

# BOARDER'S PAGE

## IN THE ORCHESTRA BOX

*By Hor Vil '31.*

All energetic and freshly reinforced, the La Salle Orchestra started with a bang. Practices at present, give indications that young musicians will creep from our midst, sooner or later. Success has knocked at our doors, for during the few years of its existence, the Orchestra delighted the audience at every college show, and public ceremonies.

Gentle reader, let me lead you into our orchestra box. That stout man, with a "magic wand" (always broken at rehearsals???) is our director, Prof. Castillejos. All hail, all honor to him, for to his untiring efforts is due the success of this orchestra in the Kingdom of Music. He has grown gray (??) hairs because of his worries in our rehearsals (and what worries!). "Great men are always contradicted." This ought to console you, Prof., when you see Salas, Villa and Benito, staring maniacally at you or discussing over this "do" or that "sol".

Now, ladies and gentlemen, step in further. Behold that fellow, full of cheer sitting in the middle. He is Fernando Salas, our president, an all around musician, capable of giving you the best jazz thrill in his cornet, and the best classic sentiment in his violin. As a saxophonist, he lacks experience. He has one weakness however—to pretend to know more than the professor.

In this corner, look at that bulky man blowing his saxophone. You would mistake him for Paul Whiteman. No, gentlemen, he is only John Tabor, our best bet in the saxophone world and our notable treasurer. Musically inclined, energetic, big and what not, he is a "Paul Whiteman" only minus moustache.

The next man beside him, is another dignitary. He is Horacio Villavicencio, saxophonist and secretary.

That big-breasted fellow in that saxophone corner, is Mario Benito, our premiere saxophone

wizard, jazzy and peppy. He is one of those affected by the disease of Salas, to discuss with Prof.

Ah! hark, don't you hear that sweet note? If you feel romantic at times and crave for the tune of a sleepy waltz, then apply to George Ty, an unassuming, hearty musician. Hear his saxophone wail and cry, and you will cry or laugh all right.

Now gents, turn to this corner. Let me introduce to you Hernan Lopez, leader of the violinist squad. Skillful in tickling the banjo, but more to make his violin moan, cry and wail. In jazz he's the peppiest in the group. In classic, he is second to none—after Salas.

Virgiling Rodriguez is that giddy fellow beside him. Graceful at every note, skillful at every movement, we'll sure have a "Vallejo" (??), among us.

A conspirator against classic, is that good-natured musician by the name of Jacinto Molina. "I'd like to get hold of the inventor of classic music", he would mutter with chattering teeth at every rehearsal. Well, don't worry, Ito, we're with you.

On the other hand, if you are a hater of jazz and lover of music, shake hands with Demetring Santos. "Classic," he says "is the food of the soul." Like the illustrious violinist, Heifetz (from whom he claims descent), he is the worst enemy of the Jazz maniacs in the orchestra.

"Gafas" Gonzales is a two-instrument man. Cornet is his past time, but violin is his dish now.

That "child" sitting by the piano is Fran. Buencamino, our fourteen year old prodigy. "Born to be a pianist" seems to be his slogan. He plays the cello, as well as he can tickle the piano. He's the life of our orchestra.

That guy with a banjo is C. Robinson, and that cheerful fellow behind that "big violin" (bass) is no other than Ben Flores, expert pianist and "bajista".

The fellow behind that complicated machinery and producing all the racket (if he wants to) is Emilio Salas, snappy jazzier and singer.

There's still another important man not yet introduced to you. He's the guiding spirit of this bunch, the moderator and in charge of this orchestra—Brother William. He has lavished all untiring efforts to make the La Salle Orchestra a great success. All hail, Bro. William, we're behind you.

Now gentlemen, let us play for you our jazzy and classic hits of the year. Imagine you are hearing this orchestra composed of such youthful, gifted musicians, and when you hear "home sweet home", then I wish you thanks for having visited us in this rehearsal.

#### BOARDER'S NOTES

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here. The scholastic year had started. The record of previous years had been broken. Thirty-seven short pants and thirty-five long trousers are among the Boarders now. As usual our Reverend Prefect, Brother William, has combined us into one happy family which safe union, we are sure, will provide the boarders with many a good time in this coming year.

The whole morning of the opening day of school witnessed the usual bustle intermingled with merry greetings, and the usual rush to the study-hall for the desks nearest the windows. I need not bring out in detail anything about the transacting of business in the stationary department, but I might mention that a good time was had by all! Eh, wot?

In the very first day of school Francisco Gamboa, came along, cheerfully tapping everyone's shoulder, distributing candies to all of us and ending up with the words "Do you, fellows, still remember me?" 'Tis queer isn't it? Maybe he was again on one of his "political" campaigns. The next thing I knew, he was elected President of the boarders. Draw your own conclusion.

The Boarder's Association held its annual election of officers last June 22nd. Mr. Francisco Gamboa was unanimously elected President; Mr. Fernando Salas, Vice-President; Mr. Apolo Coronado, Treasurer; Mr. Charles Robinson, Secretary; and Mr. Priciliano Gonzalez, Sporting Manager.

Judging from their enthusiasm the Association will be a great success.

F. Salas is certainly the greatest vice-president that the boarders ever had. He makes a "hit" on every thing he tackles. He is a good debater, a good athlete, a good musician and undoubtedly an excellent "eater". I wonder why Brother Basilian, who is in charge of the culinary department, has been complaining about his plates which are fastly disappearing. Salas must certainly have got strong digestive organs to digest hardware.

And speaking about betting; if you value your shining nickels don't bet with my friend Fernando Salas. He is always a winner and never a loser, although in fact, he loses on almost anything he puts a stake on. And why? Oh, because when he loses he finds a way to break the contract either legally or otherwise. If you don't believe me, ask those boys who know him and who have been with him for years.

The Boarders have recently organized an Altar Boys' Society. Not all of the members are boarders exactly, but judging from the enthusiasm displayed by the members, the Society promises a great success. Under the direction of Rev. Brother William, we expect a more efficient method of serving at the various ceremonies in the church.

We congratulate every member of the Society and ardently hope that its fold will increase day by day.

E. Tamparong is one of our many "rookie" boarders and boasts of Mindanao, so much that we conclude that he comes from there. And "shiver my timbers", if he isn't getting more ambitious day by day! Last week he applied for a place in the swimming team. But he found out that he didn't have enough fins to keep him going, so he quit. Now he has joined

the Midget Basketball Team. There is not telling what he can't do, so it won't be long now!

Luis Diez is another "rookie", hailing from Letran. Pleasant and obliging as the day is long, he is what we term a "plugger" not of the "sink" type, but stenotype. Luis is rather enthusiastic about it, so we hope to see something go "boom" for the Boarders in the near future.

The small boys of the boarders Midget Basketball team clashed with the day scholars on Sunday morning of Sept. 20. Among those who played were "important men," such as: R. Martinez, (Captain), B. Avila, T. Tomacruz, A. Torres, and F. Pabalan. The Boarders did their best, (no wonder) and emerged victorious with the score of 36-34. Keep it up boys. You're all doing fine, and some day you'll be called upon to fight for old La Salle.

As everyone knows by now, we have with us the usual happy family of "Pampangueños".

Sofio Luciano, N. Lacson, V. Rodriguez, F. Gamboa and his second half Juanito, are the gang leaders occupying the royal seat, while G. Blanco, H. Baluyut, J. Gonzalez and B. Hizon (rookies, by the way) are not far behind the throne. And when all these "hepity-hep guys" get together quite a merry furror is the result— (with the usual bricks and dishes).

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#### THE BOARDERS' QUESTION BOX

*We Want To Know:*

When did Salas learn to play the cornet?

Why Mendieta giggles when one talks to him?

Why Luis Diez is so "ticklish" about some subjects?

Who and what are the "Seven Mosquitos"?

Why "Gafas" likes to climb fences?

Why Neibert enjoys scampering up trees?

Who has won when the smoke of battle cleared away after Benito and our music professor have discussed their favorite "topics" of the day?

Why Tamporong hardly gossips at the table and from whom does he receive so many letters?

Whether S. Velasco will enjoy a carpenter's job. He certainly knows his "nails".

*Charles Robinson.*

#### SWORN STATEMENT

Required by Act 2580

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th of April, 1930. The declarant having exhibited his cedula No. F-17594 issued at Manila, P. I. on January 16, 1930.

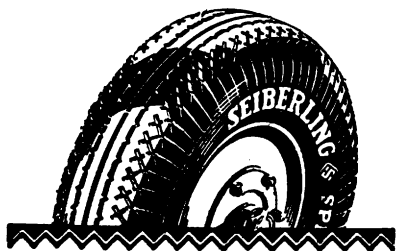
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My Commission expires Dec. 31, 1930,

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