

The Youthful Urge

YOUTH as reflected by the young is good to see. But youth as sported by the old is a spectacle. The sight of a flower in the early morning calls forth admiration, but the sight of a blossom in the first flush of evening after the sun has lost its rage occasions is no less than wonder.

I was dragging myself home late one night when I came upon a man, obviously in his late fifties, singing at the top of his voice underneath a window. I cast a quick glance at the crowd around him and it did not take me long to notice that he was quite alone in his pursuit. Nevertheless, this did not seem to bother him at all for he stood there transfixed in the most convincing pose of adulation whilst from his throat ensued a very original interpretation of "Don't Blame Me." I'm not sure now whether what I heard and saw was a trick of the imagination, but I had the feeling then that despite its antiquated appearance, the guitar in the old man's hands responded with emotional alacrity; so much so that a few moments later the window opened and light streamed full below where the man warbled his love melody.

I can't rightly say what happened to me then, but somehow I felt a surging back of my ertwhile lagging spirits and the buoyant enthusiasm I witnessed to have affected the briskness of my footsteps for before long I found myself a stone's throw from home while all the time I was valiantly calling to memory a passage I had read somewhere.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety; other women cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry where most she satisfies."

How these lines could have possibly any connection with what I saw, I wouldn't rightly know. But it was most probably because I was wondering why the phenomenon of being young just clings on and stays put on people who apparently

know only how to abuse it or is this so because they know how to make the most use of it?

Good for Cleopatra because the

youthful aura became her. If wrinkles did come at all, these only served to heighten the fullness of her maturity if the voice did drag and wobble on its edges, this but only made her tone acquire the seductive resonance which had rendered men her willing captives.

But this same aura sticks at
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By
Feliciano Alegredo



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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Nenita Po

● **NENITA PO**, College of Education says: "Graduation? To me it is something great that carries with it a feeling of achievement. It is an event in one's college life worthy to cherish and remember. The fact that at graduation your school announces you to the public for having successfully passed your course makes you happy, especially if you have been an honest student. However, you cannot help feeling insecure and afraid if you have played the role of a truant."

To an honest student graduation is surely a happy occasion. He has the secured feeling that he has not cheated himself. The talent and graces given to him by God are enough inspirations to buoy up his spirit when he begins to see life, not from a student's angle. When his Alma Mater sends him out to the world to commence life outside of school, he is not afraid to go. As our college days culminate with graduation, let us make this a happy occasion — an event to remember by."

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times on the wrong people and this is when it becomes distressingly interesting. A very good friend of mine tells of a story in his tender years which, according to him, always makes him feel a little younger by its recollection. There taught once in his barrio school an aging woman. Only thing was — she did not wear and act her years. She dressed within the latest fashions and danced the current versions. Rumor gained ground

that teaching for so long had enabled her to accumulate a fortune. It was not unusual therefore that all the barrio's Certified Experienced Bachelors vied against each other for her favor. It turned out, however, that this lonesome daughter of Eve took a fancy for our young friend. "I was only a boy," our friend recalls, "and I couldn't quite comprehend then why of all the eligibles around, she had to pick on me. She practically made me do all the recitation in class while all the time she would plant her eyes upon me with a kind of peculiar intensity born perhaps of the treatment given her by the years. I am not by nature an observant fellow but when she called my name and spoke to me, somehow, I couldn't rid myself of the impression that her voice suddenly acquired the cuddling huskiness of a sleep mother in the dead of night when she urges her little one to be asleep. The climax of the affair occurred late one afternoon when she bade me remain after classes. She had a good many things to eat in her lunch basket and I was helping myself to them when she began assaulting me with questions which would have been interesting had Time been a little kinder to her. Then she began a girlish essay on her attractions for me so that, unable to cope with the embarrassment of the moment any longer, I exclaimed, 'But, Madam, I am afraid my mother wouldn't want me to hear such things, yet.'"

"And to this she answered, 'But, Josito, young man, the calendar of my years hasn't really started until the day I met you and since it has only been three months' time from thence, don't you think I'm a little younger myself than you think you are?'"

Just what it is that makes one say and enact things in his peculiar way and in his own peculiar time may prove rewarding to comprehend, but what it is that compels one to do and say the same things outside the province of his custom and day is not only very entertaining but highly refreshing as well to both the senses and the spirits. This must be truly so because men, wherever they are, have been known to have resorted to devices just so they could prolong, if not suspend, that brief, fleeting moment in a lifetime when "All is dear and sunbeams bless."

There is such a thing, for instance, as Plastic Surgery whereby thru a process of eliminat-

CAROLINIAN MOUTHFULS

● **Atty. CORNELIO FAIGAO** (after "fasting" the different menu at the "G" staff's send-off party): "I'm already weakening."

● **Atty. BONIFACIO YUSON** (warning his students against pitfalls in the provisions on Sales): "Boys, it is very peiggors."

● **Anecdote in the College of Law:** Prof. Yuson's term for capable students is "copy-ble."

● **Mr. MARIANO FLORDELIZ** (admonishing a student in Physiography 1): The question with you is that you know too many wrong things."

● **Alumni and Exchange Ed ALBERTO MORALES** (going home late one night with fellow staffers): "I'm very happy tonight but my future looks terribly dark."

● **NARCISO SACUR** (leaning dreamily on a primed-up cutie): Why, your hair will make a nice ash tray!"

● **AGUSTIN JAMIRO** (after knowing that Leo Bello won a cash prize of fifty pesos for the best editorial): "I came here to see how you let fifty smackers slip through your fingers like Mercury."

● **Mr. REMEDIOS SORDO** (linked by repeated questions from a student): "You must clean your ears before coming to school."

tion and addition, one is made capable of defying the laws of time and for which all one has to pay is not the desire to be an actor. Then there is an innovation under the name of Max Factor which thru a series of painting and ornamenting, perhaps, learned from scalp-hunting Indians, one becomes a Betty Grable provided, of course, she doesn't move as fast as does her contemporary. And there is, too, a kind of school the curriculum of which guarantees one, if she is spirited enough to be able to speak

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with the gentleness of a dawn breeze, and to draw! with a permission *a-la* Patricia Neal. Finally if worse comes to worst, one can only go to the nearest dentist and with the cleanest of brand-new-teeth smile her way on to eternity.

There are those, however, who maintain that age not only can be restrained from passing by a clean, cool bath from the good, old Magic Fountain but also by sustaining the original form and symmetry of limbs and body. Thus the birth of Diet-ing. Those under this school start on a valiant mission of self-starvation and if one really likes to be a hero, one gets a coffin for a medal. Hero-casualties of this invention, however, are becoming less and less with the advent of another science aimed at achieving the same end—the preservation of the “morning glory.” Here many novelities are introduced ranging from coffee, chocolates, multi-vitamins, pills, massage, to early mornings and late evenings.

While it is true that this diet-ethical device for capturing perpetual exuberance really has its merits and possibilities, still there is to account the forever youthful fact that Nature always has her own way of showing no matter what, and considering that nowhere in this world is there a clime wherein everybody isn't crazy about eating, it is no small wonder to note why some would rather be funereally young than gastronomically old.

te, voted most lovely and charming by all society editors. You must have had your fun. Why didn't you tell me Lyd? Why did this have to go on?

I should have known when you give me the address yesterday. And I shouldn't have come. That would have been better. The full impact didn't fall on me until I was at the gate to your mansion.

I stood there, how long? Dizzily I heard you call me. Ric, Ric. You were radiant in all your beauty. You pulled me inside. You said you were waiting for me to be sure. My head hadn't cleared up then. You presented me to your Mother, your circle of friends. They acknowledged the introduction with an

CAMPUSCRATS. . .

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light-footed dancers who pirouetted and twirled around this enchanted garden.

PHIL RUIZ entertained the audience immensely with his singing. He appealed especially to the teen-agers who were simply crazy over his rendition of modern hits.

To introduce something novel and radical some commerce studes decided to transform the stage into a cotton field in ol' Virginia.... they gave us a picture of the niggers breaking the monotony of work by top-dancing. Brother! it was so hard to recognize the real identity of the dancers. You know who those pink-mouthed, colored folks were? Here they are: GEORGE ARCILLA, LOLONG PASCUAL, ELIZA STA. CRUZ (star-dancer) ROSARIO REYES, ANNIE RATCLIFFE, ADELAIDA, LILIA CORCUERA, AURELIA JADULCO, INDALECIA ANDO, and ESTRELLA ZAPANTA.

"Tummy" Echivarre... he thought the parade to be too short. "Gosh!" he said "It took us only a few minutes speeding 'round the City."

A coed and a rogue introduced for the first time Ballet Moderne here in USC. The dance which was entitled: "She is working her way thru College" was danced on toes by ESTERLINA MAN-CAO and EDDY PASCUAL. It was certainly an entertaining repertoire.

Now it is not only going to be a mere so-long but a good-bye to you all. Say how about joining us in saying: Vacation here we come!!... Exams!... pooh! why think about 'em? Pooh! Pooh!

Nocturne

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indulging mien. Did they acknowledge the man? the unknown one? Could this be the latest plaything of Eve? What they had in mind, I don't know and don't care to know.

Now I understood all with the full impact. The nights you pleased headaches. The days you were away. Then that day, a year ago before two days before Christmas. That could not have been anybody else but you coming down the car. You were with your society clique. I rushed up to you, calling you.... Lyd... Lyd... You just stared at me and thru me. In a haughty voice you asked me if I was addressing you. I felt so small.

ON DA LEVEL. . .

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However, through no fault of our own, some students got cold feet. Others didn't give two chips about unveiling their journalistic talents. We assure our readers that we (not I alone) would only be too glad to eat our words (bunk!) if we come back next year and find windfalls of contributions—not sickly doggerels and smelly prose like we have in this column.

Pentong, our flash-happy photographer, perks on the same sour tune ever since the USC Day Parade was over. With the agility of a chimp, he had the temerity of staging an acrobatic one-man show by climbing a concrete post just so that he could give an unusual angle ic one of his shots. In so doing, the poor joker crushed his watch against the post, to the sadistic delight of the other staffers. Poor Pentong, tch, tch! Later, he went to the extent of requesting the other staffers to chip in in paying his bill for the repair of his ailing gadget. No dice, no soup, ergo, drop dead!

Before we end this drive, we'd like to know if Flor Bombawa from out there in Pangasinan still scans the pages of The Carolinian.

And to our McKinley-bound boys, we give this parting advice. Remember that Armi is explosive stuff. BASTA...

Again I had mistaken Evelyn Oroco for Lydia Araoz. That was just unbearable, I fled from the scene. I could imagine the fun your friends had. How did you explain that to me the next day? You are a borned actress, your eyes were expressionless and questioning when I related to you what happened. You looked surprised. Is this a game amongst you?

A clock chimed eleven o'clock. Almost midnight and the midnight mass. Church bells merrily ringing. The night was clear and cool. The air was soothing to the tired mind and body of Ric plodding to nowhere. Shoulders down and feel!

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