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campuscrats

by

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I'm back again folks, and here we go again chatting about Carolinians we could not help but call campuscrats.

Let's take PENGGOY, the announcer — broadly grinning at a certain lassie, who incidentally, had a bunch of luscious lanzones. I s'pose the gal knew what was behind Penggoy's grin, because in no time at all, the captain of Baker Battery (Penggoy that is) was allowed to accommodate himself with a handful. Guess what his comments was after slapping in a few? "Hey, these are awfully sour!" But then he hastily added, "I mean, er, can you give me some more?" Well, isn't it just like him. Of special interest are those shirts he dons, with socks to match.

LOURDES SEVERINO — the busy "little bee." Daytime finds her at the Library, lording over tomes, and of nights she is busy poring over her accounting books. The most amazing thing about her is that she never shows signs of getting fagged out... the cute little dynamo.

RUDY RATCLIFFE, whose name fits him to a "T" ... at first sight of this dashing young man, he seems to be aloof, or perhaps shy; but once you get to knowing him, well, you too will know just how chummy he is. Rudy has a younger sister at this university — ANNIE is her name. She's such a sweet, conscientious thing in her early teens (this explains her unassuming ways). Brother and sister finished their high school at St. Peter's Academy... valedictorian and salutatorian no less. That's something to be proud of.

The initiations of the Kappa Lambda Sigma sorority caused a RIOT on the campus. The first of its kind in this university. Pretty co-eds became witches, murderesses, dopes, idiots, and morons, with huge signs pinned on them to identify them as such — among other things.

ROSITA TY, that sweet Pharmacist and the sorority's MOST EXALTED SISTER, invited screams and hilarious laughter from the onlookers, as, blindfolded, she was made to grope for an object on the floor. She got hold of a rubber lizzard which, she thought was real. Did she scream, and while still at it, spaghetti worms were showered upon her. Although jittery through her experience, she passed her initiation unscathed.

Then there was that solemn wedding ceremony(?) of mamselle LUZ EVANGELISTA (Kappa Lambda's Exalted Sister and the ROTC Corps Sponsor, so a little bird told me) to monsieur FRANKIE NAVALES. It was solemnized by the "Reverend" CORAZON VELOSO, who sprinkled pure milk on the newlyweds. With her face plastered with "red paint," part of her hair covering her face, and an old rag for a veil, she was really something to see. Complementing the wedding ensemble was an overgrown flower girl suckling from a milk bottle... And this was no other than LOLLY O'KEEFE, who, on ordinary days is a faultlessly groomed, decorous young lady.

CLEMENS NEPUMOCENO — the murderess! Brother, did she look like one too... too bad Clems, I think you're stuck with that name for good.

The second initiation was even worse... what with the big sisters as bosses! Victim number one was TERESITA RIVERA, who had to take on the horrible form of some kind of witch or other. But you really didn't look like one Tit... you looked more like a baker, with his indispensable cap and

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RESEARCH

Research challenges men of imagination and skill, especially those who have finished a number of years of graduate study and practice. Within the past few years, investigation have been carried on in the following fields: theory of spark discharge; recombination of gaseous ions, meaning free flow of electrons and protons; direction of emission of photoelectrons from vapors; influence of intense electric fields on the photoelectric effect; and microwaves. A large research and development program is now being undertaken by the leading research centers of the world in the fields of radar and microwave techniques; gaseous conductions and atomic structures, servomechanisms, advanced network theory, automatic controls, and the effects of electric surges upon electrical apparatus. Fundamental research and development work on dielectrics, generation of high energy particles, generators in the several megavolt range, high-precision measurements of properties and effects of high energy particles, applications of mechanical methods of mathematical analysis therapeutic applications and missile guidance, are being emphasized. Certain aspects of nuclear energy, electronic computations and radio astronomy constitute another focus of research activity. The field of endeavor calls for a thorough knowledge of mathematics, physics, and electrical engineering. An advanced study of the subject is therefore necessary to carry a life's work of research.

AWFUL EASY

The philosophy student had cornered a very pretty co-ed at a party and was, naturally enough, trying to impress her with his views on love, life, death, history, civilization and what-not.

"For instance," he was saying, "one trouble with modern society is that we are too specialized. Now, I happen to have a good background in the liberal arts, but I must confess that I haven't the faintest idea of how the radio works."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the wide-eyed co-ed. "It's awful easy. You just turn the knobs and it plays."

SHORT STORY

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"He has become a legend to his boys and bugaboo to the enemy." Kikoy was quiet to harp on the man's greatest weakness... pride.

The Lieutenant and his sergeant were rapt by Kikoy's stories about Major Gomez' gallantry and cleverness in many encounters with the Japs; how he meted justice tempered with mercy to erring soldiers and civilians that won their respect and admiration of this great soldier.

And the hours crept slowly away. The crescent moon had hours ago slid down the walls of the black horizon. The dipper in its nocturnal journey had long crossed the zenith and was coming down the path treaded by the moon. The *Habagat* kept blowing, each time it came it was stronger — a sign that the whole evening was already spent.

Lieut. Gomez and the sergeant shook hands with Kikoy and left very thankful for the inspiring news of the inimitable achievements of their beloved major.

All these came back to Kikoy. He went to the cook to ask if supper was ready. He wanted all of them to have supper before they would reach Simala. With the bulging sails, they would be in Simala only in an hour. There was animated conversation as they partook of their supper. They had chicken boiled with coconut milk, wasted *anduhaw* and a basinful of rice that gave forth an appetizing aroma. After all had finished, Kikoy ordered one of his men to relieve the *timonel*.

Simala was dark and silent. Only a weak bonfire built by soldiers detailed to patrol the beach was the light visible. From the distance the dismal ululation of dogs punctured the silence that shrouded the sleeping barrio. Kikoy and two of his men came ashore in a *baroto*. They headed for the bonfire to see if there were fishermen warming themselves after the evening's haul of fish. A few meters away they heard a gun cocked and a stentorian voice at the post where their CO and group of guerrillas quartered for the night.

"May I know who you are?" The voice of the CO was mellow though a bit jagged.

"Francisco Lagutin," came Kikoy's answer. We come from Zamboanga to sell our corn and rice

here. We had news that the harvest here was poor."

"I'm glad to hear that. Do you intend to sell them to the civilians or to the Army? You see, the Army too, is starving in the mountains. We need not only bullets and clothing but also corn and rice. As a matter of fact anything to stuff our bellies to keep us moving."

"Well, I'd rather sell them to the Army. They need them more than the civilian. I'm sure of that."

"You're a kind of man who's ready to lend us a hand. But you see, the Army buys food a bit lower than the civilians do. Around fifty centavos difference, I think."

"Why not make it ten centavos?" haggled Kikoy. A soldier came and told the officer that there was a courier who had a message for him.

Kikoy watched the lieutenant and the courier. After the courier had spoken his message the officer nodded in surprise and turned to give Kikoy a suspicious look. The courier saluted and joined the other soldiers while the lieutenant went back to Kikoy.

"Mr. Lagutin," his voice was icy and low. "Is your boat christened 'Matulin'?"

"Yes, sir, why? "Kikoy inquired in his best social manner.

"Were you in Argao before you came here?"

"Uhuh," he yelped.

"May I see your pass, please. Headquarters is very strict concerning that. It has to be that way because many traitors have come in the guise of traders and merchants. They carried things, some as harmless as Japanese money and pass. Headquarters had for them only one irrevocable order: death. Personally, I think this order is a bit harsh, but it came out of dire necessity. The safety of our men impels us to carry out such a precaution."

A fretful gust whistled past Kikoy's ears, giving him a cold shiver down his spine. He tried to steady his knees. With forced smile he thrust his hand into his pocket. The pass made a crispy sound inside. He was sure of it, as sure as he was with the Japs and the Argao guerrillas.

With the air of confidence he handed the paper to the lieutenant while inside his breast he felt his heart beating like a sledge hammer. The characters on the paper gave the officer a start. He gave Kikoy a quizzical glance and fumed: "This will cost you your neck!"

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apron. Poor CARLOTA SEVILLA, had to trace her footsteps with a piece of chalk around the quadrangle.... under the rain. She looked like a wet chick when she was through.

Paging the pre-law prex this semester... JOE CERILLES is the name — the "Smiling Jack". Can't remember a time when this guy isn't smiling, can you? I'm sure it's his geniality that makes him tops among his friends.

In Philosophy class, Father Wrocklage poses a threat to NOE ILANO. The latter appears puzzled by the good father's deep queries. Besides meditating over philosophical questions, Noe is an artist. Nothing stirs him more, than to hear Rachmaninoff's or Tchaikowsky's Concerto.

Aside from having a model student in Philosophy class, they also have a jinx among them. Every time AYON ARANAS decides to be present in class, the Prof gets sick or something. Don't tell me it is just coincidence, for it's happened more than once.

MANOLING MONTESCLAROS who was very much affected by the "Courtesy Week" propaganda, that even if you bumped on him twelve times a day, he'd still be on guard with his "good mornings" and "good afternoons"... and that, to mamselles especially.

VIRGINIA HUGUETA (captain) the CIMAFRANCA twins — PERLA and PURA — TERESITA VILLAROSA... four valuable players on the USC volleyball team. When these four girls are together in the game, boy, do they spell murder for the invaders!

VICENTE DIONALDO, the Varsity's sideshooter, has a pensive look in his eyes. Quite an introvert this guy is... always wrapped up in his own mysterious thoughts. Hey Ting, snap out of it, will ya?

By the by, caught RUDOLFO LAO passing amorous glances to some very cute femme — with beautiful long hair too — in Spanish I class. What gives, huh LOURDES?

Know more of our campuscrats (Student big-shots to you) next issue. They are of the varied species and types. You will get a kick out of reading about them. Who knows, maybe your name will appear (better watch out). So for now folksies, we bid you adieu — 'till next semester, so long.