

AS IF YOU DIDN'T Know

By The Gold Ore Speculator



THAT in the maiden issue of the "Gold Ore" we prophesied that the College has a 'clearly upward trend'. From the very looks of our College now, it seems as though our prognostication has come to a rather sudden near-fulfillment. With more gusto, we reiterate what we said and verily at that. And soon perhaps, everybody will be saying a "university..." oh well, that's one step ahead again, isn't it?

...that U.M's Pres. M. V. de los Santos believes that the Baguio Colleges can look forward to a bright tomorrow; that, in fact, if he had to start all over again, he would have a college that would be "not too much, not too small either...just enough students" and be sure to know the first name of every faculty member. Sounds like our College is just that, don't you think so?

...that our President is the tallest Filipino college president in the whole Philippines. And we don't mean he's tall for spinning yarns and cracking jokes... And that he is president of the highest institution of learning in the land. True. We are some 5,000 feet above sea level.

...that our one and only Angel G. Baking is back with the faculty again after that much-felt absence of two quarters. He now handles physics. We hope that many more students will experience the

"Baking touch" as only Angel G. Baking can give.

...that from its once shady and bawdy reputation, the "Rosebowl", newly-acquired extension of the Baguio Colleges, has now assumed the role of a gathering place of Baguio intellectuals. With our weekly convocations and the Baguio Prcss Club's agenda of activities, the "Rosebowl" will be very busy for the coming months...

...that there is so much more gripe and kicking tongues on the "high fee" charged and the "tardiness" of the "Gold Ore" publication, than on the articles and literary contributions rucfully trickling in from the same crowd of inveterate kickers. Why don't we just buckle down to hard, good effort and less talk? That way we'll have an up-to-date monthly publication as sure as the sun rises in the East...

...that after all that pre-election hurly-burly, the student council can really buckle down to earnest and dogged work. The words have been spoken. Now we want action. We hope that that was the calm before the storm. There's a lot of hard work and things to be attended to requiring immediate action, you know...or don't you?

...that a lot of students, college students at that, do not seem to be able to read and understand the words "silence" and "no smoking" in the library. Silence has been undoubtedly "silenced"; no smoking has practically been "smoked" out. And sometimes too we believe it has turned into a "love-rary". We can name names although it includes some of the "Gold Ore" staff. But it's more a job of the Student Council, don't

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you think so?

...that during class intervals traffic is virtually at a stand-still. The corridors are filled with a hodge-podge of coming and outgoing students, "slick-chicks" and the like. Everyone sticks to the "to each his own" doctrine. For us, our law-making body should step in and lay down our much-needed school rules and regulations. That's only our opinion, though.

...that there is some 1200 square feet

of floor space presently lying idle which can be utilized as a basketball court or something. We mean the roof garden atop the "Rosebowl"—spacious enough, if you ask us, with room for on-lookers, too. The sides could be screened with chicken wire meshing...Again, this is only a suggestion....

...that once upon a time we had a ping-pong table and a piano. Now that we have enough space for even two tables and two pianos, nobody seems to initiate, shall we say, their "reincarnation"...we were just thinking if...

But then...as if you didn't know.



V For Victory?

OUR DIVISION had retreated from Pangasinan, thru Tarlac, Pampanga, to Bataan. All along the way we had passed countless numbers of civilians, who, notwithstanding the fact that we were retreating from the Japanese, always gave us the sign of the first two fingers spread apart to form the letter V. On such occasions we always gave them back the same sign, accepting, as a matter of fact, that they meant Victory.

Pretty soon they began cutting down on the rations. Then they cut down on the meals. One afternoon we were eating by the banks of a river 3 kilometers east of the municipality of Pilar. The fare consisted of boiled beans, rice and salmon. "Now, I know what those civilians wanted to tell us everytime they gave us that V—sign," said Jose, one of my companions.

"What?" I said, puzzled.

"Two meals!"

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The GOLD ORE welcomes your contributions for our forthcoming issues. Send us that poem inspired by the girl—(or boy) friend, that anecdote seen from life, that long-dreamed of story at last put on paper. Deadline: 13 September.

This is your paper. We only trim it up for you.

THE STAFF