

By a quarter to five, we were plodding our way home. We were delayed somewhat by engine trouble, which did not have a chance to develop much. Feria was feeling gay on the way home, in fact he was wild. All I could make out from the muffled screams was . . . oh, why go on. It's none of our business anyway. Maybe he was fighting someone close to him, oh very.

Wise cracks, in the meantime, were being shot here and there. Cruz and Tabor were the main targets. Of course no one missed Tabor, who could? Eloquent silence ensued. Silence . . . ominous and penetrating. As if all were bent in a solemn oration. Everyone seemed loath to break the silence . . . until the sun gave its last glimmers of light, as it sunk slowly into the distant horizon. Then pandemonium broke loose. The zero hour had come! Shrill har-hars were again audible even to the inattentive ear. Lights were turned on, only to be quickly put out by the order of the famous middle row gang. A roaring, maddening laugh from Papa's and Feria's vicinity, gave us the hunch that the inevitable had happened again.

City lights were soon discernible and some kind of order (or was it disorder) was enforced in the truck. Songs and yells soon were the components of the lusty repartee. Down towards Vito Cruz we rolled (could it have been otherwise?) Singing and shouting, each one trying to get hoarser than the other. At last we arrived at our honourable Prexy's house, and here one by one we scattered, without however forgetting to voice our varied opinions (which were not so varied after all) of the picnic. By unanimous consent it was branded a failure, the chow being called the only bright spot of that *there* picnic. Every time I think of the food, it makes me want to have another picnic. Oh boy, the picnic may have been a failure, but the food sure was not. Ask my stomach!

Putting aside all jest, and with all seriousness, we take this opportunity to thank the Salas family, who so graciously consented to prepare the food, and we only regret the shortage of funds which prevented us from paying the full amount of the expenses. We also wish to thank Mr. Kalaw for the use of his house in Balete. Last but not least, we thank ourselves for helping the picnic to become a great (oh!) success (ugh!).

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LOS BAÑOS FOR THE JUNIORS

Geor. P. Revilla, H.S. '32

The gray streaks of dawn were peeping along the horizon when Guzco Transit No. 10, carrying a carload of the La Salle Juniors, left the College premises, bound for old Los Baños. Cheers, songs, shouts, shrieks, etc., etc., ensued from the lusty throats of eager and expectant youths, as the truck rumbled on its way. The occupants of the neighboring houses, will no doubt, remember to this day, with chagrin not unmingled with wonder, the strange boisterous shouts which disturbed their peaceful slumbers. The day promised to be a fine one, so it is no wonder at all, that we should be cheerful. If, however, we have really caused such disturbances, be it known here that we tender our apologies to the neighborhood. But boys will be boys, and that's that.

A few unfortunate ones were left behind as they found the arms of Father Morpheus very comforting. But this is no time to shower them with regrets. I guess they will know better next time. Everybody was dressed in roughing outfit except one, and that was Master Coronado Esq. Why anybody would think he was going to attend a party, as one later remarked. Molina and Velhagen, were especially conspicuous in their twin outfits. Joseph thought there would be a baseball game and so brought along his paraphernalia, which consisted of nothing else than a cap. Cute wouldn't express the way he looked, with the

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cap, perched to one side. Freddie thought he would look beautiful in the said cap, and so made a dive for it, but was met with a punch instead. Tough luck kid. Guess the cap doesn't fit you. Now kid, no "sour grapes" feeling allowed.

To provide for the musical entertainment. Toehl had brought his accordion along, and Robinson his banjo. On the way, Toehl struck up "Should I," and Pujalte, thinking his time had come, opened his trap and began crooning "Should I reveal exactly how I feel", but go no farther than that, for he was met with shouts of "Hey, don't murder that song; give others a chance to sing it" "Hey quit that croaking." Luis, not to be talked down in such a way, continued only to find Joseph's cap crammed in his map, by the worthy owner himself. Our pal could do nothing but retort "You fellows don't know good music when you hear it." Somehow, that worthy vice-president of ours, alias "Murderer of Songs" managed to quiet the boys a moment, and in deep, sotto voice declared "Monsieur Toehl will now render us a selection, entirely his own. Give him a hand everybody." Before commencing however, Walter stood up and strove to bow, but bumped his bean on one of the benches, so he had to leave out all the other ceremonies. The first notes sounded rather familiar, and as the sounds grew stronger, the expected selection was that old-time song — "Chichirichit Alibangbang." Well, needless to say he got no bouquets, but got a half-hearted applause from Perez, and a can of milk from Herman, which Toehl later found out to be his own.

At about eight, we made a temporary stop and waited for the Professor and that worthy personage, Jose Cuyugan, who had followed behind to join us. Then on we went again. The professor, somehow obtained a seat near Molina, and the latter seeking to impress the former "tried" to sing a Kundiman, but before he had gone halfway asked Maxie Velhagen "Say, what is the matter with this truck? It seems to be creaking," at which poor Johnny collapsed, but found his seat too different from a cushion, so he had to sit up again.

About thirty-five minutes past eight we ar-

rived in Los Baños, but did not proceed directly to the Aggie's school, for everybody was clamoring for "A bath, a swim." And we got it. We found the pool quite satisfactory, and so everybody, with a few exceptions, donned their swimming trunks. Cuyugan was the first to take to water. Oh it's just like him, he was born a shark, will live to be a shark, and is going to die one. But get this, he is no poor fish. No sirree, not in any way. Gamboa; who had claimed himself to be some swimmer, gave us a few stunts. But I am forced to admit that his stunts were entirely his own. Suddenly, from somewhere we saw a body dive, and cause a great splash. All eyes were set on the bobbing head, as the diver came to the surface. Oh, it had to be Pujalte. Teucher may be diminutive in size, but put him in water and he becomes big, if you catch my meaning. After dressing, we found some of the boys already in the truck trying to beat each other into drinking as many bottles of royal as they could open and drink. Not so dumb, those kids. During this wait, Group No. 5 again became active taking snapshots. Molina wanted to have a solo, but Velhagen fearing that the film might crack, thought it best to make it a duo group, in order to ensure the success of the photo. The result of it was that neither got his wish.

Nine-fifteen found the old bus rumbling on again with the La Salle banners flaunting at its sides. Singing was again indulged in, and this time no murdering of song hits was committed, as everybody sang in one voice. Now and then the old College Song rent the air, making the fellows think of something else at that moment; their beloved Alma Mater. Suffice it is to say that the cheers and songs were voiced with spirit and loyalty. There's some college spirit for you.

Finally the truck stopped before the main building of Agricultural School from where the professors led us to the Entomology Bldg. Thanks to the kind attention of the College Dean, we found specimens of all sorts, under the microscope. We took in everything that our undeveloped minds could afford to receive. After that, snapshotting again came into play. For about half an hour we indulged in this

pastime, and then we were called again to another building, where we were given lectures on plants, animals and all kinds of diseases of the roots. Bliss gave the lecturer a hot time, asking, how, when, what, where, and so forth. The poor lecturer had a hard time keeping his mental equilibrium, but he pulled himself thru these bombardments. Say Raymond, better be more considerate next time and give the poor instructors a chance will you? An hour or so of these lectures and then off we went again. Bliss wanted to remain as he wanted to know something more, but we thought we had had enough, and besides our inner man was already crying out.

We went directly to the College Lunch where our meals were to be served. It was an ideal place indeed, surrounded as it was, by climbing vines. As I said before our bread-baskets were already crying for comfort. And we did calm down the craving of that well-known sensation, hunger, and how! I guess we will not forget that beautiful repast, will we fellows? In a few words, we cleared up everything. For a time, all was quiet on the table front, everyone being too busy to open his gap. F. Salas, Jr. attended two things: his food and also to keep the phonograph going. There's an example for you.

After lunch, the cry for Calaway Springs went around, and consequently we boarded the "buggy" after having rested for an hour. Jokes began to fly around; songs and cheers once more rent the air. Toehl and Robinson did all they could with their instruments, but the strengthened voice of forty healthy boys drowned the "twangs" of the banjo and the drawlings of the accordion. We found the pool empty, so we had to wait for about half an hour. During this wait, Salas the Small began tossing the rubber ball around, which resulted in a volleyball game. Coronado tried to star in it, but was a miserable failure. You see, he kept running with the ball, thinking

it was a basketball game. There was no other way of convincing him so Cuyugan had to do nothing but to tackle him and got that over ambitious basketeer. The game went on between Cuyugan and Coronado's team ending in the former's defeat. And that worthy, too drown his grief, dived in the pool, but bumped his head, the water being only waist high. And the "shark" had to drag himself out again. Fifteen minutes later the water rose up enough to afford swimming. At about three, Magnolia sandwiches were distributed. And then once more we invaded the pool and swam to our hearts' content. Four-thirty found everybody dressing. Barros and Reich began croaning. "Back to old Normandy." The others however did no singing, being too fagged out. Silently, one by one, they boarded the truck with tired but contented countenances. Before starting however from the people, Pujalte proposed three big cheers for Mr. Schultz. They were given with a will. Then with other resonant cheers, the truck started homeward. In Los Baños, a stop was made, for drinks were largely in demand. So the truck parked in front of a restaurant, soft drinks and water quenched the thirst of the boys. At about eight-fifteen we rounded the curve at Vito Cruz. And as the massive outlines of the College building became apparent, the College favorite song pervaded the atmosphere. As the truck stopped before the portals, it was with a feeling of satisfaction and contentment that the majority got down. "A finer day was never spent. Here's hoping the next one comes along soon" was the general opinion. Now fellows three cheers for La Salle and Los Baños.

In conclusion, we the Juniors of 1930, do hereby extend our sincerest thanks and gratitude to the Dean of the College of Agriculture, to Mr. Schultz for the use of his pool, and last but not least to our energetic officers, whose tireless efforts did not prove fruitless.

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