

C O E D S

in B.S.H.E. Hopes are young with Miss Lozarraga when ambition is high.

It couldn't be you talking again to Bebe Urbano. Don't tell us you're catching up for lost time. Simple and sweet, soft-spoken and very striking (if you ask us), she possesses a reservoir of smiles and grins that never seem to be exhausted. She is with the Normal Department . . . sometimes, we regret we were born too soon . . .

Miss Christina Peredo is the proud and lucky possessor of that "school-girl complexion". Tireless and always prim, she looks as peck as the first rustle of spring. A graduate of the Baguio City High School, she is just the type for a heart-ache...and more . . .

Miss Florita Rous hails from that northwestern province of Ilocos Sur. Also an alumna of the Ilocos Sur High School. She preferred studying in Baguio to Manila because "Life is more pleasant here-not too much dust", she says (do you agree with her?) Her

eyes seem to fathom the inexplicable? of love . . . She's another lady to lead many a staggering hoof and heel to the door of knowledge . . . We wish we were young again (sigh . . . sigh) . . .

When exams keep you high-strung, and the mind refuses to think, a smile from Connie would ease your difficulties. Miss Consuelo P. de Vera is from Arin-gay, La Union. She takes teaching as a sideline but her heart is set on Engineering. We just wonder how she can cram proportion and calculus . . . and still think of someone dear. She prefers fresh flowers to cards but likes candies too . . .

Here's one for a clincher. She stands tall and stately. What the Luna Junior College of Tayug lost, we gained in the person of Remedios C. de Dios. She is quiet in her own way and is way ahead in her ambition to be a teacher. Takes to books like a duck takes to water... She skates a little, sings a little, dances a little, but smiles much. That's the good for you.



Bataan Boomerang

OUR SIGNAL company had been working for some time side by side with an American signal unit. These Americans were inveterate jokers and never missed a chance to put one over us. It got so that their overhearing, superior-race attitude got our goats, especially so because they were mostly rear echelon men and got more rations than we did. But there came a day when these things stopped altogether.

It was a particularly bad day when our crew of trouble-shooters was sent out to recover telephone wires. The work took a long time and in the afternoon we limped backed along the road to camp, tired, bedraggled, and disconsolate. We were about to pass a telephone post when our attention was arrested by raucous laughter. Looking up we saw, perched atop the pole, two of the more objectionable jokesters laughing down at us. "Say, Joc," one said, "What are you fighting for anyway?"

"Your American way of life!" I shouted.