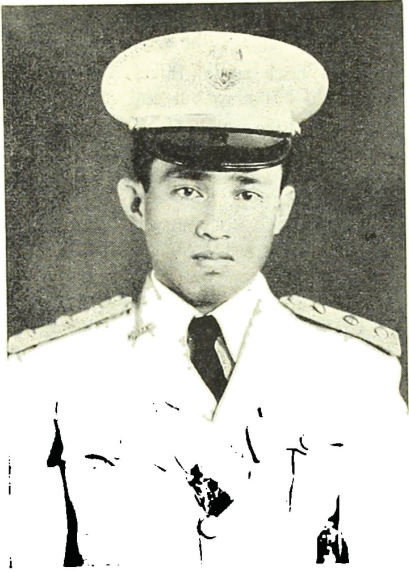


ROTC h a t t e r

By
Estratónico Añano



Casme Mirabueno
ROTC Corps Commander

FIELD GLIMPSES:

... Moming is short, Rodríguez is short-short, Gustilo is shorter and I am the shortest. This will make good as opening lines to doggerel verse. But really there is a big gap between us in ranks although they say that we are ROTC Big Guns. Incidentally all of us four are ROTC Fraternity officers, and "Moming is short, Rodríguez is ... etc..." will also make a good introduction for a fraternity song.

GREEN EYES:

... Going around the field on a Sunday morning my attention was attracted by a cadet Officer shouting at his men? "Get those GREEN EYES off me!" I thought there was among the cadets a foreigner from Green land or anyone from the zero meridian (Do they really have green eyes there?) just as we unexpectedly have our new brother Bill Bowler (with apologies to General Rómulo's **Our Brother Americans**). Then he continued: "Don't look at me, I'm not handsome! Look three hundred yards straight to the front!" When I got nearer for a better scrutiny, I saw that he decidedly was not handsome and that the Company was composed of ROTC Greenies...

... Cadet Oliver Recio of Baker Battery got the "blues" last Saturday afternoon when he was awarded five demerits for wearing an improper uniform. He confided that he slept awfully late the night previous, so that he became quite absent-minded the following day.

... Cdt. Lt. Colonel Eleno Ybañez the other week was beating his brains out looking for a sponsor-to-be. The Sponsors' presentation is booked as a September affair. He says he has no time to waste in seriously screening prospects in the library or among the luscious ranks of the College Pharmacy and Secretarial Department. But lately he

found his Kaydette Adjutant from among the Volley-Belles. Yipee... yipee... extremely swell! Her name sounds like Villarosa or was it Villa Vendetta? Well, if I don't guess it right, it must be in between. No comment, fellows. But still the Corps Adjutant is low in spirits. Still worrying? Must be! For he is still looking for one more sponsor. Why? He is both the Ex-O and adjutant of the Corps.

WHAT A GLARING MONOPOLY!

Many cadets here and there are all praises when speaking about their Corps Commander. Gossip... They really could not help but admire his goodness. Goodness begets goodness.

... When the men in the ranks see some cadet officers just a little half taller than their swords (with apologies to ...?), it surely encourages the former to take the
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Miss Luz Evangelista
ROTC Corps Sponsor

Cely: Good-bye, boys. See you later. We had a lovely scrapping time.
Al: That's my bell, too.
Mario: Let's go out together then. I'm out of my element when no female is around. (Mario mops his brow with a handkerchief pulled out of his pocket. A piece of paper flutters to the ground.)
Cely: (picking up the paper). You dropped something, Mario. Hello, what's this? O-oh! How could you?
Al: (Concerned) What's the matter now?
Cely: (Stuttering). Why, . . . he . . . he . . .
Nora: What is it?
Cely: Look! (Holds up the paper). He is "the mentor!"
Al: Well, of all the . . .
Mario: (Blushing) The cat's out of the bag. (Shrugs his shoulders).
Rudy: Well, blow me down! So that's why he . . .
Mario: "If it be now, 'tis not to come. If it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come."
 I just wanted to feel the female pulse by this article. No offense meant.
Nora: All right, all right. The bell saves your hide, Mario. But that doesn't exempt you from explanations next time we see you. Otherwise, you will hear the hue and cry of the females. Come, Cely.
Mario: (Skeptical) And that date? Is it still on?
 (The girls wink at each other and smile).
Cely: Yes, Mr. Mentor. You're really just a sheep in wolf's clothing, you know. Good-bye. (The girls go out).
Mario: (Talks after their retreating forms) Thank you, thank you . . . Now, what did they mean by that? Mario, my boy, your reputation is at stake. Anyway, "God's still in His heaven and all's right with the world."
 (The three boys go to the door, Al going ahead. Just within the door, Rudy stops Mario).
Rudy: Say, whatever made you write that article?
Mario: (Winking at Rudy). That's my business. Ah!
 "A book of verses underneath the bough
 A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, — and thou
 Beside me singing in the wilderness,
 Ah, wilderness were paradise enow."
 (Blows a kiss to the audience.)

CURTAIN FALLS
 THE END

advanced course. They are made to think that if short can afford to be seen dragging scabbards that trace figures on the ground, could we not be proud to keep those swords hanging like tails?"

SPONSORS' PRE-VIEW:

I was trying to sneak into Delia's Campuscrats for the lark of it as well as for (strictly) honorable intentions of fishing out someone to fill the top Brass of the ROTC Females' Echelon. But I had hardly gone a few steps when I found something like the real McCoy. Well, here she is, dear Cadets. Look up, pardner, look up! Our Dream Girl of the year . . .

That girl with the bedimpled cheeks, long natural curly hair and (sigh!) beautiful smiling eyes. And the name is Miss Luz Evangelista.

The Corps Sponsor's distinction was a natural one for her. Even if a lot of prospects were eyeing for the high-seat, who can deny her the honor? She was the Corps Adjutant's Sponsor last year. Not to be outdone therefore, in the order of promotions, her desirable personality promoted herself on such merits.

PARADE AND REVIEW FOR FATHER RECTOR

The Department of Military Science and Tactics held a tradition
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Senior (at a basketball game)—"See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Co-ed—"Oh, darling, this is so sudden!"

Collegian—"What did you do with my shirt?"

Room-mate—"Sent it to the laundry."

Collegian—"Ye gods! The whole history of the U.S. was on its cuffs."

"Mamma," asked little Mary, "if I get married, will I have a husband like Daddy?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid, like Aunt Agatha?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, it sure is a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

The Bright Side
 INSIDE OUT



"I had the girls running in circles when I was in college."

"I never knew you were such a sheik."

"I wasn't. I was women's track coach."

Singer—"Don't you like my voice?"

Accompanist (sadly)—"Madam, I have played on the white keys, and I have played on the black keys—but you sing in the cracks!"

A very dejected man walked into a restaurant one morning and sat down at a table.

"I want two eggs fried hard, two slices of toast burnt black and a cup of weak, lukewarm coffee," he told the waitress.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" she asked, amazed.

"To the letter."

The waitress explained to the chef and managed to get the man exactly what he had asked for.

"Anything else, sir?" she asked as she put the order on the table.

"Yes, now sit down and nag me. I'm homesick!"