

a green fresh and healthful, yet not over-bright nor glaring. When the fickle wind decides to remain idle, the rich and sumptuous growth of the bamboo can be especially noticed. And when the sun, in all its tropical brightness, plays over the leaves, we can almost see the bamboo growing right under our very eyes,—by inches, as we say.

In a few hours, the sun is overcast, its beams reluctantly disappear, as a threatening mass of clouds billows ominously. All the world seems dreary, dead, as if contaminated by the surliness of the day, all, except—the bamboo. It continues to be lovely, refreshing, gay, and it seems that these notes are augmented, rather than decreased, by the approaching tempest.

Then comes the Storm in all its tropical ferocity, accompanied by its relentless cohorts: Wind and Rain. A simple yet graceful symphony is made by the bamboo in reply to the storm's onslaught. With all its brute strength and savage power, with all of its repeated blasts against the yielding, submissive bamboo, the storm emerges—vanquished. For the bamboo, with all its seeming frailty and weakness, bows, yes, but struggles up again before the storm's fury.

Passes the tempest. The morning dawns bright, sunny. The sun, in its resplendent glory, lets sunbeams play merrily on the bamboo. And lo! What a transformation! It is bathed in colors of crimson and gold, its leaves and branches are gilded with a magnificent splendor worthy of kings.

And then the evening! The moon is gamboling gleefully among the clouds. One moment the night is blackness itself: we see the barest outline of the bamboo, like a dark and

faithful sentinel, beautiful in its immobility and uprightness; the next instant, the world is covered with a silvery radiance: the bamboo is bathed in a sheen of brightness—a brightness that is nevertheless soft and caressing. It is silhouetted for an instant—a precious, unforgettable instant—in all its sheer grace and loveliness, then—it is gone.

Rare, indeed, is the tree that possesses both beauty and utility developed to such a remarkable degree; yet, the bamboo can, in all justice and sincerity, be said to possess both. "The grateful shade," to quote from Gray, aptly describes the welcome shelter found beneath the bamboo's cool and protecting branches, a shelter for man, bird, and beast. But the bamboo is not only used as a means of refuge from the intense tropical sun. The succulent young shoots are pickled and mixed with native dishes, adding a delicious taste to their already exquisite flavor. In the provinces, and to a lesser degree, in the cities, the great majority of the houses are built almost entirely of bamboo: the posts are bamboo stems; the floors are of split bamboo; the ceilings and walls are made of "sawali", a native term for split bamboo woven into mats. The beds, chairs, tables, in fact, all articles of furniture, are made of the same material—bamboo; the fences and ladders, bridges and water pipes, boxes and baskets, owe their origin to the same source.

That the bamboo is of primary importance in the Islands is readily seen. And this importance comes, not only because it enhances and gives a finishing touch to the beauty of these already lovely and fair Isles, but also because it is absolutely necessary and indispensable to the great majority of the people in these Islands.

My Tale

GREEN AND WHITE SUBSCRIBERS.

Here, There, Everywhere.

Dear Subscribers:

Though Christmas is still below the horizon, I yet shout to all of ye, "Hola! Greetings!"

Perhaps you wonder why I, the Joke Editor, have been asked to contribute a literary gem to this October issue. Suffice it to say, that Merit will always be rewarded, and that a fat man can never be put down, (he'll bounce up again).

Well, anyhow, the Editor-in-Chief has so pestered and badgered me for the last year (all this started in August, 1928), that, despite my better judgment, and sound common sense (tsk, tsk), I have consented to set down for the public consumption and recreation, a brief account of

"HOW I BECAME JOKE EDITOR AND
HOW IT FEELS"

containing among other juicy and interesting topics, a personal and authentic description of, not only the Author of this erudite Essay, but also of Carolus Magnus Kahnus.

At the outset, let me quote a gentleman, who was said to be very learned, and is quite an authority on English literature. I take the liberty of quoting him, because it seems to be the fashion now-a-days, to quote mostly everybody, whenever opportunity so allows, and for no reason whatsoever. So Ladies, Gentlemen, and others, a few seconds of silence, (I was going to ask for some minutes of silence, but I do not wish to excite hysterics among the fairer (hrmpf) and weaker sex, I also believe in Santa Claus, by so doing) while I quote that fine English gentleman, William Shakespeare. His contribution to Literature which I desire to impress on you, gentle readers, is the following: "Laugh and the World laughs with you."

Before I expectorate on the life and trials of a Joke Editor, I believe it would be fairer to the by-now-suffering Public, if I were to explain how this Essay came about, together with a description of myself as others see me, so that, visioning me, the Public may feel more kindly disposed toward me.

I have often heard it said that the meaty part of an essay usually lies at the start, hence I will begin with a word-sketch of myself. (You will see where the meat comes in!).

Let me start by stating most emphatically that, though I may be a lubberly youth, I most certainly am not a callow one. I have attained my nineteenth summer; my height is about an inch or two from six feet; my girth is nearly the same; my weight lies in the neighborhood of 300 pounds; my fair hair usually

lies in a disheveled condition around a massive brow; my eyes are tender and expressive (so she said in an irresponsible moment); my nose is the antithesis of aquiline, and unique in the history of Anthropology (I was told this over the phone. Cautious fella); my mouth is generous (very much so), in fact it could be called large, (and no wonder, from the training it has undergone); my chins I cannot describe. They are too mobile.

Departing from these personal characteristics, which are one of the many reasons why the Rev. Moderator thought me especially adapted for the position I now hold, I wish to acquaint you with my general qualities, before proceeding to the matter at hand.

My table manners are excellent and irreproachable. As a matter of fact, sometime ago, at a party, the host complimented me on the manner in which I assimilated all and sundry viands, which were unlucky enough to pass my way (in matters of this kind, my motto is, "They shall not pass," and added, "How I wish the others were more like you in their table etiquette. You leave the plates so *clean!* Of course, I thanked him and, told him that I had natural aptitude that way, and I certainly wonder why the rest of the guests laughed.

But I weary you, faithful Public, with unnecessary chatter about myself (though volumes could be written about me, I am such a broad subject), so permit me to change the subject (although it is so agreeable to talk about one's self, particularly when there is no danger of being shut up forcibly by indignant and satiated readers). I would fain inform you on how I came to be Joke Editor, and how it feels to be one, and how I came to write this so-called puny essay at an Essay. (pardon the pun, but when I feel funny I also feel punny. Isn't it funny to be punny? A pun is such fun!).

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, give me your undivided attention, for should you miss a single sentence, you will be left in the dark, where Moses was when the light went out, (I suppose most of you are in that lamentable state, at least as far as this Essay is concerned), and I am like Shakespeare in this, that, "I do

not repeat." The only thing in which I and Shakespeare differ, is a small one. He is dead.

It was in the summer of 1928 that the new Moderator of the GREEN AND WHITE, Rev. Brother Felix, noticed a roly-poly, rotund, rosy-cheeked youngster, then a member of the Fourth Year High School. (There is nothing queer in his noticing me, for most of my classmates were svelte, and my volume would make me conspicuous anywhere). At the time I had not yet attained my high and important post, though I used to submit jokes to the then Joke Editor. (He wasn't such a good Joke Editor.—A great majority of my jokes, usually a 100% majority, would appear in the wastebasket).

But I gallantly persevered at my self-appointed and thankless task, namely to make the world laugh, and after a hard struggle, I at last succeeded in having my merits known, and attaining the coveted post.

But I have gone ahead of my story. It was true that I had not become Joke Editor, but as a first step in that direction, I had managed to so impress myself on my classmates, that that very year (1928), I was elected Business Manager of the GREEN AND WHITE. (It has always been the consensus of opinion among persons of little business experience that, stout and able-bodied persons make good executives.—A good deal can be said both for and against this.—No reflections whatsoever on President Hoover)

At any rate, I had been elected Business Manager, and I resolved to give my all (of which there is plenty), for the GREEN AND WHITE. Luckily for the GREEN AND WHITE and for me, in the person of the new Moderator, Rev. Brother Felix, we had a pillar of strength. The GREEN AND WHITE has always been exceptionally favored by having able and hard-working Brothers, for Moderators.

Thanks to the able management of said Moderator, and the fine cooperation he received from the whole staff, the year 1928-29 was a banner year. (I don't want to flatter anybody, but were due credit for the success given where it belongs, it would go to somebody with whom I am very intimate).

Then came the successful year (for me). At the election of the GREEN AND WHITE staff, for the year 1929-30, I was re-elected Business Manager, to my surprise, and to everybody else's surprise, at least so they said. (This sounded fishy to me, for if they voted for me, they couldn't have been surprised and if they hadn't voted for me, then *who did?*).

As I was saying, my re-election was a great surprise, and I asked to be allowed to decline the position, since I had not displayed much executive ability the preceding year. But the Electorate insisted, and (unlike Caesar), I did not indulge in any false modesty, but forthrightly accepted.

Having the approval of the people, and more important still, that of Rev. Brother Felix, who continued to be our Moderator, I began to lay dark plans, that would terminate in making me that laughable and funny cog in the reportorial machine—the Joke Editor.

Choosing a day when the Moderator was in good humor (no rare occasion indeed), I approached him, and carelessly suggested that the position of Joke Editor be created. (Up to this time, the post of Joke Editor had been unofficial). The Moderator chewed on the idea, and found it to his liking, doubtless because it was so tastefully and temptingly presented. (I don't remember what was this fateful day, but I am categorically certain, *it was not a Friday!*).

Three days after that so *careless* suggestion, Brother Felix broached the subject to me. He said that he liked the idea of having somebody held accountable for the jokes; somebody with not only a sense of responsibility, but primarily a sense of humor. Upon hearing these remarks, I could scarcely refrain from shouting. "Your troubles are over, Brother. Lafayette, I am here. Rivet your glowing orbs in my direction, and apprise me immediately as to whether or not such qualities are embodied in me. Am I not the very prototype of Humor?" (You have to see me to realize the veracity of this last statement).

But, No! My iron self-control came to my rescue and asserted itself (as it usually does in moments of great emotional stress). and I kept

a poker face, while I insidiously offered to save the Rev. Moderator the trouble of looking further for a Joke Editor, by offering myself for the post (and its attendant miseries. Yes, strange as it may seem, a Joke Editor's life hath overmuch of the canine in it).

Needless to state, the Rev. Moderator fell hard for me, er-er-by this I mean, that he appointed me Joke Editor. (If you put the wrong construction on the previous sentence, all I can say is, "You should be ashamed." I don't deny that my face is not hard to look at, especially on dark nights, but I do resent any malicious implications that might tend to besmirch my sterling reputation. My life has been blameless, up to the present writing, and I intend keeping my escutcheon clean for ever and aye. So there!).

At last my goal of eons ago had been reached. No more need for sinister machination, ballot frauds, bribery, chicanery, blackmail, etc. (What a convenient little word to end with!). I had reached the pinnacle of SUCCESS! At last, I had been placed in a position which fitted me like a glove (preferably a rubber one, so it could give in. I like clothes that are give-inny. Don't you?) This time, I would throw them in the wastebasket, where so many of my former contributions landed; and I would edit them.

But, alas! for the golden dreams of optimistic youth! I found that I was not to have such a free hand in my department. All jokes had to be collected by myself, *alone*, unless some kind-hearted and humor-inclined student gratuitously donated some witty gems. (Some students have actually done so, but unfortunately, most of the jokes submitted were jokes, all right! Alack and alas! that I should live to see the day in which good jokes are as scarce as hairs on a billiard ball! Even the old standby, the Ford, has ceased to be a joke).

Furthermore, any jokes which were approved by me had to pass the critically appraising eyes of both the Rev. Moderator and the Editor-in-Chief, and this resulted in most of *my* jokes being censored. (Now, don't get the notion that they were improper. They just

weren't funny enough to suit the aesthetic taste of the self-appointed Board of Censorship).

This put me in a quandary. The Rev. Moderator had a higher and harder-to-satisfy sense of the ludicrous, while the Editor-in-Chief was quite completely lacking in the last. (He occasionally has flashes of wit, but only occasionally).

What could I do? What tickled the Rev. Moderator, ruffled the Editor-in-Chief and vice versa; and the net result would be that the Joke Section would look like this paper did, before it was written on.

Necessity is the Mother of Invention, says Blieveit R. Nut, famous professor, now teaching in a Long Island asylum.

Whether 'tis so, or not, something queer and extraordinary took place. I got an honest-to-goodness, bona fide idea. All by myself! Bah Jove, positively ripping, (as the Englishman ejaculated when his pants caught on a nail).

This was that epoch-making idea (child of the fertile conglomeration of adipose tissue, which I so pridefully, and perhaps mistakenly, call my brain), Why not effect a compromise? The Rev. Moderator could put in several jokes of which he approved; the Chief Editor ditto, and I would put in some that appealed to my "debased moral instinct" (I am quoting the Editor-in-Chief's exact words).

So, gentle readers, if any of you has had will-power enough, and particularly appreciation enough, to have read this far, now you understand why, when glancing, nay, rather when reading interestedly the Humor Section, you have run across jokes that make you think (if you are capable of such unheard-of exertion), others that are insipid, and still others that titillate your funny bone, and enable you to view this mundane habitation, thru prisma-colored optic-aids.

Yours, until it snows in Manila,

I am, mirthfully yours,

The Joke (r) Editor.