

ROSS COVER'S...

Writer's madness . . .
Fans . . .
Coach . . .

The warped wits could be shut off, but in this racket there'd still be entertainment. Backbiting and backslapping are as commonplace as littered butts in an ash tray. Personally, I am no oracle of the orthodox. I neither relish the humdrum existence of crabs. To me the world is a seething psychopatic ward and you are just another pore-sputtered husk concealing another story from me. We are a nation of laughing men. We are meant to be the delightful children of this earth. Some say I have no pride. True, I may not have that vertigo because I spent my youth laughing. In this town you will see people adapted to follow conservative routine. If you see them going to their work, you'd think the world will poof tomorrow.

Ah! the coach. That wonderful forgotten man of the team. He is gay and occasionally spouts century-old wisecracks. Coaches laugh and cry with the team, sometimes pray, sometimes take to bottles. All coaches have their own domain apart from the team and fans. Bless their loyal hearts! I asked Mr. Juan Aquino, "How do you feel?" Like a million bucks, he says. The guy may not have the moolah for a short beer but he knows how a million thrills.

Though it doesn't cost a cent to be a Warrior's fan the strain on the heart and soul is extremely high. That is because the lugs are never predictable. It is like falling in love. You don't savvy what will come next. You know what one regular bleacher said after Inting missed a shot? "Poor Inting." Amen, I say. "Isn't that Inting a clodhopper." I drowned my drink and echoed, "Who am I to judge?" The fans were miserable because he goofed. You'd think he'd done something bad.

You can always tell a Warrior's fan but you can't tell him much. No genus of sports spectator is more boisterous, more loyal, more bizarre. Rudy Fontanosa used to buy ringside tickets so he could let the big-wigs of the opposing team know what he thinks of their trained seals. Depend on him to have the tummies of the opposing team leave the gym before the first half. All the Warrior's fan are worriers at heart. Take Pruding Salutillo. He will tell you the green & gold is the best team one minute and start eating his heart out the next. You know what "fan" means, it is short for fanatic. After the day's practice, the fans are either mad with joy or mad with grief. Anyway they are always mad. These lusterless souls sometimes border upon hysteria.

Under my nose I can truthfully say that the current dogs lack last year's whiz and dazzle. But youth being ever on the go for new laurels, who can rightfully predict? Sapheads will be out to prognosticate impending doom but, come November, these idiots will have to eat their papers or resign from decent society and be content counting sands in their caves for the rest of their lives.

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JUAN AQUINO
Coach

Sportscope

by BUDDY QUITORIO

THE MAN (pictured above) who looks like a shrewdie is JUAN "Dodong" AQUINO, and his is the name that will refurbish the vocabulary of CCAA sportsfans around.

Old-timers will remember Dodong as a member of the high and mighty USC hoop team which captured the 1946 Inter-Collegiate title and not a few of the grizzled gate-crashers at Aladio's hardcourt will call the fact to mind that he was one of USC's warhorses who annexed the 1947 and 1948 gonfalons of the collegiate division in the CCAA.

Don't get us all wrong, though. The recollection has nothing to do with his photo. Since we suspect that you have no idea why he's here, please help yourself to these facts:

Dodong Aquino takes a fling at coaching the Warriors who have sworn via dribbles and passes that they are dead-set on polishing off their opponents in their retention drive. Mentor Aquino designs the fate USC's campaign for this season and his job is to chalk up the third straight championship triumph for our boys. Some job.

Let's go back. When people heard that Dodong was to take over the mentorship of the Green and Gold, there was a plantation of elevated eyebrows, ours included. We felt that coaching a squad of score-happy hoop artists was an entirely different can of peanuts from teaching Commerce subjects in a classroom. We dissenters were in playful concert with the belief that his debut as a coach would be a resounding flop. His answer? He replied last Sunday, July 24, when the Green and Gold strangled the USP team to the tune of 79-65. By the end of the season, he says he will reply us with a plump, shiny trophy. We won't take less for an answer and it's about even money that, at the rate his charges are going, he won't give less.

A true-blue Carolinian, Dodong is married but is a bachelor of science in Business Administration.

STAND, SUN . . .

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Copernicanism "appears to contradict Scripture".

On March 5, 1616, the work of Copernicus was forbidden by the Congregation of the Index "until corrected", and in 1620 these corrections were made known. Nine sentences, by which the heliocentric system was represented as "certain", had to be either omitted or changed. This done, the reading of the book was allowed. In 1758 the book disappeared from the revised Index.

VALUE OF HIS WORK.

Copernicus was not the first to realize that the apparent movement of the sun from east to west is no conclusive proof that it does actually move in this way. In the 14th century, Oresme drew attention to the fact that Heraclides of Pontus had put forward the hypothesis of the earth's movement. And it seems that Oresme considered the hypothesis of the earth's daily rotation on its axis to meet all requirements better than the opposite hypothesis. In the 15th century, Nicolas of Cusa, Cardinal, stated clearly that both the sun and the earth move, although he did not say explicitly that the earth rotates round the sun. But ordinary observation alone cannot convince anyone of the earth's rotation. As Roger Bacon, the 13th-century Franciscan, had insisted, astronomy requires the aid of mathematics.

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ABOUT CHAPERONS . . .

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ROLANDO LEYSON,
College of Engineering, says:

A chaperon is a dead hero — and a girl going out with a chaperon is something of a shy lass taken from out of an antique page of history. Which, I might say, is not wholesome at all. We must admit that the *spirit* of culture — or shall we say manners? — does not die with the age, but it must also be admitted that its *expression* changes with the mood and idiosyncracies of the times. In the "good old days" it was unthinkable for a woman to go out alone; it simply was against the moral temper of the day. But as often said, nothing is constant than change. Today, it is proper and fit for a woman to go out alone; after all, nobody can best serve as chaperon other than herself. I dare say, a chaperon spoils the fun and takes out the very purpose of engagement. His presence affords a man an opportunity to be what he is not.

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CAROLINIANA . . .

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Buddy Qutorio is back. Registrars, Cashiers, Clerks, Mail-clerks, Librarians, professors and especially you, girls, take heed of his column, **On da Level**. Something about him: he doesn't pull his punches.

What Do You Think About Chaperons? A question difficult to answer but, at least, one finds fun in answering it. Erasmus Diola has seemed to have stirred a hornet's nest by this quizzer. We'd like to know how you answer this one without detriment to your allowances from Ma.

The way Shirley Evangelista treats 'em **Campuscrats** reminds us of Maria Delia Saguin's lackadaisical mood. Shirley seems to be a neophyte of this university but her qualities (literary and non-literary) simply convinced us (and adviser Faigao too) that she's really fit for campuscratting.

USC has a new basketball coach. Read BQ's **Sportscope** and RG's highball for the **sportsman** for further details. So far, he's doing all right. But how far this will go, we can't say. The team has everything (including jackets and Chuck Taylors) but **discipline**. Somebody seems to have a hard time hinting to **D. Deen** and recruit **E. Michael** that there's only one coach and playmaker in the business who goes by the initials of JA jr. Spare the rod, and spoil them children **Maestro!** Another thing: not all of the credit however, goes to JA jr. and the jackets, — Lauro Mumar (if that name means anything to you) also has to be given a lion's share on the job of whittling these ball-upstarts down to size.

Take the first "t" from **TRIO** and what do you have? **RIOT**. Take the last "t" but retain the first. The word? **TRIO**. Try reading pages 38-39 and you'll know why the last letter "t" was added to the **triot**. Some cornball, huh!

Come October issue, the red pencil will have new fingers for its master. It was great knowing you, **Carolinian**.

ROSS COVER'S . . .

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On this business the umpires, gatekeepers, oafs, louts and self-styled experts are your colleagues. They give you the dopes; know who's going to fade out this year, throw you out of the gym or cry upon your shoulders. Fans yell the loudest when that bonehead of a writer doesn't include their bean-poles in his make-up. From day to day you rub against strange people. You have to be on constant guard against mental infection and collapse of the brain cells. A wag once told me he rates the ref just one notch below his most hated human being. So if people like me aren't careful they'll find themselves one day carrying a cane and sporting dark-colored glasses. A series of disintegration would set in and six moons later you could kick him on the seat of the pants to the gutters.