

As If You...

you think so?

...that during class intervals traffic is virtually at a stand-still. The corridors are filled with a hodge-podge of coming and outgoing students, "slick-chicks" and the like. Everyone sticks to the "to each his own" doctrine. For us, our law-making body should step in and lay down our much-needed school rules and regulations. That's only our opinion, though.

...that there is some 1200 square feet

of floor space presently lying idle which can be utilized as a basketball court or something. We mean the roof garden atop the "Rosebowl"—spacious enough, if you ask us, with room for on-lookers, too. The sides could be screened with chicken wire meshing...Again, this is only a suggestion....

...that once upon a time we had a ping-pong table and a piano. Now that we have enough space for even two tables and two pianos, nobody seems to initiate, shall we say, their "reincarnation"...we were just thinking if...

But then...as if you didn't know.



V For Victory?

OUR DIVISION had retreated from Pangasinan, thru Tarlac, Pampanga, to Bataan. All along the way we had passed countless numbers of civilians, who, notwithstanding the fact that we were retreating from the Japanese, always gave us the sign of the first two fingers spread apart to form the letter V. On such occasions we always gave them back the same sign, accepting, as a matter of fact, that they meant Victory.

Pretty soon they began cutting down on the rations. Then they cut down on the meals. One afternoon we were eating by the banks of a river 3 kilometers east of the municipality of Pilar. The fare consisted of boiled beans, rice and salmon. "Now, I know what those civilians wanted to tell us everytime they gave us that V—sign," said Jose, one of my companions.

"What?" I said, puzzled.

"Two meals!"

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The GOLD ORE welcomes your contributions for our forthcoming issues. Send us that poem inspired by the girl—(or boy) friend, that anecdote seen from life, that long-dreamed of story at last put on paper. Deadline: 13 September.

This is your paper. We only trim it up for you.

THE STAFF