

There's Always Tomorrow

By ALFREDO V. SANCHEZ

District I

In Spanish we call it "mañana," in Tagalog we call it "bukas" and in Ilocano "inton bigat." The word "tomorrow" has as many equivalents as there are languages and dialects. However, to enumerate them all is unnecessary for they all mean "the day after today."

The word "tomorrow" is used abundantly and/or unsparingly. It is used for convenience, just to say something, just as an excuse for something left undone, just to stave off the ever pounding question "When?" It is used as a promissory note, something good and special in store for us the next day. It makes us feel the possibility of turning over a new leaf, of transformation into a new man, a rebirth of special abilities and special capabilities at the break of dawn in the morrow.

I will not touch on the things that makes tomorrow another day, a day of promise. I will bring to you instead the unpleasant things that follow in the wake of the so-called "mañana habit." The setting is Dormitory No. III, College of Forestry campus, Makiling National Park.

I was there in one corner of the dormitory holding a notebook. I was serious and determined and with full concentration in learning by heart the proverbial Latin names. "*Amorphopalus campanulatus*" Pongapong, "*Oriza sativa*" Rice, "*Zea maiz*" corn, "*Pterocarpus indicus*," Narra, etc. I repeated all these ought-to-be-memorized scientific names as if I were repeating the *Kyrie eleyson*. I was in the throes of the rigorous training of a would-be dendrologist when my friend, Leo, came. He was so

jolly, so cheerful and carefree at that time. He pulled my ears and said, "C'mon, throw that stuff away. You can do that tomorrow." I obeyed like a good boy. I opened my locker and the notebook was thrown into the limbo of forgotten things. The glare of a bright day met us as we went down the steps. I made one step forward. "There! there! . . . the ladies," pointed Leo. I saw the ladies walking here and there. I saw them laughing, singing and teasing one another. The sight of these ladies made me forget my scholastic duties. After all, why mope like an owl in my room while the world was made for laughter, reveries and romance. I looked for the piece of mirror. I said piece because it was our practice to contribute for the mirror. We used to pass the hat, a nickel each. In that way everyone would take care of it as if it were his own personal property. In case it got broken, we promised to divide it among ourselves. One piece each to be called his very own. I combed my hair left, right — left, right — left, until my untamed hair with the help of grease finally gave in. "And now," I said to myself, "I look more civilized." And off I went to my gallivanting.

* * *

On my bed I lay weary and frayed at the edges. Soon twilight ushered in the loneliness of night. Lying on my bed with my eyes open, I began to dream. Alice was her name. I produced my diary from my pocket to be sure of her lovely name. Alice written in Engineering 1a stroke. I was not mistaken. I remembered our first handshake; the first word uttered; the shy look in her face; the blushing when I said she was beautiful. The past began to unroll itself. Things came back to me one by one as if I had been looking into a crystal ball. Fascinated by these happy recollections,

tions, I made a resolution. I would write her tomorrow. Rain or shine. Test or no test. Yes, sir! I then began weaving in my mind the things I was going to write. I would remind her of our first meeting; of our wending our way up the long flight of steps of the old swimming pool; of the song "Across the Blue Lagoon," we sang together beneath that Semi-Kissing Rock; of the picture she promised me; of the picnic I planned for her and I would tell her more about my life. And in the midst of my reveries, sleep gently zippered my eyes.

The gong woke me up with a sudden start to the harsh reality of another day. As I opened my drawer I felt the impact of the things left undone. The unaccomplished assignments. There was the table of array and I was supposed to find the median and the mean deviation; the survey without a tying point; the graph where I was supposed to locate the dormitories, the Mess Hall and the cottages of the professors; the arrangements of leaves I ought to know by now. I read the word below the title, LEAVES. Ovate. "Well," I mused to myself, "I know this one. This looks like the grade I got last test." I read further, Subulate, Cordate, Oblong and Reniform—all the shapes of which were beyond my nearest guesses. I was already getting confused by the time I came across the famous Hamlet soliloquy, "To be or not to be!" beneath which someone had jokingly written "memorize me." Then I came across "100" written on a tablet paper. My heart stood still. I recalled my having to write "Adios Patria Adorada" 100 times. My head was in a swirl . . .

I put on my low-waisted Makiling palm beach trousers. I paired it with my checkered shirt. I now looked like a Texas Ranger, sans pistol and pinto. Off to the class I went. I sat behind a classmate of elephantine proportions. I felt safe behind the human bulwark. The professor called the roll. So far, so good for I was able to master "Presente, Señor." Then came

the ABC recitation. R was already called. There were still thirty minutes to go. My surname begins with S. The first S was already called. I knew that after one more S, it would be my turn. How I wished my name were Tsanchez for then I would at least be saved by the bell. I felt nervous. My hands were cold, my lips dry, my adam's apple stuck in my throat. I had to do something. I raised my hand. Without a word from the professor I went to the comfort room. I stayed there for three minutes. I checked my watch. Twenty more minutes before time. One hour seemed too long. So, I rechecked it by placing it to my ear. It was functioning. I kept blaming the bell-boy. Why does he not adjust his timepiece? Why does he not ring the bell for fun! He wants to go home early. I knew that. He told me once. I hated him. Could he not bear the little "saponizing" from the Dean. I could proclaim him a hero for that. Hoping against hope I rallied my message through the air. He might have a radar to see my helpless condition. Sound it, boy Just say the bell rang by accident. Say a branch of Bagtican fell on it or a foolish boy threw a stone at it. But he went away. He did not hear my S.O.S. So I stepped out. I felt my legs trembling. "Take it easy buddy," I encouraged myself. I walked to my seat. I sat and just then my name was called. I repented. I blamed myself. Why did I not stay a little longer? I could have done so for nobody had seen me there anyway. I could have made an excuse, say, stomach trouble. But such an excuse would have done me no good. I tried it once in the Infirmary for an alleged stomach ache, and I was made to take a physic. The nausea caused me to throw up. It was a very bad experience. I did not like history to repeat itself. What was I to do now? I had to think of another strategy. I pretended not to have heard the question. The professor called again. Everybody was looking at me. Some looked at me with pity;

others with suspicious eyes; and still others made facetious remarks.

The class before I returned must have been having fun because I could hear their laughter from the corridor. I saw the drawing of Felix the Cat on the board with his anatomical parts labeled. But I was in such a consternation that I really could not think. I felt as if paralyzed . . . I could not even hear the question, but I had to stand up. "I beg your pardon, Sir," I ventured to ask. The professor said something but because of the laughter I heard only the word "cola." Without thinking I blurted out, "Si Señor, quiero coca-cola." You ought to have heard the pandemonium that broke loose. Even the professor had to hold on to his sides to keep from breaking apart with laughter.

Everybody was tapping me on the back as we went out of the classroom and I could not for the life of me figure out what it was all about.

Back in the dormitory everybody referred to my "cola."

"Why," I asked, "What did the professor ask?"

Leo, my pal, drew a cat on a piece of paper and said, pointing to the tail, "Esta es la cola" (This is the tail). And the professor asked you, "Tiene Vd. cola, Sr. Sanchez?"

"The joke's on me," I said, smiling. "But there's always tomorrow. And that means tomorrow I shall turn over a new leaf. No more 'mañana habit' for me."

What The College Of Forestry Means To Me

By JOSE MAKIL

To me, the College of Forestry is a symbol of human growth. In fact, the outstanding revelation of growth in itself, both physical and its social relationship to the needs of our fast growing society, has been progressive and phenomenal. What does

the word growth really mean? Generally speaking, it means the process of growing, the gradual increase of living organism by natural processes, or the development to maturity or full size. Basically, it is portrayed through growth of knowledge, growth in human relationship, and growth in physical as well as in spiritual well-being. Ultimately, it is the growth of self as a whole for any human service or endeavor, which in my case, is for the service of forestry to my people and country.

Growth, we know, is the basic law of mother nature. It is the law that governs all living matters on earth including man. Man as the chief accomplishment of creation, like trees, owes it to himself to grow in order to accomplish his mission on earth. The trees must also grow or face the spectre of decay. When a tree fails to grow in height, in its breadth and strength, it begins to decay. Likewise when a man stops improving his potentialities in mind, health and spirit that very moment he begins to decay mentally, physically, and socially. Eventually he becomes a liability to society instead of an asset. In short, he is fitted at the moment to rot. To overcome such tragedy, he must have a vigorous growth in mind, body and spirit. He must have an overwhelming faith in himself, in his fellowmen, and above all, in his Creator.. Yes, such are the virtues that the College of Forestry taught me to remember and follow in the field of service in forestry and in my private life.

I am a part and parcel of our Alma Mater. It is my honest and sincerest belief that such is the case with each and everyone of you. With the word "our" I have in mind you and I as a part and parcel of this growing institution of learning. By using the word "our" it satisfies my feeling and sense of pride of being a part of such a great school of learning, a member of a fast growing alumni of foresters, and particularly for the "esprit de corps

and camaraderie" that binds us all, the potential products of this college.

The College of Forestry taught me what I know of forestry. It also awakened the knowledge of self-help—the knowledge to develop incentives which produce constructive initiative and abilities to be used as tools in working out problems that may arise in the service of forestry in particular, and in the service of the public in general. It helped me to adapt myself to the discipline of singleness of purpose, courage, and determination to carry on to the glorious end. It trained me also in the best forms of growth, namely the growth in habit of thought and action; habit of observation and application; and habit of appreciation of what is beautiful and worthy. These habits of growth have helped me think visually and clearly in solving not only my own problems as a forester and as a private citizen, but also problems of other people I have met in the performance of my duties as well as in private life.

Parenthetically, this brings us to the problem of forestry. It is not the concern of neither the forester nor forestry itself; it is everybody's concern. Man and nature are the two greatest forces in our world. Man's first concern is to come to terms with nature. His second concern is to come to terms with his fellowmen. In our first concern, the world being our home, must be protected. Its natural resources like the rivers, forest, soils and wildlife must be preserved if man must survive. The fact that once virgin lands are now burning deserts in many countries must be a point for serious thinking and consideration. Our next and most important concern is the art of learning how to live together happily as human beings. Experience tells us that this is possible through the divine admonition to "love one another." His teachings in brotherly love must be followed or this generation will all end up under the monstrous wrath of the hydrogen bomb.

This training of the power of observa-

tion, study and reflection is necessarily slow. The forest is abundant with hidden truths which are only found through the slow process of experimentation, analysis, and conclusion. It is also full of things beyond our power to understand, as well as things that allow no chance for slow reflection. Take for instance our experience with wild bees when the mere knowledge of their coming makes our legs move faster than our thoughts.. Yes, the learning I derived from the College of Forestry has taught me to make both deliberate and quick decisions. The later type of making decisions leads to unwarranted and disastrous panic. This reminds me of a story about a group of students in a jungle chaperoned by a well-known professor, when of a sudden, an alarming buzzing sound from nowhere disturbed their peace. Previous experience with bees sent the party including the outstanding professor helter-skelter into "seeking cover." All, properly camouflaged under the bushes or under the stones nearby, waited eagerly for the "all clear" signal.

Then came a shout of "No bees! no bees!" Cautiously, each student, including the professor, emerged from their hideouts only to find to their embarrassment that the sound that scared them to death was only the uninterrupted melody of a bunch of cicadas nearby!

Knowledge in forestry is, by all means, an asset in human relationship. We find this part of knowledge in the study of Silvics which tells us of the association and life of trees. The association of plant life has many things in common with the association of men. One of these is tolerance, a quality to reckon with in the success or failure of the life of man or of trees within the association. An intolerant species can not stand shade. In the long run, it is eliminated by virtue of suppression from towering trees around it. On the contrary, if it is given an equal chance with sunlight, it will shoot itself up to become a dominant figure among its constituents.

This fact is also true in the association of the human race. Like the intolerant tree, an intolerant man is a "square peg in a round hole." His intolerance will make him self-conceited, selfishly proud, and above all, unsociable. Eventually, he finds himself alone and avoided, as well as eliminated from society. If given a chance, however, to have his way because of conformity, subservience, and servility of the people around him, this same intolerant man, true to theory and type, rises continuously until he becomes a dictator.

Fortunately the forest is inhabited mostly by species of the tolerant type. No wonder the forest is a veritable place for human blessings, and a fountain of happiness to the forlorn as well. Likewise, men of the tolerant type are also blessings and source of endless happiness for their fellowmen. They are the salt of the earth, mainstay of good life, and strength of democracy. Tolerance, as taught to me in the College of Forestry, has guided my 35 years of fruitful and memorable service to my people and country through the Bureau of Forestry. Tolerance is an inseparable human quality from humility, patience, and human understanding. It is a vital trait akin to the sublime yet unhurried processes of nature. It is an indispensable virtue to a forester who manages the forests for the use of both present and future generations.

Other inherent qualities in the process of training students in the College of Forestry are the development of his health, and the strengthening of his spiritual life. I feel that with these educational developments in a student, his future rests mainly on them. Personally the only reason I can think of for my present vitality in spite of my long years of service, is the fact that until today I still feel the buoyancy of college life at the same rate of intensity as when I was fresh from college. That is because of the location of the College of Forestry, its clean campus, the disciplined life of the students then and field work up

and down Mount Makiling, and the mild climate of the region was able to acquire lasting health habits.

Last but not least is the growth in spiritual life. The students of forestry as well as the forester are always in close association with nature. W. Humboldt, the philologist and statesman, says: "Natural objects themselves, even when they make no claim to beauty, excite the feelings and occupy the imagination. Nature pleases, attracts, delights, merely because it is nature. We recognize in it an Infinite Power." That is my experience. I recognize an Infinite Power whenever I am inside a forest. I feel my smallness and nothingness—the insignificance of "a drop of water in the ocean." Subconsciously I feel a Presence persistent and irresistible. I experience a concentrated thinking about wonderful nature and of self-introspection. When I come to myself I feel serene and spiritually rejuvenated.

How it Feels to Be A Freshman

By EDILBERTO CAJUCOM

Perhaps no one would disagree with me that the most lonesome creature in the whole U.P. is the Forestry freshman. You ask me why! Well, I'll tell you. First of all, for the first time the intellectual balloon that he thought he was, has been deflated by the pin of harsh reality. He has been bitten by the inferiority complex bug. He considers himself a stranger among oldtimers. He is at a loss as to whether to mingle with the privileged group or to stay in the corners of corridors. The latter he resorts to because he is afraid that he will be snubbed. He feels scared, absolutely scared fearing that the upperclassmen or the professors would bark at him or pounce upon him at the slightest mistake or misdemeanor. Now he awakens to the cold reality that as a FRESHMAN, he is stripped of his high school glamor. To cap it off, he with his confreres is preemptorily told to wear the

so-called "skull cap" and a skull cap as everyone knows is a badge of lowliness. What is worse is that the poor worm of a freshman has to wear this "crown" throughout the year. Surely the Bard of Avon was right when he said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

Deprived of the love and care of his parents he is like a lost child, eagerly looking and longing for affection and parental solicitude. The close watch and supervision are gone. All alone now he has to confront his problems, and bear all college tribulations. He now realizes the real meaning of the oft-repeated expression "Paddle your own canoe."

In spite of these impediments or hindrances, the freshman, after a time, learns to feel to get along with the upperclassmen who, after all, are not so tough as they are pictured to be. It is a question of adjustment. It all depends on the freshman student's attitude. He should feel proud of being a FRESHMAN. He should realize that his is a stage in preparation for a higher rung in the ladder of learning. He should be inspired to study harder, and dream of the day when he, too, will be an upperclassman enjoying their prerogatives and privileges, of which, at present, he is deprived. He can, of course, console himself with the thought that college life is a ferris wheel, with the thrill that one gets as he rises up higher and higher in the air.

A forestry freshman has no time to fuss and fret as soon as classes have begun in full swing. Lectures, exercises, field trips, quizzes—an honest-to-goodness whirligig that keeps spinning his mind like a top . . . and when Sunday comes, the supposed respite becomes a day of review, and preparation for the second round. And it would be a great hectic life if he would not weaken. But a freshman's life is full of fun . . . there are many funny things—and he can laugh at his prof's antics, at his funny answers, at his classmates' embarrassing moments,

and all those things that make the sunshine corner of college life.

He, too, is proud to be a FRESHMAN because he knows that some day he will join the previous classes in serving the nation. Because of this he tries his best from day to day in preparation for the huge and exacting task demanded of all foresters engaged in conserving the nation's vast natural resources.

He learns, also, that he has to be good in school because on his behavior during his formative years in college will depend his future, his outlook in life, his character, and his success as a custodian of our forests.

The Forest Ranger

By TEODORO C. DELIZO

The Forest Ranger is a small employee of the Bureau of Forestry with a big heart. He is a woodsman of no mean ability, hunter, fisherman and a planter. There are forest rangers who came from the ranks but most have two years of college work in the College of Forestry, University of the Philippines. Some forge ahead and keep up with the broad dynamic movement of the day while others merely go on doing the routine of office, like station administration, log scaling, nursery-reforestation work, etc. Some have offices in cities and towns but a greater number spend a greater part of their lives in God's great outdoors. During the early nineteen hundred, the forest ranger commonly called "Montero" was the symbol of power and authority in the woods. He was usually seen with shiny pigskin leggings, broad-brimmed stetson army hat, khaki shirt, a revolver dangling on his waist and riding a handsome saddled horse.

Now, the "Montero" wears neither legging nor broad-brimmed stetson army hat. We rarely see nowadays one displaying a revolver or pistol and, strange to say, many of them do not care to handle one. Many

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the expansion of trade between the Philippines and Australia.

"The Philippines," according to him, "has logs, lumber, hemp and cordage, coconut products, tobacco and manufacturers and other products that can be exported to Australia such commodities as meat and meat preparations, dairy products, cereal and cereal preparations, cattle and other live animals, leather and other products. The free exchange of these products through exportation and importation between the two countries has not been possible on account of the payment problem."

"Two possible remedies have been advanced," he explained, "namely, formation in this part of the world of a regional payment union as in Europe and barter. The first was believed impractical as there is conspicuous disparity in the value of exports and imports and necessarily the countries that have favorable balance of trade sooner or later will find themselves extending credits to countries with unfavorable balance of trade. The creditor nations feel that they cannot afford to extend credits for even insubstantial amounts and for any length of

time. As regards the second, for some time there has been a very strong pressure to resort to barter to help producers and to increase a saving in our dollar reserve as otherwise foreign goods bartered would have to be acquired and paid for in dollars."

De las Alas said that through persistent efforts of influential elements in the Philippine business community, a modified barter law was approved by the Congress of the Philippines.

"However," he asserted, "there developed a very strong opposition within the government, specially among ranking officials of the Central Bank who believe that it would affect the stability of the value of the Philippine peso, and, as a result, the regulations adopted in the implementation of the law, have been such that barter transactions have encountered difficulties and, so far, the value and volume of good bartered have not been appreciable."

Don Antonio de las Alas has the signal honor of being the only Filipino invited to act as one of the chairmen during the All Australia Timber Congress.—*Manila Times*, November 15, 1956.

LITERARY ATTEMPTS . . .

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of them do not know how to saddle a horse, not even to ride one. A few of them, however, can drive a jeep, an ability unheard-of during the early nineteen hundred. One important trait which the "Montero" of old and the present possess in common is the patience to travel in the woods no matter what the topography might be. He is a courteous public servant, ever ready to extend a helping hand to forest users. With his limited supply of quinine, aspirin, and paregoric, he oftentimes takes the place of the country doctor. He is a dentist with his supply of tincture of iodine. He has done favors for scientists, businessmen and even politicians but the reverse does not seem to hold true.

His former pay was small, pegged to ₱75.00 for many years, and until only recently was his pay hiked to ₱120. But compared with the salary of the street sweeper and the janitor of the college, it is a shame. But he is happy and contented in spite of this low pay because his work is steady, and he deals with a lot of people and his trees. He is the master of

B.F. NOTES . . .

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30. Carlos Sulit

31. Juan Utleg

The purpose of the conference was to discuss common problems such as rural improvements work of the Department, its program of activities, the reorganization, position classification, salary standardization, local problems and corresponding solutions, etc.

himself and is independent in his official conduct; very much attached to his family, church and civic clubs. In many places he is considered a big man, often rubbing elbows with the big shots of the province or town where he works.

When he graduates from the college of forestry he has no debts—then gets himself a wife and then begin his debts. After ten years holding the same job, the same pay, and raising about half a dozen children he becomes more buried in debt. That is the "Montero." "A steady worker but a forgotten honest public servant," he is often called. Cannot the government improve his lot by at least placing him in the same category as those who are employed in other branches of the government with equal academic training?