

# CLASS TATTLE

## A.A. CLASS NOTES

*We Condescend.*

The Age of Derring-do and Brave Deeds is not yet passed beyond the ken of human knowledge. Who hath said that the red blood of Adventure hath ceased to course in the veins of this our generations? Should any misguided mortal expectorate in this wise, let him be henceforth branded a liar. You may well ask what could have caused such a passionate and uncompromising outburst on the part of the A.A. class reporter. Convinced that a short but accurately descriptive narration, is in all fairness due to the public, as to why hope in the present generation has been reborn in the writer's breast, I beg you grant me a moment's reprieve, while I marshal my thoughts in battle array and present them concisely for your delectation.

On the morn of September 19, of the present year, the entire A.A. class was thrown into disorder, by the receipt of an audacious and uncalled for challenge to a Debate against one of the lower classes. The challenger, who wished to lock verbal horns with us, happened to be none other than our materialistic friends, the La Salle Chamber of Commerce, which forms the other and lesser half of the Collegiate Department of De La Salle College.

The disorder lasted but a short time, and we quickly regained our normal equanimity.

Apart from the challenge itself, the letter contained sundry informative data, which when deciphered and shorn of its bombastic effusions, purported to give us the choice of weapons, set the date as not earlier than October 20, time between eight a. m. and three p. m., and the day for the Debate preferably a class day. (My, my, how quick to grasp opportunities, these Commercialites!).

We laid the letter aside for two days of consideration, but sad to state, it completely passed from our minds (as trivial matters have a knack of doing), and it was only remembered, about

three days after the receipt of the Challenge, that we had committed a gross and ungentlemanly breach of parliamentary etiquette, by not immediately answering the said Challenge.

We quickly repaired our unintentional omission by at once penning a letter to the President of the La Salle Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Julian Locsin, and as we had not yet decided whether to accept or not, it was but reasonable that, in it we inform them that the matter was under consideration.

What I have to relate next, should, I believe, be blamed to the preconceived and rashly impetuous ideas of enthusiastic youth.

What was our surprise when we learned, that our letter had been read with deprecating mirth, and to the tune of pernicious statements to the effect, that we, the A. A. class, were "stalling" (this was the so idiomatic expression used) for time. This was bad enough, but when these statements were circulated around the College, with additional slurs on the A.A.'s dauntlessness, it was too much even for the fortitude of the A.A.

Anyhow, after due thought had been given the matter, the A.A. unanimously decided that, it was but equitable to humor the La Salle Chamber of Commerce.

So, through the medium of the college organ, the GREEN AND WHITE, we wish to announce to the College in general, and the La Salle Chamber of Commerce in particular, that *the A.A. class accepts the Challenge.*

Yes, we accept the La Salle Chamber of Commerce's challenge, though we know beforehand that we are doomed to disaster. Unless the unexpected happens, we know who will bear the guerdon of victory. But, with dauntless hearts, we prepare for the fray, and with the gods on the right, here's hoping the La Salle Chamber of Commerce gets left!

\* \* \*

An A.A. man met a La Salle Chamber of Commerce student, some time ago and talk na-

turally veered to the impending Debate. Says the man, "What impelled you to pick on us? What god of mischance induced you to challenge us to a Debate?" "Well," says the La Salle Chamber of Commerce retainer, "we are looking for new worlds to conquer." Just like that. So nonchalantly, I suppose he was smoking a Murad at the time.

Well, there is no doubt that these La Salle Chamber of Commerce fellows are persevering and enterprising. They have emerged in the inter-class all-around tournament with *fleeing*, I mean with *flying* (!!!) colors.

Latest sport news reports that the La Salle Chamber of Commerce holds the same position in the inter-class league, as that which the first rung of a ladder holds!

\* \* \*

*Poets are we.*

The English period, was the other day the scene of great and unrestrained hilarity. It seems funny now, but at the time, at least in so far as it started, it was most serious to the whole A.A. Class.

We had been reading poetry, for some days past, despite the fact that the only poetically-inclined member is Arellano, and that day, the Professor got a brilliant idea, which did not look so good to us.

We were sitting in class, at peace with the whole world (even with the La Salle Chamber of Commerce), when most unexpectedly, the Professor told us that he would give us an examination on the poetry which we were supposed to have read comprehensively.

Amidst deep consternation, and pious ejaculations, we humbly bowed our heads to the inflexible decreæ, closed our books with many a profound exhalation, and rummaged fruitlessly in our desks for note paper, whilst thoughts of the hereafter coursed through our minds.

Luckily for all concerned, the examination turned out to be nothing else than an oral quiz. The Professor explained that all he wanted was to see which poetic passage had stuck in our over-burdened craniums, and thus he would be able to judge of our taste.

So he started by asking Espiritu which passage he liked best, and our gentle spirit, assum-

ing a Napoleonic attitude, and with an adamantine look on his comely features, uttered the following words, which will always remain imprinted in our steadfast hearts, "Men may come and men may go, But I go on forever."

There were a few moments' silence out of respect to Tennyson's memory, and then we smiled. (The A.A. class is not given to boisterous cachinnations. All other classes please note, and imitate).

Nexa came Mabanag. This young man has firmly established himself among us, as an authority on Debate, Discussion, and correct English (mis) pronunciation. Knowing him quite well, we expected to hear a lyric gem to fall from his rosy lips, and we consequently gave him the silence he merited (at all times). The Professor said, quoting Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott,' "On either side the river lie," and waited for Mabanag to continue. Mabanag, with a flight of imagination worthy of a better cause, after a moment's pause to collect his scattered wits, (they are usually that way), gave away his thoughts, by triumphantly and jubilantly shouting, "The Lady of Shalott," (thus ascribing a phenomenal physical feat to this blameless lady), and then, the exertion of gathering his wits being too much for his feeble frame, he happily collapsed in his chair, amid the admiring applause of an enchanted audience.

Estrada was next in line. Gravely he stood up, disdainfully looked around at us, lesser mortals, gracefully threw back the Russian mane he calls his hair, and in his most melifluous accents, thusly addressed the Professor: "The passage which remained deeply impinged in my consciousness, Sir, is that charming contribution to Poetry, made by the illustrious Tennyson, and which runneth thus, 'Break, break, break,' "and, could you believe it, at this part, the imperturbable Estrada *broke* down.

Still, the Professor's faith in us, as scholars, was unbroken, and it took Ugarte, to convince him that, if we knew our Poetry, then Kahn could do a classical dance. When asked by the Professor, Ugarte got up with a silly simper on his far-from-intelligent-looking countenance (we call him Laurel), and made the following attempt, "O Mother Ida, many-

fountained Ida, Dear Mother Ida, hearken ere I die."

At this juncturæ, he nearly fulfilled his lament, for Sagarbarria's artistic soul rose within him in indignation, and our fiery Spaniard, little recking of consequences, drew back his trusty foot to assail Ugarte on an unmentionable part. Luckily, no blood was shed, because Ortigas, with great presence of mind, shouted, "Test in Chemistry!" and at once Sagarbarria subsided.

The Professor then called off the quiz, remarking that A.A. class had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Kahn protested that he had not been asked to recite, and that when he did so, the Professor would find that what would be lacking would be the balance. He was most swiftly squelched with the remark that the Professor valued the balance too much to subject it to such arduous tests.

After the Professor had departed in high dudgeon, the class nearly came to blows, because each blamed the other for the poor showing of the class. Matters were about to be settled drastically and pugnaciously when the cakes arrived.

All rancor was immediately transferred to the cakes, which were attacked at once, and assimilated with dispatch, which but goes to prove, that in quarrels, it is the innocent bystander that gets hurt.

\* \* \*

#### *Election Day.*

A class meeting was held some time ago for the purpose of electing certain of our number to the highest posts which a grateful class can bestow. In other words, we were going to elect our Class Officers.

That the meeting might be an orderly one, we had three chairmen (we elected one; the other two were appointed—self-appointed).

Then we elected a sergeant-at-arms (so everybody would be satisfied, we elected the whole class, with the exception of the three chairmen,—who thus became fair prey).

Then, the meeting was called to order. So loudly was this done (there were three chairmen) that we had to close the doors of our class to prevent disturbances in the other classes. The

sergeant-at-arms requested the chairmen to moderate their voices under pain of cane.

When all was quiet on the student front, nominations began to pour in. There were thirteen nominations for President, and thirteen students comprise the A.A. Class, so we suspected that perhaps some of the boys were not taking the elections seriously.

After due warning had been given by each sergeant-at-arms to behave like gentlemen or at least to try to, the election proceeded in its usual orderly manner.

Nominations for President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer were given in, received and duly written in chronological order on the blackboard.

A secret ballot was taken, the ballots being counted by the three chairmen, whose decisions were to be final.

By certain devious devices, the result of the election was as follows:

President, C. Kahn; Vice-President, D. Rivera; Secretary-Treasurer, S. Arellano.

We congratulated the incoming officers, and discreetly hinted that we were hungry, and that the lobby was most fortuitously open at the time.

Vain hopes! All we received was a lecture on the evils of eating between meals!

N.B.—The three chairmen were Kahn, Rivera and Arellano. They counted the votes, and we didn't check up on the votes.

\* \* \*

#### COMMERCIAL CLASS NOTES

The La Salle Chamber of Commerce challenged the "intellectual" A.A. class to a debate. Since the A.A. class takes up Logic, Psychology, etc., we considered that this handicap was sufficient to make the teams almost equally balanced. But in spite of the R.S.V.P. which we placed at the foot of our challenge, we have as yet received no answer. Of course, we know that it is not because they are afraid to meet us, but rather because they are deciding in which subject they will "annihilate" us, to use their own words. So, we expect an answer within the next century.

The class of Business Law went to court the other day—of their own free will; they were not arrested—and visited the various branches of the tree called the Tree of Justice. But we saw that looking for cases in a Municipal Court is like looking for a case of Haig & Haig in New York.

\* \* \*

The Commercial Department is sure to win the pennant for the Inter-class Athletics. We lost in handball and football, but we won in Baseball. And another thing, we are sure of winning in Tennis, Volleyball, and Basketball, to say nothing of Ping-pong. Of course, we may lose in Swimming, but the banner is just as sure of being with us if the laws of Nature do not miscarry. (And still, the Sophomores believe that they have a chance to win it! "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!")

\* \* \*

It is not surprising that the Commercial typists and stenotypists found themselves busy in helping to rush up the Annual Campaign correspondence of the Boy Scout Headquarters. It was a great privilege for them to do this "good turn" although it is a known fact that they are always busy with their class work. The Commercialites are always willing to do their good turn any time it is needed.

\* \* \*

L. V. Giese who once attended his class in a Sea Scout's uniform aroused the curiosity of his classmates as to where he was bound. After a close investigation made by Major Quimbo of the Philippine Constabulary and his battalion and with the help of all the military forces in the Islands through the consent of the Gov. General, he was at last found sitting on a rock in the New Luneta with a long piece of bamboo in his hand and to it a ship made of paper was tied. Poor Von Giese when asked what he was trying to do, answered, "I have been dreaming of the day when I will be a captain of an ocean liner and direct her as I direct this small ship." And tears rolled down his cheeks.

\* \* \*

Both the Juniors and Freshmen classes are steadily gaining ground in their typewriting

work. Everytime the Brother gives a test there are always a number of boys who get awards; so much so that our professor had had to write orders for more award pins from the Royal and Underwood companies. Ossorio heads the list of award consumers with a record of 69 words per minute. Sierra, Dakis, Paredes, Mendoza, Zaragoza and several others, are also responsible for the decreasing amount of the typewriting award pins of the Brother.

\* \* \*

Two new belt buckles for the higher classes and the intermediate respectively are being made by Crispulo Zamora. The designs on the best buckles were drawn by two budding artists, Messrs. V. Thomas and A. Zaragosa, both of them belonging to the Commercial Department. These college buckles will be on sale not later than the end of this month and may be obtained in the office.

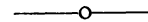
\* \* \*

Since the beginning of SALESMANSHIP, the class is flooded with "La Extremeña", "Co-operative," and Charity Fair Tickets. The students seem to take this course seriously. Keep it up boys.

\* \* \*

The following have been fortunate enough to win the stenotype Seventy-five word Speed Test Awards:

J. Locsin  
F. Lucas  
A. Paredes  
J. Lopez  
P. Mathew-Dakis  
A. Ocampo  
J. Navarro



Things you will always see or hear in class:

1. Carrion talking his adventures in Spanish.
2. Heredia sing "I have got a Pair of Arms" (It's a pity he does not use them during bookkeeping time).
3. Navarro pay his daily 5c. for talking Spanish.
4. Osorio with the "grouch blues" in him.

5. Galmes imitating Lon Chaney, Al Jolson and other stars he sees in the theatres every Sunday and Thursday.

6. A. Ocampo saying "Superior."

It seems that Carrion's memory fails him when he lets his "patillas" grow, but when he shaves, he is all right. We only want to advise him that if he doesn't look out, it will grow down to his jaws, and he will not be able to move them anymore.

Lopez expects to be a banker some day, and has a new banking method. The Brother asked him one day: "Lopez, what transaction does the bank make?"

To which he answered: "Selling Money." He says that you can go to the bank and buy ₱1.50 for ₱1.00. Soft, isn't it?

Alba says that he does not want to recite his Catechism lesson before the others, because he does not want them to disturb him in his recitation. The temptation is strong, and he is so weak, that he falls easily.

We are glad to welcome back to our midst, Mr. Aristides Luciano, who was operated on last month. He is the same old fellow, but his timidity or shyness, still prevails. We don't know why he did not have this quality taken out also.

Why is it that when the Brother calls out Chicote's name, Aser becomes flustered and nervous? The other day during a lesson the Brother called out Chicote's name and lo and behold, Aser stood up. Did he not hear aright or did he do it on purpose? Somebody please enlighten us about this matter.

So far, only three fellows are having a neck-to-neck fight for supremacy in "Tardiness." Brother Anthony is so fed up with so many excuses (lies, of course) from these birds, that he has granted them the privilege of coming late without having to ask for an excuse. These three fellows (they come to class in cars) are Joaquin Carrion Jr., Ramon Ocampo and Paul Heredia.

Lopez, R. Ocampo, Navarro, Garcia and Martinez were qualified to play for La Salle Senior Football team. They are La Salle's best bet to win for the coming N.C.A.A. Football League.

It has been recently found out after a close survey, that the following Commercial Freshies have always been called and nicknamed by Bro. Aloysius:

Pimentel, now known as "Pimienta" which means hot. Of course he is very itchy to the Brother and often gets his goat.

Betts, usually called "Bells" as when one recites that famous poem "The Bells, The Bells" etc. His new name fits him amiably for his voice rivals the peals of those famous Cathedral bells in Intramuros.

Golding, is a verbal noun according to the Brother, for his name ends in i-n-g and he will always be one in all his life. What a luck for he puts "gold in" always.

Tamparong, or Tamparang to be exact is the Speakeasy of the class. He thinks he can talk like Gen. McArthur and How!

O'Malley of the "Molly" fame is called the Big Boy of the class. He has won the sympathy of the Brother, so he takes everything easy as ducks take to water.

## SENIORGRAMS

By Pete A. Revilla

Again my hour hath struck. A chance to pounce on some lazy, saucy fishes who do not want to help me write these class notes. What have you to say Monsieur Cruz? Hide not thy head, for I have whetted my pen for thee in particular. Angel Nakpil, thou hast thrice crossed me in the capitol. Prexy Villa, thou hast slighted my petition.

Marceling Cruz, wan born under a lucky star. Swallowed a golden spoon, saw an albatross and many other lucky omens. But for crying out loud, we cannot understand why he has to twist his face in horror everytime he gets a quizz paper. Of course I am another ditto, but a modest one, who cares not to talk about himself. Maybe Cruz is a cynic, but it does not take a cynic to wry in fright and

disgust, when the rating that greets one's eye is not as pleasant as a Saturday night. When Cruz inspects his Apologetics paper, he does it in a way akin to drawing a lottery ticket. Little by little he opens the sheet, to discover first a well-drawn zero, then . . . alas! It was a lone zero.

If I were to heed all the suggestions I am receiving from many seniors on what I should write about, I am afraid this column, would sound like one of prayers. Charlie Salas alone, ought to fill up every nook and corner of this page. Why the nerve of Cicero (V. Zaragoza) who had the audacity to tell me, that I should write a long poem about his charming friend. (Valero, as he is called affectionately) Cicero, if I did, your learned brain might develop a love for things, far beyond the ken of mathematical brains. So I better not.

Our friend the poet, F. Eguaras has turned in some more rhyming ditties, which he intends to rush to print in the GREEN AND WHITE. His last poem "El Patriota" has made

him popular overnight. Would-be poets of the senior class sound his opinion on their respective masterpieces, in order to attain a high-toned fame as our bard F.E.O. Let's have some more of your stuff, Jack, that's a good boy.

\* \* \*

George Cui's new typewriter is turning out stories by the carloads. Kid, here is hoping you a slamming success in your journalistic inclinations. He has already written more than seven stories since he bought his portable typewriter. And he says he is still going strong. Stick to your hobby of writing now George, and do not let your enthusiasm wear away, as your type turns gray in years.

\* \* \*

Salas, why Charlie, did actually write a detective fiction. You may be surprised to hear of radical ideas about sleuthing, when Charlie's latest appears in print. Of course Charlie himself does not believe in what he writes, so I am preparing you for the shock.

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Vaca is shrouded with mystery. When he can get dizzying marks in a written quizz and have to be guessing most of the time in an oral test . . . why, that's extraordinary.

\* \* \*

Apparently there is an unchecked epidemic around Valera's neighborhood. Just a few instances to support my bold hypothesis. Why did Rodriguez fall sick three days after Valera was moved to his present place? Then E. Reyes, who in spite of his stoic indifference, was taken ill shortly after Rodriguez. And of all the wonders of the class, why should they be "The Innocents of La Salle?" And if I remember rightly H. Lopez feigned (?) sickness too, for weeks, shortly after. Another innocent boy!

\* \* \*

We hear Johnnie is leaving for the States next year, to resume his Collegiate aspirations there. Not a bad idea, Johnnie Tabor, we are only hoping the liner won't sink. Now you can't say that you did not get anything from us. So long when the time comes or rather *au revoir*, in case the steamer does not give in.

\* \* \*

This reminds us of Ferrazzini's bounteous generosity during our picnic. He was singing. Well, kid, your voice is sweet but . . . stop. Console yourself tho! There is hope for the hopeless. Keep practising at home . . . if you have no neighbors. But, bear in mind, gentle readers, he is the sole conqueror of Villa, and since then he has turned poetic.

\* \* \*

Talking about popularity G. Barrenengoa is so popular his name is always on the black-board . . . for penance.

\* \* \*

We have observed that Hernandez has resigned to peace eternal; we have seen Zaragoza spoil an insurance policy . . . he was seen to laugh. We have noted De Lange has broken the spell of his late malady. We hear no more of Vaca crossing our professors, and renewing text books and all. When these prodigies occur, we might as well believe that Caesar's ghost doth dwell with us, in the person of our comrade R. S. Sevilla.

\* \* \*

Excavated from senior records:—Hernan Lopez got a gold medal in the first grade.

R. Kahn can sure imagine things, and how! He has written an essay on bamboos which proved a miniature work of art. But can you beat this? He could not tell you the difference between a bamboo tree and a coconut tree. Not even after his work was pronounced as excellent. Honest, he wanted to print the picture of a coconut tree with his essay.

\* \* \*

Salas is a serious guy but he'll show you his sense of humour is not wanting. When you read his Vindication. Let us have another, kid. Jess, we only want to know whether this here masterpiece is intended for one reader in particular.

\* \* \*

I nearly forgot my friend E. Zulueta. Laughing eyes. One we cannot enrage. Zulueta is Barrenengoa's sternest admirer. Geedy, goody Zulu, if George only knew, perhaps he won't be mean to you. Zulu you have no music in your soul, and Barrenengoa is full of it. A man that has no music . . . ! So better have George coach you *gratis et amore*.

\* \* \*

You haven't heard from F. Lopez for a long while now. This flaming youth has changed a lot . . . since he was a boy in knee-breeches. He has grown bigger and better. The story of Anido, for some obscure reasons, was dedicated in part to this gallant senior. Remember the title of Anido's story? Come Back, oh! I am afraid Frisco has a pretty long way to come back though. Ask, ahem! Lour . . . dare I? Another guess more, Paquito and you are caught in the feet.

\* \* \*

J. Paterno is the tolerant target of many jokes! He is one of the most popular though, having to his credit more funny names than Cruz, dethroned monarch of San Nicolas.

\* \* \*

Valdes is another discovery of our debating club. What must have gotten in him the last debate, that it secured for him a berth of prominence? Aha! He told me it must have been his practise or rather experience in private speaking. If private speaking has anything to do with Gonzalo's success, then Cicero Zaragoza wants to look out for his throne, for

Valdes is getting plenty of training along this line.

\* \* \*

J. Moraza is our strongest argument in favor of the statement "See what we frail creatures can do to strong he-men?" And R. Sevilla (The ghost of Caesar) our reason as to why children leave home . . . in fright. But whether Sevilla is a spirit or not, he is a promising (I won't vouch for the fulfillment) virtuoso.

\* \* \*

M. Go fell in battle. Yes! in the football field. He was one of the few who fought for the class during the last football league in the college. He broke his specs during the game and had to be rushed by his cousin to the hospital.

\* \* \*

Mariano, you deserve a palm. But the days of chivalry are past. You have however our good will and our thanks, which though less demonstrative than those past trophies of victory are no less significant. So be it. We

bestow the same honor to the other players and to those who rooted for the class.

\* \* \*

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of Miss Josefa Gonzales' letter of thanks in behalf of the Holy Ghost College in general and her own in particular, for the gallant will of this year's seniors, to help the H.G.C. in anyway.

\* \* \*

Hernan Lopez played for the class team this year, breaking his traditional failures during the past years, to respond to the call of class athletics. But unfortunately, after witnessing him play a spectacular game, he got the creeps? No, the crumps. Hereafter, the class eleven, was one star less. Hence, our series of defeats!

\* \* \*

Louis Feria's contagious laughter is heard no more. The reason is obvious. Upon entering the class room, a funereal air greets one, even early in the morning. Every thing is still and hushed. And how could it be otherwise, with the changes in many seniors' habitat? One looks around for mischievous Louis Feria,

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whose fame last year reached far and wide—but he looks in vain. Isolated in one corner, Louis has got to get used to his new environment. And it won't be long now! Watch out, when he does.

\* \* \*

#### SOPHOMORE COLUMN

1. We wish to tender our heartiest congratulations to the following boys who have been recently admitted into the Sodality of the Most Blessed Virgin:—

José Feria	Henry Lee	Carlos Albert
Carlos Ledesma	German Lichauco	George Ty
Santiago Go	Alejandro Go	Alberto Francisco.
	William Lee	

Keep up your fervor boys, and be a credit to yourselves and your class.

There are now no less than 25 Sodalists in our class. Needless to say, we are proud of this fact. It goes without saying that the Sodalists are, on the whole, very well-behaved.

2. In the opinion of their classmates, as expressed by ballot, the following are the best as regards conduct, application to study and politeness:—

- |                         |              |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| (a) Severiano Lizarraga | (166 votes). |
| (b) Gines Rivera        | (166 votes). |
| (c) José Feria          | (123 votes). |

3. Our vice-president, Severiano Lizarraga, has just recovered from sickness, which kept him in bed for about a week. We are glad he is able to resume his studies, and wish him good health, happiness and success.

Charles Campbell, who was laid up for several days, due to having overstrained himself in a game against the Commercial class, is back at work. We are glad to see you again, Charles, in your favorite corner.

4. Our class athletes cannot be accused of slackness. In the inter-class competitions they are doing creditably.

Our handball enthusiasts romped away with the championship, besides copping the first four places. C. Lopez and C. Ledesma performed the most spectacular feat, when they easily defeated their strong Commercial-class opponents, who were twice their height, weight and age, while Lichauco and Enriquez had lit-

tle difficulty in winning first place

Our football team has done very well, too. Despite the fact that the services of two of the best players were not available, one championship has been won.

Among the star players are Capt. J. Alegre, G. Ty, G. Dee, M. Pertierra.

5. Our swimming squadron, captained by S. Lichnock and our Volleyball outfit, under Gines Rivera, will soon make their first bow before the public. Under such leaders, we feel sure that these two teams will ably represent our class.

6. The class has been very much crippled in athletics. Isidro Moraza, our crack football player, left on the Empress of Asia on August 15 for U.S.A., where he intends finishing his High School. Good luck to you, Isidro!

Priciliano Gonzalez, another football player, is at present an inmate of San Juan de Dios Hospital, suffering from stomach trouble. We are anxiously awaiting his return. Meanwhile we extend to him our sympathy and promise our prayers for a speedy recovery.

7. Ledesma: Are you soprano or what?  
Baluyut: (after having his voice tested) Nothing.

Ledesma: That's it. You're a vacuum.

8. Buenaflor: Brother, I don't think I shall ever know this theorem.

Brother: Don't be discouraged, the mighty oak was once a nut like you.

9. Time: During the Green and White Drive.

Place: In Montenegro's so-called automobile.

Personages: Montenegro - driver; Benito, Pertierra and others—passengers.

Benito: (After making the sign of the cross) Say, Monto, go slow, I'm not yet tired of life.

Monto: Never mind, I am an acrobat.

Pertierra: You may be, but the car is not.

10. Brother: For instance, what would be a disaster for the class? (Boys in Chorus) Examinations.

11. Feria: (Reading Civics Books Aloud)-  
"Fats and oils are principally found in nuts."

A. Schumacher moves his rather bulky form around and, with an indignant look, shouts.  
"Who says I am a nut?"

12. Prof: Give me a sentence with the word fascinate.

Boy: My shirt has ten buttons; I can only fasten eight.

*Salvador Lichnock.*

\* \* \*

#### FIRST HIGH

The new members of the Sodality in the Freshmen class are:—Miguel Herrera, Jose Herrera, M. Virata, B. Hizon, J. Gonzalez, M. de Leon. Congratulations boys; and we hope that you will uphold your class standard in every way.

\* \* \*

The organization of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament was a great success in our class. Nearly all were admitted. Our attendance for the first month was 10%; the only class in the college with such an average.

\* \* \*

Brother William, our teacher, has started an Altar Boys' Society and judging from the pep that its members are showing it is going to be a great success. Our class has many members in that society.

\* \* \*

Rafael Zulueta our class president came out ahead of every body else in the first examination by a big margin. H. Aguinaldo came second. Jose Herrera a close third with Ty and Virata on their heels. The exam was a good success as only few boys failed. Keep it up and let us do our best and we shall have 100% passing in March.

\* \* \*

Hizon and Gonzalez from San Fernando did very well in the first examination and judging from how they are studying it will not surprise us to see them the leading boys in the next examination.

\* \* \*

Felix Ty has led us all in Algebra for several weeks, but now he has found a competitor at last in Manghr Anandsing. That's it, Anandsing, do your best.

One day we were surprised to see a bright-looking young man with a gaudy tie on. This was Adad and on that day he was going to debate on the subject, that "House dogs are a nuisance." All the members of the Junior Debating Club marvelled at the swift and violent flow of eloquence that poured forth from Adad when he came to the part where he told the tale of how he was bitten by a dog and had to receive twenty-five painful injections. The judges took compassion on him and gave him 94%.

\* \* \*

Our Class won the GREEN AND WHITE Drive by a big margin. Our success in a great part is due to our energetic teacher who instilled into us lots of pep and got everybody in the class interested in the drive: Herrera Bros, Aguinaldo Bros, Hizon and Gonzalez from San Fernando, de Leon and Cu Unjieng are the boys who did the most in making our class win by such a big margin.

\* \* \*

We celebrated our Victory Picnic on August 13th. in Baleti, Batangas. We were accompanied by our teacher and Rev. Brother Felix. All the class pronounced the day a great success.

\* \* \*

Our class wishes to thank the following boys and their parents who helped so much in making our picnic such an enjoyable one by giving us the use of their autos for the whole day. Aguinaldo Bros, Herrera Bros, Baldwin Bros, Ansaldo, Zaragoza and Go.

\* \* \*

O'Leary, our baseball captain deserves some laurels for the brilliant manner in which he managed the Freshman team. We beat the Second High, but the Commercial beat us by a Chamba. That's all right boys, you did your best.

\* \* \*

Our Football team headed by Adad is showing the College what stuff we are made of. We tied with the Commercial and Second Year High, and we hope to do better against the 3rd. Year High. That is the true Spirit, boys.