

## Twin Stars

by  
LEO BELLO

*My waking hours were joyless, restless nights  
With gloom and darkness hanging on my way,  
But then, there came up gentle, lovely lights:  
Twin-stars, so bright, which turned my nights to day.*

*My path is clear: this time, I cannot stray;  
Beneath two beacon lights, my steps are sure;  
I cannot grope nor bungle on my way;  
I cannot fail, I have no fear, and more ...*

*I've learned to gaze into the tender depths  
Of those twin-stars while plodding on my way,  
But never could I seem to pierce their depths  
Nor quite explain their lovelorn mystery.*

*I'm at a loss to understand, no lore  
May help me unravel their tenderness,  
And worst: my heart now begs to love, adore  
And worship them, in spite my lowliness.*

*As when a moth attempts to reach the stars,  
My spirit takes the wings of my desire;  
With them, devotion flies, 'though chance is scarce  
Of ever reaching gleams that I aspire.*

*And yet, poor earth-bound mortal that I am,  
'Though not content to worship from afar,  
May well clip wings of my desire, and calm  
My spirit down; — my hopes can't get that far.*

*But then, there is a gnawing feeling deep  
Within my heart, a dread that time may be  
When my twin-stars may fade away to keep  
A date with cruel, heartless destiny!*

*Alas, at once, their tender glow, (which I  
Have learned to love and call my very own),  
May leave this moth, unknown, to grieve and sigh  
Amidst the darkness of my world alone!*



By AGUSTIN B. JAMIRO

College politics seem to get cheaper but livelier! And true to form, the cake goes to the College of Law. Man, they play the game like the "Real McCoy". Take the case of the lords of the department — the seniors—where a number of them coveted the Lex Circle presidency. When four seniors signified their intentions to run, the senior organization decided to hold a convention, to forestall an ensuing storm in a tea-cup which might doom their chances for the Lex Circle high-chair into an unnecessary fiasco and which would give the lone ranger from the lower grades more than a chinaman's chance of winning. A standard bearer was elected with the aspirants pledging their word of honor to withdraw and support him.

As a gambit, there were backpatting here, rum-coke sessions there; man-to-man whispering campaigns here and siopao parties there; and a lot of other vote-getting approaches everywhere. Meanwhile, literary mud-slinging circulated around the campus. Handbills and posters littered the corridors.

Then came the days of days! The candidates, (Some of whom applied Pedrosa's theory of deficit-spending) waited for the verdict. Result: The campaign manager upset the gravy in his favor. Why, everytime he was pretending as the campaign manager, he must be secretly campaigning for himself. Tchh, tchh! Myself? I like elections (provided college politics won't stoop so low as that) because the last time there was one, brother, my tummy was heavy with siopao proffered by one of the embryo politicians. So, everything must be well that ends well.

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There was a time when a college Romeo didn't find any difference as to which tip of a fag he should stick into his mouth and which to put the light on. But with the advent of import control and the flow of cheap and locally-produced cigarettes in the mart, however, a few got smarter. If his is a cheaper brand, he burns the fag on the tip nearest the trade-mark and does it otherwise if it possesses stateside brands. Another trick is pull it stick by stick in offering to his friends if it's the four-for-five-centavo kind and to extract the whole package from his pocket for everybody to notice the stateside brand. Personally, I prefer anything although I sometimes have to resort to some tactics when I'm in the

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## ON DA LEVEL

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red like pretending to ask a light from a friend's bag. And chances are that before I can pick my stick of cigarette, the sucker would offer me one of his which may be a Camel or a Chesterfield.

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The CCAA opening cage tournament which turned out in a hoopla at a downtown gym was ably represented by teams and sympathizers of each college participating. What got my goat was neither the major upset of the evening nor the band-less ceremony but the sight of, paradox of paradoxes, two prominent feminine bundles of Carolinian pulchritude rooting for the opposing team as our high school warriors locked horns with their opponents. Can you beat the deuce? I'm suspecting those dame; have some kind of "vested interest" on some of the players. Get what I mean?

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A friend from Davao City who has stayed barely three months in USC has observed this: Most of our female students, if not all, are having a fashion competition. Everyone wants to out-dress the other so much so that it looks as if a fashion show is in the offing. I don't want to commit myself to his observation, after all it's not my dough they spend to buy them. Anyway, what do you say girls...er I mean ladies?

My gibberish has got to end. Why, I also have to beat the deadline. See you next semester, G'by!

## HERBIE ENTERS FOOL-ITICS

(Continued from page 6)

Well, there you are, Alex, or should I say there they are. I'm sorry I haven't the complete list of the officers yet. Our pretty secretary hasn't issued press releases at this writing. You'll probably find that somewhere in the News section of this issue, anyway.

Already, the grapevine is rumbling with the rumor that Expedito Bugarin and someone-or-other will be groomed for nomination to secondary and minor posts in the Lex Circle. An acquaintance party... a barn dance... the usual first activities of any class organization, is planned... class spirit and the fever of enthusiasm is very strong (for the first few days, at least).

Say, I guess by the time this comes out in print the issue will be stale, forgotten, passé and obsolete. Too bad this can't come out tomorrow, while the matter is still fresh. But, Alex, it was an exciting and pulse-pounding class election. Now it's all over but the... work!

That's all, Alex. Auf weidersee-you-in-class,

h e r b i e.

## WOMAN, GUARDIAN . . .

(Continued from front inside cover)

Where do we go to in times of sorrow and of pain? To whom do we open our hearts when doubts assail us? On whose bosom do we lay our whirling heads when misfortune overtakes us? When in pain, whose hands caress us? When we suffer, who comforts us? And when we fall, who cries for us?

Woman! Still it is woman! From the beginning of our life woman is already with us. And, in death, her tears are shed for us. We cannot, though try we may, we can never escape the influence of woman.

To her, then, is due most of the good that mankind has ever achieved. Oftentimes reviled, sometimes spoken of in contempt, but always adored and revered... woman is silent. She receives in silence whatever it is man offers her in gratitude. But no matter whatever it be, she will forever be beside us, guiding our DESTINY.

## Caroliniana . . .

(Continued from page 2)

time when everything in science will be controlled by the impulses engendered by the electrons. Dean Rodríguez should be congratulated for this enlightening article. We wish that some more of the kind will be contributed in the future issues.

● Manuel Trinidad, Jr., a stranger to our pages, philosophizes. In his "Democracy — A Fact or an Ideal?" he wounds up finally with a logical conclusion that democracy can only be achieved by the aid of the legitimate freedoms, religion and autonomy, religious education, development of good leaders, and the cooperation of a civic-minded citizenry endowed with love for what is right and good.

● "What Do You Think... about the restoration of the Seventh Grade in our elementary schools?" Buddy this time asks. The answers are varied. They are food for thought.

● Expedito Bugarin breaks into our pages for the first time with a short story, "The Trader." It tells of

the adventure of a man who thought he could be very smart during the dark days of the occupation. You will do well to find out how smart he could be at the end. The author is a man of varied activities. Besides studying as a Freshman in Law, he announces every morning in the Milkman's Matinee hour of station DYBU.

● Another new-comer into our pages is Néstor-M. Morelos, who calls out, "Look Here, Junior!" and tells you many things about Carolinian boys and girls as only a real connoisseur can. This attempt as satire shows to any budding writer what interesting subjects one can write about basking under their very noses.

● The neophytes to the pages of this mag seem to make a Roman Holiday of this issue. Another freshie, Rolando Espina, maintains that "Woman (is) Guardian of Our Destiny," in the inside front cover. He uses women of history as examples supporting his contention. We want more of the kind, Rolando, although we would like you to come down to earth next time. Anyway, thanks for obliging us.