

Your

Corpus Delicti

UPON strident telephone summons put through by Artemio Bemol, Lt. Haukee, member of the homicide squad of the local police, burned his tires to the home of the victim, Prof. Ramon Magno, and viewed the body. It had three bullet holes in the chest and was still clutching a gun which was probably the same that discharged the fatal shots.

"I had an appointment with him. The front door was open so I walked in," said Bemol. "I heard the shots just when I was crossing the hallway toward his study. I strode in and... that's exactly what I saw. I didn't touch anything."

He stated that this was his first visit to the Magno household and his business was simply to clarify his enrolment in a local school where the victim had been a dean.

The incident happened when everyone else in the house had retired for the night.

Pressing his inquiries to the members of the family, Lt. Haukee got a straightforward story from the daughter, Nida, from which he discounted the theory of suicide and became certain he could pinpoint the murderer.

"I always knew something like t-t-this would happen," exclaimed the tear-stricken young lady. "Pa and Ma couldn't get on being friends since Ma started getting hitched to the night lights. You know, the dazzles in parties and

that sort. She has become a great egg for society. I don't know why she suddenly got the germ for it. Papa didn't like it. Neither did I. After all that age she has and me—I don't even get a break m-m-myself!"

Curious by what she meant by a "break", Haukee learned that

by

Jake Verle

Nida's love-life, in spite of her youth, was riding on high passion of some sort with an emotional live-wire named Tony Guia. It seems that Tony and Nida, so deeply in love, had made plans for marriage which was sternly repressed and discouraged by Prof. Magno.

Standing on edge, Tony had once cried out, "Nobody can stop me from marrying you!" he was referring to Nida.

Investigating more in the scene of the crime, Haukee saw, still inserted in a typewriter, what appeared like a suicide note which bore the name "Ramon Magno" typewritten below. It read: "The indifference of my family has taken me to a sense of defeat within myself and I know that there could be nothing and no one else I could live for, now that I have lost the only dear ones in my life." There was no signature.

Was this suicide or murder? Lt. Haukee finds a murderer in his hands. Do you? **Answer on page 32.**

Footprints on...

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ure of the man, tall and slim. She started at him long and dumb-founded.

"Have we by any chance met somewhere?" the man's voice was confident.

When the man's face was clear enough, she was swung back to a void, her heart must have stopped, her blood clotted, total darkness engulfed her. The warmth of his strong grip as the man helped her stand upright brought her back to her senses. She wanted to cry; a lump in her throat stifled her breath. She closed her eyes; opened them again. Yes, the man's face was familiar. That sadness in his eyes!... Within herself she whined: **No, my God, this could not be so! No, not Fred!...**

"No," she voiced out the last word that ran in her mind. And she lied, "No, I haven't been to any place. I'm sorry."

She was about to run home when the man spoke again, "My name is Ernesto... Ernesto del Rio, Miss Libre. I hope there's nothing the matter with you..."

She checked her almost hasty exist. Her face now away from the man managed to steal another look at him. She straightened up the back of her head and inhaled a stream of good air. She now could hear the pounding of her heart against her breast. It was quite a relief—a relief to know her heart was still there—a relief to know the man was not Fred. **Thanks God, she heard herself saying. But...**

"How did you know my name?" her voice was tinged with apprehensiveness.

"Don't tell me you have been keeping that a secret," smiled the man. "Since my arrival two days ago, Ma talked a lot about you; the things you did for the children and the barrio. When she told me your name, a Libre who made a visit to my roommate in the seminary came to my mind. She was my roommate's cousin. I have come to check myself up. You look like her."

"Seminary? Did you say seminary? You mean you are on your way to priesthood?"

"Yes, why?"

"Are you from this island?"

"Yes. The greater part of my

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Campuscrats

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OLIVA VALENCIA... the darling of the Lib' Arts Team... simple... I mean, she's not fond of cutting any kind of grease or war-paint on her delicate face. She rather prefers to stay just as she is, the Pandora (without the box of plagues, of course) of the Gods! The whole team was really proud to show her off. The GREEN-GOLDIES (Commerce team, that is) had Miss CARMEN LEAÑO for their sponsor. She is a real sample of the stock of beautiful girls stored at the COMMERCE DEPARTMENT Store. From the many pretty Portias, Diana Arang was chosen as the sponsor of the team of the College of Law. She proved that a white dress can also be very attractive even in a basketball game. Representing the H.E. team... eh! excuse me... this department is not represented in the Intramural games. Isn't it just too bad? Some think that the H.E. and the Pharmacy and the Secretarial Depts should really be represented at the games, don't you think so? After all, WOMEN are fast advancing for recognition now-a-days... oops! my mouth! As for the games... who cares about them? Tammy will take care of them. In this column, the people are more important. Drawing more cheers from the Lib' Arts roosters was E RARA... the cheerers didn't find any difficulty in cheering for him. All they had to was scream and yell "Rah, rah!" and that was it... he got all the rooting he needed. Truly, RARA played surprisingly well... he is far from being unattractive too! But wait, here's something you should know—he's an "Ex-Sem"—no, don't ask me what this word means... try to dig for its meaning yourself. And here's something else, he plans to enter... ooh! That does it!

The other night it was, I think, when our attention was caught by a bunch of dopes with painted faces performing some antics at the basketball court. They wore their shirts the wrong way.

"Now, what are those crazy people doing?" asked one girl.

"They are doing nothing but acting like real crazy individuals!" remarked another. Yes, they were really acting like crazy people... tracing their footsteps and doing all sorts of silly ordeals. You see, whether they like it or not they had to do so or they would have gotten a real beating from their bosses. This acting nitwits (pardon me for using this term) were neophytes of the new commerce fraternity introduced for the first time here in USC by Mr. GOZUM. What we have been seeing were their initiations. This frat has a sister sorority, too.

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Answer To

"Your Corpus Delicti"

Studying the scene of the crime, Lt. Hauke was interested in the usual articles he saw on the dead man's writing desk. Everything indicated that the Professor was a southpaw; the pen-holder being to the left of the inkwell; the ash-tray and typewriter placed on the left side of the desk. Incidentally, too, the desk must have been made-to-order to be convenient to nobody but a left-handed man. Lt. Hauke argued that the criminal must be one who must have failed to notice this one peculiarity of the victim and proceeded, after shooting him, to plant the gun on his victim's right hand. Otherwise, he must have believed that Magno was actually right-handed when he saw the framed photo of Magno on the wall. This photo showed Magno holding a pipe with his right hand. [Close investigation revealed that in printing the positive copy of the photograph, the negative was erroneously inverted.]

Further, if the murderer were a person known to Magno, Magno could have remained seated as he entered. But Mag-

no's chair had been pushed far back which could only mean that Magno was caught in surprise. Surely, Tony Guia could not have caused this impulsive reaction unless he had a gun drawn when he entered. But a ruthless, cold-blooded murderer would hardly show his weapon until he is that near to his victim that there could be no missing the target. And yet, Tony Guia knew he could not risk his neck in any such murder knowing just too well that he alone, other than Mrs. Magno, had a motive.

On the other hand, Mrs. Magno and Nida were both, of course, familiar with the victim and they couldn't have placed the gun on his right hand.

Lt. Hauke lost no time in placing Artemio Bemol under arrest for the murder of Prof. Magno. Bemol later confessed that he was a member of the local Communist Party and that he was sent to liquidate Magno after their having failed to induce the latter to join forces with them. One thousand volts of electricity stormed into Artemio Bemol's body a month later.

On Allowance

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an aching back. Really, he is not wasting the opportunity. See, whereas your brothers are sacrificing in Manila to be real men you here are only good for barn dances, and jam sessions. What else could we do than imagine our "pensionados" to have wings at their back or halos over their heads?

But the most sincere and important of all these letters is the third and last one in the month. It embodies their secret hopes that their daily bread will not be delayed. If it is not too much, that is. This letter is short. Sometimes it is long with the last paragraph expressing the most important point. Usually this does not contain any note of optimism except in the general one saying that he hopes that someday he'll amount to something which all of us will be proud of. The letter is written with such urgency, it is not legible sometimes. So what heart of a loving Papa and Mama would not leap to the Post Office with such line as "Between me and starvation is only sixty centavos"? Poor, poor son. He must now be transparent with hunger!

What brain could study when the stomach is empty?

True maybe, but clever. One thing I believe in, "pensionados" are prolific letter writers.

However not all negotiations with the home economic coordinator are done typographically. A more difficult situation is that of one who stays in town and at home because there still is a highly commendable college for him. My sympathy pats his shoulder. Poor guy. He is the most taken-for-granted type. This is more so in houses where budgeting is not popular. Don't worry over him. He is at home. He'll not starve. Give him sixty centavos for transportation and coke. Of course protests come from him regarding the preservation of his ego thru only a meager centavo. But he is at home. Never worry. So hold on to Mitchum and Hayward. I'll be seeing you three months from now at the Center Theatre if and when the old cow, I mean, Papa, God bless him, finally declares an open-pocket policy unconditionally.