

ON DA

LEVEL



with

This being the last issue of the "C" for the current school year, we can lidget only so much and hope that our gentle readers would be (dangblasted!) kind enough to understand us if we get dragged into tantrums and wind up sniveling over sobbing shenanigans.

But don't get us all gnarled up. If anything, we still have a few kicks left in our systems so that if anyone ever gets booted in the course of this spiel, the assault should please be treated purely as a friendly gesture. Just that!

A number of lucky droops are graduating this year after nervous and hectic days of faithfully marching into sporadic pre-graduation and post-graduation huddles between parents of these mental slowpokes and their professors or their deans. With their graduation assured, these jerks roar into borrowing skrimishes with more or less benevolent and gullible classmates. They borrow almost anything—your coat, tie, socks, and your shirt. Even your last bottle of foul-smelling pomade. And they don't return what they borrow!

Us? We would 'uv gone up that stage too, if that !! OO ?? prof didn't get untimely wise!

Parents, apart from forking over their hard-earned moala, must also suffer from the unpleasant task of writing notes of forgiveness for their son's or daughter's idiocy and all that! It's really too bad if the Dean concerned doesn't budge an inch. The darling pampered dottie or sonnie flunks!

Vacation days! They play a thousand heavenly symphonies in the ears of truants, loafers, small-time ruffians, idlers, bums, smart alecs and fugitives from Roman Law...

During the USC Day parade, two carloads of staffers were the objects of many a cop's ire. Even Doc Solon himself was pretty mad. These impetuous newshawks and newshens, goaded by flash-happy Pentons, tore down upon the streets to the mirth of Delia and Lilia who were with the staff. And Pentong who, to

all appearances was dead serious, climbed posts a la Cheetah to get the right angles but didn't shoot one good pix. "Unprintable!" boomed the Moderator. Banner gossip: Somebody sweated romantic during the parade. Tee hee.

"To be or not to be," was only a question until some mercenary yokel got butterflies in his breadbasket and priced the query at sixty-four dollars. So, the \$64

PAGING THE CPC JESTERS

This should make Ripley perk up. The members of the Cebu Press Club, in an over-publicized stunt, committed themselves to offer prizes to the winners of the editorial contest which they sponsored during the local observance of the National Press Week.

Up to this writing the winners of the tilt have not received their prizes. It must have been a fat, rased joke, so it is being bratted about.

The winners, however, are still hoping that the contest would not turn out to be the year's biggest hoax.

question is: "Who was that mummy lumbering up and down the streets during the parade?"

That bandaged, plastered, castigated Roman Arch, mummy touched off a wave of snickers from the crowd. Why, sez an newshound, it even stole the whole show! Ask Lil Tobes and Delia Saguin of Campuscrots lame if the mummy did not throw the staffers into an amusing guessing game. One upped and asked: Suppose the bandages will... aw, skip it.

Here's a sizzling tip: Ting Jamiro has a fancy way of sticking cigarettes into his mouth. Ginglyerly, he lays the roll on his

left palm, tugs at his left pulse with the other limb and eureka! The derved smokeslick lies into the air and is snatched by his mouse... er, that is, his mouth. The rub is in the training. We are trying it and it ain't funny!

Some people point accusing (if not sore) fingers at this writer for having ah, POLITICAL ambitions! My word, ain't it all too flattering? Just because I lampooned the mail clerk, must I be flattered?

Look at me... a wine-guzzling low-brow, running for a battered seat in Congress! If you haven't played hooky in your Political Science palavers, you'll remember Congress as the house where bills are made and paid for by the people. Surely, I'd like to heaven to be a pot-bellied, lynx-eyed Diputado. Imagine, bay, I'll take hearty swigs of beer, nibble on "hot" potatoes, swipe firecrackers, expedite immigration papers, crown barrio pulchritudes who will come handy as queridas, and go on a globe-trotting rampage. It's all bravado with a modicum of li-lubsters and a good grip on chicanery, see?

Just why there isn't a Supreme Student's Council in USC is beyond us. We see no reason why there is no such council where students can learn the intricacies of government. Besides, we have in these hyar parts a chock-full of political loud-mouths and clowns who will make Congress a poor second liddle in bullooney!

Through the effort of far-thinking pen-gridders, The College Editors' Guild of this Southern dust-phall jungle was organized (Continued on page 28)

ON DA LEVEL . .

(Continued from page 8)

in a conference held at a local university. We have high hopes for this association because we believe that the CEGS means turkey in local college journalism. In fact, the different editors that compose the CEGS have come up with the maiden issue of their official organ, THE COLLEGE TEMPER. It is published once in every two months. For the record, it may be said that the CEGS out-CEGED the CEG of the Philippines. Please repeat the line and please examine your tongues.

At press time, the Catholic populace is still boiling over the revelation in the Sentinel, purporting to show that three top Education officials are hatching on a macabre plan of eliminating Religious Instruction. Tch, tch. . . If the charges be found to hold water, we respectfully suggest that these officials be awarded charity tickets to Moscow with our sincerest compliments!

Students are showing healthy signs of interest for newspapers. They are showing. Period. Just inch over to a serious-minded newspaper hog and you'll find him in inter-stellar hazards with Buck Rogers or Exmark. He doesn't give a dee about news items, you know. And what's more, if you just wait long enough, he'll tap you on your shoulder and borrow your pen. Don't frown. Just give with the pen so he will not purloin the crossword puzzle section. The writer knows whereof he speaks.

Many a recurrent theme of gripes from certain quarters is the alleged domination of law students on the pages of the Carolinian. The E-in-C himself was a law student, now turned Liberal for reasons unknown even to the missus. Ssssh!! Bulldozing for four grueling years of student-lawyering, he was just about to get the sheepskin when he found out that he wanted to be a loyal Liberal first. Wonder what took him so doggone long. In the present set-up of the "C", most of the pen-sloshers are Law students to boot.

(Continued on page 39)

NOCTURNE . .

(Continued from page 18)

There you were, with the voice I longed to hear all day. You smiled your forgiveness and the world was forgotten. Did I really hurt you that afternoon? There was fire in your eyes, that too ended suddenly. Your husky and soft voice always makes my heart go thumping and alfluter. . .

How many times had we been together after that? Or had you already picked me out. I was madly in love with you. You must have sensed it. Sometimes you were for from me. Sometimes so near and so enticing. Nights I slept listlessly. Wanting the morrow to come. The day's end seemed so long. Walking with you. Talking with you.

Yes, I had told you about my girl friends when you asked. Of Gloria, the daughter of the richest man in town and why I couldn't dare say to her how I felt. There was that unseen barrier that separated us with a finality. Gloria and their kind took it for granted that their life was the only kind. They don't know and care to know how the others lived. If ever that should come to me, it should come with a meaning. There has to be a reason for it. . .

How the days and weeks flew by. Nine to five weekdays. Eight to two Saturdays. I kept my nose to the daily grind for I wanted to learn more. Saturday afternoons. Sundays. Again with you. The surcease to the pace I have been setting for myself. Times when you begged leave not to be with me. Insane jealousy reared its head within me for no reason at all. You had headaches or you've got to be with your mother to the province. . .

And then December. Cool nights and balmy days. The world awakening to something joyous. The sense of anticipation in the children's eyes, the hustle and activity in everyone. Misa de Gallos. Our first Christmas together. The Office crowd's Christmas eve party. . . and you were mine. . . remember?

You gave me your package. Each one of us had one. We were to exchange gifts together. Just a small one, with all the pretty ribbons. "Merry Christmas Ric." I took the package and opened it. Your eyes were on me. Queening eyes. Slowly I unravelled the lovely ribbons, inside. . . a handwrought!

VACATIONS, AAAHHH! . . .

(Continued from page 31)

like to talk about those days when Andres Bonifacio and Tandang Sora were still in circulation, or they talk about those days when swimming was had in balintawaks. Well. . . well, it's good to be re-viewed on Philippine history. Signs of city life are however shown there. Like for example, pedal-pushers and jeans. These are always in vogue but they are worn by old men while plowing fields and harvesting. With these various mountain sceneries, the international fair booths can start packing and leave for their respective countries. . . *sour grapes*.

However, I will bring along with me treasured copies of *The Carolinian* as souvenir to lessen the longing and yearning for the school and faces of dear Carolinians. It will also bring back memories of the serenading of dormitories, counting posts in the streets, the parties, jam sessions, excursions, picnics, born dances, and miscellaneous activities in school and out of school.

So, friends and classmates, graduates and undergraduates, ends another school year. With a Shakespearean "Parting is such sweet sorrow" attitude I wish you all a very happy vacation. Don't grow too fat, for you might have a difficult time enrolling yourselves. You know what I mean. Just pack up your things and take it on the lam. Good-bye, I hate to see you go butaaaaa. . . have good time!! *Bueno . . . somos diferentes. . . er. . . er. . . Mi cafetal. . . hasta la vista!!*

heart-shaped locket of solid gold. "Open it Ric" you asked me. A cameo likeness of you inside and the inscription. . . From me to Ric, with love. . .

There was love in your eyes, lips half parted. I just took you in my arms. The hunger of you was in that kiss. You didn't resist. You kissed me back. "I love you" that was all that I could say. Soft and warm, you snuggled up to me whispered my name. Pushing me gently from you, holding me at arms length, your eyes shining with me. . . I'll never forget that night.

And now this. You are Evelyn Orozco. Evelyn Maria Lydia Orozco y Aragon. The year's debutant. (Continued on page 39)

THE YOUTHFUL URGE

(Continued from page 34)

with the gentleness of a dawn breeze, and to draw! with a permission *a-la* Patricia Neal. Finally if worse comes to worst, one can only go to the nearest dentist and with the cleanest of brand-new-teeth smile her way on to eternity.

There are those, however, who maintain that age not only can be restrained from passing by a clean, cool bath from the good, old Magic Fountain but also by sustaining the original form and symmetry of limbs and body. Thus the birth of Diet-ing. Those under this school start on a valiant mission of self-starvation and if one really likes to be a hero, one gets a coffin for a medal. Hero-casualties of this invention, however, are becoming less and less with the advent of another science aimed at achieving the same end—the preservation of the “morning glory.” Here many novelities are introduced ranging from coffee, chocolates, multi-vitamins, pills, massage, to early mornings and late evenings.

While it is true that this diet-ethical device for capturing perpetual exuberance really has its merits and possibilities, still there is to account the forever youthful fact that Nature always has her own way of showing no matter what, and considering that nowhere in this world is there a clime wherein everybody isn't crazy about eating, it is no small wonder to note why some would rather be funereally young than gastronomically old.

te, voted most lovely and charming by all society editors. You must have had your fun. Why didn't you tell me Lyd? Why did this have to go on?

I should have known when you give me the address yesterday. And I shouldn't have come. That would have been better. The full impact didn't fall on me until I was at the gate to your mansion.

I stood there, how long? Dizzily I heard you call me. Ric, Ric. You were radiant in all your beauty. You pulled me inside. You said you were waiting for me to be sure. My head hadn't cleared up then. You presented me to your Mother, your circle of friends. They acknowledged the introduction with an

CAMPUSCRATS. . .

(Continued from page 35)

light-footed dancers who pirouetted and twirled around this enchanted garden.

PHIL RUIZ entertained the audience immensely with his singing. He appealed especially to the teen-agers who were simply crazy over his rendition of modern hits.

To introduce something novel and radical some commerce studes decided to transform the stage into a cotton field in ol' Virginia.... they gave us a picture of the niggers breaking the monotony of work by top-dancing. Brother! it was so hard to recognize the real identity of the dancers. You know who those pink-mouthed, colored folks were? Here they are: GEORGE ARCILLA, LOLONG PASCUAL, ELIZA STA. CRUZ (star-dancer) ROSARIO REYES, ANNIE RATCLIFFE, ADELAIDA, LILIA CORCUERA, AURELIA JADULCO, INDALECIA ANDO, and ESTRELLA ZAPANTA.

"Tummy" Echivarre... he thought the parade to be too short. "Gosh!" he said "It took us only a few minutes speeding 'round the City."

A coed and a rogue introduced for the first time Ballet Moderne here in USC. The dance which was entitled: "She is working her way thru College" was danced on toes by ESTERLINA MAN-CAO and EDDY PASCUAL. It was certainly an entertaining repertoire.

Now it is not only going to be a mere so-long but a good-bye to you all. Say how about joining us in saying: Vacation here we come!!... Exams!... pooh! why think about 'em? Pooh! Pooh!

Nocturne

(Continued from page 38)

indulging mien. Did they acknowledge the man? the unknown one? Could this be the latest plaything of Eve? What they had in mind, I don't know and don't care to know.

Now I understood all with the full impact. The nights you pleased headaches. The days you were away. Then that day, a year ago before two days before Christmas. That could not have been anybody else but you coming down the car. You were with your society clique. I rushed up to you, calling you.... Lyd... Lyd... You just stared at me and thru me. In a haughty voice you asked me if I was addressing you. I felt so small.

ON DA LEVEL. . .

(Continued from page 38)

However, through no fault of our own, some students got cold feet. Others didn't give two chips about unveiling their journalistic talents. We assure our readers that we (not I alone) would only be too glad to eat our words (bunk!) if we come back next year and find windfalls of contributions—not sickly doggerels and smelly prose like we have in this column.

Pentong, our flash-happy photographer, harps on the same sour tune ever since the USC Day Parade was over. With the agility of a chimp, he had the temerity of staging an acrobatic one-man show by climbing a concrete post just so that he could give an unusual angle to one of his shots. In so doing, the poor joker crushed his watch against the post, to the sadistic delight of the other staffers. Poor Pentong, tch, tch! Later, he went to the extent of requesting the other staffers to chip in to pay his bill for the repair of his ailing gadget. No dice, no soup, ergo, drop dead!

Before we end this drive, we'd like to know if Flor Bombawa from out there in Pangasinan still scans the pages of The Carolinian.

And to our McKinley-bound boys, we give this parting advice. Remember that Armi is explosive stuff. BASTA...

Again I had mistaken Evelyn Oroco for Lydia Araoz. That was just unbearable, I fled from the scene. I could imagine the fun your friends had. How did you explain that to me the next day? You are a borned actress, your eyes were expressionless and questioning when I related to you what happened. You looked surprised. Is this a game amongst you?

A clock chimed eleven o'clock. Almost midnight and the midnight mass. Church bells merrily ringing. The night was clear and cool. The air was soothing to the tired mind and body of Ric plodding to nowhere. Shoulders down and feel!

(Continued on page 41)