

Sample Croon

Herbie Bows Out... Come in, Charlie

Hello, Alex:

I am awfully sorry but Herbie can't write to you now. I guess he is taking a little rest, but I am afraid it will amount to a long one. He has been your friend for a long time, I know you will miss him. Anyhow, let's start knowing each other a lot better, okay?

How did you like the first issue? It was sizzling hot, wasn't it? So hot you could almost smell the smoke, and consequently... it drew fire! The dish was a "political T-bone steak." The trouble with some people here is that they are too one-sided. If they could only put muzzles on us, they would! (no wonder, a dog doesn't feel so good with a muzzle clamped on him. He can't bark, and he can't bite either. Poor puppy... what with a leash tugging hard on his neck.) So, Alex, when you hear somebody telling you to "lay-off," better "sca-ram-mouche" to the nearest beach and paddle off to Borneo, or would you rather be a martyr. In that case, Alex, you can take my condolences.

And you know what? Some people have gone to the extent of calling us "potential terrorists." That's something for the "Thing," huh? Potential terrorist... hah! Why even a moustache wouldn't grow on us yet! (or are there false "bongots" for sale around town?!) Imagine!

Aw, heck... let's forget about the whole thing and let's go tread some other grounds, huh?

"Best Friend" was the best praised short story, coming mainly from the gals... they were, rather, emotional in extolling the "tragic" piece. Must be experience, huh, Alex?

About the "survivors," er... veterans of the McKinley parley? Oh, they're still around, although they had a harrowing experience re-living that "back at the front"—in print! It lacked the necessary punch, though... no more big-tough sergeant staring them in the eye. Anyway, they swore they would not go back there for another stretch even if they fire all the sergeants in the Army. Boy, wotta relief to be back in civvies!

Well, I guess that's about all for now, Alex. Don't stick your neck too far out during the elections because I still expect to see you next time.

Toodle-lo... .

Charlie



"To Smoke or Not to Smoke"

by MANUEL TRINIDAD, Jr.
College of Law

"I've quit smoking! Doctor's advice, you know." My friend pleasantly refused the cigarette I offered him.

"Hurts your throat or something?" I queried.

"Nope—hurts my pocket!" he laughed.

This conversation transpired about a week ago, but it has since set my mind to thinking. Why don't I (and my fellow-smokers) quit smoking?

Even disregarding the very practical reason of my mercenary friend, there are other far more vital reasons against smoking. Let us take the case of an average smoker who consumes 20 sticks a day. Let us find out how much time he spends in smoking.

He takes a cigarette from his pocket, hits one end at the match-box two or three strokes to allow the tobacco particles to be more compact and evenly distributed, places it in his mouth, strikes a match, and lights the free end. This simple process will take him at least 30 seconds or 10 minutes a day. In one month he will have spent 300 minutes or 5 hours; in one year 60 hours. If his life expectancy is 60 years and he started smoking at 15, for his entire life, he has spent 2,700 hours for smoking!

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Jess Vestil's

FILIPINAS

ON CONTRASTS

One never gains anything by brooding over pains and hurts. Anxiety is a killer, you know. Take it from Nephrides who said: If you must survive, live with joy; Sorrow is only for those removed from the graces of life. (and Nephrides is not a Greek god, either, he's fictitious.)

So, laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you make a million (if you're Johnny Ray), like some author quoted.

We here recall a reprint in a Manila newspaper of a Tokyo news item. It was about an elderly policeman who waived his retirement privilege because he was out for more pickpockets. He was an expert on pickpockets. One time, a pickpocket was picking pockets inside a crowded railroad terminal. This pickpocket was picking the pocket of another pickpocket who had picked the pocket of a bystander. So our policeman approached and just watched while this pickpocket picked the pocket of the pickpocket who had picked somebody's pocket. After the operation, our policeman picked the pocket of the pickpocket who had picked the pocket of the pickpocket who picked the pocket of the bystander, and returned to the latter the contents of the pocket picked.

So, now, we resume on our discussion of contrasts.

Where there's a contrast, there's a difference. Where there's a misconception, there's a shortage of thought capacity. Hence, ignorance. Correct?

Have you noticed a cochero on a rig who thinks he's entitled to traffic privileges just as much as the hambug in the Buick sedan? Well, he's a person who is his own municipal council. Just try to walk under the rain in his rig for a ride and tell him you're going as far as

a hundred meters away and you'll find that his horse will walk out on you. It isn't even funny.

Or think of a legislator on his soap-box working up his blood pressure for reforms usually circumvented about the fact that now is the time to keep in step with the world; to give to the public servant his due comfort and decency of living—like, for instance, a five-thousand-peso bed or a hundred-peso mansion owned by a senator which shouldn't have been there if he weren't a senator in the first place.

This legislator has a reasonable way to go about those reforms. Increase the taxes! Grab a Chinaman by the neck and tell him that his immigration papers are all bunk but that it might be fixed up with a little amount of pesos thrown across the table. Remember the prisoner Co Pak? This stuffed-shirt certainly solved a political crisis in one camp.

Which brings us all the way back to the point that an ignoramus is a Filipino who thinks he knows his business and really does.

There's a catch in vote-buying. One candidate for representative complained that he spent his life-earnings for votes, five pesos per, and when the returns were announced he was unable to see how many votes he got. There weren't any.

That's politics. One moment, you're one the outside looking in. The next moment, you're in—being thrown out.

NOVEMBER 10, 1953

Election Day.

A lot depends upon you.

You, the individual. You, the citizen. You, the parent of the generations yet to come.

Vote wisely. Remember that your vote is sacred. Enshrine it in your conscience. Don't let the evil

To Smoke or Not To ...

(Continued from page 4)

If we consider the fact that we sleep about one-third of our lifetime, 2,700 hours or more than 3 months, is taken from our average smoker's 40 years of activity. What about the time he spent in the bathroom, in eating, in useless conversation, in walking to school, etc.? Do you think this drops out only 20 years which he could have spent for some really useful and constructive activity? And, by the way my dear readers, how old are you? 20? What have you done in 20 years?

There are more reasons on the scientific point of view. One writer very efficiently discussed the effects of nicotine on the human heart. Another says it hardens the blood vessels and that it may result to high blood pressure.

Here are some reasons advanced by some chain-smokers whom I had occasioned to discuss on the subject.

One says he cannot study without a cigarette stuck between his lips. The feel of the cigarette smoke running down his spine gives him concentration, he says. Another says it is a "life-saver." It saves him from the nervous strain and helps him forget the "ordel of waiting for a girl dressing up."

These reasons, undoubtedly, are not isolated. I am a heavy smoker myself and my colleagues will readily admit with me that these reasons are not far from true.

In the meantime, I am wondering whether to smoke or not to smoke, "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows" of an outraged pocketbook, or to take the trouble of cutting a long acquired vice and in so doing end them. To desist, to quit, perchance to save myself from heart trouble or high blood pressure... Who is the doctor among you? Kindly step forward and identify yourself with the brand you smoke.

(Jeepers! This place is crawling with butts!)

and corruption around you blot out its meaning.

If a politician comes to offer you money for your vote, let him go to the devil. Tell him that you're still interested in the destiny of your nation and that the security and happiness of your family depends upon the choice you will make on November 10, 1953.