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1980

# ARELLANO STAR

Official Student Organ of J. Sumulong High School and A. Mabini High School, Arellano University, Manila

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## WHAT THEY SAY

Mr. Galimba is a very kind and considerate principal.

—*Asuncion Trinidad*

As is the President, so is the Arellano University.

—*Rosauero Gonzales*

Come to think of it. I never made a mistake when I enrolled in Arellano.

—*Jose Carreon II-B*

To be a student of Arellano is indeed an honor.

—*Conrado Reyes II-B*

I am proud to be a student of the Arellano University because she is not after money but after the students' welfare.

—*Romeo Calma*

Democracy is actually practiced in our school.

—*Pedro Saba*

After all, impressive buildings do not count much.

—*Enrico Nano*

The university has a strong faculty. I like the way it is run.

—*Constante Cabamban*

# The ARELLANO STAR

VOLUME III, No. 1

July, 1947

## Editorial ★

### AND NOW SHINES THE ARELLANO STAR

Three thousand students are enrolled in our high school. This means that there are three thousand different thoughts, three thousand different minds. The school has opened the classrooms, the laboratory, the library, the offices, the auditorium and the gymnasium to us, the eager seekers of truth and knowledge. But somehow, something is missing. Something that cannot be supplied by the classrooms, the laboratory, and the library. For how can the school give practical training in the art of student journalism? How can the students be given practical training in free expression—the alpha and omega of democracy? We need something else: a vehicle of free expression. And so, shines the Arellano Star.

It is our aim to further the noble work of those who came before us. We pause for a moment to pay them honor. They did not fail us. They performed their parts well. We are here, new members of the staff, to continue the work our predecessors had so nobly begun.

The Arellano Star aims to enlighten—to give the truth. For truth will surely enhance better relations. It will be largely responsible for the promotion of understanding among ourselves. There is no doubt, too, that it will further better relations with other schools. This, our Star shall serve as a veritable training ground for future journalists, poets and writers. And it will act as a medium through which worthy materials for supplementary reading will be given the students.

With these aims in mind, democracy in our school will live, not as an elusive thing, but as a reality. Democracy as real and substantial as the food we eat, as the air we breathe.

Freedom of expression is academic freedom. Curtail the right of academic freedom and you sound the deathknell of democracy. Suppress it and you invite chaos, deceit, and corruption. To do these would of course be appalling. But, we are sure, the Star is here to stay—by you, for you and of you.

The task ahead, be it great or small, does not fully fall on us members of the staff. The success of our work largely depends upon the support that you, our teachers and schoolmates, will extend to us. We know that with your support, the Arellano Star shall not fail to shine.

—A. A. A.

## MABINI'S DECALOGUE

1. Love God and your honor above all things.
2. Worship God according to the dictates of your conscience or what you think is right and proper.
3. Develop the special gifts which God has granted you. Work and study to the best of your ability. Be always just and righteous.
4. Love your country after God and your honor. Love her more than yourself.
5. Strive for the happiness of your country before you strive for your own. Make her a country of reason, of justice, and labor.
6. Strive for the independence of your country.
7. Do not recognize the authority of a person who has not been selected by you and your countrymen.
8. Strive for a republic, never for a monarchy.
9. Love your neighbor as you love yourself.
10. Consider your countryman more than your neighbor. Consider him a friend and a brother.

### HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR 1947-1948

July 7 .....	Classes begin
November 10 .....	Day before Election Day (no class)
November 11 .....	Election Day
November 14 .....	Second semester begins
November 14 .....	Last day of school (special class)
December 1 .....	National Heroes Day (November 30 being Sunday)
December 20 — January 4 ...	Christmas vacation
March 1 — March 6 .....	University Week
March 25 .....	Maundy Thursday
March 26 .....	Good Friday
April 16 .....	Second semester ends (regular course)

# If I Were A High School Student

By JACINTO S. GALIMBA  
Director, J. Sumulong High School and  
A. Mabini High School

If I were a high school student, I would cling tenaciously to the belief that the surest way to success is education. It cannot be gainsaid that in the struggle for existence only the fit can survive; and to be fit, one must be equipped with some kind of education. It is the desire of every individual to succeed, but success cannot be won through ignorance.

Among the successful men of today are farmers, businessmen, politicians, engineers, doctors, lawyers, and educators. They are happy because they have developed their talents to such an extent as to be in a position to serve mankind. Life, to them, is worth living. Rizal could become the greatest patriot the Philippines has ever produced; Mabini could earn the distinction of brains of the Revolution; Quezon could attain the prominence of a Great President; Osmeña could build the prestige of a famous statesman; Roxas could make the reputation of a brilliant politician; Arellano could shape his destiny as the foremost Filipino jurist. But could it have been possible for these illustrious men to reach the summit of success had they not received the blessings of education?

A great majority of the poor are ignorant. Their intelligence has not been discovered, developed, and liberated. They are poor because of ignorance and not ignorant because of poverty. For

no matter how poor they may be, if they have the will, they always have a way. They are gifted with natural endowment, but this has not been developed by education. Failure, defeat, inefficiency, and unhappiness constitute their sad lot in life. They live, however, not without consolations. Some of these are the beatitude that "blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," the maxim that, "it is easier for a camel to go thru the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the gate of heaven," and Lincoln's observation that God must have a greater love for the poor because He created so many of them. These sayings are excellent themes for contemplation; but in real life they cannot help the needy, they cannot feed the hungry, they cannot clothe the destitute, they cannot give shelter to the homeless.

It is not a disgrace to be poor. Sometimes, poverty makes man great. But everybody whose means is scarcely enough to keep body and soul together will readily tell that to be very poor is extremely difficult. There are times when one who is in dire need cannot resist the temptation to steal. According to sociologists, poverty is one of the common causes of robbery.

Education has many definitions. Among the most popular are that it is life and that it is preparation for life. In the light of these definitions, it can

be logically said that one who has no education has no life or no preparation for life; that one who has little education has little life or little preparation for life; while one who has good education has good life or good preparation for life. If the foregoing is true, it is indispensable for one to be adequately educated if he is sincere in his desire to live a life that is efficient, prosperous, and happy.

When I was in the primary grades, Juan and Pedro were my friends. Juan was worth 95%; Pedro, only 80%. Evidently Juan was more intelligent than Pedro. After completing primary education, Juan stopped schooling, while Pedro continued his studies.

Now, Juan is a janitor with the salary of ₱75.00 a month. He has a wife and six children. They live in a **barong-barong**. They are unhappy because they are in the tight grip of the fear of want. The ferocious wolf of hunger is always howling at their door.

Pedro, on the other hand, has become a successful doctor. He has a pretty wife and three healthy children who are all going to school. They live in a

palatial house surrounded with a beautiful garden; they ride in a nice automobile; they have a radio, a refrigerator, and a piano. They enjoy all the comforts of modern living. Their home is a little piece of heaven on earth.

Juan and his family live a miserable life because his education is very little. Pedro and his family live an abundant life because he is well educated. There is no doubt that Juan could have become what Pedro has attained because at the beginning it was evident that he was more intelligent. But Juan did not realize that education is the best means of improving one's self, while Pedro did.

If the success of a man correspondingly depends upon the degree of education he has acquired; if the educated have greater chances for success than the uneducated; if the lot of the ignorant is misery while that of the educated is happiness and prosperity; then, I would develop the unyielding determination to get the best education I am capable of obtaining if I were a high school student.

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### SINGALONG—JONES BRIDGE

Two American sailors were walking side by side when a jeepney with a sign "Singalong-Jones Bridge" passed by.

"Say, Jack," asked the bigger of the two, "whadda mean—Singalong-Jones Bridge?"

"I'd be damned," said the other. "It means sing as you go along Jones Bridge."

—Miguel Rivera

# Why I Enrolled In The Arellano University

By FELIPE DELGADO, JR.  
Class of 1949

I can still remember the days when I was looking for a school that would satisfy my thirst for knowledge. I spent days visiting different schools without finding any that suited my taste. But then, luckily, came my chance. I had the good fortune of visiting the Arellano University, then still a college.

The building that confronted me was not impressive yet somehow it appealed my taste. I entered the building, looked over the faculty list and without any further ado, had myself enrolled. You must have been surprised at how easily I had made up my mind in such a short time. But I am sure I have had good reasons. Perhaps you noticed that I mentioned looking over the faculty list. Well, that single look satisfied my fastidious taste.

The first name on the list that greeted my eyes was the name of President Florentino Cayco. I knew that Mr. Cayco was noted for his educational work—one of the best educators in the country.

"Well," I said to myself, "if Mr. Cayco is the President, then this is a pretty good school."

I also learned that most of the teachers had come from public schools.

That too, settled every doubt I had at that time.

I am now a year old in the Arellano University. And during the past year I witnessed the record-breaking progress of a school that was still in its infancy. I witnessed the transformation of a College into a University. Now I congratulate myself for not having been lured by the tall and impressive buildings of other schools!

Unlike most students, I am not after the "cover." I am not after the school edifice. All that I am after is the way things are taught and practiced. I am proud to say that in the Arellano University I had found good, honest, and practical teaching—the kind of teaching that I had always dreamed of.

Other schools have tall, big, spacious buildings, but, I doubt, if I could find within those thick and impressive walls the kind of teaching that had made Arellano my ideal school.

Teachers here have years of experience in their chosen profession. They have a profound interest in their work and in their students. In the students, specially. They are of the opinion that they should impart practical teaching in the most understandable way. And... democratically at that.

What more can a student ask for?

## Have you ever thought of it?

# I AM A FILIPINO

By CARLOS P. ROMULO

I am a Filipino—inheritor of a glorious past, hostage to the uncertain future. As such I must prove equal to a twofold task—the task of meeting my responsibility to the past, and the task of performing my obligation to the future.

I am sprung from a hardy race—child many generations removed of ancient Malayan pioneers. Across the centuries, the memory comes rushing back to me: of brown-skinned men putting out to sea in ships that were as frail as their hearts were stout. Over the sea I see them come, borne upon the billowing wave and the whistling wind, carried upon the mighty swell of hope—hope in the free abundance of the new land that was to be their home and their children's forever.

This is the land they sought and found. Every inch of shore that their eyes first set upon, every hill and mountain that beckoned to them with a green-and-purple invitation, every mile of rolling plain that their view encompassed, every river and lake that promised a plentiful living and the fruitfulness of commerce, is a hallowed spot to me.

By the strength of their hearts and hands, by every right of law, human and divine, this land and all the appurtenances thereof—the black and fertile soil, the seas and lakes and rivers teeming with fish, the forests with their inex-

haustible wealth in wild life and timber, the mountains with their bowels swollen with minerals—the whole of this rich and happy land has been, for centuries without number, the land of my fathers. This land I received in trust from them, and in trust will pass it on to my children, and so on until the world is no more.

I am a Filipino. In my blood runs the immortal seed of heroes—seed that flowered down the centuries in deeds of courage and defiance. In my veins yet pulses the same hot blood that sent Lapu-lapu to battle against the first invader of this land, that nerved Lakan-dula in the combat against the alien foe, that drove Diego Silang and Dagohoy into rebellion against the foreign oppressor.

That seed is immortal. It is the self-same seed that flowered in the heart of Jose Rizal that morning in Bagumbayan when a volley of shots put an end to all that was mortal of him and made his spirit deathless forever; the same that flowered in the hearts of Bonifacio in

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*Carlos P. Romulo, one time Arellano University speaker, is a delegate of the Philippines to the UNO. He is the author of the following best-sellers: I Saw the Fall of the Philippines, Mother America, Brother Americans, and I See the Philippines Rise.*



Balintawak, of Gregorio del Pilar at Tirad Pass, of Antonio Luna at Calumpit; that bloomed in flowers of frustration in the sad heart of Emilio Aguinaldo at Palanan, and yet burst forth royally again in the proud heart of Manuel L. Quezon when he stood at last on the threshold of ancient Malacañan Palace, in the symbolic act of possession and racial vindication.

The seed I bear within me is an immortal seed. It is the mark of my manhood, the symbol of my dignity as a human being. Like the seeds that were once buried in the tomb of Tutankhamen many thousands of years ago, it shall grow and flower and bear fruit again. It is the insigne of my race, and my generation is but a stage in the unending search of my people for freedom and happiness.

I am a Filipino, child of the marriage of the east and the West. The East, with its languor and mysticism, its passivity and endurance, was my mother, and my sire was the West that came thundering across the seas with the Cross and Sword and the Machine—I am of the East, an eager participant in its spirit, and in its struggles for liberation from the imperialist yoke. But I know also that the East must awake from its centuried sleep, shake off the lethargy that has found its limbs, and start moving where destiny awaits.

For I, too, am of the West, and the vigorous peoples of the West have destroyed forever the peace and quiet that once were ours. I can no longer live, a being apart from those whose world now trembles to the roar of bomb and cannon shot. I can not say of a matter of univer-

sal life and death, of freedom and slavery for all mankind, that it concerns me not. For no man and no nation is an island, but a part of the main, and there is no longer any East and West—only individuals and nations making those momentous choices which are the hinges upon which history revolves.

At the vanguard of progress in this part of the world I stand—a forlorn figure in the eyes of some, but not one defeated and lost. For through the thick, interlacing branches of habit and custom above me I have seen the light of justice and equality and freedom, my heart has been lifted by the vision of democracy, and I shall not rest until my land and my people shall have been blessed by these, beyond the power of any man or nation to subvert or destroy.

I am a Filipino, and this is my inheritance. What pledge shall I give that I may prove worthy of my inheritance? I shall give the pledge that has come ringing down the corridors of the centuries, and it shall be compounded of the joyous cries of my Malayan forebears when first they saw the contour of this land loom before their eyes, of the battle cries that have resounded in every field of combat from Mactan to Tirad Pass, of the voices of my people when they sing:

Land of the morning,  
Child of the sun returning. . . .  
Ne'er shall invaders  
Trample thy sacred shore.

Out of the lush green of these seven thousand isles, out of the heartstrings of sixteen million people all vibrating to one song, I shall weave the mighty

fabric of my pledge. Out of the songs of the farmers at sunrise when they go to labor in the fields; out of the sweat of the hard-bitten pioneers in Mal-lig and Koronadal; out of the silent endurance of stevedores at the piers and the ominous grumbling of peasants in Pam-panga; out of the first cries of babies newly born and the lullabies that mothers sing; out of the crashing of gears and the whine of turbines in the fac-

tories; out of the crunch of ploughshares upturning the earth; out of the limitless patience of teachers in the classrooms and doctors in the clinics; out of the tramp of soldiers marching, I shall make the pattern of my pledge:

"I am a FILIPINO born to freedom, and I shall not rest until freedom shall have been added unto my inheritance—for myself and my children's children—forever."

\*            \*

## RETURN

By CEFERINO E. DULAY

Class of 1948

At last we wiped our tears

    For the Cause we defended;

Again after all those years

    When the din of battle ended.

But time has not shattered

    Our hopes and deepening dreams;

Nor has age ever defiled

    The youth's effulgent beams.

So here we are again

    Looking forward ever lighter,

For knowledge we want to gain—

    Holding our torch ever brighter.

# What's Wrong With Us Students?

By SIMEON LAMA  
Class of 1949

There are many things wrong with us students—from the way we tie our shoes to the way we think of others. I do believe, however, that all these things can be remedied. All is not irreparably lost and it is never too late to make good. We can still look straight into facts and uncover the hidden mistakes.

A great author once said that we should never attempt to make reforms at the click of the finger. We should repair a damage done cautiously. We should try to rectify errors one at a time. Hence, instead of pointing to ALL the things wrong with us students, I wish to point out only *two* of them.

*Are we inconsiderate?* That is one of the things wrong with us—we are inconsiderate. We are sometimes unreasonable even. We think only of our own rights but never of the rights of others. For instance, we whistle at the sight of a beautiful face and hoot at the sound of a female voice. We embarrass ladies with mean remarks. And we call all these *love-making!* Love making. Is this the courtship that we have in this Atomic Age? Is knighthood no longer in flower? Do we insult girls

in the classroom and call it love? And is the school a hunting ground for fair ladies? Do we forget the purpose for which the school was established? We make love in school, shout at others, bother other students with silly noises and conversations, block the corridors, scatter pieces of paper around, etc., etc. Yes, we are so inconsiderate.

*Are we students indolent?* I think we are. Many students call themselves students, but are they studying their lessons? Many of us prefer idling in street corners to studying. Many of us seem to behave like lost souls wandering around while the library is empty—the books waiting for the companionship of diligent students.

In our laziness, do we not think of our parents? Do we not think that our parents are working hard to send us to school? I think that our old folks are expecting much from us. They believe that by the knowledge we gain we can help them later on. But then . . .

I mentioned here only *two* things wrong with us. I hope you know the rest. Overcome them. And be a good student.

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**Make no display of your talents or attainments; for every one will clearly see, admire and acknowledge them, so long as you cover them with the Beautiful veil of modesty.**

—Emmons

## Do you like strangers?

# THE STRANGER

By I. V. MALLARI

My classmates in the Tonsuya Elementary School and I did not like David. It was not because we knew he was a bad boy, or because he had done anyone of us any harm. We only knew we did not like him.

He was a stranger in our barrio. And we did not like strangers. Ours was a little barrio where everybody knew everybody else. I knew all my classmates and their fathers and their mothers and their brothers and their sisters. And I was sure all my classmates knew me and my father and my mother and my brother and my sisters.

But we knew nothing about David or his father or his mother. We only knew that they had come at the beginning of the school year, and that they were renting the big house on the bend of the road. My father said that they had come from Pampanga, and that David's father was in charge of repairing the old

bridge across Malabon River.

David, therefore, was a Pampango. This made us dislike and distrust him all the more. We had heard terrible things about Pampangos. They were supposed to have *dugong aso*—dog's blood. Now, if Pampangos had dog's blood, they must be bad people. Dogs were all right, of course; but you did not play with dogs the way you played with your classmates.

So we all eyed David with suspicion. Whenever he tried to smile at us, we looked at one another and then lowered our eyes. We did not like him any better when we found that he could answer the teacher's questions more readily than we could. He was, we decided, showing off. He wanted to be the teacher's pet.

We never asked David to play with us. He had to sit under the big acacia tree in the schoolyard and watch us play. We gave one another *guavas* and other fruit at recess, but we never offered David any.

One day, however, David brought a great big package to school. We were all curious about what the package contained, but we tried hard not to show our curiosity.

At recess, David approached us, shouting, "Hey, fellows, want any?"

Then he opened the package. It was full of *puto seco*, the most tempting I

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*I. V. Mallari is a Superintendent-at-large, professor, art critic, and connoisseur. According to a well-known literary critic, Mr. Mallari is "one of the two Filipinos who can write with ease and polish . . . whose prose is like a polished pearl." He is also the author of "The Birth of Discontent". His forthcoming books are "Vanishing Dawn," "Wind in the Bamboos," and "Filipino Art."*

had seen in all my life.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"My grandmother sent it to me. She made it herself. Here, take some. It's very good." And he thrust a handful into my hands.

I put a piece of *puto seco* into my mouth. It was very good. I took another bite and another and another.

"Hey, fellows," I said, looking around. "Good, isn't it?"

My classmates could only nod their heads in approval. Their mouths were too full. I looked at David. He was smiling and his eyes were shining.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Yes, very much," I answered. "Did you say your grandmother made it herself?"

"Surely," David replied. "She can make other things too. Doughnuts and sweets and things."

"Umm," I said. "She must be good."

It was wonderful what a handful of *puto seco* could do. David suddenly became very interesting to us. He was no longer so strange to us, although his accent was still rather funny to our ears.

And we soon found out that David was very entertaining. He told us about his home town, San Fernando. It was very much like Malabon, he said. He told us about the games that he and his friends used to play.

Then it turned out that David has been in many places. Because of his father's job, the family had had to move about. Bacolod, Zamboanga, Aparri, and many other towns that we had only read about in our geography book. Goodness, we had thought that these names only stood for little marks on the

map. Now, we learned from David that they were actual places with houses and people and trees and schools and churches.

David became important in our eyes. Here was a boy only as old as we were, but he had been in a hundred interesting places; while we had not even gone beyond Katmon or Sangangdaan.

One day, David took us to his house. He was the only boy of the family, and he had lots of toys. He had a pop gun and a small bicycle and small trucks and airplanes. There was a huge case full of them.

His mother was very kind. Very much like our own mothers. We thought Pampango mothers must be different. But she was not, except that she spoke in a funny way. At least, it was funny to our ears.

She was very fond of David. She said she was glad he had found new playmates. She wanted David to be happy. She thanked us for being nice to him. And we thought rather guiltily of the way we had treated David at the beginning of the school year.

Then she gave us good food—hot chocolate and *suman* and some preserves that she said came from Pampanga. My, but Pampangos could make good preserves. Even my mother could not make any better. They melted in the mouth. And I could see that the other boys enjoyed the *merienda* as much as I did.

Afterwards David showed us pictures of the places where he and his family had lived. There was a picture of him on horseback, with his mother standing beside the horse. There was a picture of him in swimming trunks.

"Do you swim?" I asked.

"I like swimming a lot," said David. "My father taught me how to swim when I was a little tot, and I have gone swimming with my friends. In Bacolod, we also went banca riding. It was great fun."

"We go swimming here too," I said. "Suppose we go next Saturday. The tide'll be high, I'm sure. And we can borrow my uncle's banca. We'll take some food, and we'll eat on the *salambao*."

So the following Saturday, we started rather early. There were six of us. We took my uncle's boat and paddled out to Dagatdagatan. There we tied the boat to a *salambao*, put our supply of food in a neat little pile, took off our clothes, and dived into the water.

David was a good swimmer. He could swim faster than any of us. His strokes were good. He said he had learned them in a summer camp in Laguna. He had a good teacher, he said, who had studied in America. Imagine learning swimming in America. No wonder David was good.

By noon, we were rather tired and hungry. We decided we were going to rest and eat. But where was Pendong?

"Pendong!" we all called. "Pendong, where are you?"

No one answered. We became afraid. What had happened to Pendong? He was the smallest of us, and he was not a very good swimmer.

"There he is!" cried David. "And, my goodness, he seems to be sinking."

Pendong had swum out too far out. He was in great danger. But no one dared go out for him. We were all tired

out, and no one could swim out that far.

"I'll go," said David. And he plunged into the water. We watched him, holding our breath. What if he did not reach Pendong in time? The poor fellow seemed to be having a hard time keeping himself afloat.

But David was swimming as I had not seen him swim before. His feet churned the water like the propeller of a steamboat. His strokes were beautiful to watch. All we could do was to shout encouragement at him. We hoped that he would reach poor Pendong in time.

He did. And, in one voice, we shouted with relief. Now David was putting his left arm around Pendong's neck, expertly, to prevent Pendong from holding on to his. Slowly and laboriously, he was swimming back towards the *salambao*.

But would he, we asked ourselves anxiously, ever reach his goal with his precious burden? Then, for the first time, I saw the boat that was tied to the *salambao*. We had forgotten all about it in our excitement. Now, hurriedly we untied it; and we all jumped into it. Then, furiously, we paddled towards David, who was showing signs of weakening.

Soon we had hauled first Pendong then David into the small boat. Nobody talked, fascinated, as David, with the same skill he had shown in rescuing Pendong, now bent over the half-conscious boy and tried to bring back his breathing.

His effort proved successful. By and by, Pendong opened his eyes. Then we all laughed nervously, relieved that Pendong had been saved.

"Buck up, Pendong," David finally

said. "You're all right. And now, fellows, shall we eat?"

"Gee," I said after a long while to David. "You were wonderful. Where did you learn all that?"

"At the boys' camp," said David. "My teacher taught us life-saving."

"Gee," I said again. "Suppose you had not been with us. What would we have done?"

"Never mind," said David. "You would have done something all right."

David was the talk of the school the following Monday. Everybody looked at him now with pride. He was a hero.

"Just think," a boy said, "that only a

few months before we called him *dugong* *aso*—dog's blood."

"But," I said, laughing, "don't you know that the dog is man's best friend?"

From *Boys and Girls*, January, 1941

#### TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the message of the story?
2. Do you condemn the writer for hating David at first sight? Give your reasons.
3. Why did the writer happen to like David after all?
4. What do you think is the chief cause of hatred among mankind?



## SHADOWS

By SIMEON LAMA

Class of 1949

Just yesterday, we were happily chatting...

But now, where, where are you?

You vanished, leaving no trace behind.

Say then and try to say

The words I said, as if each word

Comes from your lips unfaltering

In your own voice, in your own way.

I am only a part of my own self,

You are the rest of me.

Say again of what we are

And recall the shadows of yesterday.

And tomorrow, face the shadows of life

Caused by our standing in our own sunshine.

## Arellano Is Where My Heart Is

By REMEDIOS F. ADAMOS

Class of 1948

The office of the bursar was so crowded that I had to wait before submitting my registration card. Old familiar faces grinned how-do-you-do while greenhorns timidly stared at old gangs reuniting — shaking hands and slapping shoulders with a why-did-you-not-take-summer look.

Knowing that the crowd was still a fighting and pushing mass, I left the office and sat on one of the long benches outside.

“Do you want to be a student of the \_\_\_\_\_ University? Do you not like to graduate from a school famous for its beautiful buildings? Look at me. You see me here now, **not to register**, but to get some papers. I’m studying in the \_\_\_\_\_ University now. Don’t you envy me?” A voice near me came harshly, startling me for a moment. Looking sideways, I saw a stout girl talking with a former classmate of mine. “I’m not having any good time with my classmates, transfer and we’ll always be together. Anyway, you only have a year left and what is the idea of spending your last year in a building practically falling down?” she resumed, pointing to the condition of our building — the Lagarda building.

Slyly, I glanced at my former classmate and perceived her getting red in

the face and buzzing with embarrassment. Even I was at a loss of words. My mind whirring, poised for expression, I turned around to say something. But when my classmate said, “when a young plant grows at a certain place, its life is adapted to the climate and location. If uprooted and transplanted to another place, it will have to adapt its life all over again. Some plants could not re-adjust so well that they turn out to be sickly-looking. The same thing could happen to a student. If she enters a school, she makes friends, impressions, and fits herself in a position inviting friendship and confidence of others. She treats her classmates as brothers and sisters. She acknowledges her teachers as her second parents to guide and instruct her as to what to do. Her ability to associate with others develops. After a year, she transfers. Like an uprooted plant, her foundation of friendship would be shattered. In other schools, she renews making friends and impressions.”

“Wait! That’s not true with me. I have already made friends and had created a good impression.”

“Yes, I know, but why did you ask me to transfer in order to have good time together? Have you no good time with your new friends? You see, even if a



girl succeeds, the memory of past school days would rankle inside and set her wondering about her old friends. She would always compare her new friends with the old ones. She feels new, untried, and there always would be the desire for old grinning faces. She acquires new teachers."

A mist of silence enshrouded the two. I held my peace and inched closer, so as not to miss any part of the discussion.

The stout girl proceeded, "Well, our building is more of a university building compared to this building now. We have good teachers and a united student body."

"So you boast of your building. As I observe, many students make a grave mistake in choosing a school from the surface. If they see an imposing structure, they decide to study there. Little do they suspect that the unpretentious stream runs deep. The same is true of buildings. They seem old and dilapidated but what counts is the kind of instruction it gives. Just to show you — in

the past bar examination, we obtained the second place. That is our standard. A student council — where we could choose leaders and let the majority rule, is evidence enough of the unity, and democracy. We could complain or express our sentiments freely, thus enjoying equal rights, regardless of sex, birth, religion, and social standing. In short, we have everything expected of a democratic school. Why should I transfer? I have understanding and wise teachers. The school is controlled by an excellent administration and has a well-picked faculty. Can I have reason enough to transfer? I would spend my last year here for loyalty to the school where in my thirst for knowledge was satiated, my longing for friendship was satisfied, and where I had found people who had inspired me to do better things."

"That's the spirit!", I muttered to myself as I pushed through the thinning crowd gathered before the bursar's table. My eyes were moist. And I placed a hand of mine to my breast. "Arellano, I am loyal to you," my heart said.



#### FOR FILIBUSTERING

A young criminal lawyer who had a difficult case in his hands sought Clarence Darrow's advice. Darrow advised that he address the jury for at least three hours.

"Why so long?" asked the young attorney.

"The longer you talk", replied Darrow, "The longer your client will stay out of prison."

## FILIPINO: BE YOURSELF

By SIMPSON M. RITTER

HAVE some Filipino friends and I'd like to have many more. In their own right the Filipinos are a fine people. They seem not yet to have realized this. Instead of fostering their own abilities they have elected to emulate the sorry abilities of other peoples.

They appear especially to have selected the Americans for imitation. Because twice the Americans have freed them from tyranny, once Spanish and once Japanese? This does not make us the demi-gods the United States Information Service paints; nor, again, are we all the uniformed hoodlums who too frequently mock your ways, insult your women, and in their egotistic ignorance heap abuse upon you.

Look upon us through your own eyes. Look at us with eyes wide open and not through the pretty prism of our power-subsidized and sensation-seeking press. We are neither the dollar-deviling manipulators of the big advertising mediums nor the greedy sex-saturated maniacs of James M. Cain.

America is not a kaleidoscope of John Steinbeck characters, Betty Hutton neurotic extroverts, Frank Sinatra bobby-soxers, nor the romantic, congenital idiots of the true confession magazines; the real America is very unlike the "B" pictures with which Hollywood inundates its less opulent markets, it is even less like the picture you conclude from GI camp life and city misbehavior 11,000

miles from home and frightened into ill-mannered bravado by surrounding strangeness; it isn't at all like our insipid "comics," more psychiatric than humorous.

Try to see the American as he really is. Invite him into your homes, to your gatherings. Put the American at his ease and then study him as he really is. Americans are people like yourselves. You'll find some of them are worthless, others are fine folk. You'll dislike some of them, and learn to love others.

If, as a young people just taking your place among the nations, you must have some guide, then seek out that which America has that is deserving of borrowing. Do not attempt to mold yourself into our whole. Take from us the worthwhile and pertinent portions of The Declaration of Independence and The Constitution, our system of balances in government, our compulsory education, our free libraries, our fierce (but sometimes bigoted) pride in our poten-

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*Simpson M. Ritter, author of Filipino: Be Yourself, is a native New Yorker and author of more than 400 articles in various American magazines such as the Coronet, Pageant, and the National History Magazine. He visited the Philippines soon after the liberation and was surprised at the attempt of Filipinos to imitate "everything" American.*

tialities, our love of sports (how much better a release of energy and emotion than marching and heiling), our eager acceptance of live and let live, our scholarships, our scientific institutions.

This, and much else in America, is good. Take it, and add to it your own concepts of how to intelligently conduct the affairs of that portion of the world family most important to you. You have, or should have, a fresh perspective on living. More than likely you have something to offer worthy of emulation by the older nations, especially America.

Be yourselves. Individualism makes for greatness. No nation has yet succeeded in reaching the pinnacle of power or prosperity or culture by wholly practicing the ways of another.

I don't like to see Filipinos copying American customs. You have your own culture, your own traditions, your own customs, dress and philosophies. A combination of savage, neolithic, barbaric Mohammedan and over-refined Spanish? A polyculture? What, then, is America with its 70 churches and 80 nations and 90 languages? Each has contributed, each has borrowed. The whole is America.

Adopt from amongst yourselves and from us that which fits your personality as a people, disregarding our propagandized crudities.

One of the first things to strike the visiting Americans are your costumes, both your own and the sorry American imitations, so ill becoming the Filipino and the Filipino scene. True, for a while clothes were at a premium, but now, with the shortage rectifying itself, there seems little effort to remedy the bad taste. The other day I saw a hand-

some young Filipino wearing the complete uniform of the jitterbug, overbrimmed hat, pegankle-widekneed trousers, mammothlapeled-toolong skirted coat. He did not cut a good figure. He looked ridiculous and uncomfortably warm in a costume designed for a northern latitude.

I carry in my mind, for all time, the picture of a Filipino girl I saw one day last October a few miles outside of Manila. She wore the native festive costume. No paint adorned her features and she wore her long, black, well-brushed hair in two high, soft arches over her forehead and in a gentle, figure-8 bun at the nape of her neck.

Nor do I like to see Filipino women disgrace their features with imported cosmetics designed to accent the anemic, pink Western complexion, to the masking of their own golden-hued coloration that needs no further dressing. In America hundreds of shades of lipstick, rouge and powder are offered to women whose complexion range is barely three units of color. Granted that proper cosmetics will complement the pigmentation of any woman, would the Filipino girl not do well to wait until her countrymen devise for her a suitable kit, rather than spoil nature's excellent efforts with vagrant substances that profit only a distant manufacturer?

I cannot help but stare in astonishment at the shoes my Filipino friends insist on wearing. Men and women alike, in an effort to copy the American mode of dress, wear ankle-high shoes of heavy leather in a climate that literally begs for the native wooden, open work clog. And the women falter over the broken city streets in high heels that would throw an American chorine.

I grant that the high heel does something to the already beautiful Filipino feminine foot-line, but does it warrant the discomfort?

I have been working with literate Filipinos for some time now, and most of them, I have found, write well until they try to emulate what they imagine to be the American style. Their own literary heritage is based for the greater part on the sedate, grandiose Spanish form and they are masters at the well-rounded phrase, the lofty flight, and the courteous innuendo. But when they try to write American fashion, they succeed only in producing a staccato agglutination that reads like the left side of a column of newsprint folded in half—they have said nothing and even the words have lost their individual meaning.

The same is true of their speech. My Filipino friends occasionally try to impress me and other Americans with their knowledge of what they believe is our native tongue. They sprinkle their conversation over heavily with idioms and slang. Again they fail to make themselves understood and in place of their usual dignified, well-rendered thoughts, we are tortured by a barrage of alien interpolations of twisted words and phrases that, when they suggest anything, advance the opposite of what the speaker is trying to say. I don't believe that anyone who has spent less than a decade in the United States eating, living and breathing American, as we use it, can appreciate and use the fine shadings of our slang and idiom as it is intended.

Due to the pernicious influence of our movies I have seen Filipino businessmen, excellent people in their own homes,

trying to act tough and hardboiled with one another and with Americans when transacting business: their cigars threatening out of one corner of their mouth and their words mumbled out of the other corner. A grotesque sight, indeed, and wholly unbecoming and unnaturally to a people whose background is the genteel courtesy of the Orient and of Latin culture.

The Filipino will succeed because he has moral strength. He withstood the totality of the Spanish feudal regime for 300 years without going under, losing his identity and his will to be, as did the Indians of South and Central America.

While it is true that almost half the industry in the Islands in 1940 belonged to Americans, Filipino management and labor produced goods sufficient not only for local needs but P300,000,000 worth of commodities for export to the United States and elsewhere.

The program outlined by the Filipino people and their leaders is not that of an inferior people: public health, exploitation of Mindanao, resumption of light industry, redistribution of the ex-crescent rice estates. Such a program indicates strength of thinking and purpose.

A people who won and attend such an abundance of schools cannot but succeed and humanely at that. Nowhere else have I encountered so intense a desire for learning, such a willingness to make sacrifices on the altar of knowledge.

There is nothing basically wrong with the Filipinos as a nation, and frequently with the individual Filipino as well, but a lack of confidence. He must realize now that his is a nation and no longer a "colony." He must strike out for

himself, utilizing his own best qualities and doing business with the world at large and amongst his own kind as a Filipino and not as an American protectorate. Legally the Filipino has come into his own. Up to now he has been America's baby brother. Babyism is condoned. But now he becomes either that Filipino chap or "you know, America's funny little brother." A "funny little brother" may be half tolerated by big brother but the neighbors usually are less lenient and patient.

The Filipino has the will, imagination and genius to succeed. He has a country sufficiently rich in natural resources, if properly exploited, to feed and clothe a population of not quite seventeen million. He knows how to use modern machinery and understands modern methods. He has already done yeoman service for himself and the Americans, repairing the almost total damage in-

flicted on the Islands by the Japanese invaders. He has but to continue and accelerate his efforts completely under his own leadership. He can do it, Filipino style.

From *The Philippine-American Magazine*

#### TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Are the Americans a "superior people?"
2. What may Filipinos imitate from the Americans?
3. Should we imitate American dresses, manners, and customs?

*Vocabulary:* demi-gods, hoodlums, egotistic, power-subsidized, pegankled-widened, mammothlapeled-toolong skirted coat, vagrant, grotesque, accelerate.

#### PEARLY DINNER

"Waiter," said the fussy diner, "I want some oysters. But they mustn't be too large or too small, too old or too tough, and they mustn't be salty. I want them cold, and I want them at once."

"Yes, sir," bowed the waiter. "With or without pearls?"

—Mills Warrior

#### THE BIGGER THEY COME

Juan: Why did you let that guy bully you?

Pedro: Aw, forget it will you? He's too big for me.

Juan: Don't you know the saying, "The bigger they are the harder they fall?"

Pedro: Yea, I heard, but suppose he falls on me!

A lovable character—

## APOLINARIO MABINI

(A Sketch)

By Liwliwa Bitanga

Class of 1948

Apolinario Mabini was the second of eight sons. His parents were Inocencio Mabini and Dionisia Maranan. His father had been a *cabeza* and his mother was a school teacher's daughter. They worked hard to earn a living.

Mabini first saw the light of day on July 23, 1864 in the little barrio of Talaga, Tanauan, Batangas. He was very studious and was a genius. He excelled the boys of his own age by reading the letters of the alphabet and memorizing the rosary within a month's stay in school.

He went to Tanauan to obtain his elementary education. Because his parents were not able to furnish his regular expenses, he worked as a servant in the house of a tailor. He made only a few friends in Tanauan as his only recreation had been taking short walks around the town on week ends.

In 1881, he studied in San Juan de

Letran. The following year war broke out and he was forced to go back to the farm at home. All schools were closed.

From that time on he kept struggling against poverty. He earned his living by working in various ways just to keep body and soul together. He gave lessons in Latin and also worked in government offices as a minor employee. He wrote a decalogue which every boy and girl should practice and implant in the heart.

He criticized people who believed that in order to be patriotic one must occupy a high school position. According to him anyone could be patriotic in any position, be it high or low, provided his purpose was to do the best for his country and people.

Mabini has long passed out of existence. He has gone to his final resting place; yet, his noble name will live in the heart and memory of every red-blooded Filipino.

## TRUTH AND SUNSHINE

Keep one thing forever in view—the truth; and if you do this, though it may seem to lead you away from the good opinions of men, it will assuredly conduct you to the throne of God.

—Horace Mann

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

—Whitman

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks.

—Charles Dickens



**JULY 4, 1946**

By **MAXIMO RAMOS**

**This hour is what Malayan dreamed  
Embarking for a palm-girt shore—  
Fair hour whose birth so distant seemed  
Some seasons but before.**

**Blow the trumpet, sound the gong,  
Let the bells peal out in song  
Carol meditated long.**

**What eager generations yearned  
To see this moment's flowering;  
What longings once our fathers burned  
To sing as we now sing:**


**Let the mountains, let the sky,  
Let the fields where heroes lie  
Echo with glad Freedom's cry.**

**Columbia's fairest foster-child  
Is fully blown from tutelage—  
The Orient dowered full, besmiled  
With lucent heritage:**

**And the brave who gave their blood  
Would that those for whom they stood  
Crown her shining nationhood.**

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*From **Philippines Free Press***



**This was the examination given the candidates for editorship of the ARELLANO STAR. Answer it and check. Answers on page 32.**

*PART I. English and Literature, General Information, Spelling.*

A. TRUE-FALSE. Write a *t* on the blank before the number if the statement is true, an *f* if the statement is false.

- 1. We must believe everything stated in books and newspapers.
- 2. A magazine cannot be interesting unless it contains many illustrations.
- 3. An editor does not need courage now because it is peacetime.
- 4. A good newspaper must always praise the government.
- 5. The most important duty of a student editor is to serve his teachers and thereby gain favors.
- 6. The editor should always be courteous, fair, and fearless.
- 7. An editorial writer can do four things: teach, attack, defend, praise.
- 9. By writing sincerely and effectively about ideas, people, and happenings within their experience, students can give their school magazine a pleasing literary style and local color.
- 10. A student magazine should reflect the spirit of the school.

B. WORD MEANING. Write on the blank before the number the *letter* of the word or phrase you think is nearest in meaning to the given word.

- 1. vivid (a. clear, b. not clear, c. harsh)
- 2. idle (a. lazy, b. object of worship, c. cunning)
- 3. ordeal (a. sadness, b. business, c. trial)
- 4. de luxe (a. important, b. luxurious, c. great)
- 5. cobbler (a. shoemaker, b. carpenter, c. machinist)
- 6. catastrophe (a. punctuation mark, b. success, c. machinist)
- 7. sham (a. real, b. true, c. false)
- 8. exterior (a. outside, b. middle, c. inside)
- 9. feeble (a. stone, b. moral weakness, c. hope)
- 10. shrewd (a. barbarous, b. keen, c. dull)
- 11. censure (a. container of incense, b. blame, c. edit)
- 12. colleague (a. student, b. enemy, c. associate)
- 13. fourscore (a. 20 years, b. 40 years, c. 80 years)
- 14. inimical (a. friendly, b. unfriendly, c. endeared)
- 15. spontaneous (a. voluntary, b. forced, c. kind of shell)
- 16. biased (a. just, b. delicate, c. influenced)
- 17. satellite (a. enemy, b. superior, c. follower)
- 18. pentameter (a. 5 feet, b. 6 feet, c. 8 feet)
- 19. edifice (a. post office, b. building, c. nipa hut)
- 20. endowment (a. gift, b. occupation, c. borrowed money)



## C. LITERATURE.

## 1. Matching

- |                              |                   |
|------------------------------|-------------------|
| —1. My Last Farewell         | a. autobiography  |
| —2. A Tale of Two Cities     | b. biography      |
| —3. The Good Fight           | c. lyric poem     |
| —4. Sohrab and Rustum        | d. narrative poem |
| —5. Life of Andres Bonifacio | e. letter         |
|                              | f. novel          |
|                              | g. sonnet         |

## 2. Matching

- |                                       |                |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| —1. I Saw the Fall of the Philippines | a. Rizal       |
| —2. The Reign of Greed                | b. Longfellow  |
| —3. As You Like It                    | c. Poe         |
| —4. The Raven                         | d. Cervantes   |
| —5. Don Quixote                       | e. Romulo      |
|                                       | f. Dickens     |
|                                       | g. Shakespeare |

3. Filling the blanks. Write the correct answer on the blank before the number.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Author of "Have Come, Am Here"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Author of "El Filibusterismo"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Author of "Florante at Laura"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Author of "The Laughter of My Father"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Author of "David Copperfield"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Editor of the *Manila Times*
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Editor of *Philippines Free Press*
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Editor of the *Arellano Standard* (1946-1947)
- \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Editor of the *Arellano Star* (1946-1947)
- \_\_\_\_\_ 10. Author of "I See the Philippines Rise"

## D. GENERAL INFORMATION. Fill the blanks.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. President of Arellano University
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Secretary of Interior
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Secretary of Foreign affairs
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Hukbalahap Supremo
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. President of the UNO
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Manila Chief of Police
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Commanding General, Philrycom
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Secretary of Instruction
- \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Leader of the Minority Party
- \_\_\_\_\_ 10. Filipino flyweight who recently won a fight in Glasgow

- \_\_\_\_\_11. Spiritual leader of India  
 \_\_\_\_\_12. Premier of England  
 \_\_\_\_\_13. Author of "The Good Fight"  
 \_\_\_\_\_14. A country called "Pearl of the Orient Seas"  
 \_\_\_\_\_15. Famous college, first to be recognized as a University after the liberation.

E. CORRECT USAGE. Underline the correct answer.

- Pedro was absent (from, in) the class yesterday.
- She does not want to argue (with,to) her mother.
- Rizal was born (in, on) June 19, 1861.
- Please listen to my (advise, advice).
- Mr. Cruz has been (from, to) Quiapo.
- The class will begin (at, from) 4:00 o'clock this afternoon.
- Juanito was called (down, on) by his employer for misbehavior.
- There is too much (furniture, furnitures) in his house.
- Please give me all the (information, informations) you can find.
- The army has new (equipment, equipments).
- The (refreshment, refreshments) served were delicious.
- I hope you are (alright, all right) in your class.
- He is (already, all ready) a young man.
- I know he will succeed (in spite, inspite) of his poverty.
- The man is very (quite, quiet).
- Someone has (stolen, robbed) Marcial's money.
- The man was (run over, overrun) by an automobile.
- Please (put out, turn off) the electric light.
- I shall pick (out, up) from the shelf an interesting book to read.
- (It's, Its) a very warm evening.

F. SPELLING (dictation)

- embassy
- embarrass
- unnecessary
- development
- privilege
- indicted
- unbelievable
- occasionally
- irresistible
- omitted
- misspelled
- continuous
- commodity
- parallel
- maggoty

## PART II. THEME WRITING

A. Develop any *one* of the following topics:

1. What the *Arellano Star* Means to Me
2. The Importance of High School Journalism
3. A Funny Experience

B. Write a brief news item covering the examination that we have today.

Be sure that your news story answers *when, where, how, and why.*



## STAFF MEMO

Such will our *Star* be—a bright beacon which would illumine our way in our search for knowledge. Let's have a glimpse of the stars.

We have an intelligent third year student for an editor-in-chief in the person of Agustin A. Arroyo. He does not look it, but he is quite young and had always been getting first places during his past school days. He had been president of his freshman and sophomore classes. At present, he is the president of his class too.

Our managing editor, a real Bulakeña, was born eighteen years ago. An honor student here last year, she was also a member of the student council and of the Dramatic Thespians.

One of our associate editors, Remedios Adamos, was born in Manila. She is a dyed-in-the-wool Zambaleña though. She was an honor student last year.

The other associate editor, Jesus Cruz, is a senior. A Rizaleño, he is a quiet but intelligent student. Last year, he was the class vice-president. He topped his class.

Another Rizaleño is our editor of the Tagalog section, Jose Zapanta. He is

nineteen. A studious, congenial fellow.

Our man-about-town with a nose for news is Rodolfo Pulanco, of Bauang, La Union. Last year, our "manong" had been class vice-president. He is the representative of fourth year, section one.

We introduce our sports editor, Simeon Lama. He is an active editor and an honor student before. With plenty of gray matter.

A junior, Arcadio Sunga, is our literary editor. Born in Manila and only seventeen years old, he could write articles about the atomic bomb and such. He is a new student here but had many activities in his former school.

A former student of a local vocational school, Francisco Abalos, is at present one of our assistant editors. A native of Pangasinan and nephew of Speaker Eugenio Perez, he is seventeen years old and is handy with the typewriter. He is working in the Speaker's office.

Emiliano Payumo, assistant editor, Tagalog section, hails from Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija. He had won literary honors. Class honors, too.

# THE DOG

By CAROL REILLEY

THE man said every son should have a dog. It was a part of his training, part of his growing up. The woman said she wasn't sure, after all, the furniture and all, you know. Of course, if it were a little dog...

"Little dog, hell!" The man pounded his fist on the table, until the forks bounced, and the coffee splashed dangerously. A boy needs a big dog; little dogs are for women and sissies. It takes a big dog with a big heart for a boy.

The man glared angrily, and the woman shivered back into her chair. The subject was closed. For a minute there was only the sound of knives and forks against the battered china plates. Then the man began speaking slowly of his day at work.

But the dog still lurked in the shadows. Peter toyed with his food, mixing the horrible spinach and the horrible peas together, and then carefully separating them into two sickening piles. Dogs were not good things. He had never known one very well, but he knew they were not good.

"Can you eat your peas, Peter?" the woman asked. "They're good for you. They'll make you a strong, big man."

"Yes'm," Peter said, and squashed one cruelly with his spoon. He did not dare look at her face. He knew that she wanted him to call her mother, but he could not. He felt sorry for her, dimly sensing the longing that lay at the bottom of her weakness. He squashed an-

other pea. He wondered if it felt the pain. He hoped it did. He hated peas.

"Peter," the man said, "clean up your plate, and when you're finished, we'll go into the living room while Mother clears off the table, and we'll talk about the dog. Would you like that, Peter, boy?"

Peter put his spoon down on the plate. He stared at the horrible peas. He felt suddenly, softly sick.

"Sir," he mumbled, "I don't think I would care for a dog." He wiggled uneasily, sensing the man's hurt. "They're so expensive and things," he added quickly.

"Nonsense," said the man. "Now clean up your plate!"

"Oh, don't make him Charles, if he doesn't want to, just this once—"

"Quiet!" shouted the man. "He'll eat that food before he leaves the table. He's only been a couple of weeks, and already you want to spoil him!"

The woman moved from the table, and silently cleared the dishes away. Peter knew that her silence was not anger. It had something to do with the hurt in her body, and the hurt in the body of her man. Peter knew that he

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*The Dog by Carol Reilley, 17-year-old student of Garfield High School, Washington, is a first prize winning story in the Senior Scholastic. More than 140,000 entries were taken for consideration in the contest. The Scholastic awards are the most coveted of all high school awards in the United States.*

had put the hurt there.

He ate the spinach and peas quietly. The sickness in his stomach was not from them. There was a dark shadow in the corner by the stove. Peter moved on his chair, away from it. His eyes kept coming back in tingling horror. He was sure he saw the shapeless form of a dog, crouching there.

Bed was a terrible thing, in this new house. It was a frightening thing, there, all alone in the room, high, cold, and white. Before, bed had always been a little cot, lined up against the wall with four other little cots. Before it had been friendly, with pillow fights, and the light of a street lamp through the window, and sleep, and the quiet breathing coming from the moonlit humps of other boys.

Here there was only loneliness. There was not even a street light. There were only shadows, blending into one frightening shadow in the darkness. Peter hated bed in the new house. He had never known his mother, never cried for her, and inside he had always felt a superiority over those boys who sobbed softly into their pillows in the night time. But there, in the new house, he, too, knew the sickening sobs. When he could not sleep with his fear, he lay and cried for his little cot, and the warmth of the Marshall Home.

This night he climbed into the bed and lay trembling beneath the cold sheet. He lay still while the woman bent to kiss him. He had never known such fear. Every shadow was a dog. He could not let the woman go. He clung to her.

"What's wrong, Peter, darling?" she asked softly.

He was ashamed of his fear. "Nothing, ma'am," he said.

She opened the window, and adjusted the shade. She smoothed the covers across his legs. He lay stiff, unspeaking, afraid of her leaving.

"Goodnight, Peter, honey," she said. She smiled down at him. She turned out the light, and stood there for a moment, her fingers lingering on the switch. "Goodnight," she said again, and waited for his answer.

"Goodnight, ma'am," Peter said. She sighed, and then he heard her slowly going down the steps.

He lay stiffly in the darkness. He did not dare to close his eyes. He watched the shadows warily, fearfully, trying to make out the crouched figure of a dog. He lay still, so it would not see him. He pressed his hands against his throat, to protect it from the tearing fangs. He waited. The shadows drew together, came closer. There was a scraping across the floor. He could not breathe. There was a roaring in his ears. A cold breath brushed his neck. His stomach tightened. He clutched the sheets, and drew himself up. The dog shadows were all around him. All around him...

Peter screamed. "Mother!" he screamed. "Father!" He choked, and then screamed again, hysterically.

He could not hear the sounds they made, until they were there, and the light had blinded on, and chased the shadow dog away. He sobbed, and clung to them.

They asked him things he could not bear to answer, until the sobs inside of him had died away.

"Peter, Peter, honey!" the woman said, and her arms were closed around him, and her hand was warm in his hair.

"What's wrong, son?" the man said. "Have a nightmare, or something?"

He lay quietly, sensing the new warmth in them. He did not dare to say anything about the dog. He was afraid the hurt would come back to their eyes.

They sat with him a while. The man's arms was warm across Peter's shoulders. "You don't need to be afraid, Peter, we're here. And soon you'll have a dog of your own to sleep here with you..."

"On the bed?" the woman started to say, and then she stopped, and smiling, brushed her cheek across the man's chest.

They left him there.

"Should I leave the light on, Peter?" the woman said.

"Yes—Mother," Peter answered carefully, "if you would."

She came over to him, and kissed him again, and held him close. Peter knew her hunger, and slipped his arm around her neck experimentally.

She let him go, and moved away. "Goodnight," she said, and waited.

"Goodnight, Mother," said Peter carefully. "Goodnight," Father."

He heard them laugh. He heard the man say, "You're spoiling him, darling."

The woman answered, "A boy needs a father to give him a dog, and make a man out of him, and a mother to spoil him, just a little."

Peter listened to their happy laughter. It was a new thing to him, and he knew that he had put it there.

He lay for a long time, his eyes still open, staring unseeingly at the books and boys that lined the walls of the lonely room. His mind was dulled from fear. He did not actually think of the dog. He just lay there, dumbly, until sleep came.

The next three days were slow ones.

Peter tried very hard to remember to call them "Mother" and "Father." It seemed such a little thing to pay, and he could sense the glow inside of them when he said it.

He still could not make himself go up into the room, and play there with all the toys and books they had brought him. He was afraid to be alone in the room, even in the daytime. The fear of that night was still with him.

Bed was sheer terror. He spent those next three days in shadow of the coming night. They left the light on for him now. The first time he asked for it again, the man was angry. Lord, he shouted, what am I raising for a son, a pantywaist. The woman had pleaded with him, clinging to his arm. No, no, he had cried.

"Please, Dad," Peter had said.

"Just for now," the woman begged.

"Dad, please," Peter whispered.

The man had turned to him, hugged him close. "Damn," he had said. "I'm spoiling him, too. For a while then, Peter, but remember, if I get you a dog, you'll have to act like a man, and not be afraid of the dark.

Peter could say nothing, only slip back among the pillows, and pray helplessly the man would forget the dog.

So the three days passed. Peter spent the afternoon of the third one in the kitchen with the woman. She was making an apple pie. He stayed close to her, following her wherever she went, not daring to be away from the warmth of her body.

"Be a good boy, Peter, darling," she laughed, "and fetch me the sugar."

"Yes ma'am," he said, and ran across the floor to the cupboard. He liked

the cold sound of his feet against the linoleum. He liked this linoleum. It was red, and white, and black, not the smooth, dull brown of the linoleum on the floors of the Marshall Home. He brought the sugar back to her, put the can into her waiting hands. He saw a kind of pain around her eyes. He did not like it there.

"Here—Mother," he said, and smiled.

The woman laughed, and tried to lift him in her arms.

"You're heavy, Peter," she said, "Oh Peter, Peter, you do like it here don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am—Mother," he said.

"We love you so," and she was not talking to him anymore. "We don't want them ever to take—to, oh, Peter, honey! Miss Rodgers is coming tomorrow, maybe, or Saturday. You know who she is. She brought you here. She'll come quite often at first, once a month, maybe, until she's sure you're going to fit in here. And you will, Peter. We love you so; we'll be good to you. Sometimes, at night..." She stopped and laughed, a little ashamed.

She turned back to the mixing bowl. "Your father will be home soon," she said. "This will be a good night, Peter."

He slipped to the floor, and sat contemplating the good, clean, black and white squares of linoleum. He traced his fingers around a slim red line of circle. The color was warm, but the touch was cool.

The woman moved back and forth beside him, humming and talking. Her legs brushed his back. He did not listen to her words. He began playing a game on the squares, seeing how many he could touch, with his palm pushed down, and his fingers spread out across the

cold floor.

The afternoon was gone, and dusk had come. The front door rattled.

"It's your father," the woman said. "You go, Peter."

He gave his truck another shove across the soft living room rug, and then made himself stand up, and go to the door. He opened it slowly, and stared into the dusk.

The man was standing there, smiling. "Surprise, Peter," he said, and Peter watched dumbly, while the man pulled gently at the rope in his hand.

"It's a dog, Peter," the man said. "See, it's an Irish Setter. Isn't she a beauty? Here, Peter."

Peter stared at the dog. The woman came up behind him. "It is a little big," she said doubtfully, "but it is pretty." She rested a hand on Peter's shoulder. "What's her name?"

"Well, whatever Peter wants to call her, I suppose," the man said.

Peter lost the sound of their words in a dull drone. He stared at the dog. It looked back at him, and whimpered. Peter backed up against the woman.

"Don't be afraid, son," the man said. "Here, pet her. She won't hurt you."

The man stepped inside. The dog moved toward Peter. Its cool nose brushed his hand.

Out of the depths of his mind, a cold fear arose. It came from a cold, sharp, blue place, in the back of his head. It put its fingers around his heart, and pushed into his throat. It choked his breath.

The dog pushed its eager body against him. Peter screamed, and wrenched free. He ran, not knowing where he was going. He thought he could feel the breath of the dog against his neck.

He slammed the kitchen door shut behind him, and held it, screaming hysterically. He swayed, and the linoleum reeled dizzily up to meet him.

Peter lay there, and retched weakly all over the cool black and white squares, and the swimming red circles.

The next day, Miss Rodgers came, and Peter went back with her. He clung to her, screaming, begging when she came, and the man and woman stood together, stunned, and crying a little.

"It happens this way, sometimes," Miss Rodgers explained, "that the child doesn't adjust. Once in a while it comes suddenly like this. Other times, it comes slowly, several months, or even a year. Sometimes it is a difference in temperament not apparent at first, and sometimes, like this, it is a fear buried in the child. I'm sorry for this, but I think you'll understand."

Peter got his coat, and Miss Rodgers helped him pack some of his things in a little box. They left the bedroom, and there was no sadness inside of Peter. They went downstairs to say good-

bye, and he clung tightly to the familiar warmth of her plump fingers.

Miss Rodgers talked to the man and the woman a little longer, and then she told him it was time to go.

"Say goodbye, Peter," she said gently.

The woman sat lost in the heavy chair, and there were tears on her cheeks. The man stood beside her.

The dog scratched on the basement door, and barked hoarsely. Peter did not even shiver. The man swore softly. Peter saw the woman's fingers tighten around his hand. He knew again that there was hurt in their bodies, he knew again that he had put it there.

"Goodbye, ma'am," he said softly. "Goodbye, sir."

All the way back to the Marshall Home, he sat stiffly next to Miss Rodgers in the car. It was not until they were almost there that he began to cry, softly, and slowly. He was not sure, inside of him, the reason why.

From *Senior Scholastic*



*Answers to Examination on page 24*

**A. TRUE-FALSE**

1. false
2. false
3. false
4. false
5. false
6. true
7. true
8. true
9. true
10. true

**B. WORD MEANING**

- |       |       |
|-------|-------|
| 1. a  | 11. b |
| 2. a  | 12. c |
| 3. c  | 13. c |
| 4. b  | 14. b |
| 5. a  | 15. a |
| 6. c  | 16. c |
| 7. c  | 17. c |
| 8. a  | 18. a |
| 9. b  | 19. b |
| 10. b | 20. a |

**C. LITERATURE**

- |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Matching | 2. Matching |
| 1. c        | 1. e        |
| 2. f        | 2. a        |
| 3. a        | 3. g        |
| 4. d        | 4. c        |
| 5. b        | 5. d        |



## What is your idea of a true student?

# A TRUE STUDENT

By JESUS CRUZ  
Class of 1948

A student is loyal to his institution. He is a defender of his school against malicious comments. In upholding his school's dignity and honor, he uses democratic means. He does not resort to harmful means. He upholds it by reason rather than by violence.

He is cautious. He does not attempt to commit a wrong act. This, he knows will create a bad impression against his school. On the other hand, he is most anxious to perform worthy acts for his teachers and classmates.

Unlike others, he does not let time pass without accomplishing a thing. He makes time worthwhile for anything. He believes that time lost is irretrievable.

He is ambitious. He wants to apply what he has learned not only in words but in deeds. He studies more and believes that through straight thinking, determination, and action, complete suc-

cess is achievable.

In the classroom, he does not try to distract the recitation and the attention of his schoolmates. He does not create unnecessary noise. He knows that by listening, he will get the most of what his teachers teach.

During examinations he avoids cheating. Honesty, according to him, is the best policy. For him, there are two ways to avoid "educational estafa," namely:

1. A thorough study of one's explanations.
2. Strict attention to explanations.

He is humble and refined in manners. He defends the right and opposes the wrong.

A real student therefore, works for the good only. In so doing he could live a happier life in the future.

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### D. GENERAL INFORMATION

#### 3. Filling the blanks

1. Villa
2. Rizal
3. Balagtas
4. Bulosan
5. Dickens
6. Boguslav
7. Dick
8. Decena
9. Atienza, Manalo
10. Romulo

1. Florentino Cayco
2. Zulueta
3. Quirino
4. Taruc
5. Spaak
6. de la Fuente
7. Moore
8. Gallego
9. Rodriguez
10. Marino
11. Gandhi

12. Attlee
13. Quezon
14. Philippines
15. Arellano

(Continued on next  
page)

# PHYSICAL FITNESS

By A. J. T.

"A sound mind in a sound body" is a short but full description of a happy state in this world.

Mrs. Cora de Jesus-Foster, desiring to impart this maxim, decided to vitalize health instruction. She has plans for a first-aid clinic to be maintained by the girls in her first-aid class. It will be open to all when organized.

As there is a need for health-mindedness among us, she stressed the fact that health education will be correlated with the physical education program. In connection with the health program, the third and fourth year students will take personal regimen as a subject. Its purpose is to develop the standard of living and appreciation of the value of the personal and social development of the high school girls. It also aims to develop in her an appreciation of the world about her, leading to tolerance, the wish to form new contacts, and a desire to improve herself physically (which counts much), mentally, and socially.

Plans are also underway for the establishment of a special class for the study of foreign and native dancing. A try out for the accompanying pianist will be held. Girls who are interested may attend this class which will be in the afternoon. They will be given lectures. The class will be introduced to the public at play day this semester. They will render foreign dances, calisthenics, community singing, and the like.

Did those plans set you wondering whether they would remain as it is or be carried out? I assure you girls, these would be accomplished. Better brace yourselves, folks, for it looks like a busy year for you.

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## CHIT-CHAT

The first day of school found the girls in clusters chattering (well, they always do, don't they?) about their petty experiences when they vacationed in the provinces. There were the pilgrimages to Antipolo, to Biñan; the excursions to Los Baños, Tagaytay, Baguio etc. All these may be summed, thus: **The girls are at it again.**

There was something noteworthy though. Everybody was in her Sunday best. Of course, there were the teachers who had to be impressed. Peplum was in vogue with the usual frills and ribbons. The perfumy air lent its aroma to the occasion. Everyone was in gay spirits for now they could see their friends after a lapse of two months.

### E. CORRECT USAGE

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. from        | 11. refreshments |
| 2. with        | 12. all right    |
| 3. on          | 13. already      |
| 4. advice      | 14. in spite     |
| 5. to          | 15. quiet        |
| 6. at          | 16. stolen       |
| 7. down        | 17. run over     |
| 8. furniture   | 18. turn off     |
| 9. information | 19. out          |
| 10. equipment  | 20. It's         |

# The Future of English and Tagalog

By SALVADOR P. LOPEZ

**E**IGHT years ago I wrote an appraisal of the future of English in the Philippines in part as follows:

"Mere accidents of educational emphasis will not deprive English of the favored position that it will continue to enjoy in the commercial, intellectual and cultural life of the Filipino people. Barring a calamitous substitution of American sovereignty in the Philippines by that of a non-English-speaking country like Japan, for instance, English is destined to be an important medium of everyday communication among the Filipinos . . . Instinct with the spirit of growth, and serving with equal facility the uses of commerce and culture, English is distinctly for a country which, like the Philippines, must seek its place among the civilized nations of the world . . ."

The "accidents of educational emphasis" did come to pass and so did, for a while, the "calamitous substitution" of Japanese sovereignty for the American. Immediately before the war, the late President Quezon envisioned an educational system wherein Tagalog would be the medium of instruction and En-

glish would be taught as a foreign language subject in high schools and colleges. Preparations were made towards this end. And so, later on, when the Japanese came, they thought the soil was ready for their false and vicious teaching of cultural exclusivism: the fanatical doctrine that the Filipinos must jettison the entire body of their cultural heritage from the West and retain only the elements of their own native culture and the culture of the East.

The uprooting of English was part of the Japanese-inspired program of cultural purification. It was the language of the enemy and must speedily be replaced by Japanese. Tagalog came in for its share of the benefits of the new dispensation, for the Japanese cunningly intended to encourage Filipino nationalism at least up to a point where it did not conflict with their own plans for a Japanese-dominated "co-prosperity sphere."

But all their fine intentions did not avail against the fact that English proved indispensable in their relations with us. They had to speak to us primarily in English, though they sometimes preferred to use Tagalog as if their conscience bothered them.

All that is over and English is back where it used to be, occupying a place of major importance in the life of our people. Nor is it likely that it will ever be dislodged from that commanding posi-

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*Salvador P. Lopez is one of the country's leading writers in English. In 1940, he won first prize in the Commonwealth Literary Contest with his collection of essays, Literature and Society.*

tion.

Is this a matter for regret? There is a growing resentment among the advocates of Tagalog over the new ascendancy which English once more enjoys. They seem to feel that Tagalog will be the loser by the new accession of vigor and popularity which English has received since the liberation.

I don't believe such pessimism to be justified. The place of Tagalog in our scheme of cultural development is secure. Its position is guaranteed by the Constitution, and in twenty years it shall have grown so well and spread so widely throughout the archipelago as really to deserve the name and honor of being our national language.

What will most likely happen is that English and Tagalog will co-exist as the two national languages of the Filipino people. Tagalog will continue growing and spreading as the richest in cultural content among our native tongues and the one most directly exposed to the invigorating influences of world civilizations. And we shall retain English because it is our bond of direct understanding with the rest of the world—a precious bond which took us nearly forty years to forge as though with a foreknowledge of its incalculable usefulness.

How well we can adjust the claims of English and Tagalog on our attention will be one of the tests of our ability to adjust the twin influences of nationalism and internationalism on our political, economic, and cultural life. The national spirit will find no worthier expression than in the growth and dissemination of Tagalog and in securing for it the prestige to which its own

high merits as a language justly entitle it. But it shall be a nationalism as broad as it is deep, proudly cherishing the treasures of the native culture and yet admitting its obvious limitations. Only by this judicious combination of pride and humility can the Filipino people stand with dignity upon the solid foundation of their nationality without at the same time appearing uncouth and awkward before the rest of the world.

To keep English and Tagalog side by side will require judgment and a proper sense of values. In the educational field, it will necessitate for many years the use of English as the medium of instruction in the lower grades and up, and the teaching of Tagalog as a language subject along with reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the absence of textbooks in Tagalog and of a sufficient number of persons to teach the language in the grades, this is the practice that is actually being followed in the non-Tagalog provinces. Through the method is makeshift, the results have been reported to be satisfactory. Improved methods and facilities will doubtless give better results.

Outside of the schools, the invidious gap which now separates those who write and speak English from those who write and speak Tagalog is bound to disappear. There shall come a time when the culture of the average intelligent Filipino will be a fine blending of the native as acquired through Tagalog, and of the foreign as acquired through English and, to a lesser degree through Spanish as well.

This is the shape of our language problem as one can see it at this stage. It is not a grave and pressing problem

like loans, war damage payments, and rehabilitation, but nevertheless an important one which we should try to solve with intelligence and vision.

From *Philippine-American Magazine*

#### TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Is it necessary for the Philippines to have a National Language?

2. Can English and Tagalog exist side by side in the Philippines?
3. Is the development of Tagalog harmful to the development of English, and vice versa?
4. Give some suggestions for the development of language and culture.

*Vocabulary:* deprive, calamitous, medium, dislodged, incalculable, uncouth, invidious, makeshift.



## SILVER LININGS

Collected by ARCADIO SUÑGA

Whoever you are, be noble;  
Whatever you do, do well;  
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,  
Give joy wherever you dwell.

—Ruskin

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

—Foss

He who robs me of my good name, makes me poor indeed.

—Shakespeare

Vessels large may venture more  
But little boats should keep near shore.

—Franklin

It is easier to go without a coat than without a friend.

—Jenkins Jones

Give, give, be always giving,  
Who gives not, is not living,  
The more we give,  
The more we live.

—George Calvert

The secret of being lovely is being unselfish.

—Joseph Holland

# NEWSMONTH

This semester, the Juan Sumulong High School has an enrollment of over 2,000 students. There is an increase of 500 over last year's enrollment. The A. Mabini High School in Zurbaran has an enrollment of over 500, as against last year's 250.

To keep up with the growing enrollment, new instructors were added to the list. Some of them are: Miss Elisa Atacador from Nueva Ecija South High School, former girls' scout master, and critic of the N.E.S.H.S. organ; Mr. Jose Ga. de Guzman, P.N.S. salutatorian, high school valedictorian; Mrs. Teresa Samonte, Rizal High School; Mrs. Ines Gatmaitan, sister of President Roxas; Mrs. Lutgarda Aviado, former public school teacher; Miss Paz Ramos, daughter of the late P.N.S. Superintendent, Apolonio Ramos; Miss Ester Roldan, from Santa Lucia Elementary School; Mrs. Marina Capistrano, wife of Dean Capistrano.

## EDITOR'S EXAM—

The examination given the candidates for editorship of the Star on July 19, was a combination of easy and brain-racking questions. The questions appear in this issue of the Star.

The students who successfully passed the examination are as follows: Agustin A. Arroyo, 91%; Aurora J. Tablan, 87.80%; Remedios Adamos, 87.40%; Jesus Cruz, 84.20%; Rodulfo Pulando, 84%; Arcadio Sunga, 82.60%; Juanito Rodriguez (A. Mabini), 80.40%; Simeon Lama, 80.20%; Felipe Delgado, Jr. (A.

Mabini), 79.60%; and Ricardo Supleo, (A. Mabini), 77.60%.

The above-named students were assigned as follows: Agustin A. Arroyo, editor-in-chief; Aurora J. Tablan, managing editor; Remedios Adamos, associate editor; Jesus Cruz, associate, Rodolfo Pulanco, news editor; Juanito Rodriguez and Felipe Delgado, Jr., assistant news editors; Arcadio Sunga, literary editor; Ricardo Supleo, assistant literary editor; and Simeon Lama, sports and military editor. Others appointed were Jose Zapanta, editor, Tagalog section; Emiliano Payumo, assistant editor, Tagalog section; and Francisco Aballos, junior assistant.

## PLEASANT SURPRISE—

Old students rebelled at the idea of transferring from the Legarda building to Guipit. The Legarda building has grown dear to them. Nevertheless, they packed their belongings; were amazed when they found brand-new buildings with a very neat appearance. Well ventilated rooms and wide corridors changed their biased opinions. The boys were so pleased by the corridor leading to the library. The spacious library and its shelves filled with books has a look of solemnity and quietness. You, too, can pay the bursar now without elbowing through a crowd, for in the new concrete bursar's office, there is ample space for everybody.

Though the instant liking of the students to the new Guipit buildings was a matter of "love at first sight," they still do not forget the Legarda building, with its airy corridors.

It is incredible that students could have forgotten the Legarda building within so short a span of time. It may be foretold that in a quarter of a year, the Legarda building and, what happened there, would only be a memory.

#### LABORATORY—

The school has the most modern laboratory equipment. The equipment has just arrived from the United States. The new laboratory is in room 14, Guipit building no. 2.

#### LIBRARY—

This time the two branches of the A. U. library were merged into one. The library in the Administration Building was combined with the library in Guipit No. 2. It has a collection of over 17,000 copies of books. The library is open to everybody, everyday including Sundays.

The library staff is composed of Miss Gli Dimaculangan, librarian-in-charge; Miss Juanita Cadiz, Miss Mila Jader, Mr. Juan Napone, Mr. Melky de Leon, Mr. Jessie Fernandez, Mr. Gaudencio Dimaculangan, Mr. Graciano Lumarda.

The Library staff requests that students should not smoke in the library.

#### SCHOLARS—

The following students have been granted scholarships for the academic year 1947-1948 in recognition of the meritorious scholastic work they had done during the previous school year:

##### *From the regular course*

<i>Fourth Year</i>	<i>Average</i>
1. Elisa Angeles .....	95%
2. Aurora Tablan .....	92.5%
3. Remedios Adamos .....	92%

##### *Third Year*

1. Agustin Arroyo .....	94%
2. Leticia Gatchalian .....	94%
3. Teresita Pantoja .....	93.5%
4. Rosauro Gonzales .....	93.5%

##### *Second Year*

1. Arturo Gonzales .....	93%
2. Evangelina Resus .....	93%
3. Enriqueta Villaseñor .....	93%

##### *From the abridged course*

<i>Third Year</i>	<i>Average</i>
1. Enrico Nano .....	93%

##### *Second Year*

1. Teresita Vista .....	93%
2. Teresita Barroyo .....	92%
3. Remedios Carrillo .....	92%

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Every one has two educations; that which is given to him and that which he gives himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the more valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man he must work out and conquer for himself.

—Jean Paul Richter

## ZURBARAN—

Mr. Angel Bejar, assistant director of the A. Mabini High School, has expressed the belief that the enrollment in the A. Mabini High School will reach a new high next semester.

This year, the Zurbaran branch has an enrollment of about 500 students. It has an increase of over 200 students over last year's.

Mr. Bejar has also announced the election results in the different classes in Zurbaran.

*First Year* (morning session): Iluminada Figueroa, president; Rosita Roxas, vice president; Naida Sarmiento, secretary; Josefina Santos, treasurer; Elias Reyes, representative.

*First Year* (evening session): Ricardo Chua, president; Conrado Constantino, vice-president; Carlos Santos, secretary; Angelina Montoro, treasurer; Marcial Jota, representative.

*Third Year* (evening): Ricardo del Rosario, president; Roman Dizon, vice-president; Trinidad Garcia, secretary; Leonida Juco, treasurer; Rosalina Ochoa, representative.

*Fourth Year* (morning): Arturo Zalcita, president; Juanito Rodriguez, vice-president; Josefina Roxas, secretary; Teresa Arceo, treasurer; Felizardo Padolina, representative.

*Fourth Year* (evening): Ceferino Du-lay, president; Pedro Saba, vice-president; Aurora Espino, treasurer; Aniana Surbano, secretary; Maximino Roberto, representative.

*Fourth Year* (special class, evening): M. de la Torre, president; V. Samala, vice-president; S. Robles, secretary; L.

Tolentino, treasurer; L. Sales, Jr., representative.

*Fourth Year* (special class, morning): Dominador Tabago, president; Roman Padiernos, vice president; Emiliano Payumo Jr., secretary; Rose Dayola, treasurer; Elena Vallina, representative.

*Third Year* (morning): Felipe Delgado, president; Urbano Cruz, vice-president; Minda Serrano, secretary; Virginia Montgomery, treasurer; Ricardo Supleo, representative.

Each class will be represented in the Supreme Student Council by its respective officers. Mr. Tobias Y. Enverga, *Arellano Star* Adviser, is also the adviser of the Student Council, A. Mabini High School.

## OLD FACES—

Old faces meet new faces. Among the latter belong vivacious Myrna Zafra; Luth Backet from Moroland; Remedios Olivar, the guerrillera and a lot of others more. The old timers Aida Clamor, Loreto Haber and the inseparable Priscilla Cenon and Elisa Angeles are as lovely as ever. A few of the budding beauties of the Arellano University are Clarita Londres, Trinidad Verroya, Co-razon de Jesus, and Valeria May Dayton. Someday we will see each of them a full-fledged lady.

My dear readers, this is just a brief going-over of a few of the numerous students of our school. You will know all about them in the near future.



## Are You A Master Of Your Words?

Once an English poet of the Victorian age, William Ernest Henley, in a burst of manly passion, wrote the following line in his *Invictus*: "I am master of my fate..." It was a brave challenge indeed, to be a master of one's fate. Yet when one pauses to consider the challenge, he has to understand that to be a master of "fate" is to be a master of many other things. For what is fate? Is it not something abstract and obscure, a conglomeration of what had been, of the present, and of a "predestined course of events?" Webster gives, among many others, the following definition of fate: destiny. And what is destiny? We look up the dictionary again, hunt for meanings, read "between the lines"—and here we are, groping for words... Someone has rightly suggested that to be a master of his fate, one needs first be a master of his words.

May I ask then, are you a master of your words? Or, as is sometimes the case, are the words your master?

I do not mean here of course that you have to be a master of all the words in the dictionary. Far from it. You have your own stock of words, haven't you? And there are words you are expected to accumulate and master in a certain grade, whether in the elementary or in the high school. Then when I ask whether or not you are a master of your words, I am questioning you on the words you actually use in your themes and in everyday conversation and not on words that you do not employ. Two questions you may ask yourself, for instance, to get

what I mean: Do I know the meaning of every word I use? Are the words properly used? If you know the meaning of every word you use, and you are sure they are employed properly in such a way that each word would mean exactly what you want to say, then my dear reader, you are a master of your words!

Indeed words must be our servants. We must command them to express our ideas exactly in the way we want. No more and no less.

The right number of words must be employed for one cannot afford to be too extravagant with words. To employ more words than what is actually needed would be like taking in excess employees just for the sake of giving employment. To employ fewer words than what is actually needed, on the other hand, would be unjustly burdening the words employed with tasks they cannot hope to accomplish. And to employ words one does not understand would be like employing servants whose ability, tastes, and temper he does not know—undisciplined servants who, instead of working for your convenience, would work otherwise.

You, therefore, must command your words—let them spring from your mind and heart to serve your purpose. Never let a word come as an impostor to be a master of yours. And before we shout, "I am master of my fate," we had better say first, "I am master of my words."

—T. E.



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JOSE ZAPANTA  
Patnugot

EMILIANO PAYUMO  
Katulong na Patnugot

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*Pangulong Tudling—*

## **Ang Katungkulan Ng Isang Nagaaral**

Sa isang paaralan ang mga mag-aaral ay may malaking kapanagutan o tungkuling dapat isaalang-alang: isang tungkuling dapat isabalikat at pakabutihin sapagka't, ang kabutihan magiging bunga ay kabutihan rin nila at sampu ng paaralan.

Hindi sapat ang siya'y pumasok araw-araw, makinig ng mga paksa at magtamo ng karunungan at pagkatapos ay umuwi. Hindi sapat ang siya ay magkamit ng mataas na marka sa pag-aaral. Iyan ay ilan lamang sa mga bagay na tungkulin niyang gawin.

Ilan sa lalong pinakamahalagang tungkulin ng nag-aaral ang siya'y tumulong sa pagpapaganda at pagsasaayos ng paaralan, hindi lamang sa pamamagitan ng pag-uubos ng lakas o pagpapatulo ng pawis o paggugol ng salapi, kundi sa maliliit na bagay lamang tulad ng pagtatapon ng pira-pirasong papel na lubhang napakapangit malasin sa isang paaralan. Ang paggamit ng kasangkapan at anumang bagay sa paaralan katulad ng mga luklukan at iba pa, ay dapat pakaingatan. Bagaman pangkaraniwan lamang o di maganda ang luklukan, kasiya-siya sa paninging ng madla kapag ito'y maayos. Ang paggamit ng aklat na ari ng paaralan ay kinakailangan pag-ingatan. Hindi

narapat gawin ang anumang ibig pagkatapos na ito ay magamit.

Ang pagbabayad ng nauukol sa paaralan ay dapat tuparin sapagka't kapag hindi nagbayad ang mag-aaral ay tiyak na walang pagkukunan ng ibabayad sa mga gurong umaakay at nagmumulat sa mga nag-aaral.

Ang pagalipusta sa sariling paaralan ay isang napakalaking pagkakamali ng isang nag-aaral. Hindi ba't kung kaya siya pumasok sa nasabing paaralan ay sapagka't naniniwala siyang ang paaralan yao'y may mataas na uri ng pagtuturo at kasiya-siya sa kanyang kaloo-ban? Oo nga't may karapatan at nararapa't pumuna ang mga nag-aaral laluna't ang kanilang gagawing pagpuna ay matuwid at makatarungan. Datapuwa't tila hindi gagawa ng anumang karumalan ang isang paaralan sapagka't batid nilang nasa pagtangkilik lamang ng mga nag-aaral maaaring umunlad ang paaralan.

Ang pagtalima sa ipinag-utos ng paaralan ay dapat gawin sapagka't sa pagsunod dito maaaring magkaroon ng mabuting pamalakad. Kailanma'y hindi maaaring mag-utos ang paaralan ng hindi sa ikabubuti ng mga nag-aaral.

Ang paggalang sa mga guro ang higit na kinakailangan sa isang nagaaral.

## KARUNGAN

Tula ni EMILIANO PAYUMO Jr.

Nang ang diwa ko'y magising sa Daigdig ng Himala,  
Ay mayroong katanungang sa isip ko'y bumulaga;  
Ang dunong daw ba ay ano? Kayamanang mahiwaga?  
Bakit nasa ay kamtan ng lahat halos ng nilikha?

At nang ako ay lumaki ay saka ko naalamang  
Ito pala'y kayamanan, di nga lamang kumikinang;  
Subalit kung sa halaga ay walang kapantay  
Palibhasa'y ito na rin itong buong daigdigan.

Sa pagtahak sa mahabang landasin ng kabukayan  
Ay dunong ang magsisilbing sulong saiyo'y tatanglaw;  
Sandata ring gagamiting pananggalang sa labanan  
Sa pagbaka sa lupit ng kaaway mong kamuwangan.

Ang lahi mang sakdal yaman pag salat sa karunungan  
Ay wala ring kaunlara't karaniwan ay busabos  
Pagkat talino'y sandigan ng pagsulong na maayos  
At pugad na himlayan ng ginhawang di masasayod.

Kaya pala sa bubong ng paarala'y dinudulang  
Mga gintong butil ito, mahiwagang kayamanan;  
Mahirap man ay mayaman kung ito ang makakamtan  
Ay pag-asang masasabi nitong ating Inang-Bayan.

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Ang guro ang siyang mga magulang natin habang tayo'y nasa ilalim ng bubong ng paaralan. Sila ang nagbibigay ng mga pangaral; humuhubog ng mabuting pag-uugali at umaakay sa ikapagtatagumpay ng isang nag-aaral. Isang kagalakang umaapaw sa kaibuturan ng kanilang puso, ang makitang naging kapaki-pakinabang ang kanilang mga pagsasakit.

Anupa't ang paaralan ay mistulang

tahanan ng mga nag-aaral, kaya't tungkulin nilang pag-ingatan at pakamahalin ito, igalang ang mga guro, sumunod sa ipinag-uutos at mga aral, at ipag-sagisag nito. At kailanma'y, dapat pangtanggol ang kalinisan ng pangalan o kilala ng mga nag-aaral sa pamamagitan ng kanilang mga kilos, ugali at makamit na karunungan na ang kanyang paaralan ay karapat-dapat sa pagtatangi't pagtitiwala ng madla.

J.C.Z.

## BUNGA NG KASAKIMAN

Tula ni U. GUZMAN CRUZ

May magkaibigang kapuwa ulila  
Sa 'sang munting dampa'y doon nakatira;  
Ano mang gawain sila'y magkasama  
Maligayang doo'y namumuhay sila.

Hanap-buhay nila na pantawid gutom  
Mangahoy sa bundok sa buong maghapon;  
Hindi nagbabangay laging nagtutulong  
Di-batid ang lihim ng luksang kabaong.

Mana'y isang araw ang magkaibigan  
Tinahak ang dilim nitong kabundukan  
Dios ang may dulot nitong kapalaran  
Sa buntong ng ginto nilang natagpuan.

Sabihin ang tuwang umapaw sa puso  
Nitong magkatotong si Pedro't si Tino  
Pangarap sa buhay ay di rin nabigo  
Pagkat natagpuan kayamanang ginto.

Umuwi si Tino't kumuha ng sako  
At saka pagkain para sa katoto  
Sa buntong ng ginto'y nagbantay si Pedro  
Kung minsa'y tatawa at saka lulukso.

—Kayamanang ito'y nang masarili ko  
Dapat na si Tino'y pugutan ng ulo—  
Saka hahalakhak taksil na si Pedro  
—Oras mo na Tino pagdating mo rito—

Di nagilang saglit dumating si Tino  
Taglay ang pagkai't sakong pinangako  
At nang malapit na kay Pedrong kasuyo  
Ang sariling dugo ang ipinaligo.

Kinuha ni Pedro ang pagkaing hawak  
Sa kanyang katoto na bangkay nang ganap  
Tadyak nitong sukab siyang iginawad  
Sa bangkay ni Tinong na kinapos palad.

Ginawa ni Pedro siya ay kumain  
Nguni't, paninging niya ay biglang nagdilim  
Pagka't ang pagkain ay may lasong lihim  
Hangad din ni Tinong siya ay patayin.

Ilang sandali pa't ilaw ay naglaho  
Si Pedro'y nahilig sa himlayang ginto;  
Sa tabi ng sako sa bunton ng ginto  
Patay na kapuwa si Pedro't si Tino.

Ito ang sinapit ng magkaibigan  
Nagtanim ng sakim bunga'y Kamatayan  
Kung ang kasakima'y iniwasan lamang  
Maligaya sanang ngayo'y nabubuhay.

Kung walang masakim ay walang inggitan  
Walang manloloob at hukbong kawatan  
Gaya rin ng taong walang kabaitan  
Karaniwang gawa'y bunga'y kasawian.

Kaya sa pag-ibig daming lumuluha  
Sa kasakiman din tanging nagmumula  
Tayo'y taga langit kahit nasa lupa  
Pag ang kasakiman ang tanging nawala.

# Ang Pagunlad Ng Pamantasang Arellano

Ang Arellano, di tulad ng mga bagong lumilitaw na paaralan na halos ay parang nauupos na kandila dahil sa kakulangan ng pagtangkilik ng mga nag-aaral, ay mabilis na umuunlad at masasabing lubhang pinagkakalooban ng tangkilik ng sang-bayanan. Bawa't taon na dumating ay libu-libong nag-aaral ang nadaragdag sa kanyang taalaan. Kung ano ang sanhi at siya'y pinagdudumagan ng madla ay siyang ngayo'y ilalahad ng sumulat ng lathalang ito.

Ang Arellano, tangi sa isa sa mga kaunaunahang nagbukas ng kanyang pinto pagkarating ng mga Amerikano, ay naging maingat sa pagpili ng mga gurong magtuturo. Sinikap niya na madulutan ang mga nag-aaral ng lubos na kasiyahan. At utang sa pamamalakad na ito ang mabilis na pagunlad ng Arellano.

Isa pa sa mga sanhi ay ang pagbago ng kanyang pangulo. Palibhasa ang naging pangulo ay isang kilalang

magiting na taga-pagtaguyod ng karunungan, ay naniwala ang madla na ang *Arellano* ay magkakaroon ng mataas na uri ng pagtuturo. Ang pagkakahirang nga ng pangulo sa naging Pangalawang Kalihim ng Pagtuturo, na si Ginoong Florentino Cayco, ay masasabing isang kapalaran ng ngayon ng Pamantasang Arellano. Bunga sa pagkakahirang sa nasabing ginoo, ang *Arellano* sa loob lamang ng halos ay dalawang taong pagkakatatag ay naging isa na ngayon pamantasan na sa uri ng pagtuturo at dami ng mga nangag-aaral ay masasabing di huli sa alin mang pamantasan sa ating bayan.

Ang mabilis na pagdami ng mga sangay ng Arellano at ang kanyang pagiging pamantasan ay lalong nakahikayat sa mga nag-aaral. Kaya't ngayon ay pangatlo na ang Arellano sa dami ng mga nag-aaral. Inaasahan kong sa mga susunod na panahon ay lalong mamayani ang Pamantasang Arellano.

—J. C. Z.



Ang bahay ko man ay bato  
Kung ang tumitira'y kuwago  
Mabuti pa ang isang kubo  
Na ang nakatira'y tao.

Ang lalaking mapangahas  
Tandaan mo't siyang duwag  
Pag sa harapan malantad  
Una-unang tumitiplag

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## What they say . . .

You ask me what I think of Arellano? Well, what do you think of her?

—*Dionisio Calvo Jr.*

I had been particular about schools. I am glad I was.

—*Publio Arellano*

I did not make a blunder when I said that the Arellano University is a real home of learning.

—*Roman Padiernos*

I know I was right when I decided to stay in Arellano.

—*Luis Feliciano, III-B*

As we are old students, we stayed here partly due to loyalty and because we find that the standard of the school is high.

—*Benedicta Tayzon*

To a student like me, who is studying under the *G. I. Bill of Rights*, I find this university very systematic.

—*Remedios Olivar  
(a Guerrillera)*

I like to study here. The rapid progress the school has impressed me greatly.

—*Maria Quinio*

I study here because I pay reasonable fees and I find the instruction excellent.

—*Evelyn Gama*

This is the first school under the Republic to have progressed so much in so a short time.

—*Gliceria Lankayan*

Our instructors in Arellano are understanding.

—*Leticia Gatchalian III-B*

I'll stick with her (Arellano University) through thick and thin.

—*Domingo Lebatique III-B*

I want the Arellano University as my Alma Mater.

—*Elena Arellano I-B*

Life in high school is enhancing especially if it is in the Arellano University.

—*Remedios Año*

The Administration is fine.

—*Mercy Beck*

I love Arellano as a school and mother.

—*Teresita Pantoja*

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# ARELLANO UNIVERSITY

Plaza Guipit, Sampaloc, Manila

(Member, Philippine Association of Colleges & Universities)



## COLLEGES & SCHOOLS

- Arellano Graduate School
- Arellano Law College
- College of Arts & Sciences  
(Pre-Law, Pre-Medic, 4-year A. B.)
- College of Commerce
- College of Education
- Normal College
- J. Sumulong High School
- A. Mabini High School  
(Corner Zurbaran & Misericordia)
- J. Abad Santos High School,  
351 E. Rivera, Pasay
- Arellano Elementary School
- Arellano University in Pasig



## FLORENTINO CAYCO

*President*