

THE INTIMIDATING rain, the threatening flashes of lightning, and the bullying, frightful crashes of thunder failed to dampen the high spirits of the Home Economics ladies who were determined to make a real go of their Barrio Fiesta in the USC campus. The preparations went on as planned and it was fittingly celebrated as scheduled in spite of the fury of the elements.

Special Feature

high-light of the evening was the coronation of the Home Economics Queen. Miss Lilia Tobes was fittingly proclaimed and crowned by Mrs. Caroline Gonzalez, head of the H. E. Department. Miss Caroline Orbe was the charming King Consort in barong

success is COOPERATION in capital letters. In this affair, the H. E. women, being human, may have soared high with the flying carpets of their imaginations. They may day-dream sometimes, but they never lose their pretty heads that way. As easily as they give vent to the flights of fancy, they can readily return to reality and serious thinking. And when they

BARRIO FIESTA IN THE CAMPUS

To the Strains of the Native "Balitaw"...

Early Sunday morning of the 24th of August, the USC quadrangle was subjected to a face-lifting from feminine hands. Palm trees, sugar canes, banana plants and other evergreen trees abounding in native landscapes, found their way into the university campus.

Old Sol winked bashfully awhile but suddenly hid its rotund face behind gray, menacing clouds. Taking this as a cue for inclement weather in the offing, the plucky ladies decided to move from the quadrangle and installed all the barrio odds, ends and paraphernalia inside the main lobby of the Collegiate building. Several hours later, the lobby was transformed as if by magic. Overhead dangled a canopy of multi-colored tiny paper flags and bunting, with miniature lanterns swaying gaily to the strains of enchanting *balitaw* and *kundiman* tunes and to the slow lazy beat of native waltzes. The tiny lanterns hang from artificial vines bridging arboreal branches and hugging walls and huge pillars, finally converging towards the throne as the focal point. Yes, there had to be a throne, for a Barrio Fiesta is never complete without a reigning beauty for the occasion.

The coziness within, and the warmth of everybody's smiles were in contrast to the humid atmosphere without. Proof of ladies practical decisions was shown when they cheated the weather for the second time that day. Anticipating a down-pour, they had brought their costumes earlier that morning.

After putting up all the decorations and the setting made ready, feminine voices and vari-colored costumes were very much in evidence worn by the fiesta celebrants and filling up all lobby space in a shorter time than expected. There were no traces of the outside down-pour on their faces. The ladies were as fresh and crisp as newly gathered cabbages. It was simply inspiring, how our native attire could be so charming. There never was a more beautifully-attired group representative of our native costumes of the past decades than what my eyes feasted on at the moment! To top them: native caps, salacots, bandannas and bonnets.

The cameras, strangers to the whole set-up, took their time clicking in attempts to record the activities of the memorable event. But the

do, they can ve good and uncannily practical at it.

The barrio setting done in the limited lobby space, depicted the pleasant gaieties of a barrio symbolizing the peace, contentment and simple joys our forefathers must have enjoyed in their time. The ladies tried to relive the innocent glory of yesteryears, and brought back to life, the memories of simple barrio folks. These consist of our native heritage about which our own people regret to be continually receding into the background because crowded in by the various self-imposing novel practices and modern attitudes about life and things. The traditional costumes and attires of our ancestors: the *patadiong*, *tapis*, *kimano*, *balintawak*, *barong tagalog*, etc., were in evidence during the celebration as if conjured by magic and made more striking when danced to the haunting strains of native folk-songs, and the swaying movements of traditional folk-dances. There is no doubt that the symbolism aimed to be effected was well-attained: the feeling of nationalism for everything native and our own which will never cease to run as under-currents in our hearts and in our souls.

A huge crowd, all members of the H. E. Barrio Queendom, lined below

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Her Majesty's throne. Each of her subjects were bearing vari-colored lights exuding more color to the coronation. For the Barrio Queen, no worthier crown could be fitting than pink African daisies which nestled snugly her regal head. (It was whimsically whispered that the rare daisies which were used as the Queen's crown were gifts from a gallant African Sultan...)

There is no question that what was responsible for the celebration's



The H. E. Coeds at the height of their Fiesta.