

UNIVERSITY OF THE AZORES
LIBRARY

JUN 4 1959

VOLUME XXII
NUMBER 6

The CAROLINIAN

Official Publication of the Students of the University of San Carlos

SUMMER
ISSUE
1959





ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



MAIN BUILDING

The UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS,

a towering structure in the heart of a kind city, is an institution with 363 years of tradition to maintain, an institution that is admittedly one of the very best not only in the Visayas and Mindanao but in the whole Philippines.

The UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

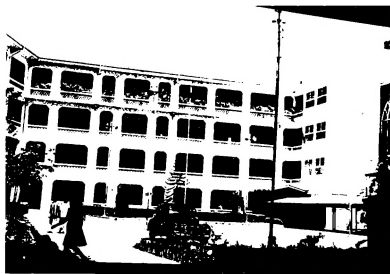
is your beloved second home, a home where you come in constant contact with such wonderful people as the priest who warmly converses with you and your buddies in the drugstore, the math teacher who is like a mother to you, the Spanish teacher whom you call *Abay* outside the classroom, the basketball star who is your seatmate in the biology lab, the campus editor who "murders" a prize article you write but encourages you to write more.

The UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

is a Catholic University where your intellectual, moral and physical development is fostered in a congenial, Catholic atmosphere.

The UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS

*BIDS YOU, ONE AND ALL:
WELCOME TO COLLEGE!!
WELCOME TO U.S.C.!!*



SCIENCE BUILDING



Official Publication of the
Students of the University of
San Carlos
Member, College Editors Guild of the
Philippines.

VOL. XXII No. 6

Entered as Second Class mail matter
in the Cebu Post Office.

Editorial Staff:

SIXTO LL. ABAO, JR.
Editor

MANUEL S. GO
BEN CABANATAN JUNNE CARIZARES
Senior Editors

AMABLE TUINEO **RODOLFO JUSTINIAMI**
ALBERTO RILE **TEODORO BAY**
GERARDO LIPARDO, JR.
Associates

EPIMACO DENSIING, JR. **FILEMON FERNANDEZ**
Staff Writers

AMORSOLO MANLIGAS
Art Editor

ADELINO B. SITYO
ERASMO M. BIGLA VICENTE G. BALBUENA
Contributing Editors

ATTY. TOMAS ECHIVARE
Adviser

REV. JOHN VOGELGESANG, SVD
Moderator

Table of Contents

REGULAR COLUMNS

Caroliniana	A. Vuelvan	inside back cover
Editorial	S. Ll. Abao, Jr.	page 1
Editorial Foreword	SLA Jr.	page 4
Science	A. Rile	page 29
On This Side of Sportdom	— Justiniani	page 30
Wikang Filipino	T. Bay	page 33
Section Castellana	—	page 35

FEATURES

I Burn, I Burn	M. S. Go	page 2
The Plays of Guerrero	— E. Manuel	page 5

SHORT STORIES

The Last Flight	G. Lipardo	page 7
Fidel	J. Carizares	page 9
Thinking of Margot	R. Yap	page 11
The Tree	F. Robles	page 13
Elsa	A. Sityo	page 15

POEMS

Fugitive Lines	J. Carizares	page 16
Poems for Myself	R. Yap	page 21
Call down the Stars	E. Cabanatan	page 21
At Sunset	E. Densing, Jr.	page 21
Twilight Ode to Mary	— D. Maglalatag	page 22

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

On Communism	A. Tuineo	page 24
On Purty	J. Tapia	page 25
Summer—And how It Varies	— A. Rile	page 26
The Spectator	J. Lagasa	page 27
Gifts of Summer	B. Cabanatan	page 27
Fragments of History	M. S. Go	page 28
A Call for Christian Unity	— P. Dolores	page 32

The Agony Of A Genius

When the Philippine basketball team which participated in the World Basketball Tournament held in Chile last January lost to a team less expected to come out in the finals, a certain Manila newspaper carried a big headline announcing that defeat. Somewhere in the inside pages of the same issue of that paper, a short item reported that Jose Garcia Villa won the Shelley Memorial Award in Poetry for 1958 in the United States. A reader, even of meager intelligence, will readily discover through these two news items the fact that our love for basketball is indeed uncompromising, that between a great man of letters and a basketball team, we prefer to give the former the middle pages, while the latter gets the bannerline. Not a few Filipinos wept and mourned over the defeat of our team in Chile. But what was the public reaction to Villa's signal achievement in the United States? In all likelihood, a pitiful example of our intellectual retardation.

Villa has been acclaimed abroad as a great experimental poet.

In the United States, where he saw his talents develop into a full-grown flower, his name symbolizes poetical greatness.

A recipient of several outstanding awards (to mention a few, Guggenheim Fellowship, the US National Institute of Arts and Letters Award in 1943, the Shelley Award of recent memory) he won the praises of distinguished critics in England as well as in America. Villa is no less than an international literary giant. But how big is Villa to the great bulk of the population that compose the Filipino nation? Except to a few people who are proud of his heritage, Villa is the great unknown.

The Filipino nation has been so unkind to Villa. He has brought more honors to the Philippines than has any senator. But what has Villa obtained in return? Villa has gone through a long and winding trail of frustrations that started in his own country. A Prophet is without honor in his country, but not Villa hope for the honor he deserves from his own people?

But just as it is true that the Prophet is without honor in his own country, it is also true that the Prophet who fights for truth and justice will triumph in the end. And so slowly and slowly, the Filipino people open their eyes to the greatness of Villa. At the Far Eastern University, he was conferred a doctorate in literature, *honoris causa*, in recognition of his outstanding achievements abroad. This recognition hearters us because it will not be long, we hope, before Villa will finally triumph over the idiosyncrasy of his own race.

And when he triumphs, the whole nation will rejoice.
And the agony will cease. ‡

— S. LL. ABAO, JR.

I burn, I burn as when thro' ripened corn By driving winds the crackling flames are borne...

ON THE 25th of January, 1759, a child was born to a poor peasant couple who lived their simple lives in a clay cottage. The date might have been unremembered, and the birth shrugged off as but one of the thousands of births the world over on that day, except that the child lived to write the lines we quote above, and to compose, as he burned with the intense flames of genius and love and sympathy, the songs and poems that are dear to all hearts that can throb in passion and pain. The child's name: Robert Burns.

To read Burns is a vast experience. It is to have the soul laid naked to an overwhelming love of nature, to a sympathy that is as all-embracing as the dawn itself hugging the wide hills. It is to fly across sceneries which only a genius with great graphic powers can portray so forcefully and so accurately. It is to stand in awe before a procession of lucid lines, forceful and elegant in their utter simplicity. But back of this all, we see a simple, honest plowman-poet who sings of the simple, honest lives of the country folk—their joys and pains, fears and hopes, loves and hates. It is in this light that we essay to

tions of the king's courtiers and their ladies, mistook wit and cleverness for poetry, and failed—so utterly failed—to find value in the human heart, more so in the heart of the common man.*

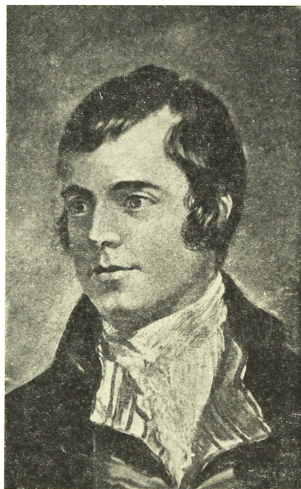
But one of the greatest triumphs against Classicism was the achievement of Robert Burns, a poet-plowman who sang—sang freely and spontaneously because his heart was overflowing with emotions—of the common man. His was a bold step at that time, for it was worlds apart from that of the Classicists. Indeed, the exaltation of the man with the plow, the man in the street, the man of the wheel, is thoroughly Romantic.

The Equipment of Burns. — No poet could have been better equipped than Burns to write of the common man. He came from the ranks of the humble peasants, worked and lived with them, spoke their own language, felt their own anxieties and hopes, and above all, loved them dearly. Other poets—given the genius of Burns—could perhaps have written of the common man. But their writings, because they wrote from their ivory towers, would have revealed a cer-

The scenes he portrays in are simple scenes. But in his hands, they glow with a mellow radiance that is edifying. For herein lay the genius of Burns: he could take the humblest, meanest subject, and fashion it into something beautiful, touchingly beautiful.

Burns and the Dignity of the Common Man. — Burns once wrote a ballad whose opening lines were:

*My father was a farmer upon the
Carrick border,*



ROBERT BURNS

*And carefully he bred me in decency
and order;*

*He bade me get a manly part,
though I had ne'er a farthing;
For without an honest, manly heart,
no man was worth regarding.*

Burns followed the advice of his father. And all through his works, all through his tragic life, you find

THE CAROLINIAN

I BURN, I BURN

write of Burns—we write of Burns, poet of the common man. He showed us

**How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.**

A Background. — In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a new movement against the Classicists, who thoroughly dominated English letters for over a hundred years, began to take shape. It was a new Romantic movement, a protest against the artificial and stilted literature of the Classicists. The works of such men as Gray, Cowper, and Goldsmith, and a few others waited occasional breezes of refreshing relief from the tyranny of a literature that sang ol'—nay, rather versified about—the affecta-

tain detached elegance, a certain air of condescension, or at best, would have given to the common man a halo of poetic fancy, all too unreal, and because unreal, unmoving. So that Burns' famous "Colter's Saturday Night," which is a faithful revelation of Scottish home life, family devotion, and patriotism is, to a large extent, actually his own father's Saturday night, and the cottage—the typical home of the Scottish farmer—his own home. For this, as for aesthetic reasons, we cherish and value the poem.

*Actually, some editors place Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, and even Burns in the latter part of the Classical period; others place them at the beginning of the Romantic period; but most prefer to place them in what is called the "Transition period." To speak in detail about these differences among editors it doubtless beyond the scope of this work.

an assertion of manly dignity.

Carlyle said:

The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soot of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him: Poverty is lauded his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart: and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened by into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence; no cold suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one... The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension cannot thrive." In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood... It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbosoms himself often to the unworthy; and amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was "quick to learn"; a man of keen vision, before whom disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the halflowness even of accomplished deceivers;

by Manuel S. Go

but there was a generous credulity in his heart.

Such was the character of the poet who raised the common man to the position of dignity that was long denied from him, though it was his birthright and heritage because he was a man, an image of God. No life was meaner than that of a Scottish farmer. Certainly it could not have held any notable subject for poetry. But Burns came and sang of it, sang of it in the language of his heart, his native Ayrshire. And the world took notice. There is, after all, the same tenderness in the love of a country boy as in that of a prince, the same pathos and tragedy in the death groans of a farmer as in those of a king. And then we remember that Homer ap-

peals to us, not because he wrote of kings and great warriors, but because he wrote "of what passed in God's world, and in the hearts of men, which will be the same after thirty centuries."

Is there, for honest poverty,

That tings his head, an' a' that?

The coward slave, we pass him by,

We dare to be poor for a' that!

For a' that, an' a' that;

Our titts obscure, an' a' that;

The rank is but the ginnae's stamp;

The man's the gowd for a' that.

* * *

A prince can mak a belted knight,

A marquis, duke an' a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might,

Gaid faith he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, an' a' that,

The pith o' sense, an' pride o'

worth,

Are higher rank than a' that.

Manifestations. — Because there was nothing leigned or simulated in his attitude toward the common man, such attitude flowed throughout his poems and songs—sometimes faintly, like the murmur of a lazy stream, sometimes loudly, like the roar of an angry river—flowed even throughout those songs and poems which he never deliberately or consciously intended to speak of for the common man.

"To a Mountain Daisy," "Winter," "The Brigs of Ayr," and "Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon."

Wae, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I moun crush among the stour
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem

* * *

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the shore appears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Such—as is revealed in the lines we quote above—was Burns' love of nature. And such was his sympathy; even in his moments of direct need and despondency and pain, he could still mourn over the fate of an upturn daisy, and of a wounded hare, and of a dying ewe. But let us proceed to read "To a Mountain Daisy."

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has
striv'n,
By humas pride or cunning driv'n
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n
He, ruined, sink!
Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's
fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives, clete,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's
weight,
Shall be thy doom!

Thus, upon reading the two stanzas above, we find that he sang of nature only insofar as he could read his emotions into it. And the emotions he portrayed in the stanzas — melancholy and gloom over the vision of an impending doom—are most especially felt by the laboring classes, who, in their wants and insecurity, fear the misery that would be theirs until, ruined, they sink.

Burns. Poet of the Common Man: His Poems of Emotion. — Take a simple suggestion:

Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st the great the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was tern.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Heer'st thou the groans that rend
his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hollow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity cannot efface
 These records dear of transports
 past;
 Thy image of our last embrace—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
 Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening
 green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn bear
 'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd
 scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be
 press'd,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er those scenes my mem'ry
 wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser-care,
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper
 wear.

O Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hears't thou the groans that rend
 his breast?

Burns was a wonderful poet of emotion. He had that rare gift for looking into his own heart and describing so simply, yet so beautifully, the feelings that he saw there. There was no affectation about the way he felt. And there is no smell of the midnight oil in his poems and songs.

Critics say that the poetry of Burns seldom has any ethereal quality in it, and count this against him. But is this not so because Burns was thoroughly human? There is no ethereal quality in his poetry because he was of the earth. His poetry has the smell of the woods and fresh grass and the upturned earth in it. And this is good.

Critics say that the poetry of Burns seldom shows any sustained imagination, seldom rises, except by natural effort, to the region of great ideas, and they count this against him. But is this not because he felt rather than reflected? There is the spontaneity of a flowing spring in his poetry. And this is good.

Because Burns was of the earth in his poetry of emotion, because he made no pretensions of rising to the realm of great ideas, but rather felt, he was completely the poet of the common man. And the common man received him as if prized gift unto his kind, and took his poetry to the heart.

Broadly speaking, the poetry of Burns is all poetry of the emotion, for in no other man's poetry may the dictum that poetry is a spontaneous overflow of the emotions be more evidently felt. But for purposes of classifications, we also sometimes refer to Burns' poetry of nature, to his poetry of patriotism, and to his poetry of humor and satire. And in this connection, we note that the world has not seen a greater war ode, a greater poem of patriotism, than "Scots who have wi' Wallace bled," which, Carlyle warns, must be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. We also note that in the poetry of Burns, as in life, there is a natural juxtaposition of tears and smiles, and that is a fact which Wordsworth, the humorless Wordsworth, never realized—to his own detriment. Burns' humor was of a warm and genial kind, but it could also rise to caustic bitterness as in his satires, which, even his most ardent admirers feel, are very harsh. But this was again because Burns was thoroughly human.

On the classes of poetry that we mention above, we cannot, because of space limitations, make further elaborations. But suffice it to say that, as in all poems of Burns, he asserts here—for he could not but assert—that he was, and is, the poet laureate of the common man. We shall not venture to elaborate on this statement.

Finale. — Our attempt to portray even a particular aspect of Burns has been a trying business. Our love for Burns, our hero-worship of him has, we must confess, often tempted us to stray from our assigned topic. Whether or not we were warned of these temptations is for the readers to decide.

We look over the finished manuscript, and it is with a sense of guilt that we lay it down, for we know that we have not, owing to several restraints that have been brought to bear upon us, portrayed, except in fitful gushes, the life of Burns. We feel this sense of guilt, because we know that before we could really understand Burns, the poet, we have to understand Burns, the man. Besides, there was something touchingly tragic about his life—a life whose tragic story even those in Shakespeare's tragedies could not surpass—that we must tell it, that we must unburden it.

But we are hopeful that we may move whoever might read this labor of love, to curiosity about, if not to an incipient love for Burns.

(Continued on page 26)

editorial foreword

● THERE is no quibbling that our Filipino authors are as little known to us as is the Philippines to many countries across the Pacific. This is a painful assertion, but it is not a sweeping statement. The Filipino reader has only to look within his own heart in order to know what feelings of appreciation he has had towards those creative writers of his own race. This is not a charge framed by the imagination of another for the fun of it. It is actually a case that finds support in several observations by writers abroad who came here on educational grants. And even our own writers admit that in our country "the average Filipino student is more familiar with foreign literature, than with the literature of his own country and people. He can roll from the tongue glibly the works of Milton, Shelley, Hawthorne, Galsworthy, Steinbeck, and Hemingway, but confesses ignorance of Philippine books, except possibly those of Rizal and Viana."

Even teachers have deliberately disregarded our own literature. How many of them could talk intelligently on the works of Joaquin, Rotor, Román, Guerrero and several other noted Filipino writers? No startling coming could be more fatal. Dr. Grace M. Nutley, Smith-Mundt professor of English, who visited the Philippines sometime ago, was shocked to discover that "she seemed to have read more books in English written by Filipinos than had the Filipino teachers of English with whom she had to discuss Philippine books."

Today, as the tide of nationalism sweeps across the country, there is a need, more than ever before, for a greater awareness of our own literature. Students, as well as teachers, must be made to realize the vital role that a strong native literature will play in the arduous task of nation-building, in the development of our national character. To help attain this goal, this issue of the *Carolinian* brings to you the first of a series of articles treating Filipino Writers. We feel it appropriate to begin with the drama because it has been the most neglected type of literature in the Philippines. In fact, according to Dr. Paz Larosena in her foreword to *13 Plays by Wilitredo Marie Guerrero*, the contribution of dramatic art to the history of Filipino literature in English during the last twenty years has been regrettably meager.

Mrs. Esperanza V. Mannoil did us honor when she consented to publish excerpts of her thesis which she submitted to the

(Continued on page 26)

the PLAYS of GUERRERO

GUERRERO is "the one and only" who has dedicated his life to the drama. Of the few who were attracted to the dramatic field in the early thirties, he was "the most passionate." He has consistently written and produced plays, especially at the UP Little Theater—where he was and still is a professor—from the late thirties, during the Japanese Occupation, down to the days after the liberation and up to the present.

Guerrero is a satirist in his plays, picking out the absurdities and incongruities in people and institutions for us to laugh at. But underneath this amusement, no matter how kindly, is detected a sober note which makes us start and wonder if we are not laughing at ourselves. These plays of Guerrero are found in the author's two volumes containing his achievements in playwrighting—**13 Plays and 8 Other Plays.**

Among the light plays in his first book, the first on the list is "Women Are Extraordinary," one of Guerrero's most popular plays. It is about a childless couple, Leogardo and Corinta. Corinta devotes most of her time to social work, leaving the management of the home to her aunt. This husband naturally resents and the play centers on the clash between these two persons. Another couple, Jesusa and her hen-pecked husband, as well as Corinta's aunt, provide most of the fun in the story. The title finds its justification in the end when Corinta artfully twists her husband around her little finger as she surprises him with a tray of delicious food—a product of her cooking lessons kept secret from her husband—together with her revelation of a coming heir to the family, and the welcome news of her retirement from social work. The surprised Leogardo could only sputter helplessly in the end, "Why—you women are extraordinary!"

Another Guerrero comedy is "Romance in B Minor," patterned after the first. In fact this second play was at first entitled "Men are Ordinary" but since many did not get the sequence, the present title was adopted. This play has for its subject the problems of newlyweds—the coming down to earth after the glamour of the honeymoon has worn off, the necessity for strict financing, the couple's adjustment to each other and to each other's friends, and the problem of interfering relatives. The play ends happily when Rogelio the husband, asserts his manliness and independence once and for all. He puts in her place the meddling aunt of his wife and firmly takes control of the household reins.

"Wanted: A Chaperon" is considered "the fastest and funniest farce ever written by a Filipino." The play gathers together mirth and high spirits as it rapidly rolls to its conclusion. The author skillfully portrays—"the parasitic dependence of children upon their parents, the servile and stupid imitation of foreign ways, the stubborn obliquity of young people, the sly and fundamental nature of women and above all the Filipino system of chaperonage."

The story briefly is this: A mother and her not-so-bright son go visiting to accost the girl with whom the son went out the night before. The mother rants against the loose morals of young people and the indifference of parents to their children's welfare. When she finds out that nothing really happened that night, she hurls on what might have happened under the circumstances in order to cover up her embarrassment. The parents of the girl are annoyed by the overbearing manner of this woman and hardly have settled down for a breathing spell when they sight two familiar figures coming to the house: one, the girl whom the son dated the night

before and two, the girl's father carrying a gun!

The liberation of Manila from the Japanese invaders provides the setting for the hilarious satire, "Wow, These Americans!" The action of the play covers about one hour—a half hour before the American forces entered Manila and a half hour after. The satire takes a dig at the foibles and incongruities of a society through the antics of a strange family—Tina, a ridiculous old maid; Eddie, the menacing and precocious two-year-old brother who is more than five feet tall; and another sister. The other targets of the author's barbs are two double-dealing Japanese soldiers and professional beggars who harass the American GI's for candies and cigarettes.

A simple comedy is "Basketball Fight." Like the play "Wanted: A Chaperon," "Basketball Fight" gives us the family of a young man clash-

by
E. B. Manuel

ing with the family of his sweetheart. The plot opens with a simple tradition of the Filipinos—a newly-engaged young girl and her mother are waiting for the girl's fiance and his mother to discuss plans for the coming wedding. Somehow, when these four at last sit down to discuss the details of the wedding, a basketball game between La Salle and Ateneo seen by all four the previous Sunday is incidentally mentioned and the fun begins. The two families find themselves at opposite camps in discuss-

ing the merits of the basketball teams concerned. Before they know it, the discussion becomes heated and the play ends with the two families shouting crossly at each other.

"What a Guy!" is one play that is unique in itself. There is only one character in the whole piece. Guerrero skillfully shows himself the master of the situation because he succeeds in capturing and holding till the end the interest of the audience in this one character whose "wollish proclivities" arouse amusement. In the play, Eric's wife has left in a fit of jealousy. Helpless and infuriated at being left alone, Eric calls up his wife to smooth her ruffled feathers. But at the same time he runs true to form. He makes eyes at two female neighbors, their married state notwithstanding, and pours silly nothings through his window. Evidently, all is fair game that passes within his range, even a voice over the phone. The play laughingly ends with the character frantically calling up a girl to cancel a date, and then his wife and son marching back to the house.

"Forever" is certainly one of Guerrero's best tragedies among the serious plays. It broods the cord for English plays in the Philippines when it was played seventy-eight times at the Avenue Theater in Manila in 1944. Charged with the emotion and passion of two bitter personalities wanting to hurt each other, the play exploits the situation of marital infidelity and the pride of the abandoned Filipino wife. Ernesto is the erring husband. Angered by the suspicion of his jealous wife, he leaves her for another woman with whom he lives for eight years. After the death of his common-law wife, Ernesto makes a bid for his legal wife's affections by visiting her one night. The play opens with this scene when Ernesto surprises his wife and shows her a letter written by the other woman. It purports to show that Ernesto has really loved his real wife all these years and would have gone back to her long before but for his pride. Maria Teresa, the wife, is cool and hard to her husband's pleas. She weakens momentarily when she is reminded of their past spent together but it is only for a short while. Her pride comes to the fore and makes the decision. She refuses a reconciliation. After his son fails to recognize him, Ernesto bows to his wife's decision; yet, when he goes away, after a last plea, it is the

wife who breaks down and cries bitterly.

A prison waiting-room provides the dramatic background for Guerrero's next tragedy, "Condemned." The chief character is Pablo Gonzales, a young man of twenty-four who is condemned to die. He has murdered a man for annoying his sweetheart. He regrets a dissipated life spent in drinking, gambling, and other vices, but he blames his mother for what he is. She deserted him when he was a child and ran away with another man. Now Pablo has come to the end of the road. In the prison, he receives several visitors. There are an old childhood friend; his companion in his vices; an aunt, who took care of him as a child; his sweetheart, whom he marries right in prison at the last minute; and lastly, his mother, whom he reluctantly receives when she forces her way in. Before Pablo is led to his doom, he is reconciled with his mother, and he makes his peace with God.

Guerrero here uses characters from the lower class of society and portrays them with great feeling and sympathy.

His keen insight and understanding of the human heart make his characters come alive as real persons. "Condemned" indeed reveals depths of characterization and genuine pathos.

"The Woman Surrenders" is another serious play dominated by women. This play is melodramatic.

"A triangle with a modern slant is "Deep in My Heart." The two women in the story are women with pride. Both show admirable self-control in the face of a crisis which threatens to wreck their happiness. However, this trait is noticeably lacking in the typical Filipino woman in such situations. Civilization has not coated the Filipina with a veneer thick enough to drown the upsurge of primitive emotions and passions. Especially where the sense of possession and family affection are threatened, the average woman of our country cannot be trusted with her emotions. Words bitter and hurting are not enough. Force, in the open or in secret, is used to avenge wounded feelings. The women in this story are smart, sophisticated women of a metropolitan city who pride themselves on their self-control and mastery of the situation. There are a few of this type and they belong to a very negligible minority. "Deep in My Heart"

is certainly a deeply-moving drama and the interplay of emotions and words captivate and enthral the audience. The characterization is superb.

The last two plays in Guerrero's first book, *13 Plays*, are the longest in the collection. Both are in three acts. The first of these is "The Forsaken House," a personal-law tragedy, the tragedy of a person who obstinately refuses to understand his children and withhold his affection because of an unfortunate past in his own life. The father in this play is one of the powerful tragic characters of Guerrero; he cannot even find voice for the feelings that he harbors in his heart. He is the counterpart of the domineering mother in "The Woman Surrenders."

The second long play and the last in Guerrero's first volume is fittingly called "Frustrations." The story takes up the different kinds of frustrations of the different characters. The frustrations of the mother, newly widowed, is her hopeless love for a former sweetheart, which she has kept to herself for more than twenty years. She was forced to marry a man she could not love and she has loved a man she could not marry. The daughter's frustration is almost similar to her mother's. She breaks off her engagement because she believes herself in love with another, who happens to be married. On the other hand, the son is an idealistic young man in love with a flighty, vain woman who plays with his feelings. But "love is blind" and the young man, captivated by the girl's beauty, creates a halo around her and worships her. When the girl lightly throws him over for another man, he almost commits suicide. The drama ends with the mother admonishing her children and her heart: "...we all have our secret frustrations ... and no human being escapes from this curse."

8 Other Plays gives us its first serious play in "Three Rats." There are only three characters, the "three rats" in the story. A wife's infidelity, the treachery of a best friend, and the revenge of the husband constitute the action.

A father's anguish over the loss of his first-born is the lure offered by "The Best Way." Mario is a young husband on the threshold of high school graduation. While he is attending the graduation ceremonies, his baby dies. Upon learn-

(Continued on page 8)

The LAST

FIGHT

by Gerardo R. Lipardo, Jr.

Illustrated by
Amorsolo Manligas

A Short Story

The brave man triumphs
even in his defeat.

This is a saying. But
who is the brave man?
Ah, the true brave man
is found only at the
very moment when he
stands for his last
fight — a fight that
will come to every man.

HOLD OUT! Hold out, Ben. Don't give in!" he keeps saying to himself as he bites his lips and clenches his fists tightly until he feels a strange numbness all over him. The pain inside is terrible. A thousand knives keep stabbing left and right, slicing his form into bits and wracking his nerves almost to the point of complete breakdown. But no—he will never yield. No. He is still the

brave Benjamin, the only brave who will never move back an inch to face a many fight. No, he is not to be conquered yet—never!

There is a faint knock at the white door, Ward No. 13, and he hurriedly brushes away the beads of warm sweat on his forehead. His eyes dart to the glass knob. He hates to have them come in (his mother, his sister, the doctor, the nurse and all of them) because they lie. He knows there

is something hopeless about him, something like a cancer of the liver, and he wants to know the truth; but they do not seem to find the courage to tell him so and they just lie! Beasts! He murmurs.

The spring of the hospital bed creaks heavily as he starts rising to meet his sister who, he knows, has always had a soft heart for him and she might tell; but he
(Continued on page 8)

The Last Fight

(Continued from page 7)

fails to utter a word for a stabbing pain goes through him pushing him back to bed, and he closes his eyes tightly for he does not want to show the streak of tears about his lids. When he opens his eyes again, he sees her just looking at him bluntly.

"Now, tell me," she says half-angrily. "What is killing me?"

"You are all right, Ben," she answered almost mechanically but without being able to hide the worry in her voice.

He looks at her accusingly. She quickly withdraws her own gaze for she cannot stand the silent torture.

"Tell me," again he asks, his eyes pleading and his voice begging.

But instead of answering him and giving him the only truth he wants, she bursts into tears and starts blubbering and asking him crazy questions such as did he remember the time when they were young? — when they were playing in the garden and gathering flowers and climbing fruit trees in the orchard and catching crickets and butterflies and oh—how nice if such times will come back and...

He wants to stop her and shake her for she is utterly mad and hysterical; but the pain inside strikes again and his tongue is so numb that he just keeps listening helplessly to her in silent exasperation. He lazily eases the tension within him and listens.

Suddenly he says, "That butterfly you say—I remember."

She halts her incoherent gibber. For a moment she seems surprised and curious.

"That butterfly," he repeats, staring at the white ceiling directly above him.

"What is it, Ben?" she now becomes extremely curious.

"Oh..." he says, "that big black butterfly you pointed out to me in the garden once. I grabbed you and told you to follow me for I would get the butterfly; and I snatched a stick and chased the creature all over the place, wildly beating till at last I hit it and it fell to the ground. We gathered around it and you cried and said, 'Ben, you've killed it!' And I tried to ruffle your hair so you would stop crying but you did not. As I looked at the helpless creature

beating its battered wings hopelessly I suddenly felt like crying too. And I promised you that I would help the butterfly fly again but I knew I lied for I could not make wings and nobody could but God and..."

"Stop it, Ben!" she shouts, crying and sobbing and trying to brush the tears from her cheeks. She buries her face in her handkerchief.

"Why do you cry?" he asks, still looking at the white ceiling, "Is it because I am like that butterfly now—hopeless and with battered wings? Is it?"

She does not answer him. She keeps crying.

For the first time he is definitely sure and the worst doubt has finally been confirmed. In his thoughts he is slowly trying to see his present stand in the light of a situation he dreads even to think of. For the very first time too, he feels a shudder within him, and he lets go a surge of anger for trembling is unmanly. He never knew fear completely before, yet now he knows clearly it is fear that is gripping him.

Somebody from outside enters the room and he does not even care to look who it is. In his thoughts, he can already see himself beaten like a man mutilated and cast cruelly on the naked ground and left before a hideous shadow which slowly grinds him out into tiny pulp. A violent tremor goes over him and he even forgets to think that he is the brave Benjamin—the only brave man who will never move back an inch to face a manly fight.

When he turns his face, it is the peaceful countenance of the town priest that is over him. This kind man in the black robe visits him weekly. There are his sister and the man in black robe. Inside he feels a priest assurance.

When the priest has gone and he is alone with his sister; he feels renewed vigor creeping all through him and again he is Benjamin the brave. He summons his sister and smiles at her and tells her to let all of them come immediately. He will triumph yet, he tells her, strangely without faltering.

As his sister disappears in the hollowed space of the little room, he straightens himself and feels

the taut muscles in him—which actually are no longer there; and in his thoughts he is already bracing himself firmly for his last stand—against a shadow. He clenches his fists and forces his lips to smile. Then instantly, out of nowhere, the first knife pierces inside; he bites his lips and smiles. Then comes the second, the third... The last fight is come. But there is no fear, not even a tremor. His strength dwindles into nothingness, but no, he will nevermore—back an inch. He must be a brave Benjamin. The light fades. Yet in the dark, he knows he still triumphs even as he falls. †

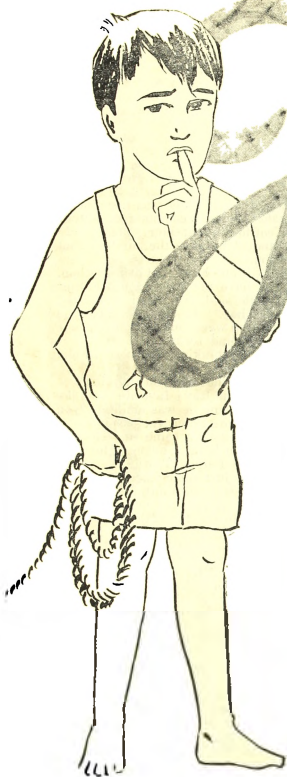
The Plays Of Guerrero

(Continued from page 6)

ing this, he becomes bitter and loses control of himself. That same night, a neighbor's drunken son is jailed for killing a man and the neighbor's wish—"I wish he had died when he was still a baby"—reconciles Mario to his fate.

Guerrero uses a narrator in his play, "The Young and the Brave." The narrator speaks before the curtain opens on each scene. Right at the start, the aim of the play is pointed out: This play will attempt to make the young graduates realize that there are more enduring and more permanent values in life which their young and trusting eyes, perhaps, do not see.

A radio play is "Coward from Bataon." Most of the characters are women,—the women who are left behind and who suffer in silence while their men are out at the front fighting the invaders. As these simple and God-fearing folk are praying the rosary one day, the news of the fall of Bataon reaches them and their fear and anxiety for their loved ones increases a hundredfold. Soon, rumors trickle in from the lines. Maria, the principal female character, receives the news of her husband's heroic death. Her only son, just twenty years old, drinks more heavily than ever. Later, a stranger comes along and stuns Maria with the truth about her husband's death: he died a coward, running away from the firing line. The son wakes up to reality, joins the guerrilla, and later dies in action, redeeming himself and his father. †



I
IT WAS Iya Malta's irate voice which Father Teofilo overheard when he arrived at the foot of the hill. The little boy Fidel was pulling along the stubborn mother goat from the meadow. He was crying. At his back, the sun was coming down the mountains.

"You dead one! hurry, hurry!" Iya Malta shouted again from the window of the *barony-barong*. The little boy hastened and stumbled. He clambered right away and rubbed his eyes.

Father Teofilo waited at the footpath.

Fidel was not as unkempt as before, although his Itay was only a caminero. He had clean clothes, too. He was one of the brightest pupils in the catechism class. But last week an accident happened. . . The truck was running at high speed. A passenger sounded the bell; the reckless driver stepped on the brakes, but only the left one functioned. The car careened and hit Nong Lucio who was at that time sweeping by the side of the road. When they picked him

He wanted very much to run after the automobile, but Father Teofilo held himself.

"Yes, Fidel," Father Teofilo said, and comforted the boy.

And Iya Malta, Fidel's aunt, took him home.

The next day, Father Teofilo dropped in at the hospital. Nong Lucio was still unconscious. They gave him blood; they supplied him with oxygen. Besides the cuts all over his body, he had a fracture of the skull which needed a very delicate operation. The doctor was pessimistic. Nong Lucio was in his sixties; he had only ten per cent chance to live.

Fidel was reclining drowsily on the staircase when Father Teofilo arrived at the convent. His bony hands were propping his scrawny face, and he was looking far, and sad. He rose forcefully when he heard the roar of Father Teofilo's jeep.

"I know you visited my Itay. How's he, Father?" Fidel asked.

Father Teofilo looked at the face of the boy. Fidel was watching his face. His eyes were attentive and inquisitive. His mouth was left agape.

Now, Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not. — (HEBREWS XI:1)

An Incredible
SHORT STORY

by

Junne Canizares

up from the canal from where he was knocked down, he was pale and lifeless. They rushed him to the hospital at once, after he was given the last sacrament—just in case.

"He's dying. Only a miracle can save him," everybody was saying.

"No, he will not die! Itay, wait. Wait!" Fidel wept aloud.

"He is fine, Fidel," Father Teofilo said. He caught the little boy's hand, and they went upstairs.

"See, he's sure getting well. They told me, he'll not get well. But he's sure getting well." Fidel was now talking to an imaginary audience.

"Good afternoon, Father!" The little boy approached Father Teofilo. He was dressed in rags and was dusty. The stubborn mother goat was standing still at his back now.

"Good afternoon," Father Teofilo replied pleasantly. Then, he fished the piece of bread from his pocket and handed it to the little boy.

Fidel's eyes grew round as usual. He wanted to speak but could not. Father Teofilo fumbled the little boy's head and they both pulled the goat towards the *barony-barony*. Fidel was now munching the bread.

"Did you go to the city, Father?" The little boy asked.

"Yes," Father Teofilo said. He was ready for the question. The little boy always asked that. "He's all right."

"And Itay is coming back soon," Fidel added.

Iya Malta had come down to meet Father Teofilo.

"Good afternoon, Padre. I didn't see you right away. Come up for a while, Padre," Iya Malta invited very hospitably, while the little boy slipped beneath the *barony-barony* to tie the mother goat.

"Good afternoon. Oh, not now," Father Teofilo smiled.

Fidel came out and tugged Father Teofilo's hand. "Excuse me, Father," he whispered. "I've to look for fuel yet." And he scurried towards the woods, for the night was falling.

* * *

Father Teofilo remembered one afternoon three days after the accident. He was lacing his shoes (then, prepared for a walk around the little village. That was also the first time that he thought of bringing a loaf of bread for Fidel. He was about to put it in his pocket, when the door of his room was slowly opened.

And Fidel stood there. He was sobbing, tears were falling fast from his eyes. His hair was ruffled; his messy denim hung tattered up to his knees. And his feet were very dirty.

Father Teofilo sat down on the bed and beckoned the little boy to come nearer to him. Fidel shyly moved forward.

"Now, tell me what happened," he said holding the shoulders of the little boy. Fidel burst into tears.

"She whipped me, whipped me... very hard, Father," he blubbered.

"Maybe, you did something wrong," Father Teofilo said softly, and studied the little boy.

"No, Father. She gave me many works. I can't do them all. She hates me. I'll tell this to Itay. When he comes home. O, when he comes home."

"Now, now," Father Teofilo was tamping the little boy. He gave him the bread. Fidel hesitated, then took it and munched it hungrily. He had not eaten all day.

"Fidel, be a good boy. You have to obey her. Now, let's go home. No, don't be afraid, I'll go with you." Father Teofilo wiped the face of the little boy with a towel, and afterwards they went out.

* * *

Father Teofilo asked Iya Malta to let him have the little boy. Except for the helpers, he had no other companion in the convent. He would let Fidel attend his classes once more. He would teach him how to serve the mass. But Iya Malta did not like it. She's the one to look after Fidel, she said.

"That's my responsibility. Fidel must stay with me. If something happens—" she was surmising, "Will you let his spirit haunt me?"

Father Teofilo suggested not to talk about it.

"But that is very possible," Iya Malta said. "Besides that I take care of him. What will my neighbors say? I can't afford to support my kin?"

Father Teofilo wished he could tell her that it was for Fidel's welfare which made him ask her to have the little boy in his care and nothing more, but Iya Malta was just that hard.

When Iya Malta said no, she meant never. The whole village knew her. How she mocked her neighbors on Sundays when they went to church. She dubbed them goddess, hypocrites, etc. And she called herself a very good Catholic. Sometimes however, she gave contributions to the church when she was told that her name would be read somewhere in the mass. She was like that.

Father Teofilo went to the window and looked at the mountains. In the thickest below the hills, he espied the little boy gathering up

wood for fuel. He faces Iya Malta and took leave.

"Understand me, Padre," she said. Father Teofilo smiled. "Yes, I understand." He nodded and went down slowly.

* * *

II

Although Fidel was not able to take his first communion, Father Teofilo invited him to the little banquet he gave the children that noon.

"Go on, Fidel, eat your lechon. You have not touched it," Father Teofilo said. He stood behind the little boy. Around the table the children were very busy with their spoons and forks.

"I'm thinking, Father," Fidel said looking back.

"Oh, what are you thinking?"

"This is Itay's favorite food, because," now he was smiling, "you know, we seldom eat lechon."

Then a man came in. He was very much in a hurry. He drew close to Father Teofilo.

"I've just come from the hospital, Padre," he muttered. "Nong Lucio's in grave condition. He wants to see his little boy before he goes."

All this Fidel heard and understood. Father Teofilo called someone to tend the children, and went down with Fidel.

"Hurry a little, Padre. We might not reach him," the man said from the back seat of the jeep. Father Teofilo looked at the mirror above his head and eyed the man to keep quiet.

"No, he'll not die. He'll not die," Fidel spoke. He was sitting beside the man. "Once you told us, Father, that God will give everything we ask. I am always asking Him to let Itay live. Every morning, every night..."

Father Teofilo did not see the hole in the road. The jeep bounced up and down.

"God is always listening, isn't He, Father?"

"Yes, He is always listening." The jeep bounced up and down again.

"Then, He hears me. He is very, very merciful."

Now they reached the asphalt road and the jeep traveled smoothly.

"Itay will live," Fidel almost shouted. He faced the man. The man looked at Fidel for a while, and nodded.

(Continued on page 25)

... A Short Story by Rey Yap ...

T
H
I
N
K
I
N
G



of MARGOT

IT WAS to be a big night in my life.

Margot, she must be waiting for me by now—I thought—at Jim's Cafe, expectant and nervous and perhaps fingering a cup of coffee or a glass of iced soft drink and peering at every

to a stop. I hopped inside it holding tightly my baggage which I had just packed early that morning filled with clean shirts, handkerchiefs, socks, toothbrush and all.

The driver strained his neck, large veins stood out and his adam

and glided along, threatening to crush into people gathering at the side of the street waiting for the light to change. I turned my face away. Blinding lights from headlights of cars stabbed at my eyes.

I stared at the people in the street. All were lost in a chaos of slow, dragging unending movement. An old woman limped on the sidewalk, her steps retraced unconsciously by two young couples from behind. The cab made a turn. I looked at the driver through the rear-view mirror. He had watery eyes and dark, cruel lines near his weak-looking thin lips and he was dark—like father—but mother's fair and the last time I had a quarrel with father he had his fixated gaze upon me and his watery eyes made him look as if he were going to break down and cry any minute. But the tears never came. There was only the ugly, convulsive twitch of anger of his mouth and I saw him gripping his hands violently as

... There is something in a girl ...
she excites you and you will build up
dreams around her ... and then you
want to marry her ...

person who makes his entrance.

A Mercedes-Benz slid past with the driver who had a leering face glancing out of the window making a sign with his hand as he made a right turn followed by a flurry of jeeps and taxi cabs with passengers inside. Red light and an empty taxi cab screeched

apple jerked upward in his throat as though he were choked by something big he had swallowed, cast me a sidewise glance and inquired with a very dry, monotonous stentorian voice: Where to? ... —

—Santa Mesa. —
Green light. The cab started with a hesitating violent spasm

though he wanted to tear his own fingers apart. I had looked at father and saw for the first time that his eyes were the eyes of the frightened; and that day I had suddenly discovered that father was a very small man and was afraid of me and I towered tall and big and menacingly over him. All at once his voice seemed to have lost its volume and seemed to have come from very far away. I was no longer the beady-eyed dear boy he patted on the shoulder. When I entered mother's room I saw her eyes were swollen and her face dirty with half-dried tears. I was ashamed of myself and I hated father. I wanted to hit him with a shovel from the garden. I went to the kitchen to get a drink of water. I saw father mopping his face with a handkerchief and staring at himself in the looking-glass. His eyes were bloodshot and the flesh of his cheeks drawn tight against his face. His cheekbones stood out like two pieces of stone. I turned sharply from the door before he could see me and went out of the house and the house seemed to me all at once to loom very big and alien and strange as though I had never lived in it.

I released my hold on the baggage. My hand was moist and it felt very numb. I took out a handkerchief and began to wipe at the traces of dirt coagulated in the lines of my palm. Margot must have brought along her baggage, I thought. I found out that my hands were trembling.

—Residing in Sta. Mesa—the driver queried without the formality of looking at the person he was speaking to. And again his voice had a stentorian tone; it sounded like a command, harsh and demanding and spurred. He impressed me as wanting to be friendly, desirous perhaps of holding a very ordinary conversation with me as he would with any of his other passengers before the trip ended and loose coins were dug out from the pocket and counted for payment of the fare. Only he was not casual.

—No! — I replied, looking out of the window. We had already left downtown behind us and cars in the streets were thinning out and houses and buildings were beginning to appear smaller and less impressive. There were less and less colored neon-lights carrying advertisements which turned off and on at a few seconds interval. The road seemed to have be-

come wider and to stretch farther away and to be lost in the distance. Suddenly the trip seemed to take a very long time — unlike before when I went to see Margot almost everyday and sometimes at noon and she would come and open the door instantly after my soft knocking as she was a light sleeper and how she would look after waking from a sleep with her thin, pouting lips and her hair in wild disarray thrown over her shoulders and her eyes with that dreamy expression. She was angelic.

A gush of wind dashed at my face. I raised up the window-panes to a slit and let the wind slip through it. I leaned my cheek against the cold glass.

—Going to see someone? — the driver said. I had almost forgotten him.

—Yes! —

—A girl? —

—Yes! —

The car waded through the night. The beam from the headlights tore at blocks and blocks of receding darkness, the road ahead faded in an obscure haze. From behind darkness once more rushed and closed in upon us, like spirits of vengeance. At a distance dots of light stood out against the dark. The electric posts, tall, slender, like grim crosses, bent down upon us with fingers of wire.

And suddenly I asked: Are you married? —

He smiled wryly. He was almost cynical. "The first two years were like heaven," he said. "... And afterwards when the babies kept on coming, one after the other, it was hell. ..."

I smiled, looking at his back and at his hands gripping possessively at the steering wheel, hands set apart from their owner and having a life all their own and moving by their own will.

"... And then... I suppose it is inevitable... every other woman began to appear to be more attractive than her—my life... —"

I leaned against the cushion of the seat, thinking of Margot, believing that she would always be as attractive and pretty as the first time I saw her even after the babies should come. And mother had said that she was one of the loveliest girls she had ever seen when I brought her to the house and introduced them to each other. Margot had smiled bashfully and bit her lips when I told her that afterwards. But father

was indifferent. He looked Margot over like a merchandise he was going to buy and went out of the house immediately. He came home late that night without even speaking a word to me.

... There is something in a girl... she excites you and you build up dreams around her... and then you want to marry her... and afterwards it is too late. —His voice sounded like a part of the humming of the engine of the car and he was talking like a man talking of his long, long time ago lost love.

... Everything could be terrible when the glamour is gone. It's a laugh, isn't it? Sometimes I used to think how I could get into such a mess. To come home and be nagged all the time by your wife—it's the worst kind of torture. ...

I rubbed my eyes with my hands. Margot is good. She will always be good. She's different from the rest. I know her. Everything is going to work out fine.

... I suppose the saddest part in life is to think that you love a girl, marry her, and find out afterwards that you don't love her... and that she is ordinary... plain ordinary... and that you've not only married a wife but also responsibility. ...

I wanted to put a piece of cloth into his mouth and choke him. He sat behind the steering wheel without glancing back over his shoulder. Occasionally he looked up at the rear-view mirror and then I would see that his face was almost stony. I could not imagine what he was like when he was younger. I thought of Margot waiting in the Cafe alone. She is so innocent... so young... both of us — mother had said.

... You see, I married young... foolish... I eloped... — He paused, looked at his own hands, waiting perhaps for a few words of consolation, words like 'it's not that bad!' which would never come.

The road began to slope downward. A few blocks more and we would be there. I felt wasted and my throat started to constrict. Suddenly I called out: — Turn back! —

The driver glanced back to look at me apprehensively. — Forgot something? — he asked.

—Yes! — I said.

I would just phone Margot in the Cafe when I reach home and tell her that everything is off. ‡



And one day he saw that the tree had become old and leafless and spooky, but he could not cut it down because within its shapeless trunk was kept the lonely remembrance of Estella and May.

The TREE

A Short Story —

by FRANCISCO A. ROBLES

AN OLD, leafless tree, quiet and dark with a thick coating of moss and dust that had grown and settled on its body and branches, stood grotesque before the noiseless house of Miguel. By its appearance, it should have fallen down a long time ago, but its stout, supportive roots, gnarled and laboriously wrenching from the soil, seemed to be the main reason why it had withstood the winds and the passing of the years.

No one in the town of Salvacion could touch that tree. Two boys came to chop it down for firewood one afternoon, but after the first stroke of the axe which fell with a dull thud on the trunk, Miguel came out of his house, angry and belching, with a devil-fish's tail fashioned into a cruel whip in his hand; the two boys grabbed the axe and fled away like two beaten dogs as he came rushing towards them.

When the two boys were gone, Miguel walked wearily back to the tree, bare and leafless now, and sullenly looked for the cut where the axe had dug its sharp edge. He placed his palm on it and mumbled gravely: "You're all right now, Estella. Nobody's going to hurt you any more." Then he paced quietly into his house.

Now at thirty five, Miguel looked very much older than his age. His eyes were deep and serious, not exactly those of a scholar's, but of a man who had been through some dreadful experience which he could not quite forget. His nose was big, below which were thick lips which were silent and had forgotten how to smile. The furrows on his face and his greying hair revealed the sort of life he had been living, the years of isolation and despair.

Only Miguel knew why he would not let any one lumber the old leafless tree. It was where he and Estella, his deceased wife, would meet some years ago when they were both young and in love. Estella had long dark hair, charming eyes, and beautiful lips, good as she was lovely. It was May when he would meet her, under that tree which then was green with leaves that rustled in the breeze. "Did you go to the church this morning?" she would ask him, and he would answer, "Yes, I did. I went to church, and I prayed for you. I always pray for you to God, Estella, because I love you. Do you believe me?" Estella would laugh softly before she would say, "Yes, I believe you, Miguel. I always believe you. I know I could always believe you." Without that tree, which, old and leafless though it was, kept within its sapless trunk the lonely memory of May and Estella, how would he stay a sane man?

(Turn to next page)

The Tree

(Continued from page 13)

It was not for that sentimental reason alone that he would let no one touch the tree. That tree was a remembrance of something else, which had something to do with the wormlike scars on his back concealed by his shirt, and with the devilfish's tail whip which was now in his possession. It was that damn thing with a rough round handle, a spiny leather rod slendering and very pliant at the one end which inflicted the ugly folings on his back.

On a pitch-dark evening, a year after he had married Estella, ten sullen-faced men forced their way into his house. At once he recognized one of them, the one with a devilfish's tail whip strung to his side on his belt, Marcial. He was scared, but he tried to look composed.

"Is there anything I can do for you gentlemen?" he asked them.

"We are thirsty, Miguel," Marcial spoke, "How about giving us coffee?"

"Why sure," he said, "Sure. Why, just coffee. Please wait for a short while, I'll have it ready in the kitchen."

"Go ahead," Marcial said, "We'll wait here. But, Miguel, if I were you I would not try to do something foolish, you know what I mean?" Marcial pulled out his .45 caliber pistol and leveled it at him.

He felt his blood cold in his veins, but he managed to force a smile on his face. "We know each other, Marcial, we never had any trouble before," he said. The men guffawed outrageously. Knowing he could not deal with them squarely at the moment, he merely withdrew into the kitchen of his house.

Estella woke up from her bed, frightened. Marcial saw her when she went out of her room, and the men licked their lips with their tongues nastily. Miguel told her in the kitchen who the strangers were. They were the *bandidos* of the mountains, who had come down into town probably to rob again, and warned her to be quiet. Afterwards, he brought the warm coffee to the strangers. It seemed a miracle to Miguel that those hogs came to his house on a pitch-dark evening just to ask for coffee.

When they were about to leave though, Marcial turned to Miguel and said, "We're going to take

your wife with us to the mountains. It's quite lonely there, you see." Miguel suddenly grew furious and, with all the force he could gather, slugged Marcial on the chin, and the latter hurtled to the floor. But the other men grabbed him quickly, and clobbered him with their fists and night sticks. Then they dragged him out of his house to the tree and tied him to its trunk in such a way that he was hugging it. A handkerchief was used to gag his mouth.

One of the men stood a little distance away from him, holding a lighted flashlight. He heard that awful sound of leather snap, and in a moment he felt it beat on his back: the devilfish's tail! He struggled to scream and ask for mercy, but his voice was stifled by the gag in his mouth, and the whip kept coming on his back, eating the flesh where it would hit. Soon his body weakened from the pain, and he could not remember anything anymore. He never knew what they did with his wife when they left, or where they brought her. Miguel had never been so hurt as he was that evening. His body was found the next morning, clinging against the trunk of the tree like a dead house lizard, with a bloody back.

But he did not die. Somehow, after a month in the provincial hospital, he was able to pull through the pain and shock of the experience. When he was discharged, he went back to his house and lived there in a strange, quiet way. Ever since he came out of the hospital, he would not say or do anything; he would not work in his abaca plantation where he used to strip fibers from Monday to Saturday.

For some time Miguel had been the talk of the men in the town of Salvacion when they would gather around in a liquor store and converse there as they drank a native wine called *tuba*. There had been much wondering about Miguel. How could a man take such a beating? How could Miguel bear the pain of the devilfish's tail whip, and the disappearance of his wife Estella?

Miguel didn't say anything. In the evening he would sit on the grass under the tree and rest his back on the trunk, and would smoke as if he were very tired

and melancholy; every evening he would just sit there on the grass under the tree, leaning with his back against the trunk, smoking, like one who had become a tree himself whose movement was restricted by its root. But, also, he had been thinking: When will Marcial show up in this town? O, God! when?

During the day he would stay lying flat on his bed, and get drunk. He would sleep, wake up when he would feel hungry, eat, and go on sleeping again. Once in a while he would strip abaca fibers, and sell them to a Chinese merchant in the town, then he would stop stripping and continue to idle.

After seven years, Marcial was seen again in the town of Salvacion. That was on August 7, the feast day of the town's patron saint. The streets were crowded and festive, and there was much eating and drinking and noise in the houses. Miguel also went out in the town on that day. He could have missed Marcial, the man for whom he had been waiting for years, because time had made quite some changes on the face of his man; but Miguel saw again the devilfish's tail whip which he could not forget and time had not change, dangling at the side of Marcial.

Hurriedly, Miguel ran to his house, got his bolo, and went back to the place where he had sighted Marcial. He saw his man in one of the drinking hangouts, together with four men. He moved slow like a snake towards Marcial's back, and when he was at arms length from the latter, he unsheathed his bolo, swung it up while its blade glistened in the sun, and hacked Marcial on the shoulder. A deafening, painful cry rose above the noise. Marcial staggered forward, then turned about facing Miguel. In a few seconds, the streets and the liquor store were cleared of people. A little later, Miguel was seen standing spread-legged over the sprawled body of Marcial, angrily yelling, "Where is Estella? Where is Estella?"

Soon it was all over. Marcial's body was buried, and Miguel went back to his house; he was not prosecuted in the court since the slain man was a notorious outlaw. Life went smoothly again in the town of Salvacion, with nearly every one convinced that Miguel was not at all guilty of a crime.

(Continued on page 26)



Short Short Story by ADELINO B. SITOY

MY FRIEND, Ernesto and I almost came to blows when he did not believe me that her name was Elsa. She was beautiful, indeed. Her long, dark hair matched her thick eyebrows. Her face was pinkish; her lips, thin and reddish, inviting; her body, *a la coca-cola*. But most distinguishable in her were her eyes that emitted sharp rays of light, vehicles of unsaid affection.

She was coming in our direction when Ernesto asked me if I knew her. Assuringly, I said, yes.

"Are you friends?" he inquired.

"No," I answered.

"Did you meet her before?"

"No."

"Who introduced her to you?"

"Nobody."

"How, on earth, do you happen to know her?"

"I saw her yesterday at the USC Drugstore. Our eyes met and hers were telling me her name was Elsa."

"Nonsense!" And he broke into loud, long laughter. Had not his low-waist pants come loose, he would not have stopped. He attempted to laugh anew after he had tightened his nylon belt; but he saw me biting my lips. I was serious and unmoved.

"What are you, a Superman?"

"I am not. But her name is Elsa. If you don't believe me, keep your mouth shut. Or..."

Cooler heads intervened. The bout did not materialize.

That night, before I closed my eyes, I saw the name Elsa printed on the ceiling of my mosquito net.

● I did not entertain an iota of doubt as to her name, but I guessed this was my chance to verify my guess. At Jenny's, she was alone, sipping coke. I would not approach her at once, I planned. I would take a table near her and wait until the proper time would come.

(The jukebox played "*around the world I've searched for you...*")

Hardly had I seated myself, when her eyes were already searching me. Mine did not take chances...

Are you Elsa?

Yes.

Your eyes are sweet.

Thank you for the compliment.

I bemoaned my fate when she stood up. I had waited too long. I could only snap my fingers in utter despair.

That noon, in my nap, I dreamed that Ernesto introduced her to me: "Tony, meet my friend, Elsa." Her hand was cotton-soft, tender. I could feel the warmth of the smile that spread over her honeyed lips through it. But, again, a near fisticuff between Ernesto and me occurred when I reminded him how right I was from the beginning. I wanted him to apologize and resolve not to mistrust me again. This he flatly refused. Only the intercession of Elsa prevented the clash.

Fine dream.

At last, I decided to send her a letter. (I had someone hand it to her.)

Dear Elsa,

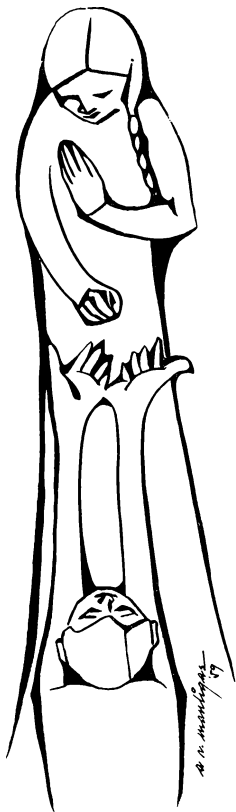
Your eyes, the window of your soul, have revealed to me something: that your name is Elsa. Are you? If you are, please forgive me for knowing you. If you are not, pardon me for not knowing you at all.

At any rate, whether you are or are not, you will always remain Elsa to me.

Sincerely,

Tony

I did not meet her again. She could be anybody else. She could be Elsa. 2



by Junne
Cañizares

FUGITIVE LINES

Captured In An 8:30 Bus

*Since we were all created by love, I believe that we can
live by love alone.*

Love alone, as a matter of fact, can show forth Life.

*How many are they who breathe but do not live, because they never
love and their hearts are stones.*

*Love alone raises the poets, sculptors and painters:
virtuosos and dancers.*

Love alone brings the glee of summertime.

Love alone appears to ease the tension of the world.

*In the field of battle, it is love alone that cries
and allays the agonies of the wounded.*

*Now. The time comes now to journey and find out how much
love we have.*

A lover must not only be contented with loving and being loved.

*A lover must likewise be accustomed to the hearts
of those he is among.*

*From a nipa hut in the country, we hear a disconsolate one singing
that love has gone, and he is lonesome.*

What is loneliness but the absence of love.

Sing, brother, we say.

Sing for the return of your love.

Sing, brother, for love is kind and considerate.

By the road we meet a smiling man.

Brother, we ask him, what makes you so happy?

*The smiling man cannot answer; we do not wait for his reply though,
for already we have seen through him.*

He has just verified to his lady's faith the color of his love.

*We watch lovers in different places, from pole to pole; we study their
behavior: we hum the same sweet songs they croon*

We come across people talking about love.

*Love is not a question whether it is patrician or poor, but whether
it is persistent or not, they tell each other.*

*Now we arrive home with certitude that this earth has been, is still,
and will forever be filled with sympathy, ardor, and tenderness.*

Blessed to His name who gives us love.

Blessed to His name who gives us love.

● And then the blazing sun turns dim and sinks into the sea. And the sky grows purple, and purpler, and purpler still, and then gives way to darkness. And out of the darkness, the moon rises . . . and the stars, almost one by one, emerge, and the sky glitters with countless little fires, bright and dim.

It is night.

And in the city, oil-lamp wicks burst into flame, and electric-lamp switches click "on." And the windows and the streets shine with the steady glow of the lights that man made. And downtown, the headlights of swarming cars also glare, and the colored lights of neon signs go on and off, on and off — or chase each other — endlessly, it seems.

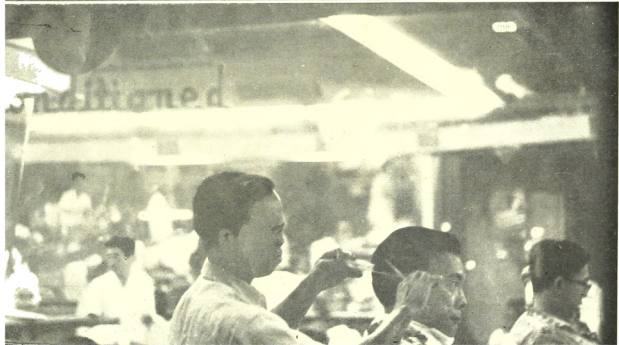
It is night in the city.

Poetry
in
black
and
white



NIGHT IN THE CITY

NIGHT IN THE CITY *(Continued)*



★

★

★

★

★

★

★

In the city, as el
and moods of the nig
and varied. The
moment to momen
place, and from

Laughter now.
afterwards... The
Loneliness there
man, and Languor in
are but a few

★

★

★

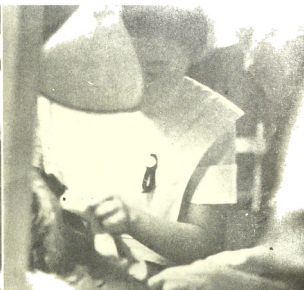
On these page
Photographer Re
interpretation of so
and faces of the
themselves, they an
dissertations, the
printed without capti
of them rightly
called Poetry in B.

★

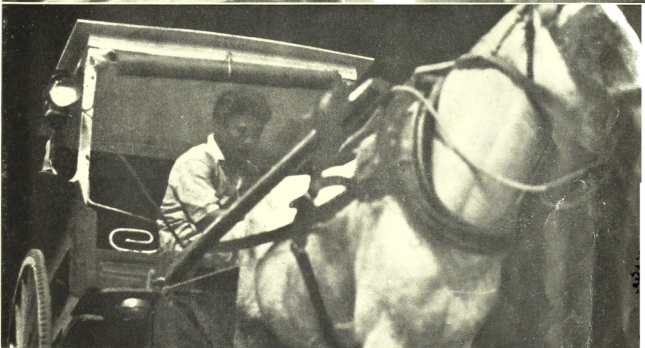
★

★

★

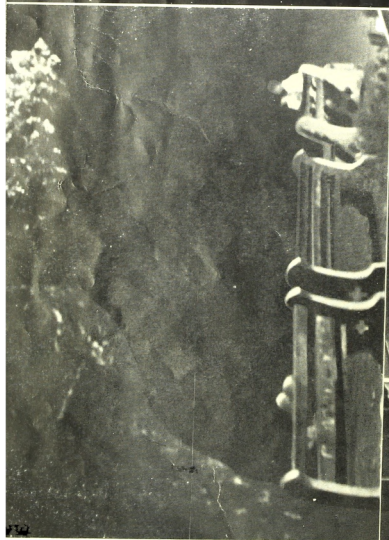
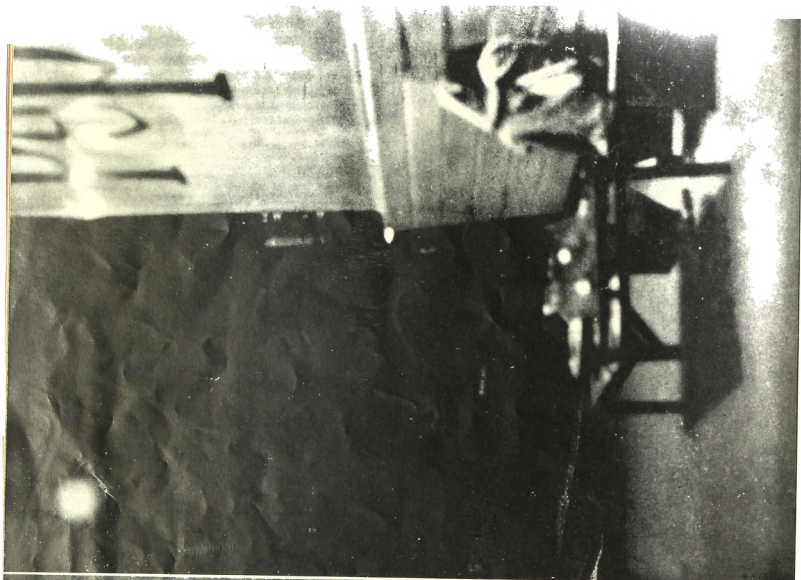


... somewhere, the faces
... that are many
... change from
... from place to
... person to person:
... and Silence
... Crowd here, and
... .. Vim in one
... another... these
... examples.



... s, you will find
... by Yap's pictorial
... me of the moods
... night. As, by
... e already eloquent
... ey have been
... ions; indeed, some
... deserve to be
... Black and White.





Poems For Myself

I

*The flame grinds its teeth,
licks its tongue,
prepares to leap
to feast on the unmoving moth
nailed to the wind.*

II

*I shoulder my bed away from the grave
to seek a dream of life
in the dark pit of sleep;
alas, I wake: a fat maggot crawls over
my nose's bridge
my grave stands at the edge of my
bed.*

III

*I weep for the dead,
they rise not;
I sing to the living,
they fall dead;
now I am alone.*

— Rey Yap

Call Down The Stars

And ask them

WHY . . .

*Enchanting melodies waft unseen
Across an outstretched memory . . .*

WHY . . .

*Beaming roses wave, invite, then die
breaking the radiance of worshipping
incense . . .*

Now fallen, ruined, charred.

There are smiles that

Whisper love songs,

And weave September rainbows

Beckoning, elusive . . . beckoning, elusive.

— B. C. Cabanatan

SUMMER ISSUE, 1959

At Sunset

*The lovely Venus
That downs many a lover
The blooming flowers
That spread their scented fragrance.
The winding rivers
That sing immortal beauty;*

They all . . .

They all . . .

Have their sunset —

*When bloom no more the flowers,
The lovely Venus' touches,
The singing winding rivers.*

There only will bloom and grow.

*A night silent and unremembered,
To dawn to a world's day no more —
Never, nevermore.*

— Epimaco Densing, Jr.

Take Me Back To Summer

*I cherish a memory that looks
Toward Hope's dawn because
You were as elusive as summer
Clouds to offer assurance that
Knows no time.*

Then I pray that I see not

Nepenthe's shadow darken that

April evening when we sat down

To listen to the wind and unknown

The murmurs of unspoken care.

— B. C. Cabanatan

PAGE 21

TWILIGHT 0

Cease we awhile
From the hubbub and the clamor
Of this day and pause—
And let each shadowed aisle
Be wrapped in silence

A song is dying in the west,
A light is fading in the skies,
The glow of the twilight sun
Is fading in the wake of our sighs:
The day is done!

But listen, the bells are tolling
The twilight hour;
The dews of dusk are softly falling
On a lonely flower!

AVE MARIA!
So ring the mellow bells,
So whispers soft the wind
Through the misty meadows,
Through the lonely hills and dells,
And through the valleys wrapped in the shadows
Of night!
So now too whisper soft our lips
In love and fear,
In love and awe now drops too
A falling tear!
AVE MARIA!

But sing it louder, sing it higher,
Gather your voices and pierce the mists and the shadows
With its mystic fire!
For even as we tread these halls,
The cold is shaking us,
The icy fingers of the phantom past

Are breaking us,
The icy winds of tomorrow
Are blowing through a veil
Of mists
Across a lonely trail
Of tears and sorrow!

Oh Virgin Woman, desire
Of the eternal hills,
Sear us with your fire
And warm our frozen hills!
Oh Virgin Woman, flood
This desert world before us,
Water this desert sod
With the purple blood
That flowed from your bleeding heart!

Before our eyes
The floodgates break, now flows the stream
Of being,
Changing patterns, lights and shadows,
As in a pointless scheme,
Mark all our seeing!
There is not an hour of love but there is hate,
There is not an hour of joy but there are tears,
There is not an hour of God but there is sin,
There is not an hour of triumph but there are fears!

Roses grow on thorns,
And rainbows arch on cloudy skies,
And dreams are woven,
And woven, drift on futile sighs!

What will be? The question is poised
In vague uncertainty;
Replies a voice, an ancient voice:
That which has been will always be!

The songs we sang we still shall sing,
The deeds we did we still shall do,
The human spirit is ever on the wing
For the good and the evil, the false and the true!
The vicious circle endless goes,
For man is born but never grows!

DE TO MARY

What have we to lay
Before your Virgin feet?
This — this lowly clay,
This dingy seat
Of sin and dark decay?

But even as we grope
In this twilight hour
And fight the battles dim
Of some invisible power,
With stronger spirits
We rise,

Remembering—remembering
A lonely night and a Virgin Maid,
A lonely hill of suffering,
A bleeding heart, oh bleeding but unafraid!

Was it not in one forsaken hour
She stood on Calvary's hill
When death was come and all was still,
A drooping but unwithered flower?

While the winds of twilight sang
A dirge,
And a sorrow-laden stillness hung
Over the earth,
And the birds

Of passage paused in their flight
And wondered
At a sundered
Grave that received a God into the heart of night,
She stood against a fading sky,
As she stilled a breaking cry
And prayed—

She prayed her Son, oh let me embrace the hills
And sweep the heavens wide and far,
Empurple with my blood
The birth of the morning star!

So she stood in the twilight
While her heart was bleeding,

She stood in the twilight
While her heart was pleading
For the dawn!
And the dawn came!

For life is a pain,
And pains are a seed, then a flower;
For the ground is soaked first in mud and in rain,
And then — the blossoming hour!
Life treads the bitter mire
Through the hills and the valleys
Of death,
Through the sin-stalked, shaded alleys
Of death,
But is gold not to pass through fire?

Ah Valiant Woman,
Strong with the strength of God,
Stand in this twilight age
And pierce the far-flung shades
Of our night with the crimson blood
That flowed from your heart!

Trace a crimson path across the earth,
Trace a crimson path across the sky,
Break the wings of time, proclaim the birth
Of a day that will never, never die!

Rise now, sons of men, and sons of God,
And clasp the hand of her who bore the rod
Of tears and human pains;
Now open your lips with the strains
Of a newer lay,
Drive far the shades of night
For a newer day!

Cast the gloom of phantom fears
And all the terrors of yesteryears
Beneath your feet!
And let the sounding beat
Of a song triumphant mark
The night's retreat!

by Demetrio Maglalang

On COMMUNISM

THROUGHOUT the ages men have always dreamed of making themselves better than their ancestors. However, in the process of their constant dreaming for a better world to live in, they also formulated certain fundamental concepts concerning the worth and the dignity of the individual. Those economic policies and philosophical thoughts, which underwent purification and perfection through many generations, ushered in our present scientific and political progress under whose splendor we acquired better living conditions and opportunity to lead a more fruitful and a happier life.

Today, however, Communism seeks to undermine this steady progress of man from the night of barbarism and tyranny to the light of culture and freedom. Communism seeks to reduce all men and women to the level of the brute. Communism seeks to hamper man's progress towards making freedom the basis of society. Communism seeks to obliterate any goal of government by free discussion, the rule of law and peaceful change through established institutions. Communism, in a few words, seeks to destroy all that makes life in a free society worthwhile and liveable.

THE BACKGROUND OF COMMUNISM

During a political and economic crisis, it is natural for certain ideas to attract and capture the imagination of those who feel themselves victims of political and economic injustice. For, in their search for a faith by which to live, they easily turn to that body of ideas, which promises social opportunity and economic redemption.

The Industrial Revolution, which brought vast changes in the political and economic structure of society, caused a great unemployment in Europe. For, the machines took the place of the poor workmen in the factories or industries. Enormous wealth came to be concentrated in the hands of the propertied classes while for the laboring classes there came a progressive lowering of wages below living standards. Against the background of unemployment and exploitation, which caused so much bitterness

and despair in the hearts of the workmen, the "Communist Manifesto" of Marx and Engels found a fertile soil in Europe. The less fortunate, who gaped in hunger and whose hopes for heaven had been shattered by the change of fortune, tenaciously embraced Communism because at least it promised them a better paradise of economic abundance and equality.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND AIM OF COMMUNISM

Communism is founded on dialectical materialism, which Marx has painstakingly copied from the Dialectical Idealism of Hegel. But while Hegel taught that the "Thesis, Antithesis and the Synthesis" evolved from the "Absolute Idea", Marx, eliminating all traces of Idealism

by Amable Tuibeo

and God, held that everything is based on matter. Man and his society are therefore in the light of this crude materialism, considered basically material with only material forces determining their destiny. Applying this dialectics to the economic field, the capitalized society is the one that creates its opposites, the proletariat. The result is the inevitable class-struggle: the Materialistic Thesis personified in Capitalism against the Antithesis personified in the proletariat or workmen. However, a day will come, when this class-struggle will result in the destruction of the Capitalism, onward to the "Synthesis", which is termed the "Classless Society".

When this Utopian Society is finally established, the earth will become a paradise. Everyone will get what he needs. Everybody will work for the common good. Men will be freed from misery and want, because nobody will be selfish. There will be no private property but everything will be held in common. But to hasten the establishment of this ideal society, the proletariat all over the world, according to Marx, unite and carry

out the destruction of Capitalism: "Workers of the World, Unite!"

Communism therefore, is bent on destroying the present social order. By terrorism and force, it seeks to liquidate every person and subvert every institution which militates against its teachings. By infiltration, it seeks to influence or organize leaders. It penetrates every avenue of the government and the schools. Through the radio, the press, the movie, Communism comes in meek and innocent as a lamb but poisonous and deadly as a serpent. Secret agents under the direction of the Kremlin are sent out to the whole world not to preach the gospel of love and peace but to sow the cockle of international hatred and discord among men.

THE CHARMS OF COMMUNISM

Communism is condemned everywhere as a pernicious evil. But the irony is that the more it is abhorred and outlawed, the more people feel attracted to it. The reason is that in our present socio-economic system, there exist frightful abuses. The poor and the needy who suffer from a feeling of injustice and abuse, turn to Communism for a solution. In many parts of the world today exploitation, race prejudice and social discrimination are the law. The laborers are living in abject poverty while the rich and the landlords are wallowing in the fat of the land. This selfishness of the rich towards the poor and the abuses of the capitalists against the laborers are the factors which often drive people to choose Communism. For, if these people have nothing to gain under capitalism except to be the victims of injustice and discrimination, they do not find it absurd to try out the promises of Communism.

Another factor also which makes people an easy prey to the clutches of Communism is the fact that they (the people) had already become too materialistic. To many the name of God and the soul has become synonymous with superstition, which must be prescribed in the name of reason and progress. With religion banned from the schools, children, the future leaders and governors of the world, grow up without the

idea of God and of their eternal destiny. Under this lamentable condition, the Communist propaganda of an earthly paradise of pleasure and material abundance becomes enticingly sweet, nay, even romantic!

THE THREAT OF COMMUNISM

Communism is very active today. Everywhere we hear of strikes, rallies under the guise of championing the cause of the common man, and revolts inspired by Communist leaders. It seems, the Communists are carrying out today the program to conquer the world. Time, however, can alone tell when all the communists in different parts of the world will stage a general uprising. And precisely because Communism is too widely spread, is there a threat to beware of and is there a reason to say that our Christian civilization is in great jeopardy.

THE SOLUTION: PREPAREDNESS

Considering the fact that Communism's ultimate aim is to overrun the whole world as outlined by Marx and Engels in the *Communist Manifesto*, it is only wise that the free nations of the earth should unite to check the advances of Communism. They must always maintain a stronger force than that of the Russians. For, if Russia finds out that her enemies are weak, she will strike like an unexpected thief in the night. And we know that in this age of advanced weapons, the first to strike is the winner.

Force then must be met by force. Military preparedness is the only solution. It is the only way to halt the advances of Communism. It is the only way to maintain peace and order in the present condition of the world. Thus the old axiom: "si vis pacem, para bellum" has become true again today. "If you want peace, prepare for war." ‡

FIDEL

(Continued from page 10)

How Sara herself, being barren, received strength to conceive seed, even past the time of age; how Moses passed through the Red Sea, as if it was dry land; how Samson recovered strength from sickness. . . . One by one, Father Teofilo recalled them all now.

"Itay will live." He had no doubt about it.

"Yes, Fidel," Father Teofilo said. Through the windshield he could see the old man Nong Lucio sweeping by the side of the road. ‡

I AM PURE. My thoughts are clean, at least those that I entertain. I speak with moral consciousness. Among my audience, I always consider Christ to be the principal hearer who judges my speech according to its undiluted quality. I act decently. My deeds are the manifestation of my thoughts and the fulfillment of my speech; they carry in them the innocence of a child's smile and the unblemished character of a lily.

What is purity? It is the freshness of the soul, the most beautiful virtue man can acquire. God has so elevated this trait by His choice to be born of a virgin. What fortune then it is to possess such a heavenly feature, to be like Mary—Christ's mother, our Mother!

I have two neighbors. One has the habit of linking every subject we come to discuss with sex. The other hates the very mention of the word. In neither does, the virtue of purity reside. The former is filthy-minded. The latter is a hypocrite. Purity does not imply ignorance of sex. There is a great difference between ignorance and innocence. Ignorance is absence of knowledge; innocence is freedom from guilt. To maintain innocence is to be pure. Talking about sex is not improper as long as a good purpose calls for it. It is therefore impossible that a person who always speaks of sex is right since he certainly has lost his respect for the subject. Reverence is careful treatment.

A bad thought in itself is not wrong. It is natural. However, when one enjoys its occurrence, the thought becomes a mortal sin. Young people are most beset by this attractive temptation. The defence is weak because the sin offers pleasure. If the body triumphs, the will falters and denies the guilt of the offense. The sinner then turns a slave of the flesh and his conscience is paralyzed. The confused reason excuses the wrong-doing as a natural reaction, as an uncontrollable tendency. Truly, the task to combat the vice is effort-requiring. But what is not hard in this world? The fight does not use up much time; it involves only much will and prayers. Divine aid

On Purity

by JOSEFINO TAPIA

is indispensable. Man alone can never succeed because he is internally corrupt. The grace of God confers on him a sharing in the life of his Master, in his Lord's perfection.

There are two kinds of pleasure, the temporal and the lasting. Temporal is limited in intensity and duration. Lasting is full and eternal. Through the sacrament of matrimony, man exercises the privilege of participating in God's first scheme: the creation of a being who will one day share His infinite glory. The privilege is God-given, the means are lawful, and the purpose is noble; therefore, the act is pure. Every character is an essence. If one factor disappears, impurity enters. Man is transformed into a beast; his instincts rule over his will. The act begets pleasure, a temporal pleasure. God so designed it because the world is not man's ultimate goal. The frequency of the enjoyment doesn't make the pleasant sensation lasting. It increases instead the longing for satisfaction. God is pleasure, enduring and quenching.

Indeed, I am pure. I would rather die than be impure. ‡

Summer...

And How It Varies

by Alberto Rile

SUMMER THEN

ONLY A YEAR AGO, I delightedly looked forward to summer as a season of comfort and enjoyment, of food and fun, of adventure and laughter. Its advent was no more than an invitation to counting the days, building air castles and preparing things for real summer fun. The few days before the end of classes were the longest in the school year. I was then full of hope and anticipation. I imagined things more often than I usually do.

Vacation time found me enjoying the cool and vigorous country air, the palatable fruits freshly picked from a neighbor's tree—trees there seemed to be the common property of the people around,—the barrio folks' favorite menu: vegetables with chicken,—incidentally, fish was (and still is) scarce there,—the company of my lively cousins and vacationing friends; the long healthful morning and moonlight strolls along the streams; the swimming spree in the river, the boat-ride on the lake; the frequent social gatherings, the barn dances with the ubiquitous string band assisting and the "barrio fiestas" everywhere. Everybody was very accommodating. Everything around was cooperative. — Mother Nature was mighty good. And how I whiled away the time! How I wished summer would never end. But it seemed to have lasted a short time and before I knew it I was again back in the city. It was only when I arrived home that I remembered I had missed the radio, the movies, the parks and the other amusements in the city.

Summer in the country was never boring. Its memories, its refreshing, cool breeze is something I would love to cherish every now and then. — For there was never a long, hot summer. Indeed, it was summer with a capital S.

—AND SUMMER NOW

Today, the meaning that summer has for me is much different from that of yesteryears. As it drew near, I found myself desperately wishing that vacation time would grow longer. But I could not help it. — Free days rolled by as fast as they could and surprisingly enough, I discovered that I was yearning for summer classes.

Now I do not have enough time to build air castles. — Instead, I spend my leisure hours with some useful books in the corner. — Neither do I have a chance to prepare for a summer frolic. — Instead, I make myself ready for the day's work.—At times I go to the movies to cool off, then stroll along the parks. Or I listen to the radio or visit some good friends. How I miss the country air, its peaceful atmosphere, its mountains, rivers, lakes, its fresh fruits and vegetables, its wonderful people and everything. How I long for the happy days I spent there a year ago.

Now I find myself enmeshed in all kinds of stuff. There is the procedure to be copied and the lab reports to be submitted for Chemistry. Then there are the assignments here, homework there, and there is that coming test. It is very uncomfortable studying with the unbearable heat all around.

Summer now is really different from the previous one I spent away from school. Now it means books, tests, homework, lab work, etc., etc., etc. The days now seem to be flying with clipped wings.... One hour seems to last a century. Why do days have to be that long this summer? — But I suppose, this is just how student life is. I have to encounter some disagreeable moments some time or other, as I follow the steps in the pursuit of knowledge and truth. I am often forced to reflect:

—Life is not all fun after all... §

THE TREE

(Continued from page 14)

Miguel thought he could have peace in the end.

Yet, when he returned to his house, he found out that it really couldn't be the same again, for he saw that the tree in front had commenced to wither and shed off its leaves. Each day as he would sit in the rocking chair close to the window, he would watch the dying of the tree in the afternoon sun.

And one day he saw that it had become an old, leafless tree, a deep, shadowy, and spooky figure standing before his house by the sheer power of its roots that must have gone deep into the ground. He had thought of chopping it down into firewood, like the two boys who came one afternoon, but he could not, nor could he let any one do it, for within the sapless trunk of that tree was kept the lonely remembrance of Estelita and May. §

I BURN, I BURN

(Continued from page 4)

For such curiosity will lead him to read more of Burns, and to read Burns is to love him, love but him, and love forever.

Lately, the Soviet Union issued a stamp commemorating the two-hundredth birthday anniversary of Burns, the poet laureate of the proletariat. This is a sign of universal approval of Burns, a sign that Burns will be loved by men, though they believe in diverse ideologies, "till the seas gang dry, and the rocks melt wi' the sun." But above that, this is a sign that Robert Burns did not wholly die when, to end the misery and anguish of the last days of his life of sin and repentance, the Lord granted him his prayer which he expressed in two exquisite lines,

Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death. §

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

(Continued from page 4)

Graduate School in connection with her work for a Master of Arts' degree. Like Mrs. Manuel we harbor no ill-feelings against foreign plays. In fact it is to our own benefit if we study them. However, she said that "the greater number presented on the boards should be native plays written by Filipinos if we are to grow and develop culturally and artistically as a nation. Only then can the drama become an institution for the expression of the Filipino soul." Mrs. Manuel could not have been more right... soj.

I HEARD A speaker once say that one of the greatest tragedies that could befall a man is for him not to speak though he could, because he does not have the courage to do so. Indeed, I believe that the speaker could not have been more right.

How many are the instances in which we do not voice out our opinions? Countless. In classrooms, we listen to the teacher and wish to contradict him on certain points, but we do not dare to do that. In conversations, we hear prejudiced opinions, misquoted facts, and faulty logic, but we seal our mouths from making remarks. Out in the streets, we see a man bullying another, and we are disgusted, but we do not give the bully a piece of our mind. The instances can be multiplied indefinitely.

Of course, we have our reasons for all this, but they are immaterial. What counts with me is the fact that we have waived the exercise of an inalienable right, a right which only human beings possess, a right which separates men from the brutes.

Greece was glorious, Rome was grand. Now we ask, who gave Greece her glory and Rome her grandeur? Was it the slaves, the cowards, the weaklings? Certainly not. It was the brave intellectuals, philosophers, artists, dramatists, and sculptors that gave Greece her glory and Rome her grandeur. For progress is impossible without the adoption of new things, and it takes brave people—people who are not afraid of whatever risks may be involved in the assertion of their rights and ideas—to get new things adopted. In the battlefields, in the halls of the senate, on the stage, and in the streets, these brave intellectuals, philosophers, artists, dramatists, and sculptors of Greece and Rome showed that they were not afraid of anything that stood in the way of the free expression of their ideas.

The Philippines is a young nation, and it aspires for greatness. She can have greatness only if she has enough men and women who are as brave as the Greeks and the Romans were. Let us therefore try to emulate the example set by the great ancients. Let us express ourselves freely, and be prepared to take the consequences of our acts.

When do we start our quest for the courage to say things freely, to do the things that we believe in? Now. And in the little everyday

The Spectator

by Ildefonso Lagcao

acts, let us prove that we are brave. For these little acts will soon gather greatness. Throw a stone into the middle of a lake. You will find that its ripples are localized, but soon they will spread far and wide. The same is true with our acts. First, they are almost negligible, but soon they will show themselves ostentatiously. A brave act a day will soon make us really brave people, just as a cowardly act a day will soon make us full-fledged cowards.

But what are we doing today? We play dumb, we play the mouse before the lion. And we keep up this play wherever we are—in schools, in conferences, in streets, etc. We obey blindly because we are afraid of the consequences of acting independently. For we forget that blind unthinking obedience is a most disgusting and disgraceful crime.

My dear fellow college students, we are among the fortunate few who are benefited with a college education. We will be the leaders of our country tomorrow. Let us be brave leaders, leaders with the mettle of the men who led nations to greatness, glory, and grandeur. Our training to that end should start now. †

Gifts of Summer

by

Ben Cabanatan

SUMMER IS HERE. Its coming is not prepared for, its presence not welcome by the heart of man. Anxiety, indifference and dread greet it at the door of annual change.

Yes summer is here. But only a little after, it leaves us without the gifts that accompany its coming. These gifts do not come in ribboned packages, are priced beyond millions and are stretched open to us free.

The breath-taking mystery of change that opens the season is a gift that cannot be had from a philanthropist, a friend, or a loved one. It is a gift of nature, of the Divine Giver.

There is the untainted sunrise whose light casts new perspective on dimmed hopes.

There is the nerving breath of the earth in the early morning that puts life in the sampaguita on the wayside, in the tall majestic acacia, gazing at the heavens in grateful prayer.

There is the defiant perseverance of the blade of grass that projects skyward. In its veins is written man's spirituality.

There is the promise of wealth and abundance by the golden hill in the distance.

There is the hospitable oasis of camachile shed where summer love is born and romance blooms.

There is the bud breaking slowly into light devoid of fatherly joy that greets a newborn but unfolding "nature's promise of perpetuity."

These are the gifts of summer offered in a degree of generosity unknown to man; in a spirit of gift-giving unwelcomed and uncelebrated; unwrapped for all to sense, to see and to enjoy. †

FRAGMENTS of HISTORY • Circa 1521

Magellan Names an Island

ON THE NINTH DAY after Magellan landed on Philippine shores, he directed his expedition to a small island south of Leyte. He was met by the native chief, who was surrounded by his wives. The native chief was friendly, so Magellan asked him, "¿Como se llama esta isla. (What is the name of this island)?" But since he was surveying the chief's wives with his eyes while he asked the question, the chief thought that Magellan wanted to know if the girls were still single. So, the chief, fearing for his wives, immediately answered, "Kining lima ako nang asawa (These five are already my wives)," to warn Magellan that the girls were no longer negotiable. Ever after, Magellan, who remembered only two of the chief's words, referred to the island as Limasawa.



by Manuel S. Go



Magellan Falls on Mactan Island

PIGAFETTA, the chronicler of the Magellan expedition, described the last moments of Magellan thus:

"Our leader stood dauntless and magnificent in one of the rowboats that would lead our soldiers to battle with the stubborn natives. His shield glittered in the sun. So did the huge sword which he was brandishing in the name of the King. (God save the King!) He was in full battle gear. Or almost. For when he jumped out of the rowboat to charge at the natives, I found that he was barefooted. I then remembered that he had boiled his pair of shoes and eaten them when we ran out of supplies in the middle of the Pacific. In a minute he was in mortal combat with five natives. He had killed three and was about to run his sword through a fourth one, when he suddenly fell on his knees. The natives chopped him up before he could regain his balance. King Humabon later told us that, in all likelihood, our leader fell on his knees because he had stepped on a *tuyom* (a native mollusk with poisonous spines)."

Today, school children are taught to remember that for want of a shoe, a horse was lost. ‡



MISS REMEDIOS FRAEJAS

"Little Girl" PLACES 5th

by Alberto C. Rile

NEW YEAR OF 1937 brought forth a memorable event to the Fraejas family. . . . On that day, Mrs. Perfecto Fraejas gave birth to her youngest child who later was to become USC's best bet for the 1958 Board Exams in Chemistry. . . . The child was baptized Remedios and nicknamed Baby.

Baby, as close friends fondly call her, saw first light and grew up in this city. She took her elementary education at the Cebu Normal School where she graduated second honor. Young girls usually thirst for a well-rounded Catholic education, and Baby was no exception. So, she transferred to the USC Girls' High where she became popular as a member (and later on Secretary) of the Legion of Mary, a chairman of one of the committees of the Sodality, a society which awarded her the title of Sodalist of the month, and an Editor the Junior Carolinian, the counterpart of this paper in the High School Department. Despite the extracurricular activities she had to cope with, Baby was a consistent scholar. She earned her high school diploma and a gold medal for being the class valedictorian in 1954.

After finishing her secondary course, Baby found herself in a

quandary. She planned to take B.S.E. Major in Physics, but the thought that the course had only a limited field discouraged her. She switched her ambition to Journalism, but Atty. Cornelio Faigao advised her that a writer's income would not be sufficient for a family later on. He said further that writing would only be good as a sideline. However, her mother prodded her to take Pharmacy, but she insisted on Nursing then, and since they could not compromise, she had

to put both aside. When the semester opened, Baby found out that B.S. Chemistry was offered in USC. She felt the urge to take the course, thinking that it was something new. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, S.V.D., who was a sort of spiritual adviser to her, frowned on the idea, but she proved to be insistent. So, she enrolled for B.S. Chem.

Like any fresh high school graduate, Baby also felt the thrill and hardship of a college life. She too spent some time adjusting herself to the new atmosphere, but nonetheless, she confessed: "I enjoyed every minute of it." She joined the Student Catholic Action and on her third and last year with the organization, she was elected Vice-President of the USC chapter. Baby was the first Editor of the USC *Retort*, the publication of the Chemistry Department. She admitted though that she often felt too lazy to do some things she wanted to. . . . Perhaps this accounted for her quitting the Editorship after some time of editorial work. But then her laziness did not prevent her from getting elected Auditor of the Liberal Arts Student Council. When she reached her fourth year however, she wanted to devote all her time to studies and lab work, but she

was re-elected Vice-President of the Carolinian Chemistry Club. She tried hard to reject the nomination, but her objection was not entertained, so she was forced to give in.

The first big surprise that Baby received was the information that she was to graduate Cam Latude. She said, "I never expected to obtain such honor."

Baby spent the summer after graduation reviewing for the Chemistry Board. She intended to take it on May, 1958 but "at the rate I was reviewing," she said, "I was dubious whether I would pass or not." So she changed her mind at the last minute and instead, came home for vacation. When the semester opened, Baby became an instructor in Chemistry. As a matter of fact, she was this writer's lab instructor in Organic Chem. She, together with Miss Alma Valencia, another Board toptotcher from UP, made a good team. As a teacher, Baby was most understanding and patient. . . . She combined qualities which few individuals possess. —She was liked by every one because she was soft spoken, friendly, and above all, she was fair in her dealings with the students. During those days, Baby was all the while reviewing by herself, and she went through with it despite the new task assigned her, that of an adviser of the USC *Retort*. As an adviser, Baby was efficient. At times, she would contribute for the paper if she felt that the articles would not be good enough for a presentable issue.

At the end of the semester, Baby left for Manila together with Josefina Palmares, (her co-graduate who is now also a Registered Chemist), to take the Board. When they arrived there, they learned that Pura Ypil, another co-graduate, has already been working as a Statistician at the Office of General Services. "But Pura," according to Baby, "was given a two-week leave to review," and the three of them took the examinations together. When she came home however, she informed friends that she was expecting only a passing grade.

(Continued on page 32)



Rodolfo Justiniani

MUCH has been said—pro and con—regarding the plight of sports here in the Philippines. Noted sports authorities and writers are not unanimous in the claim that all is well with the conduct of our sports. Even the highest sporting body here in the Philippines—the PAAF—was not spared the dirt literally thrown around by those who claim to know the ins and outs of sports in the Philippines. Two schools of thought have arisen out of these seemingly confusing and conflicting opinions, the first—claiming that never had the Philippines enjoyed so much world wide prestige in sports as she is enjoying now, while the second—the prophets of doom—claims that Philippine prestige in sports is on the down grade and on the way out if not down and out already. This writer will not attempt to add more but would rather confine himself to the facts he gathered from different statistics and authorities on this subject.

Let's start with—

BASKETBALL

This indoor and sometimes outdoor sport has enjoyed unprecedented publicity and attention more than any other brand of sport in our country and without reasons. This game, invented by Dr. James Naismith in the late '80s has virtually become a "gold mine" here in the Philippines. A common way even quipped that some schools and colleges owe their existence to basketball. They are not considered to have "arrived" until they put up a basketball team worthy to be a member of the "big leagues" of basketball. Yet, in spite of this coddling and pampering, basketball is definitely at a standstill. Nationalist China, our principal rival in Asia, is fast catching up with us. In fact, in the recently concluded Basketball World Championship at Chile, we placed a dismal eight, a far cry from our third place showing at Brazil. Nationalist China,

who had humbled us at the Asian Games, engendered by international power politics, entered the finals, finished ahead of Russia and Bulgaria. It was really Philippine basketball's darkest hour.

And to prove to the world and Filipinos particularly that their entering the finals in Chile was not a fluke, Kwo Kwang, the No. 2 basketball team in Formosa, made the Filipinos squirm in their seats, conquering CRISPA and SEVEN-UP, two of our teams, in exhibition matches. Bowing only to YSMAEL and YCO (practically the Philippine Team) not without giving a fight, they really opened every Filipino cage fan's eyes that Nationalist China is definitely the country to watch in Asian basketball. Now, where do we really stand? To quote Teodoro C. Benigno of *Here's the Score* column of a Manila newspaper—"a world championship in basketball we've given up. It's not for us, not for guys who can't grow to tree-top level and rub noses with a giraffe." Nationalist China cagers it must be remembered are just as tall as Filipinos! What sport shall we turn to?

SOCCER FOOTBALL

As if to answer the question, the same Teodoro C. Benigno further said, "Here, referring to soccer football, as somewhere else, we may someday find the marker underneath which lies the Holy Grail." He may be right. Events proved him temporarily wrong. The next few days after he uttered his prediction, during the Asian Cup Eastern Zone Football eliminations among the Philippines, Hongkong and Nationalist China, the Philippines dug deeper its grave in football when the Hongkong booters shut out the PI team 7-0. Next, PI met China, the Asian Games champion, and as if to "resurrect" itself, surprisingly made a bold stand losing 4-7 to the fleetfooted and agile Chinese. Here may lie the glory which basketball has time and again evaded the Philippines. Soccer football does not need strato-

spheric height required in basketball which we miserably lacked. With a little active interest and proper coaching techniques in this sport, we may yet turn the tables on Nationalist China and perhaps—eventually replace Brazil as world champion!

BASEBALL

With only one major college league backing it—the UAAP—, this sport which was once in the days of "beisbol" enjoyed immense popularity, is now practically limited to a few "old logies" and college boys. In the past while the great Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig were lordling it over in the major leagues in the U.S., the Philippines was undisputedly at the top of the heap in Asia. Now we cannot take a crack at Japan and get away with it. The brief sojourn here of the St. Louis Cardinals indirectly did it. They made our sluggers look like high school boys shutting them out 10-9!, this in spite of the absence of Stan "The Man" Musial. In Japan, even with Musial on the team, the major leaguers got a good spanking by some of Japan's leading hickory teams.

TENNIS

Philippines still "at it," but with misgivings. Felicissimo Ampon and Raymundo Deyro are not growing any younger. Among the younger crop of players—three only stand out as promising—Johnny Jose, Eduardo and Miguel Dungo. In the last Asian Games, the Philippines further strengthened its bid as "Tennis King" in Asia. But in the coming Eastern Zone Quarter competitions, we face very rough sailing in the ominous storm that is Japan and India. We may hurdle Japan even with veteran internationalist Kosei Kama and comebacking Aitsuhi Miyagi; on it, but with India, she is a threat. Ray Deyro and "Mighty Mite" Ampon will do a lot of muscle flexing to overcome the formidable team of Ramanathan Krishnan and Nareesh Kumar, well seasoned in the European campaign.

SPORTSDOM

By RUDY JUSTINIANI
GEORGE BARCENILLA



George Barcenilla

BOXING

Everything's well with boxing. Although we have not produced another Pancho Villa for many a year and local cauliflower row always casts its longing eyes on the belts of Pascual Perez, Alphonse Halimi and Davey Moore, prospects look bright. Flash Elorde, the Cebuano southpaw, is now No. 2 man in the featherweight division. Leo Espinosa, who has come near a world title three times is still a world-rater. So too with Dommy Ursua, Danny Kid, Larry Pineda and a host of others.

TRACK AND FIELD

With the Olympic Games only a year away, track and field hopefuls for a berth in the PI team are rather lean. Judging from past performances, PI standards are way off world ratings. Compared with Asian standards, the Philippines would be second raters. The bulkier Indians, Japanese and Pakistanis are "kings" in the men's track and field with few exceptions. Our own Enrique Bautista is promising in the 100 meters with 10.5 seconds clocking but way off the 10.0 to 10.2 seconds world record of Bobby Morrow of the U.S. Team. In the women's track and field, our Amazons proved this time, that they are not weaker sex but still way off the nimble looted Japanese in Asian competitions.

And here ends this short survey of Philippine sports in the light of their achievements, both in local and international competitions. How we would fare in the future, it is not for us to say. The PAAF is more competent to know better. But one thing is certain, however: our sports need more and more "blood transfusion." #

USC GOLD SOX CBL RUNNER-UP

A mammoth crowd showed up at the Abellana Stadium last February 15 to witness the championship between the USC Gold and Green Sox and the Noel Motor Service for the 1959 Baseball League crown, which lasted for fourteen innings. The game partially decided a triple tie created previously, when the Carolinians beat San Miguel Brewery while the latter spanked the Servicers who squeaked past our Gold Soxers.

Earlier in the championship round of CBL's top three teams, the Carolinian "whiz" kids served pleasant notice by posting a 12 to 1 victory over the Brewer veterans of the Abellana ball park.

The game was a thriller from start to finish. The Carolinians, who were determined to grab the CBL trophy, wrested from them last year by the Escario nines who failed to enter this year's final round, fought tooth and nail to regain the precious crown.

With Goldie Cirilo Abendan as starter on the mound against Cabababay of the Motorites, our San Carlos nines started strong. Skipper A. Coja of the Carolinians calmly generated firepower within his team which lacked reserves.

In the fourth inning, Fermin Caballero relieved Abendan when the Noels were ahead, one run to nil. The booming bats of H. Millado in the fourth and sixth innings helped lorge San Carlos ahead. It was also in the sixth inning that Goldie R. Iratogata and E. Caballero caught their reserve fire and sneaked past Cabababay and tallied for USC, 4-3. But the same pesky Cabababay caught a liner to even the score in the ninth inning. The score tied 4 times with an identical 4-4 count in the ninth inning.

An extension proved fatal to our Gold & Green Soxers. Striking out the Services' best hurler Fermin Caballero held at bay all the Noel's offensive until the 13th inning.

Puffing for air now and then, the weary but never-say-die Carolinians held on until the 14th inning. They even score stood still. The Motorites were the last to bat. F. Caballero could hold no longer. With two Service men out, Motorite Legaspi scored a run batted in. That finished the game for the Noel Motors, 5-4.

USC NINE DUMPED BREWERS

The following Sunday, our Gold and Green Soxers successfully dumped the San Miguel Brewers, 14-7, to avenge their defeat at the hands of the Motorites. Whitehot Fermin Caballero scored 4 tallies for USC while holding the Brewers with his lastballers. Hurler S. Tugot of SMB could not push back the onslaught of our Gold Soxers. Goldies H. Millado, Ben Caballero, R. Iratogata and Skipper A. Coja joined hands in hijacking SMB.

Our hopes to recapture the CBL crown dimmed when the Brewers failed to roll back the Noel Motors. The Noel Motors won and clinched the Cebu Baseball League Championship trophy for the year 1959.

PERSONALITIES

Fermin Caballero, Erasmo Caballero, Humberto Millado and Roberto Iratogata, all of the USC Green and Gold, were among those chosen to form the CBL Selection in the National Open Baseball Tournament held in Manila. . . .

. . . Julio Umadhay and Anito Trinidad of the USC Green Booters represented the University of San Carlos in the PI Football team which saw action against Hongkong and Nationalist China in the last Eastern Zone eliminations for the Asian Cup senior championship at the Rizal turf. . . . The Philippines lost to Hongkong's scrappy eleven, 0-7. . . but won football fan's hearts. . . losing against Nationalist China, the Asian Games champion, 4-7. #

A CALL

for Christian Unity

by P. J. Dolores

IN THE PRESENT survey I propose to talk on salvation—not on the unique and individual salvation of each individual person, but on the salvation of the human race as a unity. Unity is a term wide in its application, so much so that in the fabric of human society we assemble various conflicting unities. There are unions of nations against other nations, there are unions of churches against the Church, there is united labor against Capital, though all of them are but component parts bound together to form that single—human society. But to whatever form the term unity might be applied, it can only mean a physical or moral binding up together to produce oneness of entity. Consequently, not one single part can be ignored, for oneness is dependent upon the least part, the subtraction of which will destroy unity. Consequently, not one single part of the whole can be considered more important than the others.

Such is the parallel in human society.

Humanity is one, and every human being is an integral part of that unity. A man—whether he is a president, a businessman, a teacher, or a mere jeepney driver—is infallibly an absolute factor in building up mankind. His conduct has a repercussion on the rest of humanity even beyond what he has the power to conceive.

Where lies the problem regarding the salvation of human society?

We might put the answer by way of a simple modern parable. A young lady was asked why she hadn't joined a religious confraternity.

"Oh," came the pert reply from our young lassie, "I practice my religion, and everything is all right."

If this young lady had launched a tirade of criticisms against religious confraternities or exhibited complete distaste for any Church organization, her words would not have been half as startling as that

quiet statement of fact: "I practice my religion and everything is all right."

Though she failed to realize it, that little remark sums up too well what probably is the chief obstacle to the salvation of human society.

Humanity can be saved only when every man of good will, conscious of his individual worth, and recognizing common brotherhood, shall unite with others against the forces of evil.

The foundation of that unity must be the love of God, who is the common Father of all. For love alone can be the common ground, even of those who do not share the same wealth, the same dignity, the same culture. Love alone can be the fulcrum upon which to rest the lever for uplifting mankind. For love of God is none other than union among men—not social, not political, but spiritual.

Therefore, men of good will must unite for mutual well-being. There must be unity, not in a common political way of thinking—for political relativity is an essence of democracy alone—but in the recognition of a common ethos, a universal principle of love, which binds all notions of the earth!

Men of good will must unite to save human society! There is a deeper tension than those of rival parties, of capital and labor, of systems of government, of warring nations, of conflicting ideas—namely, the tension in history of the forces of good and evil, of which man is the champion and the umpire.

Men of good will must unite! Unite as the army of God against the army of anti-God. The tragedy of our times is that the moral forces of the good are disunited and the forces of evil are united!

Men of good will must unite! It is not the thousand separate "I's," or the individual man that is in danger. It is humanity itself. †

"LITTLE GIRL" PLACES...

(Continued from page 29)

In the meantime, she waited for the result to come out, and while waiting, she resumed her teaching job in USC. This time, she applied for an SVD scholarship abroad and passed the interview. Right now, she is expecting a reply from Texas University where she hopes to join Miss Jane Kintanar of the Physics Department, and work for a Master's degree, and even a Ph.D., if...

In the morning of April 24, 1959, the daily newspaper came out with the result of the bar examinations. She was so engrossed in jotting down the names of the USC bar-risters that she forgot she had been waiting for the Board's result. She was leading through the "Manila Times" when she answered Josefina Palmares' phone call, informing her that the Chemistry Board result was in the paper. She was just excited about Jo's news, and when she went through the columns on page one, she discovered that the result was really there. She then turned to page ten and came across, "S. Remedios G. Fradejas... 85.91%." When asked how she felt over the official announcement, she answered, with a glitter in her eyes, "I still couldn't believe it!"

The next morning, when she came over to USC for the interview, Chemistry Department Head Fr. Edgar Oehler, SVD, who was then Acting Rector, saw her and bowed down thrice in kowtow to the little girl who happened to be Remedios G. Fradejas, 5th placer. Incidentally, Baby F. and Pura Y. are the first "pure Carolinians" to place in the top ten. ... Mesdames Rebecca L. Galeos and Venustiano V. Abad were alumna of the National University and the U.S.T. respectively.

But the 5th place which Baby has copped has not changed her. She has not gone haywire over her honors that she has deservingly received. She was never swell-headed, and her friends and acquaintances hope that she would never be one. She has always been humble, the virtue which somehow drives every one to sit down and reflect for a moment, on the biblical quotation which goes: "He who humbles himself shall be exalted." †

Maikling Kuwento ni Veronica Lopez

Villa Castillo

NAPAKAITIM ng ulap na bumabalot sa piangi ng langit noong gabing yaon. Lulusang-luksa ang kalikasan. Nakapangingilabot ang mga matatalim na kidlat ng kulog at dumaragasang putok ng kulog. Nagbanta ang isang malakas na ulan.

Sa nayon ng Pulang-lupa ay payapang naidlip ang mga mamamayan liban na lamang sa magkapatid na sina Lucas at Rodrigo. Sila'y magkapatid na sa mula't mula pa'y namuhá na sa karaitaang kinamulan nila. Kung kasipagan ang pag-uusapan ay walang mapupula sa kanila. Ngunit ang pagbubungkal ng lupa ay hindi sapat upang makamtan nila ang kapalarang kanilang inaasanasan.

Ang masungit na gabing yaon ang pinakahihintay ni Lucas, ang nakatatandang kapatid. Sa gabing yaon ay napagpasiyahan niyang tuparin ang isang maloon nang balak na kung magkakatotoo'y habango sa kanilang magkapatid sa kinasusuklaman nilang kalacayan. Ang balak na ito ay kinimkim niya sa sarili at hindi ipinabatid sa kaniyang kapatid. Tunay na ang katuparan ng kaniyang balak ay isang pagbabaka-sakali lamang, ngunit matibay ang kaniyang pasiya, parang nananinig niya ang tagumpay. Pagkaraan ng matagal na pagbubulay-bulay ay tinapik niya ang balikat ni Rodrigo at saka tumayo. "Rodrigo, lalagak na tayo. Isukbit mo ang iyong punyal at ihanda mo ang iyong plaslayt".

"Saan ba ang tungo natin?" ang pagasot na talonong ng inaantok nang binatilyo.

"Saan pa, sa pagtuklas ng kayamanan!"

"Kayamanan? ano bang masamang ispiritu ang sumoot sa ulo mo ha, kuya? Papaano ka yaman, magnanakaw? Kung iyan ang nasasañip mo ay ikaw na lamang ang lumakad. Hindi ko ugali ang magnakaw at hindi ako magnanakaw kailan man."

"Sino bang nagzabi sa iyong sa pagnanakaw: ang lakad natin? Tunggak, dahan-dahan ka sa pagasalita at bakla mapalo ko ang ulo mo." Ang ganitong mararahas na salita ni Lucas ay hindi pinapansin ni Rodrigo sapagka't nauunawaan ni-

yang mabugnatin ang kaniyang kapatid. "Ano, Rodrigo, gusto mo bang yumaman?"

"E siyempre naman, pero hindi sa pagnanakaw." Naalala ni Rodrigo si Carmen, ang pinakamagandang bulaklak sa nayon ng Pulang-lupa. Naalala niya ang kaniyang laging wika: 'ang nais kong ibigin ay isang lalaking makapagdudulot ng kasaganaan at kalayawan sa aking buhay'. Inibig niya si Carmen, ngunit siya'y simpipi ng pagong.

"Hala, tayo na, at tigilan mo na ang mga kaululan mo. Basta sumunod ka sa akin at walang maraming reklamo. Kapag papalarin ay yayaman tayo sa loob ng isang gabi." Hindi nakakibo si Rodrigo. Lumabas sila sa kanilang tahanan at tinahak ang kadliman. Lumakad silang walang salitaan.

Pagkaraan ng ilang saglit ay narating nila ang liwasan ng Pulang-lupa. Tumigil si Lucas at tumingkayad sa gitna ng daan. Nawala na ang antok ni Rodrigo ngunit sa kanyang mukha ay nabakas ang pagkasuklam sa kapatid na matanda. Hindi niya mapag-iisip kung anong balak kaya ang nasasañip nito.

"Rodrigo", ang malumanay na wika ni Lucas, "humarap ka sa dakong kanluran at ilawan mo ng plaslayt ang kasukalang may dalawampung hakbang mula sa kinatayuan natin."

Pagkatupad nito. "Aba, iyan ang lumang villa— Villa Castillo! B-bakit Kuya, anong ibig mong sabihin?"

"Iyan ang ating pakay. May kayamananang naghihintay sa atin sa loob niyan. Kabilugan ngayon ng buwan, may kidlat, may kulog, ito ang pinakahihintay kong pagkakataon."

"Ngunit Kuya, punong-puno raw iyan ng ahas at ang sabi ni Mang Dencio ay may nakatira raw impakto diyan!"

"Mga impakto, ha, ha, ha, ha, sila nga ang sadya natin. Sila ang magbibigay sa atin ng kayamanan."

"Kuya, nasisiiran ka na yata ng bait, umuwi na tayo. Ano bang kayamananang pinagsasabi mo. Pag nakagat ka ng ahas diyan, kamatayan ang mapapala mo. Umuwi na tayo."

Villa Castillo

(Continued from page 33)

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, talagang duwag ang bunso kong kapatid, at singkad ng kamangmangan. Hindi mo nalalaman ang kasaysayan ng Villa Castillo. Bago tayo tumuloy sa... sa pagtuklas ng kayamanan ay isasaysay ko sa iyo. Hindi basa ang daan, unipno ka muna at nang mawala ang pangungunot ng mo mo. Alam mo, ayon sa ating yunmons ama, noong una raw panahon ay isang pamilyang napakayaman ang tumitira sa villang iyan. Ngunit sila'y mapagmataas, masusungit, may pusong-riyon at kasumpa-sumpa. Napakarami raw ng mga taong halos manikluhod sa paghingi ng tulong sa kanila ngunit isang kusing ay hindi nagbigay. At alam mo talagang iba ang tadhana, may gantimpala, may kabiguan, may Hampas at may dagok. Sinasama ang pamilyang yaon pagka't tumanggap sila ng kaparusahan ngunit hindi sila nagkaroon ng pagkakaatong makapagsisi. Isang gabi di umano, samantalang natutulog ang mag-anak ay tinamaan ng kulog ang kanilang bahay. Walang nakaligtas kahit isa. Sunog raw ang kalooan ng villa at ang mga bagkay ay hindi halos makilala. Nangamatay sila sa gitna ng pagmamataas. Pumanaw ang kanilang angkan ngunit nag-iwan sila ng kayamanan. Nababoon raw di umano. Kung saan ay walang nakababadi. Ngayon ang gabi ng kanilang sakuna at ngayon ang pinakabihintay kong gabi. May kiidlat, may kulong, madilim ang langit, at malakas ang kaba ng akting dibdib."

"Papaano mo naman, Kuya, malalaman kung saan nakaboon ang kayamanan?"

"Rodrigo, dimang taon na akong nagmamaman dito sa ganitong petsa at ganitong oras ng gabi. Hindi ilalang pagkakaatong na nakakita ako ng ilaw na lumiligid sa lumang villang iyan. At alam mo, kayamanan raw ang binabantayan ng ilaw na yaon. At ang isa pa, ayon sa matatanda ay nagbabalik raw ang leatluwa ng mga namatay na may tingnang kayamanan."

"Kuya, kung sakaling may maghalik ngang kaluluwa, natitikay mo bang ituro sa iyo ang kayamanan? Para kang batang paslit Kuya, umuwi na tayo, wala tayong mapapala." Tumayo si Rodrigo at hinawakan sa kamay ang matandang kapatid.

"Walang aalis, nalalaman mo? Hinintay kitang lumaki upang may makasama ako at ngayo'y biguhin mo ako! Hindi maari! Pareho nating gustong yumaman, kaya yumaman, tayo kung lalakaran mo ang iyong look at titigilan mo ang mga kawalan mo. Hala, tayo na."

Hinawi niya ang malalagong damong nakaharang sa daranan at ilang saglit

pa'y sumapit sila sa gumuhong bakuran ng Villa Castillo. Sa kadiilman ng gabi ay nakatatok tanawin ang damo'tiy magarang villa. Malalago ang damo sa paligid. Nababalot ito ng mga baging at nalalabangan ng isang mayyabong na punong Baliti. Sinakmal ng pagkakatok si Rodrigo. Lumakas ang kaba ng kanyang dibdib at nangatal ang buo niyang katawan. Ibig na niyang umuwi at umiwas sa kahangalan ng kanyang kapatid. Subali't naroroon na siya, kailangang paunlakan niya ang marahas na si Lucas. Bahala na sa mangyayari pa.

"Rodrigo", basag ni Lucas sa katahimikang nagbahari sa kanilang dalawa, "nakikita mo ba ang ilaw na iyon?" habang itinuturo ang dakong timog ng villa.

"Wala akong nakikitang ilaw, Kuya" ang pamanghang tugon ni Rodrigo.

"Wala ka bang naririnig? Tila may nag-uusap sa loob."

"Wala akong naririnig kundi ikaw." Ang pagasot na sagot ni Rodrigo. Muli nangatal sa takot ang buo niyang katauhan.

"Maliwan ka dito sa lugar na ito, Rodrigo, at pupunta ako sa kabilang panig. Papasok ako sa loob at habang ako'y naroroon ay huwag kang aalis sa kinatatayuan mo." Dali-daling tinungo ni Lucas ang gawing kanluran ng villa at naiwang nangangatal si Rodrigo. Binunot niya ang kanyang balaraw at nagpalinga-linga. Di kawasa'y isang matatim na kiidlat ang gumuhit sa karaminan. Ilang saglit pa'y pumutok ang kanyang tinututungan. Tila ang Villa Castillo ang tinamaan ng kulog. Patuloy ang pag-uuga nito. Patuloy rin ang pagyanig ng kinatatayuan niya at parang siyang matutumba. Lumilindi! Uupo sana siya sa lupa ngunit... "Rodrigo, Rodrigo, Rod-ri...g...o!" hindi niya malaman ang gawin. Tingin ni Lucas ang kanyang narinig, at tila may masamang nangyari sa kaniya.

"Kuya, Kuya, Kuya Lucas! nasaan ka?" Wala siyang narinig na sagot. Nag-ibayo ang lakas ng kaba ng kanyang dibdib. Nawala ang kanyang takot. Tumakbo siyang patungo sa gawing kanluran ng villa. Masukal ang daan. Nang maalisala niyang kailangan niya ang ilaw ay saka niya nalalagan wala sa kanyang kamay ang plaslayt.

Kaya sinagasa na niya ang anomang bagay na humahara sa daranan niya. Kailangang marating niya ang kinaroroonan ni Lucas. Malapit na siya sa puno ng Baliti nang marinig niya ang isang malakas na legapak. Gumugho



Ang balak ni Lucas ay himimim niya sa sarili.

ang Villa Castillo! Ngunit nasaan ang kanyang kapatid?

"Kuya, ang malakas na sigaw niya," nasaan ka? "Wala siyang narinig na sagot. Patuloy ang pagguho ng Villa Castillo. Humakbang siyang patungo sa puno ng Baliti. Nakakita siya ng ilaw, ngunit hindi iyon gumagalaw. Nagpatuloy siya sa paghahang. Nang malapit na siya sa ilaw ay nanlaki ang kanyang mga mata. Plaslayt ni Lucas!... Pagkadampot sa plaslayt ay sinaliksi niya ang paligid. Sa puno ng Baliti ay nakita niyang nakabalag-ta si Lucas. Agad niyang pinangiko ito at muling sinagasa ang kasukalan. Sa pamamagitan ng plaslayt ay hindi siya gaanong naghirap. Hindi pa halos siya nakalalayo ng limang habang mula sa bakuran ng Villa Castillo ng muling marinig niya ang malakas na pagguho nito."

Dumating siya sa pook na tinginan niya ni Lucas bago sila pumasok sa bakuran ng villa. Domo lamang niya naramdang magbigat ang kanyang pansan. Hindi pa rin natatauhan si Lucas, kaya pagkatapos ng ilang saglit na pagpapahinga ay pinasan niya itong muli at tinalungat ang daan patungo sa kanilang maralitang tahanan. Habang daan ay ang gunita ng malagim na tagpo sa bakuran ng Villa Castillo ang naglalaro sa kanyang halintata. "Mayamano na ba kami?" ang tanong niya sa sarili, "a oo, mayaman sa isang karanasang hindi namin malilimutan kailan man. — w a k a s —

Galería Literaria

Buen Quijote... ¡Salud!

(Fernando Ma. Guerrero.—FILIPINAS)

Buen Quijote ¡salud!... Eres la imagen de esa entusiasta humanidad que sueña, y que, aunque fieras críticas la ultraje, o sube con su sueño o se despeña.

Buen Quijote ¡salud!... Por ti mi copa alzo hasta las estrellas diamantinas... Al brindis que en tu honor pronuncia Europa, tiene que unir su brindis Filipinas.

Pasa con tus hidalgos bizarrías... ¿Qué importa que esté flaco Rocinante ni que digan de tí que desvarías, si no está Dulcinea tan distante?

Dulcinea está allí, tras los molinos, fulgura en la moharra de tu lanza y flota en tus arranques peregrinos con las alas de luz de la esperanza...

Ella empujaba tu rocín raquítico, ella movía tu mohoso acero, y aunque ella te inspirara un amor mítico, ella fué quien te hiciera caballero...

¡Adelante Quijote! Eres reflejo de todos cuantos mueren por su idea. Como tú, el soñador llegará a viejo, pero tendrás, cual tú, su Dulcinea.

Dama esquivo tal vez e inaccesible, dama con velos de ilusión vestida, pero que no es absurda ni imposible, porque suele alcanzar eterna vida.

Tu progenie no ha muerto. A cada paso, en los prosaicos días actuales, va un caballero enflaquecido y liso siguiendo, hasta morir, sus ideales...

Todos cruzan el campo del ensueño armados como tú de punta en blanco, sobre el pobre rocín o en Clavileño y con la sombra de algún Sancho al flanco.

Sancho es la media humanidad que ríe, la media humanidad que satiriza toda acción o pensar que se desvía de la torpe rutina que idiotiza...

Es la realidad dominadora, la ruda concepción positivista, Mientras Quijote a Dulcinea adora, Sancho piensa del pan en la conquista...

Porque tú, oh buen Quijote, eres la imagen de esa otra media humanidad que sueña y que, aunque rudas críticas la ultraje, o sube con su sueño o se despeña...

Buen Quijote ¡salud! Por ti mi copa alzo hasta las estrellas diamantinas... Al brindis que en tu honor pronuncia Europa tiene que unir su brindis Filipinas...

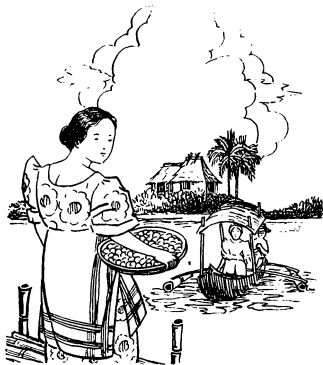
Marcelo H. del Pilar

(Cecilio Apóstol)

En su vida, la más emocionante fué la hora en que, inválido y maltrecho, llegar sentía su postrer instante bajo la paz de hospitalario techo.

Todo el esfuerzo sólido y brillante que puso en defender nuestro derecho, sus luchas de escritor y laborante con él finaban en prestado lecho.

Tuvo Rizal en su gloriosa muerte bello escenario: Del Pilar moría — ¡Oh trágicas crueldades della suerte! — tras la miseria que colmó su daño, lejos de su familia en su agonía, en un triste hospital y en suelo extraño.



Paisaje Filipino

(Cecilia Apóstol)

El sol en su ebriedad suprema el suelo muerde,
Porque todo en la hora canicular concuerde,
ni un hábito de brisa cruza la extensa y verde
paz del campo, ni un ave en el azul se pierde.

Un mango aislado eleva su centenaria fronda
junto a un punsú enano de giba aguda y monda,
que las hormigas alzan para que en él se esconda
el nunu vigilante que por las mieses ronda.

Lejos corre, seguida del crío, una potranca;
un carabao lustroso en un charco se estanca,
en su lomo una garza hace una nota blanca.

Un río desenrosca las eses de su tripa,
y asoman, allá donde su curva se disipa,
las manchas trapeciales de unos techos de nipa.

El Nido de Condores

(Olegario V. Andrade.—ARGENTINA)

En la negra tiniebla se destaca,
Como un brazo extendido hacia el vacío
Para imponer silencio a sus rumores,
Un peñasco sombrío.

Blanca venda de nieve lo circunda,
De nieve que gotea
Como la negra sangre de la herida
Abierta en la pelea.

¡Todo es silencio en torno! Hasta las
nubes
Van pasando calladas,
Como tropas de espectros que
dispersan
Las ráfagas heladas.

¡Todo es silencio en torno! Pero hay
algo
En el peñasco mismo,
Que se mueve y palpita cual si fuera
El corazón enfermo del abismo.

Es un nido de cóndores, colgado
De su cuello gigante,
Que el viento de las cumbres balancea
Como un penón flotante.

Es un nido de cóndores andinos,
En cuyo negro seno
Parece que fermentan las borrascas
Y que dormita el trueno.

La Plegaria de los Niños

(Ignacio L. Altamirano.—MÉJICO)

"En la campana del puerto
Tocan, hijos, la oración...
¡De rodillas!... y roguemos
A la madre del Señor
Por vuestro padre infelice,
Que ha tanto tiempo partió,
Y quizás este luchando
De la mar con el furor.

Tal vez a una tabla asido
¡No lo permita el buen Dios!
Náufrago, triste y hambriento,
Y al sucumbir sin valor,
Los ojos al cielo alzando
Con lágrimas de aflicción,
Dirija el adiós postrero
A los hijos de su amor.
¡Orad, orad, hijos míos,
La Virgen siempre escuchó
Las plegarias de los niños
Y los ayes del dolor!"

En una humilde cabaña,
Con piadosa devoción,
Puesta de hinojos y triste
A sus hijos así habló
La mujer de un marinero
Al oír la santa voz
De la campana del puerto
Que tocaba la oración.

Rezaron los pobres niños
Y la madre, con fervor;
Todo quedose en silencio
Y después solo se oyó,
Entre apagados sollozos,
De las olas el rumor.

De repente el la bocana
Trueno lejano el cañon:
"¡Entra buque!" allí en la playa
La gente ansiosa gritó.
Los niños se levantaron;
Mas la esposa, en su dolor,
"No es vuestro padre, les dijo:
Tantas veces me engañó
La esperanza, que hoy no puede
Alegrarse el corazón."

Pero después de una pausa,
Ligero un hombre subió
Por el angosto sendero
Murmurando una canción.

Era un marino... ¡era el padre!
La mujer palideció
Al oírle, y de rodillas,
Palpitando de emoción,
Dijo: "¿Lo veis, hijos míos?
La Virgen siempre escuchó
La plegaria de los niños
Y los ayes del dolor."

Caroliniana

by Anita Vuelvan

This Issue

Well, here it is—your summer issue of the mag. We hope you will enjoy reading it as much as we did preparing it. We made it just for you.

You know, we had a wonderful time taking the pictures you find on the cover and in the pictorials. We had several nights of picture-taking trips around the city and in the vicinity, and every night was fun. Seeing the scenery alone was pretty rewarding. Rey Yap, who was with us in the *Carolinian* staff before he went over to UP to take up journalism, was our mainstay. He came back for this summer vacation bringing along a one-thousand-peso camera and some know-how, teamed up with Junior Abao, Amor Manligas and us, and presto! you see the pictures.

Reading the original manuscripts was wonderful also. It was entertaining, and in not a few instances, educational. Incidentally, this issue is intended to be predominantly literary. That's why you will notice that the Ed-in-C talks about the "agony of a genius," and the first pages are devoted to lectures on subjects of literary interest: Robert Burns and the dramas of Guerrero. While in former issues we were in the habit of printing only one or two stories, we have five in this issue. (The first two—"The Last Fight" and "Fidel"—are stories of faith and courage, the next two—"Thinking of Margot" and "The Tree"—of darkness and uncertainty, and the last one—"Elsa"—of one of the foibles that make people interesting.) Poems have also been given considerable space and attention: "moderns" Cañizares and Yap and "archaic" Maglalang (and Cabanatan and Densing in between) are well represented on the poetry pages.

But the fact that we have chosen to make this issue a literary one should not suggest that we have altogether abandoned the things that do not fall under the literary, strictly so-called. Our enthusiasm for a thing does not kill our enthusiasm for others. So you will still find the miscellaneous articles and the regular sections (sports, science, etc.) towards the end of the mag. Although they are decidedly fewer than usual, we spent much time on them too. And we read them with as much interest as we did the literary output, and hope that you also will. After all, the *Carolinian* is not truly the *Carolinian* without the miscellaneous articles and regular sections.

The Cover

The Ed-in-C said for us to write something about the cover picture. The photographer said his picture didn't need description, and we were more inclined to agree with him, not so much out of conviction, but because we had a mental blackout—that horrible state when one simply can't think up things—at the moment. So we told the Ed-in-C that we thought the photographer was right. But he would not accept "no" for an answer. He was insistent. So we said something like, "O.K., O.K., we're going to write. The poetry of the earth is never dead" and some such things." The Ed-in-C was appeased. Keats sure comes in handy.

Well, anyway, now that we have come to it, we might as well tell you a few things about the cover picture.

It's a departure from what we've been having these many past issues. It is, as you can see, a photograph: the past covers were sketches. It is also the first cover picture that runs parallel to the magazine folding.

We struck upon the idea of using the new cover picture during a pow-wow among us staffers. We wanted to give you something that suggested summer and was beautiful. We considered many suggestions—flowers of May, a blazing sun, light reading materials, etc.—but we finally decided that a beach scene at sunset was just the thing, and that a photograph could reproduce it better than a sketch.

Summer is heat, but it is also shade after the heat. Summer is the burning noon and intense activity in a workaday world, but it is also a leisurely stroll at the beach when sunset has descended. We prefer to give you the shade-and-sunset aspect of summer: it is soft and poetic.

You know, we could describe the cover picture in saccharine terms, but we think it is already a poem in itself. (Nope, don't think we've got a mental blackout again—not this time! We simply want to reserve our sweet nothings for our lady-love to-night.)

See you next summer! ☺

**Order Now
Your
COLLEGE
OUTLINE
Books . . .**

Outlines of Empirical Psychology

• **An Introductory Text** •

by **REV. JOSEPH GOERTZ, S.V.D., Ph.D.**
Dean, College of Liberal Arts
University of San Carlos, Cebu City

Price: P1.50
Postpaid: P1.60

Outlines of Logic

THIRD EDITION

Price: P0.95
Postpaid: P1.05

by **REV. ALBERT VAN GANSEWINKEL, S.V.D., S.T.D.**
formerly, Rector, University of San Carlos, Cebu City
presently, Rector, St. Paul's College, Tacloban City

and . . .

HERE NOW!!

*is the other addition to
the CTS series of
Outline Books . . .*

**OUTLINES
of ETHICS**

by
Rev. Albert van
Gansewinkel, S.V.D.

It answers the long-felt need for a concise and clear presentation of the Course in ETHICS. It introduces the student into its general and special aspects.

★ *Order from*

CATHOLIC TRADE SCHOOL
1916 Oroquieta, Manila
99 P. del Rosario, Cebu City

Printed by Catholic Trade School, 1916 Oroquieta, Manila