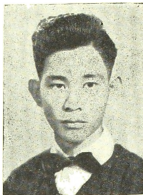


OAF'S WIEDERSEHEN



VICENTE N. LIM

now alex

the carnival's over... the hayride's ended... it's the final issue we're putting out this time.

somewhere in the news section you'll probably find that our boss (Leo Bello/Emilio B. Aller/E. B. A., etc.) got the Cebu Press Club's award for the best written editorial... of course we won (natch!), and i wonder what the editor got for a prize... couldn't be a ream of bond paper or a roll of typewriter ribbon, could it, leol!

alex, no one can raise any kicks about this here journal... it's been done with the most work and the least assistance (eh, leol!) and in several, table-hopping places... we used to have a CAROLINIAN room in the basement below the bookstore before, y'know, so, instead of slaving in a dingy, musty, cobwebby attic... we pushed our pens in a lukewarm, airless, cellar room we lovingly called our office.

then we moved out and surrendered that room to the lensman for a laboratory, darkroom, office and sitting room combined... we lugged what paraphernalia we had up to the lib. arts dean's office... and vanished one by one... displaced persons! they never had it so bad in Czechoslovakia.

pretty soon there was another funny rumor about this magnificent, wonderful college organ getting a fixed, set, stationary place of its own by ousting the topkicks in that "Visiting Room" or what the heck it is, near the lobby of the main entrance... the gag said they'd allow the staff to occupy that in the pursuit of better facilities and working space for the crowd who runs the official organ of the student body, hah.

so now it's all over and done with, like the copy and the dummy and the rewrite and all the stuff that is crumpled and thrown away in an overcrowded metal wastebasket when the whole setup is set up and packed for shipment to the printers.

we wonder who next term's crowd are going to be, and, who-ever they be, we hope the ruts are smoother... the ed gets headaches and forced insomnia, and we get a lot of sore backs, aching wrists and limp fingers in the service of this marvelous, grateful, gal-amorous bunch of overgrown juvenile kickers we love to call Carolinians.

that'll be all, alex, from.

herbie.

Passing THROUGH

• by VNLIM

You wouldn't know how swiftly the days roll off the calendar, how rapidly Time ticks off the watch... Just a few days ago it was mid-term exams; then it was all over but the nervous, fearful, nail-biting, hair-pulling wait for the results. Then along came USC Day with all its accessories in the manner of compulsory purchase of tickets, hopeful, promising — and then disappointing! — raffle tickets, labor with decorating materials, scissors and glue over floats and rented buggies. Then, that, too, was all over. And now, the heck with it, we are stared at by the leering, ominous, threatening bloodshot eyes of the Finals peering around the corner!

I meant to sort of conduct a one-man poll of all the teachers' opinion on finger-snapping in class in order to attract the prof's attention when raising one's hand to recite. Everytime someone does that, I'm reminded of hack stands and cheap restaurants. You snap your finger and yell "Hey, cabbie!" or "Oh, waiter" when you want service in those places. Of course it's all so silly and insignificant... but always that harmless gesture brings to mind impoliteness or lack of breeding. When I started to query our professors on the matter, their replies were rather discouraging, so let's put it on ice and to heck with it anyway. One prof said, "It depends..." and I'll be d... if I knew just what he meant. Another pouncy, sagging-jowled, wrinkled-browed top man around the third floor flaily said "No, it does not annoy me." A third one said — but enough of the sorry story. I wouldn't know how (America's) Dr. Kinsey and his interrogators did it with their questions!

A lot of Law boys are going to be glad they're reviving the summer law classes (with me heading the list, if you don't mind my saying). But if there's going to be a mess of red tape about entrance to those summer classes, why then, hang it all anyway. I'll switch over to poultry raising...

Well, friends, this is our last issue for this term. Am I glad. Now the shadow of the Vanishing Shadow vanishes. Or, the Vanishing Shadow's shadow. (Continued on page 31)