

Herbie FADES OUT

By
Vicente N. Lim

Well, Alex —

This is it. This term's last issue and the last of the series. I can hear someone sigh with relief. "About time!" and another gratefully say, "Thank God."

Okay, okay, I've been a bore. So I haven't fractured anyone with bellyaches and sprained neck muscles. So what? So I end it all, eh. Ha ha.

People have been wondering how it all started, anyway. Well, Alex my friend, it was of those things. They needed a space filler and there I was minding another person's business. They were staring the same deadline in the face, pressed for time, and in need of a few more lines to complete the layout. So I crashed the literary world concocting unliterary matter with my gray matter!

But all GOOD things must come to an end, eh Alex. And so I now slip back to obscurity. Tch ich. Too bad, and I was beginning to improve my grammar too!

Herbie'll miss a lot of things. He'll miss Miss Rodil . . . er, I mean Miss Rodil's classes (where he had to sit in front), and he'll miss Mr. Flordeliz' cracks to wake up a bored and sleepy class and hold its interest; and he'll miss — most of all — Fr. Wrocklage's absorbing, thought-provoking, philosophizing classes which really make him think: THIS is what we need. Why didn't we have him before? And when he hears the word "seminar" he'll remember Fr. Wrocklage and his unselfish plans for the student's advancement.

Herbie will also miss Mr. Montie's polite and considerate treatment of his student; and Mr. Vale's special brand of camaraderie and esprit-de-corps; and Mrs. Lucero's matronly handling of her class (Brrrrrrrrrr!).

He'll miss Fr. Schoenteld's classes where they have to split in the middle during exams. I don't know what for he has to have that middle aisle! And he'll miss (yeah?) Atty. Ortiz' supersonic dictation; and he'll miss who can forget! that nasty clerk in the Registration office.

Brother, what a life, eh, Alex. This morning we take Sociology, this afternoon we take Geology, and in the evening we take a bottle of Rum. Next morning we have to drink a glass of bromo before we drink that awful glass of milk? Whew.

And so we become part of the passing whatchamacallit of life. The Juniors now become Seniors tomorrow, and they'll have their own gripes . . . so why rub it in!

So long, Alex. Farewell, relax and take it slow.

All this from,
Herbie.



LEONIZA

Looks
At...

...VIOL SAGUIN. A lot of us would give anything for a tip on where she's keeping her magnetic bright self these gloomy days. Somebody would heave a heavy sigh then, "Ah...h..h..h sweet mystery of life at last I've found thee..." (Unquote).

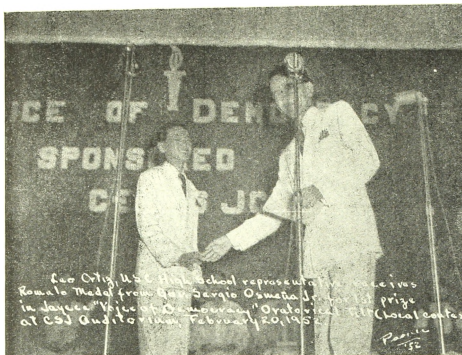
...PAZ "Bathsheba" BAJARIAS, the Carolinian who turned a year older (tsk watch your tempo!) last January. I got a load of this via wireless and there was a "David" with a song for her. Post Scripting: "Don't forget to send me an invitation, Pleasee!" As if you possibly could huh, Paz? Tho you may be his one but not the only eh?

...INTING ASUNCION. There's no other way of delineating him than having an idea of the general body build — height and all — of a German hound (Beg your pardon, Inting.) To which class he most fortunately belongs. He owns the only bulldog with a pair of real gold teeth. His Pop must love the bulldog better than him because he hasn't got any himself. Yahoooo, there Te-i-cong...er....er Vince!

...KITTY SABIDO, She always manages to burst panting into the classroom just after the prayer and roll-call, every 6:30 without a miss. Wonder how she does it!

...ADORACION LUCAS. She's one of the "sweet" type. She rarely has something to say but when she does commence to prattle it's usually of herself at a little-less-sweet 17... and green. And it looks like she hasn't been any other color since. Another dulcet is "my very own" VICKY PARAS. Want another round of cakes, Vic? Just holler when you do... No other than the one and only INTING LIM (Herbie, to you). Do you know that he's one of those countless class evaders dubbed in a mildest sort of diplomatic lingua by Fr. "A...o...a..h..h there are those who choose to excuse themselves..."

(Continued on page 32)



Leo Ortiz being congratulated by Governor Sergio Osmeña, Jr. after having won the first prize.

nearly a hundred cars, preceded by the ROTC band and cadets. The parade went through Osmeña Boulevard, Juan Luna, Carmelo, Magallanes, D. Jakosalem, Mango Avenue, F. Ramos, Lunquera, and P del Rosario.

The second feature of the spontaneous celebration was an impromptu program in the USC quadrangle wherein the new lawyers were introduced, lionized, howled at and applauded. Lawyer-not-yet Eliseo de la Serna, President of the USC Lex Circle, was master of ceremonies. Atty. Pablo P. Garcia, Atty. Napoleón (Ngr) Rama, and a num-

CAROLINIAN WINS ROMULO MEDAL IN ORATORICAL TILT

In the oratorical tilt sponsored by the Jaycees, the USC contestant, LEO ORTIZ, romped away with the first prize, a medal donated by Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo.

Leo Ortiz is a student of the USC Boys' High School and was also first prize winner of the Intra-Archdiocesan oratorical contest held early in January.

The East Visayan Jaycees will be represented by Leo Ortiz in the final oratorical tilt to be held in Manila about the end of February. The first prize award of the Jaycees-sponsored "Voice of Democracy" oratorical tilt entitles the winner a round-the-world trip while the second prize awardee gets a tour all over the Philippines.

ber of other new attorneys spoke of harrowing experiences in their preparation for the bar exams.

The program was climaxed by the Rev. Father Albert van Ganswinkel's own exhortations wherein he emphasized the virtue of being simple straight in all our undertakings to make a certain solidity as foundation to security of purpose.

CUPID CLAIMS CAROLINIANS

In a ceremony held at the Catholic church of Tabogon last December 16, 1951, Teodoro V. Madamba and Florita Omopia were married. The groom, an old-time Carolinian, earned his B.S.C. degree in 1948, his A.B. in 1951, is a College of Law sophomore, and at present Evaluator of the United States Information Service in Cebu City.

The bride received her B.S.E. degree last 1950 (USC), with Home Economics as her major subject, took post-graduate work in USC (Summer, 1951), and is now a Home Economics teacher in Ilihan Elementary School, Tabogon, Cebu.



LEONIE LIANZA

(Continued from page 14)

... Pre-Law Prexy Lilliputian NICK ARANO, who had just about the loudest vocal emission on the whole second floor booths... even louder than the booming "speak louder" And I tell you, there isn't any other worthy way to work up one's vocal apparatus than yelling; "Shoot a dart and win a heart," and there goes another and another booth ticket, ladies and gentlemen.

... BUDDY QUITORIO whose name would, 200 years from now, be on the same level with those of Kant, Descartes, Aquino, etc... Students would then be squeezing him to memory as the expounder of "Clingsings," a new school of philosophic thought, I might say, that believes everything in this sorry world in clinging.

... all the monsieurs and mademoiselles who "floated" it out during the USC DAY parade; and the belles, stars, and starlets of the stage.

... the Liberal Arts float harboring such USC's budding beauties as MONINA SHINN, looking lovelier than ever; CORAZON JIMENEZ, the "Knowledge" who was all smiles and salutes all through the parade; ESPER FIEL, sporting the blue and white uniform (I love my own, eh, Esper!); ELEONORA RECIO, LYDIA MANGRUBAT and IROTILDE BRAVO, being really and genuinely "Filipin-ish" in their stiff-sleeved ternos; and finally there was the comely devil complete to the tail and horns — PRISCILIANO MANGUBAT.

... BSE's 1st prize winner. Up... high up... there stood a stateside replica of Bedloe Island's Liberty DAHLIA CADELL (seeing her coming towards you will make your imagination soar — you know, being on some luxury liner just about to dock New York City. Brother!) She had to put up a real hard fight trying to keep perfectly still and erect just as the criss-crossing wires tried their best to spoil her stately-mien. Seemingly being specially effeminate was ISOBEL MARTIN sitting demurely. Who ya hood-winking, Belf Not me...e! There was PAZ CORAZON, the lady-doc., of the FAZ. Hiya, doc, mind lending me, your stethoscope! Somebody's hearing system is out-of-order. Nurse Ely Guco who could pass for a real nurse even without the dainty white cap. Art, in the person of LYDIA VILLAROSA couldn't have been more alluring to behold.

... sitting pretty on the Pharm's wheeling garden was ROSE TY. Too bad there had to that letter something that couldn't keep still-swaying all over the place. Nobody had the gratification of getting a long, wink-less look at her without getting seasick.

... The Commerce's tractors and their hillbilly-oided drivhuvs — CHARTO MERCADER and ELSA VALMONTE. I over-

heard a guy remarking, "I envy that darned tractor!" Such vehemence! I reckon, there wouldn't be the present repugnance to anything connected with mud and rice puddies if there were 'em damsels to maneuver those things. Why, farmhands would come a-flocking!

...NENA VIVERA, the lone of the College of Engineering's motored stairway. What! Is the College that short of shirts? Or are they just plain bashful [tsk! tsk!]

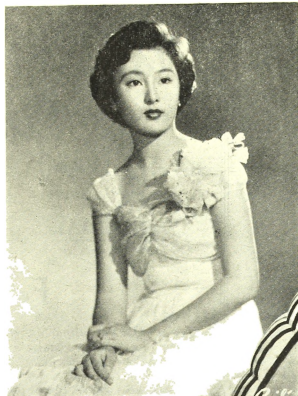
...the amateur cowboys and their partners, square-dancing their feet off to the bumpy strains of "Buttons and Bows" and, boy, did the stage quiver like Hibok-Hibok was just a meter away. And would it swat with our physically dynamic gossoons up there in fancy western clothing — JAY VILLEGAS, MONCHING BLANCO, OSCAR VILLEGAS, RUDY SAYSON, JOE CERILLES, MAURICIO RIVERA, FRANCISCO JAPSON AND EDDIE PASCUAL with their equally brimming-with-life gals — ALICIA TABOTABO, CORAZON JIMENEZ, CELEDONIA JAVIER, FELICIDAD GILAY, and numbs and numbs of 'em.

...the gay dancing señoritas from gay Mexico — ANGELES TOMIMBANG, PAT, LILY, NENA, HELEN BOLT, ISOBEL, DALISAY de VERA, etcetera... etc. I'm mighty curious about the source of the identical fancy braids (Pardon me for exposing the racket!) because I could use a pair myself.

...CLARITA ASPIRAS, FE SISON, and the rest of the chained slaves come straight from a stinking Persian dungeon. And there was the "Oh — too... handsome bundle of a slave driver" (sigh) — CESAR SERAPIO. When you take a good peer at him you'd think he's incapable of even breaking such fragile thing as a glass but can he whip! Not that poor slaves minded tho the hair-pulling may surely have hurt more than just a little bit.

...MERCEDES ROSELLO, swinging it a la Carmen Miranda with the smooth Valenino-ish NESTOR MORELOS and such S.A.'s señoritas and señoritas as CELESTE RUBI, FRANK BORROMEO, LINDA DALOPE, LIBUNFACIL, VICTORIA ABAD, CESAR JAMIRO, JOVITA TRINIDAD, and the other dear-secretaries.

...EDDIE PASCUAL. He not only is incapable of stepping on your favorite corn when he swings you on a dance floor, but also, sister, when he starts to chant he can make you believe the latest bobby-sox craze Tony Bennett himself is right before you. He sure made a "song-hit" the last nite of the USC festival — really wow-ed the quadrangle spectators and I suppose, garnered just as much applause and encores as Tony Bennett. Fact is BSC's Eddie sings like USA's Tony...er... I mean, Tony sings like Eddie!



Our Femmes

**Elsa Prado
Valmonte**

- Manila
- February 25, 1934
- Commerce II
- Poise & Glamour
- Excellent Pianist
- Record Playing
(Modern & Classical)
- Bowling

WHAT IS RUSSIAN . . .

(Continued from page 21)

Additional Evidence of Terrorism

This competent witness and writer portrays graphically on Terror that reigns in the U.S.S.R. She states that any moment the secret police may knock at the door and take you or your loved ones away without even letting you know what "crime" you or they are supposed to have committed; that the Soviet citizen can be arrested and shot or imprisoned without a trial; that he has no voice in the election of his government or of the local authorities who control his whole life; that he has no trade unions to protect him and he can be dismissed without notice by the factory manager, losing at the same time his room and his ration book; that there is no unemployment pay and only one employer, the State; that the State is employer, judge, jury, policeman, and landlord; that the worker is a helpless slave forced to work wherever and at whatever wage the government decrees; that he is forbidden to strike; that the so-called trade unions, far from protecting the worker, are but organs of the State used to compel him to work to the limit of his strength; that the penalty of striking is the living death in the concentration camp where the victims of the secret police do forced labor in conditions as horrible as

THE MOVIE MANIAC . . .

(Continued from page 28)

The most irritating of 'em all are the conversationalists who anticipate the film's climax, and discuss the personal and professional life of the actor or actress (and, sometimes, of both, including some in the supporting cast), blotting out the dialogue on the screen with their unnecessary gabfest. These guys or dames exchange everything they know about Jeanne Crain's kids, Scott Brady's romances, all the movie stars' data, vital statistics, etc etc. . . . blah blah . . . bzzzzzz . . . yakity yakity yak yak . . .

And not only last but also the least — the Mismatched Persons! These characters prop their large feet on the back of the seat in front, settle down as comfortably as they could (that means slumping down deep into the chair and blocking traffic from the aisle) and go right off to sleep, snoring sonorously.

Well, there you are. If you know some other stunts — tell 'em to the theatre manager!

those which existed at Dachau and Buchenwald; that to be late for work renders the "free" worker liable to dismissal; that the interior passport system and the work certificate rivet the laborer to his job like a serf.