

ANYTHING

• You Say •

Dear Mr. Editor:

To exploit music, perhaps, dismantle it, is quite out of bounds. But I suppose this concerns all of us, proper or not, since we all love music.

We're copycats, and miserably poor ones too. I have no objections to imitating stateside standards. But heck! do we have to copy the theme from a foreign songwriter's brainchild then slaughter whatever beauty there was in it?

I wouldn't be surprised if some of these days, you'll hear "all the things you are" in rhumba beat, or "dream of olwen" in the congo jive, and you'll know what that means . . . musically, we're sunk!!!

Rex Ma. Grupo
Liberal Arts

There are good ones, too — or have you heard them all? — ED

Dear Mr. Editor:

I believe that 99% of Journalism is service. But where does the remaining 1% go? Besides, service needs inspiration to be efficiently rendered. And where else is the nearest way to a man's heart except through his stomach?

It's a pity staff members are sweating it out but just can't reinforce themselves without mother's purse.

Adelino B. Sitoy
Pre-Law

The remaining one per cent is inspiration.—ED

Mr. Editor:

What is the regular requirement of the number of students in a section?

In some of our classes, particularly Religion I in the projection room, we are seating on the last top seats. We can hardly hear what the teacher is talking about. Shall we remain in this state until the end of the semester?

Ramon Pernia
Pre-Law I

Mr. Jose Arias, Registrar:

Different subjects have different requirements as to the number of students in a section. In the lecture classes, the accommodations and acoustics limit the capacity of the room.

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BOOK REVIEW

FAIGAO'S

69 Minutes of America

To the reader who wants to feel the magic and the thousand-and-one thrills of travel by slouching in an easy-chair on some quiet rainy afternoon, the answer is found in Atty. Cornelio Faigao's **69 Minutes of America**. It is a delightful little book of colorful essays based on his experiences . . . amusing, pathetic, and otherwise . . . during his ninety-day tour of the United States as a Smith-Mundt travel grantee. Clothed in humor, pathos, and an appealing artistry of words, the essays are the author's reactions to the American environment. "Most of them," as he states in the preface, "burgeoned out of intermingled joy, triumph and despair. In them I have tried to capture the surprise, the thrill, the wonder and the excitement of a new experience."

This modest little volume is an invitation to a modern fairy-tale of adventure in "the land flowing with milk and money" that is America.

If it is clarity the reader is looking for he will find it in this book. Written in clipped, clear-cut, flowing sentences, his work is a refreshing departure from the somewhat stuffy and overdressed style of other writers. Every word in it is alive with color and emotion.

If the reader wants humor, Faigao is the answer. This literary brainchild of his glows with a wholesome subtle humor not so often found in Filipino writings.

And if the reader wants variety, Faigao's book is again the answer. To all that he (the reader) may have read or heard about America and Americans, Faigao adds something of his own personality which makes the mottled sights and sounds he writes of "vibrate in the memory" long after the reader puts the book aside.

As a tale of adventure laid amidst twentieth-century settings, **69 Minutes of America** makes interesting reading and is a welcome addition to any library.—L. A.