

Reminiscences of

# CALIFORNIA, Playground of the West

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**S**OUTHERN California, land of enchantment, towering skyscrapers, long shorelines and sea-coasts, large cities and small, spacious farms and farmlands, scenic wonders and phenomena. The playground of the West. For here, all sports are known, whether they involve low altitudes or high, warm weather or cold, on land or in the water. For towering snow-capped mountains provide all the snow that a ski enthusiast would want; low and deep valleys and deserts provide the kind of climate in which to just sit back and relax; the long shore-lines and spacious beaches provide endless hours and ample opportunity of rollicking, frolicking fun for young and old alike; and the mountain resorts and national parks and playgrounds provide an endless advantage of exploring Nature's ways and habits.

What a thrilling moment it is as you first see California; as you first cross under the Golden Gate Bridge, a huge expanse from one shoreline to the other, covering a distance of about five miles. Here is San Francisco. Here, your first glimpse of huge buildings towering up to the sky, endless array of stores and their respective window displays, the continuous stretch of roads winding into the distance, and in the background, tall, magnanimous mountains.

Traveling southward, you reach Sequoia National Park six-hundred and four acres of mountain territory and gigantic redwood and sequoia trees, so huge that it is possible for a car to drive through the middle of one protected by the government for the benefit of the public.

A short distance from Sequoia is another government protected area Yosemite National Park, located in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Yosemite is much larger than Sequoia, being 719,622 acres of pure wild-life, rivers and streams full of fish waiting to get hooked on a fisherman's line. Here is truly a sportsman's paradise, where campers may come for a few days of hunting or fishing.

Finally you reach the great metropolis of Los Angeles. In con-

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## Maria Eva Duarte de Peron

EVA PERON, surely one of the most extraordinary women the world has ever known, was dead at 33 of cancer, and Argentina was overwhelmed by grief. The sorrow of Argentina was genuine... She was of great help to Peron in organizing union support at home and in 1947 made a brilliant diplomatic tour of Spain and Italy. She became the most powerful woman of her time.  
(Life Magazine, Aug. 25, 1952)



# WOMAN —

## Guardian of Our Destiny

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**THE PART** and the importance of the role played by woman in the shaping of the world's destiny is undeniable as well as unquestionable. The proof of the magnitude and potentiality of their influence in our lives can be noticed wherever one may go. Be it in this world or in the next, in heaven or in hell, there are living testimonies of woman's power.

Since the beginning she has yielded a power so great that, despite the intelligence Adam had been endowed with by God, yet, when he saw that the woman had already eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, without hesitation he partook of it. And, when an angry God drove man out of Paradise, the woman, realizing the misery and pain she had brought down upon man and herself, remained at his side, following him wherever he willed, enduring with him the bitterness and suffering which were now their lot.

From that time on, woman has always been the same. Seducer, tempter, she has also been the comfort and solace of man. In a large measure can be attributed to her the advancement of mankind. Who made and produced great men — scientists, heroes, philosophers, rulers? One woman or another has been the guiding power behind them. Be she a mother, sister, wife or beloved, she was still... a woman.

Likewise, great men have been ruined because of one or many women. As an example, we have Salomon who was led to perdition because of his many pagan wives. More famous still is the case of Anthony and Cleopatra. Captured and blinded by the beauty and charm of Cleopatra, Anthony in his madness forsook an empire. He preferred to die with his beloved rather than live a life without her, though he might have had the chance to regain his lost throne.

The incidents in the history of the world are mute testimonies of the power of woman. As proven by many other similar incidents, the rise and fall of man may be attributed to woman.

We ourselves, are proofs of the power woman wields over man. Whatever good we now possess we owe largely to our mothers. Since our childhood days they have nurtured and fed us. In our adolescence they have implanted in our youthful minds the principles of morality which we now follow. Our faults, they corrected; our offenses, they endured.

Now in our maturity, we still find out we could not live without women.

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Who can deny  
the role of Woman  
in helping shape  
the face of humanity?

## ON DA LEVEL

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red like pretending to ask a light from a friend's bag. And chances are that before I can pick my stick of cigarette, the sucker would offer me one of his which may be a Camel or a Chesterfield.

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The CCAA opening cage tournament which turned out in a hoopla at a downtown gym was ably represented by teams and sympathizers of each college participating. What got my goat was neither the major upset of the evening nor the band-less ceremony but the sight of, paradox of paradoxes, two prominent feminine bundles of Carolinian pulchritude rooting for the opposing team as our high school warriors locked horns with their opponents. Can you beat the deuce? I'm suspecting those dame; have some kind of "vested interest" on some of the players. Get what I mean?

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A friend from Davao City who has stayed barely three months in USC has observed this: Most of our female students, if not all, are having a fashion competition. Everyone wants to out-dress the other so much so that it looks as if a fashion show is in the offing. I don't want to commit myself to his observation, after all it's not my dough they spend to buy them. Anyway, what do you say girls...er I mean ladies?

My gibberish has got to end. Why, I also have to beat the deadline. See you next semester, G'by!

## HERBIE ENTERS FOOL-ITICS

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Well, there you are, Alex, or should I say there they are. I'm sorry I haven't the complete list of the officers yet. Our pretty secretary hasn't issued press releases at this writing. You'll probably find that somewhere in the News section of this issue, anyway.

Already, the grapevine is rumbling with the rumor that Expedito Bugarin and someone-or-other will be groomed for nomination to secondary and minor posts in the Lex Circle. An acquaintance party... a barn dance... the usual first activities of any class organization, is planned... class spirit and the fever of enthusiasm is very strong (for the first few days, at least).

Say, I guess by the time this comes out in print the issue will be stale, forgotten, passé and obsolete. Too bad this can't come out tomorrow, while the matter is still fresh. But, Alex, it was an exciting and pulse-pounding class election. Now it's all over but the... work!

That's all, Alex. Auf weidersee-you-in-class,

h e r b i e.

## WOMAN, GUARDIAN . . .

(Continued from front inside cover)

Where do we go to in times of sorrow and of pain? To whom do we open our hearts when doubts assail us? On whose bosom do we lay our whirling heads when misfortune overtakes us? When in pain, whose hands caress us? When we suffer, who comforts us? And when we fall, who cries for us?

Woman! Still it is woman! From the beginning of our life woman is already with us. And, in death, her tears are shed for us. We cannot, though try we may, we can never escape the influence of woman.

To her, then, is due most of the good that mankind has ever achieved. Oftentimes reviled, sometimes spoken of in contempt, but always adored and revered... woman is silent. She receives in silence whatever it is man offers her in gratitude. But no matter whatever it be, she will forever be beside us, guiding our DESTINY.

## Caroliniana . . .

(Continued from page 2)

time when everything in science will be controlled by the impulses engendered by the electrons. Dean Rodríguez should be congratulated for this enlightening article. We wish that some more of the kind will be contributed in the future issues.

● Manuel Trinidad, Jr., a stranger to our pages, philosophizes. In his "Democracy — A Fact or an Ideal?" he wounds up finally with a logical conclusion that democracy can only be achieved by the aid of the legitimate freedoms, religion and autonomy, religious education, development of good leaders, and the cooperation of a civic-minded citizenry endowed with love for what is right and good.

● "What Do You Think... about the restoration of the Seventh Grade in our elementary schools?" Buddy this time asks. The answers are varied. They are food for thought.

● Expedito Bugarin breaks into our pages for the first time with a short story, "The Trader." It tells of

the adventure of a man who thought he could be very smart during the dark days of the occupation. You will do well to find out how smart he could be at the end. The author is a man of varied activities. Besides studying as a Freshman in Law, he announces every morning in the Milkman's Matinee hour of station DYBU.

● Another new-comer into our pages is Néstor-M. Morelos, who calls out, "Look Here, Junior!" and tells you many things about Carolinian boys and girls as only a real connoisseur can. This attempt as satire shows to any budding writer what interesting subjects one can write about basking under their very noses.

● The neophytes to the pages of this mag seem to make a Roman Holiday of this issue. Another freshie, Rolando Espina, maintains that "Woman (is) Guardian of Our Destiny," in the inside front cover. He uses women of history as examples supporting his contention. We want more of the kind, Rolando, although we would like you to come down to earth next time. Anyway, thanks for obliging us.