

The Warriors'

FOLLOWING

Eladio Villa is perhaps the smallest gym to accommodate a major league tournament. Its absolute capacity is slightly less than three thousand. When 7,000 determined fans try to get in a 2,500-capacity stadium, the temperature hits the ceiling. And so do the prices and the tempers. Plus the fact that an ordinary Carolinian rooler makes more noise than other spectators, the actual capacity of the gym is raised to the nth degree. But the discomfort is ignored to the annoyance of the management.

The exploits of the Warriors are even more incredible than those of their partisan crowd. Good, bad and fantastic, they have become a part of the U's colorful background.

The muddled idiosyncracies of the crowd are forgotten as soon as the team takes the hardwood. The team is managed and coached by Juan "Dodong" Aquino and has been, in his honor, named "DUDS". In the years before Dodong's hands louched the team, he played with the Warriors, vinlage 1948, the National Champions then. The fans cater to Dodong and, in some instances, there have been signs that the feeling is mutual. But to the ordinary student, the team is a beloved Dud when it wins and then a plain unadulterated D.u.d. when it throws a game.

Carolinians who have the screwy instinct of a bird-dog have followed the Warriors as religiously as a salmon fights its way up-river. Champion in the wacky dealings is a Warrior named Max "Republican" Pizarros who, when asked by the father confessor of the team, Rev. Fr. Bernard Wrocklage, "How are you? hurled the challenge with, "Still single, Father." During the CCAA championship game with CIT, where San Carlos won by a one-point dent, someone upstairs carelessly hinged his shirt over the railing with the result that during the hottest part of the game, the shirt plummeted down to someone else's lap. The victim simply looked up and inquired, "where are the pants?" USC's devotees of La Noopla had some moments of ecstasy when the team won the Cup. Last year, when some wayward wind blew it across to some other school, USC's bleachers were as deserted as a cemetery without graves. The school organ did its best by giving out a sports issue, reminiscent of better days. There's only one way to describe the state the Green and Gold fans are in now... they're not here; they are up there floating lazily over some cloud, pinching their ears in disbelief. "Where's Charley?" Point to that stone symbol; its there, but its rooler's wares are off somewhere.

The reason for the Warriors' mounting number of followers is not hard to find. People like them even harder they don't do things lightly. They lose hard but they win even harder. This year San Carlos was second fiddle to the defending champ from start to finish and then the final gun announced the result that was the talk of the town for many days.

Danny Deen, the team's captain is a class by himself. A smooth foul-baiting gent, he also is a superlative hustle-dazzle kid. Doring "Shorty" Cañazares is another man with spectacular marks on his rebounds and shooting. When he gets in the game, nobody knows, including himself, what he will do, but always comes out as busy as a cash register on Christmas.

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SHOOT & SHOUT

with Ross

The constant stream of players thrown into the game during its crucial periods belies the fact that one man can be depended on. Much can be said of boys becoming men and vice-versa and, consequently, of nervous athletes developing into fine court buddies. The University's team, an old hand at losing and winning the CCAA pennant, demonstrated to the public that rating by press ballyhoos are to be ignored and the standard of men and plays are a sure bet to count on. Some hold that the whole works are done by the sweat guys on the court, the coaching not having anything to do with victory or loss. This assertion, after all that has been said and done, crumbles on its face.

¶ The basketeers started finely by beating three rated teams to submission, much to the disgust of everyone who took side bets. With the strength of the team up every second, it became widely accepted that if there was a team to beat, the reigning lord San Carlos was "H"!

¶ During the Cebu stint of the Olympic-bound team, the Warriors had the first taste of scalping its closest rival, the CIT Wildcats, defending champs. They slaughtered the Wildcats as an offering to the god of sport. Yeah, the Wildcats, with hides on the floor crying for thirty stitches. They demonstrated again their ability to beat that team by licking it to a frazzle thrice in a row.

¶ Everyone now had the chance to see the spunk of the much under-rated team climb an up-hill battle. It was a noseholding affair when coaches and referees met to ease the tension created after every game. The rival teams took on new color with their respective coaches as the keenest competitors.

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MADAME EGLENTINE...

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worldly trappings and pet animals gave the cloistered women frivolous ideas. The bishops raised eyebrows at these incursions into the convents, but no ban could be enforced since the nunneries needed the money badly.

Madame Eglentyne and her nuns did not exactly close their eyes or turn deaf ears to the influence of their worldly boarders. Thus, our prioress diverted a part of the congregation's money to entertainment at New Year or Christmas, to games, and contests which must have included dancing.

For the womanly vanities of clothing and jewelry Madame Eglentyne had a soft spot in her heart, for

*Ful semely hir wimple
pinched veas;
and
Ful fetis was hir cloke,
as I was war.*

Of course, these lines could only mean she was a fastidious lady who insisted on being meticulously prim. But then,

*Of smal coral aboute
hir arm she bar
A paire of bedes,
gawded al with grene;
And there — on heng a
broche of gold ful shene.*

These definitely run counter to monastic rules. A nun was not supposed to wear jewelled brooches nor reveal her broad forehead.

Contrary to the bishop's injunction on pet animals, Madame Eglentyne lavished maternal care on her small dog which

*... she fedde
With roasted flesh, or milk
and venaed — breed,
But sore weep she if
oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with
a yerde smerte.*

If small dogs could move her tender heart, what was to keep her from showering as much tenderness on a snow-white rabbit or a twittering little bird (or birds) in a cage in some shady nook of the nunnery bowser?

Madame Eglentyne's presence at this pilgrimage shows very little discretion on her part, considering the vehement objections of the Church to wanderings of nuns, except in very exceptional cases. A papal bull had made it quite clear that pilgrimages for nuns did not

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stars in her eyes or the offbeat tempo of a rhythm. whatever it is, if it answers a restless need of finding yourself, you've found it and you'll never really lose it for its possession is an eternal answer.

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there is an old old gem of wisdom in the age-old saying that "you must take people for what you find them and not for what other people say" that makes up our little song of life. this is one rung up to help us grow in understanding even with the sceptre of our fallible human nature hanging like a sword over us, pulsating clay.

The Warriors' Following (Cont'd from page 36)

Agapito Rogado, the old reliable of the team is an artist in his own way. His body twists when making sneak-in shots, much like a clypeo dancer. Often, he bumps into someone's back, with the result that he does a one-point bottom landing. In one game he did this stance so many times that the groans of the sympathetic audience could be heard for miles. Balodoy Borromeo, the magic ball-hawking skeleton, teamed up with Rogado is something to see with his outside shooting, the happiest shooter of the team.

The strange behavior of the men around the court in shorts can only be understood by the few followers who sit and watch them cavort dally and gaily.

Carolinian rooters are few with the result that what they lack in number they make up for in noise. The school's population just doesn't cater to the idea of being seen whopping it up. Some students do not just give a hoot about moral support.

But let us, if for one moment, talk about a man. Let us pick him who turned the tables on a highly-touted team. Dodong is a genial man with a hearty relish for lusty cracks. Some of his more colorful "shorts" has put him in not-so-good standing with his fellow tutors. He has that easy touch of comradeship that makes his boys give back all he has taught. The boys now present to their mentor... the 1956 Loving Cup! The laughter now is on our side, our coach has shown to the public his worth, the prediction of our honored sports hacks have gone to the mud, but then, the writers' consolation is: "When good predictions are made, they do not come from sportswriters or, for that matter, a weatherman."

SPECIAL TREAT . . .

Three members of the 1946 National Champion Warriors who have gone into mentorship have each bagged a championship prize. First is our Juan "Dodong" Aquino who took the CCAA crown; next is Jimmy Bas of the CIT Wildcats who tamed UV to grab the zone VII Championship and last but by no means least is Lauro "The Lord" Mumar, coach of the FEATI Hi-Flyers, CALM champions in Manila.

fall under the category of exceptional cases.

One is inclined to believe that the prioress must have used some amount from the convent coffers to cover the expenses of the pilgrimage, an amount which could have filled more pressing needs. She was

really more human than the average reader would think. Nevertheless, the host of the Tabard Inn, not being wise to her share of imperfections, regarded her with much more consideration than the other pilgrims.

(To be continued)