

tire from his creaking board,—vanquished.

It must have been about five o'clock by the time we turned our backs on sleeping Taal, and set our faces to Manila. We arrived home happy as birds, but a trifle tired. However we did not worry about this, as ahead of us we had three non-school days in which to rest our weary limbs. By common consent, the picnic was voted to be a staggering success, and we are ready for another such outing any day now.

In conclusion we must thank all who helped to make the day the pleasure that it was. We especially thank our fellow class-mates and their parents, who placed their autos at our disposal, and whose names have been mentioned earlier.

José Herrera.

BURNING THE ROAD

By Pedro A. Revilla

Nigh an uncanny section of the notorious Vito Cruz, a mocking bird woke in the starlight, just before the break of dawn. In a house around this neighborhood, a steel bed creaked. It was our much-beloved and much-abused Prexy, Horace Villa, who got up to listen to the ill-timed screeching of the matutinal bird. There are many kinds of birds, song birds, jail birds, etc. The bird, however in this instance, was non other than our senile pal, "Pat" Anido, who was beguiling the moments singing with all the ferocity of his larynx. Let us be merciful and let it go at that. . . . SINGING! After all there are many others who can sing more melodiously than our genial "Pat". Take me for instance. Well, if I can sing, Johnnie Klingler can sure play tennis!

However, let us switch back to our narrative. George Cui was still enjoying his stolen nap, when a friendly poke in the ribs snatched him away from the arms of Morpheus (With apologies to my aide-de-camp, V. Zaragoza). A sour, murderous look greeted him. It was from H. Villa. We never realized that such a peaceful, honourable man, or rather boy (he ain't passed fourteen yet, according to statistics furnished by himself) possessed such a vindictive spirit. He had not forgotten Georgie's well-timed pokes during the night.

After a hurried breakfast, we shot right off, to fetch some of the boys, and the "Profes-

sor Good-Advice" (Professor Buenconsejo). Anido, in the meanwhile had been taking his habitual rounds around Wright street. No harm in that, eh readers? Just a hobby of this gent.

At the sound of our horn, my mistake, we have no horns, it was our (?) car's, Tabor slipped into his pants, and believe it or not, gentle readers, it only took him fifteen minutes. Not a bad record for a fellow of his generous proportions. Next we called on our witty professor, who was with us in a jiffy. Back to the *rendevouz* we went, to join the others. Papa's "Stutz" announced the arrival of Professor Imperial. It was not long before we made the marvelous discovery that he is human after all. Why, he can even crack jokes without referring to the nauseating laws of Physics.

An impromptu roll call followed, to remind those poor forgetful souls who had not yet paid their fees, that the "Ides of March hath come" and almost gone. The treasurer, however, found no stowaways. The bus we had hired, showed signs of rebellion when Tabor placidly climbed to take his seat. Tabor is so hard-hearted, he would sit on inflated tires.

At least we were on the go. But not much of a go at that. For five minutes the truck crawled along Vito Cruz and for five minutes we thought we would never get to the other end of that street. We were somewhat consoled however with the thought that it might only be a preliminary thrill. However, ten, twenty minutes, and even thirty minutes sped by and still we were going along at the same humdrum speed. Whereupon Valdes who had brought his traveling goggles with him, thought it was a great injustice to the preparations he had made for a long "FAST" flight. "Step on the gas, bimbo!" shouted Gonzalo at the top of his voice. In response the truck gave a rattling sound, but that was all. It was not long before the whole gang became conscious of the fact, that at the rate we were going, we would be blessed if we got to our destination by twelve o'clock, which is no reasonable time for any sane man to enjoy a picnic in his knickers, the weather being warm enough as it was. Thereupon, without any of the customary ceremonies, and without breaking any bot-

tles of liquor, the truck was named "The Turtle Transit", with George Cui as the minister.

We will mention several anomalies during our trip. We will begin with M. M. de la Cruz. This gentleman is the rarest human on two legs. Going to a picnic dressed in sartorial splendour, is very suspicious, but with Cruz not unusual. We just wonder...! Then there was Ray Valera. Ah! there indeed was a person who was quite different from what he usually is. He seemed to have been suffering from some unusual, queer fit of "melancholia". Again I'm stumped! Again I wonder...! Contrary to our expectations, Luis Feria's spontaneous laughter was seldom heard. Our host, Mr. Salas, was evidently in a hilarious mood. He cracked jokes, which nobody seemed to appreciate (Even if he was our host). M. Go and G. Go seemed set on enjoying the picnic, at least that was what I could make out from their dizzying lingo and graceful (?) motions. The next character is a personality, who should have been born a century or so ago. But you can't blame him, he came late. This character is one who seems to have stepped out of a book, of bold caballeros and fair señoritas. We refer to none other than our patriot, poet, and writer, Francisco Eguaras. All day long this caballero waxed poetic, imagine, gentle reader, how we suffered and sympathize with us! Nothing occurred on our way to Balete. Why, even Papa and Zulueta behaved just as their mothers would have them do!

Midway between Biñang and Balete, we had to stop. The truck refused to budge another inch. It did not say so, of course not, but it certainly made itself plain. After a little (?) coaxing from the driver the truck once more responded to the touch of his able hands. At nine o'clock we were at Balete (imagine our surprise!). The lake seemed inviting, and the boys seemed too willing to be invited. So a few minutes, or was it seconds, we were racing like mad towards the house which Mr. Kalaw so graciously offered us, for dressing and undressing purposes. Valera showed his first signs of graciousness when he obligingly posed for the hungry cameraman. Our boys sure

were balm for sore eyes, as they stepped out of the house in their bathing suits. Horacio Villavicencio paraded in a modest bathing suit but he proved to be a real shark in the water. Ramon Sevilla, was a gorgeous sight. Typifying the he-man type, with chest inflated. "Pat" Anido just looked natural. Masculine grandeur is his claim too. George Cui, another ditto, felt perfectly at home in the water. Ease and endurance are nature's gifts to him. In a cigarette it may be taste, but in the ole swimmin' hole it's George Barrenengoa. Barren, for short, but don't misunderstand. Fred De Lange was a wow! A. Salas looked like the aftermath of weight-lifting. M. Papa looked alarmingly taller in his bathing togs. Mike certainly has a good build for a swimmer. We won't be surprised if the Jantzen manufactures of bathing suits, changed their minds and put Papa's picture in mid-air pose in place of the old trade mark. J. Klingler was giving a free demonstration on how to drown one's self. Too bad, Johnnie, that these recalcitrant stunts of yours are not patented. Anyway, Johnnie ain't talking of swimming across the Pacific

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Ocean anymore. The Go cousins were making merry by themselves. Gavino was performing the "shrimp stroke" (whatever that is) to the best of his ability, Mariano was emulating his cousin's example . . . with improvements of his own creation.

In the meantime Ed Reyes was busy showing us with his cinekodak. A. Hernandez gave us a generous demonstration of how King Tut looked when he was unearthed, by posing before the camera. Then followed a dress parade. First in line came R. Valera. Real pantomime grace, embodied all his movements. Ah! that was art. For a moment I was wafted to heavens of delight, and my artist's soul responded, but like all earthly things it ended! Then came Papa, swaggering, coquettish, striding like an ostrich. E. Zulueta . . . my pen refuses to write what my mind dictates, you must excuse me.

After a rub down and a song (?) or two, we proceeded on to Lipa, for there our empty stomachs lead us, on to the palacial residence of Mr. Salas, where none but the brave gain access. Antique, historical house of noble lineage. However, historical or non-historical, the house became a veritable bee-hive of good-looking (?) boys, within a few seconds. R. Sevilla gave us an unasked, tympanic-breaking piano recital of what was once music. Louis Feria, on the other hand was nursing the vague illusion that he was singing. Hernandez kept tormenting Zulueta with his pre-war truncated pipe. Tabor consoled himself with the thought that the grub was near at hand. Our own Horacio Villavicencio began to get rid of his sphinx-like attitude when reminded that, that certain party wants him peppy, and how! Hernandez pretended that he was not looking at the dining room, but Jack put us wise to it; and Eguaras is an honourable man. Cruz was giving an extemporaneous speech on the foolishness of Physics, with Reyes, (Can you beat that!) as his lone audience. Klingler was spinning another of his famous yarns, but no one took the trouble to listen (We're getting wise to you, Johnnie.)

The dinner call was like music to our ears, it was an answer to our frantic S.O.S. All

of us could not be accommodated in one round, so we had to split. One table was presided over by Prof. Buenconsejo, while the other by Prof. Imperial. Eating and talking seldom go together that was why we didn't hear much from several boys. Take Hernandez for example. All we could make out of him throughout the whole affair was the clashing of fork and plate. Ditto for the Go cousins. The rest I failed to notice for I was a busy man myself.

After a hearty dinner, some boys went out to play. Villavicencio was only too eager to show us his improvement in basket-ball but unfortunately for him the owner of the court didn't want to take any risk (maybe he knew you, Villa). Finally it was decided, by common consent, to study the vicinity and the natural environment of Mr. Salas' natal town. Of course it was an unholy hour to spend sight-seeing, it being noontime, but we managed to give Valdes a break in tennis, his favorite sport. He was up against the town's best bet, so our host assured us, but Gonzalo gave a good account of himself, as usual. We (excuse our dust) gave a game fight in this contest, and I will not be surprised, if the man Gonzalo was up against, is still thinking of the auburn-haired youth who offered such a stiff competition.

After our afternoon luncheon, we had some music. De Lange's accordion was doing its share, and Hernandez pipe was not far behind. But there was a voice shriller than all the music. It was Sevilla's cachinations. Then the inevitable happened! Reyes tried to sing! And Ferrazzini too! Judge, oh ye gods, how we suffered! Don't lose all hope, tho, Ferraz, your voice is still undergoing a metamorphosis, that's why. Then in the middle of it all, came the ice cream as a soothing balm for our jaded and much-abused nerves. Fischer was not very talkative just then. How could he? Cui, Anido, and Sevilla, were acting their age. I have nothing to reproach them for, only George was kidding us into believing that he was not very anxious to get home early. And so did "Pat" Anido. When a guy has to give up a party, where that certain party is sure to be . . . why, it's no joke!

By a quarter to five, we were plodding our way home. We were delayed somewhat by engine trouble, which did not have a chance to develop much. Feria was feeling gay on the way home, in fact he was wild. All I could make out from the muffled screams was . . . oh, why go on. It's none of our business anyway. Maybe he was fighting someone close to him, oh very.

Wise cracks, in the meantime, were being shot here and there. Cruz and Tabor were the main targets. Of course no one missed Tabor, who could? Eloquent silence ensued. Silence . . . ominous and penetrating. As if all were bent in a solemn oration. Everyone seemed loath to break the silence . . . until the sun gave its last glimmers of light, as it sunk slowly into the distant horizon. Then pandemonium broke loose. The zero hour had come! Shrill har-hars were again audible even to the inattentive ear. Lights were turned on, only to be quickly put out by the order of the famous middle row gang. A roaring, maddening laugh from Papa's and Feria's vicinity, gave us the hunch that the inevitable had happened again.

City lights were soon discernible and some kind of order (or was it disorder) was enforced in the truck. Songs and yells soon were the components of the lusty repartee. Down towards Vito Cruz we rolled (could it have been otherwise?) Singing and shouting, each one trying to get hoarser than the other. At last we arrived at our honourable Prexy's house, and here one by one we scattered, without however forgetting to voice our varied opinions (which were not so varied after all) of the picnic. By unanimous consent it was branded a failure, the chow being called the only bright spot of that *there* picnic. Every time I think of the food, it makes me want to have another picnic. Oh boy, the picnic may have been a failure, but the food sure was not. Ask my stomach!

Putting aside all jest, and with all seriousness, we take this opportunity to thank the Salas family, who so graciously consented to prepare the food, and we only regret the shortage of funds which prevented us from paying the full amount of the expenses. We also wish to thank Mr. Kalaw for the use of his house in Balete. Last but not least, we thank ourselves for helping the picnic to become a great (oh!) success (ugh!).

* * *

LOS BAÑOS FOR THE JUNIORS

Geor. P. Revilla, H.S. '32

The gray streaks of dawn were peeping along the horizon when Guzco Transit No. 10, carrying a carload of the La Salle Juniors, left the College premises, bound for old Los Baños. Cheers, songs, shouts, shrieks, etc., etc., ensued from the lusty throats of eager and expectant youths, as the truck rumbled on its way. The occupants of the neighboring houses, will no doubt, remember to this day, with chagrin not unmingled with wonder, the strange boisterous shouts which disturbed their peaceful slumbers. The day promised to be a fine one, so it is no wonder at all, that we should be cheerful. If, however, we have really caused such disturbances, be it known here that we tender our apologies to the neighborhood. But boys will be boys, and that's that.

A few unfortunate ones were left behind as they found the arms of Father Morpheus very comforting. But this is no time to shower them with regrets. I guess they will know better next time. Everybody was dressed in roughing outfit except one, and that was Master Coronado Esq. Why anybody would think he was going to attend a party, as one later remarked. Molina and Velhagen, were especially conspicuous in their twin outfits. Joseph thought there would be a baseball game and so brought along his paraphernalia, which consisted of nothing else than a cap. Cute wouldn't express the way he looked, with the

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