



Campuscrats

By
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Deadline... that grim calamity! Why should there be, such a word as deadline? And for us laborers of the eleventh hour it's really a big scare! It haunts us everywhere... in our classes, in the bowling alleys, in the gym where we are watching a thrilling game and oh! even in our dreams... there is always that inner voice nagging us wherever we go! "Remember dear!" it sez, "tomorrow is the DEADLINE!" Oh well, I guess this is part of the suicide...er... compromise we had plunged ourselves into when we agreed to be staff members a long time ago. Anyhow, we still got away with it and so for our necks still hold our "cocos" high.

Now that the mid-term exams are over, activities flood the Campus like anything... September Affairs, we call them... acquaintance parties, picnics, induction dances, convocations, et al... plenty of materials for the gossip column... they're so plenty that we just don't know what to do about them. The news section will do the job—we hope. Anyhow, folks, Campuscrats will try to cover-up some of them. Like for instance...

The Induction dance of the Jaycees at the Club Filipino... It was fully attended... COMMERCIALES Y COMPRADORES alike were there to enjoy a pleasant dancing spree. Congrats should go to Mr. ALFREDO VEGA (PREX of the Junior Chamber of Commerce) and all the officers for a successful agenda. Eye-catchers of the evening:

FEY LOPEZ, sporting an organdy number complete with its multicolored flowerettes, looked extraordinarily fresh and enchanting. TITA PEREZ looked exceedingly girlish in her cute *jusi* ballerina. There were still many others who looked stunning that night, but I don't seem to remember them now. Isn't it quaint to see Daddy and Sonny dancing together? Well, ATTY. YUSON and his son (JUNIOR I believe) did so and they really looked wonderful dancing around the hall with their respective graceful partners, following the rhythmic beat of the "Paso Doble." Everybody applauded them of course. So so for the JCC Induction Ball. NESTOR MORELOS danced a mean mambo. He sure can dish it out.

As for the induction ceremonies and cocktail party of the KAPPA LAMBDA SIGMA SORORITY, ALMA VALENCIA (Exalted Sister) is going to give you the details on a special sorority page. Just read ALMA's writeup and I bet you'll enjoy it.

We have something new here in USC... guess what it is... you don't have to guess... you know it... it's a new basketball court located somewhere near the baseball grounds. Gee, isn't it great! Last Monday was the opening of the big INTRAMURAL GAMES. At exactly 4:00 P.M., the new court was just crowded with people... Campuscrats! At first there was the usual parade of the departmental teams around the court... then the ceremonies... then the BIG GAME! As usual, each team prided off with a especially charming girl for its sponsor. That's part of the show-off, I presume. For instance, the Colleges of Engineering and Architecture chose cute and energetic LOUELA LACSON for their Sweetheart. Louela wore a red-white blouse'n skirt combination complete with a cute co-ed's skull cap. Something about her attainment... a first year in the College of Architecture, Secretary of its class organization. Her friendliness accounts for her popularity among house-builders.

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Footprints on ...

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ed with mischievous brats. Outside was quiet. The children had gone home before she could say goodbye as she used to do every afternoon.

She heaved a deep sigh and looked at her watch. She jumped to her feet as if afraid she would fail an appointment.

She really had a date with the setting sun, the breeze, the wide placid sea, the wavelets upon the shore, and the white smooth sand. With her feet bare, she walked. She liked to feel the lukewarm sand and how the tiny particles grated under her feet.

As she trod bravely on, she held her head up as if to defy a subjugation while a stream of wind caressed her face, her dark hair tousled by that naughty swirl of sea air. Now and then she would walk down to the brink where the worshipping wavelets would lap at her feet. With a queenly smile and a coaxing look in her eyes, she would ask: **Who of you here have come for me and be my faithful slave?** For they were like countless swimmers who raced to kiss her feet. Looking back, a subdued laughter would suddenly burst into a wild mirth as she gazed at the gentle surf clashing against each other to claim for her footprints on the sand. And when these tiny waves receded to the big sea, she would feel sick in her stomach. A feeling of consolation would surge within her only when she saw her footprints expunged smooth by the sea. But for those that remained alive and deep because the striving wavelets could not reach them, a feeling of shame would constrict her heart.

At the sight of a very deep one she abruptly turned her face away, afraid that her silly reflections might break through the line of forgetting. She was afraid she might start from the beginning again. It would be the unfair, illusive world and Fred...

"Good afternoon, ma'am," said a husky voice.

She reeled at knowing she was not alone. As if lightning had struck before her eyes, she was blinded for a moment. Then slowly with the setting sun, the man's face took shape. And like the sailboats coming home from the far-away sea now in silhouette, she saw the fig-

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OLIVA VALENCIA... the darling of the Lib' Arts Team... simple... I mean, she's not fond of cutting any kind of grease or war-paint on her delicate face. She rather prefers to stay just as she is, the Pandora (without the box of plagues, of course) of the Gods! The whole team was really proud to show her off. The GREEN-GOLDIES (Commerce team, that is) had Miss CARMEN LEAÑO for their sponsor. She is a real sample of the stock of beautiful girls stored at the COMMERCE DEPARTMENT Store. From the many pretty Portias, Diana Arang was chosen as the sponsor of the team of the College of Law. She proved that a white dress can also be very attractive even in a basketball game. Representing the H.E. team... eh! excuse me... this department is not represented in the Intramural games. Isn't it just too bad? Some think that the H.E. and the Pharmacy and the Secretarial Depts should really be represented at the games, don't you think so? After all, WOMEN are fast advancing for recognition now-a-days... oops! my mouth! As for the games... who cares about them? Tammy will take care of them. In this column, the people are more important. Drawing more cheers from the Lib' Arts roosters was E RARA... the cheerers didn't find any difficulty in cheering for him. All they had to was scream and yell "Rah, rah!" and that was it... he got all the rooting he needed. Truly, RARA played surprisingly well... he is far from being unattractive too! But wait, here's something you should know—he's an "Ex-Sem"—no, don't ask me what this word means... try to dig for its meaning yourself. And here's something else, he plans to enter... ooh! That does it!

The other night it was, I think, when our attention was caught by a bunch of dopes with painted faces performing some antics at the basketball court. They wore their shirts the wrong way.

"Now, what are those crazy people doing?" asked one girl.

"They are doing nothing but acting like real crazy individuals!" remarked another. Yes, they were really acting like crazy people... tracing their footsteps and doing all sorts of silly ordeals. You see, whether they like it or not they had to do so or they would have gotten a real beating from their bosses. This acting nitwits (pardon me for using this term) were neophytes of the new commerce fraternity introduced for the first time here in USC by Mr. GOZUM. What we have been seeing were their initiations. This Frat has a sister sorority, too.

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Answer To

"Your Corpus Delicti"

Studying the scene of the crime, Lt. Hauke was interested in the usual articles he saw on the dead man's writing desk. Everything indicated that the Professor was a southpaw; the pen-holder being to the left of the inkwell; the ash-tray and typewriter placed on the left side of the desk. Incidentally, too, the desk must have been made-to-order to be convenient to nobody but a left-handed man. Lt. Hauke argued that the criminal must be one who must have failed to notice this one peculiarity of the victim and proceeded, after shooting him, to plant the gun on his victim's right hand. Otherwise, he must have believed that Magno was actually right-handed when he saw the framed photo of Magno on the wall. This photo showed Magno holding a pipe with his right hand. [Close investigation revealed that in printing the positive copy of the photograph, the negative was erroneously inverted.]

Further, if the murderer were a person known to Magno, Magno could have remained seated as he entered. But Mag-

no's chair had been pushed far back which could only mean that Magno was caught in surprise. Surely, Tony Guia could not have caused this impulsive reaction unless he had a gun drawn when he entered. But a ruthless, cold-blooded murderer would hardly show his weapon until he is that near to his victim that there could be no missing the target. And yet, Tony Guia knew he could not risk his neck in any such murder knowing just too well that he alone, other than Mrs. Magno, had a motive.

On the other hand, Mrs. Magno and Nida were both, of course, familiar with the victim and they couldn't have placed the gun on his right hand.

Lt. Hauke lost no time in placing Artemio Bemol under arrest for the murder of Prof. Magno. Bemol later confessed that he was a member of the local Communist Party and that he was sent to liquidate Magno after their having failed to induce the latter to join forces with them. One thousand volts of electricity stormed into Artemio Bemol's body a month later.

On Allowance

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an aching back. Really, he is not wasting the opportunity. See, whereas your brothers are sacrificing in Manila to be real men you here are only good for barn dances, and jam sessions. What else could we do than imagine our "pensionados" to have wings at their back or halos over their heads?

But the most sincere and important of all these letters is the third and last one in the month. It embodies their secret hopes that their daily bread will not be delayed. If it is not too much, that is. This letter is short. Sometimes it is long with the last paragraph expressing the most important point. Usually this does not contain any note of optimism except in the general one saying that he hopes that someday he'll amount to something which all of us will be proud of. The letter is written with such urgency, it is not legible sometimes. So what heart of a loving Papa and Mama would not leap to the Post Office with such line as "Between me and starvation is only sixty centavos"? Poor, poor son. He must now be transparent with hunger!

What brain could study when the stomach is empty?

True maybe, but clever. One thing I believe in, "pensionados" are prolific letter writers.

However not all negotiations with the home economic coordinator are done typographically. A more difficult situation is that of one who stays in town and at home because there still is a highly commendable college for him. My sympathy pats his shoulder. Poor guy. He is the most taken-for-granted type. This is more so in houses where budgeting is not popular. Don't worry over him. He is at home. He'll not starve. Give him sixty centavos for transportation and coke. Of course protests come from him regarding the preservation of his ego thru only a meager centavo. But he is at home. Never worry. So hold on to Mitchum and Hayward. I'll be seeing you three months from now at the Center Theatre if and when the old cow, I mean, Papa, God bless him, finally declares an open-pocket policy unconditionally.

mental uplift. Upon the opening of a new scholastic year we depart from the frivolity of the preceding summer vacation to hop instantly into the serious routines of school life. And this is far from being easy. For we are youthful and will not fully appreciate the values of discipline and mental uplift in exchange for the frolic of vacation time just in one turn of a moment. Even if we are completely conscious of how important it is to ourselves wholly to the routines of studentship, still at times, we cannot help tend to recoil back to ease and relaxation."

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy! So, er... our Moms... and er... Pops is filling only our heads and disregarding the cravings of our hearts not treading on Jack's footprints... hmm... skip ill

Western influence has much affected the lives of the Filipinos today. This is apparently manifested in the kinds of dances that make air hot in the ballroom. When you do ever want to go dancing next time chico be sure you know your Boogie, Mambo and other leg stretchers, or else you'll just be like a lonely mouse that sees a cat around! KOR Ocee and KON ED of the CORPS (PMA) have this to say: "It seems as if the dance craze is hitting a new high. New dances are cropping up with assembly line rapidity. No sooner has a would-be Terpsichore learned the phases of one dance than another comes out, automatically rendering the preceding one obsolete or downright obsolete. The poor fellow runs the risk of becoming the salon laughing stock if he persists in dancing his piece. Well, they say modern living is dynamic, and when it comes to dances, it sure is."

Well brother, blame the Latin-Americans!

What's wrong with college girls? Mr. Vicente Mayoraldo, Jr. of the TORCH (P.N.C.) is unlimbering a right-cross if only to dish out his opinions on college girls:

"To be blunt without malice, our college girls are degraded in manners. They indulge in gossip and chit-chat. Sometimes, they behave boisterously in and out of classrooms. They violate school regulations. They forget to say such needful little expressions as 'excuse me', 'thank you', 'please', etc."

Don't grow red girls because Miss Andrelina Sarrol has this to

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The girls had to go through the same ordeal. I should be telling you about it but I couldn't snoop through any key-hole. The initiations were done in tight doors.

Now I must start with my Litany of Campus Personalities. I know everybody is interested to know who's who in the Campus world.

"High on the List" is that scholar BERNARDO BAUTISTA... he isn't the type whom you will regard with awe and respect (just because he is highly intellectual)... no, he isn't. In fact, he is the gamest person I've ever met... full of wit and humour... easy to talk with and not a bit conceited. Keep it up, Bernie.

Passing thru the third floor corridor one day, I saw INTING 'HERBIE' LIM. Asked me if I hadn't finished my column yet. Told him how I was in great search for personalities.

"Well, here's one." Then, introduced me to the guy standing beside him. Now, I in turn introduce him to you. He's MANUEL AZCONA. It's good to have trustworthy friends, don't you think so? For that I'll recommend Mr. Azcona.

Have you met OPHELIA SANCHEZ already? I have not met her in the sense that we were introduced. I just saw her hurrying by... petite, fair cute... from what I have gathered she is an ex-sponsor of the UV ROTC.

GERMAN PALMARES, this time I'm not just kidding. I'm already putting you with the Campuscrats. So now you'll ready my column, no? Who does not know German?... inside the classroom he recites things which are not even covered by the lecture yet. He doesn't only study his present lesson but also his future lessons. That's diligence of the first degree.

STOP! It's time for me to blow to the office and hand this in or SOMEBODY'S gonna blow me down. You know who's that Somebody? Why it's the ED!!!

say about college boys too:

"Not to put it in any other way (a thousand apologies to those who are not concerned), some college boys are addicted to alcoholic drinks. They drown their worries and problems in gulps of burning liquor... They, too, are sometimes self-conceited. They go to school only as if it were a fashion. They

make the college a hunting ground for their better halves-to-be."

From the Philippine Collegian (U.P.) here's an inspiring news for graduating pre-meds. Dean Rotor spiked rumors that the U.P. College of Medicine is exclusively for U.P. pre-med graduates. "Our college", he said, "is open to everybody who meets with the requirements of the local Committee on Admission." The Dean disclosed that there are some pre-med students from Silliman University who are currently studying at the U.P. College of Medicine. At the same time, Dean Rotor asserted that it was U.P.'s idea to increase the present two-year pre-med course to three years "to better qualify students to tackle their work in the medicine proper." It was recalled that Dean Americo B.M. Sison, in his opening address before the student body of the U.P. College of Medicine last June 17, said: "The strong reason for increasing the preparatory medical course is that the state university's College of Medicine belongs to the Class 'A' Medical School — it is accredited by the Association of American Medical Colleges as an affiliate member." Dean Rotor, it was reported, pointed with pride to some sixty U.P. graduates now serving either as resident physicians or interns in various hospitals in the United States. He said twelve of them belonged to the class 1952."

So, how about it co-pre-meds? Are you ready to meet the requirements? Dean Rotor would be willing to accommodate you!

Our roving eye is tired and weary now. To our lessons shall we rive for a break and prepare for a quantitative analysis of our unknown tomorrow. This much we pray, that the stockmen in the Quant laboratory would be a little more kind to us, boys, and not only to girls. Or else, anyone of us would dream of becoming Christine Jorgensen just to take hold of a beaker of distilled water!

And before we forget, the members of the "C" Staff convey their congratulations to Mr. Alberto Morales, former Exchange and Alumni Ed of the "C", who just recently became a member of the Feati H.S. Faculty. We miss you very much Bert! How long? To Norms of the "Blue and Silver," we extend our best regards. And when the roving eye blinks and re-blinks, that's so long, not goodbye.