

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... Magalang'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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