was, looking with joy at the Son of God, who was to be his Son.

On that silent night, thousands of centuries ago, the great became small and the small became great. God became man, and the dust of man was united to the Eternal Word. The night, it was of true happiness and joy for men of good will.

And so the centuries passed. In the cold catacombs beneath the marble palace of an insane Emperor, who sang and danced to the laughter of the white-toothed lools,

there is silence. There is whisper. Christ is born again and the cold tomb of a Martyr becomes again His crib.

All through the world candles are burning. The Nativity has come again. Stand ye all nations of the world and hold the fire of your passion. Let us join ourselves in celebrating this season of all seasons with peace and good will.

And so, the books say . . .

The Spaniards commemorate the benighted wandering of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on Christmas Day by processions through the different villages accompanied by children carrying images of the Holy Couple. The procession then winds its way into a church where a manger is built in one of the side

## Christmas

altars. Here, the procession is stopped and after some prayers have been recited, a little boy, dressed like an angel, rushes in to lay an image of the Child Jesus in the Crib. Candles are lighted and Christmas songs are chanted to welcome the newborn Babe. In contrast to us who hold our dances before the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, the Spaniards, young and old, rich and poor, indulge in dancing after the Midnight Mass. This custom can be traced back significantly to the days when Spain was under the Moorish Rule. The Spaniards eat their dinner at home and continue celebrating well into the early hours of Christmas Day.

To the Italians, Christmas is a holiday which must be observed with great holiness. Characteristic of this Italian attitude, solemn ceremonies are held during the season and masses are heard at midnight in the churches. As in most homes in the Philippines, the **Presepio** or Crib is a colorful feature in Italy. Candles are lighted around this Crib and flowers are utilized by the Italians to decorate the manger. The children then chant carols and recite Christmas verses before this Crib while their guests prayerfully kneel.

During the nine days before the Feast in Italy, the mountaineers from Calabria and Abruzzi descend from their high abodes into Rome, marching from city to city where a shrine of the Madonna has been built. Upon reaching the Shrine, these people, otherwise known as "Pillerari" mountaineers, picturesquely attired in their homespun costume, play on their bagpipes and flutes to herald the birth of the Holy Babe.

While it is customary for us to give and receive gifts during or before Christmas, the Italians reserve their gifts for the Epiphany — the big day for Italian children. Here, the *Befana*, their version of old Santa Claus, flies through the window of the Italian houses with a bagful of

of the people are building fireworks, going to picnics and fiestas and boating excursions. Flowers are abundantly used for decorations and trimmings. A *Presepio* is a feature in most Brazilian homes and churches. The most colorful part of the season is the Midnight Mass which is celebrated "with an out-of-door procession of the priests to the church."

*Papa Noel*, a Brazilian version of Santa Claus and Italy's *Befana*, is the favorite of the children. Christmas and Epiphany are gift-giving occasions in Brazil.

To the English, Christmas is a ceremonial home festival. It is one of the grandest celebrations in England. Family reunions, gifts, decorations, singing of Christmas ca-

carols.

In China, they have another way of celebrating Christmas. Here's how a young missionary relates his experience on his first Christmas in China: "It was the first time I saw the *Monsignor* in the pontifical robes. He usually dressed very plainly. For an instant I just stood and admired. He looked great, and his majestic figure and long snow-white beard added not a little to his dignity. We had a deacon, sub-deacon, presbyter assistant, master of ceremonies, and a dozen or so mass servers; quite a thing in China, and I believe the angels wept for joy — anyway we had rain the next day. The Sisters and the girls sang a two-voice Mass, and believe me, it sounded grand, at least for

## the World Over ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

toys for the children. Dinner is served on Christmas morning immediately after the Midnight Mass.

The Scandinavians prepare themselves elaborately weeks before the X'mas season. From the following observation by a writer, we can fairly say that the Scandinavians celebrate the season with the trimmings: "Elaborate preparations are begun weeks in advance for the whole house must be cleaned, renovated and gaily decorated; a great amount of cooking of special meats, baking of breads, fancy cakes and cookies, and other native foods is accomplished." Similarly, celebrants in Philippine cities bake cakes, roast some piglets or fry some chickens for their visitors while those in the rural areas bake *suman* and *bibingka* as their favorite native delicacy during the occasion. We do not, on the other hand, stock our homes with fancy cakes, cookies or bread, weeks before the season but rather fill the pockets with enough silver coins. Gifts are distributed in the Scandinavian regions after family worship and singing of Christmas songs.

To the Brazilians, Christmas has the characteristic of a "summer festival" because the holiday falls in Midsummer. The main activities

rols, parties and pantomime for the children are the main attractions of the season. This world-wide holiday is celebrated with "a genuine spirit of hospitality and good will"

by  
**Sixto Llacuna Abao, Jr.**

by the Britons. Goose and plum puddings are traditional foods for the English during the holiday.

In Mexico, they have the *Posadas* which usually begin on the 16th of December. Through this *Posadas* or "resting places" they commemorate the journey of the Holy Couple, Mary and Joseph, from Nazareth to Bethlehem.

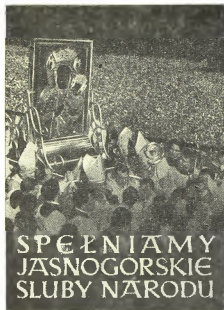
In Germany, where the Christmas tree is said to have first found its home, the celebration centers around the holiday tree. One of the rather peculiar traits among the Germans during the season is the manner in which they place their gifts around the holiday tree. Instead of hanging them, they pile their gifts under it and on nearby tables. The distribution of gifts takes place after singing of Christmas

China. At the consecration, just as the host was being elevated, a deafening noise proceeded from the rear of the Church. For a second I did not know what to do but then I remembered having heard that on festive occasions in China they like to shoot off firecrackers, and they did it fine this time. The noise rose in a crescendo at first, dying down, and again coming out strong at the raising of the Chalice. This is the Chinese way of doing homage to the new born King. After Mass, the Christians, first the men and then the women, gave us the Kow tow (triple bow) and wished us a merry Christmas. We handed out holy pictures in return. In the afternoon, there was a little celebration put on by the orphans. The Christmas theme revolved around Bethlehem and the Nativity."

In Holland, Christmas is largely a church and family affair. The 25th of December is observed by the Dutch with great religious significance. They go to the churches to rock the cradle of the Infant Jesus, which means to attend the Midnight Mass. During the Christmas Day, quiet family gatherings are observed. Immediately after the Midnight Mass, the members of

(Continued on page 17)

# Report on Poland



Our Lady's Miraculous Picture is carried by the bishops in a procession on the occasion of the nation's renewal of Vows, August 26, 1956. The words in the picture mean "We Renew our Vows."

**D**ear friend:

You are asking me to tell you something about my impressions in Poland. The greatest experience every visitor in Poland receives concerns the strong Catholic life of the Polish people. The churches are overcrowded on Sundays and ordinary weekdays alike. Many persons who for years stayed away from the Church are now wholeheartedly participating in her activities. The priests are overloaded with work. The reception of the sacraments is to be admired. Private visitations of the Blessed Sacrament are frequent. There is scarcely a time during the day that the church would be found empty. Young people become convinced and are ardent Catholics. I visited a church, situated close to a State university. I was there in the morning. Hundreds of students made a short visit to that church before going to their classes in which they heard lectures on materialistic dialecticism. I was there at noon and again in the afternoon. At every time young people were kneeling before the tabernacle. They were coming and going endlessly.

Last year, on August 26, there was a three-hundred year anniversary of the dedication of Poland to Our Lady made by King Jan Casimir in 1656. On that memorable day over one million people from every part of the country gathered in Czestochowa, Our Lady's

national shrine, and renewed their vows to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Some of the promises of the people were: "I promise to live in the state of the sanctifying grace — without a mortal sin. I promise to be faithful to the Church and to her Shepherds. I promise to live in harmony and peace: To forgive all offenses and to do good to all."

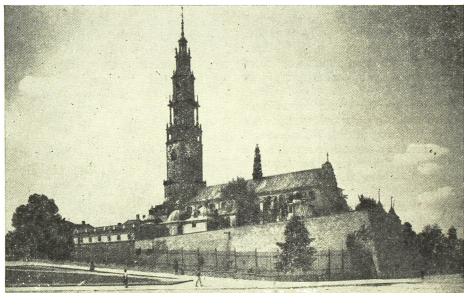
This year again led by the Cardinal, thousands of people with many bishops and some 1,500 priests gathered in Czestochowa. A copy of the miraculous picture, blessed by the Holy Father, touched the original three times and then it was carried in procession through the church yard. On that day also a nine-year novena in the whole country began. It is being conducted as a preparation for the celebration of the millenium of Poland's baptism in 966. Hence for the year 1966 great celebrations are in preparation. The nine-year novena should serve as a continous reminder of the forthcoming festivities. The picture is already touring the parishes of Poland. It is supposed to visit every parish in the country, during the nine-year novena. In the May and October devotions the

people are reminded to put their vows into action. Also in Sunday sermons and special manifestations organized by confraternities and associations the same idea is discussed, interpreted, and realized.

The Polish people always had a strong devotion to the Blessed Virgin, but this adherence to Our Lady is even stronger and more decisive now. It is through her that the people hope to rejuvenate the life of the country. The World War wrought terrific disaster upon Europe. Nations instead of becoming closer to each other, are rather filled with hatred and envy. The people hope through the intercession of our heavenly Mother to bring peace and unity to families and society.

Another effect of this devotion to Our Lady is the ever-deepening appreciation of spiritual values by the Polish people. The remarkable paradox that people who are exposed to the materialism of Communism should show a keener understanding of spiritual values can be explained only by the great devotion of the Polish people to Our Lady.

Another beautiful impression



Our Lady's National Shrine at Czestochowa, Poland

## Christmas Customs IN POLAND

one gets out of Poland is the teaching of religion in all public schools. Until October of last year this was unthinkable. Religion was even ridiculed. Priests were annoyed on every occasion. Now all this has changed. Priests are free to preach and even are invited to teach children in all public schools. The communist government remunerates them as ordinary teachers. The main thing, however, is the very fact that religion is introduced into the schools. In some places it is done after the ordinary classes, in others it is incorporated into the curriculum. This is one of the most important changes the October revolution brought in.

There are no travel restrictions in Poland now. Personally, I flew several times to Warsaw and visited many cities. I was on the Baltic Sea in the north and in the Beskid mountains, Cracow, Nowa Huta in the south. In the east I visited the Catholic University at Lublin and in the west many places of interest. I used public transportation as well as private cars. Nowhere was I asked about travel documents.

Polish intellectuals for years were shut off from the West. Every branch of science had to follow strictly the Soviet line. No foreign periodicals or books were admitted. Books, papers or magazines sent from abroad were instantly confiscated by the custom officers. All this has changed. Contact with the West is sought. Scientific periodicals, which were for years suppressed, begin to appear anew. Scientific research is freed from the chains of eastern uniformity.

The Catholic press, however, is weak. Besides the diocesan papers, very few others exist. It is hard, indeed, for the time being almost impossible, to get permission for an edition of a new paper. Those existing are of a solid Catholic content, though.

Although the radio broadcasting are frequently favorable to the Catholic cause, there are no Catholic programs as yet.

In general, the people I met were happy and optimistic. It depends upon the political genius Gomułka's and Moscov's more soft course whether the hopes of the Polish people will be realized or not.

With best wishes to you and to all Carolinians,

I remain, always yours,

FREDDY

### THE WAFER

It is a Polish custom to share wafers on Christmas Eve. These wafers are thin like the Communion Host but larger usually rectangular, and impressed with holy symbols. The custom certainly goes back to the old Christian eulogies. Eulogies were blessed bread distributed to all who could not receive holy Communion. Also churches were sending it to each other as a sign of fidelity and unity.

Strict fasting is observed on Christmas Eve. The abundant supper will not be touched before the first star appears in the skies — the star of Bethlehem. When the news breaks in that the star can be seen, the father of the family takes the wafers and says: "May this sharing of the wafer be an expression of the continuous harmony, love, and unity that exists among us living, our beloved departed (all pray for them), and those who cannot be with us." The father and mother divide the wafer, each taking a small part and shaking hands they wish to one another "A Blessed Christmas!" Then they share it with their children, guests and all present expressing their greetings. If any member of the family were absent a small particle will be sent to him by mail early enough so that it may reach him for Christmas.

After this ceremony is over, gifts are distributed. Then all sit down to supper. As soon as this is finished they begin to sing Christmas carols, to admire their gifts, and to tell interesting stories. And when shortly before midnight the church bells start calling for the "Pasterka" or the Shepherds Mass, whoever is able to walk will not miss the Christmas Midnight Mass.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE

The deep significance of the Christmas tree lies in this: that it represents the tree of life and death in Paradise. The ornamentations on the tree are external signs of graces Christ merited for us. The burning lights symbolize the light of Christ that shines to all people in the darkness and shadow of death. Every family in Poland trims a Christmas tree.

### THE CHRISTMAS DRAMA

St. Francis of Assisi with his friars celebrated the Midnight Mass in the open air and presented dramatically the story of the Birth of Christ in the manger. In Poland these dramas were called "Jaselka" and were played in the open air mostly by the university students. Later this practice changed into "szopka" — the actors were not live persons anymore but lifeless figures. It is a miniature puppet theater made of cardboard and elaborately decorated with ribbons. It represents the greatest event in the history of mankind — the Birth of Christ.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL-SINGING

Long in advance of Christmas young people meet frequently and go through a rigid schooling, rehearsing many songs arranged in four-part harmony. They rehearse sacred carols and lay carols as well. The holy carols have as their theme the Nativity of Christ. The secular ones are laudatory in content and tell the great deeds of some hero or some other individual person. Not everyone can become a member of the carolers since they must possess the ability to sing and the ability to master the art of carol-singing. ‡



Isn't it electioneering?

**T**HE UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS has fulfilled its mission in providing the students with the opportunity to learn good politics. The first semester of this year marked the establishment of the USC Supreme Student Council. The theories on government in a democracy that are taught in the classrooms can now be applied through this student government.

It all began with an election of its officers. It is significant to note that the election was very eventful. It left stories to tell and experiences to recall. During the election, this interesting experience happened:

A young lady politely approached a gentleman and said:

"Mister, will you kindly vote for my candidate, Miss so-and-so?"

The gentleman slowly turned his back and inquired: "Who is she, is she... beautiful?"

"Certainly, she is," the lady answered.

"Where is she? I'll see her first," he said further.

"It is I, Mister," she seriously countered.

The gentleman smiled and said: "I beg to differ with your description, Madame."

Really, nowadays good appearance gives more weight than intellectual ability. Had the lady been beautiful she could have received his vote.

The best candidate for an elective post in national or campus politics is the glamour boy or the glamour girl. Hence, Mr. Jose Yulo took the movie actor, Rogelio de la Rosa, as one of his candidates for Senator.

Differences could be traced between campus politics and national

politics. In real politics, it's the party affiliation that assures a candidate of victory. An unknown candidate may still win if he belongs to a party that has an established name and has won the confidence of the people. In campus politics the candidate who prints the most number of sample ballots and propaganda materials is assured of winning the election. Good qualifications seem to be immaterial and will not count much, for the one who is most efficient in distributing handbills for himself gets elected.

In the recent USC Student Council election, this tendency was noted to be true. Wrong choice of candidates resulted. To be honest about it, there were those who were elected with nothing to qualify them for the position in the Council.

There were candidates who were elected merely because of their being handsome or beautiful. This is besides those who won because they were bold enough to distribute cards and posters for themselves. Party affiliation was discounted. The election was a contest on self-preservation procedure.

## .. Review of

Of course, this is not to underestimate those who were elected by their own merits. As a matter of



Were candidates sold according to personalities?

fact, the important posts of the council were filled up with highly deservng men.

Everybody got equal chances of

For more photos,  
See PICTORIAL SECTION



showing his worth. Nobody was branded as a Racuyal, Antinoo or a Malapino. If he was officially enrolled he was perfectly qualified to run for any post in the Council. Academic record, sex and conduct were not considered.

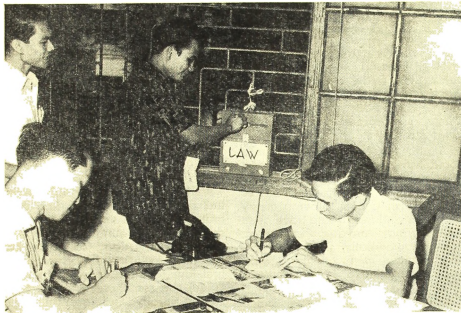
Deen. Voters did not hesitate to go with him. Further, he put on an effective strategy. He promised to give a "good holiday" to all his co-engineering students if the entire department would go solid for him. And nobody in his depart-

There were 74 official candidates for Senator. Yet, only eleven senatorial posts were to be filled up. Mr. Teresito Escario garnered the most number of votes followed by Mr. Antonio Dakay. The following were elected senators: Teresito Escario, Antonio Dakay, Marieta Alonso, Manuel Villarosa, Alex Villacastin, Manuel Valenzuela, Vicente Bendanillo, Eduardo Rosello, Ramon Roska, Betty Antonio and Anthony Sian.

For Secretary, Miss Maria Celsa Briones garnered a considerable majority over her rival. Mr. Simeon Ancheta was elected Treasurer and Miss Annie Ratcliffe, Auditor. For Press Relations Officer, Mr. Sixto Abao, Jr. won.

Meanwhile, the newly-formed Supreme Student Council has pledged to frame its constitution and by-laws. Mr. Erasmo Diola of the College of Law was officially designated Chairman to prepare and draft the provisions of said constitution.

The Supreme Student Council was established only very shortly before the close of the first semester. In spite of that, however, it did something beneficial to all the student populace prior to the closure of classes. Discounts on transportation fares were extended to the students then going home to spend their semestral vacation. It is hard to guess what the Council will accomplish during this semester. Nevertheless, with the spirit shown by the officers, much can still be expected. For the meantime, let us just wait and see. †



The voter and the ballot box.

## our **CAMPUS POLITICS** • •

by **samuel b. fabroz** • • • • •

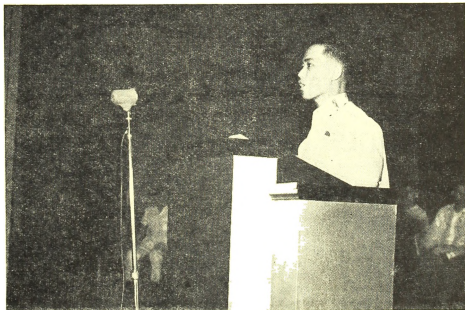
Was the election properly conducted? One cannot be perfect. But what more do we expect? Irregularity is part of the game. And that's democracy. The 1949 national elections went down in the history of Philippine politics as the most shocking election ever had by us. Yet, we look at it as only an edge-mark for future improvement.

When Carolinians went to the polls during the last Student Council, they were demonstrating and applying the principles and procedures they learned from the classrooms. They were rehearsing a norm of conduct which they may later on apply in real life.

The Carolinians gave their mandate in favor of Vicente Balbuena for the Presidency. He deserves the verdict. He got a big majority. His election was not a surprise to anybody. He was expected to win; there was no issue against him. The issues against his opponents were terrible.

The vice-presidency went to Jose

ment dared to vote against him. They might miss the sizzling steak at the downtown restaurant.



President-elect Vicente Balbuena, giving his address during the induction of the officers of the USC Supreme Student Council.

**T**HERE must have been one day, one sunset, my friend, when you stood alone and unmoving on a rock by the sea as waves lashed now and then splashed at your feet and frequent, roaring breezes swept past you, pressing your clothes tight against your body, wildly disheveling your hair and beating hard on your face so that you had to half-close your eyes.

You gazed at the horizon and sought to see farther... farther still... farther beyond. The horizon was empty and bare, but there was beauty and majesty in its golden mellow tint which came from the farewell rays of a dying sun. Then you were set to thinking and imagining, and what you imagined, you saw beyond the horizon — so vivid, so real, so life-like.

There was one day, one sunset, my friend, when I stood alone and unmoving on a rock by the sea, and I gazed at the horizon and beyond, and I saw visions.

A Baby Boy is born in a manger. Up in the sky, a star shines brightly, and in a pasture, flights of angels appear before a bewildered group of shepherds, who, even in their humble station, are chosen to offer the first adoration to the Holy Child.

In a distant place, three wise men begin their journey, the end of which they do not know but which they seek to reach by the guiding light of a lone star.

Rejoice, O sinful world! Sing praises to the Lord for today your

Savior is born, He Who will suffer and die on the cross, Who will shed His sacred blood so that it shall wash away the stains in your souls, so that you shall be worthy to share with Him the eternal happiness of heaven. He is born to die on the cross, so that in His death you shall find life — everlasting life.

The streets are bare — but for the Russian sentries walking within their posts to keep a whole nation cowed. Snow covers everything — leafless trees, bullet-ridden houses, shell-torn buildings and half-destroyed stone walls.

At this time, years ago, bells would have been pealing loud and long; people would have been out on the streets, wearing sweet smiles as they wished each other a merry Christmas; children would have been out playing, molding snowmen, throwing snowballs, skating on ice.

Now there is but gloom, bareness, silence.

The people are locking themselves in, saying silent prayers, and with tear-dimmed eyes, remembering in some hidden corners of the mind the past — full of life, joy and thanksgiving — a far, far cry from today when half their loved ones have been murdered or sent to slave camps, when all the things that made life worth living (freedom most of all) have been denied.

People of Hungary, today, this Christmas, you are silenced and oppressed. But this cannot be forever. Wait, pray and hope, for one day we shall free you from

your bondage, wipe the tears away from your eyes, and give you back the smiles on your lips.

A small, gray-haired woman of 80 clasps her trembling, shriveled hands together, closes her eyes tightly, bends her head and mumbles a prayer.

A moment later, she looks up and watches her children and grandchildren seated for dinner. On the lace of each of her grandchildren she sees a picture of some bygone days long unremembered, a past when these doctors, lawyers and engineers now before her were but little boys and girls. She sees a little child loudly crying in the early dawn, a little boy coming home with bruises from a fight, a small lad dressing up for his first communion, a little girl receiving her diploma, a young lass excited about her first dance, a young boy brooding over the departure of his first love, a hundred other pictures.

As she sees these, she keeps on saying ritually "God, grant me more Christmases with my children and grandchildren!"

Christmas is being celebrated in a mansion, and there is much laughter and dancing and an excess of food and drinks so that even the dogs are given meat and wine. The pandemonium makes one realize that Christmas is merely used as an excuse for a boisterous merry-making.

In a *barong-barong* within shouting distance from the mansion, a thin, emaciated, tubercular man lies on a badly-torn mat spread over an unswept floor where long-collected dust and mud have hardened. Beside him kneels his little son, a starved, dirty and horrible picture of the dregs of humanity.

The noise in the mansion is very audible in the *barong-barong* — each sound — a wave of mockery to the suffering father and child.

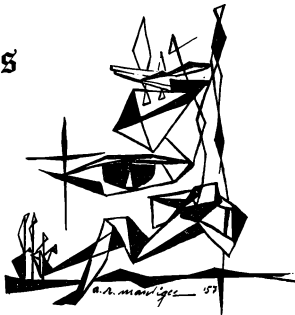
The occupants of the mansion have long known the plight of their neighbor. But they do not feel even the dint of pity. They have nothing to do with an ailing beggar, from whom they could expect nothing more than a word of thanks. It is more profitable to feed a dog, they believe.

As the noise continues to beat the eardrums of the man and the child, the former can only solilo-

(Continued on page 37)

## Christmas Visions

by  
manuel s. go



## The Message of Christmas

IT WAS such a long time ago when the Child was born to a Chosen One in a manger in Bethlehem. The circumstances of that Child's birth were a preamble to the utter humility that characterized His life and ways; those circumstances preluded the all-abiding love upon which He was to preach the Gospel of His Father. And not less significant, is the message that each little incident of that great event affords to humankind.

The tedious trek of the Three Kings from the Far East was not to prove the sturdiness of Asian physique or the endurance of camels in desert journeys. Not mentioning the oft-repeated meanings that are attached to the gifts they brought, their journeys adequately defined the kind of devotion that Christmas should pay to God.

The Kings could have discussed the merits of the prophecy while on their way if only to let them momentarily forget physical fatigue; they could have wondered on the plausibility of His coming; they could have flouted such a forecast, as modern man is wont to do, for its apparent lack of scientific basis. Christian history would have been different. But no, they rode on . . . unflinching, doubtless, unquestioning!

Modern man proceeds with axioms; he would honor God only in the light of scientific facts, refusing to believe that which is not, that which cannot be, proved scientifically — and he prefers to walk in the shadows of doubt while he tries to measure in his little head the immensities of the Universe. Man gropes in the darkness of doubt; doubt, he says, is the beginning of wisdom.

But where ends wisdom? Man doesn't seem to know.

Kings lead; the throng follows. People should obey the king not because he is a good king but because he is their king. Long live the king! The people? let them starve! But give the king the best of everything. Let him sleep in a soft-cushioned bed the board of which comes from the forest of China, the matrix design done by the finest craftsmen of Eighbur, and the gold etchings around the edges by the renowned artists of the land. Let not a single fly enter his room — that fly may ink the king, interrupt his sound snoring!

But here was the King of all kings who spent His first night in His Kingdom with the littlest comfort, if any, among the lowly, in a manger. Did He choose that way because a king must know the sufferings of the poor who constitute the majority of his people? Possibly. For human kings to think over.

Is not a government for the benefit of the many, and not for the pleasure of the few? Let Him live therefore as a poor. Let the innkeepers refuse Him room; no, don't send them to the guillotine. My kingdom, says this King, is founded on love. Let those lumbkins stay where they are: do not drive them away into the night to get lost. Their whinnies do not disturb Him at all. I am a good Shepherd too, says this King.

Has man forgotten, or has he ignored, these morals of the Nativity in his frantic struggle for existence? If he has not, why has he set a time for everything — letting God wait on Sundays and Holy Days? Outside of these, why does maninker with the chemical equation of the earth? Why does he gloat with pride in being able to launch a man-made moon, instead of humble offering such achievement as a tribute, not a challenge, to God? Why does man ponder well in the wee hours of the night in his search for a weapon that



The Author

will instill fear instead of love in the enemy? Why does he plot business maneuvers designed to begot more pesos to his pockets at the expense of his fellowmen?

This, because man has made Christmas only a date in the calendar.

And today, being Christmas, man looks at the world with a morning eye, so they say, with the innocence of a child's heart. His heart, according to his custom, should bear no hatred, no envy, no grudges — nothing loathsome. And so, he has his heart filled with overflowing love; he reaches into his pockets without hesitation and he gives to the poor freely — he remembers his friends, the non-influential friends included. This

by  
erasmo m. diola

is that season, according to the calendar. It's only once a year anyway!

Tomorrow, man will resume his usual ways. Tomorrow is another day. It's no longer Christmas. Why, look at the calendar!

Yes, indeed, it was such a long time ago when the Child was born to the Chosen One in a manger, among the lowly, in Bethlehem. But despite the years, man has not fully learned the lesson and the significance of that birth. Man has only made Christmas a season in the calendar, not a season in the heart. Man should know that there will be no second Nativity; He promised to return but only to judge the living and the dead! §



devotion, or pious images tricked out with paper lace. It was all folly and mummery, that which he used to tell her as which he in turn had heard from his grandfather.

And when he tried to tell her about the gatherings to which the old man had taken him, and the talks he had heard, she would stop him contemptuously, and declare that such folks are drunken sots. Bitterness would creep into their talk. They would get talking about

## • Short Story •

their relations. They would recount the countless things her stepmother and his grandfather had said about each of them. They uttered uncalled for remarks against each other; this they managed without difficulty. They indulged in coarse gibes. But Rita was always the more malicious of the two. Then he would go away. When he returned, he would tell her that he had been with other girls, and how pretty they were, and how they joked and laughed, and how they were going to meet again next Sunday.

She would say nothing to that. She used to pretend to despise what he said. Then she would grow angry, and throw her crochet work at his head, and shout at him to go and declare that she loathe him. And she would hide her face in her hands.

He would leave, not at all proud of his victory. He longed to pull her thin little hands away from her face and tell her that it was not true.

## The HID

But his pride would not suffer him to return.

One day, Badoy was with some other boys — newsboys like him. They did not like Badoy because he used to hold as much aloof from them as possible, and he never spoke at all, or talked too well in a naively pretentious way like a braggadocio. That day, he began

HE WAS twelve or thirteen, and was always ill. For some months passed, she had been on her back with hip disease, with the whole side of her body done up in plaster, like a little Daphne in her shell. She had eyes like a hurt dog's, and her skin was pallid and pale. Her head was too big for her body, and her hair, which was very soft and very tightly drawn back made it appear even bigger. But she had an expressive, sweet face, a sharp little nose, and a childlike expression.

Rita and Badoy were friends. They had seen each other every day since they were children. Of course they were neighbors. But to be quite accurate, Badoy only rarely ventured to enter the house. Rita's stepmother, who was a religious horror, used to regard him with an unfavorable eye as the grandson of an unbeliever, and as a horrid little dwarf. He was very ugly indeed.

But Rita used to spend the day on a sofa near the window on the ground floor. Badoy used to tap at the window as he passed, and flattening his nose against the panes, he would make a face by way of a greeting. Sometimes he would stop and lean his arms on the window sill which was a little too high for him—and they would talk. Rita did not have too many visitors, and she never noticed that Badoy was hunchbacked. Badoy who was terribly afraid and mortified in the presence of girls made an exception in favor of Rita. The little invalid, petrified, was to him something in-

longible and far removed, something almost outside existence.

He was grateful for his friend's infirmity. With her, Badoy could give himself airs of superiority. With a little swagger, he would tell her things that happened in the street, and himself always in the foreground. Sometimes in a gallant mood, he would bring her a little present: fruits in season as lomboy, lanzones, santol, or fried peanuts; or borrowed comic books. And she used to give him some of the multi-colored sweets that filled the two glass jars in the shop window, and they would pore over the comic books and picture postcards together. Those were happy moments. They would forget the pitiful bodies in which their childish souls were held captive.

But sometimes they would begin to talk like their elders. Politics and religion. Then they would become as stupid as their elders. She would talk of miracles and the nine days'

to talk of politics and the day when he himself would rise to power. He waxed enthusiastic and made a fool of himself. One of his comrades brought him up sharp with these brutal words:

"To begin with, you won't be wanted. You're too ugly!"

That brought him toppling down from his lofty eloquence. He stopped short—dumbfounded. The others roared with amused and malicious laughter. All that afternoon, he went about with clenched teeth. Evening came, and before all his newspapers had been sold out, he hurried home to hide away in a little corner, alone with his suffering.

He met his good friend, Iyo Dading, a fatherly, middle-aged bachelor whom Badoy had always sought out for sympathy and understanding, usually after a good thrashing from a brutal grandfather whose bark was worse than his bite. Iyo Dading was struck by his downcast expression. He guessed that he was suffering.

"You are hurt. Why?"

Badoy refused to answer. Iyo Dading pressed him kindly. The boy

The boy listened, nodded his head and said:

"Yes, but I've got to face this: that I shall always have to live in this body of mine!"

"Not at all. You will quit from it."

"How do you know that?"

The boy was aghast. Materialism was part and parcel of his grandfather's creed. He thought that it was only the priest-ridden prigs who believed in eternal life. Iyo Dading held his hand and expounded at length his idealistic faith, the unity of boundless life that has neither beginning nor end, in which all the millions of creatures, and all the million, million moments of time are but rays of the sun, the mighty source of it all.

But of course he did not put it to him in such an abstract form. Instinctively, when he talked to the boy, he adapted himself to his mode of thought: ancient legends, the material and profound fancies of old cosmogonies. Half in fun, half in earnest, he spoke of metempsychosis and the succession of countless forms through which the soul passes and flows, like a spring from pool to pool.

He was sitting by the open window. The boy was standing by his side, and their hands were clasped. They realized that it was nightfall before Christmas. They grasped its beauty and meaning only now. The bells were tolling. The dim sky was smiling above the city. One by one, the little twinkling stars darted through the shadows. The boy held his breath and listened to the fairy tale his man-friend was telling him. And Iyo Dading, warmed by the eagerness of his young hearer, was caught up by the interest of his own stories.

light of undiscovered eternity hidden in the boy's deformed body as in a battered lantern. He understood none of Iyo Dading's abstract conceptualizations, nor his arguments. But the legends and images which were only beautiful stories and parables to Iyo Dading, took living shape and form in his mind, and were most real. Christmas lived, and moved, and breathed all around him for the first time.

And the view framed in the window of the room, the people passing in the street, rich and poor, little boys and girls singing Christmas carols, lanterned windows and tartanillas, noisy street cars, rooftops drinking in the shadow of the twilight, the pale heavens where the daylight was dying... all the outside world was softly imprinted in his mind, softly as a kiss.

It was but a flash of a moment. The light died down. Then he thought of Rita. His dear little one... How cruel it is to laugh at people because they had weak eyes, as because they were hunch-backed. And he thought that Rita had very pretty eyes. And he had brought tears into them! He could not bear that.

The boy went home through the familiar streets. Iyo Dading's words were ringing in his head. He turned and went across the shop. The window was still open. He thrust his head inside, and called in a whisper:

"Rita!"

She did not reply.

"Rita, I beg your pardon."

From the darkness came Rita's voice:

"Beast! I hate you."

"I'm sorry," he said.

He stopped. Then, on a sudden impulse, he said in an even softer whisper, uneasily, shamefacedly:

"You know, Rita, I believe in God just as you do."

"Really?"

"Really."

He said it only out of generosity. But as soon as he had said it, he began to believe it.

The world stood still. They did not speak. They could not see each other. Outside, the night was so fair, so sweet.... The little cripple murmured:

"How good it is to die! For as we die each day, we begin to live a little longer."

He could hear Rita's soft breathing.

"Good-night, little one," he said.

Tenderly came Rita's reply: "Good-night!" ‡

## by marietta alonso

persisted in his silence. But his jaw trembled as though he was at the point of weeping. Iyo Dading took his arm and led him back to his room.

"Someone has hurt you?"

"Yes. Not one. Many."

"What did they do?"

The boy laid bare his heart. Iyo

# DEN ETERNITY

Dading appeased him with his gentle and comforting words, and a simple story of the ugly duckling who was turned into a beautiful swan. He told him that everything in this world, every being that is good radiates a quality of beauty all its own. "Think of all the beautiful things to be seen, and loved all around you..."

There are decisive moments in life when, just as the electric lights suddenly flash out in the darkness of a city, so the eternal fires flare up in the darkness of the soul. A spark darting from another soul is enough to transmit the Promethean fire to the waiting soul.

On that beautiful evening, Iyo Dading's calm words kindled the

FATHER NICOMEDES fingered his sleeve to look at his wristwatch. It was seven minutes of nine thirty in the evening. Seven minutes yet, he mumbled. Then he glanced at the empty chairs on the deck. He would have said some verses from the Bible, as usual whenever he was alone. But he just sat there and relaxed. He closed his eyes, but didn't sleep. There was no need for that now.

A few moments ago, while he was watching the rough surface of the ocean, a man approached him. He wore a black coat and moony trousers. He was tall and slim. He was restless. He kept on turning around, and when he was sure that nobody was watching him or perhaps lurking in the dark to see him, he sidled near to Father Nicomedes and sat beside him. He said a very soft, "Good evening, Father" which was almost inaudible. The man opened his mouth and closed it, as if waiting for Father Nicomedes to say "Anything I can do for you, my son?" Or something like that.

"Good evening," he answered after a few seconds, for he was then musing on Christ's sermon upon the mount.

"Father, I'm in a hurry," the man whispered. "I want to confess."

Father Nicomedes faced the man and said, "My son?"

"I saw you, Father, when we... I mean... So after we... er, I looked for you and now..."

"Peace be with you, my son." Father Nicomedes had raised his right hand. "Is there somebody after you?"

"Yes, the submarine is..." He stopped.

"Submarine? What submarine are you—"

"Forget it, Father. The important thing is that I must confess."

"Let's go to my cabin."

"No, no, Father. I like here. I've to confess right now or I cannot..." Again he lost the next words.

Approaching footsteps distracted Father Nicomedes' thoughts. A woman appeared briskly in the pale light of the deck. A man also loomed out of the dark. They held each other face to face for a while. The man stopped down. The woman toed herself to reach his lips.

"Tomorrow morning we shall be in Hawaii." The man said.

"Yes." The woman whispered, dropping her head on his bosom and folding her arms. "Darling, it's too cold here."

"Okay, let's go back."

And they walked away dragging

Time was capsulated,  
eternity compressed in

## SEVEN MINUTE!

their footsteps and holding each other.

"So, at exactly nine thirty, Father," the man reached the climax of his confession, "this boat will be blown up into pieces like a paper doll."

"My son," Father Nicomedes cut in softly, "take out the time-bombs, my son!" He spoke calmly but didn't hide the twinge of fear in his voice.

"The seven time-bombs? That's impossible, Father." The voice of the man became a faint whisper. "They are all well fixed and distributed. And I can't just do it alone, Father. We are three here entrusted with the mission. And each of us was instructed individually to shoot any one of us who will try to double-cross."

Reluctantly Father Nicomedes dismissed the man kneeling at his side.

"Father, I promise to escape from them after this. I promise to lead a new life again. Father, I've to leave now." He said and went away vigilant of the shadow.

\* \* \*

A torrent of black clouds swallowed the yellow crescent and the stars. The heaven was a dismal ceiling, sheared now and then by a trident of lightning. The trans-oceanic gale sounded nearer and nearer.

Father Nicomedes looked at his wristwatch. Only four minutes of nine thirty. Four minutes to go.

And this liner would fly up into pieces like a paper doll.

Three men moved in the darkest part of the larboard. He watched them throw something like a rubber sack into the sea and this inflated and floated like a small boat. Then, they dove one by one and disappeared in the murky, misty ocean.

Father Nicomedes closed his eyes and gulped that lump in his throat

which was not really there. There they are, he told himself.

The music from the dancing hall was wafted onto the deck. It was sweet, lulling. Father Nicomedes suddenly covered his ears with his palms. But the music won.

He sprang up, heaving deep breaths.

"Good evening, Father." A boy in a white uniform greeted him and handed him a cup of coffee. Father Nicomedes received it and thanked the boy. After he had sat back, the boy went away.

Father Nicomedes put down the cup on the table by his side. There was need even of drinking coffee now.

The music stopped. Applause followed. Then he heard the feet of the dancers clattering on the floor.

Should he summon them to prayer? No, to make a dancing hall a praying room at once would be very hard. Besides that, the minutes were running short, shorter, and shorter.

Then as if in a dream he heard a voice so deep that it seemed to come out from eternity.

"And I saw, when he had opened the sixth seal, and behold there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair; and the whole moon became as blood."

Father Nicomedes looked up and saw that the cloud had split a little to show the half gory face of the moon.

"And the stars from heaven fall upon the earth, as the fig tree casteth its green figs when it is shaken by a great wind:

"And the heaven departed as a book folded up: and every mountain, and the islands were moved out of their places."

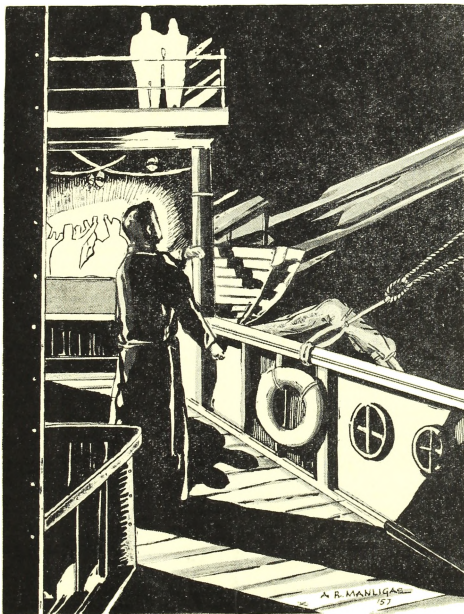
The first thunder came rolling from the east like an empty barrel and exploded. Father Nicomedes sprang up. Whether it was another man's voice or his own talking to himself he wasn't sure. But it was horrible. While he slowly sat down again, he shook his head saying, No, no, this is not the end yet. This

is not the end yet. But, a few minutes from now this boat will fly up into pieces like a paper doll!

This time the music from the dancing hall shifted into a wild, fast tempo. Laughter burst out and he could imagine them drunkenly hugging themselves now, and taking swig after swig of wine.

He felt like shouting. He wanted to rush into the hall and stand in the entrance. There he would shout at the peak of his voice—Haste! Make haste! Fly away. Leave this place right now! And pray! And pray! But then they would only sit still and look at him inquisitively, or, just go on dancing unminding him. Perhaps some would care to ask. Why, Father Nicomedes, why? Then, he would shout again—Don't ask! There's no time! Haste! But they would only shake their heads.

by *Juane Cañizares*



and doubt—Maybe something has happened to Father Nicomedes.

Yes, something I could never tell. He gave up helplessly like a judge announcing a death penalty.

Tears slowly welled up in his eyes, and he was rocked with sobbings. Oh, when shall man draw his dagger? When? When the panther has already leaped upon his throat? Oh, if I could only break the seal... If I could. He lamented.

And the voice came back.

"And the second Angel poured out his vial upon the sea, and there came blood as it were of a dead man; and every living soul died in the sea.

"There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

No, no, this is not the end yet. He mumbled. This is not the end yet. But a few minutes from now this boat will fly up in pieces like a paper doll.

He was sweating profusely now. His mind pierced the thick, dark, awful clouds of the words... stratum after stratum until he reached the summit. There he stood guarded by two pillars of fire.

The inaudible tick-tick of his tiny watch now became loud, deafening strokes. His heart pulsed faster. Tick-tack and pulsations were

## • Short Story •

running to overtake each other. More black clouds piled above. The gale wheezed like a top. The Pacific leaped up and down. And then there was a rushing of moments to fill an empty space as the boat tottered.

He was afraid, utterly. But it was his manly side. It was the man of him that sweated. The other part of him was already there, there guarded by two pillars of fire. He looked at his watch once more. Three moves of the second-hand join the hour-hand and the minute-hand at exactly nine thirty. And this liner would fly up like a paper doll. He made the sign of the cross. He wanted to pray, but there was no need of praying now. He willingly stood up as any prepared fighter would do. He stood and waited. ‡

# DATELINE: U.S.A.

*Because of its great relationship and importance to our present-day Filipino life, we are reprinting from The Faculty Jottings, official publication of the USC Faculty Club, excerpts of the letter of Miss Concepcion Kodit received by one of our Faculty members. Miss Kodit, a member of the Faculty staff, is in the United States, together with nine other grantees, to pursue higher studies in Guidance and Counseling under the Smith-Mundt scholarship grant.*

*When she wrote this letter she was the "adopted" daughter of an American family in Ohio, joining the family in their daily chores and seeing the American way of life. She wrote:*

"Women here are the same women creatures we have in the Philippines. Sometimes bussing your ears off, sometimes so disturbingly silent; sometimes gossipy and poking their noses into other people's affairs, sometimes so unconcerned about their next-door neighbors; etc. I guess we must be the same all over.

"I've never seen fish here except the fish design in the drinking glass of Martha, my youngest American sister.

"The homes here do not use outside color as beautiful, or should I say, as radical as ours. The climate might be the reason. Neither are the houses artistically constructed. I have seen more beautiful artistic houses in the Philippines. But there is usually a healthy allowance between the houses here, displaying generous lawns, giving a wealthy atmosphere.

"I am amazed at the tremendous alacrity, agility, and efficiency of the American housewives in going about their chores without any help. Looking at them is enough strain on my heart... I am still in a pinch trying to catch up with the American pace of life...

"I have been invited to many parties here where I have to help set the table, prepare the meal, cat with my host or hosts, and finally do the dishes. Whereas in the Philippines, the guest sits pretty and waits avidly for the call to the table, here he or she (usually she) should be armed with the willingness to work and the knowledge of where to put the napkins, how to make real good punch, how to eat bread and butter, when to use mustard, etc. The Filipino boys and girls still have a long way to go to be more civilized and cultured in this aspect. A few of my Filipino companions here make a laughing stock of themselves for being all thumbs in this side of life. And two boys did not know they have to put the bedsheets over them instead of sleeping on the rough bed covers. It's a big shame for the Filipinos to travel and be helplessly ignorant of the things that happen in everyday life....

"Making our Filipino ideas and ways of living get across the American mind and snapping back the right answers to their many questions about the Philippines constitutes a pretty big assignment to us. One has to know Philippine history and geography forward and backward to be able to feel safe and to sound intelligent. Not just hitting on top or else he gets on the thick! I'm glad I'm a history major and was able to teach history!

"While plenty of dollars can bring a traveler to distant places on luxury and pleasure, I still think a lot of common sense and social graces can bring him further to the richer and more pleasant values of life. They are the best pennies one can arm himself with.

"...I am not hungry for Filipino food but I do hanker very much for Filipino news..." #

## COMMUNISM . . . CHRISTMAS . . . THE COLLEGE STUDENT

by Urso Peñalosa

**Y**OU, the college student, are the rich soil which the communist conspirator hopes to till. Your mind is the farm in which he hopes to implant alien seeds. Your subsequent acts are the products whose growth he strives to direct. The harvest which he seeks is the destruction of our democratic processes of government. What then can you, the college student, do about Communism? What does the spirit of Christmas say about this ideology?

First, know Communism. Distinguish promise from reality. The mess of pottage which he offers to tempt the weak, the shallow, and the short-sighted is the illusory promise of material security. That promise has seduced millions of people. It has made many a million slaves, the master being always the State.

Communism is the antithesis of Christianity. It is immoral. The end justifies the means, so it says. It feeds on ignorance. It lives on lies; it corrodes honor and destroys integrity.

To think, therefore, of the true meaning of Christmas is to be aware of the evils of communism. The spirit of Christmas teaches peace; communism advocates bloody revolution. The spirit of Christmas preaches fraternity; communism injects hatred, hate and mass discontent. Christmas reminds the world of the virtues of morality; communism seeks to uproot humanity from its Godly course.

Communism wears a cloak of varied colors. Know these colors by deeply instilling into your heart the meaning of Christmas, the precepts of Christianity. #



## A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

*st. nick, old friend,*

*do you remember a year ago on christmas eve — the question i asked you — the puzzling enigma of my existence in a world where i could never seem to find a place. too busy in things that didn't really matter, i missed like so many others the answer staring me in the face that my place is any place, anytime where i can find Him.*

*in a few days, the bell of christmas will ring again—joyous and vibrant in all the churchtowners that rise into the sky. spires that thrust their crowns into the clouds — just like all of us when we are happy. i don't know why, i go all soft and hopelessly sentimental when i think of christmas. perhaps it's because the strange faces around me are softer, their eyes more gentle — softened by memories of many many christmases, both happy and clouded in sadness.*

*christmas is about the only time in the calendar that we allow a little show of life, a crack in the walls of our defenses as we let go of a little tenderness when we send a card or a gift — without feeling like a darn fool. "there is a kind of silence in which the hard thick shell which normally cover and protects us, the thick shell of fiction and prejudice and ready-made phrases which separates man from man begins to crack and open."*

*yesterday, one of my friends glanced up at the sky from a third floor window and muttered something about — "holy cow, look at that sky! terrific! the shade of that blue... i can't stand it!" and broke off into a rough cowboy strain about "the wide open spaces that i love"... today while crossing usc to the oriental book store opposite, lito cursed saragely when he saw a grimy slum kid miss the cruel wheels of a speeding jeepney by a fraction of an inch as he darted for a handful of peanuts that spilled from his pockets. "oh God, no!". a flash of that protective spark latent in all men for the helpless sprang to his lips. startled by such a manifestation of nobility from these renegades, we fell silent and felt very small. tough hombres, eh pardners? guess again... why are men such anachronisms? why do they hide their kindness in thick coatings of anger, boredom and casual indifference that hints nothing of its gilded walls? cigarettes are crushed out in piles of smoking embers and top tunes thunder in their brains while the seeds of immortality are pushed deeper and locked up inside themselves. my classmate tells me i pretend but i do not deny it. with eyes that see too truthfully and with a frightfully accurate analysis he tells me i act as tho' i don't care although i don't always sound like that — in my saner moments perhaps, i act. but so does everyone. we all pretend we are strong and don't need you or anybody — very sure of ourselves but you — you see into us with a piercing depth that most of it is just a show in our efforts to convince a world to accept us — in fear of its demands, in fear of not being a measure to all we are, trapped in "a period which has overdeveloped its brains and lost its heart" — we pretend for many reasons. we pretend we have no feelings, that we don't care because it seems silly to get mushy over a few lines of poetry. we get ashamed that we find a sunrise beautiful as if it was the sunrise's fault. crybabies, sentimentalists, dreamers. we fear such ridicule as though the ravings of the multitude were any d...n criterion! (God and i from the majority?) we pretend because we shrink from any too open display of emotion especially*

(Continued on page 24)

## THE GREATNESS OF RIZAL

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The following is the prize-winning oration of Mr. MANUEL S. GO, a first year student of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, which won the Don Sergio Osmeña GOLD MEDAL in the Fifth Annual Inter-collegiate Oratorical Tilt sponsored by the Pre-Law class organization held at the USC Girls' High School Social Hall on November 30.

**W**Henever we recall the memory of Dr. Jose Rizal, soul and symbol of the Filipino nation, pride and pillar of the Malayan race, we become immediately aware of the presence of an overwhelming power, the influence of a mighty force. It is because we all feel so small in the face of him so great.

We all have certain ideas about this greatness. To some of us, it is a greatness compounded from the glowing personal attributes of the man and his glorious accomplishments seldom, if at all, achieved by any single individual in the span of a lifetime. For Dr. Rizal was a genius of higher order. His genius made him an artist, a scientist, a linguist, a poet, a writer, a historian, a philosopher; and in each of these fields of endeavor, he demonstrated a keenness of understanding, a perspicacity of vision that lay beyond the reach of ordinary minds.

To the others of us, Rizal's greatness flows from the sheer courage with which he faced the firing squad at the Luneta some sixty years ago. He fell on that spot, now enshrined in the heart of the nation, without the slightest flinching of his faith or the weakening of his willingness to die for a cause. Others, of lesser mettle and spiritual strength, would have promptly knuckled under in the face of certain doom, but Rizal stood calm and composed, sedate and serene down to the end.

Then, again, to still others of us, Dr. Rizal's greatness stems from his deep love for his family and abiding loyalty to his friends. In this regard, he was profoundly human. While studying abroad, tender thoughts of family and friends back home constantly crowded into his waking moments, and these thoughts he poured forth in a stream of letters warm with love and affectionate concern. Because of his family, because of his friends, because of his country.

(Continued on page 24)

She did not answer him with many words. She just smiled.

## II

They made their way across the cleared ground to the street. The pale moon was shining over the begrimed city's chimneys and rooftops. But the city was alive that December night, unlike the city slumbering in the torpor of the Summer heat.

"Shall we ride or walk?" he asked.  
"Let's walk," she reflected and countered. "Walking will do us

E HEARD the jingling as he pressed the doorbell.

"Arturo, you're an hour late! I was about to ring you up."  
Eduardo took hold of his shoulder abruptly. He was short and heavy—and a little bow-legged. If he were sensitive enough he would have cultivated a complex: people had that queer habit of staring at the way he walked.

"I was tied up," Arturo exclaimed. Long ago he had ceased to believe in other people's sense of punctuality.

Idly his eyes strayed irresolutely over the enormous room filled with a sea of nameless faces bathed in red and yellow and green lights. In the center of the room a six-foot Christmas tree, a pine whose branches were ornamented with pear-shaped, colored bulbs, stood stalwart in a wooden box of stone and earth. Here and there a boy was asking a girl to dance. In a far-flung corner a group of youngsters were making gestures and downing their drinks. The clink of glasses, the sound of gurgling water: all were smothered under the piercing music. And it was always the same piece of music: like clanking and sawing, like the thudding of hammers against a feverish brain. It tore at his nerves, this paroxysm of pain. Ununderstandable.

Minutes later. . .

Eduardo hobbled across the room. "You look like someone who had just fallen down the stairs. Don't spoil the party. Come, I want you to meet a friend! Now. . . now don't say No!"

She was a figure of graceful quietude sitting there on the sofa, seemingly out of reach, her mind shuttered in thought. He had never seen anyone like her before. The irregular lights had framed the shadow of her cameo-like profile against the pale-grey wall. And peeping out under the tip of her dress of floriform designs, her well-trimmed ankle revealed a small strawberry mark. She had lowered her eyelids, looking on the floor, as if searching for dropped coins. For an instant he was looking down at the pure oval of her face.

"Naty, this is Arturo! Art, Naty," Eduardo said with a clear voice.

A flask of apprehension became her. She looked up with that proud, distant and cold look of a handsome girl of eighteen who knew her

## Live To See The Dawn

place. Suddenly, her face creased in a smile, she said "hello!" above the sound of music, above the turbulent and disquieting gaiety.

"Hi!" he returned the remark.

She drained her glass of soft drink and laid it on the small round table, and reposed her hands on her lap. "Care for a drink?" she asked as he pulled back a chair.

"Thanks. But I'm full."

"Do you dance?" she asked again. One could see that she was trying to hide her wild shyness behind a few casual remarks.

"Sometimes only," he declared with bitter simplicity. At times he did not feel like dancing at all; and a wave of disgust, transcending all feelings, would overwhelm him. This disgust over life.

Now and then the music stopped only to begin anew. He blinked his eyes in the dim light, closed them for a moment. And when he opened them again he seemed surprised that she was still there, looking at him profoundly, and then abashed, she looked on the floor. He felt a great chasm of silence yawning in his face.

"You bored with the party?" he asked.

She had raised her face before he could speak again. "How do you know?" she queried.

"I felt it the first time I looked at you."

good. It induces sleep. Besides, this is a beautiful evening—"

The sound of her words more than their meaning, the timbre of her voice—it impressed him deeply.

And occasional streetcars sporting headlights scurried by.

"Why do you go home this early?" he inquired. The party was by no means over. She had insist-

### SHORT STORY

by Roy Yap

ed, however, rather persistently; in the end Eduardo gave way—she was the first to leave.

"I don't know. . . Maybe it was as you said, I was bored—" she gave him a negative response; and tilting her head a little she looked up at him with her coffee-brown eyes, and pursued:

"Art, why do you want to take me home?"

Her words came to him across the haze of his own thoughts. They had a very complicated meaning. Words demanding and searching



and refusing to be unanswered. He could lie to her, tell her anything except the truth. But he did not feel like it. He held his breath.

"Maybe someday I will be able to explain it to you," he uttered.

And silence came between them. Deep. Forceful. Overwhelming. Like the glaring silence of her eyes.

At the foot of the stairs her face was suffused in the glow of the light shining through the glass of the door. Her eyes once coffee-brown were now transformed into two pools of darkness.

"Won't you come in?" she asked. "It is late!" He gave a faint smile. "Good-bye—" she whispered.

He did not move. He stood there among the still shadows. "Not Good-

bye, just Good-night..." his voice faltered.

She clung to the rail of the stairs, and in a moment she turned her face toward him. She paused and said audibly, "Good-night—"

Now the city was as silent as a tomb, shrouded in it memory of generations of struggles and heartaches. It was a city clothed in the garment of monstrous concrete and colored with darkness and incandescent lamps.

This was Christmas! Time of pronounced laughter of innocent children gazing at the mechanized toys in the display windows.

Yet he felt very old, very tired! Very old—barely twenty! This

(Continued on page 36)

## Christmas the World...

(Continued from page 3)

the household sit together to eat their breakfast. Bursting of firecrackers is not allowed; no noise devices either, except the singing of Christmas carols.

The Catholics in Holland have the Crib as a feature in their homes while the Protestants have the Christmas Tree. Because of their belief that the X'mas Tree has a great pagan significance, the Catholic Dutch do not hang their gifts at the holiday tree. They utilize it instead as backdrop of the Crib where the Image of the Infant Jesus is laid upon.

Special dish and special bread are liberally served on Christmas Day. Special bread, which they call X'mas Bread, includes raisins, currents, sucade, etc.; for dinner, they have the rabbit or hare as the special dish.

December 6th is the favorite Day of the Dutch children. It is the Feast Day of Saint Nicholas and is devoted chiefly to family reunions, surprises and giftgiving. They do not give gifts to each other except on this day.

The Midnight Mass is the most important part of the Christmas Day in Central India. Practically, almost everybody goes to the church to hear Mass and take Communion. After the Mass, the Statue of Jesus is taken by a priest and after it has been laid upon the manger, the Indians begin to flock around the Crib and one by one, kiss the feet of the Statue. After the church ceremony, all sorts of noisy devices, bursting of firecrackers and whistling dominate the day.

During the Christmas Day, they bring all kinds of presents and food-stuffs to the priests and give gifts to each other. They also offer money to the dignitaries of the Popes.

Christmas songs are chanted till sunrise.

We've heard a lot about America — of its many wonderful things, of its skyscrapers that stand majestically against the blue sky — but we know little of its Christmas. In the following lines, our Moderator compares Christmas in the tropics with Christmas in America. "In America," he writes in one of his articles, "we like to have a 'White' Christmas. In the tropics the weather is very warm; here it is usually cold. There, the people dress in gala costumes, white, red and yellow." (Continued on page 29)

# Some Christmas Beliefs

Compiled by  
Jon Abao

Tradition holds that the Blessed Mother and her Babe, or some stranger instead, are likely to tap at the door on Christmas Eve and ask for food and shelter. With this thought in mind, some folks eagerly listen for a knock at the door during the meal on Christmas Eve and whoever hears the knock has good luck and great fortune in store for him.

If by chance the Christmas fire goes out, it is an unlucky sign. The ashes of the Christmas log are supposed to give fertility to the ground, rid the cattle of vermin, cure toothache and protect the house from fire.

It was believed that the ashes, if put in a well, would keep the water pure. In Italy, the ashes are preserved as protection against hail.

There is an Old Christmas superstition regarding "First Footings". It relates to the person who first enters the house on a Christmas morning. A woman or girl is thought to bring ill luck; a man or boy usually brings good luck; but he must always bring something into the house before he takes anything out of it. It is further held that a dark-haired man insures better luck than a fair-haired one. Somewhat similar is the belief that the luckiest person in the house is he who first opens the door to "let Christmas in."

The number of houses in which you eat a mince pie in the twelve days of Christmas, are the number of happy months that you will have in the year.

When Christmas falls on a Friday, the harvest of the ensuing year will be so bountiful that seeds sown anywhere will grow.

Children born within the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany  
(Continued on page 36)



## the Miracle of Christmas

by bellie a. dolalas

THE FAINT strains of familiar Christmas songs will soon float upon the cold December atmosphere. Soon I will feel December's chilly breeze caressing in the mystic quietness of the dawn. Pretty soon, too, my brother, Joe, will make a bright, fanciful star lantern made of bamboo sticks and Japanese paper. This will light our simple house as the glowing stars will light the blue face of the sky on Christmas. Papa will surprise the family with a tall tree covered with cotton snow, glittering with tinsel and colored bulbs. Mama will gladden the whole family, too, with her luscious cakes. My brothers and sisters, bubbling over with gaiety and mirth, will race to open their Christmas gifts.

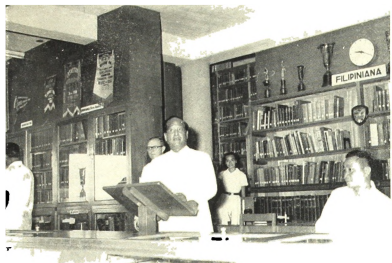
Then we will all greet Christmas with the "Noche Buena", that midnight snack which begins when Papa slices a juicy part of a fried chicken simmering in onion sauce, and distributes it among us. I will soon rack my brains trying to figure out what suitable gift to give to someone close to my heart; perhaps, a necktie, a belt, a bracelet with our names engraved on it, a lighter or a "playboy" shirt that will match the two of us when we stroll on Christmas eve.

For me, there will be no room for sadness, hatred or despair. I will join the world as it unites to celebrate the Feast of feasts, the birth of our dear Saviour. Mirth, peace and a festive mood will permeate everyone's heart. There will be a rise in the temperature of human kindness.

Christmas is purity and purity is whiteness, whiteness of the heart. I'm praying and hoping that on Christ you and I and the rest will give out our white hearts and offer them without reservation to the Pure White Host.

Christmas is light and light is whiteness, whiteness of the mind. I'm dreaming and hoping and praying that on Christmas, all of us will realize that without Christ, the Prince of Peace, there can be no peace and no love.

Peace and love through our Redeemer will gladden all human hearts to bring once more the miracle of Christmas. #



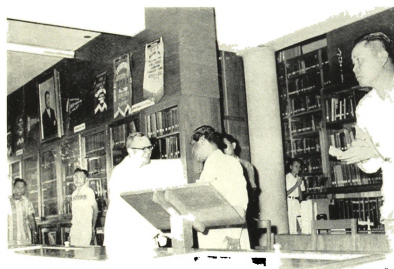
The President stressed out that USC is playing a major role in the field of Catholic Education to people of the Visayas and Mindanao.



Carolínians listened to him.

**THE PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINES,**

**★ ★ ★ CARLOS P. GARCIA** *visits U.S.C.*



The Father Rector greeted the President after the latter gave his short talk.



The Father Rector expressing gratitude to the President for his visit to U.S.C.



The President posed with the Fathers.



Part of the crowd that heard the President spoke.



A common scene during enrollment.



The Dean undergoing rigid checking of subjects to be taken

## ENROLLMENT

at U. S. C. (2nd Semester)



Filling up Enrollment Slips.



Enrollees at the paying counter.



Issuing of Class Cards.



Class Cards are well classified for expediency.



It's your turn, pardner!



A Pantomime?



The laugh-filled ingenuity.



It's soft but hard...

*the* **COLLEGE of LIBERAL ARTS in** "HIGH SPIRIT"!



An applause with a smile.



The Faculty on the row.



The pause that refreshes.



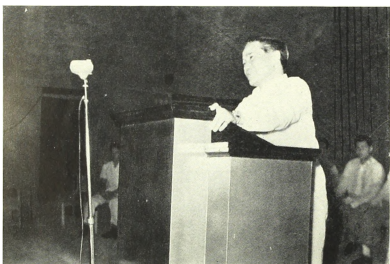
The infants, now with grown-up pants.



Distribution of handbills.



A typical handshake for a vote.



Dean Fulvio C. Palocz, then a candidate for Senator of the PPP, was chosen Guest Speaker of the Induction Ceremony.

U. S. C.

**SUPREME  
STUDENT  
COUNCIL**

★ *Election*

*and*

★ *Induction*



The Rev. Father Rector inducted into office the elected officers of the newly established Supreme Student Council.



President-elect Vicente Balbuena led the oath-taking.



## by Geronimo Creer, Jr.

• Here we go again with our ROTC squabbles. We're in for another Sunday drill and it won't be easy. The officers are going to be tough with you now. We had a lot of relaxation last semester, so we have to be stricter now, especially that the Tactical Inspection is drawing near. We have barely three months to prepare ourselves for that day, and we, cadets, will have to expect many things from our cadet officers, more so from the platoon leaders.

### THE PLATOON LEADERS

The last issue was a rosary of names, beginning from the topmost brass to the last Company Commander. Now we have the honor of presenting to you our glittering-buckled basic officers of the different platoons.

First on the score are basic officers of Alpha Company composed of Cdt 1st Lt Ronnie Yngayo, Executive Officer; Cdt 1st Lt Angelito Broñola, 1st platoon ldr.; 2nd Lt Victoriano Siao, 2nd platoon ldr.; and that handsome Cdt 2nd Lt Tito Trinidad, 3rd platoon ldr.

Bravo Company has Executive Officer Cdt 1st Lt Luis "Day-O" Dy, the singing betanoiere, 1st platoon ldr., Cdt 1st Lt Eulalio Bendamillo, the brother of the Second Bn Cdr.; 2nd platoon ldr., Cdt 2nd Lt Alexander Sanchez, and 3rd platoon ldr., Cdt Lt Henry Bondoc. Alex Sanchez, one might note, was one of those Filipino Boy Scouts sent to the United States in 1955 for a two-month tour in its major cities.

Charlie Company is proud of Cdt 1st Lt Rogelio "Butaks" Murcia, Executive Officer; Cdt 1st Lt Eulogio "Daredevil" Bonsukan, 1st platoon ldr.; Cdt 2nd Lt Gemiliano Guardiairo, 2nd platoon ldr.; and Cdt Lt Gilberto Mangubat.

The basic officers of the last company of the 1st Bn, Delta Co, are the following: Cdt Lt Teodorico Laudevica, Executive Officer; Cdt 1st Lt Adriano "Giant" Medillin, 1st platoon ldr.; Cdt, 2nd Lt Federico Notaric, 2nd platoon ldr.; and Cdt Lt Lope Lindio Jr., 3rd platoon ldr.

The first company of the 2nd Bn, Echo Co, has as its Executive Officer, Cdt 1st Lt Antonio "Cimaron" Taling-ting assisted by muscled man Cdt 1st Lt Guido Escobar (1st platoon ldr.); Cdt 2nd Lt Joaquin "Samson" Angulo (2nd platoon ldr.); and Cdt 2nd Lt Rolando Eborias (3rd platoon ldr.).



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Our "ten tail men" are the basic officers of Foxtrot Co and they are Cdt 1st Lt Luis Manzano, Executive Officer; Cdt 1st Lt Romeo "Doctor" Solon, 1st platoon ldr.; Cdt 2nd Lt Hercules Banico, 2nd platoon ldr., and Cdt 2nd Lt Romulo "Tennis Boy" Montebon, 3rd platoon ldr.

Our toughest officers are assigned in our toughest company, Golf. Men who can eat and skin you alive are: Cdt Capt Climaco Villanueva Jr., Executive Officer, Cdt Capt Hammabad Jaquez, 1st platoon leader (our Houdini); and Cdt 1st Lt Eduardo Ajoc, 2nd platoon ldr.

### THE GUIDON BEARERS

Next, we are proud to present to you our guidon bearers of the different companies. Although they have for their weapons the guidons only, yet, they play an important role in Tactical Inspections and in parade and reviews.

Firstly, for Alpha Company, we have Cdt Sgt Mario Escario; for Bravo, the handsome lover-boy, Cdt Sgt Eduardo Avila; for Charlie, Cdt Sgt Avelino Uy, and for Delta Company, Cdt Sgt Augusto Reynes.

The Second Bn has the following guidon bearers: Cdt Sgt Dodong Uy for Echo Co, Cdt Sgt Teves for Foxtrot Co, and Cdt Tabada for Golf Company.

### RECONNAISSANCE—A FLOP

Last semester, Major Garcia with

his trusted men and staff officers went on a reconnaissance to Mantalongon to determine whether the place was ideal for a bivouac area or not. Unluckily, we had all the jinx we could bring, including myself: Louie the giant, Willy the tower, and other big guys. Admittedly, we do not know the place and we were almost off it when our tire went flat and our clutch became defective. We at once asked barrio people where Mantalongon was. They replied that we had already about five kilometers passed the place. We had to go again.

The way back home also proved eventful. We again had a flat tire and our clutch was destroyed thrice. We drove home only on third gear. There was no changing of gears whatsoever. Thanks to the driving talent of Eulogio Bonsukan, to Ramon Roska who escorted us on his own car, and to Major Garcia who drove back for us in Talingting's car, we reached home safely.

### THE RUMORS

There's been a lot of rumors lately about Major Garcia's transfer to the Training Battalion of the Third Military Area which means his relief as commandant of the ROTC unit of this University. We hope this is not true. We need him so badly. ♪

## A Letter to Santa Claus... (Continued from page 15)

affection, in fear of being unloved in return we shut our eyes our hearts hoping we'll be spared the anguish of such a terrible pain. We pretend because it is easier that way. We pretend because it is the only sane thing to do — it's the only way to keep our heads (or so we think). We miss many miracles because we do not have enough courage to take a step beyond the arbitrary landmarks of our souls, because we do not believe that the price of greatness is danger. There is the growing cult that tells us that the only way never to be hurt is not to let anything matter to us — "that much". "Cry, the beloved country for the unborn child that is the inheritor of our fear. Let him not love the earth too deeply. Let him not laugh too gladly when the water runs through his fingers nor stand too silent to which makes red the veils with fire. Let him not be too moved when the birds of his land are singing nor give too much of his heart to a mountain or a valley, for fear will rob him of all if he gives too much."

Santa Claus, you've stood for everything fine and good that we are not, you stand for generosity, for peace, for love, you are the central figure of a tradition that defies time's flight, you are the symbol of a custom begun by the magi who followed a star, you are the relic of a beloved Christian way of life that no invention or discovery can vanquish... the little ones yet believe in you, the children whose hearts are not yet dead, you are the only one eternal in the grief of a changing world, from the remnants of a shattered childhood I have retained a memory of you. I do not have to ask you what is the answer to balance the gravity of such a pessimism, if you are not the answer then perhaps you and I had been playing a cosmic game of the living dead, you are real — more real than anything I'd ever been sure of. Santa Claus, I believe in you.

## THE GREATNESS OF . . .

(Continued from page 15)

men, he had to come back home, even if it meant his arrest and ultimate death.

All these — his genius, his courage that knew no faltering or fear, his devotion to family, his dedication to friends — are shining gems on the fame of Dr. Rizal's greatness. When we consider, however, his true significance in the light of history, when we reflect upon upon the whole of the stream of his life, his works and his struggles, we find that these gems, remarkable in themselves though they really are, are only so many little brilliances sparkling on the vast diadem of his real greatness.

For, then, we realize the real stature and the true magnitude of his greatness. We realize that Dr. Rizal was not so much a man as an ideas, not so much a person as an institution of thought. We realize that such idea, such thought was so strong, so powerful, so universally appealing, that it has not only banished darkness from this land with his fiery flames of freedom, but that also it has served, even to this day, as constant beacon light and inspiration in the political lives of people in other lands. As such idea, as such institution of thought, he has hardly any peer in all the history of modern times. This is the quintessence of Dr. Rizal's greatness.

We remember, reverently, the story of creation.

"And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

"And God said, 'Let there be light: and there was light.'"

The Spirit of God, the Thought of God, moved and kept moving through the void and darkness of the beginning of things. At the end of the sixth day, the Thought of God had created the world and all the things upon it. And light was born from the darkness and the moon and sun and stars; hung in the firmament of the heavens; and the earth grew green with grass, abounding in flora and fauna, and the waters were heavy with "moving creatures that hath life."

God, indeed, created the world by the force of His Thought.

In a limited, but nonetheless in a very substantial and real sense, Dr. Jose Rizal "created" this country of ours by the force of his thought.

It was a sad country that he was born into. It was a country that moaned and groaned under the heels of tyranny and oppression. The Spaniards wielded complete control and domination over its political and religious life; they were the masters, the supreme rulers whose

word was law all over the land. Their regime so sapped and subverted the will and assertiveness of the Filipinos that the latter in time ceased even to yearn for a better and happier future. The Filipinos had become abject slaves, paying bowing obedience to the caprices of the foreign conquerors, living merely for the present, hopeless and helpless. There had become a cheerless world indeed, a world "without form and void", a world heavy with the clouds of darkness and despair.

But Rizal, the idea, the thought, moved into this darkness and this despair. His thought, his spirit, to borrow a biblical phrase, "moved upon the face" of his country, touching the minds of his countrymen, reaching their hearts, reproving them for their lethargy and indifference, awakening in them the sparks of legitimate aspirations for the ultimate redemption of their land and its liberation from the clutches of colonialism. It appreciated the fact that the "contact with the Spanish culture had consolidated the political and moral unity of the Filipinos and had given them new religion, language, and customs"; but, at the same time, it echoed the conviction born out of bitter experience, "that the loss of liberty and human dignity was too great a price to pay for an incompetent government" that the Spaniards had instituted in the Country.

The spirit of Rizal, the thought of Rizal, moved and kept moving through the dark void of his country, and wherever it went, it left behind an indelible trail of light in the hearts of his people. After a lifetime of constant love and consistent labor, crowned by the glory of his supreme sacrifice at the Luneta, Rizal had "created" his country, so to speak, by the force of his thought, its trail of light multiplying into flaming multitudes of faith that burned torches for the freedom of the land we now know as the Republic of the Philippines.

Throughout his life, Rizal had only one obsession — the attainment of liberty for his native land, and its establishment as a sovereign nation with a government truly independent of foreign control and the Filipino people governing themselves. He believed that God had intended the country for the Filipinos and that the best administrators of the interests of the country and its inhabitants would be the Filipinos themselves. Whatever he did, he did in the passion of this obsession; even his death he had foreseen as an imperative in the fulfillment of this consuming ambition.

It was not that Rizal was selfish or that he championed the doctrine of schismatic regionalism, but he saw through the wisdom and logic of the proposition that a nation ought to be governed by the nationals themselves.

(Continued on page 39)

Poetry

Passport Tears

by: Rely Doronio

i  
 piloted  
 the ship  
 which crossed  
 the seemingly shoreless  
 ocean of ...

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 And  
 the huge  
 waves my ship  
 of life ...  
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only now...

i  
 understand why  
 He washed my eyes with tears:  
 so i could behold  
 the invisible shore where  
 tears shall flow ...  
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The Night Before Christmas

I was alone, all alone  
 Fervently engrossed in deep meditation.  
 The bayside palms graciously swayed,  
 The street lamps flickered  
 It was the night before Christmas!

My trembling hand groped from  
 one bead to another,  
 Quivering lips murmured faint prayers  
 of supplication  
 The angry waves dashed upon the  
 seashore sands  
 Tears came running down my cheeks!



I lifted my misty eyes to Thine  
 I saw the glow of love and compassion  
 The soft peal of the distant churchbell  
 Broke the stillness of the night.

I brushed away the teardrops and smilingly  
 stood up  
 To greet the silver streaks  
 That penetrated the darkness  
 Of the night before Christmas.

— Elvie V. Alinsug



AND SUDDENLY he was a winged butterfly out of a cocoon, flitting around a bud slowly spreading its wet petals into the sun; and into the sun his mind stopped wondering for he understood—the tears in his eyes to weep a boy's last Christmas and the smile on his lips to hail a man's first Christmas.

● Ramonito sat by the window gazing into the lantern-lighted night, as he listened to the boys' jolly chanting, shrill and piercing, as it cut across the cool December night. He knew all those songs, he thought, and he could sing them well; but he was just having a cold and a bad one, though he knew well that he did not feel sick or tired or restless. He tried his voice, but still it cracked; and again he felt the pain inside—the pain which was anger—the pain the night before. The old choir of boys had been formed once more, with added younger members, and they had been practicing the songs when his turn to make the solo came (the great Casuso, they used to call him); and his voice cracked. They laughed and derided him, and he felt ashamed and angry. And he felt them all.

Already, he was planning how to shame them all. He was hurt. His voice would come back, clear and vibrant as before, making him again the envied singer of the choir. Just a cold, he muttered. He bit his lips hard though from outside his mother was already furiously calling, "Ramonito. . . Ramonito!" in her characteristic nervous voice.

"What's the matter with you. . . Moming?" she stated. "The padre has been waiting for you."

ces and of long, long masses. He thought he was happy, but he was not sure he was; he wondered why. Maybe it was because he could not skip and jump and yell anymore like the Christmas when he was eight or nine or ten—the Christmas when he was eight or nine or ten, in San Juanico.

Christmas was more than Christmas in San Juanico. To a boy, it was a great day of sizzling *lechons* and popping *bibingkas*, and of dripping *putos*, red and white; a day of funny ringing bells and of shouting and cheerings above the din of clattering dishes inspired by endless dinners: a day of yelling godchildren and fleeing godfathers while bands played, and pigs squeaked, and hens cackled, and men laughed.

He reached the church.

All his friends and classmates were in the church busy decorating the walls and altar. He joined with the boys who were making lanterns, and all at once he could not think because they were all noisy and jubilant. Manolo, his partner, was painfully chiding Juanito about his spendthrift godfather—about the humiliating candy gift Nito had received the year before—while everybody laughed and roared and giggled with him. Nito almost cried.

him—how to be more than a boy.

He knew a boy's life well enough—a life of ceaseless fighting, bantering, teasing, tearing and smashing with other boys. He had learned how to be with boys—how to expect incidents in a group—how to fight and tease and tear when occasion demanded. And in a group like this, he was expecting something to happen.

It came when the *padre* summoned him to help the girls put up the flowers. For a moment, he hesitated as he looked around at the silent smiling faces and mischievous eyes before him; but he thought he was Junior, so he stood trying to smile at them all. Inside, he felt different and successful. He had never acted like this before. He remembered the day long ago he had almost cried because the boys' taunted him when he had been paired with Tita in a dance; the day he had fought Berto for teasing him with Lucy; and all the other days he had been leading a perfect boy's life. He wondered why he did not feel angry now or feel sore or shy as he used to.

The girls teased him too, but he did not feel hurt. They told him the story about Princess Nenita and King Ramonito (a most infuriating subject to him); but he only tried to smile it off, and they were all surprised why he did not get sore as he used to. Maybe, it was because it was Christmas. But they would not stop kidding Ramonito. They had always been successful in teasing him. So they asked him, expecting success this time, why he returned the pretty embroidered handkerchief as an exchanged gift from Nita. He remembered the ex-

## A Boy's Last Christmas

"What. . . Inay!" he answered instinctively, pretending not to hear, though he knew very well what she meant. His mind was empty and blank.

● In the street, everybody seemed happy, and he tried to be happy too. Christmas Eve. Many happy thoughts fluttered into his mind: thoughts of showering gifts, and of programs and gluttonous dinner; thoughts of exciting contests, of funny games and caroling; and thoughts of noisy bands and of dan-

But soon it was Nardo who was telling the story. Junior, he said, punched a fellow in the face for teasing Nena while they were together. (For boys, a boy and a girl together is a good and wholesome joke). There was a glint in everybody's eyes and a derisive humming tone was rising. But Junior stood up nonchalantly, and said, "So what!"; and everybody laughed. He liked Junior because he thought he was more than a boy. He was wondering how to be like

changing gift in school, remembered how he returned the gift from Nita when his classmates started to tease him about priests and tinging bells. Nita had always been pleasant to him, but she had been really hurt that time, probably embarrassed too; and she had started not talking to him anymore, not anymore, but he had not cared. The girls fidgeted and giggled when he did not answer and they laughed; and he tried to laugh with them too.

## • Short Story •



● It was Christmas in San Juanico. As the village *sacristán*, he tried his best in distributing the Padre's gift enthusiastically though he spent his night waking and wondering. Something was changing in him, but he was wondering what and where. He could not understand. Anyway he went to everybody's house and got the fun he was not sure he wanted.

The last box he was to handle was marked Mrs. Rellon, Nenita's mother. He did not know what to do with it because he dreaded going to Nenita's house; because he was not sure he would not be ashamed; because he would not know what to say; and because he was awkward and clumsy and shy and afraid. But he did go because he thought himself brave as Junior.

And when he arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Rellon were leaving for a party. They received the gift with their sophisticated, "Thank you,

thank you... Moning," and turning, "Nita, a young man is here... Ramonito!"

A violent panic ceased him. A moment he dreaded most had come, and he was unprepared. He turned to go, to flee unnoticed; but on second thought he felt ashamed of himself. Why should he, he told himself. He must be brave.

When Nita came out of her room, he could not say anything. He bit his lips.

"Merry Christmas," said she, smiling.

He forced a smile, and he thought it was a half-smile because his throat was very dry.

"Nenita..." it was Mr. Rellon, "didn't you tell me..."

"Yes, Papa... I have something for Ramonito," and turning to him: "please excuse me, Moning."

She went back into her room. The couple bade him Merry Christmas when they left; but he was not

listening to them because he felt angry with himself for failing to say a word or anything or even something that was not a word. For a moment, he sat alone thinking what was the matter with him. But Nenita was on his mind; so he could not think. So, he just looked at her in his thoughts, and he decided that she had grown taller; and that she had a tighter belt; and that she had learned to walk like Miss Rella, his teacher; and that... She was out with a gift box. He stood not knowing what to say and met her at the center table.

"It's for you," she said smiling. "Thank you." His voice cracked.

He looked around. He thought there was a man in the room.

"Aren't you angry with me anymore?" he could hardly finish. His mouth was dry.

"No... not anymore," she answered looking straight at him and looking down with eyes smiling. She looked up and she caught him gazing at her. A pain stirred within him, and he thought it was the pain that was anger; but it was not, and he knew it was not.

He looked down for he thought he was not breathing. He fumbled with the gift box listlessly. A surge of anger burst within him for being a coward. Why did he look down?

He bit his lips. With a determined but hesitating effort, he raised his eyes again. Their eyes met. She was smiling at him, and she was trying not to. He felt funny and excited. He managed to smile too, and suddenly she was red and was not looking at him anymore. He felt triumphant.

by Gerardo Leopardo, Jr.

A strayed December breeze rustled the lanterns by the window, and the old faded calendar cut across the room, its only page dangling in the breeze.

She turned slowly to pick it up, but he held her by the hand. He searched his voice; and "Let me do it," said he, and again he thought he heard a man's voice. But there was a smile on his lips for he knew well and very well it was his own voice. ♪

## "We'll Replace THE SEAL"

by Akan Wenifredo Geonzon

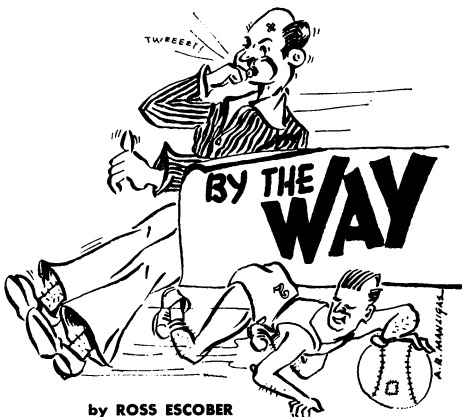
AT THE foot of the statue of St. Charles located in the middle of the lobby of the administration building is the seal of the University of San Carlos. Its green and gold design shines through the fine dust that sifts in with every breeze from the street outside.

Two years ago, the importance of this seal was brought to the attention of every Carolinian by an article which started the drive to keep off the seal. Before, students and teachers simply stepped on it. Now, they consider it a "sacrilege" to do so.

As the meaning for which the seal stands becomes imbedded deeper and deeper in every Carolinian heart, the Alpha Kappa Fraternity of the University caught notice of one important fact: the need for replacing the seal with its exact replica in bronze embossed on marble. Inspired by Adviser Dodong Aquino and endorsed by Dean Tecson, the Fraternity undertook to replace the seal.

The Frat boys immediately sought the approval of Father Rector whose favorable decision not only fired their enthusiasm but also raised their morale. And it won't be long before the pale seal in green and gold on the floor will become a bronze seal set in marble. The Akons will make the change through the leadership of Grand Akan, Jose Lime Jr. Their project is called Akan Project '58.

The Akons' undertaking is no less than a simple expression of the fraternity's loyalty to the administration and to their institution. As long as the University stands, the Akan Seal will live — a symbol of their love for and gratitude to St. Charles and their University. ‡



by ROSS ESCOBER

Julian Macoy's output of 101 in one game is a record big enough to stand on its own outside of Rizal Stadium. With it Macoy joins the PI greats, ranking second to Lou Salvador who set a record, pace-setting performance for individual plays of 116 points in one game. Records have come, and fallen but for a long time that 101 production of Macoy will stand.

The present crop of honorable cagers are always eager to turn any game into a game of their own making with the benefit of side-shows such as fist-cuffs and bottle throwing: What makes the present game such a lovely thing to watch is the understood ground that each opposing team is a veritable fire-box.

We have been slowly watching the CCAA throttling itself. The revision of some of the agreements and the use of two stadia makes the Sunday game a guessing contest, whether the game is to be held in UV gym or in the Eledio gym of the University of Southern Philippines.

Peping Rogado is an example of a player whose hands only know victory, whose eyes always turn to the victorious sign. Then while making points for USC in a game with San Jose College, he did a swan dive, a perfect one point landing with his head as the shock absorber. He made the dive quite unforgettable when he landed in a hospital. The guy who made Peping do the flip in the air was canned, rather barred from two games.

The introduction of the 30-second rule on the amateur level will no doubt necessitate new and more aggressive tactics and set plays around a dead shot. The rule is good, rather works at its best when applied to the Mikans and Golas of the world but not to the bums of this side of cagedom. A good shot never needs more than two seconds to aim and fire away his ball, an amateur has to sneak in and find ways to sink his ball within the regulation time which for him is as hard as the proverbial needle in a haystack.

Dodong Aquino knows when to turn on the juice, when to pull out some guy from his crowd. He practically plays chess with his men as his pawns during the game. We have observed that his combination of Danny Deen, Peping Rogado, Roberto Reynes, Doring Cañizares and Boy la Cruz has the best chance of throwing the monkey wrench at their opponent, but in the

(Continued on page 37)

## SPORTS

# "The Warriors"

by Ben Reyes

**S**UNDAY, August 11th, 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. That was the exact day, date and time when this year's CCAA Basketball season started with all the glamour "max factor" could offer before some three thousand basketball "aficionados" who saw our Warriors clobber the CIT Wildcats, last year's runner-up in the current league. It had to take three extension periods before the Wildcats succumbed to the supremacy of our mighty dribblers. Johnny Aquino, our mentor, considered one of the brainiest coaches ever to grace local hoopsdom counted on his last year's standouts to tame the Wildcats in their initial engagement. The dribblers who compose this year's

quintet are:

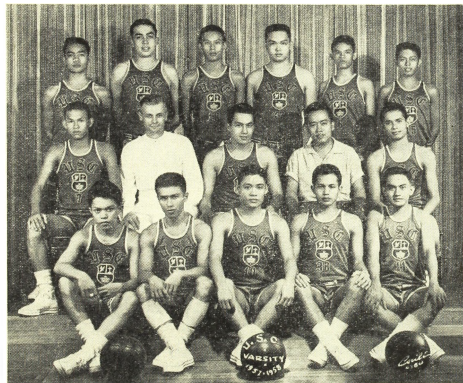
1. Veteran skipper, husky but baby-faced, "The incomparable" Danny Deen (a foul baiter who has the finesse of Mumar, the grace of a ballet dancer, and the guts of Arsenio H. Lacson). 2. "Jumping Jack" Peping Rogado, hustler, foul baiter, and playmaker all rolled into one, with a terrific drive from the left center area. 3. Doring Cañazares, a lanky nineteen-year-old six-footer, who can dunk and hook the ball left and right at will. 4. A towering colossus in the defense. 5. Coming down from the South, a boy named de la Cruz, the "steadiest" player in the whole team, an eagle-eyed sentinel who can hit with both

(Continued on page 37)

### ZONE VII CHAMPIONS

The USC Warriors, this year's CCAA runner-up, copped the Zone VII championship pennant by trouncing the Rafael Palma College Redshirts of Tagbilaran, Bohol, 124-97 in a free-scoring game at

the UV Coliseum last November 28. This victory gave the Warriors, after losing earlier the CCAA crown to the UV Green Lacers, a free ticket to the National Inter-collegiate basketball loop now underway in Manila.



May be seen in the picture are, first row (from left to right)—BOBBY REYNES, MANGLO BAS, EDDIE GALDO, ESMER ABEJO, BOY DE LA CRUZ (Co-Captain); Second row (same order)—PEPING ROGADO, FR. BERNARD WOODGLASS, SYD (Athletic Moderator), DANNY DEEN (Captain), PEPING AQUINO (Coach), ERNEST MICHAEL; Third row (same order)—TOTO FRIAS, DORING CAÑAZARES, MAX PIZARRAS, ESTIONG JAROSALEM; JULIAN (Hundred-One) MACOY; and BEN REYES . . . ally!



Julian Macoy

### USC'S SCORING ACE

Seventeen-year-old JULIAN MACOY (see photo) of the USC Warriors established a new shooting record in local hoopsdom by garnering 101 points in the game played by USC against the Cebu Normal School at the Gullas Gym last September 15 in connection with the Cebu Collegiate Athletic Association tournament. The Warriors outed the Normalites, 136-63.

Macoy's output bettered by 37 points the Rizal Coliseum standard of 64 set by Andy Manael in a Businessmen Athletic Association competition, but fell short of Lou Salvador's all-time record of 115 points established in 1924.

Mr. Macoy, with his 5' 5" asset, tips the balance at the 125-lb. scale. He was formerly the captain of the USC high school varsity team.

For this outstanding feat, "Julie", as he is fondly called by his friends, deserves a glad hand.

### Christmas the World Over

(Continued from page 17)

low, they are bare-footed and sunburnt; here, the sober color of winter coats cover whatever cheery colors the Christmas season brings. There, birds of paradise, bright with plumage; here, nothing but the somber-colored and raucous-voiced sparrows; there, bananas and coconuts in full bloom, here, all the trees are stripped naked of all fruits and foliage.

"But, both here and there," he concludes, "whether under the tropical sun or the arctic darkness of winter, the same infant comes to rejoice the hearts of and give grace and peace to all men of good will!"

through the archways of timeless wonder our eyes peer once again into the edge of a mystery. the great mystery of love that is christmas. a God become a babe to save fools like you and me. in a birth with an underlying pathos, the faraway mute memory of a hill in Galilee shape like a skull.

can our hearts go dead within us as we stand stirred and rapt at a sunrise breaking the clasp of night at the margin tip of a tumbling horizon? the beginning of life. all life. or a life that is neither a beginning nor an end. but a life that figuratively began in time's soft awakening and swept forward in a mighty crescendo that enclosed eternity's walls. a life that is a Gift to mankind and gives still with all the reckless gallantry a heedless loan of life to the borrowers of time. encompassing as only the uninterrupted circle of love's embrace that is a God's existence. this is the birth of love Himself.

## ramblings in lower case

engulfed by an impossible nostalgia, we are drawn to the secret enchantment that only christmas' tinsel fingers can weave, distilling from the ramparts of a crumbling world, a sense of the evocative in man's humanity — the hope of a lifetime — crystallized in the spirit of a faith unbroken by centuries. incarnate in this infant who flings wide the shutters of our hearts, walks the halls of our minds and knocks at the chapel of our souls. christmas, thy name is love.

the story of christmas sounds like a fairytale. perhaps that is why its message of hope and peace strikes no quiver of reality in our lives — because it sounds so idealistically incredible in its holy holly blabbering of "peace on earth to men of good will" balderdash. (well, what a lark! cute poetry isn't it?) shucks, we're a whole lot smarter than that. now look, don't look at us that way. Jesus is real enough when there's no one else but "peace, good will?" — what're you talking about? those two items are non-existent, strictly for the birds. don't you know or were you born yesterday? why are we so terribly proud to meet the rebuff of a mystery? is it because it mirrors the truth that we are frail and do not really know everything? this boulder of truth that limits the boundaries of ourselves. thoroughly sophisticated lots of us make up that spineless lot, commuters into religion, the little people who stay on the bleachers and can't quite make up their minds where to place Him — in the center of the court or at the sidelines and when to use Him — special occasions or everyday grind. in fear of

making so total a commitment or vowing so absolute an allegiance to Him, we tread the middle ground, both relieved but uneasy over our denial of His sovereign existence in our personal world. some can do it, why not you? there's our teller in the office (lita uy-comm. 2) who stretches her christmas tolerance to cover the 12 months of the year. quite a feat when one knows that she gets snobbed, insulted and subjected to sniping remarks from impatient students who pay her their tuition fees. lita who has seen the meanness and pettiness of campus figures from her window and says nothing... cesar salera (pre-law II) father John's uncomplaining shock absorber... betty antonio (law I) who'd give you the world if she had it to give...

we slumber our lives in capsules that often never break the thin casings of trivialities as we exist between the brackets of sunrise and sunset without a sense of fulfillment. without a vision, our hearts blind to the gift of life from the chalice of eternity. do i really believe in christmas? is God alive? or is He too busy keeping an eye on the russians? to all of us who are encased in an armour and feel so big while straining hard at the lease of mortality it must come as a shock that "it is only by being little that we ever discover anything big." something big like the meaning of christmas.

christmas with its generosity and fine display of social hypocrisy. let's be practical. too many people think of christmas as a yearly martyrdom of weary christmas gill and card listings — the best for whom we



The Author

owe something or to those whom we can't afford not to give the best — classifying people according to their positions in the social chessboard instead of their rank in our hearts. and then they speculate on what they'll also get, whose birthday is it anyway? to the lonely little celebrant, no remembrance. no thanks. no love. nothing. the christmas tree is set up ablaze with glittering lights before anyone thinks of a crib.

christmas is in the heart. if that is the real essence of christmas then why haven't we a shred of thoughtfulness for our own classmates who'll chalk off this christmas as another empty one unless we remember? we aren't wide off the mark when we say it might spell the difference between that quality called memorable and something that they'd rather not say. many of us are resigned to facing another christmas away from home. "home" to many of us means an almost two days travel by boat. with the school closing so close to christmas, we run the risk of spending christmas eve in a strange boat in the middle of the sea, forlorn and very much alone. for those who stay behind, one can hardly imagine their acute sense of loneliness and sickening sense of isolation as they drift through the christmas season in a kind of desperation and urgency to push the flying days faster. a tribe of unhappy people with no friends, no family and Lord, Host of all-no money! last year, we meet ten carolinians stranded in cebu because their allowances didn't arrive on time. they spent christmas eve sleeping in their boarding houses and didn't even bother to greet each other. none of them received a single card. nobody came either. in their opinion

by lourdes jaramilla



it was the most miserable christmas on the face of the earth... won't you do us the grace to send someone lost like him a five-centavo card and write something nice for the love of heaven! if you can't pay for one, you can afforda lil' christmas wish for him to Jesus' ears alone on christmas eve, who is generous can never give anything little. "the selfish, the petty, the cowardly are easily ranked inferior to the generous, the great-souled..."

would you like a glimpse of the wish closets of the people you rub elbows with every day? why are you so silent — you lonesome herd alone behind your hedges of reserve? santa claus, old friend, let these cardboard giants break free for an immortal moment in the very joy of life — give them back their dreams — let them try crossing into the mansions of each other's souls that they may probe deeper into the hidden motives and the unseen causes of the cleavage that has sprung from their hatred....

the gift of the magi and the heart's wish is the same, st. nick, usc is full of happy dreams, please surprise *myrna roa* (com. 4) with a baby spunk named in her honor... to *rey yep* (a.b. 3) the latest fiction bestsellers (will you smuggle in merton too?) as a practice ground for all the lovely things he cannot say in his poetry... to *estrella quirol* (b.s.e.e 3) the stars in "his" eyes... to *daydreaming bill martin* (m.e. 3) a "someone" from ice... to *celestina mesco* (pharm. 3) the advent of a tall stranger, period... "somebody who'd pray for me and you know i've never had a christmas gift from anybody yet..." poor *mario (bagaio)* (pre-med 3)... to *ledivina reama* (b.s. h.e. 4) a pink rosebud, she's like a rosebud with all that cheer... don't let *reyinaldo de la cruz* (m. e. 4) feel so badly about losing the cooa crown if they should lose now and tell him "there is no scorebook, only a victory"... "humility and a dose of patience to be engrossed in my personality" from *jesus serrato* (chem. engr. 3)... to our own "mad" *miss luz catan*, the novelty of a wishing ring or caddis's lamp... as an antidote for all the coming irritating upsels of another semester.

we hope you'll remember the poor on christmas... it is a pain beyond description for the destitute, scorched by inhuman toil scrimping for bare existence in the waterfronts and the jeepney slavery day after day, exploited by selfishness, wrecked and levelled by dirt and ignor-

SSC

# Goings-On

by the PRO

**B**EGINNING this issue, we are going to publish the goings-on of the newly-organized USC Supreme Student Council so that all Carolinians will know what it is doing for them.

Two days after the officers of the Supreme Student Council were inducted into office by the Reverend Father Rector on September 18, a group composed of President **Balbuena**, Senators **Roska**, **Villarosa**, **Escario** and Secretary **Brones**, made representations with all shipping operators in the city for the reduction of fares of Carolinians then going home for their semester vacation. This move received favorable response from the operators of inter-island vessels when the USC students were extended discounts ranging from 10% to 20% depending on the accommodations. Some companies however, agreed to give privileged meals only and no reduction on transportation fare.

On the death of **Senator Manuel Brones**, a resolution of condolence was approved by the officers in behalf of the student body conveying to the bereaved family through **Miss Maria Celsa Brones**, Secretary of Council, who is the grand-daughter of the deceased, the deepest sympathy of all Carolinians for the un-

timely passing of the brilliant legislator and jurist.

On October 10, the President issued Executive Order No. 1 appointing **Mr. Erasmo Diola**, Chairman of the Committee which will draft the Constitution for the USC Supreme Student Council.

The appointee, a top-ranking student in the third year College of Law, was formerly the Editor of "The Nicalanien" (Surigao) and became Senior Editor of the Carolinian one year after he enrolled in USC. He held the position for two years, then resigned. At present, he is the Chief of the Evaluation and Correspondence Section of the Registrar's Office.

A move is now afoot to organize a Student Council Association of the Visayas and Mindanao to be spearheaded by the USC Student Council. The idea, however, rests on the favorable consideration of the legislative body who will pin final approval on it. If it pushes through, then this would be one of the signal achievements of the three-month old organization.

It's Christmas time again and much still remains to be done. For the meantime let's celebrate this holiday and make it the best and the most enjoyable so far. #

one — await christmas in that toneless passivity that hopes nothing, expects nothing, prays no longer and has quitted blaming God for the harshness of their tragedy. the breath of life muffled, cheer struck off cold as if God were no longer upon the world. We do not seem to realize that in this city the poor have to endure the humiliation of standing in line for hours at various charity-sponsored "gift" distribution centers for the cheap candies, toys and old cast-offs which nobody else wants. nothing can crush self-respect faster as having to stretch a hand without a whimper to these "charity" — "doled" out (we can never bring ourselves to use the verb "give") better than

nothing anyway. gratitude? ridiculous! suffer the mockery, the fiasco of such a tribute! it is so hard to be poor on christmas. terribly hard.

there is no other way into another human being than the power of love, the grace of someone who cares. resentment dies quickly in the soul in the fires of unselfishness. remember *nene raudoso's* immortal lines two years ago? "the christmas tear is cried when the petals of the heart is laid bare to the warm footsteps of a friend — when the eyes is an invitation to share whatever there is to share... tie a ribbon around my own December. Swing wide the wings of voices... a tear from heaven is upon all." #

## Antonio Y. de Pio ...

(Continued from page 35)

ministration. The year 1957 had already its ban which prohibited the release of public works, including those financed by provincial funds, within 45 days prior to the elections. Furthermore, he had to face tremendous odds for his opponent had already entrenched himself during the last two terms that he was the 7th's representative.

But he won! By 2,674 votes! In all towns but two!

When asked about the secret of his victory, the humble Carolinian professor smiled and said: Simply win the affection of the masses. He remembered having penetrated the remotest barrios and sitios and islets of the district; he remembered having preached the gospel of Magsaysay with all sincerity and honesty; he remembered having served the needs of his people despite his defeat in 1953: free legal counsels, jobs, aid to indigents. These made up his triumphs.

But he cannot overlook his loving and understanding wife, Alice. "She was my biggest asset; she was my campaign manager. She delivered speeches, campaigned house to house, and she won the hearts of the women, young and old alike," Tonyng commented. Incidentally, Mrs. de Pio is a Home Economics instructress in this University.

"What are your plans, Congressman?" I asked him.

"I will concentrate on legislative work. My primary concern is the amelioration of the masses because in my campaign, I gave emphasis to the solution of unemployment problems and the improvement of the living conditions of the people."

"Do you intend to resume your teaching job in San Carlos?" I queried further.

"Well, I hate to be away from the old University. But even then, I do not cease to be a Carolinian," he replied.

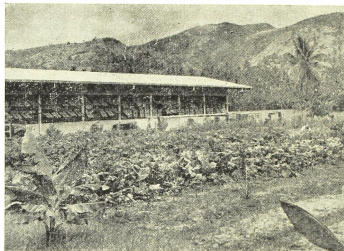
It was 5:30 p.m. I had to leave for class. Time was when I used to bid him a "Good-bye, sir." This time, I would say, "Good-bye, Congressman." And I recalled that he had once been just the stenographer of a Congressman, now he is a Congressman himself.

Longfellow's lines came into my mind:

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime.

\* \* *this is the Youngsters' HOME*

The semi-concrete "HOME" of 46 occupants of the Boys Town located in Punta Priocesa, a few kilometers from Cebu City. This building and the five-hectare lot were donated by Don Ramon Aboltiz, the biggest Boys Town benefactor. It is run by five priests and a brother of the Salesian Order.



Happy faces are those of the "spheroid artists" of the Cebu Boys Town posing for the lensman. They found it fun to stay in the Center with good living accommodations, free movies and plenty of hours of leisure. But before all these, they attend religious services at the Boys Town chapel to dedicate themselves to their Creator.

## \* \* by ben cabanatan

**Y**OUNG people of the Cebu Boys Town had a field day of cheer this year when the generous people of Cebu opened their hearts as they chipped in their contributions for the Center during the Boys Town Day.

To the youngsters, Boys Town Day was Christmas celebrated ahead of the season. Indeed, it was just like any Christmas day because hundreds of generous individuals sent "gifts" to the boys during the fund raising campaign by civic organizations in connection with the Boys Town Day observance.

The "Christmas gift" turned in was too big a roll of greenbacks for a young boy to own. It was P11,000. All this will go into the purchase of modern technical facilities and the construction of a trade school where the Boys Town occupants will be trained in the practical arts.

When this vocational shop will be established at last, the Salesian Fathers can boast that they have gone up one rung to perfect the aim of the Boys Town movement: to make model boys out of orphans, underprivileged, and delinquents. But even without this, Boys Town, has the credit for the decline of juvenile delinquency in Cebu. For if there were no Boys Town to take care of the material and spiritual needs of the 46 children, the people could easily expect a high rate of juvenile crimes and a lot of headaches for parents.

Home of underprivileged and homeless lads, Boys Town offers the same care and assistance that a family does. Although it cannot substitute for a mother's love, the boys can find the priests' concern for them as warm as a real father's.

Established in March, 1954, the Boys Town compound is at present situated at Punta Princesa, 10 minutes' ride from Cebu City. It occupies a small portion of a hectare lot with orchards and poultry houses surrounding the semi-concrete building. The big poultry farms are peo-  
se-earners for the "Home."

Like other institutions of charity, the "Home" is maintained by contributions from individuals, business and civic groups. Every year the Boys Town receives an average of P15,000 from these generous persons and charitable organizations like the Catholic Relief Services, the Catholic Welfare Organization and the Philippine Sweepstakes, Inc. Last year over two thousand pesos was turned in by the Philippine Sweepstakes. This money will go into medicines, books, clothing and food for the poor youngsters.

The Boys Town's greatest benefactor, however, is not a civic organization but a man with a big heart. Don Ramon Aboitiz, is always identified with the Cebu Boys Town movement. For Don Ramon is the keyman in the Cebu Boys Town because of his generous financial assistance that maintains the "Home."

Don Ramon himself bought the five-hectare Punta Princesa field and financed the construction and furnishing of the semi-concrete main building. Only recently Don Ramon gave P30,000 for the construction of a school building. (At present the wards attend classes in a public grade school outside.) The priests are going to open a complete elementary and first-year high school. Don Ramon also gives a smaller sum every month for the support of several boys under his adoption but who live in the "Home." Also, a farm tractor was donated by one of Don Ramon's sons.

The Boys Town, founded by Fr. Boscarol four years ago, had for its building the Chinese Catholic center adjacent to the Cathedral church. Taking in 14 boys first, the "Home" was moved to the Punta Princesa site later. There are now 46 boys. The L-shaped main building at present is partitioned into a boys' sleeping quarter, priests' quarters, messroom and a small carpentry shop and chapel. A few paces away is a basketball court.

In the morning the boys go to the chapel to attend mass and receive Holy Communion. Here begins their program of training to become better citizens. At 7 they repair to classes at a public school, returning at noon for lunch. Those who do not go to school are taught either carpentry or tailoring by a religious brother inside the compound. When not attending classes they are left free to play games.

Recreation is given emphasis because as Father J. P. Clifford, the present director, said, "boys want to play and play. If they work, they'll work only one day and the next they're bored." Besides nightly movies, they also go swimming on Sundays.

Fr. Clifford, the Dutch-born director of the "Home", distinguished their Boys Town movements, by saying that Boys Town run by the Salesian Order is different from those founded by Fr. Edward Flanagan, although they have the same aims. He said that the Salesian's Boys Town idea started much earlier than Fr. Flanagan's experimental conception. He also disclosed that there are centers in almost all countries, even in the communist countries. But it is difficult for the Order to manage a center in those countries, he said. Assisting Fr. Clifford in managing the "Home" are: Fr. Lino Repetto, P. Bianchini, J. Guarino, Patrick Ryan, and Bro. L. Nardin. Besides managing the Center they also look into the spiritual needs of the Punta Princesa parish.

Discussing the causes of juvenile delinquency, the Father Director pointed an accusing finger at the parents because, he said, they are responsible for the upbringing of their offspring.

He found family life in the Philippines different from that in China where the parents impose discipline on their young and when they attend religious services they go in one group. Here, children are just left alone, perhaps because of misunderstood "democracy."

Fr. Clifford was assigned previously in Hongkong where he worked in an institution of learning. He has stayed in this country for less than 3 years, coming here one year after the Boys Town was founded.

Admittance of boys is strictly on the basis of need. The homeless, orphans and products of broken homes are usually preferred to sons of the well-to-do even if they are real problem children. Fr. Clifford disclosed that the "Home" receives boys without looking into their religion. As to age requirements, they must be from 11 to 13 at the time they enter. With the sufficient training in the Center upon reaching 18, boys may go out and shift for themselves but in most cases the priests have to find work for them. ‡

THE PROFESSOR was almost through in his explanation of arson, an aspect of criminal law, when a plump, chubby-faced young student snapped his fingers and said, "Sir, I have a question." The professor gestured a yes-nod. "Suppose, sir, I place a dynamite at the side of the concrete wall of this university and it explodes, destroying the wall, am I guilty of arson?" The professor, apparently annoyed at his question, ignored him completely; he had just explained that, in arson, the element of burning is essential. Certainly, if nothing is burned, there is no crime of arson. This seemed very clear to the whole class. Another equally question-wise student was told bluntly to sit down for asking a silly question; the professor regarded it as a trick to "kill" the time.

Generally, students are entitled to ask questions during any stage of the instruction. It is the students' right. However, there are some, especially professors, who are a little inclined to regard this more as a "privilege" than as a right, but the majority, especially the students, are of the unanimous belief that it is a right. Actually, to ask questions is a right, an absolute right afforded the students as an inherent incident to teacher-and-pupil relationship. In the process of conveying knowledge to the students, doubts or uncertainty with respect to a particular aspect of the instruction may creep into the mind of the students; thus, leaving his mind in an utterly confused state. The occurrence of this confusion cannot be avoided no matter how clear and effective one's method of imparting knowledge is. The only remedy to offset this confusion is to allow students to ask questions.

There is, however, the unwholesome habit among present-day college students of misusing the right to ask questions. In fact, as far as this right is concerned, students nowadays may be classified into two groups namely: those who make use of this right as a means of removing confusion, and those who avail of this right as a means of gaining classroom "popularity".

This habit is unwholesome with respect to the second group. Perhaps, it is in the awareness of the existence of this right that helps make it unwholesome. A student nowadays asks questions no longer in the spirit of point-clarification but rather on the desire to make others believe that he is somebody in the

## This Habit of Asking Questions

by arturo b. raboy

class; that he is an intellectual; that he is adept in the matter of speaking the English language — etc. I remember a class in Religion. A student stood up and asked, "Father, do you believe in the pre-existence of the soul?" To which the good Father answered, "The Catholic Church does not believe in the pre-existence of the soul; the soul exists only at the moment of birth." But the student pursued his question with, "But, Father, I have read a book by a renowned author that pre-existence of the soul is possible; the Mohammedans believe that." At this point, the good Father appeared vexed, and he shot through an embarrassing retort: "My dear boy, you are asking me a question outside the subject matter of this class. If your purpose is to argue with me just for the sake of it, I do not like it." Obviously, this was a punch on the nose. But others have succeeded in gaining special treatment and respect from their fellow classmates.

Perhaps, the most exasperating mode of asking questions is that which is purposely made to "kill" the time. This is very common (rampant is more appropriate) in the College of Law. A professor who is frankly fond of shuffling class cards during recitation usually finds himself being bombarded with mostly impertinent and ridiculous questions — and the professor sadly winds up the lecture with very little of the lessons taken up. This trick is certainly unfair to the other students, who are more seriously interested in the explanation of the law; it would deprive them of the more important portions of the law which are usually left unexplained due to the interposition of a silly question; likewise, it would deprive the professor much time in proceeding with his lecture.

Actually, there is nothing wrong with a student's asking questions. In fact it is his right. However, he cannot use this right in any way he wants. This right, like any other right, has its limit: the question must be sensible and less time-consuming; it must be motivated by an honest intention, by good

faith. But there are students, particularly law students, who are simply bold enough to attend classes without any preparation at all, and when they sense the prospect of being called on to recite, they immediately stand up — without even the courtesy of raising their hands — and start firing questions right and left. The next thing you know; it is already time for the next class. On one occasion, I asked one of my classmates why he was always asking questions. "Why, don't you like my asking questions?" came his surprising reply. "Sure, I like it; but don't you think we were wasting too much time on those two questions? They were not really important." I told him. "Yeah, we wasted much time all right, but it did the trick. I might have been called and I have not read the assignment; it saved me from a grade of 'S'. I've had lots of them already."

It was a clean "live"-saving trick all right, but he failed to realize that by wasting the professor's time, he was doing damage to the whole class; time which could have been devoted to the further explanation and illustration of the law. But the heckler was such a clever fellow — not to mention his little command of English — that the professor was fooled.

However, it might be well to remember that the blame should not be borne solely by the students concerned. Part of the blame should also be shared by the professors. A fair observation would indicate that some professors are quite noticeably impressionable. They become impressed by the students' rhetoric, high-sounding questions. This is certainly a weakness on their part, and smart students are quick to capitalize on this weakness to obtain good grades.

On the other hand, we can still find professors who are equally smart on this kind of stultuggerly in class, and they don't hesitate to embarrass students if the question turns out to be nonsensical. This is the type of professors we need to stop this kind of malady in class. ■

# ANTONIO Y. DE PIO

## the Carolinian Congressman

IT WAS just yesterday when I used to meet him in our classroom; he was one of those energetic professors in the USC College of Law — a mere Atty. Antonio Y. de Pio.

Today, when his students and friends meet him, instinctive courtesy will tell them to take their hats off and say: Good day, Congressman! In his characteristic humility, he cannot fail to smile while he makes his response.

The story of this Carolinian professor is the story of how diligence, toil, self-determination, and self-sacrifice can really mean success. Born on September 8, 1908 in Tuburan, Cebu, he is the son of Potenciano de Pio and Rosario Ybanez. Sometime during his childhood, his parents moved to Cadiz, Negros Occidental. It was in Cadiz that he finished his primary and elementary grades as valedictorian.

His first two years in high school were spent in the Vasayan Institute (now, University of the Visayas). Then he transferred to the University of Manila where he studied during the night and worked during the day. At first, he worked as stenographer in the office of the late Paulino Ybanez (his uncle) who was then the Congressman of the Seventh District of Cebu. Later, he transferred to the Radio Corporation of the Philippines. Not long thereafter, he was promoted from stenographer to chief clerk. And his rise was so rapid that before he knew it, he was connected with the Erlanger and Galingier, Inc. where he became the Assistant Collection Manager and in charge of the sale of movie sound equipment.

It was while working in the Erlanger and Galingier, Inc. that he took up his Law in the University of Manila. He finished it in 1933, took the bar, and passed. Then he quit his job, returned to Cebu, and started his law practice.

In 1939, he was offered a teaching job in the University of San Carlos. He accepted it; he handled Public and Private International Law and subjects in Civil Law left by the present Senator Decoroso Rosales when the latter ran for Congress in 1941.

During the war, Congressman-elect de Pio edited the War Bulletin, a newsette published by the guerrilla unit of Bantayan Island. He also acted as Chairman, Arbitration Committee, Unit of Civil Affairs Committee of the Cebu guerrillas.

After the liberation, he was attached to the Real Estate Division of the Armed Forces of the Western Pacific (AFWESPAC), a unit of the US Army in Cebu City charged with the leasing of buildings and lands to the US Army as well as with the payment of rentals and damages for the civilian properties used by the US Army in the course of Cebu's liberation. He was the Administrative Assistant then, next in rank to the American Colonel in charge of the unit. Simultaneously he resumed his teaching job in San Carlos.

In 1946 he was elected member, Board of Directors, Cebu Lawyers'

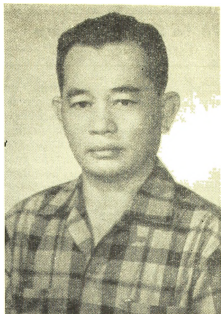
by

ADELINO B. SITOY

League. He got elected as member of the Board of Governors of the same organization in 1955. When the Cebu Motor Vehicle Operators Association, an organization of jeepney and bus operators in the city and province of Cebu, held its election, he was chosen president.

Tonying, as his friends are fond of calling him, first courted the Seventh District of Cebu in 1953. The people knew his sincerity of purpose and his true love for them; they would have accepted him in that year's elections were they not barred by the tremendous public works given out by the Liberals. No less than 10,000 laborers were paid right in front of the precincts on election day.

He was the NP candidate for the district then. Yet, it was his district which did not taste the splendour of Magsaysay's campaign entourage; it was his district which



Congressman-elect Antonio Y. de Pio  
Amelioration of the masses is his  
concern...

did not hear even a single campaign speech by any senatorial candidate or any Cebu NP bigwig for that matter. And despite his being the official NP candidate, a rebel aspirant won the support of some Cebu Nacionalistas: Santos Migallos ran as a rebel Nacionalista; so, the NP votes in the western coastal towns were split.

The year 1957 was his second chance. A winner never quits, a quitter never wins. This, he believes although he did not think he lost in 1953. He won the hearts of the people; his opponent merely their hands. There are things which money cannot buy; these are the things upon which he would build his candidacy for the people to convert into a monument of victory.

His rival was the very man whom he opposed in the 1953: Dr. Nicolas Escario, the incumbent Congressman, the head of the Liberal Party in Cebu, and the President of one of Cebu's institutions of learning, the Cebu Institute of Technology (CIT). Escario was supported by the ten town mayors of the entire district; he had the backing of the ten municipal machineries in that district; he had the backing of the Liberal Party.

On the other hand, Tonying who was the official candidate of the party in power did not enjoy the blessings of the public works which his adversary took advantage of in 1953 under the latter's party ad-

(Continued on page 32)

## Live To See The Dawn

(Continued from page 17)

youthful pessimistic sense of life's vanity harrowed him. A few days more and Christmas would be over. The Christmas trees would be stacked away in the dust-ridden attics. And here he was, his footsteps reverberating in the street; he—the product of the tumult of a modern city. He rubbed his eyes. A powerful imagination caught up with him. He thought: the child sleeping in the haymow is a rebirth. A rebirth...

In this hour of the night the lights of the city would be extinguished one after another. Soon all the world would be in darkness... but there will still be lights, the lights in the sky—the stars. ♯

## Some X'mas Beliefs

(Continued from page 18)

phany are especially dear and are believed to possess the gift of seeing what ordinary eyes cannot see and of hearing music what ordinary ears cannot hear. It is thought that the Guardian Angel of every household becomes visible to one of its members between midnight and dawn on Christmas, but is seldom seen as the exact time of his appearance is unknown. A baby who smiles in his sleep is hearing whispers from an angel.

There is an Irish belief that the gates of Paradise are open on Christmas Eve and one who dies on that night directly goes to Heaven without passing through Purgatory.

A divination by means of "St. Thomas' onion" is often practised at Christmas time. Girls peel an onion, wrap it in a handkerchief, and put it under their pillows at night. This would show them their true love in their dreams.

When the cock crows in the stillness of December night, people would remark: "The cock is crowing for Christmas."

PAGE 36

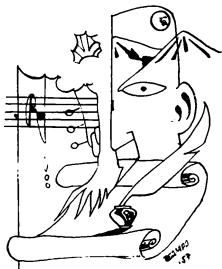
## "Desire"

*There are the hills for me again,  
the shaggy cliffs, the sky,  
And nothing more but pen and ink  
and inspiration by and by:*

*The green vales, the palm  
trees,  
the sea breeze breathing;  
The morning mists on the  
hill's crest  
before my eyes a-dripping.*

*There are the hills for me again  
for my heart is fettered there;  
When twilight shades the sylvan  
glades,*

*I hear them calling clear;  
And nothing more but dewy nights:  
the moon splendidly sailing,  
Few soft strains of home-made  
guitar,  
A nightingale a-singing.*



—Montserrat D. Seno

## Reverie

*"Life is but a passing shadow":  
When we reach the end of noble deeds  
and friends we must forsake  
the sun would rise once more  
and the world will always be.*

*The first gale would soon  
leave my tear-wet grave  
a parched, thirsty mound.  
Beneath the soothing singsong of  
mournful bamboo trees  
I lie alone  
and yet not too alone  
because in moments of silence  
amidst your years of life and memories  
you will think of me.*

— Angelina R. Labucay

THE CAROLINIAN

## CHRISTMAS VISIONS

(Continued from page 8)

quize: "Oh, God, how can man ever learn that he does not live by bread alone?"

There were a hundred other scenes I saw beyond the horizon, my friend, but I chose to convey to you only those Yuletide scenes in keeping with the season. It is my fervent hope that as you revel in your joys, you will give a little thought to those who are not so lucky as you are. Do something no matter how small — to help them. A silent prayer, a word of cheer, a piece of cloth, a plate of food, or anything... is enough to bring the spirit of Christmas to them.

## "THE WARRIORS"

(Continued from page 29)

hands, in and out of the bucket area. A terrific cutter, a man assigned to bound him needs an asbestos suit to stop this "Colabato Kid". He is the co-captain of the team. 5. The "Golden Boy" who makes a dribble, a fake, then a switched cord in a second is Bobby Reynes. Bobby has a very unique style of playing; his ability to shoot last and under the very noses of his guards has earned him a place in the first five. An able leader and a peerless cutter, he has proven to others that height is not all might. He takes the rebound against taller opponents. These big five compose the invincibles of Coach Aquino.

One might remember that these five (plus Eddie Galdo who gave only a ten-second interception with fire, power and speed) were the bringers of the championship trophy last year. Still with us this year are: 1. Max Pizarra, the jump and sneak shot artist who helped many a Carolinian victory. He tops the team's shooting practice in average.

2. Diony Jakosalem another six-footer. His "hookies" are slow but sure. 3. Manolo Bas, a distributor, dependable guard, and hustler and a fighter, pound for pound. He is always steady in his clutches.

Sporting the green and gold jersey with the old reliables this year are: 1. A former Ateneo (Caga-an) skipper, Esmer "Spitfire" Abejo, with the speed of Genato, the hustle of Motoomul and the fighting spirit of the late Chole Gaston. His timely interceptions will long be remembered. 2. Ernesto "Kamikaze" Michael whose one hand long

## ANYTHING

# You Say . . .

The Editor  
Carolinian

Sir:

I was surprised to note that in the past issues of the Carolinian, the National Language section which formerly had been a permanent page no longer appeared. It is lamentable to note that while a foreign language such as Spanish has a page in every issue, our National Language is not given due importance.

Well, Mr. Editor, I am not a spokesman of the Teachers' College but I earnestly believe that it does not profit a Filipino to know everything about Cervantes if he is ignorant of Balagtas.

With the wave of Nationalism sweeping our country today, I think such omission is awfully unfortunate.

I humbly request, therefore, that the National Language be given back its due page in our university organ.

Very sincerely,

MANUEL VALENZUELA  
College of Law

## BY THE WAY . . .

(Continued from page 28)

shuffling of his men we reserve judgment. And mind, this is not only coming from me.

We were expecting a rather dismal showing of the team this year but contrary to expectations, every time USC plays we sit glued to our seats for the whole 40 minutes affair. That is a tribute to the fine spirit, tenacity and love for the game the Carolinians show.

The USC position in basketball is not felt only in Cebu. Most of the FEU boys I met consider USC a serious threat to their crown; also the UE Reds. For one thing, we have attained a position of constancy,—constant record of victories, crowns and producing the biggest names in local basketball. For every great athlete in this select field, a humble story teller always finds his way back to USC.

Christmas and rest come for some, worry and dodging bill collectors for the others and for particular people a day off from politics. But now as always, Christmas has been associated with some charitable organization who spends the biggest sum of money to get big named persons appear before them. Some group even sets up a goal say P15,000 for a drive and spends P25,000 trying to get P15,000. But that's far from our topic... Merry Christmas to you and best of the New Year to come. Keep your wine old and spirit young... cheers... §

ions and backboard recoveries can only be equalled, not surpassed. 3. Record-breaker Julian Macoy. This former high school skipper established a postwar record in basketball history by garnering 101 points in a play of 28 minutes in one game. Change of pace, perfect timing, unorthodox shots, and foul baiting tactics accounted for this record. 4. Cesar Frias, the kid from Iloilo who refused to be tamed. A steady sentinel, he is our quintet's answer to MIT's Carlos (Baseball pass) Mandilag. 5. Jose Mejia, an

excellent distributor, former captain of the Engineering team. 6. Cesar Mandili; a promising kid who in the long run will surely give us something to remember him by. 7. Dondon Modequillo, whose set shots are spendily accurate, and whose sneaks are more than timely. 8. And the "pinch hitter" Ben Reyes, an off and on warrior; a liability when off, and an asset when on. (Refer to the by-line — Ed.)

This bunch of hard-fighting, God-fearing dribblers compose our formidable quintet. §

OR A FULL HOUR Mario's thoughts strayed into nowhere as he wandered down Avenida Rizal. The specks of light that ringed off the engulfing darkness served only to heighten his predicament.

It was three months now since he had been fired from his job as a clerk in a downtown business office. It was not really his fault that he had been absent during office hours; he could not have been expected to give all the attention required of him because domestic problems beset his mind.

He had asked Mr. Cruz' permission to go out for a few minutes and see how Grace was faring out at the maternity house. They were going to have their first child. The complexity of Grace's labor made him stay a while longer, until dusk came without his noticing it.

The baby was born late that evening. It was a boy and it made him happy. Yet, the blaze of excitement which glowed in his heart in becoming a father petered out when he learned from a fellow employee that he was fired.

Things were not so bad for a while. He had been able to save a little amount in the bank; it could tide him over for a month or two. Months went by. He was still unemployed. His savings dwindled away until he was forced to borrow some funds from his Tia Tanciang. But even that was exhausted. Bill collectors hounded him. The hope of landing a job drove

him to conduct an office-to-office job-hunting campaign. It all ended with the same result: NO VACANCY.

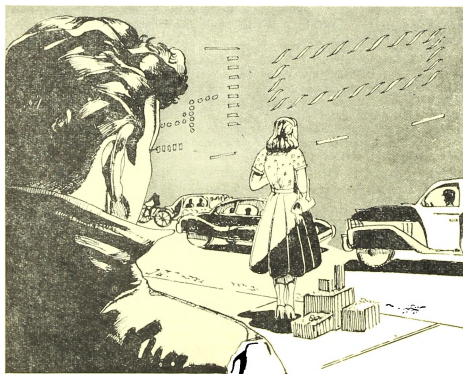
Grace's health broke down and the baby had to be bottle-fed. That meant a lot of milk had to be bought. And, what's more, Grace needed medicine, too. The key to his problems was money. He had none. He tried borrowing again from his aunt but this time Tia Tanciang could not help him. She needed money herself. He tried to secure a bank loan but failed because he had no collateral to offer. To top it all, it was the day before Christmas. He simply had to have some money. A wall clock in a sari-sari store told him it was eleven-thirty. Thirty minutes more and it would be Christmas Eve. Some Christmas gift a guy can give to his wife and kid, he secretly mocked himself. No job. No gifts. He had no money. Nothing.

Heck, he thought, there are only a few drops of milk left in that lost can for the baby. Tomorrow, they would all go hungry.

It began to drizzle. The street was now covered by a thin film of raindrops which mirrored a shimmering light set atop a gawky lamp post. It was strange how the dark street could hold something beautiful. Most of the department stores were closed. A handful were open to accommodate the frantic last-minute shoppers. Only the sari-saris, the restaurants and a few grocery stores displayed the determination to stick it out in anticipation of the dawn shoppers. It was time to go home. Grace would be worried. Home, Mario thought out loud. What could he bring home? Nothing. Tomorrow he would wake up and there would be nothing. He didn't feel like going home yet. But he had to. Mario heaved a sigh. A grocery store stood ahead. It was half-opened. A patch of light beamed out of the doorway. A woman emerged from the store. She carried several bundles of

by lindy c. moppel

grocery goods. She lumbered toward the end of the pavement and stood on the brink. The storeowner appeared and started to stretch the contracted accordion-like iron gate into its full spread. It gave a grating noise. From the holes of the curtain-like gate Mario saw milk. Dozens and dozens of cans. His tongue felt dry. The woman was obviously waiting for a ride. Several jeepsneys passed. She hailed none of them. It must be a taxi she is waiting for, Mario deduced. A purse was snuggled beneath her right armpit. She must be rich. Her dress was of expensive material and she wore nylon stockings. The fat purse stirred Mario's imagination. It must contain quite an amount. Enough to buy food, medicine and milk. Stroking his chin with his forefinger and thumb, Mario weighed the possibilities. Should he...? Two headlights glowered way down the street. It was coming towards them swiftly like a hungry hound toward a bowl of food. If she took that taxi.... all the money



• Short Story •



would be gone. He would have nothing. Nothing. NOTHING. The word nagged him. He shut his eyes. A flurry of thoughts crossed his mind.

With a start he swooped down on her and yanked out the leather purse. Her bundles clattered to the pavement. She screamed. Mario dashed towards a dark alley in Raon Street. He threw a parting backward glance and saw the car screech into an abrupt stop. It was a police patrol car. Soon the night air was filled with the shrill tones of police whistles. Mario's heart

shoulder. The jig was up.

A voice jolted him back to reality. The hand was that of an old man. He was clad in rags and leaned over a crooked cane.

"What is the matter, *hijo*? Don't you feel well?" the old man queried.

"No, I'm all right," he replied. "Just a little sleepy."

"Go home, my boy," the old man advised. "It is Christmas, you know. Your folks must be waiting for you."

"Thanks," Mario acknowledged. The old man staggered. A wall

## A DARK ALLEY

throbbed wildly. Figures were racing after him. He had to escape. He darted into another alley. The purse proved to be cumbersome. Snapping the lock open, he emptied the purse of its contents and discarded it. He thrust the money inside his trouser's pockets. The sharp wail of a police siren echoed from the opposite end of the alley. They were trying to corner him. Apparently they were using the two-way radio. A pair of automobile headlights swung into view. A prowl car. Mario turned back. Footsteps pounded the pavement ahead with menacing proximity.

An inconspicuous nook for trash cans caught his eyes. Run for it, his mind commanded. Using his left hand as a lever, he vaulted over the trash cans and covered behind them. His left hand had touched something slimy. The stench was nauseating. How he detested rank odors! The searching beams of the prowl car flashed by overhead. He crouched some more. The smell was overpowering. He felt like vomiting. Voices pierced the curtain of silence that hung over the alley. They were arguing which way he got away. The prowl car retraced its route and vanished. The voices faded away. Slowly and cautiously he strained his ears for some warning noise. A heavy silence prevailed. He vaulted over the trash cans once more. Warily he trudged forward. Everything seemed all right. Suddenly a hand clutched his left

clock which clung to a wall in a window display revealed it was quarter to twelve. Christmas Eve was just fifteen minutes away. Time to hurry home, Mario told himself. He broke into a run. The sight of home with a paper lantern suspended over the doorway warmed his heart and brought a smile to his lips. Gently, he rapped on the door. Must be twelve o'clock now, he guessed.

"Mario?" Grace called out in a drowsy voice.

"Yes, Darling," he answered. The door latch snapped free and the door swung open. The rising crescendo of sirens wailing, church bells ringing, and automobile horns tooting crept into the room. It was Christmas Eve. He caught Grace in a tender embrace and kissed her forehead.

"Merry Christmas, Darling!" Mario greeted.

"Merry Christmas," Grace whispered softly. He reached for the light switch and snapped it on. The light drove away the gloomy darkness. They approached the crib and saw the baby was fast asleep. The sight lightened the heart of Mario. It was good to be back.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mar," Grace remarked. He knew she was happy to see him smiling.

"The strangest thought came to me a moment ago," Mario explained. "A while ago, when I was out there in the street walking, I felt

sorry for you, for the baby, and for myself. I was despondent over the fact that I had nothing to give you two. Yet, now, the whole world seems bright and easy."

"I'm glad you feel that way," Grace sighed.

"So do I," Mario confirmed. "When I thought of how a Family of Three endured the same tribulations we are going through now, how inconvenient it must have been for them in that stable, how all the world frolicked without being aware of His coming to be with us, all the things that bothered me, that agitated my very soul did not matter anymore."

"Yes, darling," Grace agreed. "Sometimes, by not having anything, we have everything."

"Let's get some sleep now. We must hear Mass early," Mario advised. He switched off the light and the darkness did not affect him. Somehow, he was glad that the dark alley existed only in his mind. Sleep came heavily on his eyes. ‡

### THE GREATNESS OF . . . (Continued from page 24)

for a nation is a group of people bound together by a common sentiment of unity by reason of common aspirations and a common history and heritage, and it is these people alone who can best chart their own future and determine their own destiny.

To the Filipinos, that was his message; to the world, he gave the same message.

The Filipinos learned the message well. When, on July 4, 1946, some fifty years after Rizal fell on the Luneta, the Filipino flag was raised for the first time alone on the flagstaffs of the nation, every Filipino knew that it was there, sustained on the wings of the idea and the thought that was Rizal.

That thought, moving upon the face of the Philippines to ultimately dissipate the clouds of colonialism and reveal the full splendor of freedom, continues to move towards other benighted colonial areas of the earth. In Indonesia and other countries, that thought has become a bible in their struggle for political emancipation. Rizal indeed now belongs not only to the Philippines; he belongs also to the hearts and history of peoples desiring to be free.

The greatness of Rizal was only the measure of the greatness of the thought that it was his singular fortune to give expression to, with all his mind, his heart, even with his life. And that thought has made him truly great because it is in accord with the essence of the greatness of justice, of humanity, of God. ‡

## COMENTARIOS DEL EDITOR:

## La Religion Catolica

● Muchos son los argumentos para probar la divinidad de la religion cristiana. Pero entre estos argumentos ninguno es mas convincente que la propagacion y estabilidad de esta religion en el mundo.

De las paginas de la historia sabemos muy bien cuantas fueron las dificultades que entonces tenia que atravesar esta religion antes de merecer la atencion y admiracion del mundo. No como las otras religiones o ideologias, que se propagaron ya con la elocuencia ya con la espada, esta religion cristiana se propago en este mundo con la ignorancia y debilidad de los despreciados seguidores de Cristo.

Muchos y varios fueron los perseguidores de esta religion. Los judios le arrojaron piedra. Pilato la clavo en la cruz. Neron la entero en las catacombas. Atila la azote con su vandalismo. Napoleon Bonaparte la encarcelo en Avinion. Stalin la torturo con su martillo. Los racionalistas la ridiculizaron con su filosofismo y agnosticismo. Y muchos en nuestros dias tratan de borrarla de la faz de la tierra.

Pero, donde estan ahora aquellos verdugos y perseguidores que la quisieron destruir? Todos ellos pasaron cual sombra oscura para nunca volver, pero esta religion que da todavia para durar mas! Todos ellos murieron ya para nunca resucitar pero esta religion esta todavia viva en el mundo. Todos ellos estan ya corrompidos en los sepulcros, pero esta religion esta siempre en perpetua resurrección y gloria!

Es una verdad admitida que todo lo humano es mortal. Todos los trabajos del hombre en este mundo perecen para ser olvidados despues de algun tiempo como el mismo hombre que nace para morir. En verdad, donde estan ahora las hermosas ciudades de Egipto? donde estan los vastos imperios de Dario, de Alejandro Magno, de los Cesares? Donde esta la gloria de Grecia y la grandeza de Roma? Donde estan? Todo esto ha perecido con el tiempo. Tal pasa pues la vanidad y la gloria del mundo. Tal es el fin de todo lo humano . . . la muerte.

Siendo, pues, la ley así que todo perece con el tiempo, porque pudo la religion cristiana sobrevivir y resistir la caida de los imperios y otras instituciones humanas? Si todo nace, crece y despues muere, porque no murio esta religion durante las persecuciones? Porque no muere o sucumbe ante el neopaganismo, el modernismo y el ateismo del dia? Tan misterioso es este hecho como es inamalgamable por que esta religion cristiana no obstante el naufragio del tiempo se que da todavia en nuestros dias!

Esta religion esta ya propagada en todas partes del mundo. Esta predicando como ayer al Cristo crucificado. Esta en nuestro medio mas hermosa y admirable que antes. Parece que la muerte no tiene poder sobre ella, pues, hoy mas que nunca esta rebotante de gloria y sonriente de gloria y sonriente de paz.

Entonces, si todo lo humano es mortal y la religion cristiana no muere, siguese que esta es mas que humana. Debe ser divina y luego es inmortal y nunca ha de morir. Pasaran entonces el cielo y la tierra mas esta religion quedara siempre firme sobre su piedra fundamental a la que batieron ya como hoy baten las puertas del infierno pero . . . batiran en vano! z

Y A estan terminadas las elecciones intramurales. Resultado: Unos ganaron; otros perdieron. Para los que han perdido en la eleccion nada les importa mas sino el tener paciencia y silencio. Para los que han ganado les incombue el grave deber de trabajar y poner en acto sus planes y promesas. Pero nos appena observar que los oficiales del Supremo Consejo de los estudiantes no han hecho nada todavia para probar su sinceridad a los estudiantes que les han votado durante la eleccion pasada. Hay muchas cosas que hacer. No deben dormir mucho.

No se por que muchos dicen que el castellano es dificil. De hecho suelen comentar que entre las asignaturas mas amargas (paitan) el estudio del castellano es el mas odiado. Triste es esta cosa. Pero a que se debe esta repugnancia de los estudiantes al cultivo del lenguaje cervantino? Y como van a aprender nuestros jovenes a apreciar este idioma? Con que medios pueden animarse los estudiantes a estudiar el castellano con interes y amor?

El Padre Antonio Buchik, S.V.D. acaba de venir de Polonia. Los que quieren saber algo de la Revolucion de Polonia contra Rusia lo pueden leer en la carta del Padre Buchik publicada en este numero. Pero no solamente por esos informes nos alegra la vuelta del Padre a San Carlos sino tambien el verle y encontrarle siempre en su oficina cada dia con su misma generosidad y benevolencia para quienes buscan consejo y ayuda espiritual y educacional.

Jesucristo es la razon de toda celebracion navidena. Pero muchos de nosotros hemos quitado esta razon. Pues, le olvidamos, mientras nos recordamos de cosas y personas mucho mas que la misma razon de las navidades. Debemos ser sensatos. En una palabra usamos la razon. \$



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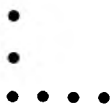
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