

## A Holiday in June



in double-talk when he asks: "Can one read a book in an hour?" The answer is: One can, and often does, read in a book for an hour! Students do it all the time.) Why then do librarians not simply scrap the Reserve Book Section? The answer is: Although something of an evil, it is a necessary evil. Books "placed on reserve" are particularly selected reference books, which either have been assigned by a professor for the reading of a whole class (sometimes several classes) or books which must take the place of unavailable or too expensive textbooks. Since a library such as ours cannot afford to have more than a maximum of 10 copies of any particular title, the only way to assure that all the students of a class get a fair chance to these books is to restrict the time during which the book may be held by any one reader. Why can't the library acquire more copies of every title in the Reserve Section, let's say 20-50 copies, so that each reader might get hold of the title assigned to him for "the full 24 hours?" In principle, it could be done. But it would mean diverting practically the whole library budget to the purchase of this type of books. This would put an almost complete stop to the further growth of the library and eventually convert it into a collection of outdated and thus practically useless textbooks. (Some college libraries not so far from USC appear to have been built up along those lines. But what libraries they are!)

There is yet another important reason for placing books on reserve, and my critic is on its track, when he asks — rhetorically, I am sure — whether the restriction imposed on these books implies "lack of confidence among (sic) the students" and whether "thieves reside (sic) in this university." If by "thieves" he means professionals, the answer is "no". But it does not take professional thieves to steal books from a library, and there are some 5,000 reasons in the form of more than 5,000 volumes that have disappeared from our library shelves in the course of the last 15 years to show that books have been stolen by our, oh! so well-behaved students! Unless I am badly mistaken, our students are made of the same kind of stuff like the students in other schools are made of and thus subject to the same temptations — which are, amongst other things, to help themselves to a book, especially if they are hard pressed to meet a teacher's deadline. (Unfortunately, (Continued on page 28)

A holiday in June, a street parade,  
And you and I are basking  
Under the yellow vehemence  
Of the summer sun;  
It is Sunday at eight  
And nine and ten o'clock  
And we are singing  
While morning comes slowly  
To where the sun is nooning.

Our faces blossom to the touch  
Of soothing sunlight  
That enlivens young blood  
Like the force that with the June rain  
Gives the green to rain-starved grass  
In summer-smear'd lawns.

The sun settles on where your face  
Is twin flesh and a rose  
And with a power silent as time  
Reddens slowly, beautifully,  
An Eve-face that glows  
With the quiet redness of a rose  
And pats a tremor in my breast  
For my heart dances in typhoon.

My mind fashions a song of praise  
For you are full of the sun's countries  
I want to burn tenderly, lovingly,  
With the fire that breeds  
The blushings of your cheeks  
I see the metaphors of life in your face.

The morning is a creature in the hollow of our minds  
For it is of the morning we speak  
In the moment that now is  
And again is now;  
Our voices worming through  
Misty labyrinths of memory:  
(What's good in the morning?  
You asked the man beside you  
Who whispered a language of sighs;  
Whose sighs punctuated a song).

But the morning is a teacher,  
And the young sun gives us light:  
We are the young who ride  
On the float of time  
Enjoying and weathering  
The warm extravagance of sunlight  
Warbling the songs the old have sung  
In the concerts of time past.

I want to hold this moment's Nirvana  
And speak of morning as a lover lisps  
The language of the heart's fever  
But ah, a day is not forever  
And even if youth is young  
The lamp burns and then again burns;  
The flame devours the wick,  
The fire consumes, the fire consumes the oil.

Sing to me the joys of youth  
And even on a Sunday may I be sad  
For even in song and mirth, I run  
To where holidays are fewer:

This is the end of my laughter,  
This is the smoldering of young fire.

Porfirio S. Daclan  
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