three teams that, last year and this summer, competed for the B.A.A.F. (Baguio Amateur Athletic Association) championships, i.e. the Apaches, the UYAO (United Youth Athletic Organization), and the crack Baguio City High School Team of 1946-47.

From the Apaches, '46 and '47 B.-A.A.F. champions, come their coolheaded R. Paraan; F. Young, probably Baguio's test known all-around athlete; fast guarding Bobby San Pedro; and Remy Estabillo, skipper of City High' '40-'41 team, the team that wowed them all in Cagayan and Liocos Norte.

The UYAO's (runner-up in the B.A. A.F. games '47) contributed their captain, towering Asiong Callao; deceptive and fast-trotting "Bogs" Blancas; fancy ball-handling Romy Florendo; and Peping Puzon, last summer's junior stand-out.

#### STARS

City High's loss Baguio Colleges' gain. Last year everybody knew that City High's basketball line-up was due for a Its first team, except one nose-dive. was graduating en masse. Subsequently the Muller brothers entered Mapua Tech and Lorico Espejo enrolled at B.C., leaving behind one brother to join another brother, Gualberto, who in his own right is also a hoop star. The Muller-Espejo brother combination, with our Manoling Montilla to more than fill up the odd gap, made hoop history this year by romping through all North Luzon teams, thereby winning the right to represent this region in the national secondary championships in Manila. They walloped La Union North Provincial High (Bacnotan), 108-12, and tripped, ticd and handcuffed La Union South Provincial High (Agoo), 79-8.

Except for Q. Jacob (B.A.A.F. junior circuit) who has already done so, the general consensus of opinion about the newcomers is that they will have to show their wares first. The line-up: R. Paraan, B. San Pedro, G. Espejo, L. Espejo, M. Montilla, A. Blancas, A. Callao, B. Carino, J. Gonzales, E. Reyes, C. Villareai, J. Puzon, F. Young, R. Estabillo, Q. Jacob, O. Rimando, D. Ferrer, R. Florendo, A. San Pedro and J. Lambinicio.

## The \$64 Question

**THE BULLETIN** boards called it special session but to all and sundry, it was just another one of "those election rallies."

The idea was to publicize the candidates, give them a definite time to con-. vince and persuade the "august body" and get known. (5 minutes for a candidate and 3 for the satellite who introduces him).

What must have been the biggest surprise of the afternoon to the president was the fact that he was introduced but never warned. Socratic Hermy Cruz (Editor: Jolly Times, Camp John Hay) popped him the all-important question: How about athletics?

Never at a loss, the President allowed himself a gulp and a clearing of the throat. The answer: Blame the weather! Further elocution revealed: (1) outdoor activities...may not take place until after the rainy days are over; (2) A physical director well shortly be engaged; (3) To prepare for the good weather in the second and third quarters and the summer session, the line-up of college athletes is now under way.

Quipped a bystander: "Line-up? Rogues' Gallery, you mean!"

## We Can Do A Lot

Bcarding the lion in his den is not only hard to do these days—it's well nigh impossible. But last week, after days of fruitless search, three, not only one but three, of those clusive musclemen of the girls' voïleyball team got

# COEDS

in B.S.H.E. Hopes are young with Miss Lozarraga when ambition is high.

It couldn't be you talking again to Bebe Urbano. Don't tell us you're catching up for lost time. Simple and sweet, soft-spoken and very striking (if you ask us), she possesses a reservoir of smiles and grins that never seem to be exhausted. She is with the Normal Department . . . sometimes, we regret we were born too soon . . .

Miss Christina Peredo is the proud and lucky possessor of that "school-girl complexion". Tireless and always prim, she looks as peek as the first rustle of spring. A graduate of the Baguio City High School, she is just the type for a heart-ache...and more . . .

Miss Florita Rous hails from that northwestern province of Hocos Sur. Also an alumna of the Hocos Sur High School. She preferred studying in Baguio to Manila because "Life is more pleasant here-not too much dust", she says (do you agree with her?) Her eyes seem to fathom the inexplicable? of love . . . She's another lady to lead many a staggering hoof and heel to the door of knowledge . . . We wish we were young again (sigh . . . sigh) . . .

When exams keep you high-strung, and the mind refuses to think, a smile from Connie would ease your difficulties. Miss Consuelo P. de Vera is from Aringay, La Union. She takes teaching as a sideline but her heart is set on Engineering. We just wonder how she can cram proportion and calculus . . . and still think of someone dear. She prefers fresh flowers to cards but likes candies too . . .

Here's one for a clincher. She stands tall and stately. What the Luna Junior College of Tayug lost, we gained in the person of Remedios C. de Dios. She is quiet in her own way and is way ahead in her ambition to be a teacher. Takes to books like a duck takes to water.... She skates a little, sings a little, dances a little, but smiles much. That's the coed for you.



### **Bataan Boomerang**

O UR SIGNAL company had been working for some time side by side with an American signal unit. These Americans were inveterate jokers and never missed a chance to put one over us. It got so that their overbearing, superior-race attitude got our goats, especially so because they were mostly rear echelon men and got more rations than we did. But there came a day when these things stopped altogether.

It was a particularly bad day when our crew of trouble-shooters was sent out to recover telephone wires. The work took a long time and in the afternoon we limped backed along the road to camp, tired, bedraggled, and disconsolate. We were about to pass a telephone post when our attention was arrested by raucous laughter. Looking up we saw, perched atop the pole, two of the more objectionable jokesters laughing down at us. "Say, Joe," one said, "What are you fighting for anyway?"

"Your American way of life!" I shouted.