

This QUARTER'S DIARY:

A C T I V I T I E S

Bull Session

Spark-pugged by our ad-libbing Ed-in-Chief, the great and near-great of the Baguio Colleges' writing talent met in an after-class caucus which turned out to be a "bull session". Denuded thus of the formality and uncomfortable stiff-necked poses of more formal parliamentary procedure, the main business of the day was done in record time and in order.

A Board of Management to concern itself chiefly with the business end of the publication of the "Gold Ore" was elected *viva voce* from among the staff members:

Jose S. Florendo—*Chairman*
Nieves Peralta—*Sec.-Treasurer*
Amando Masangcay—*Business Mgr.*
Romeo S. Florendo—*Member*
Orlando Rimando—*Member*

Also, a definite editorial policy was arrived at. (*Readers are enjoined to ferret it out for themselves—Ed.*)

Acting with the appointive power vested him, the Ed then filled up the existing vacancies in the staff by appointing:

Victorina A. Paraan—*Society Editor*
Andres Cosalan—*News Editor*
Bobby San Pedro—*Sports*
Carlos M. Fallarme—*Contributing*
Editor
Felicidad Williamson—*Humor Section*
Ernesto Picart—*Advertising Manager*
Bienvenida Rosal—*Exchange*
Amando Masangcay—*Photographer*

All business done, the staff members broke up after exactly 40 minutes of business talk. They proceeded to

Pres. Salvosa's sprawling bungalow as per his appointment with them.

FRESH COKE, PRES. TALK—Poorer by a few pesos (they sardined themselves into a cab) they were met by the President, youngish-looking in baby-blue pajamas for all his 35 years. Outside, it was cold and raining. Inside, the atmosphere was warm. While N. Peralta, F. Williamson, B. Rosal sipped their coke, the President, R. Paraan and the rest of his "Gold Ore" gang talked talk and pored over "Gold Ore" stuff in-between drinks of some exhilarating light wine.

While cigarette smoke hung in the air, so was comfortable informality. The President, himself an active student leader in his UP days, was a good sport by coming down to the crowd and talked to them on college papers, publications etc... "Give what your readers want. Even if you hate the stuff but you're sure they'll like it, dish it out to them. After all, it's their money which keeps the paper going. That's the secret of a good editorial policy"...

All rolled into one, the night turned out to be a literary soiree, fireside chat and 'stomach progress' buffet style with an obliging Mrs. Salvosa and the high school's Tagalog editor Valentin Mavasinan doing the serving.

When the crowd broke up, altho' they were to be poorer again by a few more pesos (they still had to sardine themselves into another cab) they were richer by so many lessons learned from the President and his publishing experiences.

Moral:—Franklin Roosevelt did not have a monopoly of fireside chats.