

(Continued from front inside cover)

You know what, Alex—

The adviser of the freshman Law classes, Atty. Jesús P. García (pool, sir?), told us that we would-be barristers (shucks!) comprise about one half of the entire population of the College of Law. And, being the adviser, he advised us to have a good, strong, solid class organization . . . well, Alex, we did some sort of classroom politics one rainy, halfstarved evening last July and chose our class officers.

Here they are, meet 'em . . .

Class president is **ESTRATÓNICO AÑANO**. This gent was, if you remember, last semester's Pre-Law class organi-



Estratónico Añano
President

Herbie Enters Fool-itics

• by *VN Lim* •



Esperanza Fiel
Secretary

zation prexy. Diminutive elocutionist, he ought to know his business, eh, Alex.

ESPERANZA FIEL, silent, sweet and pleasant prospective Portia, easily won the secretaryship. She was also last term's Pre-Law organization secretary. Hmm, looks like some wagon's fixed, eh, Alex. Foolitics! Ha ha. Joke.

I must be getting soft, Alex. I should've put this next to the prexy . . . our Veep is **NOLI CORTEL** ("Fights pain!"), a very careful and softly impressive talker. Tall, dark, and needs some (some weight, that is!), he's well-chosen. Er, uh, uhm . . . speaking of poundage — I'm not so hot myself! Ah, skip it.

Of the well-chosen group, perhaps the most well chosen of all is the Sergeant-at-Arms . . . yup, you guessed it: **NAPOLEÓN MABAQUIAO** and his service pistol. We might say Rubén Yap, the other sarge-at arms, is his deputy.

EXPEDITO BUGARIN and his eyeglasses represent us in the Student Council. As if four eyes were more better than two (relax, Expie, that's just a gag!), there's another representative to aid and abet Expedit.

Poor Reporting Oaf, that's me, Alex. Somehow I got into the sheband and got elected, together with shy scholar **VICENTE VARELA, JR.**, to PROfficership.

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trast to the hub-hub ways of a big city is a small section called "Old Mexico," with the gay dances and fiestas, the lovely señoritas in bright regalia, and the countless Mexican trinkets that are for sale in the many booths.

Hollywood, the movie and radio industry of the world, is one of the communities surrounding Los Angeles. Walking down its famous streets, Hollywood and Vine, is an experience in itself. Especially at night, with all the bright neon signs blinking on and off. You pass the many movie houses; the different souvenir stores alongside the big department stores, the penny arcades, and the many vendor stands along the way. On these streets you hear the voices of many happy people, the clanging of the trolleys, and the horns of the buses. Here in Hollywood is a life made captivating and exciting by its mere being.

Hollywood has truly earned the name of the entertainment capital of the world. Such places to back up this statement are the night spots, like Ciro's, The Mocambo, The Miramar; also the Drive-In Restaurants, more frequented by the collegiate set. A famous dancing spot, the Hollywood Palladium, where such bands as Tommy Dorsey, Tex Beneke, Sammy Kaye and others have entertained. Not to be left out are the two largest that are in Hollywood being CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and NBC, the National Broadcasting Company. Last but not least, are the movie lots such as MGM, RKO, Warner, Brothers, Paramounts, and many more lots.

For the music lover, there are two major amphitheatres around Los Angeles. These being, the Hollywood Bowl and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium. In the bowl, during the cool summer nights, are held concerts under the stars. The concerts are being performed by many of the great artists of today, playing the works of the great composers of yesteryears. In the Philharmonic are also held many concerts and, during the off season, are held stage shows.

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ON DA LEVEL

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red like pretending to ask a light from a friend's bag. And chances are that before I can pick my stick of cigarette, the sucker would offer me one of his which may be a Camel or a Chesterfield.

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The CCAA opening cage tournament which turned out in a hoopla at a downtown gym was ably represented by teams and sympathizers of each college participating. What got my goat was neither the major upset of the evening nor the band-less ceremony but the sight of, paradox of paradoxes, two prominent feminine bundles of Carolinian pulchritude rooting for the opposing team as our high school warriors locked horns with their opponents. Can you beat the deuce? I'm suspecting those dame; have some kind of "vested interest" on some of the players. Get what I mean?

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A friend from Davao City who has stayed barely three months in USC has observed this: Most of our female students, if not all, are having a fashion competition. Everyone wants to out-dress the other so much so that it looks as if a fashion show is in the offing. I don't want to commit myself to his observation, after all it's not my dough they spend to buy them. Anyway, what do you say girls...er I mean ladies?

My gibberish has got to end. Why, I also have to beat the deadline. See you next semester, G'by!

HERBIE ENTERS FOOL-ITICS

(Continued from page 6)

Well, there you are, Alex, or should I say there they are. I'm sorry I haven't the complete list of the officers yet. Our pretty secretary hasn't issued press releases at this writing. You'll probably find that somewhere in the News section of this issue, anyway.

Already, the grapevine is rumbling with the rumor that Expedito Bugarin and someone-or-other will be groomed for nomination to secondary and minor posts in the Lex Circle. An acquaintance party... a barn dance... the usual first activities of any class organization, is planned... class spirit and the fever of enthusiasm is very strong (for the first few days, at least).

Say, I guess by the time this comes out in print the issue will be stale, forgotten, passé and obsolete. Too bad this can't come out tomorrow, while the matter is still fresh. But, Alex, it was an exciting and pulse-pounding class election. Now it's all over but the... work!

That's all, Alex. Auf weidersee-you-in-class,

h e r b i e.

WOMAN, GUARDIAN . . .

(Continued from front inside cover)

Where do we go to in times of sorrow and of pain? To whom do we open our hearts when doubts assail us? On whose bosom do we lay our whirling heads when misfortune overtakes us? When in pain, whose hands caress us? When we suffer, who comforts us? And when we fall, who cries for us?

Woman! Still it is woman! From the beginning of our life woman is already with us. And, in death, her tears are shed for us. We cannot, though try we may, we can never escape the influence of woman.

To her, then, is due most of the good that mankind has ever achieved. Oftentimes reviled, sometimes spoken of in contempt, but always adored and revered... woman is silent. She receives in silence whatever it is man offers her in gratitude. But no matter whatever it be, she will forever be beside us, guiding our DESTINY.

Caroliniana . . .

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time when everything in science will be controlled by the impulses engendered by the electrons. Dean Rodríguez should be congratulated for this enlightening article. We wish that some more of the kind will be contributed in the future issues.

● Manuel Trinidad, Jr., a stranger to our pages, philosophizes. In his "Democracy — A Fact or an Ideal?" he wounds up finally with a logical conclusion that democracy can only be achieved by the aid of the legitimate freedoms, religion and autonomy, religious education, development of good leaders, and the cooperation of a civic-minded citizenry endowed with love for what is right and good.

● "What Do You Think... about the restoration of the Seventh Grade in our elementary schools?" Buddy this time asks. The answers are varied. They are food for thought.

● Expedito Bugarin breaks into our pages for the first time with a short story, "The Trader." It tells of

the adventure of a man who thought he could be very smart during the dark days of the occupation. You will do well to find out how smart he could be at the end. The author is a man of varied activities. Besides studying as a Freshman in Law, he announces every morning in the Milkman's Matinee hour of station DYBU.

● Another new-comer into our pages is Néstor-M. Morelos, who calls out, "Look Here, Junior!" and tells you many things about Carolinian boys and girls as only a real connoisseur can. This attempt as satire shows to any budding writer what interesting subjects one can write about basking under their very noses.

● The neophytes to the pages of this mag seem to make a Roman Holiday of this issue. Another freshie, Rolando Espina, maintains that "Woman (is) Guardian of Our Destiny," in the inside front cover. He uses women of history as examples supporting his contention. We want more of the kind, Rolando, although we would like you to come down to earth next time. Anyway, thanks for obliging us.