

Author's Note:—Along with February, come the first signs of spring. And along with spring, come spring fever. Judging from what is written here, that spring fever bug must have really bitten Uncle Oscar. So if what you read doesn't make sense, don't blame me. P.S. Any similarity between characters or places is purely coincidental.

stood proud Uncle Oscar grinning from ear to ear. The Robutler then shook my hand and what a grip! He was over six feet tall and smoking one of Uncle's cigars. To me this was an epic day in the history of our industrial development.

I noticed that a metallic object stuck to the Robutler. Magnetic

his oily feet. The Robutler helped himself to a piece of pie and wiped his greasy hands on her good clean kitchen towel. Aunt Loling remarked that the "thing" acted just like Uncle.

The Robutler had no name so we decided to call him Robert after Aunt Loling's brother. Soon Robert became well known in our town. It

SPRING

Short Story

Fever

IT WAS after the Philippine Government had rejected Uncle Oscar's Upside-down Lighthouse for submarines that he seriously got to work on his next big enterprise. They say that genius is on the borderline of insanity so I always felt that Uncle Oscar was on the borderline of genius.

My curiosity was aroused when I saw Uncle come home with all kinds of junk such as an old water boiler, automobile fenders and all sorts of metal objects. I would hear him hammering away down in the cellar. So one evening I went down there.

"Airwick," he said to me, "I'm working on an idea that will revolutionize the domestic life of all people."

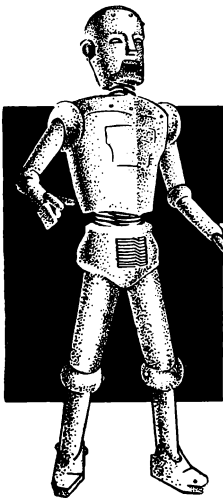
"That looks like a robot you are designing," I said casually.

"This is gonna be what I call the Robutler. Think of that! Soon every home will have a butler! No longer will you have to be rich to afford a Jeeves. Now people will have more time to drink tuba."

"But scientists have already created robots. What makes yours so different?" I asked.

"My Robutler will be more human. See all these electric gadgets? They will even give my Robutler emotions! I'm gonna make this machine a male, because males are stronger. He will be almost, I might even add, exactly like a man! Think of all the possibilities! They can be used by the armed forces, basketball coaches and even old maids!"

It was a few weeks later when Uncle Oscar asked me to come down to his workshop. Bursting into Uncle's workshop I heard a strange voice exclaim, "Hello Airwick! Can you lend me five bucks until next week?" I was amazed to see and hear the Robutler talking! There



By William Bowler

College of Liberal Arts

personality," Uncle explained.

Uncle went on, "I use castor oil on him. It makes him run better," and I could see the sly smile on Uncle's face. "He loves to eat nuts... with the bolts. He doesn't snore when he sleeps but he squeaks. I'll get the 'bugs' out of him. Then let's show him to Aunt Loling."

The three of us went upstairs where Aunt Loling was baking a pie. She knew about this Robutler but showed little interest. She wasn't scared nor surprised. The first thing she did was to tell the robot to wipe

was always a laugh when he walked into the Men's room at the corner tavern. Robert loved beer. Incidentally, Robert could eat food but his main energy was electronically created. He didn't need vitamin A, B or C but he did need batteries A, B and C.

Meanwhile Uncle Oscar was getting all the 'bugs' out of his Robert. He also got a few real bugs out of him which made Uncle proud because it only showed how nearby human Robert could be.

Robert was quite intelligent. He even learned to bet on horses and shoot dice. Uncle had to give him spending money. A friend of Uncle's a Mr. Herkimer B. Fuddle, ask Uncle if he could borrow Robert for his daughter's wedding re-

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Compucripts

by

MARIA DELIA SAGUIN

At last all the hullabaloo is over... after those three full days of merry frolicking, going back to our books and messed-up notes seems awfully strange... everyone is simply tired and hesitant in resuming his studies... but why feel utterly gloomy about it? For all we know our Summer Vacation is almost here!!

The Parade which initiated the formal opening of our USC Vanity Fair was truly spectacular... it was rather an arrogant display of artistic and symbolic floats by the different departments of this University. These floats were a true portrayal of the ingenuity and cooperation of the students who made them. Because all the floats were beautiful, it must have been hard for the judges to choose the best... Aw! let's talk no more of these rollin' structures, huh? Let's rather concentrate on the "big-crats" perched on them... they're more important, aren't they?

The Lib' Arts float, as you will read somewhere in this issue, was chosen the most Symbolic float. It featured Communism as a menace to this world and to the Philippines in particular. There was a make-believe iron curtain and behind it was a bunch of Liberal Arts studs who represented the different peoples of this universe... there was BILL BOWLER who even while the float was already moving was still busy scanning for a stand-in... poor Bill, but there was no other yankee around... so in the name of America he had to stay blushing up there with a rake in his hands.

A certain on-looker couldn't help but giggle when he saw CRISTINO CANCA clad in a priest's attire... no one could imagine that a mischievous and noisy guy like him will look as reserved and saintly as only a holy priest can be. Cris, you're not only a smart-aleck, but also an actor! This could be some news to Miss LOURDES VARELA.

The beautiful mermaids... ROSITA TY, ADELAI DA VAILOSIS,..... fresh from Neptune's kingdom took their time in adding artistry to the Pharmacy float. These Queen and princesses of the Undersea did look lovely relaxing on their rocks... but poor sirens, how they must have suffered the excruciating heat of the sun!!

Legs!... Legs!... my eye!... Roman legs... classic legs... aristocratic legs... frog's legs?... nope, not that! You should have seen those Roman Warriors on the Engineering — Architecture float exhibiting their classic gams... there was CARLTOS ALVAREZ who in spite of the heat of the sun stood there as valiant as a true Roman Emperor. Beside him stood his beautiful and dignified lady, JUDITH GARCIA... that was a lyre she was bringing, I suppose. SUSING de la SERNIA seemed willing enough to cut one of his auricles just to have someone take his place up there... to sketch a model is easier than to do the modelling yourself, no JESS? Roman manhood at its best (and I do mean at it's best) was well represented by ARTURO LARAZABAL... sigh... what an Adonis this guy is!

The Education float was chosen as the most artistic float. What could be more artistic than giving us a picture of the Garden of Eden itself?... ah! nature at its best!... Never had an idea that lots of teachers-to-be could look pretty angelic too. CITA SALAZAR... who looked rather cross because she had to hold a golden trumpet steady until the parade was over. EDITH BELARMINO... who looked as if about ready to fly up there... she

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ception. Uncle at once obliged because here would be a chance to really test the Robutler's effectiveness. If Robert made good, Uncle would certainly get his patent claims. We were invited to the reception and so we started training Robert in his chores.

Miss Fuddle was a beautiful bride. Even Robert kissed her, which isn't quite the thing for a butler to do. But we were all amused. However, little did we suspect that Robert was sneaking drinks at the reception. He was syphoning ethyl gasoline from one of the guest's cars. I was the first to notice his wobbliness.

I was horror-stricken with the thought that Robert was getting tight. Instead of going hic he went cick. He spilt a tray of cocktails on some ladies, then started chasing one young blonde girl. Robert was completely berserk. He started to eat the wedding presents, including some expensive silverware.

Uncle remained cool throughout it all and sneaked up behind Robert to turn him off. Robert fell to the floor with a sickening crash. Meanwhile the panic-stricken guests had fled. One had phoned the police and soon we could hear the siren approaching the Fuddle residence. Of course, they had to arrest Robert. We all went to the station house and Uncle turned Robert on again. His first words were "Where am I?"

Robert had quickly recovered from the ethyl gasoline but it was too late. Mr. Fuddle was very angry at Uncle and wouldn't help put up any bail. Uncle and I had no money so poor Robert had to go to jail.

It might be interesting to note, that while Robert was rusting away in jail, Uncle was once again busy down in his workshop. Once more I saw him bring home metal junk and once more I heard him clanging away into the small hours of the night. I thought this had cured Uncle but I was wrong.

I finally went downstairs to his cellar worship and there I saw him making another robot. I asked him if he didn't create enough havoc. Uncle looked up and merely smiled. "I'm making an even smarter robot, Airwick, to be Robert's lawyer and get him out of jail."