

# TERRAPINOISE

*Putting the "know" back in Filipino.*

## New Year, New Coach, New Offense

Fall has come around in College Park, and for members of FCA, this signals the coming of one major tradition: Turkey Bowl. But on Sunday mornings at the Chapel Field, the coaches of the past have disappeared, and new voices can be heard barking orders and putting players through drills.

Meet Anthony Wyre, the new coach of the men's offense. In high school, he played at Bishop McNamara, and during his years at College Park he played on intramural sports teams on campus. Concurrently with coaching, he also plays in the NoVaFFL flag football league.

Although he is new, he is not timid when it comes to play calling. In two weeks of practice, he has called plays that have devastatingly burned the young, yet experienced FCA defense. "My philosophy on offense is not simply to beat the defense, but to attack the defense," he says. "We will defeat the opposition physically and mentally. Every defense has a weakness regardless of the coverage. We will attack that weakness."

However, the offense remains to be set in terms of starters and playing time. For their development, he hopes his players find time to work out during the week.

"What I want from all of our players is hard work, not only at

practice but also during the week. For right now we only meet once a week, so for the other 6 days the players must take it upon themselves to train their body for war."

But during practice, he is noticing players step up in leadership, encouraging their teammates.

"The players who start will be those who not only give maximum effort but produce a positive environment for his teammates. During practice, I see certain players clap when their teammates give good effort, small things like that don't go unnoticed."

When taking the job, he was not aware of College Park's continuing dynasty, but looks forward to the challenge and believes the team can win the championship again.

"I have to have full faith in my players and believe that I trained them well enough to complete the task at hand. With the leadership of myself but more importantly our veteran players we will bring another title to College Park."

*-Adrian Francisco*

*Update:  
This past Sunday, the men's Turkey Bowl team scrimmaged against Montgomery County Community College. College Park defeated MC 12-0, with touchdowns scored by Gian Bautista and Cliff Gaines.*

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*Some say Wyre resembles Eagles QB Michael Vick.*

## Patty Masigla: Jersey Girl

FCA's newest female Freshman Representative is Patty Masigla from the Jersey Shore! Her best friends include Snooki, the Situation, Pauly D and Vinny, but not Sammi Sweetheart because they always have drama. Her hobbies include pumping her fist and making a lot of sandwiches for the males in Filipino Cultural Association. One day, she hopes to acquire a bachelor's degree in Computer Science so she can stay at home and work in the kitchen and hone her cleaning skills. Patty's philosophy on life is "pump fists, not gas", encouraging everyone to ditch their cars and dance their way to class.

In reality though, she's from

Jersey so she just doesn't know how to pump gas. It still continues to be one of her greatest insecurities. As a Filipino she hopes to someday contribute to the community by being the first Filipino to beat Floyd Mayweather Jr., because he clearly won't fight Manny Pacquiao. Overall, Patty is a somewhat well rounded individual who conveys great time management skills by balancing out her time in the kitchen with her time in the classroom. If you ever come across Patty while she's acting crabby, you should call her Krabby Patty. That always gets her raging.

No, in reality, Patty is a great individual who is hard working and dedicated to her work, family and friends. Even though she is from Jersey, her talents are not limited to just pumping fists. As she continues to pursue her computer

science degree, she hopes to someday to create applications on a global level or head into web development and create the next Facebook that will keep your kids from doing their homework and help them fail class. As Freshman Representative for FCA, she hopes to create an awesome experience for FCA's freshman class while evolving as a leader and becoming closer with all members of the general body. Although she doesn't know what the future will bring her at the University of Maryland, she does know where she is at, and she thinks she's headed in a pretty good direction, especially with FCA and all the friends she has already made.

-Kris Salvador

## Get to Know "Youtube Kris"

This year kicked off to a great start with the newest addition to FCA's E-board, Kris Salvador. Straight from the Garden State, Kris ventured to the University of Maryland as a computer science major, and he is now FCA's male freshman representative for the class of 2015.

Kris enjoys long walks on the beach while sipping coconut juice with his dog, Fluffy. He believes that everyone deserves a second chance in life, and he believes that each day should be seen as a grain of sand in the desert of life. In his spare time, he likes to watch Bananas in Pajamas, and he prefers to be called "Youtube Kris" due to his growing fame on Youtube (check out krissavvys).

Kris is a bundle of joy to be with, and he has many talents that he is ready to show this school year.

In all seriousness though, Kris is definitely one guy that is good to be around. He always brings a positive aura and vibe with him, and he has a caring personality. He may be teased a little or made the butt of some jokes, but he has a forgiving nature that is appreciated by all. As freshman representative, he tries to meet as many people as possible and help them feel comfortable with the rest of FCA, and he's doing a pretty good job. Kris is very modest about his skills and accomplishments, but openly compliments others around him. He may be sarcastic at times, but he truly cares about everyone else around him. He is open to new ideas while being able to provide some creative ones of his own. Kris is very sentimental, sensitive



Salvador (left) and Masigla at the Terps Walk fAAST Walkathon event.

yet firm in his beliefs, and an all-around fun guy to be with, and he'll be able to show his positive energy in the upcoming year as freshman representative.

-Patricia Masigla

## Halloween in the Philippines

Here in America, October 31<sup>st</sup> is eagerly celebrated by many residents of all ages from the east to the west coast. Children, and sometimes adults, costumed as characters of their choosing, go trick-or-treating, wandering the streets and ringing doorbells for treats. This popular activity has evolved since the Gaels brought it to the United States. Since then, Halloween has spread to other countries, including the Philippines.

Halloween festivities are not native to the Philippines, but they were adopted from American culture. The Filipino version of trick-or-treating, called *pangangaluluwa* (ghost visit or haunting) is slightly different from its American counterpart. It is more often celebrated in rural areas than in busy cities. Children and young adults dressed in white sheets do go door-to-door, but they beg for food or money, rather than ask for candy. Although the Filipino version of Halloween is

based off of the American version, the goals for dressing up and going out are different.

The most celebrated part about Halloween is not actually the dressing up, but what follows October 31<sup>st</sup>: All Saints' Day and All Souls Day. These days are spent with close relatives and paying respects to the ones who are not there with them. Families visit the tombs of their loved ones, and then they spend time to clean and repaint the tomb. All Saints' Day is on November 1<sup>st</sup>, and All Souls Day is the day after.

In the Philippines, the Halloween season requires extra preparation and supplies. Candles and fresh flowers are brought as special offerings to the dead at their tombs. On November 1<sup>st</sup>, while the men spend time cleaning the tombs of their loved ones, the women and daughters spend the day busily preparing food. Relatives from different parts of the Philippines come together to share their love for the deceased. The last step is the party. At cemeteries, family members bring music, play games, and have fellowship and prayer for their

loved ones.

Here in America, we see Halloween really as a time to go out at night and get candy from different houses while wearing silly costumes. It all seems so simple, and once that day is over, people just start looking towards the following year. In the Philippines, though, it is clearly evident that there is a different purpose behind Halloween. Although Halloween did spread from the United States, the celebration in the Philippines is a bigger event.

It is surprising to hear that Filipinos "celebrate" their deceased relatives. When visiting the cemetery, no one would ever expect to find a celebration. In the Philippines, though, Halloween involves three days of celebration of the lives that deceased loved ones lived. They may mourn, but Halloween season is a time of happiness for Filipinos, and, to them, the theme of Halloween is life.

-Patricia Masigla



*An All Saints' Day ceremony in the Philippines (photo courtesy of 365greatpinoystuff.wordpress.com)*

### Upcoming Events:

October 28:

**D6 Film Showcase:**  
**"I AM FIL-AM"**  
 530PM @ GWU

October 29-30:

**Cultural Retreat**  
 Meet at 8AM @ Lot L

October 30:

**Turkey Bowl Practices**  
 10AM @ Chapel Fields

October 31 and November 2:

**Modern Dance Practice**  
 630PM @ Chemistry Atrium

## The “Filipino” In Me

The bustling of cars and people.  
 The hot, humid air that's somehow comforting.  
 The lechon manok and barbeque on the corner of the street.  
 The SM Super Market, always packed with family and friends.  
 The ube, buko pandan, and mango ice cream being served on bicycle carts.  
 The students with white uniform tops with pleated pink, green, blue, and purple skirts accompanying them.  
 The tricicads zooming through the roads, overloaded with people.  
 The various kinds of handkerchiefs, to shield against the dusty street air.  
 The Sunday masses where families come together, dressed up and fresh.  
 The water of the IPI Pool, pool water nonetheless, yet distinct from all the others.  
 The karaoke nights in small rooms, just big enough to fit six people.  
 The tabo used to bathe, with tubig already at room temperature.  
 The familiar cemetery, where despididas are held, "hello's" and "goodbye's"  
 The sound of guitar and OPM songs playing in a circle singing underneath the stars.  
 The sand on the beach side where Majong is played for hours at a time.  
 The streets full of children and adults selling jackfruit and saging.  
 The way the sun hits your face right when you walk out of Lola's house.

I've been to the Philippines four times in my life, and I seem to recall all of these memories as if they happened yesterday. It's

hard for me to forget the many faces that surrounded me during all four of my visits back home. They are experiences that are unforgettable and will teach you something different each time.

The first time I went to the Philippines was when I was in Kindergarten. I didn't know any of my family members, but I knew that these people cared about me. The second time I went to the Philippines was when I was in the fifth grade. I knew that I was going to visit my family and that I was going to see my Ate and Kuya for the second time at the age of 10. The third time I went to the Philippines was when I was in middle school. I remember getting to the Philippines and being extremely happy to see all my cousins. At this point, I had already realized that we had a language barrier, but that didn't matter much; they still cared about me all the same. The fourth time I went to the Philippines was when I was in high school, about two years ago. Even during my fourth visit, I still felt the care and affection of my family. But I guess it took me almost 10 years to realize what having a family in the Philippines really meant. I grew up with my mom in the States, so I never really got the full impact of having family members around me. Of course, I had Filipino friends and my Filipino mother raising me, but other than that, I only relied on myself.

I mentioned earlier that I saw my Ate and Kuya the second time I visited the Philippines. They were born in the Philippines, and I was born in America. I remember them being in America for about 1 year when I was 5 years old, and then, for some reason, they had to go back to the Philippines. For 4

years, I talked to them over the phone, after my mom got back from buying phone cards from the Filipino store. I relied on the pictures of them taken in America, when they were still here, to remember what they looked like. I grew up knowing my Ate and Kuya as two voices over the phone that cared about me and missed me. Sometimes I would see my mom cry when she said goodbye to them over the phone. At the time, I didn't understand why we were separated.

When I finally saw them again, I realized why we lived on opposite sides of the world. I was from America and they were from the Philippines. My siblings were very good at speaking English, so I really didn't see the difference between us. I guess what made me realize there was a something different was when they would speak to me in Bisaya, a Cebuano dialect, and I would respond back in English. This pattern of speaking to me in Bisaya and me responding in English seemed to transfer to the rest of my family: my aunts, uncles, and cousins. There were times when I would try to speak back to them in Bisaya, and they would understand, but I knew that there was still something funny about me speaking in Bisaya. The words didn't roll off my tongue as smoothly as they did in English, and I felt like I actually had to try to speak it, rather than just letting it go naturally. To this day, my family members speak to me in Bisaya, and although I do try to answer to them in Bisaya, I end up responding in English.

-Karen Crisostomo

*Karen's reflection will be continued in the next issue of TerrapiNOISE.*

## Where's The Grub?

While blissfully enjoying a Filipino platter at Mama Rosa Rotisserie & Grill in Middle River, I sat there wondering why I had to drive 45 minutes to find such a cuisine. Driving down highways, I always notice a lack in any sort of diversity in restaurants. You have to admit you've done the same. Everywhere you go, you see the same thing: McDonald's, Taco Bell, KFC. Even more upscale places like Olive Garden and Red Lobster are becoming increasingly commonplace. Not to take away from the delectability of these places, but after a while, eating at

the same places gets kind of old.

During our trip to Fordham University for FIND Dialogue 2010, we were totally ecstatic to go to Jollibee for some fast food versions of Filipino eats. In retrospect, why were we so excited? Moreover, where are the Filipino restaurants in our area? The simplest answer is that there aren't many. Some of you may argue otherwise, but personally speaking, I find myself travelling at least 30 minutes in any direction to find Filipino food other than my home. The ones that do exist like Mama Rosa, North Star, and Pampanguena Cafe are good, but there are so few of them that you have to make a day trip just to try a different one.

One would think that with the amount of Filipinos in the greater metropolitan area, this would warrant a few more restaurants. This however isn't the case. The blame should be on Filipinos also; somebody has to open these places up. Maybe nobody wants to take the risk. Maybe it's because Filipino food hasn't caught on with Americans. Whatever the case, without constant exposure and pushing of the envelope, the norm is going to stay the norm.

Food isn't just something to eat; it's part of a culture and a way of life. To have this aspect of our culture hidden for so long takes away from the Filipino presence in the United States.

*-Brandon Bartolome*

## FCA's Good Life

*Today's column's topic: a review of Jersey Shore Season 4*

Perhaps overshadowed by the stress of this semester, the off-putting sight of Deena in general, or the distraction of incredibly engaging Thursday FCA GBMs, was this season's Jersey Shore: authentic Italian style. Why might someone voluntarily sacrifice brain cells for a full 60 minutes, you might ask? This is a question I struggled with through seasons 1-3. Finally, at the start of season 4, I decided to give it a shot.

One thing that I really appreciated was the fact that I didn't need to catch up to be able to understand the show. My postulation is that guido culture embodies a very primitive way of living, something that taps into to our universal instincts. Thus, it doesn't take more than a mere moment to understand what drives the drama of this show. Man likes

woman, has urges to reproduce. Another man likes same woman, goes ape. Another woman likes same man, suddenly everyone in the village hears rumors that the initial woman pushes drugs.

Moving to more pressing topics, however, is how Mike "The Situation" manages to possess a 13 year old boy. They managed to catch footage of his self-induced concussion, 24-hour pouts, or whenever he told on his friends, but somehow they failed to air the actual Wiccan ritual that led to an adult male becoming the new vessel for a 13 year old child's soul. Another pressing matter I'd like to address is how Snookie seems to lack the ability to form causal relationships. The effect being her boyfriend, Jionni, getting pissed off, and the cause being the act of being a...scarlet woman. To be fair, I suppose it would take a real pioneer to introduce the scientific method to such a culture.

While much, much more can be said about this group of under-

developed individuals, unfortunately my column doesn't span a sufficient amount of pages, which would likely be around the length of the Lord of the Rings trilogy. In any case, I'd like to conclude by proposing that we take a moment to lament the fact that we used to watch shows where the boy would climb up a window whenever he wanted to talk to Clarissa, or where Gordo stood back and waited for Lizzie until the end of the series and until the end of the movie. Will television ever get on the level of our childhood shows? Will the creative people of Nickelodeon ever recover from their decade-long coma? I know I've been sitting in rapture, but until that day, see you at Seaside.

*-Mariel Bartolome*

*Have a question for Mariel?  
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