

Entirely Personal

PRE-ELECTION MESSAGE:

Barely thirty days after this issue comes out of the pressroom the Philippines will be treated to another political extravaganza, expected by many observers to be the most colorful, the most expensive, the most notorious (pardon the word) election this country will ever witness. Judging from the tense atmosphere that has been building up during the past few months, the November electoral contest promises to be a grand "Roman Holiday" where the electorate will be dined, wined and perhaps, though we hope not, womaned. If reports are true, money will flood the streets like water during the election day as a sure-fire formula to guarantee the victory of some weak-kneed candidates whose chances of winning are contingent upon how much they can dole out to the voting public.

Since the temptation attached to a fat ten-peso bill is very great, it is incumbent upon the electorate to stand guard with the greatest vigilance against the deception of vote-buying. Vote-buying has brought us an abundance of graft and corruption in high places, and it is about time to start weeding it out seriously before it completely saps our economic strength. While politicians are busy building up vast business empires at the expense of Juan de la Cruz, the people are starving, and unemployment takes a menacing rise at every turn of the year.

The election could open a new world of hope for a better Philippines — for more able and more honest men to run its governmental affairs, but only if the voting public, by the most conscientious use of the power of his ballot will ferret out from government service the men who do not deserve to be there. The country has been harassed by opportunism of all kinds. Unless the electorate wages a determined battle to preserve the sanctity of his ballot, there will be no end to his sufferings. Must the voter do what his conscience dictates? We hope, he will.

A CENTER INDEED:

The new air-conditioned Audio-Visual Center is a thing to crow about in USC today. The only one of its kind in the Visayas and Mindanao, Carolinians are immensely proud of this novel acquisition. Father Hoerdemann is doubtless a Father Builder. After this, what next?

Because of the comfort and convenience that one feels inside the theatre, it has easily become the hub of intellectual activity. Lectures, meetings, film showing and even induction ceremonies are held there more often than not. An "intellectual awakening" in the campus is readily noticeable, and recent observations seem to point out the fact that the center will really live up to its name. In fact, if there were more centers than one, what would happen to our classes? FLF, MSG, BC, JC, DM and ARM would be soundly sleeping while MADAM was driving home a point.

SMASH-HIT:

This first issue of the Carolinian this semester was a smash-hit on the campus. Students and teachers, outsiders included, have had nice words for the issue. While *In Memoriam* won the plaudits of the local press, Pal Joey caused commotion among the Boholano population for his "unwarranted intrusion" into the land that Dagohoy once claimed as his own. No sooner had the issue reached the nearest street than FLF was flooded with letters chastising him for belittling the cause of the patient and generous Boholano. Well... we take no sides in the issue. But one thing is certain: FLF had not meant to offend the people of Bohol. Only his overfertile imagination had run away with him, making him believe that the *ubi boom* would make him a millionaire just like that.

INCIDENTALS:

The Law Debating Class is gasping for life... A lady teacher still beams with reserved optimism as she watches the years roll by... Mrs. Maria C. Gutierrez, a Smith-Mundt scholar, is back in the folds of USC again — this time with more stories about the great USA... The library is filled to capacity only during exams... The USC Band needs some blood transfusion... Maglalang's literary contest turned out to be *late-rare* despite enticing offers of prizes to winners. The deadline had to be postponed for a week because very few responded to his appeal for "literary unity", whatever that means... It's vacation time again... and so to one and all... HAPPY HUNTING! essel A.J.R. ‡

MERRY MIX-UP

THE bell rings. Our teacher comes in. We stand and we pray the "Our Father." Then, as we take our seats, the lady remains standing and smiling. She says: "Get one whole sheet—."

"No ma'am, no ma'am, we're not prepared ma'am," we chorus.

She remains standing as usual. The smile disappears, however. "I said get one whole sheet and write a theme on any subject you like, but mark well: be careful about your grammar and spelling, and avoid the use of trite expressions and hackneyed phrases."

Pens, pencils, ball, pens begin to scratch and race their way across the sheets—except mine. My teeth instead are leaving their marks on my poor pen.

"What's trite? What's hackneyed?" I whisper to the nearest gentleman (or so I think).

"Keep your mouth shut and keep your sputnik rolling," he retorts in not so low a voice as mine.

"If there are any questions, ask me," cuts in the teacher. "If you can't think of any topic, write about yourself. Start writing, Mr. Cruz."

"Yes, ma'am," meekly says I. Thus I write:

It is said, ma'am, that where there's a well there's a way. While I was in

• by R. CORDERO •

high school I sure did have the well—the school, and the way—the teacher—but my misfortune was that I didn't have the bucket—the books. I misplace them or lose them, or lent them to my classmates and in return my classmates gave me their homework to copy from. So, of course, I didn't graduate valedictorian in that class of forty as my parents expected. However, since I was a good listener, words come easy to me. You don't have to worry over my spelling.

I am good in grammar, too. I ain't stupid like other students are. I've got a retentive memory, as well. So retentive indeed, that I have still my coconut shell such beautiful passages as "Come live with me and be my cash," by Kitts, and Johnson's

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I will drink the wine."

Wanderful! isn't? Nevertheless, History is my favorite. I know "I shall return" was promised by President Quezon. Only it was MacArthur who returned.

I am a humble man.... In spite of my scholarly ability I do not boast
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ROTC Reports

THE THREE STARS have been lost. Unceremoniously. Ignominiously. They were lost not because we no longer had Anacleto "Star" Garcia, nor because we no longer had "diehards" in the Corps. They were lost because we had men at the helm of the Corps whose passion for glamour by far surpassed their desire to learn anything to such an extent that it almost became an incurable mania.

Now it can be told. "How could the Corps learn anything when the officers were more concerned about rehearsing and rehearsing the parade and review than about anything else? It seemed as if parades were all ROTC was for!" Captain Aquino fumingly explained.

Three stars, which many had sweated it out to retain, were lost because a few had the "magnificent obsession" of glorifying their egos through constant parades and reviews.

But if we lost the three stars last year, this year they are going to be buried. "The officers this year are not only glamour-seeking. Most of them are irreparably irresponsible. You tell them to do anything. They'll bungle it." Captain Aquino added.

"That's why we have decided to re-screen our officers. Anybody found by the screening committee to be inefficient, will be dropped from the Corps."

"They have complained I don't back them up in implementing discipline on the cadets. It is because I personally do not like their means of implementing discipline."

"My theory has always been that man as a rational animal knows his duties and responsibilities. My policy has always been in favor of persuasive rather than coercive discipline. I have faith in the sense of honor of man."

"I admit the Corps is lousy. Its size and the limited three hours of Saturday drill cannot enable the three of us, Sgt. Modequillo, Sgt. Papellero and myself to supervise everybody. To remedy this, we are planning to hold Sunday drill for one battalion by rotation. That way, all three of us can concentrate all our attention on everybody. I cannot count on my cadet officers for assistance. We hope Father Rector approves of the plan."

"But, Sir," we dared to raise a protest, "aren't the officers briefed every Saturday morning to prepare them for the afternoon drill?"

"Saturday briefing? Ha! That's a joke. All the officers do have is sword drill. The Corps Commander and the Battalion Commanders do not even prepare a schedule of instruction for these Saturday briefing. That's why all they do is conduct sword drills."

"How about the tactical officers?"

"We cannot rely much on them. They do not come here often."

"How about the cadets, Sir? We heard they're getting onionskinned nowadays."

"Yeah, they have become wise and sensitive. You pat them on the back

and you get sued for physical injuries. We don't really mind facing court action. But then, it will cause a lot of adverse publicity for the school. We do not like that. Besides, politics is bound to come in too. There are just too many politicians in the Philippines today for our comfort."

With that we ended the discussion on the darker side of the DMST. It would seem now that everybody is partly to blame. The cadet officers, or at least most of them, just do not know their responsibilities. On the other hand, the cadets do not seem to realize that in military life the rule is: Obey first, before you complain.

Everybody must realize that in any organization, each and every member has a share to perform; that to the good of the body as a whole, individual interest must be subordinate.

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The Bingo bug has got into the USC ROTC Corps. Last August 16, the cadets spent half of their supposed whole drill day marking Bingo cards, hoping that the number would turn into \$250.

Meanwhile, rumors were rife that there is a move to abolish the Field Artillery Unit in every ROTC Corps. The rumors have so far been unconfirmed.

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It was beauties galore at the parade grounds at Camp Lapulapu, Lahug last August 30, 1959. The occasion was the presentation of sponsors of the USC ROTC Unit at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon, followed by an evening parade and culminated by a cocktail party.

The following are some of the cadette sponsors: Miss Melinda Rubi, Corps Sponsor; Miss Carina Dorotheo, Corps Sweetheart; Miss Emma Valenzuela, Supreme Sword Fraternity Sweetheart; Miss Teresita Vergara, 1st Battalion Sponsor; Miss Ruthilla Mendoza, 2nd Battalion Sponsor; Miss Delia Honrado, 3rd Battalion Sponsor; Miss Papeлина Borja, 1st Battalion Sweetheart; Miss Lydia Manuel, 2nd Battalion Sweetheart; Miss Sonia Galan, Senior Sword Fraternity Sweetheart; Miss Elma Salvador, Junior Sword Fraternity Sweetheart; Miss Concepcion Cabatingan, 1st Bn. Adj. & S-3; Miss Salvacion Abella, 2nd Bn. Adj. & S-3; and Miss Eva Regis, 3rd Bn. Adj. & S-3. ¶

MERRY MIX-UP

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of it, because I learned that man, since the fall of Adam, has been subject to commission of errors and omissions. I am kind and forgiving too. I always apply the golden rule. If I commit any mistakes, I am ready and willing to forgive my parents or my teachers (as the case may be). For, after all "to err is human; to forgive is the vine" as Sakespeare, the great historian, says. ¶

★ INSIDE ★ DMST ★ by C.L. SALERA

The Sword Fraternity under the command of Cdt. Col. Bendanillo decided to raise funds by sponsoring a Bingo game, the proceeds of which went for expenses like sponsors' pins, officers' balls and other social affairs.

1500 hour, 16 August 1959, was the D-day. The officers' Clubhouse at Camp Lapulapu was crowded with cadets.

The game was highlighted by the presence of our beloved Commandant, his wife, his daughter, Miss Leonor Borrarnico, Corps Sponsor Matron, and her "Fair Maidens".

Congratulations to the lucky winners, particularly to Miss Eva Regis for winning fifty pesos in the "Junior Black-Out Bingo".

The affair was a success. We are deeply indebted to our Commandant who gave us the permission to use the Officers' Clubhouse and to Mrs. Aquino for her management of the distribution of prizes. We extend our heartfelt thanks to you, Sir, and we hope we will have more of your benevolence.

Orders are orders, so, we've got to follow them. The DMST office received a "love letter" from the Third Military Area Headquarters ordering that cadets "must wear boots".

There's a rumor that the Field Artillery unit in this University will be dissolved. The FA advanced cadets are still hopeful that their branch of service will not be dropped. The truth is that it is exceedingly hard for these people to change their minds from howitzers to M's.

1500 hours, 9 August 1959, the "big four", Cdt. Col. Bendanillo, Cdt. Lt. Cols. Brañola, Salera and Escobar, represented the USC ROTC unit in the Supreme Sword Fraternity election of officers held at the CIT skyroom. The Supreme Commandership went to USP while USC got the purse.

The cadet non-commissioned officers of the three battalions formed their respective Chevron Fraternities and elected their officers. The purpose: unity, teamwork and esprit de corps.

The presentation of sponsors took place on 30 August 1959. An evening parade and review was held at the Camp Lapulapu drill grounds. After the ceremonies, the invited guests were treated to a cocktail party.

Cdtte. Col. Melinda Rubi is the Corps Sponsor this year. Cdtte. Lt. Col. Teresita Vergara was designated 1st "Spearhead" Battalion sponsor; Cdtte. Lt. Col. Ruthilla Mendoza, 2nd "Spittire" Battalion sponsor; Cdtte. Lt. Col. Delia Honrado, 3rd "Leather-necks" Battalion sponsor. Cdtte. Lt. Col. Carina Dorotheo is the Corps Sweetheart.

One of the problems of the cadet corps this year is the lack of materials for instructional purposes. Everybody needs poopsheets. The second year advanced cadets would like to take something with them as souvenirs of cadet life, not only for sentimental reasons but also for purposes of the probationary training. The cadet corps hopes, therefore, that the people concerned will take note of this. ¶