



*“And it happened
that while they were in Bethlehem
the time came for Mary to give birth.
She bore her first-born son
and wrapped him up in swaddling
clothes
and laid him in a manger
because there was no room for them
in the inn.”*

And this Son is our Jesus, the Savior!

SCHOOL

Webster defines the school as a place or institution in which persons are instructed in arts, languages, or any kind of learning. Actually it is a place where people study to become people and end up as students. And as D. D. Runes put it, it is a place where family prejudices are replaced by public ones.

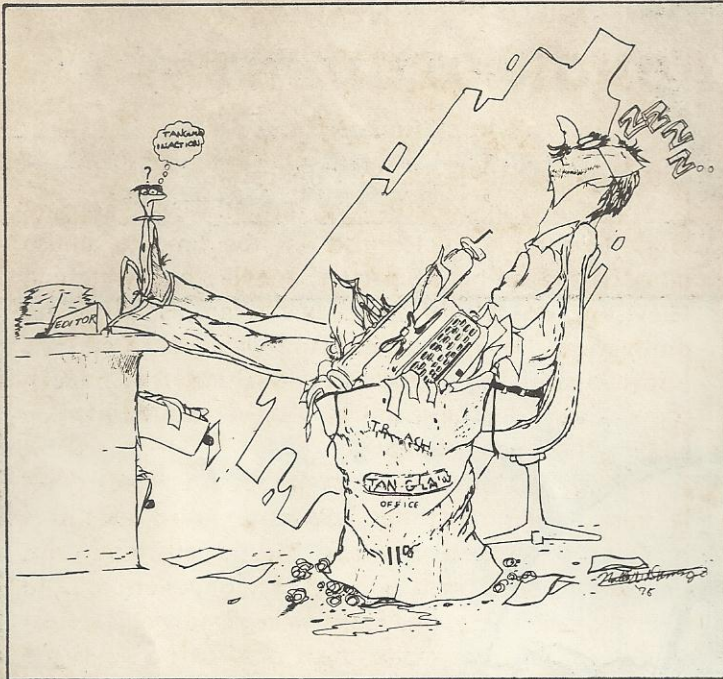
The school is certainly one of the most controversial and probably, next to the military, the most merciless institution. The school is a training ground for the students wherein they take up several units that hardly fit the real mechanics of life, the actual practice of living. The school provides the students with boundless information; enabling them to become intellectuals who are incapable of clarifying their own goals and leaving their world of fantasies. Therefore, no matter how equipped, the students themselves suffer the greatest injury at the first blow of reality from the outside world.

The school provides an array and yet limited curriculum for students, and no matter how absurd and prejudicial, it gives more priorities to specific lessons than to major necessities that grievously need attention. The school offers a complete historical account of disastrous wars, famines, and economic depressions but fails in enlightening students to make them perceive how to prevent another of these crises.

The school requires time-killing work and activities that end up evaporated, unapplied, and unused when the quarter is over. The achievements of the school is actually far beyond the time it consumes. The school is very successful in confusing the students' mind after undergoing a series of interrogations. The school induces so much complex, and hay-wired lessons that the students find no time in applying them.

The school must always realize that we are people first and students later. A school must never impose standards to students on the main purpose of having different standards from the people. The school must never attempt to go beyond human horizons, it is quite paradoxical to say that to limit one's self in human life and reality is in itself diversified, and to go beyond it is insane and limited. A school is not an institution that separates the students from the world and the society but instead brings the students closer to it.

The main purpose of the school is to make people out of students, it could not be the other way around — to make students out of people. The school must realize that one can not learn about life by just collecting dust particles, by reading Shakespeare sonnets, or by proving that one is greater than zero . . . the school is only able to serve its purpose if it allows the human society to transmit through it.



Editorial

STUDENT AWARENESS

by Louie Estado

One reason for the obviously lackadaisical attitude of the Claretian is his failure to understand the reason for existence in school. The general concept of study is to be reflected in a way to find himself. Exposure to academic subjects makes him aware of his intellectual responsibilities. But does it all end here is a big question mark.

Over the past years to the present, Claret has produced brains which it has been proud of. But it is sad to say that many of these brains have fallen short of the school's expectations. This is because the student has neglected to uphold proper social and moral discipline; factors that make man a totality.

School activities are geared towards student development. Foremost is the intellectual aspect. Luckily, the school has been quite successful since it has maintained a good academic background for the students. But it seems that they have forgotten that we are not "robots" without self-will and emotion. Since we are men who could see, hear, feel and touch, we ought to be morally upright.

If we will not consider the Prefect of Discipline's role and policy of instilling proper conduct and behaviour, then there is no way we could be a total man. Eventually, there will be no opportunity for us to improve our personality.

However, dim is the chance that we could spell student awareness in the school. It would serve a befitting challenge for them to rise up. Since only the students themselves can make most of what they have. Let us just hope that the students would come out of their nutshells and prove their worth.

WHAT MAKES THE HONOR STUDENT

— Renato Navas

Generally, the belief of most students today is that they consider being an honor student to be some sort of fame. So they try to be an honor student. How? They study hard during exams, they would befriend their teachers, they try to be very active in school activities. They cheat: they do every conceivable way just to be on the top. What then is the result of this? It would make the students liable of not deserving the slot.

Something serious or obscure? No, this is only significant to some, but there is something that makes the real honor student. He doesn't care if he would really be the best or the second best. He would think that being in the honor roll is part of his goal — to achieve knowledge. It's practical since one goes to school to learn, he should achieve maximum learning and knowledge.

How? Through various interviews I have gathered, the achievers (my definition of an honor student is the achiever of knowledge) say that they have good study procedures which is evident to all honor students. One must achieve an efficient pattern of studying. He should develop good study habits. Such should not only be during exams but everyday as required. As a result, one understands the lessons

better and should learn more things.

The honor student does not, however, confine himself in studying. He also has the time to amuse himself like going to parties, movies and watching television. But the difference lies in self-discipline and motivation. He knows what and when to extend his effort in studying. He would allow himself to be self-supportive in learning and to discover ways to tackle all his problems in studying.

Sheer IQ does help but it doesn't affect one's learning. It is not IQ that determines knowledge: it is one's attitude towards study. Most scientists do not have an IQ level of a genius, but they were able to discover new things and learn more. It is their interest in discovering that made them able to do it. If the student has the enthusiasm, plus a proper motivation, if he can adapt to believing that he can or has the capacity to learn, then the honors would only just go side by side with your goal.

Can a person be successful if his goal is just mere fame? The achiever achieves only for the most he can achieve, but he would achieve nothing if he thrives for the achiever's fame. Yet, such would only come when a person has achieved his goal.

A Review

A TIME TO SAY GOODBYE

Goodbye, Franklin High is a movie that every graduating student should see. The story is very factual in today's life, since it is true that many graduating students do not know what to do after graduation from high school. And I am no exception to this. But as I saw the movie it gave me a clearer view of everything.

It is a story about a graduating student named Willie. He is also a member of the school's baseball team. A scout of a commercial baseball team was impressed by his play and offers him a place in the team which could be a stepping

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EDUCATION:

VERY IMPORTANT

Leonilo F. Ines, Jr.

During the last week of October, classes were rarely held. There were many reasons for this, such as the Foundation Day festivities which included a one-day vacation, the arrival of super typhoon "Kading", and the celebration of All Saints' Day. Most likely, the months of November as well as December had fewer days for classes. As usual, all Claretians enjoy it because it meant not going over the books for the meanwhile.

But hold it, just hold it! Are we not forgetting something? Should we not read our books once in a while on days without classes? I think we should because I believe education is very important. As Alexander Pope said, "'Tis education which forms the common mind. Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." It is the very core

of education that helps a man become a highly valuable citizen of society. It is also the most asked about when being interviewed for a job. It is very handy. If you are a doctor and your patient inquires about a certain gland, you could answer it readily without looking at the books because you have studied it and learned about it. The same applies to a chemist. If he would be asked what Strontium 90 is, he could say that it is a highly volatile element and is common in nuclear weapons. The same applies in all occupations. Well, maybe not all, but in the majority. And most students do not realize that their high school and college education is the most asked about when applying for a job.

In conclusion, we should not exaggerate "no-class" days with just enjoyment.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY

by Rafaeli C. Pascual

.... THINKING ABOUT CHRISTMAS

Mary, homeless and giving birth to the Lord God, surrounded by animals. From the moment of His birth, God chose conditions like the poorest person, didn't He? I don't think God wants great banquets or a lot of money when celebrating Christmas. He wants us to wait for Him. He does not want us to celebrate Christmas by dancing, having a good time, spending money.

He was born poor, among the animals, to teach us not to seek riches. He came to share the lot of the poor. Joseph and Mary were turned away from the inn because they were poor. If they had been rich they would have been welcomed in!

God wanted His Son to be born in a pigsty, in a stable. He wanted His Son to belong to the poor class, right? If God had wanted Him to be born to a rich lady, that lady would have had a room reserved at that hotel, especially, arriving in her condition.

I see in this the humility of God.

And Jesus came to free the world from these injustices.

He, being God, identified with the poor, came down from heaven to become a member of the lower class and He gave His life for us all.

In the light of these events, no poor person should feel looked down upon.

Jesus was rejected in Bethlehem because He was poor, and He goes on being rejected in the world for that same reason.

But Christmas does not have any meaning without the person of Jesus and what Jesus does and hints about.

It will be more Christian Christmas if I do something to help the poor and become aware so that everybody will have a house and nobody will be rejected.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

Rev. Fr. Santiago Gonzalez, C.M.F.
Director

Mario and Ben are two brothers who are very close to each other and love collecting seashells under the sea.

One day before Christmas eve, the two decided to go to the beach and collect some special seashells for their parents as Christmas gifts. They gathered everything that they needed — goggles, nets, knives, speargun and flashlights. Mario, the elder of the two went to their mother and asked permission.

"Okay, but don't get too late. Be home early, we still have to prepare for our "noche buena" for tonight, huh?" their mother said.

"Yes, mother," the two answered politely.

Mario and Ben walked as fast as they could towards the beach. The sun was already high, the wind was moving very gently and the water was fine. Before they stepped into the water, they put on their goggles and made sure that everything was okay. They walked towards the water and swam into the deep.

Both are good swimmers. They dived and plunged into the dark deep sea as their flashlights gave them sufficient light. They turned from left to right. The water was so cold, their bodies could feel the temperature of the water. As they continued paddling their way farther, Ben entered a big and isolated cave. Ben saw something unusual, he went nearer that direction while Mario was signalling him to come back for it might be dangerous there. But Ben insisted and continued. Mario could not do anything, so what he did was to follow his younger brother. As both enter the cave, Ben saw something strange behind a big rock. They were so fascinated to see a mermaid behind that rock. She was so beautiful, she had a crown on her head, her hair's gold which runs down through her shoulders, and was about 5 feet long. The brothers hesitated for a while when suddenly the mermaid went near them. Mario and Ben

(Cont. on page 15)

CHRISTMAS

Reynaldo B. Madrid

The most cherished, most awaited and most blessed time of the year is Christmas. On this day, our mind reminisces back to the days when Joseph prepared a simple straw bed for the Baby Jesus. Thousands of years have passed and we still celebrate Jesus' arrival to our world. Many attend the midnight masses which are popularly known as the "misa de gallo". Some simply kneel down in silent prayer and give thanks to the Lord for all the blessings bestowed upon them. Children sing Christmas carols as their way of welcoming Jesus' arrival. Houses, churches and every place are decorated. Lanterns hang from the windows of houses. Christmas lights adorn windows,

too. Every person tries to celebrate in his own inimitable way, sometimes to the point of outdoing one another.

Today's Christmas is so very different from the Christmas of ancient times. No pompous decorations welcomed the eyes of Jesus when He arrived. There was no choir music for His young ears. There was only the quiet comfort of the barn animals. But still, the Christmas of ancient times and the Christmas of today breath the same message. It is the very same wonderful message Jesus brought to the motionless world when He arrived: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND PEACE TO HIS PEOPLE ON EARTH."

AURA OF LOVE ON CHRISTMAS

Christmas carols over the radio, gifts on display, Christmas trees on the sidewalk and the COD's displays are just a few signs of the coming special season. Communities ring out with children's voices and the jingling of bottle caps. And somehow, if we wish to, we could all be happy. People, like teachers, always stress the need to give anything just to make a youngster's Christmas a memorable one. Even the needy could give: not material things but more of important things like friendship. So goes the old saying that it is not the gift that counts but it is the thought. The Christmas season is for remembering Jesus, friends, relatives and loved ones – forgetting enemies and instead, add them up to your list of friends.

Usually, things like friendship are always best in their beginning. You find one who seems to be very comfortable with. Someone who seems to be everything you want him or her to be. Someone whom you think cares, whether as lifelong partner or just a confidant. But as time goes by, things change and so do people. As a sad book ends, friends part ways and start with another. Then comes a time when we see the beauty we had shared only when it is gone. You want to reach back for it but you have thrown it away just too far beyond your reach.

The thing that most people dread in a season like this is not what you could give or what you will get, but it is what you might lose – may be a dear friend!

So maybe that's what Christmas is all about – another chance after nineteen hundred and seventy-eight other chances to live harmoniously. Having friends, seeing the good in them and appreciating yet seeing the bad in them, unconsciously correcting them. Finding someone who you can relate with means everything else but never throwing it away.

And yet, once in a while we hear a few firecrackers banging here and there. They may be kids playing around with firecrackers, but who knows – they may be some grown-ups looking forward to a new year, a resolution and to start all over again. Why wait for a new year when we can start this coming Christmas?

“To a special friend”

by Jun Vega

Thoughts on Christmas

MULTI-FACETS OF CHRISTMAS

An adorned Christmas tree with multi-colored lights, loaded with beautifully and artistically wrapped packages and multi-designed cards, stand in a corner of the seemingly quiet home, away from hurry and scurry of the busy sections. A manger with the innocent Baby Jesus lies beneath the materially pictured Christmas tree in contrast with the pleasures of the earth.

God's beautiful world speaks of man's struggles for comfort . . . man as human as he is . . . depicted by the fleeting things around him. Yet, man's spiritual craving is overlooked as he prepares for Christmas; and it is this thirst and search for the Infinite that gives everlasting meaning to the whole once-a-year great happening.

Respite from the exciting, always on-the-go school days, nothing to think about as required by the teachers and bound by the duty or responsibility; long hours of sleep unmindful of getting up early or at any time of the day; classic music to the gusto; especially prepared pastries and cakes for the season; delicious foods, chocolates and nuts; fruit galore; uninterrupted play and company of friends . . . chess, pingpong, volleyball, badminton, basketball . . . Simbang Gabi, of course, without which the story of Christmas would be meaningless even for a small boy in the grades . . . all these I dream! Simbang Gabi although associated with all the eats is the core and the soul of Christmas, most especially to a Claretian.

Amidst the cool breeze, red poinsettias, meaningful rhythmic carols, blinking colored lights, I dream that something more special different from the usual and ordinary, happen even for the sake of change.

With the most expensive season

(Continued on page 15)

THE THIRD SEX RAGE

by: Arnel Araneta

I was once enjoying my lunch-break at the fifth floor lobby. Watching kids play football while eating peanuts surely rejuvenated me. My mind was blank then, when all of a sudden, a sexy whistle moistened the air. The tune was quickly followed by frantic laughter that flung my head around to see what I was am supposed to see.

Feminine-like debonaire figures! Nervously walking together across a jungle of grinning crowds with a student doing his own show: "Hey darling, how 'bout tonight, huh?" And again, the machoes laughed, while the fems went pale.

Trying to situate myself at a neutral side, I can do no more than to pity the latter group. All I can do is to watch them until they've walked out from the rather odious group.

Later on, I talked to the same guy who did his show, and then he said to me, "wow, pare, sira ang kinabukasan natin diyan." (Our future would be ruined because of them). I paused for a while and my mind whirled back to the same picture of the femish group.

Oh, look how they graciously walk, the way they curve and sway their hips and legs; the way they let the winds blow off their fashionized hairstyle; the way they measure each step they take and blush their eyes in coordination with those red heart-shaped lips . . . Oh, just look at them, wow!

However, I do not totally believe that these kind of people are of no use or can never change at all. I firmly believe that God made each one of us with his own talent and skill! intended for specialization; therefore each of them could have a hidden potential of some sort buried deep inside by inferiority complex.

But what in the world can we do

in order to motivate them to bring all of these things out, and for them to live in their real order? Perhaps looking for the main idea why they behave in such manner could help us answer this question.

For sure, it's not in-born. I know that the Almighty created Adam and Eve, and I can't find any single source proposing that God created a being named Ad-eve or Ev-dan. Ergo, the cause could be environmental.

I had a boy friend (er, a friend who is a boy, who was acting girlishly eversince he came to school. We became good friends and he invited me once to their house to finish our project. I accepted the offer after realizing we really had to cram.

When I came in, I was surprised to see eight girls (chics) watching TV. And that was the only time I knew that he came from a family of nine with himself as the youngest and only boy in the family minus the father, of course).

There are also some cases wherein the parents love so much their only boy that they tend to give him all luxuries and comforts of life. Challenges and problem that could mold oneself are cleared out of the way. Wealth buys the personal free-



dom, not the future of their child. So at times, the boy could not decide for himself, having a total dependence on the parents.

Now, if a person grows up in such manner, strenuous activities which could enhance muscular development, are banned to him. His will and dignity goes to a low scale in such a way that when he meets a "carrier", he could easily be recruited to the group.

Going back to the question, brutality nor force can never be the answer. It would only burden the person, forming a feeling that he won't be able to do things right, when in truth he can!

Do you think attention and care be the possible solution? I still remember one of our dear teachers said: "There's only one thing on earth that makes a person a person-love."

She continued, "Man's basic human desires are classified into two: the physical and the spiritual. Physical would include food, clothing, and shelter; respect, admiration, love and understanding fall under spiritual."

In both aspects, parents always come in, but the latter would be demanding more from one's environment-friends, classmates, teachers, and other peers.

To complete one's picture, both should be acquired. But what would you think will happen if one's spiritual needs are not completed or perhaps not enough to design oneself? Do you think he's oriented enough to go through the demands and challenges of his surroundings? Do you think he could give us what we expect from him, when in fact he's not capable enough to do so? Or would you ask for a change of P100 bill from a person who has only P20.00 in his pocket?

Everybody needs each other — so do they. If we could only give them proper attention and care, perhaps they would ask themselves why they have to act differently from their own kind, and may

(Cont. on page 15)

WHO ON EARTH IS MARY ?

By Zero

About two years ago, a thousand American women marched through the streets of California saying nothing but simply marching sternly. They need not shout perhaps, for the placards each one held spoke so loudly: "Equal Rights for Women!". These women libbers as they are called had committed themselves to the strong belief that a woman can equal man in all ways. Why not? What about Mary? What about if Mary is still alive now, as one among us — how would she react?

I picture that simple lady from Jerusalem as someone silent but dynamic. Maybe she would have been one of the brains of active social and spiritual movements, perhaps the Catholic Women's League for she herself became the

first woman apostle of Christianity. On the other hand, how is she going to react on the issues of divorce, live-in, abortion, test tube babies and pre-marital relationship?

Let's get it straight. Who on earth is Mary now? How is she to affect every man and woman of today's era who wave the flag of liberalism, whose byword is: "I am a free thinker", whose institutions are task-oriented and whose idea of religion is only good for forty-five minutes a week?

To answer this is to study Mary's personality. Mary, the simple, young lady could have aborted Jesus Christ due to social pressure. Imagine an innocent virgin getting pregnant through the Holy Spirit? How could she explain that? And

who would ever believe? In fact even Joseph doubted her sincerity. But in Mary's simplicity, she bravely said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to your word." And so there we have a Christmas Belen — but let us not forget how they got there, where animals and poor shepherds were their first visitors before the three wise men came. Mary is then justified in calling herself "Blessed" when from own lips came such words which caused some critics to call her proud, "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Mary had dared when everyone else just can't. Despite her young age she had taken upon herself the

(Cont. on page 17)

MARY, MOTHER AND TEACHER

by Pigafetta

A mother is a teacher and a teacher is a mother. Both are sources of wisdom and fatih in imparting the Word of God. Yet, there remains an outstanding figure to represent both — Mary.

The inspired Fr. Segundo Gutierrez, CMF, used his gifted talent to create a rather symbolical work of sculpture. He was so spirited that his hands seemingly worked spontaneously forming a surrealistic masterpiece which neither glance nor thought could explain.

Though he comes from the west, his work is undoubtedly easternized with modernity — a sign of universality throughout the ages; throughout the world.

Mary is seated on the Chair of Wisdom. On her lap is the student holding a book with no pages, symbolizing the infinite knowledge man can acquire by means of his studies.

One would see the child's face through the blank book; meaning, that everything an individual holds

is a reflection of himself. He takes the responsibility of finding his own self of which a judgement could be passed.

The student is situated in such manner to show his dependence on the woman figure. Without her, the former may become picayune, finding no way to carry himself up to glory. There would be no one to motivate wisdom about the truth, the way, and the light. Life may go astray having no point of direction at all.

Sacrifice is the main essence of the long exaggerated neck of Mary stopping with downcast eyes at the child. Though she may have high aspirations from best experiences, she still has to look down for the welfare of the descendant. She rifts her personal lookout if needed, just for the sake of the student. Hence, proving the love of a parent and a teacher for the young.

Mary's hollow part of the body is the child himself! He came from

the womb and leaves a mark that he was once a part of the mother. He is a product of affection reared-up to live in a community of wisdom with harmonious contact with God.

The chair to which they are seated extends an upward curve, like a hanging branch; bearing five holes. The upward curve signifies the gradual progress that can be attained even by the plebeian. It hangs directly over the mother and child bading their own welfare, molded by their own love with each other, in the presence of God.

Holes on the branch represent: duty to family, neighbors or community, school, country, and self. Truth is found within these duties.

Thus, a creative work of art is a sententious work of widom with a poignant touch of the search for truth.

Life need not be profligated nor be anomalous in finding true happiness. Complacently, with simplicity, work hard as a student . . . our mentors are right behind us!

PAGKAKAISA '78

October 22, 23 and 24, 1978



"Patigasan ng katawan, O?" – "matira matibay."



"Kami ang apat na sikat."



Ati-atihan, anyone?



"Soldiers never die; they just fade away."



"Will you sing us a song, Father?" – "Well, ah . . . , ah, er . . ."



"Close-up . . . for whiter teeth, stops body odor."



"Nay, . . . ito ako . . . anak n'yo . . . naliligaw, hu-hu-hu . . ."



"Pasingit naman, o! Televised 'ata 'to?"



Parang tutoo, eh!

Nanalo ako! Nanalo ako!



Swing tayo, ha?



IMPRESSIONS
 FOR ON THE WALL

May the best drinker win.



... for the many years of service to the school - Thank You!



Komazambe... kong!

PAGKAKAISA '78
October 22-23-24-25-1978



"Ako ay macho!" - "Tsel!"



"Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, dooooo!"



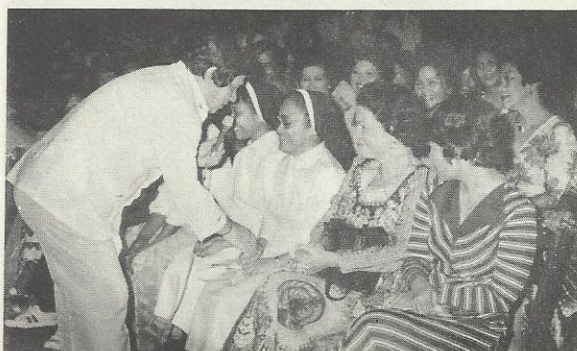
"Siya... siya ang may sala!!!"



Ah, at long last... a wish granted (to be on stage).



Enraptured in raptured crowd...



Duet naman tayo, Sister.



Tanglaw features editor turned stage singer!
Clap! Clap! Clap!

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

For sometime, we have wanted to find out our standing in the society. Thus, a senior student went out to ask his friends; to look for reflections. And now, he came up with the following comments:

All I can say about Claretians is that . . . **THEY'RE GREAT!**

— May M.
SMC

Claretians are nice guys, although some of them are sort of “bastos”. Pero okey lang!

— Cyra M.
SMC

Claretians are nice guys, smart and talented. But some are undoubtedly “maporma” and “bolero”.

— Helen L.
SMC

Claretians ay mabait na rin. Pero most of the time, nanghihingi ng sandwiches. Most of them are friendly and mahilig mag-invite sa parties.

— Kitty Q.
SMC

I feel that some Claretians are impertinent, but I hope they will change.

.....
SMC

. . . the school certainly has already produced a lot of gentlemen.

.....
SMC

They are gentlemen as I can see. But I am not yet sure coz I have not yet associated with them even once. Some of them are “maporma”.

— Melanie F.
SMC

Okey kayo . . . “bolero” nga lang!

— Lai M.
— Connie I.
SMC



SMC — Stella Marris College
SBS — St. Bridget's School

MORE IMPRESSIONS

Claretians are nice guys except that they seem to have no manners at all and very maporma.

.....
SMC

Things I like most of the Claretians are their being gentlemen, smart, and intelligent. But I dislike most their being maporma and sometimes pagka-corny.

— Stella B.
SMC

. . . they are well-built with a ready smile on their lips
. . . some of them are emotionally unstable . . .
. . . they are good conversationalists or boleros...

.....
SMC

. . . most of them are small . . . they live up in their moral values as Christians . . .

.....
SMC

Some of them don't seem to have any etiquette at all.

.....
SBS

Even if most of them aren't good-looking, they are decent in the way they dress.

.....
SBS

They are friendly.

.....
SBS

There are some who are old but still childish in actions.

.....
SBS

They are very respectful, gentle — in some ways.

.....
SBS

Baduy, eh!

.....
SBS

Pabling!

.....
SBS

Sophistication and simplicity are always present.

.....
SBS

They limit themselves too much to their school. They don't circulate that's why I think they've been left out from the new trends.

.....
SBS

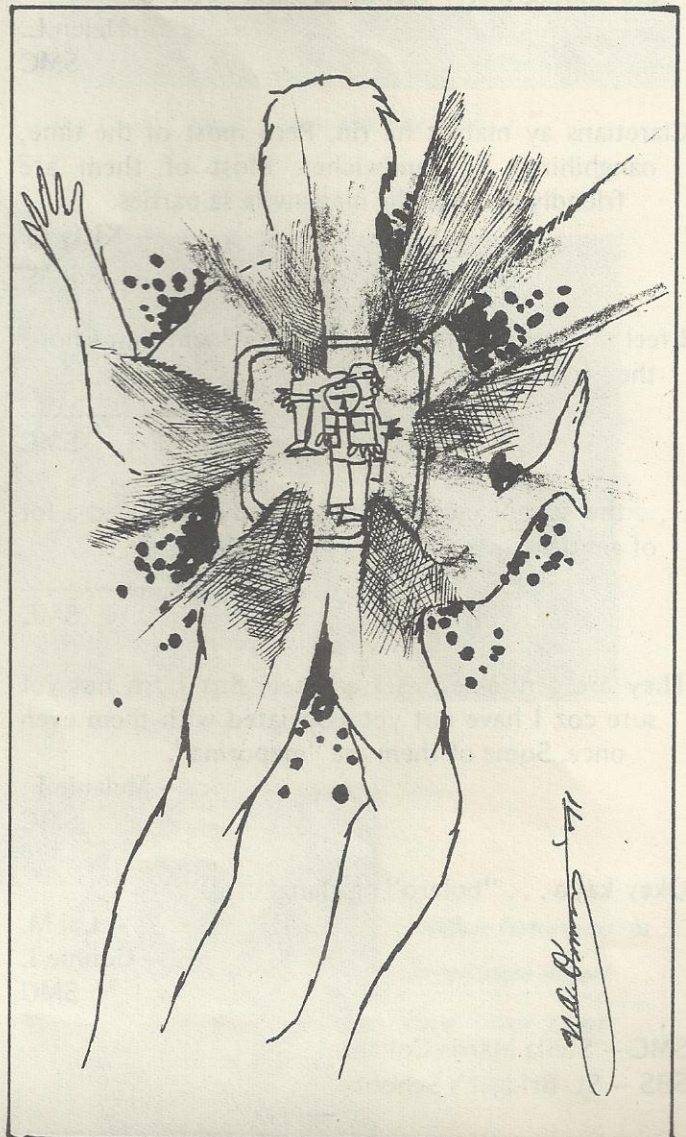
The school offers good education.

.....
SBS

You can hardly notice who the intellectual or the athlete is (or which is which)

.....
SBS

(To be continued)



CLARETIANS ATTEND CMLI CONFAB

The Claret delegation was a picture of tired but victorious warriors as they arrived in town last October 21 after a short but successful campaign in the just concluded 12th Annual National Convention of the Children's Museum and Library Incorporated (CMLI) — Junior Council held in Baguio City.

The one week convention (October 15-21) was participated in by more than a thousand student leaders who came from 144 schools all over the Philippines. This year's conference had "Cycle of Growth — Vision, Commitment and Retrospection" for its theme.

For the first time since the school has become active in the organization, Claret sent in its biggest delegation ever. The 15-man delegation was composed of: Benalexander Pedro — Head Delegate; Arnel Araneta, Dennis Pinlac, Milo Distor, Clarito Aquino, Floro Crisostomo — all Senior students; Marlon Alexandre Cruz, Rosauro Catapang, Alan Costales, Renato Navas, Stephen Sarino — all Junior students; Eduardo Capulong — a Sophomore; Pedrito Quijano and Virgilio Bucu — Freshmen. Miss Elizabeth Ongansoy, one of the most active and energetic faculty members today, was this year's delegation

adviser.

The convention reeled off last October 15 despite the many problems that plagued the organizers and the National Executive Board of Officers. It was very fortunate however that the Baguio weather proved to be very cooperative. It added an air of coolness and relaxation to the rather intense start of the Confab.

The main objective of this conference was youth development which includes character build up and leadership training. It also provided a chance for socialization, exchange of ideas, development of awareness, and self-realization among the delegates.

An election of officers for the National Executive Board (NEB) was also held wherein Marlon Cruz and Ben Pedro garnered the 9th and 12th highest votes respectively out of the total of thirty final candidates. Pedro rose to the position of Vice-President while Cruz was voted as one of the Councilors-at-Large. It may be recalled that Claret School has never failed to enter at least one Claretian delegate to this prestigious board ever since the days of Rauf Tan, Cesar Cala, Greg Catapang, and only recently, Jem de Vera. However, it is the first time that a

Claretian was voted as Vice-President.

About the same time that the NEB was holding an election, the Regional Executive Board (REB) election was also going on. The election, the second time only in CMLI history since its trial last year, saw another Claretian in the person of Renato Navas rise to the position of Auditor for the whole Metro Manila region. Last year's election saw two Claretians — Roland de Villa and Edgardo Pineda to the positions of Chairman and Treasurer respectively.

Miss Ongansoy, however, was not to be outdone. She won the position of regional secretary for Metro Manila during the Teacher-Advisers' Association of the Philippines (TAAP) election. The TAAP election is part of the CMLI tradition. Last year's election saw Miss Angelina Nuqui rise to the position of National Secretary for the TAAP.

Arnel Araneta and Milo Distor entered the essay writing contest. Araneta wrote in English which consequently won for him third prize while Distor wrote in Pilipino. The theme of the contest was "Human Rights and the Third World."

The delegates were given two break times to tour and see Baguio as well as to give them a break from their hectic activities.

"It's a very good convention and we could not ask for more," was all of the delegates can say.

ADMINISTRATION BARES WINNERS OF HS LIT CONTEST

Still remember the literary contest about Mary, Mother and Teacher? Well, recently, the administration announced the winners in the different categories. They are:

A. English Essay

1st Pigafetta (Arnel Araneta)	P200.00
2nd The Catcher in the Rye (Poincare Rueda)	P150.00
3rd No Man Knows (Emmanuel Vega, Jr.)	P100.00
Teacher's division (only one winner): Zero (Mrs. Socorro Arsenio)	

B. Pilipino Poetry

1st Taga Batis (Emmanuel Lejano)	P200.00
2nd Ang Panganay (Emmanuel Lejano)	P150.00
3rd Narciso Angeles (Wilbert Ang)	P100.00
Teacher's division (only one winner): Kamagong (Mr. Arturo Saquilayan)	

C. English Poetry (only one winner):

OTM (Eduardo Santos, Jr.)	P200.00
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The board of judges consisted of Miss Marian Pastor, Mr. Ananias Mantano, and Miss Evangeline Cuyugan, all from the National Library.

By Rafaeli Pascual

A GLOWING COMMITMENT TO FRIENDSHIP

By Poincare Rueda

Julia on paper is just a chapter in American Leftist Playwright Lillian Hellman's memoir *Pentimento*. "*Julia*" on the screen is an Oscar best picture nominee being shown in almost audienceless Manila theatres.

It is disheartening to note the almost empty theatre when I viewed the multi-awarded film "*Julia*". It seems that people nowadays do not care about friendship and rather exchange this virtue with sex and violence, themes that flourish in motion pictures these days. *Julia* deals about friendship of two women so intense that World Wars and long years merely stood back and watched the goodness of life and love in these two women. The main characters Julia and Lillian Hellman, shared their relationship with strong love and affection for each other, hungry for each other's letters and phone calls, and at the same time maintaining a nonhomosexual relationship.

The film drags in its pace, but by injecting numerous plot devices in the story, Zinneman transformed a dragging but meaningful story to become one of the best pictures of the year. These plot devices are vividly portrayed in the film. Julia's very solemn dinner scene and after eating, greeting her Grandpa a very mournful "Happy New Year" was tinged with irony; the scene where in Lillian was deciding whether to

go to Berlin to meet Julia or not, scenes were flashed with Lily crossing a bridge slowly and with difficulty. The whole scene was a work of imagery; Julia's hands symbolized the strong friendship the two women shared; Lillian's ride on the train on her way to Berlin to meet Julia while smuggling \$50,000 for her friend is filled with suspense, making the long train ride an exciting adventure; Lillian in a theatre, making visions of Julia being murdered was a foreshadowing of the future; and the film in its entirety was a plot device, for all scenes in the film were done in flashback.

The climax of the film is Lillian's last meeting with Julia in a smoky Berlin cafe with both protagonists creating a heart-breaking interplay of emotions. Lillian and Julia will never see each other again and in the paranoid air of Nazi Germany in 1937, they can't fully express their feelings. Their tense, hurried conversation sums up everything what the movie has been trying to say — friendship, political commitment and growing-up. Lillian Hellman (Jane Fonda) who has previously come across as a rather ordinary unimpoop, becomes a figure of great substance and courage. Julia (Vanessa Redgrave) changes from a mere anti-Fascist fighter to absorb the passion of a genuine believer.

One may wonder, after viewing the film, how Diane Keaton won the Oscar best actress with Jane Fonda also nominated. Jane Fonda

portrayed the role of Lily with utmost excellence — anxiety, fear, happiness etc., can be shown by Jane Fonda just through facial expression — her walk, her manner of talking, her gestures and her presence is remarkable and awesome.

Vanessa Redgrave as Julia turns in a compelling performance that highlights her transition from glamour girl to serious actress, so compelling that it won for her the Oscar supporting actress award. Her flaming eyes and serene voice, not to mention her mere presence in the film, gave the movie quality and taste.

The rest of the time though, "*Julia*" is marred with its faults. The film is short in plot, jumps and beats around the bush in time. The lengthy scenes that involve Hellman's love affairs with writer Dashiell Hammett are as flat as they are irrelevant. And the minor characters flutter and strut around like lost butterflies searching for their characters and purposes in the film.

What strikes the most to anybody who have watched "*Julia*" is its glowing commitment to friendship. It made us more aware that our friends are that important, never to be forgotten, for they can be capable in shaping our future. We see ourselves and our real friends as Lily and Julia, experiencing numerous difficulties and tribulations with readiness for sacrifice. For this is the real essence of life, for you with someone to share with.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN:

A LOVE STORY FOR ANYONE WHO BELIEVES IN HAPPY ENDINGS

In the great traditions of *Summer of '42*, *Sunshine*, and *A Window to the Sky* comes the most touching and romantic film of them all — *The Other Side of the Mountain*, (a continuation of *A Window to the Sky*).

It is a true love story of one of

the world's greatest skiers named Jill Kinmont (played by Marilyn Hasset, acclaimed for her same role in *A Window to the Sky*). Paralyzed and wheelchair after a near fatal accident at the 1955 Winter Olympics wherein she was a top contender for the gold medal. In the film, The

Other Side of the Mountain, there are some flashbacks from a *Window to the Sky* showing her first lover leaving her upon knowing she has no use at all until a guy named Dick (played by Beau Bridges) fell in

(Cont. on page 16)

A X'mas Fantasy

(From page 5)

(From page 4)

gulped after having a closer look at the beautiful mermaid who seemed to be in trouble. They were so surprised when it began to talk in man's language. But the brothers could not answer her for they can't talk under the water. So a difficult conversation went on.

"Please help me, I need your help. Our kingdom is being threatened by a wicked king — King Octopus!" the mermaid told them.

The brothers stared at each other in disbelief, but the mermaid continued to talk.

"King Octopus and his warriors are going to destroy us, they have warned us before. I am Princess Ana, I am the daughter of King Rowaldo. My father needs your help, please?" she begged.

But what can these two boys do? They looked at each other, then Mario nodded at the mermaid.

"Here, this way, just follow me," the mermaid said.

They swam swiftly into a deeper place, and from their direction, a castle and a little village was seen at last. They were about to enter the big castle. The brothers were getting excited as they entered through a tunnel. In no time, they're already inside a room where the king was sitted worrying. The king was so happy to see his daughter with the two young men.

In King Octopus' castle, everybody was all set for the war. All of his warriors were riding on sea-horses. They were weird creatures with round bodies, scaly, they also have two long feet and arms but no eyes, mouth, nose nor ears. King Octopus was riding on a great white shark which was about 60 feet long. The mighty batallion came in hundreds. Nearing the village, some of the warriors of King Octopus shot at the villagers with their spearguns. They couldn't fight for they lack

weapons and were outnumbered.

"They have come and there's only the four of us left here. Quick, into the tunnel, come on fast!" King Rowaldo ordered.

They went into the tunnel and locked the door to avoid King Octopus' entrance.

As King Octopus and his warriors entered the room where the four had left, he was so disappointed to see that no one was there.

He ordered the shark to smash the door leading to the tunnel. In an instant the shark ripped the door into pieces. They came in quickly. The four were not yet too far. King Octopus can still see them as the warriors continued shooting at them but missing. The shark was swimming into their direction. Mario got his knife while Ben got the speargun and aimed at the shark. Bullseye! They hit the shark in the eyes and almost instantaneously, blood was all over. The four were nowhere at sight as King Octopus and his men were bewildered. Mario and Ben together with King Rowaldo and Princess Ana swam as fast as they could and out of the tunnel safely.

Back inside the tunnel, the shark went mad in great pain. It threw its tail into the walls causing rocks to fall. It also threw its tail into King Octopus and some of his men were already dead. They were thrown by the shark's might. The whole castle went down and was completely destroyed. No one survived except the four who came out safe without any bruises at all.

King Rowaldo was grateful to the brothers. He gave his necklace with a big white pearl to them. He shook the boy's hands and thanked them for their heroism. The princes gave them a hug and kissed them.

As the brothers swam towards home, they waved at each other.

goes the thought of the New Year; and this brings to focus the start of a new life or a better life for man . . . the renewal during Christmas prepares man better for the New Year which everybody longs for, resting on the theory of development and progress in many countless phases, and with the New Year ushered by the firecrackers, noise, and din the world can think of, Christmas comes to its finale.

Dennis Rosete

The Third Sex

Rage

(From page 6)

change to be what we expect them to be.

Actually, these kind of people are disturbed. They know that something is wrong. But they cannot pin-point it since they are somewhat emotionally wrecked, giving them mental disturbance.

Now, if we help them solve their emotional problems by giving them respect, admiration, love and understanding, they would be able to think straight. By then each may realize their impropriety in reference to the norms of conduct. They may become wise enough to alter to the right path.

After the transformation, each would be having a sense of belonging — developing confidence. Most probably, their hidden talent will be put into use for their family, school, community or perhaps even for the whole country and mankind.

Let us not mock them, it is proper to respect them. Who knows, one of the future Prime Ministers could be once a — ah, er . . . ?

The other side of . . .

(From page 14)

love with her. But before they got married, a tragedy struck. Dick died in a plane crash. After her fiancé's death, her father died, too. After all the tragedies she had suffered, she never thought of loving a man again. She began to fear death. To forget all these things, Jill devoted herself to teaching at a nearby school.

In *The Other Side of the Mountain*, she and her mother goes to Bishop, California to spend the summer vacation. They rented a cabin owned by a young landlord named John Boothe (played by Timothy Bottoms). John fell in love with her after a previous unsuccessful marriage. Divorced, he lives alone longing for company. But Jill was so afraid to be hurt again. She goes to a friend (played by Belinda J. Montgomery, the scientist from *Man from Atlantis*) and told her that she has no use anymore. Jill told her friend, "No, you don't understand me, you can feel, you can have children, you can make love. But me?" "She then talked about John with another friend. But Jill felt that she needs this man in her life very badly.

Jill finally fell in love with John. They spent a vacation together, just the two of them. Both of them never felt so happy before. Jill thought that John would be discouraged upon knowing how hard it is to take care of a person like her but she was wrong, John even became nearer to her. And for the first time John proposed to Jill and she never felt so touched before after hearing those words.

What really made the film so outstanding is the happy ending. It's so unusual for a love story to end that way. In *Summer of '42*, Hermie, a 15 year old sophomore lost the woman she loved who was then half older than his age. In *Sunshine*, Sam Hayden lost his young wife who died of cancer. Both these films were based on true stories. But here in this film, John and Jill

got married and lived happily ever after . . .

But the biggest factor that made the film successful are the performers. Marilyn Hasset was so excellent with her role. No wonder she was highly acclaimed in *A Window to the Sky*. Timothy Bottoms' performance was also brilliant. And the supporting cast was also something else, really.

The theme song, "It's Time to Say I Love You", is so beautiful (I wonder if it is available in the market). The lyrics are just wonderful. The screenplay is well crafted and the direction is excellent. It takes careful planning and hard work to complete such film full of beautiful things about life — love and triumph.

So add this film to your list of excellent and unforgettable films.

by: RAFAELI C. PASCUAL

A time to . . .

(From page 3)

stone to the big league to play for the California Angels. At first he declined the offer and said "maybe," after graduation.

It was his birthday and many of his friends came to their house to have a celebration. They jokingly asked Willie's father to sing. And his father primarily refused but could not do anything so he sang along. He started to cough which suggests his sickness. Willie does not want his friends to find out so he sliced the cake. After the party Willie and his girlfriend went to the seashore and as her girlfriend's gift she agreed to make love with him.

Still he has not figured out what career he would choose. He consulted a school official who advised him that he must continue his schooling and get a job. And said that playing baseball could make

him or break him. And Willie wisely answered that how come most college graduates don't get a job after graduating. And the official did not hesitate to answer his question. And all he said that all is up to Willie to decide. And decide well. It was graduation day and they all wore black togas. On one of the plays, one of Willie's friends said that graduating is a serious crime. And asked Willie how he pleads to the charge and Willie replied "not guilty."

His friend is going to a legion in a foreign country and probably stay there since living there according to him was favourable. He encouraged Willie to join him and Willie hesitated.

Willie finds out that his mother is having an affair with another man. He was furious about it he got mad and told his mother. To his surprise his father said that he knew it all along. He said that he is a weakling and his mother should have the right to enjoy rather than stay with him. But Willie said that she is still his wife and her mother should be loyal to his father. And his father asked him for forgiveness for letting Willie down.

It was a good morning, time for Willie to leave. His father begged him to at least say goodbye to his mother. Willie objected but followed though. He kissed his mother and said he was leaving. Her mother said that she is glad that Willie has finally made a decision of his own. And asked Willie if his leaving meant to get away from her. Willie said "no." Willie was about to leave when her mother asked him that if he could forgive her. And Willie said right now he could not forgive her yet. Willie kissed his father goodbye, and went out to the car. His friend and his fiancé met him outside to say goodbye. Her girlfriend gave him a gift, it was a man's athletic supporter. And Willie sat on the car and waved to his friends goodbye.

It was definitely a terrific story. What happened to Willie could have

(Cont. on next page)

A time to . . .

(From page 16)

happened or will happen to students who shall graduate from high school.

When it was their graduation day, one of their play was rather confusing particularly when his friend said that graduating is a serious crime. I think he meant that graduation is just another problem since most people who graduate don't know what to do. Graduation is only legal if the graduatee knows what he will do after graduation. And we can say that they have the right to graduate. But if they are not sure of what to do, then graduation to them is illegal. And I think Willie is guilty of the crime of graduation.

His father lost his self-confidence concerning his wife's affair with another man. But I think, Willie is right when he said why can't she at least wait until his father dies. And Willie is right, she is still his father's wife.

Willie was even more surprised when his father knew about the affair. It must have been bitter for Willie, because it's like losing without even trying to win. And his father asked for forgiveness since he let Willie down in not trying to avoid it.

He did not accept his mother's apology, probably he was very much hurt by the incident. But he said not now, probably he wants his mother to change first or prove herself first that she has already changed before accepting the apology, and let her mother realize what a mistake she had done.

Whether he joined the baseball team or went to college was not stated. But I've got a good idea of where he went. Willie was given a supporter by his girlfriend which means he will play. And he probably chose to play, baseball that is. If he chose college he still could use the athletic supporter. Because he can play college football. But at least he made a decision on his own judgment. But still I think he chose

baseball, what do you think?

The author tries to show through the cinema a major problem which has confronted a great number of students. I'd say it was a true story. Including the part about drug abuse, premarital sex, and unemployment problem after graduation. All these are true in today's life. And the most important is the decision to make on whether one plays, to continue college or worst, be a bum, specially in Willie's case that there is a college scholarship in the offing, an athlete. All I can say is that the author made a good job about the story.

Who on Earth . . .

(From page 7)

dignity of womanhood and the serenity to face come what may. She had kept her strong faith in God's loving and saving ways when all the hopes seemed to be gone. Mary was not someone who was a degree holder like us but her values in the goodness of truth, in the sacredness of sex, in the dignity of womanhood and in the power of God cannot be disputed for these are all beyond compare.

Mary was completely aware that she is the mother of God, yet this did not make her take advantage of the possible easy life which was at her command. She clothed herself with enough simplicity and the more the beauty which is in her spirit glowed. Had she been just another woman she would have lavished herself with expensive clothings and jewelries and would have gone around the world. But Mary's ways are different — she was too humble to be proud.

Mary is no longer physically alive with us but her presence could still be felt through the warmth of her love, the ethereal beauty and peace which her face radiates.

To every man and woman whose lives are plagued with uncertainty and whose direction in life are perplexed by too much superficiality, the simplicity, humility, serenity and dignity of Mary is something to reflect on.

PUZZLES

I

ACROSS

1. Carry
5. Newspaper Article
13. Speak
14. Unit: Suffix
15. Machismo
16. Rat a - - -
17. Patriotic woman
19. Desert
20. Propaganda and manicure: suffix
21. Iowa: abbr.
23. Sun god
25. Hire
26. Not fictious: 2 words
27. - nited - rab Republic
30. The beloved of this school: 2 words
33. Religion Book
36. Ovum: comb. form
37. Execute
39. Arrangement
44. Article
46. Over active
47. Company: abbr.
48. Dog's offspring
50. Capital of Japan
52. Exaggerated form of a tube
55. Make a choice
58. Musical note
59. More recently
61. Persons joining a game
62. Girl's name

DOWN

1. Condition
2. And others
3. - - - - - ion: Command
4. Musical note
6. Female deer
7. Inscription on the Cross
8. Remove
9. Past form of run
10. solid water
11. Expression
12. Find
17. This place
18. Capital of Norway
21. Not in the exterior
22. Color
22. Color
24. Like
25. Rival and citizen: suffix
28. Indefinite article
29. Saint or street
31. Chinese merienda
32. Yolk and white
33. Company
34. Underground: abbr.
35. In the near future
38. Hicough
39. Master of Arts
40. Keep - - -

41. Negative
42. Partner
43. Transportation corporation
45. Function word
48. 16th, 20th, 14th, 1st letters of the alphabet
49. Accumulate
51. Reveal or unfold
52. Hairy coat of a mammal
53. Skill
54. Equality
56. Having 3 parts
57. Thanks: baby thought
60. Action: suffix

Rosano Cruz

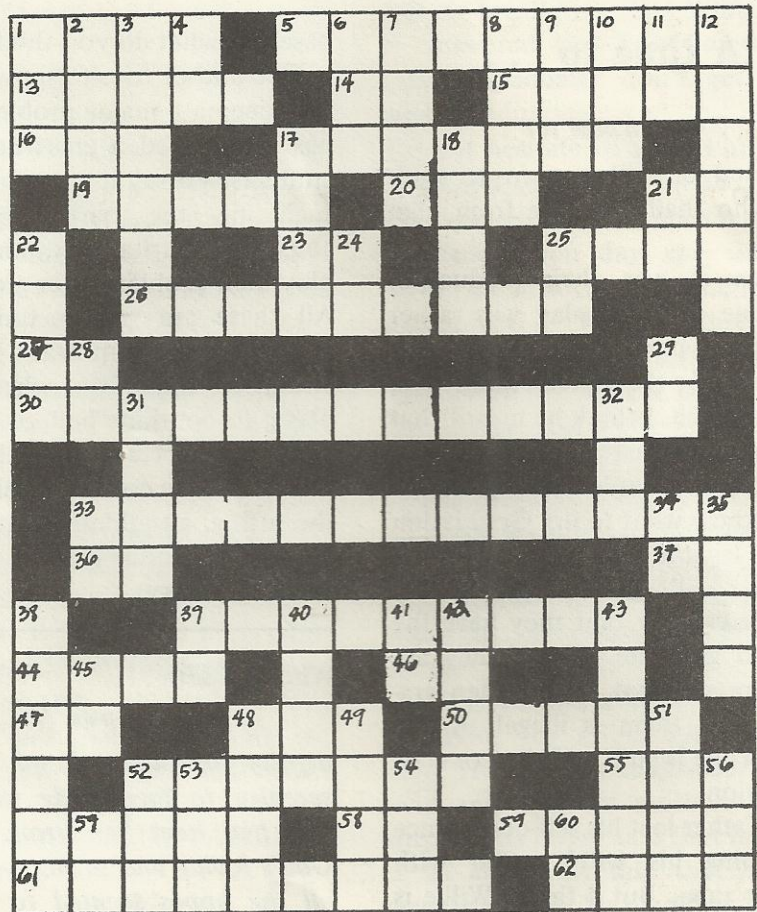
II

PAHALANG

1. Saya
4. Palayaw ng lalaki
6. 24 na oras
7. Inay
9. --al; and company
10. --law; sakit ng mata dahil sa araw
11. palayaw sa alejandro
12. S--aw; madalas gawin sa party
13. nakita
15. Araw (ingles)
16. bola (ingles)
18. Alcohol Anonymus (daglat)
20. Alternating current (daglat) (daglat)
21. Nota
24. Pangalang babae
26. Sa ibabaw ng (ingles)
27. Kumakain ng kahoy
28. Kapatid na babae
30. Panturo sa bagay
31. Um - - -; to harvest
34. Gawa ng bata
36. Mayamang babae
38. Malaking hayop

PABABA

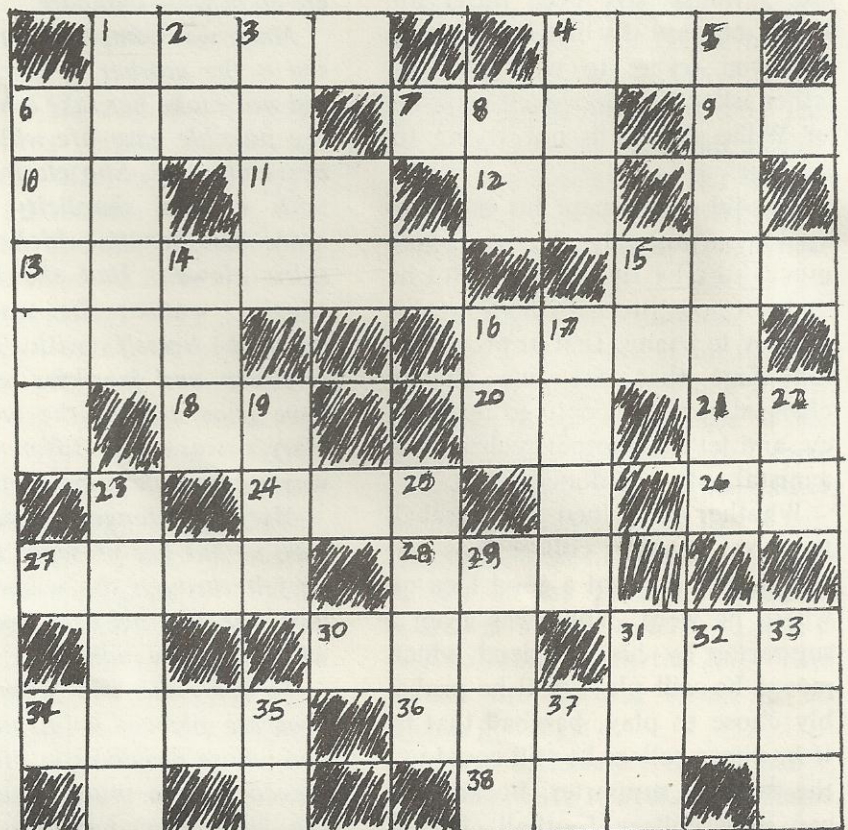
1. gamit sa pagluto ng pan
2. nota
3. huwag isama
4. mayroon
5. estatwa
6. kabiyak
8. North America (daglat)
14. hindi pareho
16. Barium (daglat)
17. piraso ng lupa — 22,500 square feet (Ingls (Ingles)
19. kahit na ano (Ingles)
22. sa loob (Ingles)
23. hindi kanais-nais na tunog; hindi tahimik
25. North Atlantic Treat Organization (daglat)
29. tunog
31. kaaway ng pusa
32. panghalip paari



33. bilang
35. ounce (daglat)
37. Anti-Submarine (daglat)

Antonio Feria

II



(answers next issue)

ENTERTAINMENT

Find Metro Manila's
4 cities and the 13 municipalities:

QGNOBALAMRILAESTVZNMGJALAS
UNAUJNASRQÑVWSBOGFADJLNMI A
EOPATEROSBOYLASPIÑASANJOAK
ZYOLABPASAYCITYMUNTINGLUPA
OUASDHGJLNÑVXZQUEMANCALOPA
NLAANI KIRAMCFVNGVALENCUIOL
CALOOCANCITYXAKÑULOVEYUIDX
IDACTSWABUOADNFGZIORCASANJ
TNMANI LMAKATIEHHKPGISAPASI
YAQUEZOPARAÑAQUEALEUZNELAV
AMANI RODGJSYCITYNQWERTUYPA

Ramoncito A. Rillo

Answer to last issues
problem in logic

Only one couple has "matching" names. They are not the Cottons nor the Wellses (clue 2), nor the Abbots or Parkers (clue 3), so they are the Evanses. Since all 5 couples are mentioned in clue 5, the Evanses must be one of them. They can't be Jean and her husband or Gene and his wife, so they must be Bobby and his wife (Bobbie). Mrs. Parker is not Gail or Frances (clue 1) or Jean (clue 5), so she is Marian. Her husband then cannot be Marion. He is not Francis (clue 4) or Gene (clue 5), so he is Gale. Mrs. Abbot has the "same" name as Mr. Parker (clue 3) so she is Gale. Jean is not Mrs. Cotton (clue 5), so she is Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Cotton is Frances. Mr. Cotton can't be Francis or Gene (clue 5) so he is Marion. Jean Wells' husband is thus Francis and Gail Abbot's husband is Gene. Thus;

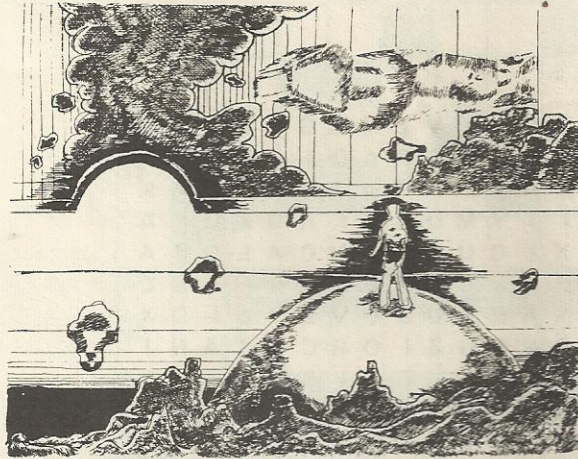
- The couples are:
Gene and Gail Abbot
Marion and Frances Cotton
Bobby and Bobbie Evans
Gale and Marian Parker
Francis and Jean Wells

Answers to last issue's word search

YTHELICOPTERM RADIATION HKLT LU
KOA STRONAUT MI SPACEWALK JTDEAO
OHXCOSMONAUT DDDRDR (RETROFI)RE UX
NHOAVUALPLNL C (CANAVERAL)UESNK
AZLPGBSSGTNEOITFH (BOOSTER)ZTCA
EGLEROTPLIEKU (TELESCOPE)LLILHS
CEOSARRULTLIR (GEMINI)KKYMNDUVVT
OLPYVBOTDUVL (SKYLAB)YWRUGTILER
VTASIIIPNFDFEGODYTGOOTXKXKH
LTTTTHIRRESLCFTEIETUHRULOKIP
EUCEYAYKELIROKKCLCELTITUDGCH
UHEMHLSLCAOOR (HEATSHIELD)NLY
FSJETISONNSRLKJUTRCTFREDIES
DEOSUNILVDLIENASAL LHUFRTRXI
ICRLKMTDEIAVCRGRGRD (VIRGILI)EEC
LAPMUEENHRNIKT (LKD)CARRIERLPEGS
OPGLWROGYGK (LIFTOFF)KRAPTYRNAP
SSAZECOEEPA (DOCKING)KAQAAROITA
QTQUIUMMUFOONLDBALLISTICPGSC
EIRYGRIVJXXLHPAYLOADLGTENRE
JRAOHYJNGEOOIDTERESKOVALLEEL
NONSTKK (KOTS)OVACUUMIGNITELSPA
NOSGUCTERESHKOV (ALDRIN)LHGYPB
IOEODESCENTSTAG (ES)ATURNVKNEUU
TTRVRRNN (OSTEOPOROSIS)JHJHTTMM
AEZZXETIMNVVC (DROGUE)CHUTES SII
GKKESSGDSJU (SATELLITE)CIICYRG
ICTDHHLMUTYUTEZ (SUBSYSTEM)FS EG
VOONLK (MARS)ARMSTRONGPOKJHDC TY
ARDEOOOIUYTG (GROUP)FLIGHT HGF DNN
NNIRAGAGMNS (SHEPARD)LKJHGTREJLI

Answers to last issues puzzle

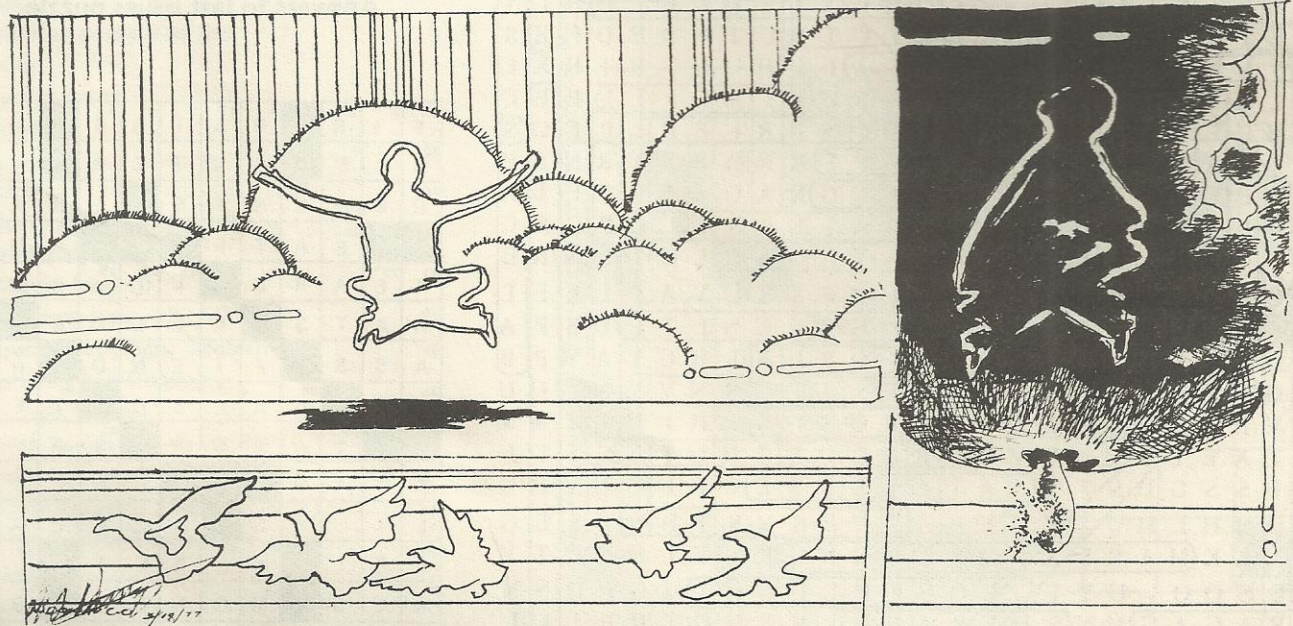
1	F	2	R	4	R	5	A	6	I	7	S	8	E	9	M	10	E	11	T
12	A	C	E	13	E	14	N	15	T	16	E	17	R	18	O	19	A	20	R
15	R	E	P	16	E	17	N	18	T	19	S	20	E	21	R	22	A	23	S
21	E	A	T	22	S	23	E	24	A	25	N	26	T	27	E	28	A	29	E
21	T	22	E	23	A	24	R	25	S	26	F	27	L	28	A	29	P	30	S
26	H	27	A	28	T	29	S	30	S	31	L	32	E	33	D	34	S	35	T
30	A	31	S	32	S	33	F	34	I	35	E	36	N	37	D	38	R	39	O
33	W	34	E	35	P	36	A	37	L	38	E	39	D	40	T	41	E	42	N
36	T	37	A	38	N	39	K	40	S	41	S	42	A	43	V	44	E	45	S
38	S	39	T	40	A	41	R	42	B	43	A	44	L	45	L	46	E	47	S
41	L	42	I	43	T	44	S	45	D	46	O	47	L	48	L	49	A	50	R
46	A	47	R	48	T	49	A	50	L	51	E	52	R	53	T	54	L	55	A
50	W	51	E	52	E	53	M	54	O	55	N	56	E	57	S	58	T	59	Y



PARAISO

*Nagising ako.
Biglang nagbangon at nagmatyag
Sa buong kapaligiran;
Ako'y lumakad . . . tumalon . . . tumakbo
Lumakad muli. Ano iyon?
Mga huni ng ibon,
Kay sarap pakinggan,
Kay gandang tingnan
Ako'y lumingon . . .
Lumakad at huminto.
Ano ang nakita ko?
Kadena de Amor!
Aking pinitas at pinaglaruan.
Amihan – ang sarap, ang lamig
Nang biglang . . . Arraay!!!
Mga langgam, pula at itim,
Tila sila'y naglalaban,
Aking pinagmasdan, Nakakaaliw.
Tumayo ako, tumakbo at nanood
Ng pagsikat ng araw sa dakong silangan.
Aking naisip – talagang totoo
Na ang mundong ito ay isang paraiso.*

katha ni Gregorio Jacob



HOPE by Rosano C. Cruz

*As the days pass by
I realize that I'm getting older
And in every moment
I think of myself as a person with a goal.
Whenever I encounter problems I pray
That whatever happens, God is with me.
Because I know that in everything I do,
God guides me in every path I go.
Time is ticking and the steps are getting longer,
Hope is just my way of surviving.
The hope of seeking a bright future,
The hope of succeeding is the flame of life.
In everything that I do,
I rely on hope to enlighten me.
And if ever I fail in my encounters
I have HOPE and it will make me live.*

ALAALA NG ISANG INA

ANONG URING PAGSAMBA PA, ANG SA 'YO AY IAALAY?
O DAKILANG NILALANG SA AMIN AY NAGING GABAY!
PUMILI MAN NG PARAANG MAGSISILBING ALA-ALA;
SAPAT PA RING ITUTUMBAS ANG BIGKAS NG IYONG NGALAN.
SA SANDALI NG PANGANIB, LUMULUKOB SA PALIGID –
'DI BA'T LAKAS KA SA AMIN 'PAG NGALAN MO AY NASAMBIT?

LARAWAN KANG IGINUHIT AT PAKSA NG MGA SINING,
'PAGKA'T TAGLAY MO ANG BIRTUD SA PUSO AY SUMISIGID.
IKAW DIN ANG NAMAGITAN SA 'MING MGA MAKASALANAN;
'WINASTO MO'T INALALAYAN PATUNGO SA KAHARIAN.
'PAGKA'T MUKHA MONG MAAMO – ANG TITIG MONG TUMATAGOS
SA AMIN AY PAALALA: HUWAG MALIGAW – MAGKASALA!

KAYA KAHIT SA KAPUTOL NA KAHOY NA BUONG TIYAGANG
NILILOK AT ITINAYO – SA 'YO INA'Y AMING HANDOG!
MAGSISILBING KALUTASAN MAGING KAHIT SINO KA MAN;
MATAYOG MAN O MABABA, SA KANYA AY PANTAY-PANTAY!
'PAGKA'T SA ISIP AT DAMDAMIN, IKAW ANG AMING HUWARAN:
AMING KAPWA'Y KAPATID DIN – KAKALINGAIN – MAMAHALIN! !

KAMAGONG



YOUNG PEOPLE

The love and the happiness one can feel
Is all but a dream that may not be fulfilled.
The joy, the ecstasy and the triumph
Has its own other meanings.
From generation to generation, from time to time
There will always be wanderers . . .
Wanderers who are strangers to each other.
Wanderers who will always seek something new in life.
The feelings one has is all but insecurity,
The right from the wrong is all but being uncertain
of one's thoughts.
The love one may feel is always there to stay from
childhood to adulthood.
But how long could one fight changes?
The sadness, the selfish thoughts are nothing but failure.
The envious moments are nothing but hatred.
The need to reach a goal to overcome another power means
achievement, a false achievement, that is.
The desperate attempt means confidence.
The search for self-direction means new life.
The search for self-direction is also a must to fight all
one's doubts.
But how could one go farther when there's no one to guide
him?
Friends can never be found for the summer has ended,
And the cold evenings are already here to create a new time.
Never can they speak, never shall they try hard.
Young people of today, why do they have to learn every
painful reality in life?

By: Rafaeli C. Pascual

ODE TO MARY

And there withstood a speck of ray
Foresees through Her encaved humble heart
As a shadow sword peers unto the heart
Leaves a dip of red, a lace of colors
– A moment spared for curious me . . .

Embraced therein a clasp of clouds
Shades a partial trail of such simple smile
As a lenient glow of dim sunlight graces through Her lips
From sin to sin, thy smile gleams hope
– For better times for one like me . . .

Thou dawn speaks of farewell arms
With memories that leave us in Her prayers
As a golden sand falls unto Her soft palm
From now to come, thy touch bears path
– Lies what future has made for me . . .

As in the stillness of every misty night
Sleeps not Her ever-guiding eyes
As a moonlight lair of sweet-filled music
Fills this room, with dreams of peace
– Reflecting Her pure visions . . .

Now sunrise bades tomorrow welcome
With new ideas for Her very mystic face
Finds all answers, what answer suits the best
One who can describe Her in what seems to be true
– Its not all in one answer, the answer in you.

OTM

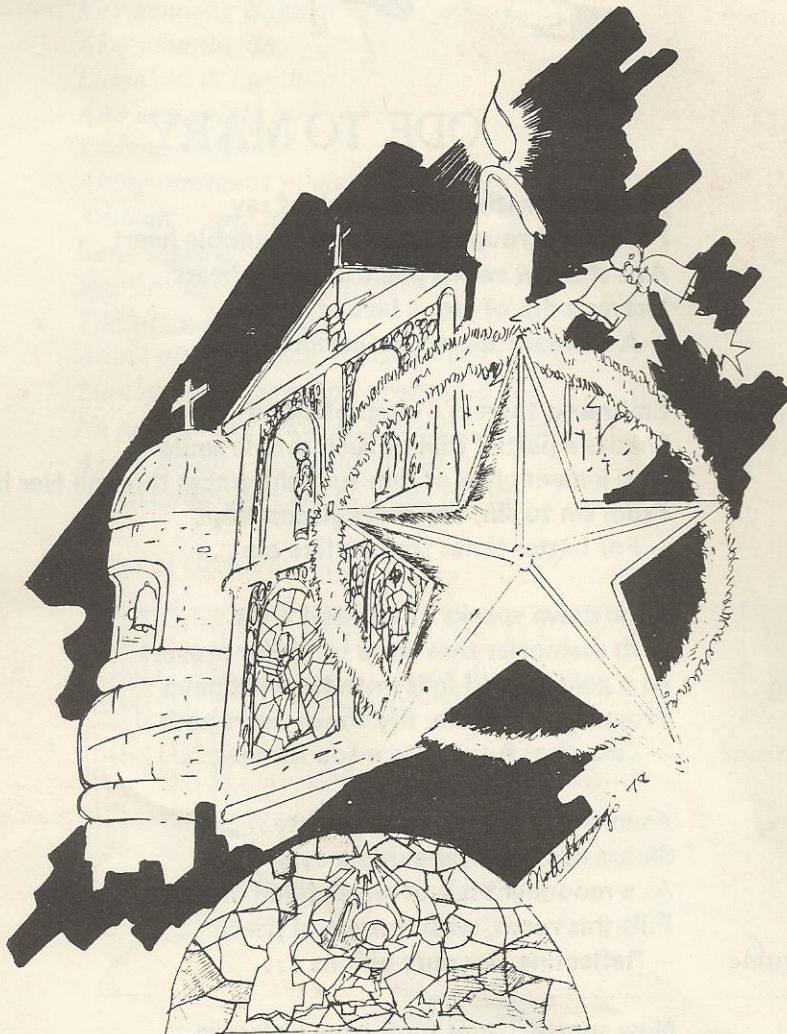
HAIKUS

by Gregorio Jacob

The caterpillar
crawling and climbing — and then
METAMORPHOSIS.

The youth of the world,
with their works sparkling like golden strings,
Is the light of the world.

The nightingale sings
singing as it gently flutters
Please don't ever stop.



“DRAP AWT”

Panay ang aral at pasok
Sa ulo’y puro bebots ang kumakatok,
Puro review at basa
Nguni’t puro tipar ang nasa ulo.

Bread ay laging hinihingi
Drap awt naman palagi,
Panay bihis at porma, pero
Sa simpleng kurso’y ’di matapos.

Paano kang aasenso
Kung puro bebots ang nasa ulo?
Paano kang makakapag-isip
Kung puro pangarap ang nasa isip? ? ?

Kaya’t pagtaas ng araw
’wag nang tatamad-tamad,
Mag-aral at magsikap
’Pagka’t ang iyong Erpat ay nababangkrap.

S. L. QUINTOS

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

It is not a wonder
How you feel or how I feel . . .
What you think or what I think . . .
Of the meaning of Christmas.

LOVE . . .
FRIENDSHIP . . .
GIFTS . . .
JESUS CHRIST . . .
HAPPINESS . . . This is CHRISTMAS!

by: Gregorio Jacob



Payo sa Isang Kaibigan

Paul Villar

II-Uranus

*Kaibigan, huwag kang hibang
Nais mo bang palinlang
Sa taong iyan . . .
Payo ko sa iyo, ako'y iyong pakinggan . . .*

*Hari siya ng Kabulastugan
Iyan ang dapat mong tandaan
Huwag kang padadala sa kanyang kalokohan
Matatamis niyang salita'y walang katotohanan.*

*Aking kahilinga'y iyong sundin
Mabuti naman ang aking hangarin
Maka-ilang ulit mo itong isipin
Pagka't baka mapaaga ang iyong libing!*

ALAY KO SA IYO

Paul Villar

II-Uranus

Sa aking pagtulog, panaginip kita
Walang laman ang isipan kundi nga ang iyong mukha
Minsa'y ayaw ko nang muling magising pa
Pagka't higit na masaya, kapag ikaw ay kasama.

Di ka nga maganda na tulad ng iba

Nguni't ikaw yata'y mayroong gayuma
Naakit mo ako't di-kataka-taka
Ito'y dahil sa 'yong ugaling kayganda!

Aanhin nga naman ang isang maganda
Kung ang aral nama'y gaya ng palaka
Mabuti pa ang taong pangit ang anyo
Ugali nama'y kalulugran ninyo!

INA

Ina, sa iyong kandungan ako ay iyong niyakap,
Niyakap ng buong pagmamalasakit,
Pagmamalasakit na walang hanggan,
Walang hanggang pagmamahal ng isang Ina.

Ina, sa aking madilim at mapusok na landas,
Ako'y iyong sinagip at iniligtas,
Iniligtas at dinala sa kabutihan
Upang magkaroon ng magandang kinabukasan.

Ina, naaalala ko pa, ako ay iyong pinayuhan,
Pinayuhan tungkol sa maseselang bagay sa buhay,
Payo na dadalhin ko, ngayon at magpakailan man.

Ina, ang bawa't paghihirap mo
Ay susuklian ko ng pagtitiyaga,
Pagtitiyaga na susi ng tagumpay,
Tagumpay na iaalay ko sa iyo.

Ina, bayani ka sa buhay ko,
Martir ka ng buong mundo,
Wala ng hihigit pa sa iyo
Ina, salamat, O salamat!

katha ni Joseph Hermilo P. Rosal, Jr.

SPORTS

INTRAMURAL STANDINGS AS OF NOVEMBER

Ramoncito Rillo				Third Year						
Basketball		Football		Jupiter	Pluto	Galaxy	Comets			
W	L	W	L							
First Year				Fourth Year						
Earth	0	2	1	0	Constellation	3	0	2st	0	1
Mars	2	0	0	2	Sun	2	1	2nd	1	0
Mercury	1	1	0	1	Star	1	2	3rd		
Venus	1	1	2	0	Universe	0	3			
Second Year										
Polaris	0	3	1	0	Legend:					
Saturn	3	0	1st	0	1	x — uncompleted games (championships)				
Neptune	1	1	x			— no available reports on Volleyball and Tug-o-war games —				
Janus	1	1	x							

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Diliman, Quezon City

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