

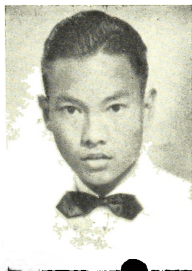
# Vacation...

## Aaaahhh!

By  
Neslor M. Morales

OH BOY!! "Let's put our books away... study time is over... gaily tripping... homework skipping... soon we'll be at play." Yes sir!!!

Vacation, the greatest dream of dreams for students. The time to go slow and hibernate. The time to adjust our minds and store away our acquired knowledge in school (if there is any) for future use. Vacation is like a soothing balm designed to put our body and soul into a state of relaxation. It is like mentholated steam siphoned by people to clear their clogged noses and shaky nerves plus a hysterical loggy imagination after a monotonous school grind. Like an invigorating sea breeze slapping and kissing our faces or maybe *tuba-tuba* leaves plastered on our monicker... excuse me... sides of our foreheads, vacation is unanimously approved as the student's Utopia or one boy's garden of Eden, without Eve, that is of course like many other cases it has its advantages and disadvantages.



The author



I will miss the library, the place where boys are visibly curtained from the girls but who still manage to cast shy glances at each other. I will miss the lobby, the place where *wolves* meet *wolves*. I will miss the coop, the chapel, the *halo-halo* stores. But the sentimental and tragic part of it all is the parting between me and my inspiration, my guiding star (Margorine) and the source of my... burp... well-being and... burp... happiness. She will be leaving for Jolo where she will spend the vacation in pearl-diving and making knives. For recreation, she says, she will help her buyo-chewing and kris-brandishing relatives fight the army. Atta girl!

I will not see that Boris Karloffish clerk again, at least for a while. I will not encounter questions which will set my mind jay-walking into the territories of... 4's and 5's. I surely will not miss that prof who gave me a grade that was just a wink away from the island of doomed men. On the other hand, I will save money, energy and clothes. I can erase from my mind that thought of reviews for quizzes and exams. No more doggone heat -- absorbing and pitiful ROTC drills and double-times, carrying those rifles of ancient models sometimes mistaken for elephant guns, that could make your limbs go jelly. That lousy ax-toothed, loudspeaker-nosed company commander who could land jetplanes on his oversized

forehead can go to Korea and get himself pulverized with our regards.

I have planned to spend my vacation on grandpaw's farm and thrive on grandmaw's superexcellent cooking. I am not going to give low-life there any peace. I will relax under the swaying coconut palms, gaze into nature's wonderland, munch giant guavas, *tambis*, *chicos*, *cimitos*... *alka-seltzer*... please. I can see my ever loyal flea-covered dog sleeping beside me. I can see the verdant rolling hills in shawl of green, I can hear the murmuring of the brook and the shrieking cries of agony of murdered chickens for dinner. I can hear the toothless whistling of the leaves, and the unlimited, uncontrolled, high-pitched voices of the fair maidens washing clothes and bathing themselves in the brooks. I can hardly wait to ride my favorite carabao who runs like a cadillac convertible over mountains and molehills, over valleys and plains. At long last the city life cannot bother me then.

For more interesting objects, I will stray among the brooks where I can see the truly virgin, typical Maria Claras washing clothes clad in multicolored *patadions* and healthfully *palapaloing* their laundry. A scene so truly Philippine. Our ROTC sponsors have got nothing on these women. Except for the fact that these highland girls

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## ON DA LEVEL . .

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in a conference held at a local university. We have high hopes for this association because we believe that the CEGS means turkey in local college journalism. In fact, the different editors that compose the CEGS have come up with the maiden issue of their official organ, *THE COLLEGE TEMPER*. It is published once in every two months. For the record, it may be said that the CEGS out-CEGED the CEG of the Philippines. Please repeat the line and please examine your tongues. . . . .

At press time, the Catholic populace is still boiling over the revelation in the Sentinel, purporting to show that three top Education officials are hatching on a macabre plan of eliminating Religious Instruction. Tch, tch. . . If the charges be found to hold water, we respectfully suggest that these officials be awarded charity tickets to Moscow with our sincerest compliments!

Students are showing healthy signs of interest for newspapers. They are showing. Period. Just inch over to a serious-minded newspaper hog and you'll find him in inter-stellar hazards with Buck Rogers or Exmark. He doesn't give a dee about news items, you know. And what's more, if you just wait long enough, he'll tap you on your shoulder and borrow your pen. Don't frown. Just give with the pen so he will not purloin the crossword puzzle section. The writer knows whereof he speaks. . . . .

Many a recurrent theme of gripes from certain quarters is the alleged domination of law students on the pages of the Carolinian. The E-in-C himself was a law student, now turned Liberal for reasons unknown even to the missus. Ssssh!! Bulldozing for four grueling years of student-lawyering, he was just about to get the sheepskin when he found out that he wanted to be a loyal Liberal first. Wonder what took him so doggone long. In the present set-up of the "C", most of the pen-sloshers are Law students to boot.

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## NOCTURNE . .

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There you were, with the voice I longed to hear all day. You smiled your forgiveness and the world was forgotten. Did I really hurt you that afternoon? There was fire in your eyes, that too ended suddenly. Your husky and soft voice always makes my heart go thumping and alfluter. . .

How many times had we been together after that? Or had you already picked me out. I was madly in love with you. You must have sensed it. Sometimes you were for from me. Sometimes so near and so enticing. Nights I slept listlessly. Wanting the morrow to come. The day's end seemed so long. Walking with you. Talking with you.

Yes, I had told you about my girl friends when you asked. Of Gloria, the daughter of the richest man in town and why I couldn't dare say to her how I felt. There was that unseen barrier that separated us with a finality. Gloria and their kind took it for granted that their life was the only kind. They don't know and care to know how the others lived. If ever that should come to me, it should come with a meaning. There has to be a reason for it. . .

How the days and weeks flew by. Nine to five weekdays. Eight to two Saturdays. I kept my nose to the daily grind for I wanted to learn more. Saturday afternoons. Sundays. Again with you. The surcease to the pace I have been setting for myself. Times when you begged leave not to be with me. Insane jealousy reared its head within me for no reason at all. You had headaches or you've got to be with your mother to the province. . .

And then December. Cool nights and balmy days. The world awakening to something joyous. The sense of anticipation in the children's eyes, the hustle and activity in everyone. Misa de Gallos. Our first Christmas together. The Office crowd's Christmas eve party. . . and you were mine. . . remember?

You gave me your package. Each one of us had one. We were to exchange gifts together. Just a small one, with all the pretty ribbons. "Merry Christmas Ric." I took the package and opened it. Your eyes were on me. Queening eyes. Slowly I unravelled the lovely ribbons, inside. . . a handwrought!

## VACATIONS, AAAHHH! . . .

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like to talk about those days when Andres Bonifacio and Tandang Sora were still in circulation, or they talk about those days when swimming was had in balintawaks. Well. . . well, it's good to be re-viewed on Philippine history. Signs of city life are however shown there. Like for example, pedal-pushers and jeans. These are always in vogue but they are worn by old men while plowing fields and harvesting. With these various mountain sceneries, the international fair booths can start packing and leave for their respective countries. . . *sour grapes*.

However, I will bring along with me treasured copies of *The Carolinian* as souvenir to lessen the longing and yearning for the school and faces of dear Carolinians. It will also bring back memories of the serenading of dormitories, counting posts in the streets, the parties, jam sessions, excursions, picnics, born dances, and miscellaneous activities in school and out of school.

So, friends and classmates, graduates and undergraduates, ends another schoolyear. With a Shakespearean "Parting is such sweet sorrow" attitude I wish you all a very happy vacation. Don't grow too fat, for you might have a difficult time enrolling yourselves. You know what I mean. Just pack up your things and take it on the lam. Good-bye, I hate to see you go butaaaaa. . . have good time!! *Bueno . . . somos diferentes . . . er. . . er. . . Mi cafetal . . . hasta la vista!!*

heart-shaped locket of solid gold. "Open it Ric" you asked me. A cameo likeness of you inside and the inscription. . . From me to Ric, with love. . .

There was love in your eyes, lips half parted. I just took you in my arms. The hunger of you was in that kiss. You didn't resist. You kissed me back. "I love you" that was all that I could say. Soft and warm, you snuggled up to me whispered my name. Pushing me gently from you, holding me at arms length, your eyes shining with me. . . I'll never forget that night.

And now this. You are Evelyn Orozco. Evelyn Maria Lydia Orozco y Aragon. The year's debutant. (Continued on page 39)