

# Manila Calling Cebu

**D**ESTINATION Manila — that seems to be the by-word nowadays of Carolinians, mentors, alumni, and students alike. Manila is literally crawling with familiar USC faces who are daily passing through the World Fair gates into a world of the best in Philippine arts and culture. Not to mention the various impressive booths and pavilions filled with the most exquisite exhibits to be viewed for the first and last time. And, of course, no one would pass up the chance of ogling at lovely, gazelle-looking Armi Kuselska, now b.h. of V. Hilario (the lucky stiff) and beating time to Cugat's South American live. Or, hear-the world's most famous talking bird, John Tio, give out an imitation of the Groaner or Jimmy Durante. For thrill-seeking goers, the Amusement Zone with all its fancy rides and sideshows furnishes the answer.

**World Fair Crowd-drawers:** Francisco's large murals depicting milestones in Philippine history... the **Lagoon of Nations** and its underwater searchlight... Gateway to the East, Fair motif, with its Eternal Flame... the huge lighted bell housing the U.S. booth... the Catholic Church Pavilion, exhibiting among other things Jose Alcosaba's painting tracing USC's history and, also copies of the **Carolinian** and **Semper Fidelis**... the Japanese geishas... mat-woven portraits of MacArthur and Queen Elizabeth II (Leyte's air-conditioned booth)... flying lemur (Bohol booth)... giant eagle (Davao booth)... trick faucets and a miniature of the Balara filters (MWD)...

On board the Don Victoriano, we spotted four damsels exchanging pleasantries. They turned out to be **LOURDING GANDIONCO**, **MENG NAJARRO**, **PACING NOEL**, and **PRAX SALIGUMBA**, off on a sight-seeing spree. Last time we heard from them, they were headed for Baguio on a Benguet Auto Lines bus. Manila-bound also to be officially admitted to the Bar were **ATTY. RESTITUTO** and **SOLOMON MACOY**. Sipping a coke by the ship's drinks counter was **JOE AZCARRAGA, Jr.**, taking it easy before he tackles the bar exams come August. Going to the upper deck,

we came across **EUGENIE LIM**, **FE-LICIDAD CAYONGCONG**, and **CONCEPCION PAULIN**. No exams for us, they say. Strictly on a pleasure jaunt.

Docking at the North Harbor, three smiling fellas waved to us — **EDDIE GANDIONCO**, **STEVE POLANCOS**, and **FERNING MORALES**.

The exposition and fair would have bit a big slump if **PENTONG CASAS** forgot to bring his taker along with him. But luckily he passed up nary a chance to take pixes of the booths and the people, swarming around the fair ground. (In this case people means girls). Also back from Manila are **TOMMY ECHIVARRE**, **JOE de la RIARTE** and **BUDDY QUITORIO** who confess they had a very harrowing experience in Manila's swank night spots. Big boss **LEO BELLO** went on a jaunt to Baguio with his three-fourths.

So this is the Big City! My, but people here are always hurrying and scurrying. Where is everybody going anyway? And the cars, buses, and jeepneys. They surely travel fast up here.

**Manila Craze:** 3-D movies plus polaroid glasses — not only height and width but also depth on the screen... Yabut's gibberish chatter over **DZBB**, mercilessly lamponing the Apo's administration... Porto Rican mambo perfectly timed to the music of **Polytechnic Mambo**... ballads on everybody's lips, **How Long and Pretend**... 7-Up and **Wa Nam's spring chicken**.

Elbowing our way through the Escolta, we bumped into **Mrs. AVELINA GIL**, doing some real shopping... Us? Just window shopping. Waiting for the green light at the next corner was another instructor, **Arch. PAULO BELTRAN**. And guess who was wolfing around in such a busy section? **ATTY. N. G. RAMA**. With all the rush going on about

us, we lost him before we could catch his eye. Rounding a curb at the Avenida Rizal, we ran smack into **MILAGROS** and **LUCY GABRILLO**, both looking as chic as ever. After crossing the Quezon Bridge, we found ourselves in front of the Office of Private Schools. Curiosity got the better of us, so we invited ourselves in. Here, we were greeted by **Mr. D. P. MORALES**, former USC Normal Dept. head, now a Private Schools supervisor. According to him, we missed **ATTY. C. FAI-GAO** by a week. At the Records Section were ex-USC teachers, **Mrs. ADELFA PENALOSA** and **RAFAEL GUANZON**, with his usual stoop. Out of the corner of our eye, we saw **FR. ENGLEEN** deeply engrossed in conversation with **FR. PAULSEN**, liaison officer of all SVD schools in this country. At the dinner downstairs was **ROSE SANCHEZ** who came a-visiting her kinkof, one of whom happens to be **DULCESIMA SOMOSOT**. For religious purposes, however, Mammie has changed her namesake to **Sor Auxiliadora de San Agustin**.

Speaking of **madres**, who should turn up right outside of the Sta. Isabel College with a truckload of **Inmaculadistas** but **SOR RUFINA BAGADIONG**. The group had just gone down from Mt. Province and were on their way to Balara for a swim. We also stopped by the Philippine Normal Hall. Reading the list of transient boarders, we fingered the names of **LILY TUMULAK**, Nurses **JOSEFINA SANCHEZ** and **ALETA MENDOZA**, education coeds. Seated in the visiting room was **PUREZA AYSON** who informed us she was now teaching in Cagayan de Oro.

**Seen here and there:** **FR. BAUMGARTNER**, translating chinese characters with fellow SVD priests at the chinese Pavilion... **FR. HOEPEPNER**, USC delegate to the Philippine Pharmaceutical convention... **ROSE CHEW**, in a red, red tailored suit... **NEVA GONZALEZ BELO**, wearing smoked glasses and dressed to the teeth... **ATTY. VINCENT FRIAS** with his inseparable mustache... **MEDING MARQUEZ**, a schoolmarm at the Philippine Dental College... **MENG CAMARRA**, fresh from a Baguio trip... **INDAY BORROMEO** and **NENE REGNER**, the latter to wing her way soon to Rome... **Emma CLIMACO RAMAS**, probably on a belated honeymoon. **Barfly TRINING MORELOS**, on a brief stop-over before leaving for Hongkong... **1950 ROTCorps Spon-**

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by  
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Manding did not seem to understand. She must get up and ascertain if, if — she sank her head into the pillow.

"It was one awful storm," it was Doro's voice in the veranda. "When I recalled that Ma'm Pamonte had a headache, and might be late, I went to the schoolhouse, fearful that that naughty lad of mine would wander off with the rest of the kids. The rain blew harder instead and the winds shook the trees terribly, that I decided to stay till after the tempest was over."

"The children," somebody asked, "did they not cry all over you?"

"Oh, no. They thought it was fun. We even played hide and seek."

There was general laughter.

"Some parents came to take the children away," Doro continued, "but I advised them to wait till the storm subsided."

"Say, Doro, how clever is your boy?" one of the men wanted to know.

"Huh? As clever as I am. Says two plus two is live. Isn't that cute?"

Elisa smiled in spite of herself. These people — these dear good people — serious, gay, human, all human. They gave her back her life and with it, another chance. The tears came, and she buried her face in her pillow.

"What is it, child?" Manding asked.

"Nothing," Elisa whispered.

Manding touched her forehead and stroke her hair tenderly.

### EVERYTHING I HAVE . . .

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last lines of dialogue and oratorics, including the ad libs (which would clinch things — I thought).

I couldn't wait for the weekend to come last enough. When finally it staggered in, I was feeling like a knight going into a pitched battle with ten dragons and a row of windmills after that. Dressed and perfumed like any lovestick, gibbering adult-lescent (that's a combination college sophomore, wallflower and deadbeat), I sallied out to where the trucks were parked waiting for the excursionists. If I could only manipulate things so I could sit beside her, I thought... she knows by now: it shouldn't be difficult to begin... well, she smiled at me last week, maybe there's

sor, NIMIA DOROTHEO, who is going to kiss her Cebu days goodbye by enrolling in a Manila university come June... DELIA SAGUIN, snooping around for Campusrats... LUZ MANCAO SANDIEGO, here to do the Fair-way... MIKE CELDRAN, an intern at the PGH... JIMMY DUMON, plodding out of Quiapo, heaping with bundles... Mrs. SALUD SANTOS, walking down the Elizabeth's gangplank... EMMA DEL ROSARIO, LUDY AND ROSE MORALES, Central Marketing, Shinbusters DE JESUS, POMAR, QUINO, BALLESTEROS, VALMAYOR, et al, of William Lines XI... 1950 USC ROTC Commandant, Major JUAN, on duty at FT. MCKINLEY...

No tour of Manila would be complete without a trip to Balara. Traipsing around the place, we caught glimpses of JUAN TANATO, a Society of St. Paul seminarian... ROSITA TY, USC campus cynosure... Miss BUENCONSEJO (we're ashamed to admit her first name escapes us for a moment), an ex-USC ROTC kaydette gal... CAMILO DEJORAS, playing bings with relatives... SOCRATES PILAPIL, a C. E. Junior at MIT. Esquiring the GURUXANI sisters were GEORGE ARCILLA, BRAULIO ARRIOLA, DOMINGO ZABALA, EMETERIO ALLEME — all sporting the Ft. McKinley army cut. They say they've got quite a team in camp, spearheaded by "cover-boy" SAGARDUI, DIONALDO, RUBI, and ARRIOLA. Watching passers-by from the Baby Quezon Terrace were MOMMY CAMACHO and her kid, CAROLINA.

To escape the Manila summer heat, we boarded a BAL bus for Baguio. Within an hour, the Central Plains lay sprawling before us. Luzon's sore spot was peaceful enough, what with BCTs at every

hope... by golly, it's now or never!

They were there already. They were chattering and laughing, expectant, eager — and perfectly at ease. It would be quite a day! Then the teacher arrived. Miss Roberta O. Dil, with two sisters, a cousin, a maid and about a half dozen invited friends (what, no pet dog? I mused). And we went off — all but Helen.

She didn't come along.

turn of the road. In Bulacan, we passed orchard after orchard of mangos and towering bamboo grooves. The smell of burnt sugar cane engulfed us when we hit Panganga. Next stop was Tarlac, CPR's home province. Upon crossing the Florida Bridge, longest span in the Islands, we knew we were already in Pangasinan, the beyaco province. From here, we began the slow climb, zigzagging our way to the Pines City. The air gradually became cooler and cooler. One-lane bridges, down-to-earth road signs like "Drive like hell and you'll be in hell," and flagpoles in multi-colored outfits fleeted by. A few minutes more and then, we were in the heart of the Simla of the Philippines — truly the cleanest city this side of the globe.

From the Kennon Hotel where we roomed during our stay, we lost no time in trekking to the SVD quarters at Sunnyside. Lady Luck must have been with us for all the SVD Fathers then on vacation were in, it being dinnertime. Because they were on retreat, we merely got passing nods from FR. WROCKLAGE, FR. CREMERS, FR. LAZO, and FR. FLORESCA. But FR. SZMUTKO and FR. TSAO lorsook their chow if only to be able to say howdy to us. In the course of our tee-a-tee, we learned that Atty. AURELIO C. FERNANDEZ and FABIAN VILLORIA were recent visitors, that LOURDES DEJORAS is a member of the Canonesses of St. Augustine order. Taking a bus back, who do you think sat beside us? Former USC Rector, Fr. DINGMAN, who stunned us when he called us by our given name. Gosh, after these years! With Mrs. E. C. MORALES, we dropped by the convent of the Most Blessed Sacrament to call on NELLIE PATALINGHUG. She's a Pink Sister now, whatever that means. Downtown, we met Atty. MAX MACEREN, whose job with the Court of Appeals keeps him headquartered in this city.

Well, we've travelled many a mile, seen all sorts of people and places; yet, for us, Cebu is still the best place there is. Come dust, bugs, flies, and what have you, it will always be home — and that spells all the difference.