

RUSTICATING

Neath the Shadow of Taal

In this issue of the GREEN AND WHITE, the reader will, doubtless, be treated to accounts of sundry picnics written, maybe, with the usual sophisticated bombast, stereotyped essays at humor, and transparent attempts at making the day approach as nearly as possible to the ideal. We shall not impose any such brand of suffering on the reader. Our picnic was the most classy and classic ever organized by any La Salle students, ancient or modern.

August 13 was the great day,—*the dies die-rum*,—for the select body which, just now, is the glory and envy of all around us. We allude to ourselves, the A division of the First Year High School. With the flush of our subscription-drive victory still proudly roseating our faces, we woke on Occupation Day, some little while following midnight; and shortly after Jupiter and Mars began to show in the eastern sky, we were already rallying at the College.

In due course, we had consigned ham and eggs, coffee de luxe, and steaming buttered cakes, to the grateful receptacle whither all such good things usually gravitate. Six of the best autos in Manila were waiting for us without, craving to do us service. Likely as not, other classes will boast of the good time they had in their Trucks. But no trucks for such as we. No doubt, trucks are interesting enough modes of transportation, but to us they are common and profane. They lack quiet and privacy. They are undignifiedly noisy, and torturingly slow. They have an undesirable effect on certain vital organs, and hence the consequent dizziness and headaches. They are good enough for ordinary folk, but not for our select selves. Hence our partiality for the method of transportation we chose.

The morning broke gloriously. The whole country was wrapt in calm and sunshine. At six o'clock the engines began to purr, and directed the line of half-dozen autos, bearing their

precious burden of happy merry-makers, were taking the curves between La Salle and F. B. Harrison.

Heading the gay pleasure line, was the Dodge Victory of Jose and Miguel Herrera. The principal figure in this proud leader, was Bro. William, upon whom the weight and fate of all arrangements hung. In close pursuit came the De Soto of James and Newland Baldwin, two young American gents, who have won the esteem of everyone, although they have been with us only a few months. Jose Ansaldo, ever ready to help, steered his Chevrolet in the third place, and was tracked by Jose Zaragoza's big Hudson. The reliable Buick of Heriberto and Francisco Aguinaldo was number five, and last was the strong Dodge Victory of Antonio Go. It needed to be strong, as it contained the heaviest man in the party.

In less than no time, we had left Pasay in our wake, looking after us with wondering sleepy eyes, and before we knew where we were, we had done a dash thru Parañaque and Las Piñas. Biñang, Sta. Rosa, Cabujao were all invaded and evacuated at the rush, and then we suddenly fell into Calamba. A glance at the wide stretches of Laguna Bay, a patriotic sigh as we dashed thru Rizal's natal town, and then with light hearts for Tanauan. A right wheel from the Batangas highway, and presto, in less than half an hour, we had sighted the brown, seared summit of Taal, lapped all around his lower extremities by the sparkling waters of the lake which bears his name.

A swim? "Sure," shouted everybody, except the already physically immaculate; and an eager stampede followed. Away scurried the frightened fish (no wonder,) while the hawks disdainfully hovered above in their dizzy heights, and the crows joined in the raucous inarticulations of O'Leary and Adad, which latter, by the way, was saved, on several occasions, from the horrors of a water sepulture, by the timely "charity," (We don't think) of Bro. William. Anyhow "ungrateful" Adad

seemed to resent these altruistic attentions, and whether actuated by suicidal tendencies or not, we can't say,—but with a “seemingly” morbid disposition, he shunned his rescuer for the rest of the swimming hour.

We left the water wetter and lighter than when we went in. But it was long before the shrewd fish ventured to return to whence they were frightened away. Zaragoza was the first to observe this, and he based his conclusion on the changing flight of the fish-hawks. A few of us exhibited traces of sun-burn, and one important individual showed a head like a ripe tomato.

By the time we had got back into the garments of civilization, the odors from the culinary department began to invade our nostrils, and our saliva-flooded mouths began to formulate the tell-tale monosyllable, “chow, chow.” We had not long to wait. And neither had the chow. Mr. Luz had seen to it that we had tons of substantial lining, and all sorts of delicate and delectable morsels besides. Chicken soup led the way into the terrible voids, and

then (I forget the order) followed fish, (fresh from the lake,) fowl, lechon, ham, lamb, jam and a host of etceteras, too numerous to mention, but not to eat. Gonzales growled and groaned, because he had overstepped the bounds of temperance. And Adad acquired gigantic dimensions around his equatorial regions. However only one chair gave way under the strain, and everyone was able to toddle to the sleeping rooms, where some tried a siesta, but in vain, on account of the vociferous arguments of their neighbors. Some, believe it or not, attempted a sight-seeing perambulation, but they were soon back puffing and panting like a (D.) T. Ford Model.

When food pressure had abated somewhat, we made another dash for the lake, but the aquatic enthusiasts had notably thinned (because they had fattened) since the forenoon, and yet a really jolly dip was the result. A big surprise lunch awaited us, and our only regret was that, in spite of all the lengthening of belts, and the best intentions in the world to be brave, we had to give Mr. Luz best, and re-

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tire from his creaking board,—vanquished.

It must have been about five o'clock by the time we turned our backs on sleeping Taal, and set our faces to Manila. We arrived home happy as birds, but a trifle tired. However we did not worry about this, as ahead of us we had three non-school days in which to rest our weary limbs. By common consent, the picnic was voted to be a staggering success, and we are ready for another such outing any day now.

In conclusion we must thank all who helped to make the day the pleasure that it was. We especially thank our fellow class-mates and their parents, who placed their autos at our disposal, and whose names have been mentioned earlier.

José Herrera.

BURNING THE ROAD

By Pedro A. Revilla

Nigh an uncanny section of the notorious Vito Cruz, a mocking bird woke in the starlight, just before the break of dawn. In a house around this neighborhood, a steel bed creaked. It was our much-beloved and much-abused Prexy, Horace Villa, who got up to listen to the ill-timed screeching of the matutinal bird. There are many kinds of birds, song birds, jail birds, etc. The bird, however in this instance, was non other than our senile pal, "Pat" Anido, who was beguiling the moments singing with all the ferocity of his larynx. Let us be merciful and let it go at that. . . . SINGING! After all there are many others who can sing more melodiously than our genial "Pat". Take me for instance. Well, if I can sing, Johnnie Klingler can sure play tennis!

However, let us switch back to our narrative. George Cui was still enjoying his stolen nap, when a friendly poke in the ribs snatched him away from the arms of Morpheus (With apologies to my aide-de-camp, V. Zaragoza). A sour, murderous look greeted him. It was from H. Villa. We never realized that such a peaceful, honourable man, or rather boy (he ain't passed fourteen yet, according to statistics furnished by himself) possessed such a vindictive spirit. He had not forgotten Georgie's well-timed pokes during the night.

After a hurried breakfast, we shot right off, to fetch some of the boys, and the "Profes-

sor Good-Advice" (Professor Buenconsejo). Anido, in the meanwhile had been taking his habitual rounds around Wright street. No harm in that, eh readers? Just a hobby of this gent.

At the sound of our horn, my mistake, we have no horns, it was our (?) car's, Tabor slipped into his pants, and believe it or not, gentle readers, it only took him fifteen minutes. Not a bad record for a fellow of his generous proportions. Next we called on our witty professor, who was with us in a jiffy. Back to the *rendevouz* we went, to join the others. Papa's "Stutz" announced the arrival of Professor Imperial. It was not long before we made the marvelous discovery that he is human after all. Why, he can even crack jokes without referring to the nauseating laws of Physics.

An impromptu roll call followed, to remind those poor forgetful souls who had not yet paid their fees, that the "Ides of March hath come" and almost gone. The treasurer, however, found no stowaways. The bus we had hired, showed signs of rebellion when Tabor placidly climbed to take his seat. Tabor is so hard-hearted, he would sit on inflated tires.

At least we were on the go. But not much of a go at that. For five minutes the truck crawled along Vito Cruz and for five minutes we thought we would never get to the other end of that street. We were somewhat consoled however with the thought that it might only be a preliminary thrill. However, ten, twenty minutes, and even thirty minutes sped by and still we were going along at the same humdrum speed. Whereupon Valdes who had brought his traveling goggles with him, thought it was a great injustice to the preparations he had made for a long "FAST" flight. "Step on the gas, bimbo!" shouted Gonzalo at the top of his voice. In response the truck gave a rattling sound, but that was all. It was not long before the whole gang became conscious of the fact, that at the rate we were going, we would be blessed if we got to our destination by twelve o'clock, which is no reasonable time for any sane man to enjoy a picnic in his knickers, the weather being warm enough as it was. Thereupon, without any of the customary ceremonies, and without breaking any bot-